February 1st, 1914

The February 1914 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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The Cascade
February 1914
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America

O mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
Thy step—the wild deer’s rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
The hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.
What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the West;
How faith is kept and truth revered,
And man is loved and God is feared
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

There’s freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth’s down-trodden and oppressed
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toll and bread.
Power, at thy bounds
Stops, and calls back his baffled bounds.
O fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now
Deep in the brightness of thy skies,
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy nerve with words of scorn.
Before thine eye,
Upon their lips the taint shall die.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
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To take entire charge—arrange all details for either earth burial or cremation, locally or at any point in the world—the only thing for you to decide is what amount you desire to expend for this service and we will carry out your wish to the letter.

You are certain of the comfort and refinement and completeness of detail when this “House of Character” has charge of the final obsequies—and where these things are to be considered there is always one name that presents itself, and that name is Butterworth.

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1921 FIRST AVE. SEATTLE

LITERARY

Rosalie’s Perfect Day
Charlotte Morrison, 13

ROSALIE’S PERFECT DAY.

All was now sadness where once happiness had reigned supreme. Rosalie and her mother could find no solace for their great trouble. Just two months ago Rosalie’s father had been buried. The sweet music of life seemed hushed. They could not see that behind the clouds the sun was still shining nor could they realize that all things work together for good.

It was nearing the time of the year for college to resume its work. Rosalie had always looked forward to the day when she could leave her old home a while and go away to school in a different city. She had studied hard during her four years in high school and had graduated as the valedictorian of her class. But now all these college day dreams were ended, for she could not think of leaving her mother alone, and the adjusting of her father’s finances had left only a moderate allowance for the two to live on. They really were heirs to a large fortune but had been cheated out of it.

Rosalie was not strong enough physically to work and study both while attending school. Nevertheless she decided to keep a brave heart.

“Mother,” she said, “there is a large library. I will spend most of my time there. I can travel round the world with the men who write on travels; they can tell me of all the wonderful sights and other great things. I can become better acquainted with the great minds of the past. Life was not made for sorrow although it is not a bed of roses. But some sorrows need never be. Let us try to forget some of ours and live, mother. We cannot afford in this short life to pine away, can we dear? She kissed the sweet face of her silver-haired mother.

“Yes,” said the mother. “You are right, dear daughter. It is the difficulties we overcome which make our characters. We will trust in God and He will keep us from sorrow and want. He will take care of your father who has gone to live with Him in a brighter world.”

One day a letter came to Mrs. Murdock and Rosalie. It was rather a surprise to them, for it was from one of Mr. Murdock’s brothers whom they had thought dead. The letter told them that he intended to visit at their home in the near future, probably within the next month. This was happy news indeed, for would they not be glad to see Mr. Murdock’s brother? He would have so many interesting things to tell, for he was a bachelor, who had spent most of his time in traveling. Mr. Murdock had more than one object in his visit though, but this he kept a secret until later.

So the large old-fashioned home was soon put in readiness for their guest. On a bright morning on the first day of September the door bell rang. Rosalie in her little pink lawn house dress, answered the call, and who should it be but a fine looking man of about middle age and it was her uncle. Rosalie was happy to see him. She called to her mother to come in the parlor quick, for uncle was there. They welcomed him cordially and for an hour they were so busy talking.
they almost forgot their great troubles.

Mr. Murdock looked at Rosalie's sweet smiling face. Her simple dress, her waving, golden hair, which was twisted in a neat coil in the back. He noticed the great respect she showed her mother, and how kindly she treated her. He noticed the prevailing neatness of the house. After dinner he said "that he had never tasted a more delicious meal," and it had all been cooked and served by Rosalie. He admired her from the first. He thought, "if she is as good in character as she looks and acts today she will surely win." He contrived her with her proud, haughty cousins, who would not think of cooking a meal, or serving one. He noted how intelligently she talked and what fine choice of words she had. He could see her in her the making of a noble woman.

Rosalie's uncle stayed with them for about three months. On the mild autumn afternoons they either went for long walks, or drives. Rosalie always pointed out the interesting and beautiful scenery. They became companions. In the evening Rosalie sang and played for him. She always kept her gentle refined nature. Rosalie told him her college dreams and how she thought they never could come true. She told him her joys and sorrows.

If you have won. Here is a check for $25,000. He then proceeded to tell her what part of his purpose of visiting with them had been. Now you can go to college. You win because I have found you to be the most worthy of it. I have also straightened out your father's business so that you and your mother need not worry over money matters. Your mother's cousin is coming to live at your home and take care of your sweet mother. Now your college day dreams can all come true. I know you will use these four years to the best advantage. Some day I am coming to see you again, but I must leave tomorrow for New York and sail from there to Europe. Goodbye, my worthy sweet niece. You must write to me often and I shall write to you and tell you of all the important and interesting places I shall see.

Rosalie felt as if she was in a dream, but she hoped she would never awake from it. She thanked her uncle very much, but never could make herself believe that she was worthy of such a gift. She loved her old uncle and she was very proud when they were said at the station next day. But the thought that some day he would come again gave her encouragement to make the very most of her four years at college and truly did.

Now four years have passed. Rosalie is a beautiful and accomplished young lady of twenty-three. At school she had renewed the acquaintance of Dick Markel, whom she had known in childhood. In one year they are to be married and then travel for a year for their wedding trip, after which they will live in the town where she had spent most of her life. There a beautiful home is being built for them.

Tonight we see Rosalie, her uncle, her mother, cousin and Dick sitting by the fireside talking. They think of Mr. Murdock, who is dead. Happiness and sadness come to them, but now once more happiness reigns supreme. 

The Cascades—Page six

Sweet music fills the room, for Rosalie is singing and playing "The perfect Day."

"When you come to the end of the perfect day, And you sit alone with your thought, While the chimneys ring out with a carol gay, To begin a speech with a solemn tread, Do you think what the end of a perfect day Can mean to a tired heart? When the sun goes down with a flaming ray And the dear friends have to part?"

"Well this is the end of a perfect day Near the end of a journey too But it leaves a thought that is big and strong, With a wish that is kind and true.

For memory has painted this perfect day With colors that never fade, And we bid at the end of a perfect day, The soul of a friend we've made."

Reminiscences of Ministers' Children

Erphigen's Trip

By a Presbyter's Daughter.

At last everything was ready for our long-expected trip; even the lunch was packed. Mother and sister had just finished putting on my coat and hood, so we children, my two brothers and I, were ready to go. Still the "good sisters" who had come to help mother and sister, were not ready, remoter. It was only a short time until the train would be due, and since it was quite a distance to the depot, father told my sister, who was a grown girl, to take the three children to the station, as the children could not walk as fast as older people.

Bidding farewell to the "good sisters" who had so kindly aided us, we went on our own way to the station, where we waited for the lunch to be ready, remained.

\*\*\*

A whistle in the distance announced the coming train, and every one seemed excited, but we were doubly so, as the train came in and father and mother did not come."

"All aboard!" and the train pulled out, leaving us on the platform greatly disappointed.

In the meantime, on the opposite side of the track, our parents, supposing we were on the train, were hastening with the greatest rapidity possible, and as the train pulled out father had gained the step and was endeavoring to pull mother upon it, but just as he was..."
almost exhausted a gentleman came to his assistance. As soon as they went into the car father glanced out of the window towards the depot platform, and who should he see but his four children demurely standing there?

What could now be done? We knew that our parents would stop overnight in Seattle, so after spending a restful night at one of the 'four sister's' homes, early in the morning we took a carriage and had a driver take us to a station a few miles away, where we might get an early train. The driver told my brother that he would throw him into the lake by which we passed. This greatly excited me, but proved to be a joke.

When we got off the train at Seattle, we were met by one of the young men from the Seminary, who had been so kind as to meet all trains coming in from our section of the country. What a sight we were,—the young man, my grown sister, we three youngsters, and a number of packages and bundles and the ten-pound pail of cookies. A hotel man called out: "Hotel Washington, Family Apartments!"

At last we arrived at Fremont, and as we went up the street our father met us and again we were joined in a happy family reunion.

KEEP ON THE FIRING LINE.

1

There is no room to-day for the sluggard, for the fellow who will not work. But there's plenty of room at the top yet for the fellow who will not shirk.

2

There's no room for the idle, or he who seeks pleasure alone, but he is sure in need of the worker. And he who will not be a drone. So keep on the firing line.

3

There's a place at the head yet for the ranks they are never full, and the fellow who starts and keeps striving will some day be found at the goal. So keep on the firing line.

4

Oh! who will go forth to the battle for that which is noble and true? Someone must be at the head of the ranks. Oh! let that somebody be you. So keep on the firing line.

B. B. W.—"HIGHPOCKETS."

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Beth

A Serial Story by

Eliza McPh. Ed. 17

CHAPTER VII.

"What's the news?" Beth asked as Jim drove up with the wagon from town.

"Oh, there were several letters for father. "The Journal" and a letter for you and one from Cousin Harold to me, telling of Uncle Robert's death."

"Poor Uncle Robert! I wonder what Aunt May will do now."

"I'm sure I don't know," Jim answered. "There's a letter for father from her and I suppose she will tell him her plans. There he is now." Then he called "Oh, father, here's some mail for you."

Mr. Carlton came slowly towards them. After reading over the mail he looked up and said:

"Here's a letter from Aunt May, telling of her husband's death last week. She is undecided now where to go, so I think I shall write and ask to have her stay with us if it is satisfactory to you Beth."

"but will be delightful," Beth said joyously, "for what do you think? The principal of the Crystal Lake Academy has offered me a scholarship if I would come and go to school, but I didn't say anything because I didn't know how I could leave—"

"My dear," her father interrupted, "if your Aunt Mary comes, you can surely go. Besides I have been thinking of your education and I think we could arrange for you to go anywhere."

The letters were written inviting Mrs. May Rishton to her brother's and informimg Miss Wood, the principal, of Beth's intention coming to school. The former replied that she would be only too glad to come and keep house for them. So it was with great delight that Beth again made preparations to return to school.

One day, not long after Mrs. Rishton's arrival, while working in the kitchen she heard a knock. She opened the door. There stood a rough-looking specimen of humanity wearing a crushed derby hat. Long streaks of mud with dots and dashes helped to completely disfigure his countenance. As for his mud-bespattered suit—that was a sight to behold and the earthy substitute for a shine on his shoes.

Do you know him?" her aunt asked in astonishment.

"Know him? I should say," and a queer smile came to her face.

"Oh, what is he?" but before Beth had time to answer, the stranger
knocked and she went to the door.

"Good afternoon. Come right in," she said.

"Oh, please excuse me, I'm not fit to be seen, I know," he began with a humorous deprecating glance at his clothes. "but I had a
humiliating encounter with a mothball and I thought maybe you
would not object to loaning some of your brother's clothes. I guess
he and I are about the same size."

"Oh that's all right. Come right in."

"It always seems as if I come to you folks every time I fall into
a dilemma."

"Well, a friend in need is a friend indeed," as the old proverb goes,
you know," remarked Beth.

Then she turned to Mrs. Rishton. "Oh, Aunt May, let me make you
acquainted with my friend, Mr. Graham."

"Mr. Graham, my aunt, Mrs. Rishton.

Then she exclaimed, "Oh there comes Jim." As she spoke he opened the door. Half way in he
stopped stock still and for a minute eyed the visitor in astonishment.

And then,

"Why, Raymond Graham! Where have you been?" Beth hastened
to explain the incident of his arrival and they all enjoyed a hearty
laugh.

"Well I'll tell you all about it when I am a little more presentable," said Graham as Jim led the way to his room.

A few minutes later they returned, Graham looking a great deal
more like his old self—the refined and interesting young gentleman he
was, and joined Aunt May and Beth in the cozy living room which had
grown quite familiar to him during the past few weeks. He told of how he had happened to get into such a plight and remarked in con-
clusion:

"No more jumping over fences into swampy land for me."

"And to think that I should ever have taken you to be a tramp,"
May Rishton laughed out. "By the way," she inquired, "did you ever
live in Terra Haute, Indiana?"

"Yes, until about eight years ago we moved to Seattle."

"You didn't know anyone by the name of May Carlton, did you?"

"Well, a girl by that name used to come over to our house quite
frequently. I was just a little chap and didn't know her so intimately,
as she was quite a little older than myself.""Why, would you be surprised to know she was?"

"Well, well, and to think I should meet you here. How did you
ever know me?"

"By the resemblance to your older brother and I knew you had all
moved West. Of course after I was married I left Terra Haute and lost
track of you folks."

Then he and Mrs. Rishton renewed their old friendship and Beth occasionedly joined in with some of her quaint sayings. And so they
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talked together. Beth had to leave and finish her packing as she was
about to start for school so soon.

The next morning she was again on the train northbound to the
scene of her highest aspirations and hopes, but this time she had "the
friend that sticketh closer than a brother" with her, for Christ reigned
supreme in her heart.

Her arrival at the school was hailed with great delight as she had
always been a favorite with the students and teachers. Her school
life began again in earnest and she progressed with great speed win-
ting for herself the highest honors she could attain. School life
was monotonous but "it's a long road that has no turning" and Beth soon found a "turn."

(To be Continued.)
3. Deportment shall be taken into consideration in determining the standing of students in the above-mentioned classes.

4. Students who are absent from their classes more than three times will be conditioned in their work until satisfactory arrangements are made with the teachers.

Here is certainly abundant incentive to ambition and uniformly high grade work.

Do you know, I believe in a pronounced spirit of pride in school work. There is no light, cheap vanity nor conceit in this pride I speak of, but it is a pure outgrowth of self-respect and self-esteem. A great many students imagine they are becomingly modest and humble when they belittle their abilities and efforts. It certainly is a false attitude and unjust to ourselves. None of us are so brilliant or so important that we can afford to either undervalue or overestimate our real capacities.

In our school work nowadays it seems to matter so little to students if they receive an inferior standing. They boldly tell their low mark or failure, and offer some weak-kneed explanation without shame. Where is our good, old, warlike school pride? It is certainly a crime to waste our time in school life, and then boast of the results or even pass them lightly by. We will never receive credit for what we can do, but we are rated as to how far short we fall. Never boast of what you can do and don't. Do something and then let it speak for itself.

This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"Washington" is a watchword, such as never shall sink while there's an echo in the air.

—BYRON.
CLASS NEWS

College Talk

All of the other classes and clubs of the school live, move, and have their being, and the college classes are striving to do college work as creditable as the academic students have here-to-fore done their preparatory work.

One of the fine things that happened along to cheer us up and remind us that we have living, thoughtful friends, was an invitation to hold our last program at the home of Miss C. May Marston. The time came and behold we all assembled, every Alpha member. After business was dispatched we had a simple program. Some of the new features of the program were, a song by the ladies octette, a discussion by Misses Skuzie and Alberts, a paper by E. A. Haslam on "Social Service," and a paper by Mr. Hood on "Marriage Customs in Japan." But the things which we will be more disposed to remember were the refreshments. Coffee that was good enough to convince even so staunch an abstainer as Mr. Pease of its virtuous quality. Taffy was also provided. For quality it ranked with the coffee, in a class by itself. Miss Lawrence, our faculty member was with us.

Miss Lena Skuzie entertained the Merry Hearts at a Kaffe Klatsch in her apartments in Adelaide Hall one evening not long ago.

Academic Department

Seniors.

The last issue of the Cascade stated that our class pins were coming by freight, however, this error should be corrected. The order is being sent by freight.

The Seniors spent a pleasant evening at the home of one of our class members, Mary Millican. Some showed their skill in drawing, singing and playing on the piano. Others gave us lessons in eating rice with chop-sawer sticks. Having been given a box of blocks, one young lady built a plan, on the rug, of her future home.

Juniors.

Before exams we were on the brink of sorrow for we feared the

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un timely departure of our class president. His excuse was that he couldn't stand "between two fires." Exams are over now. He's going to stay.

Sophomores.

We have all "passed" the exams, i. e., they are a thing of the past.

Freshman.

Notwithstanding the temperance atmosphere Miss Matson has become addicted to a harmless beverage.

We regret to announce that the high standard of the Freshman class has been lowered by the departure of our noble and courageous "Bert."

Under the supervision of Mr. Jones, we organized a hike which will long remain in the minds and hearts of the hikers. It was with deep regrets we learned that Mr. Jones did not feel disposed to accompany us on the hike. However, we arrived at Fort Lawton and stood on the lonely seashore and gazed at the sky so blue. After resting, we retraced our steps homeward.

We are now as sheep without a shepherd since our beloved "Pavaras," being weary in body, has departed for a fairer clime. Nevertheless he will long remain in the hearts of his parishioners and all who know him.

Freshman Debating Team - The Winners

George Cofer

Sam Trenchman

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Alexandrian Literary Society

The present officers of the Alexandrian Literary Society are as follows: President, Walter Scott; vice president, Burton Beebe; secretary, Mary Johnson; treasurer, Wade Folsom; music director, Mary Cathey; assistant, Mr. Whitehead; marshal, Mr. Davis; censor, Prof. Marston; Cascade reporter, Helen Johnson.

The first regular semi-annual program was well prepared and received the hearty applause of the audience. Some of the numbers were novel and especially interesting. The vocal solo by Herbert Mayor and the duet by Mr. Folsom and Miss Morrison were very pleasing.

The Sophomores put up a plucky fight but the Freshmen won the day.

Athenian Literary Society

The last program of the semester was given January 9, 1914, on which occasion we had a very pleasant and profitable time. The music—a vocal selection by Miss Kathryn Whisner and piano solo by Misses Vina Smith and Minerva Edwards—was greatly enjoyed. Speeches, improvisations and other similar numbers were given. Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Violet Haviland were very interesting members on this occasion.

There's something else from the "Chevron": "The Cascade possesses one of the most beautiful covers we have seen as yet this semester."

Alumni Association

Miss Ellen Kiddle, '06, visited the Seminary January 23. We were glad to see her again.

Another Seminary alumnus will receive a degree this year. Mr. Will Boddy, '05, is a Senior in Reed College and is as brilliant as ever.

Mr. Everett Trousdale, '11, is also helping to represent the Seminary at Reed College.

Mr. Fred Calkins, '07, and his wife are making good on their promise to continue their work at Reed.

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The University of Washington is the scene of her present exploits.

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EXCHANGES

Would you like to hear what other papers have been saying about us so far this year? We will quote a few typical criticisms, both favourable and otherwise:

From the "Vista": "The Cascade of Seattle Seminary is a neat paper. The literary material is also good; we are reading with interest your continued story."

And again from the same paper: "We wish to compliment the 'Cascade' on the attractive manner in which their Christmas number is gotten out. The literary contributions occupy a large portion of the paper, as they should, and are of distinct merit."

Listen to this from the "Pacific Star": "The 'Cascade,' a monthly publication from Seattle, etc., deserves praise for its punctuality and completeness. Though it is not excessively large, we cherish it very much. Good taste is manifest in the arrangement of the December number, and the matter itself is well worthy of recognition. The thoughts on 'friendship' are fittingly compiled. Of the stories, 'The Home Coming' appealed to us as a well written short story, with great probability and vivid references to experiences."

This is what: "The Cardinal" says: "The 'Cascade' possesses one of the most beautiful covers we have seen as yet this semester."

The "Purple Pennant" pays a tribute to our paper. Here it is: "Your serial story, 'Beth,' is just another feature which brings out the excellent qualities of your paper."

But listen to this from the "Crutible": "The Literary department overbalances the rest of the magazine. Don't you have any athletes?"

The 'Adsum' has yet another criticism: "You are one of our best exchanges and always have a very artistic cover. Your stories are especially good, but a few more jokes would help some."

Here is something else from the "Chevron": "A very neat paper. A few more cuts would add to it greatly."

We are criticised for lack of cuts, but fail to see where we are behind in this line. We have been urged to find more jokes, but we fear that too many take away from the neat and literary polish for which our paper is complimented. As to the lack of athletic news, and the compliments on our literary department, this is a natural result of the fact that Seattle Seminary and College stand for intensive scholarship above everything. Nevertheless, we are not ungrateful recipients of our friends' opinions. "Honest praise is never flattering," and "A word to the wise is sufficient." In both cases we endeavor to be wise.

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We prefer to call it "Rueben." Many call it "Reuben."

We still prefer to call it "Reuben."

But thousands prefer to call it "Rueben."

During the infancy of the Reuben, another newspaper, the Chicago Tribune, in a fit of inspiration, called it "Reub." This was followed by a declaration that the newspaper was the owner of the name "Reub."

Some do care to call it "Rueben."

We can't think of calling it "Hoover."

But thousands dare to call it "Reuben."

It makes us feel as if it were building up the name as a brand-claim.

All wrong Alberta. Name is "Whatta."

We are pleased to note that some of the Freshies are making good use of the exchanges for their English themes.

Stewart, returning home late one evening, was greeted with the fragrant aroma of coffee issuing from an adjoining room.

"Now for my bread and butter and the smell of coffee. Such a feast!" he sighed.

A schoolboy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I would like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward and the down strokes light."—Ex.

One rainy afternoon Aunt Anne was explaining the meaning of various words to her young nephew.

"Now, an heirloom, my dear, means something that has been handed down from father to son."

"Well," replied the boy thoughtfully, "that's a queer name for my pants."—Ex.

During the late hours a reporter smeared the columns of the classified page. This is what he said:

Wanted—A furnished room by an elderly lady with electric lights.

Wanted—A room by a young man with double doors.

Wanted—A nice young man to run a pool room out of town.

Wanted—A man to take care of horses who can speak German.

Wanted—A lightweight gentleman's overcoat.

Wanted—a boy who can open oysters with reference.

Wanted—a boy to blow the same.

STUDENTS ATTENTION!

Do you realize that your eyes are worth millions of dollars to you, yet how you neglect and abuse them.

Do you realize that lack of concentration, dullness in school and loss of memory are mostly due to eye strain?

STUDENTS need a good eye-specialist to overcome muscular eye trouble, eye-strain, headache, blurred vision, inflamed eyes, nervousness, blurriness, etc. We have many medical students as patients. Ask the Students! Glad to consult with you. My charges are reasonable.

J. W. EDMUNDS, Oph.

Phone: Main 2174
211-183 Leeav Bldg., 2nd and Madison

The Cascade—Page eighteen

SMILES

PRONUNCIATION: "REUBAN."—Chicago Tribune.

We still prefer to call it "Reuben."

Call it "Reub," say the Peoria Journal.

Call it "Whatta," say the Baltimore Sun.

During the infancy of the Reuben, another newspaper, the Chicago Tribune, in a fit of inspiration, called it "Reub." This was followed by a declaration that the newspaper was the owner of the name "Reub." If we don't care to call it "Hoover," it makes us feel as if it were building up the name as a brand-claim.

Alberta. Name is "Whatta."—St. Louis PostDispatch.

We are pleased to note that some of the Freshies are making good use of the exchanges for their English themes.

Stewart, returning home late one evening, was greeted with the fragrant aroma of coffee issuing from an adjoining room.

"Now for my bread and butter and the smell of coffee. Such a feast!" he sighed.

A schoolboy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I would like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward and the down strokes light."—Ex.

One rainy afternoon Aunt Anne was explaining the meaning of various words to her young nephew.

"Now, an heirloom, my dear, means something that has been handed down from father to son."

"Well," replied the boy thoughtfully, "that's a queer name for my pants."—Ex.

During the late hours a reporter smeared the columns of the classified page. This is what he said:

Wanted—A furnished room by an elderly lady with electric lights.

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Wanted—a boy to blow the same.

After the sermon on "The very hairs of your head are all numbered," little John's mother saw him laying one hair after another on a piece of paper. To her question he said:

"Why, the preacher said our hairs were all numbered, and I haven't found a number on any of mine yet."

Agnes Schnelder (rushing to Wade Folsom): "Your money or your life!"

Wade: "Oh, my life ."

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who demand purity, efficiency and wholesomeness, have given their emphatic approval to Crescent Baking Powder

It meets every requirement of good cooks and particular purchasers.

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Seattle — Washington
WE INVITE THE PATRONAGE OF THE STUDENT
Body, who are referred to Mr. Puffer who acts as
our agent in the collection of Laundry Work.

Model Electric Laundry
Established 1890

Miss Hunter (to her pupils): "I don't believe you could sit up
straight if you were running."

Ruth (to Mr. Koudo): "Age before beauty."

Mother: "Willie, why don't you
let your little brother have your
sled part of the time?"

Miss Lawrence give a hard
exam.

Wade with a pompadour?

A cook burned a four-pound
piece of meat and threw it away,
telling her mistress that the cat
ate it. The lady placed the
cat on the scales and found it
weighed exactly four pounds.

There, Bridget," she said,
"are the four pounds of meat, but where
is the cat?"

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