February 1st, 1915

The February 1915 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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A new way of presenting an old truth.

“The Point of View.”

Trouble has a trick of coming
Butt end first;
Viewed approaching, then you’ve seen it
At its worst.
Once surmounted, straight it waxes
Ever small,
And it tapers ’til there’s nothing
Left at all.
So, when’er a difficulty
May impend,
Just remember you are facing
The butt end;
And that looking back upon it,
Like as not
You will marvel at beholding
Just a dot.

E. R. Buttermworth & Sons.
1921 First Ave.

TRY IT!  The Ross Barber Shop
3310 3rd Ave. West

TONÉ BEAUTY

Piano making of the most advanced type makes possible the true 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
case 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 beauti­
ful 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 University
Seattle, Wash.
The Time is Now Here Again for

Ice Cream and
Soft Drinks.

We have enlarged our
Confectionery Department
And are now at your service.
Come in and see how nicely we
are fixed to serve you.

Ross Stationery and
Printing Co.

“Whatever You Do -- Keep Sweet”

Stokes
912 Second Avenue

Candy  Lunch  Ice Cream

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

--Cupid.
Night in the Woods.

Mark M. Feuser.

As darkness falls upon the woods The pale moon rises, round and bright, Over the mountain slopes and peaks. To hill and pasture, the night A break leaps hurriedly down the glen And in a lake its voice is stilled Within an oval's lonely bow. That drifts over dark-erised hills So now the night is stillness deep, And on the lake the moon may trace, Amid a million head points! But the field, her pleasant face. Across the homeless hills, alone Within the camp-fire's ruddy glow, A hunter, by his droopy dog Sits late till cold winds wall and blow The night hark songs o'er head and shrinks Upon the earth with woe note The warded bound splits its stars And grooves at some noisy coyote. The autumn leaves upon the trees Now soil and branches away and bend; The acorn trees in winding slope Cast ghastly shadows on the land. The prompt of st筑 points In wailing trees in scattered parks. The moon drops down behind the world And night deepens and all is dark, Over the law-chaned mountains steals A sea of clouds that hover low And shield the dim-traced land dead white, Where its Thomson the King snows The grass lies covered; willows drip Over a stream splashing coldly; The snow falls fast, and thick, and long, And drifts over head and deep, A waterfall pours down and foams Into a river dark and deep As if its spirit did try To waken Nature from her sleep; And unclothed snapping-апs shiver Near snarl rotten where corropt trees. These darkness on their naked walls, Which now escape the wind's cold face. The wings of night flutter away Unveiling Nature's hardened roofs And tilting doors, bring when In Winter's touch, standing aloof:

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

An hour passed. Not a sound could be heard in the stillness of the night. The fire was now almost out. Marie awoke with a start. "Girls! Girls!" she exclaimed. "Did you hear that?" "What?" they whispered, turning fearful eyes toward the forest. "Sh, listen!" All was still as death. Nothing could be heard save the dreary muttering of the wind through the forest. Then, a twig cracked and light foot-falls were heard approaching in their direction. The girls looked at one another. "Girls!" "What?" "Girls!" "What?" They were telling a thrilling tale to one of the boys, Jack Brown, and, Harry and Jerry. Alice had taken over the story and was telling it as she thought she was doing the other girls. "Girls!" "What?" "Girls!" "What?" "Girls!" "What?" The room was inevitably of most costly 'French' furnishings. A rap at the door.

Somewhat chagrined, he placed her on the floor. A rap at the door. "Enter!" Alice darted like a bird from one side of the room to another. There was fire in his eyes and little red spots began to glow in his cheeks, his face was all a-tremble. "Girls!" "What?" "Girls!" "What?" "Girls!" "What?" A fierce struggle followed. Alice darted like a bird from one side of the room to another. There was fire in his eyes and little red spots began to glow in his cheeks, and then a heavy blow knocked Alice, perhaps only stunned, to the floor.

Somewhat chagrined, he placed her on the floor and took a chair beside her to watch for the first signs of recovery of his prize. A rap at the door. "Enter!" Alice, as he was about to fling herself on the merciless rocks in the depth below, she was arrested by the firm grip of William. A fierce struggle followed. Alice darted like a bird from one side of the room to another. There was fire in his eyes and little red spots began to glow in his cheeks, and then a heavy blow knocked Alice, perhaps only stunned, to the floor.

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turned the monstrous bolt, and the door swung open. A gust of damp,\nsmothering fliendy along the underground passageway. Once Alice tripped
Lucy stopped. "I ain't quite sure, but I guess this is the place," Examina-
ced to unlatch the door. Once inside, Alice looked around. A tiny
window let in a little light. The soiling was very low. The wild
damp earth. The only furnishing the cell boasted of
were of sheet iron and the floor—but alas! there was no floor, only the
barred windowlet in a little light. The ceiling was

into the cell boarded of was a of dry straw

Alice, has it come to this," he asked, stripping toward her. "I was not
sent you down here? I should give my life for you comfort."

"Tom, love will conquer all! Our dreams will yet be realized. You will
Words of farewell and, in the dress of a kitchen scullion, Tom was
conducted down a side passage. Once more a breath of fresh air. Alice
and Lucy watched the figure disappear from the iron gate in the drisk of

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

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

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

Consider for a moment the quotation taken from Thomas Hobbes: “For words are wise men’s counters; they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.” If a thought is worthy of expression, then the English language is profuse in offering the garb with which to clothe that thought. If plain common, homely words suit best, they are at hand; if there are required delicate tints and shading, they may easily be sought out; if the most minute description and comparison is desired, where better can one go than to the good, substantial and praise-worthy English vocabulary. The study of language may be delightful, inspiring and thoroughly beneficial.

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

We, as students, are today preparing for our life’s work. Some of us will go into one field of work and some into another, but the main thing at present should be to get the right start for whatever work we intend to follow. We have much at our command while in school and amidst the pleasures and sports there is a tendency to neglect and pass heedlessly by many of those things which would tend to broaden our conceptions, increase our efficiency and ennoble our lives and characters. Now we are young and full of the joy and vigor of life, but we shall not always be so. Now we have health and perhaps know not the effects...
of disease, but it shall not always be thus. Today our minds are keen and able to grasp the problems of study. But soon, ah, too soon, our abilities will not be so great.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Let the grinding and sharpening process go on, for too soon we shall have to give out to the world the best that was in us.

The Cascade—Page Twelve
At the close of the evening. We extended to us by Miss Sharpe of having our meeting in her home.

They set forth their organization. Their idea is to provide social improvement from the mixed college quartette. Also some other numbers. We were provided with a dainty refreshment that hit us right where we lived. We enjoyed thoroughly the speeches given by our honorable host and hostess.

Miss Armstrong. a paring farewell as she left us for her home of Mr. and Mrs. Beers, Friday evening, January 22nd. It was a sudden surprise to all the girls, when they were informed at the last minute, that their numbers were to be rendered, not being closed doors, but otherwise.

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

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

The results were as follows:
- President—Miss Laura Dubois.
- Vice-President—Cecelia Johnston.
- Secretary—Margaret Wilhelmsen.
- Treasurer—Lucille Black.
- Ass't. Musical Director—Gladys Smith.
- Musical Director—Celestine Tucker.
- Vice President—David Turner; Marshal, Everett Leiser; Secretary, Laura Dubois; Treasurer Charlotte Campbell; Cascade Reporter. Evangelie Backlund; Marshal, Everett Leiser; chaplain, Fred Leise.

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

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

### Societies

#### Alpha Club.

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

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

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

### Philo-logical Club.

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

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

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

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

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

Such was the issuance of our last program mentioned. Mr. Marvin Marston, '90, who is one of the landmarks of the society, gave us a very delightful and enthusiastic address which was duly appreciated by every one. We trust he shall favor us again.

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

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

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

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

The Juniors played with hard luck all the season, winding up with losing their captain because of an injured knee. But they are not down yet.

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

His assistant has devised the following plan for this month only:

Each of the following are cuts from our best exchanges. Look for your label among the rest.

H. S.: "Have you seen the newly painted altar in church?"

She: "No, lead me to it."

Chas.: "That led our painter can't hear it thundering."

Sullivan: "Is he deaf?"

Chas.: "No, it isn't thundering."

Hayflicker: "And do you believe the sword to be mightier than the pen?"

Hubbluster: "You never heard of a sword signing a check, did you?"

Charley: "I'm going to get ahead."

Joe: "Nice decision; you need one."

Blanche to Cleopatra: "Is Epperson a man of your world?"

Cleopatra: "Only on Sunday nights when he gets to singing, I Won't Go Home Till Morning." 

He: "It takes a lot of chutz to kiss a girl."

She: "Isn't mine big enough?"

Teacher: "What does Jonah and the whole remnant you off?"

Johnny: "You can't keep a good man down."

Farnie Jenkins: "Why do you call your pig ink?"

Neighbor Ulrich: "Because it keeps running from the pen."

Frederick: "Oh, Seemor, what's the Knight of the Bath?"

S. Holden: "Why, Saturday, you knowhead."

Some of our readers inquire: "What are the seven stairs?" and we are pleased to reply: Miss Oomi, Ida Ho, Mary Land, Callie Formby, Alla Hams, Louie Asko, Bella Wate, Minnie Sota, Mrs. Stepp and Floppy Day. An account of a wedding and a sale have been reported about the same time, the following appeared in a perfectly dignified publication.

Evidently something happened after the two accounts were in type:

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

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

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Profe Burns—"Who was Dantley?"

Lee Oughton—"Mary, Queen of Scots' wife?"

Mary Stin—"Ann Elizabeth was very wise, she never got married."

Prof. Burns to Miss Johnston: "Who were the writers during Queen Elizabeth's reign?"

C. Johnston: "Chaucer, Milton and Moore."

Miss L. (Algebra): "Give me the 31st problem. Look here, folks, there are about six dozen of you not paying attention here.

Mrs. Higbee to Mr. Higbee: "What is the matter with your hair?"

Mr. Higbee: "Oh, nothing. I was running and my hair couldn't keep up."

Mr. Mathews (speaking to the jitney driver): "Are you full?"

Prof. Marston: "Mr. Wilder, what is the eleventh commandment?"

Wilder: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor's daughter."

Mr. Haslam: "I should think heaven would be a pretty hot place for Satan."

E. Smith: "Not as hot as below."

Stephens: "O, well, no fear of cannibals, as there are no more."

Richie: "Haw, haw. I would like to see long-legged Stephens running from a cannibal."

Richie (to Marvin Marston at the Beers 25th anniversary): "Do they celebrate this every year?"

M. Marston: "Oh, yes."

Thurline (to Miss Fanned after drinking four glasses of water): "Did you say your name was Fanned?"

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