October 1st, 1911

The October 1911 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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THE MAN DIVINE
(Commencement Oration, June 7, 1911)
R. E. COCHRANE

Every age in the history of the world has produced a great man. A man who was honored and respected by his countrymen and all with whom he came in contact. Cicero, the most illustrious man of letters of all the sons of Romulus, gave to the world a prose style which has never been overshadowed and which became at once the standard by which all other Latin prose is now tested and compared. He, indeed, added largely to the vocabulary of his own language, words which were of such an expressive nature that they were immediately adopted. The greatest warrior of the world, Alexander the Great, leading an army of sturdy Macedonians, rode forth on his famous charger to conquer the world, and with victory after victory following battle after battle, subduing peoples and nations, he was finally crowned the conqueror of the Eastern World. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of the ancient world, was at the head of affairs in his own nation. He, with his personal character as one of the noblest, his bravery, the stainless purity of his public and private life, his splendid patriotism, and his services as a statesman and administrator, entitle him to a place among the noblest men of antiquity. As an orator, he has been assigned to the highest place by all critics since his day.

These men, truly, won the hearts of their countrymen in their brief stay on the terrestrial ball, but were soon forgotten when in some following age their places were taken by others, and their names and deeds of glory have been revered by only a few. But there is One, a Man among men, who, as far as we know, never wrote a word, save one, unrecorded, which he traced in the sand with his finger. His name has inspired the glory have been revered by only a few. But there is One, a Man among men, who, as far as we know, never wrote a word, save one, unrecorded, which he traced in the sand with his finger. His name has inspired the admiration of all men, for He is the archtype to which all men must attain,—the sure prophecy of what all men shall some day be.

Jesus is the perfect revelation of God, not a revelation from God. The perfection of Jesus did not consist in insensibility to temptation but in His power to resist. He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. He did not belong to a separate order of creation, but was revealed as the Son of God, the image of the invisible God, the perfect even as your Father, which is in Heaven, is perfect. He did not consist in insensibility to temptation but in His power to resist. He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. He did not belong to a separate order of creation, but was revealed as the Son of God, the image of the invisible God, the perfect even as your Father, which is in Heaven, is perfect. He is the archetype to which all men must attain,—the sure prophecy of what all men shall some day be. Man being made in God’s image must ultimately reflect and manifest God’s nature. This is confirmed by Jesus himself: “He ye perfect even as your Father, which is in Heaven, is perfect.”

“Whose name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice.”

But how can this ideal life be accounted for? All life is mysterious. Human life is especially so, and great men are great mysteries. Who understands the nature of that spark that flashes from the human brain and illumines the world with its radiance? Whence and what is the wondrous power that gives to literature its beauty, its meaning,—that makes the spoken word inspire, that calls a world into its power? And, if we cannot easily fathom or comprehend the genius of a Cicero, an Alexander of a Demosthenes, men who lived and wrought on the mental and physical planes, how much more difficult is it to measure and understand Him, whose daily walk was in the spiritual realm,—an attitude so far above us that it is even now, to the average man, an undiscovered region?

Yet, we must account for Jesus on some rational basis. The time was when men worshiped brute force. He was greatest among his fellows, who was the fastest runner, the mightiest wrestler, or the most accomplished in the art of war. In course of time men outgrew this stage and passed to a higher conception of manhood and human greatness. It began to dawn upon the minds of men that it was not enough to excel in deeds of physical prowess, that a giant body without a controlling intelligence was like a huge battering ram with a blind man to guide it.

This ideal produced an age of orators, philosophers, generals, and statesmen, but it did not touch the springs of character, nor did it add to human happiness. Solomon well said, “In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.” There slowly grew on man an aspiration for a nobler manhood, a manhood that should stand for something more than strength of body or subtlety of mind. They began to see that great men were good men.

This conviction strengthened until one night the Heavenly Hosts sang their song of, “Peace on Earth, good will to men,” to the shepherds on the hills of Bethlehem, announcing the coming of the Peasant of Galilee, who ushered in the day of spiritual supremacy, not ignoring the physical or intellectual nature of man, but rather teaching and exemplifying the perfect harmony of body, mind and spirit when guided and illumined by the Divine Light of Love.

Jesus is the perfect revelation of God, not a revelation from God. The mind and heart of the Son are the mind and heart of the Father, for He said, “He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.”

He is the archetype to which all men must attain,—the sure prophecy of what all men shall some day be. Man being made in God’s image must ultimately reflect and manifest God’s nature. This is confirmed by Jesus himself: “He ye perfect even as your Father, which is in Heaven, is perfect.”

The perfection of Jesus did not consist in insensibility to temptation but in His power to resist. He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. His perfection lay in the fact that He overcame.

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He is the example of true manliness. We see Him as He turns from the sacred Jordan, leaving the throng of people behind, and seeks the quietness and solitude of the wilderness, where for forty days the tempter tries by every means to cause His fall. The Son of God is faint from insufficient food and the spirit of evil is constantly at His side with questionings: "Art Thou the Messiah?" "Art Thou He who was promised?" "Possibly Thou art deceived." These questionings arise in His mind and then the comforting and assuring voices of angels speak and He takes courage. At last the struggle is ended. He comes from the desert more than conqueror over the mocking imps and scornful whisperers. And, as we see Him, the light of glory is radiant on the Divine Countenance as He begins His task of conquering the human heart.

He was constantly about His Father's business—that of lifting fallen humanity. Sacrifice and suffering marked every footstep as He wandered over Galilean hills and vales, a stranger in a strange land. With His little band of followers He went here and there relieving the suffering and applying the Balm of Gilead to the broken hearts of those who would receive Him, from the first, "His own received Him not," and while even the foxes had holes, the birds of the air, nests, the Galillean Prophet had not where to lay His head.

We see in Him the richest type of humility. Where do we read of a prophet who called the children to Him in the street and fondled them? The great men moved along the lofty walks of life amid world famous events and lived far above the multitude. But Jesus, the King of Kings, loved to spend His life among the common, in the midst of people's homes. He would let Martha go busily at her household on the strength of His love, "Thy Son is risen," and the comforting and assuring voices of angels speak and He takes courage. At last the struggle is ended. He comes from the desert more than conqueror over the mocking imps and scornful whisperers. And, as we see Him, the light of glory is radiant on the Divine Countenance as He begins His task of conquering the human heart.

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He might have walked with the greatest of men. He might have been the Equal of Kings; but no! He chose the path of the Rejected of men, as the Man of Sorrows, who came not to bring glory to Himself, but to redeem a fallen world; and after three short years of earnest labor against the slander and curses of men, against the mocking and jeering throng, His work is finished and while talking to His little band of disciples on the summit of a mount, the attraction of gravity breaks. Up and up He ascends, leaving the scenes of toil and sorrow to be at home with His Father. The Disciples stand gazing in wonder, when a cloud receiver Him from their view and a voice cries, "This same Jesus which ye see ascending into Heaven shall so come in like manner."

COMMON JUSTICE

D. A. SAWYER

The early shades of a short winter afternoon were gathering over a college of the Northwest. The drizzling rain had ceased, but the heavy clouds cast dreary shadows over the landscape.

Wallace Abbot crammed the yellow envelope into his pocket and strode thoughtfully across the campus. "Father's had another stroke; come home tonight." At first it almost daunted him. Here was an event that must mark another great change in his life. A score of things rushed into his mind. He thought of his father, lying pale and quiet, of his mother and little sister, of home, then of the renewal of the struggle against poverty, and of his education—he must leave the college. Only a few minutes ago he had been reviewing his plans for a promising future. Of late a new thread had gradually woven itself into these visions. How beautiful it had looked to him! Were all these bright dreams to be crushed by this bit of yellow paper? Tomorrow he would be far away. The endless routine of busy college life would roll on—without him. Amid the laughter of the gay and the common cares of all he would soon be forgotten.

He stopped to look around once more on the scenes which had become so familiar. Memories crowded fast upon him. Every nook and corner of the college grounds seemed dear. He saw the maple tree; they had strolled down the winding walk; by those steps only yesterday she had chided him,—chided him for his frowning. Just then he noticed a group of the boys standing at the corner of their dormitory. They were laughing and talking, and glanced occasionally at him, but he had been raised in a wealthy home. Accustomed always to having what he wanted, it seemed very mortifying to have his will crossed. He stopped to look around once more on the scenes which had become so familiar. Memories crowded fast upon him. Every nook and corner of the college grounds seemed dear. He saw the maple tree; they had strolled down the winding walk; by those steps only yesterday she had chided him,—chided him for his frowning. Just then he noticed a group of the boys standing at the corner of their dormitory. They were laughing and talking, and glanced occasionally at him, but he had been raised in a wealthy home. Accustomed always to having what he wanted, it seemed very mortifying to have his will crossed.

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A half hour later he waited in a little hallway. In a few minutes he heard her step and then—she stood near him.

"Elsie, I have come to bid you good-bye."

"Why, how's that?"

"I have received a message that my father has had another stroke of paralysis and I must go home tonight."

"Oh, is it possible,—your poor father. Perhaps it is not as serious as you think. The coldness of her sympathy for him surprised him.

"Oh, it is no doubt quite serious," he said. "When he recovered from the last attack the doctors told us the next would be much worse. I must go home to stay."

Somehow he knew that she was thinking of Russell. A feeling of desperation seized him, but he overcome. Bidding her a polite farewell, he ran rapidly up and down in the darkness. Then a plan struck him and he became calm. Opening the window he slid quietly down the rain pipe to the ground. Starting around the corner of the building he ran square into someone.

"Why, Elsie, what are you doing here?"

"Wallace, is this you? Where have you been? We've looked for you everywhere. They've told you about the telegram? Wallace, will you ever forgive me? I—I knew, and was afraid to tell you." Her voice trembled. He started to answer, but heard some one approaching and drew her back into the shadow of the building. A few minutes later they walked toward her home.

"What time is it, Elsie? I must soon go if I catch that train."

"Catch the train? You are not going now?"

"Yes, for a little while. I thought I would leave town until tomorrow and let the results of this trick fall on those who planned it."

"Listen, Lawrence, I have a fine plan. I was going out to visit my Aunt, but could not go alone until morning. I will telephone her that we are both coming and we can go on the ten o'clock Interurban. I know she will be glad to have you come with me."

An hour later they sat together in the noisy little car as it plunged through the darkness. They were talking, not of the past, but of the future. Scarcely did they bestow a thought on him who had that day caused them such extremes of sorrow and joy. Perhaps they would have been more considerate had they known that Russell, after laboring three hours to undo what he had done, was tortured throughout the long sleepless night by a relentless conscience and the fear of the morrow.

"Well, I don't know what you think about it, but I call that a scurrilous trick in St. Clair. If I was Abbot I'd——"

They had passed out of hearing.

For a moment he stood dazed; then the whole truth burst upon him. What should he do? He started from the room, then checked himself. He paced rapidly up and down in the darkness. Then a plan struck him and he became calm. Opening the window he slid quietly down the rain pipe to the ground. Starting around the corner of the building he ran square into someone.

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You have observed that this number is dedicated to the Freshman Class. As usual, it is the largest class in school. We, with the school, welcome you and solicit your hearty support in all the undertakings of the year. We wish to introduce you to the Cascade with the thought that you will do your duty in making this paper a success by handing in your subscription early and giving us the cream of your literary talent.

Possibly many of you have fancied that since you have been promoted from the grades, you will have smoother sailing, and that people will look up to you. This may be so. More likely, however, you will be a source of much amusement. The joke column may be full of your intended witty sayings; “Freshman” will be a by-word, the comment of the day, until you may wish that such a name were never pronounced.

Now for a little advice. Be brave, little Freshman; take your place at the bottom of the ladder and climb the rounds one by one; always keeping a high aim, a steady nerve, mixed with all the perseverance you can muster. Thus, success will be assured.

To the subscribers of the Cascade: There will be a prize of fifty cents offered each month, to the student presenting to the Cascade the best story of not less than a thousand words with the exception of the Christmas story, for which there will be a prize of one dollar given. Only subscribers are eligible.

Some people are inclined to think that it is an easy matter to run a school paper. They seem to think that all there is to it is just to take a collection of articles down to the printer and have him put out the finished product, for a few words of commendation and thanks. They seem to think little of the bill that comes in a few days later. Say, reader, did you ever stop to think that it takes money, and no small amount of it, to run a paper?

There are two methods used to secure money to pay for the paper, and both are used in most all magazines. The first is by the subscriptions. The second is by means of the advertisements.

It is the duty of every student to subscribe for their paper, and aid in this way; but there is another duty that few seem to consider, and that...
is patronizing the advertisers. We know that many do unconsciously patronize them, but we want you to consciously patronize them; i.e., go to them and tell them, after making a purchase, that you saw their ad in the "Cascade." This will please them greatly and make them feel that it is a paying proposition to advertise with us. A good illustration of this is the way in which the students patronized Raymond & Hoyt's shoe store last year. They gave us a trial and as results came in, they continued and increased the size of their ad. This year, when approached about the matter, they said: "That ad last year brought us good results;" and consequently renewed their ad for the coming year.

We carry nothing but thoroughly reliable advertisements in our paper, and consequently you are perfectly safe in patronizing them.

Now, students, wake up and show your appreciation to the advertisers for their help.

Show them that their ad is not a charitable proposition, but a paying proposition.

Subscribe for the Cascade. Only 75c per year.

ALUMNI

Of the class of 1911, seven are continuing their school work: Mr. Milton Miss Perry and Miss Marsh in the College department of Seattle Seminary.

Miss Rose entered the University of Washington this fall.

Mr. Tremdale is a freshman in the new and famous Reed Institute of Portland, Ore.

Elvis Cochran is assistant preceptor at Hermann, and also a freshman in the College department.

Miss West and Miss Deringer have become school "ma'ams." Miss West has gone East of the mountains to take charge of a school. Miss Barnhart and Mr. Rollin Cochran are working and pursuing their study of vocal music—and incidentally other things.

Miss Gem Lewis is in Spokane, working and keeping house for her father.

Lela Meacham is enjoying out-door life on her father's farm in Tumwater.

Miss Arville Wood (i.e. Mrs. Roy Stains) is making domestic science a specialty. She does not find it difficult, as she has only to cook for two, and hers is a labor of love.

Mr. Jessie Marston, after finishing his course at Greenville College, has returned to the Seminary as a member of the faculty.

Mr. Glen Denmore lately joined the Benedicts. Ethel Ward will soon sail for India, there to take up her life work as a missionary.

Mr. Sawyer is working at present in Vancouver, B.C.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY NOTES

CLARA ROOT

We are pleased to note the great degree of missionary spirit shown on the part of both members of the faculty and student body, at the very beginning of the school year.

The school missionary society has been well organized with Prof. A. J. Marston, president; John M. Root, vice-president; Miss Daisy Poole, secretary, and L. A. Sikes, treasurer.

A farewell service for the outgoing missionaries, Brother and Sister Prof. Marston.

Prof. Marston then called for subscriptions, and within a few minutes over three hundred dollars were raised, after which we were favored with a duet by Mr. and Mrs. William Cothey.

Miss Nellie Whilson, returned missionary from San Domingo, has been with us for a few weeks and gave us a very interesting address Sunday evening, Sept. 24, on the people and customs of San Domingo, after which a collection of one hundred and thirty-one dollars in cash and sub-

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ALEXANDRIAN

The first meeting of the Alexanderian Literary Society was held Sept. 15, 1911, for the purpose of electing officers. The results of the election were as follows:

Oliver R. Haslam, president; S. E. Wyler, vice-president; Emma Olson, secretary; John Root, treasurer; Kathryn Whisner, musical director; Louise Ward, assistant musical director; A. D. Armstrong, marshall; Prof. A. J. Marston, program censor.

Considerable interest was manifest in the election despite the fact that a large number present were new students. We are contemplating the hearty co-operation of all the students in making this a prosperous year.

I. P. LEAGUE

The Intercollegiate Prohibition League has re-organized for the coming year with the following officers: Mr. Watkins, president; Mr. Wold, vice-president; Miss Bessie Ward, secretary; Robert Leise, treasurer.

Mr. Borton, a graduate of Greenville College, and traveling secretary of the Intercollegiate Prohibition League of the West, made the Seminary a visit and gave us an arousing address.

We advise all to join this league and aid in creating prohibition sentiment. For the members of this society there will be an oratorical contest for which a nominal prize will be given to the winner. Start early to write your oration, and go in to win.

ALETHEPIAN

The Alethepians held their first meeting for this year Tuesday noon, September 19, for the purpose of electing officers for this semester. The results of the election were as follows: Kathryn Whisner, president; Freda Scott, vice-president; Louise Ward, secretary; Clara Root, treasurer; Lilian Perry, musical director; Misses Marsh, Olson and Burns, program committee; Ruth Stilwell, club editor for the "Cascade."

We are glad for the interest shown by the former members at our first meeting and with the addition of the new members, that we hope to take in very soon, we are looking forward to one of the best years we have ever had.

PHILS

Since the opening of school the Phils have had two meetings, the first of which was held on Friday, Sept. 15, 1911, for the election of officers for the first semester. The results were as follows:

L. A. Skuzie, president; C. F. Watkins, vice-president; Ralph Milton, secretary; A. D. Armstrong, treasurer; John Root, chaplain; M. R. Kimble, musical director; S. E. Wyler, marshall; H. P. A. Wold, Phils editor. The inauguration followed and each member of the official staff solemnly promised to contribute to the realization of a prosperous and happy term.

The interest shown in the meeting of Sept. 22 by the large attendance, the good order, lively debate and responsive disposition to extemporary speeches made it a great success.

Since there are a large number of new gentlemen from nearly all parts of the globe, part of whom have already enrolled, we hope that all who are interested in personal development of extemporaneous speaking will apply for membership early and thus aid us in crowning the year with success.

H. P. ALBERTSON WOLD.
SOPHOMORES

On Wednesday, Sept. 13, the sophomore college class met in the book room and organized. As there were only three of the class present the officers were chosen by lot, and, strange to say, the officers of last year were returned to their respective offices: E. A. Haslam, president; L. A. Skuzie, vice-president; Myra M. Burns, secretary-treasurer. Myra M. Burns, was also selected as member of the board of directors of the Cascade. The sophomore college class is quite well represented in the councils of the Cascade. Skuzie is associate manager and president of the Board of Directors. Myra Burns is a member of the Board of Directors and is the Society Editor of the paper, and Haslam is the Business Manager.

We regret the absence of Misses Cook and Ward from our class this year.

Miss Ethel Ward is going East and later will accompany her father to India.

FRESHMEN

The College class of 1915 is glad to be able to report this year a membership equal to that of last year, and the prospect for a successful year of work is very good.

Three of our class are graduates from our own Seminary, a fourth hails from Genesee, Idaho, and a fifth, a former graduate of the Greenville College Preparatory, from Oregon. The sixth, however, is from a far country, and we are proud indeed to number among us a fellow classmate from Japan.

At the first of the year the class organized and the following officers were elected: Ralph Milton, president; Seiichi Hishikawa, vice-president; Tressa Marsh, secretary; Ruth Sharpe, class editor; Lillian Perry, marshall and member of the Board of Directors of the Cascade.

We, as a class, look forward this year with our hopes high and our interest deep for the success of our Seattle Seminary.

JUNIORS

Rah! Rah! Rah!

The members of the Junior class greeted each other the first day of school.

This year has opened with the brightest prospects for us. At our first class meeting our very worthy classmates, Oliver Haslam and M. Ray Kimble, were elected president and vice-president, and Louisa M. Ward, sec'y.

We are very glad to welcome the old students back and extend a kind greeting to the new ones who are here for the first time.

Our career began in the freshman class, and during that year the tea-
nings which were given us were patiently borne. The next year we were sophomores, and consequently called foolish, for that is the meaning of the word. The present freshman and sophomore classes have our kindest sympathies.

We are now called “wise” for we at last know that we do not know all there is to know. The ladder to success is very steep and long, but by patiently climbing up we mean to reach the top. You will hear more from us during the year.

MARY EVA.

SOPHOMORES

The first meeting of the Sophomore class was held Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1911. The following officers were elected for this coming year:

Mr. Miller, president; Miss McLaughlin, vice-president; Miss Root, secretary-treasurer; Mr. B. Beegle, marshal; Mr. Scott, representative of the class for the Cascade. The next meeting was held Friday evening, Sept. 22, and the debating question was brought up and questions for debate discussed.

The sophomore boys have organized a basket ball team with H. Hamilton as captain. We challenge any class team in school for championship.

H. HAMILTON.

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FRESHMEN

The freshman class of 1911-12 met in one of the recitation rooms and elected class officers for the ensuing year. Mr. Armstrong was unanimously elected president, and afterwards a general balloting took place to fill the various offices of the class. After the election was over, there gathered around the president a thoroughly competent and efficient staff capable of handling the business problems of the class.

The class this year is undoubtedly the pride of the institution, because it is composed of thirty bright and energetic students; students, we believe, that will bring credit to their teachers, honor to the institution, and be an inspiration wherever they may go and in whatever sphere of life they may be.

It will only be a matter of time before we will be defending our class title in the various games and programs of the season, but by appearances it is almost a foregone conclusion that we will make the senior classes bow before our superiors in the contests in or out of the school during the year.

It is needless for us to say more on this matter, because the class as a body believes in the old adage that “actions speak louder than words,” and a casual observer can easily see that the freshmen are “action personified.”

J. LOGAN.

EXCHANGES

Once more school has opened and once more we take up the agreeable duties of publishing the Cascade. Our paper is as yet in its infancy, and its editors and managers have had little experience in this line so far, but this year we intend to profit by last year’s experience and far surpass our attempt of last year.

We consider the exchange department as one of the most vital in the development of any school paper. Through it we see ourselves as others see us, and consequently are broadened and enlivened. We heartily welcome the criticisms from our exchanges and will try to be fair in ours.

We were quite disappointed in the number of Commencement numbers received in exchange the last month of last year. However, we received a few excellent ones.

The News, Eugene, Ore., is an excellent piece of art. The engravings are neat and tasty, the literary department abounds in intensely interesting articles, and the general spirit manifest is free and wholesome. We sincerely hope that we shall have the privilege this year of again enrolling the News among our exchanges.

The Review, Sacramento, Cal., is above criticism. It is all that could be wished for in a commencement number. The art work is exceptionally good.

The Argus, Harrisburg, Pa. Don’t you think it would be a good idea to change your department engravings occasionally? They are good, but an occasional change avoids monotony.

The Houghton Star, though small for a commencement number, is quite neat and tasty. A few art engravings at the head of your departments would improve the appearance of the paper.

The first number of the Lowell of San Francisco is quite an advertising issue—seven pages out of sixteen being devoted to that department. We presume, however, that this will not be continued during the year. We welcome the Lowell to a place in our exchange department.

We have also received this year the Free Methodist. We consider it a very valuable addition to this department.

Page Seventeen—Cascade
While the Seattle Seminary cannot be termed an athletic school, still there is enough doing in this line to afford the students good wholesome exercise, if they will take it.

We have at present an excellent tennis court and, through the kindness and labors of Miss Mary Burrows, means provided for the erection of two more. We also have an outdoor basketball court back of the boys' Dorm where the boys can work off much of their surplus energy and get wholesome exercise. As yet our gymnasium is only prospective, but we hope to have it in the near future.

At the first meeting of the tennis club, E. A. Haslam was elected president; Myra Burns, vice-president; Kathryn Whisner, secretary-treasurer; and L. A. Skuzie, custodian. E. A. Haslam, L. A. Skuzie and C. May Marston are the committee to supervise the construction of the new courts, which are to be the very best possible.

Any student of the Seminary or member of the Faculty may become a member by paying the initiation fee of $1.00. All are cordially invited to join. Pay your fee either to E. A. Haslam or Kathryn Whisner.
Prof. Stillwell—Who has No. 1 on the roll?
Ans.—Adam.

Prof. B. (In English History Class).—Have we some customs about the mistletoe?
Rachael B.—Not at the Seminary.

Miss Burrows.—Mr. Setterlind, what is your first name, please?
Mr. Setterlind.—My maiden name?

Prof. Marston (In Physiology Class).—What is the name of the vein running up to the head—that is the one running north?

Freshie, (7:00 A. M., in bed).—Oh, what's the use anyhow?
Soph.—Oh, I know what's the matter with you; you want your mother to come and call you.

O. R. Haslam.—Why didn't you announce the quartette practice sooner?
Miss Sherwood.—I am not the one to get after; get after Mr. Wold.
O. R. Haslam.—I am not after you.

Soph.—Oh, you're a freak in nature.
Freshie.—I'm no freakish nature.

Teacher (In Physiology).—What is a cell?
Freshie.—A place to shut bad men up in.

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scriptions was taken for the missionary cause. Miss Whiffon expects to return to San Domingo in the near future.

We were highly favored by having with us Brother and Sister Schofield, their three children and Miss Maude Edwards of Niagara Falls, all of whom were en route to China. Brother and Sister Schofield and Miss Edwards each delivered a short but interesting address in the church on Sunday afternoon.

On the morning of the 28th of September, a number of friends and relatives from the Seminary and surrounding community gathered at the Great Northern docks to bid farewell to Brother and Sister Appleton, Brother and Sister Schofield and Miss Edwards, who all left that morning on the Awa Maru for China. Just as the vessel began to move slowly away the company sang "Native Land, Farewell to Thee."

The Missionary Society has also taken steps to provide a Curio Museum. A large collection of curios has already been procured from various missions.

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