June 1st, 1912

The June 1912 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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To the Young Lady and Gentleman Students of Seattle Seminary:

We desire to extend our greetings and these few verses with the suggestion that you adopt them as your life’s motto. And in so doing may they at all times in the years to come be the same inspiration and help to you that they have so many times been to others.

Keep A Goin’

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a Goin’!
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a Goin’!
’Taint no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain’t on your line,
Bait your hook and keep on tryin’,
Keep a Goin’!

If the weather stirs your crop,
Keep a Goin’!
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a Goin’!
Suppose you’re out of every dime,
Gettin’ broke ain’t any crime,
Tell the world you’re feeling prime,
Keep a Goin’!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a Goin’!
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a Goin’!
See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like sighin’—sigh,
Keep a Goin’!

Most sincerely yours,

E. R. Butterworth & Sons
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To
Let
You
Know
That
We
 Appreciate
Your
Patronage

“The Kodak Store”
June of 1912 is here with all her beauty of forest, flower and field. The very atmosphere is laden with the perfume of flowers and the trees vocal with the sound of birds and the humming of insects. Of all the months in the year June is the unchallenged favorite. Little children with arms full of wild flowers and with voices full of glee unanimously acclaim this month the queen of the twelve months of the year. Blushing brides with orange blossoms in their hair and bridal roses in hand, and with smiles more radiant than "a day in June," unite in declaring this month at the head of the calendar of months.

To me it appears most fitting that the commencement days for our schools and colleges usually occur sometime during this popular month. It is said that during each spring more than 100,000 of the brightest youths of America are graduated and given diplomas.
from the various high schools, academies, seminaries, colleges and universities. Commencement day is the one high day of school life. Every graduate looks forward with bright anticipation to this day as the consummation of a well planned and carefully prosecuted course of study. Fathers and mothers with equal pride and enthusiasm look with rare satisfaction upon the day when their sons and daughters shall receive diplomas.

This vast army of 100,000 people means much to the generations to come.

The home, the church, the state and nation will be influenced for weal or woe by the influence exerted by them. That "knowledge is power" is recognized by all. The mighty influence that this restless company of educated and aspiring people will have is too great for human mind to grasp. As the mighty Gulf Stream can be traced far out into the trackless ocean, so the influence of this army of 100,000 young lives will break on eternity's shore.

The character of the influence wielded by these young people will depend largely upon the instruction received within the educational walls during the four years of school life. This emphasizes the great need of Christian education. Any system of training that leaves God out of its curriculum is sadly deficient. Dr. Hills says, "True education leads its possessor to love the truth supremely, to pursue it eternally, to yield one's self to it completely and to defend it persistently even at the loss of reputation or life itself. This is to receive from God the patent of nobility." Our training must be of such a character as to make our young people strong and wise. The conscience must be quickened, the powers of moral and ethical discrimination clarified, the will reinforced and the soul elevated. In tendency it must always point Godward as naturally as the needle points to the pole.

No teacher is properly qualified for the task of instructing and training young people who has not a personal knowledge of God. He must know Him as a Creator and Saviour, he should be able to say from personal experience, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

The safety of our young people and the stability and perpetuity of our institutions depend upon the underlying Christian virtues and principles. A victorious life is the product of good judgment, self control, a clear head and a pure heart. Absolute justice to all regardless of rank or station in life must be the watch-word and motto of the properly trained person. The indi-
individual must have clean hands and a pure heart. Such a young person is not easily plunged into ruin, nor is he liable to be shipwrecked upon the first rock of temptation that his bark encounters on the voyage of life. We are taught in the Bible that the man who controls his own spirit is stronger than he who takes a city. He who is governed and controlled by Jesus Christ is of necessity a courageous and victorious person. Looseness, infidelity, duplicity, all forms of sham and hypocrisy must be eschewed. It is cowardly to sin and make a mock of God. The truly righteous life is indicative of scientific bravery. The irreligious young person can not be depended upon.

Seattle Seminary stands first, last and all ways for Christian education. Not doctors, lawyers, teachers, preachers, missionaries, but men and women transformed by the Grace of God and dedicated to the cause of Christ is the object and aim of this institution. The class that is being graduated this year will go out to represent these ideals. The many classes that have been graduated during the last nineteen years are holding up the standard of their Alma Mater most nobly. Are not our Christian schools the pillar of cloud and of fire that must guide our young people safely through the great wilderness of error and bring them into the Promised Land of a useful life? May God bless the Seattle Seminary, the graduating class of 1912 and the many young people who have studied within these sacred enclosures and have gone forth to bless the world.

ALEXANDER BEERS, Station F, Seattle, Wash.
Faculty Roll

Albert H. Stilwell, A. B., A. M., Associate Principal, instructor in Latin, is a graduate of the University of Rochester. He has taught in Greenville College, Chili, Spring Arbor, Evansville and Seattle Seminaries.

Omar A. Burns, A.B., A.M., instructor in History, received his bachelor's degree from Greenville College in 1902, and his master's degree from the University of Washington in 1906.

Wallace W. Loomis, A.B., A.M., instructor in Theology and English, received his degrees from Greenville College and since then has taught in Evansville, Orleans, and Seattle Seminaries.

Herbert K. Biddeleph, B.S., preceptor and instructor in Mathematics and Physics, graduated from Greenville College in 1910, and has taught in the Seminary since that time.

A. Jesse Marston, Ph. B., instructor in English, received his degree from Greenville College in 1911. He has taught three years in the Seminary.

Sanford M. Zeller, B.S., A.B., instructor in Science, graduated from Greenville College in 1909 and received his degree of A.B. from the University of Washington in 1912.

C. May Maretson, A.B., instructor in Greek, German and English, is a graduate of Greenville College.

Z. May Colson, instructor in the Grammar Department, is a graduate of the Seminary.

Mary A. Burrows, instructor in the Grammar Department, is a graduate of Greenville College.

Hannah Lawrence, assistant preceptress and teacher in the fifth and sixth grades, is a graduate of the State Normal at Regina, Saskatchewan.

Nettie M. Tang, teacher in the fifth and sixth grades, graduated from the Seminary in 1905 and has taught here since that time.

Mrs. Lulu L. Helm, teacher of the Primary Department, was formerly a student in the Seminary.

Viola Knowlton, instructor in Art, received her education in the Wesleyan Methodist school at Orleans and the Art Institute in Chicago.

Mrs. Harriet Colburn Sanderson, O.M., instructor in Elocution, graduated from the Emerson College of Oratory. She is the principal of the Sanderson School of Expression in Seattle.

Orsella R. Rustad, Director of Music, received her musical education from the Conservatory of Carlton College, Minnesota, and the Boston Conservatory of Music.

Mrs. Ella Colson, Matron, has been here since the school opened. She has served the school very nobly and has proved most efficient in her department.

It is with a feeling of regret almost akin to sadness that we realize that our names will here appear under the above head for the last time. We look with great pleasure and satisfaction back over the years that we have spent in Seattle Seminary. In one sense of the word they have been years of toil, but it has been toil in which we delighted, and our work has been so interspersed with wholesome joys and pleasures, that we can truly say that these years have been very happy ones. As the scene of so many bright and gladsome days, this spot will ever be tenderly regarded in our memories, and the many valued friendships that we have formed will furnish to us a wealth of happiness throughout our lives.

Miss Ruth Stilwell, our class president, entered the Seminary ten years ago. She came here from Evansville when but a child and has taken almost her entire course here. Her attention has been particularly turned to elocution and her natural ability along that line is shown by the great success she has made. She contemplates teaching next year.

Miss Emma Olson has been a student here during the past four years, having first entered at the beginning of her Freshman year. After commencement she will either return to her home at Brinnon or attend summer school at the Bellingham Normal. She intends to take upon herself the dignity of a school teacher next year.

Mr. Frank Watkins came here from Nebraska two years ago. He took his Freshman and Sophomore work in the Orleans Seminary and the Kearney Normal. Beside completing his course since coming here he has finished a course in Art. He will attend the Bellingham Normal next year.
Miss Freddie Scott first came to Seattle Seminary four years ago. She has returned each year since, taking her entire course here. She will either attend summer school with Miss Olson or return to her home at Harrington. She also anticipates teaching school next year.

Miss Rose Richey, our class poet, has attended the Seminary during the last three years, having taken her Freshman year at the Arlington High. As she is also aspiring to the position of a teacher, she will take a teacher’s preparatory course in the Cascade School of this city.

Miss Effie Vanderveen first entered Seattle Seminary at the beginning of her Sophomore year four years ago. She remained at home the following year, returning here last year and this. She will return to her home in eastern Oregon or spend the summer with friends in Portland.

Mr. Franklin Helm, after an absence of four years, returned to the Seminary last fall to complete his academic course. During his absence he was, the greater part of the time, stationed on a circuit in the Oregon conference, and for a while he attended the Capital Normal School at Salem, Ore. He will continue his work in the Bellingham Normal next year.

Miss Eva Signor has taken all of her course in the Seminary with the exception of a few branches which she has pursued under private tutorship. She, with Mr. Watkins, graduates from the Art course. She will enter college next fall or will continue with her Music and Art and remain at home.

Miss Estella Curtis has taken all of her academic work here except the first part of this year in which she attended the Los Angeles Seminary. She will spend the summer with her parents who live in Fremont.

Mr. Samuel Wyler came here three years ago after having completed his Freshman year in Orleans Seminary. He has also taken a theological course and has studied Art. He contemplates attending the Bellingham Normal next year.

Miss Lois Catton took her Freshman work at the Lincoln High and has attended the Seminary during the last three years. She will remain at home next year and take music.

Miss Kathryn Whisner has attended Seattle Seminary for the last three years. She took her Freshman work at the Tacoma High. Miss Whisner is the musician of our class. She will remain at home next year.

Miss Daisy Poole came here from Spokane three and one-half years ago, and has been a student in the Seminary since...
that time. She will spend the summer visiting relatives in other parts of the state.

The time has come when we must part
And bid our friends adieu;
We feel an aching in our heart
At thought of leaving you.

But then we could not always stay,
We've many things to do;
Out in the wide, wide world, they say,
There's need of workers true.

So Alma Mater, fare thee well,
Farewell dear teachers, too,
Farewell, dear schoolmates, we must say
A last farewell to you.

**Senior Verse**

I sat by the window and thot and thot,
A subject for poem was what I sought;
I gazed at the azure blue of the sky,
I looked at the clouds as they floated by.

I looked at the meadows of emerald green,
At the brooks and rills which flowed between;
I looked at the trees with their foliage bright,
And their dainty blossoms of pink and white.

I saw the birds flitting among the leaves
Or building their nests under neighboring eaves;
Their songs floated out on the balmy air
And were wafted to me by zephyrs rare.

Surely, I thot, this melodious choir
And this beautiful sight ought to inspire;
I chose my subject without more ado,
But to write the poem, I leave that to you.

—Daisy Poole, '12.
Twilight

Prize Poem.

The sun arises in the morn
Amidst a burst of light;
He travels fast in his fiery course,
And glories in his might.

But as the twilight hour draws near,
He vanishes from sight,
Leaving the glorious twilight hour,
Fore-runner of the night.

How I love that twilight hour!
The hour that's most sublime;
When breezes waft the scent of flowers
That bloom on stalk and vine.

To sit in silent reverie,
Oblivious of time,
Holding communion with one's self
And Him—the All-divine.

The rustling of the leaves is sweet
As an) round-a-lay;
The shadows 'mong the grass and reeds
Engage in silent play.

The gathering dusk obscures the view
And marks the close of day;
And the rippling of the water is
As music, blithe and gay.

The poppies soothe the daffodils
And lull them off to sleep;
The vines cling to the garden wall
And close together creep;
The dew-drops kiss the roses
While the weeping willows weep;
Meanwhile the stately holly-hocks
Their lonely vigils keep.

The busy little cricket
Serenades me with his fife;
The whip-poor-will's and cry b eep r e a b
dispar and call all the birds:
Then the rising moon dispels the gloom,
The air with sound is rife,
And nature seems in dead repose,
Yet everywhere is life.

At length they drew up before a large house. The moment she reached her yard she leaped from her pony with a whispered word and ran into the house. Her father was tossing on the bed and every once in a while a low moan escaped his lips. Going behind the bed she knelt down at the side of the bed and hid her face in her hands. Some strong power had control of her. She knelt down at the side of the bed and hid her face in her hands. She felt suddenly weak and frail.

The hours went slowly by, then softly and the first faint streaks of dawn appeared. Josephine felt it and raised her head. A voice on the other side of the bed was saying:

"We've pulled him through."

Josephine looked up. A pair of brown eyes met her's steadily and then a strong, masculine hand was extended over the coverlet. Confidently, Josephine placed her's within it. And the father slept like a child.
The Passing of the School Year

Swiftly the days of the school year
Pass, as the wind in October,
Pass, as the leaves in the wind,
Till June bursts upon us at last, before we are ready to greet her.
Thus runs the life of the school;
Thus runs the long stream of duties,
Like the unceasing course of a stream that is ever journeying seaward:
Never hastening past
The gloomy darkening shadows,
And never lingering long to requite the kiss of the daisies.
So runs the life of the school.
For nine long months swiftly flowing
Hurrying past the fun, and loitering with tasks that are irksome;
Till last we bid our farewells,
And cast long, lingering glances
At comrades and buildings and campus.
Long may those building stand!
Long may they welcome new students;
Long may our teachers, all, guide them in sweet paths of Learning.
Long may the scenes which have come into our lives
Move before us as a phantom
Typical of the lives of those who go forth from their shelter.
Long may those massive trees
Rise in their strength and their beauty,
Strong in noble resolve,
And eager to enter life's battle.
C. Lee Sherwood, '12.

Not Forgotten


CHAPTER I.

GOODBYE my boy, goodbye; may God guide you, may you always remember that your mother is praying for you and that she will do all she can to help you to finish your college course successfully, remember the time will soon pass, be sure you do all in your power to make the most of the opportunities that may present themselves to you; thorough, honest work in your studies, and upright dealing with your classmates will alone give you a solid foundation for future usefulness and ultimate triumph.

Jim Dysart bended o'er the wrinkled forehead, and kissed the tearstained cheek of his mother, while the tears came from his eyes, and with a voice full of emotion he stammered, 'I'll do my best, mother; goodbye.'

The train moved slowly away from Maxwellton depot; Mrs. Dysart stood on the depot platform waving her handkerchief at her boy until the train disappeared around a bend on its westward journey to Covington Springs, the beautiful city, where the famous Covington College was situated, a distance of nearly twelve hundred miles west of Maxwellton.

Jim went into the car, placed his valise in the rack above his seat, then making himself as comfortable as his condition would allow, he settled down to consider his future prospects.

His thoughts began to go back to the scenes which had come into his life. As he sat thus ruminating and meditating, the past seemed to move before him as a phantom, and the panoramic vision brought to his remembrance the time when his father's affection and a mother's devotion and love made his young life full of happiness and joy: the time when he was a Sophomore in Dalton. Then that awful morning when the news came that his father had been drowned while in the performance of his duty, when the good ship Viceroy of which he was captain was run into during a dense fog and sunk off the banks of Newfoundland; how the dread enemies, sickness and poverty, had reduced them from affluence, had deprived them of their comfortable home on the banks of the St. Lawrence to a rented flat in the little town of Maxwellton. His mother, now in feeble health, had to take in sewing to support herself,
and was now endeavoring to assist him through college. These were the thoughts that made the tears run down his cheek, as he looked out through the window at the country he was traveling through; little notice did he give to the broad, fertile valleys and wooded hills, with the magnificent scenery which was greatly enhanced by the golden rays of the autumn sun.

He was still in such a condition when his long tedious journey came to an end, and the train came gently to a standstill at Covington Springs. Alighting with his suitcase in hand he made his way toward Covington College with a feeling of loneliness and that morbid sense of lonesomeness that overtakes one when arriving in a strange place among strange people.

CHAPTER II.

The auditorium of Covington College was gaily decorated; amidst the profusion of flowers, whose fragrance filled the spacious hall, would be seen the blue and white—the colors of the graduating class of '12 which added a dignity to the decorations and left a pleasing effect upon the visitors who were now rapidly filling up the seats and whose beautiful dresses intermingling with the elaborate decorations presented a magnificent spectacle to the onlooker. It was the day of the contest for the Heidelberg scholarship which was given annually to the most profound thinker and eloquent orator irrespective of social qualifications. The platform in the auditorium was already well filled with the intellectual celebrities of the community and states.

Jim Dysart had written to his mother inviting her to be present at the commencement exercise. By hard work and industrious study he had made an enviable record, had gained the admiration of his entire class with the unanimous approval of the faculty, and was one of the contestants for the Heidelberg scholarship.

Slowly the graduating class of '12 filed on to the platform and took the seats which were assigned them. President Joyce introduced the first of the contestants, the son of an eminent banker, who was welcomed by the large and expectant audience. He spoke fluently and masterfully on a "Nation's Possibilities," and sat down amidst a storm of applause. The president with a few appropriate remarks introduced Jim as the next contestant. As he arose he looked down at the upturned face of his mother, saw the tears streaming from her eyes and the once pale and wan cheek now flushed with

(Continued on page 40.)

Reflections

Our Seminary, monarch of the West,
Dear, hallowed spot, where sun and shadows rest,
Ever since thy birth some nineteen years ago,
Numbers thy threshold crossed both in and out.
They've sat within thy hallowed walls,
Have roamed the green, enjoyed thy pleasant halls.
Ah yes, they've come and gone as have the years;
The new have come, the old have disappeared.
They're scattered far and wide in many lands,
Some choose the home and others foreign strands.
Thy buildings, too, have long since multiplied,
And changes taken place on every side.
Reflection brings to mind sweet memories
Of by-gone days in these thy boundaries.
We, too, have crossed thy threshold o'er and o'er
As others did who now have gone before.
Those buildings, grounds and every corner here,
To us in many ways seem very dear.
Together, one large family at school
We went the daily round as was the rule,
And while each day its work and study brought,
For it was here, how sweet, how sweet the day.
Our precious Lord came in our hearts to stay.

We soon must part, the time has rolled around,
It seems the days have gone with leap and bound;
Vacation comes, and each will go his way,
One will return, another go to stay.
Some lessons learned, we may in time forget,
Some happy hours, some friends that we have met,
But be our circumstances what they will
Life's cup with joys or disappointments fill.
We'll not forget this message often given
To live for God and gain a home in heaven.
And now to friends and teachers all, goodbye
We'll keep your noble standard lifted high.

EDITORIAL

It is upon this occasion that we wish to express our appreciation to those who have given their hearty support to the Cascade during the past year. Many times possibly your literary production did not receive immediate recognition and probably did not appear at all, because of a lack of space or other reasons, but remember that your loyalty has not been forgotten. We regret that better attention could not be given you.

Friends and supporters of the Cascade, we again wish to thank you for the special interest taken in literary work. We also expect that your interest will increase and that next year you will assist in making it the banner year in the history of the Cascade. The new Editor, John Logan, will appreciate your efforts and will expect his office to be filled with News, Stories, Poems, Rhymes and Jokes.
**Alumni Directory**

**The Cascade**

**The Alpha College Club**

Many a time it has been remarked in our hearing that deep waters run in silence; and that is why we have not ratted nor clattered through the halls of learning. It is no sign that we have been lying idly in some corner of the campus, with moss growing on our backs or grass under our feet.

Although our numbers are few and the work hard, we have never felt like saying "give up." Every time one looks at one of our club members, he is reminded of the words of the great scientist, "Survival of the fittest."

We have survived the green-grass-growing and going-to-seed stages of the Freshman; the absorption-of-all-moist-substance stage of the Sophomore; the breaking-of-the-shell and daylight-dawning of the Juniors, and—and the hat-band-enlarging-cycle of the Seniors.

Down thru it all we have plowed our way and stand as monuments of the ages of school life ready to demonstrate to all that still there is space in the cranium where much knowledge can be stored without touching the sides.

This is our first year of existence on this planet and we confess the strangeness. But we feel that we are becoming acquainted and are developing into a club of whose existence the school may well be proud.

The Alpha College Club stands ready to take its place among the leading organizations of the school.

—L. A. Skuzie, '14 Col.
The Alexandrian Literary Society

The past year has been one of great success for the Alexandrian Literary Society. This has been due to the interest the officers have taken in the work of the society and also the manner in which the students have cooperated with them.

The officers for the first semester were O. R. Haslam, president, and Emma Olson, secretary. During the last semester S. E. Wyler has filled the office of president and Lois Cathey that of secretary.

The result of the interest taken by the students in literary work has been manifested by the interesting and entertaining public programs they have rendered. The two programs of special interest to the respective classes of the Academic Department were the ones in which the Freshman-Sophomore and Junior-Senior debates were the chief features. It has been the aim of the society in its private meetings to develop the literary talent of the students and, in its public meetings, show to the public the work it is doing.

We wish to take this opportunity for thanking the friends of the school for so kindly favoring us with their presence at our programs. We realize that an appreciative audience adds greatly to the success of a literary society.

Atheleian Literary Society

"Alethepians," yes, that is our name, but please do not harbor the impression that we are only a name and that our regular notes in this paper are simply minute nothings compiled from our imagination. No, indeed! We are a live club and are not ashamed to boast that we have done our best and have maintained a high standard of work and a full attendance up to the last meeting.

At our last session we were highly honored by an invitation to an outing from the Philopolemical Debating Club. Our joyful anticipation of this occasion, however, was irretrievably doomed to disappointment by a disheartening rain and sky heavy with black clouds which nevertheless proved to conceal silver linings, for our excellent hosts could not have entertained us more royally on the eve of May 3rd.

It was a spritely company gathered in the ladies' parlor and we Alethepians endeavored to do justice to that delightful "punch" and the elaborate refreshments. The perfect service by the gentlemen waiters was highly flattering to our vanity. The after-dinner toasts introduced by Professor Marston, toastmaster, were a fitting close to the evening.

We wish to express our appreciation of the interest in us and their efforts to afford us a pleasant time not soon to be forgotten.

Our club looks forward to next year and readers of the Cascade will doubtless hear from us again.

Philopolemical Debating Club

Probably the most pleasant and beneficial phase of this school year to the boys, outside of school work itself, has been the proceedings of the Philopolemical Debating Club. During the first part of the school year the meetings of the club were greatly hindered by various social, religious and business functions; but when, by the kindness of Mr. Beers, we were granted the privilege of holding our meetings on Wednesday rather than on Friday evenings, the club sessions were held more regularly and the interest in our work was considerably augmented.

We have reasons to compliment ourselves and our worthy president, Mr. Skuzie, on the excellent drill we have received in parliamentary law and extemporaneous speaking. At times the discussions have been long and heated, but throughout has been manifested among the boys a general spirit of fraternal relations and a commendable regard for law and order.

The chief events of the year in connection with our club have been the trial of Mr. Allen during the first semester, and the Phils' Public Program rendered in April and characterized by its instrumental and vocal music, a debate and an interlude. Our boys sustained themselves admirably well on the whole, and we are not ashamed to acknowledge them as being representative members of our club.

With this record back of us we consider our year's work a success in every line and expect in future years to outshine our present accomplishments and keep ever on the upward move.


Missionary Society

In the early days of Seattle Seminary when it was struggling between life and death, Mrs. Beers, who has always been devoted to the school and to the missionary cause, stole away to her secret place of worship and there asked the Lord to raise up Seattle Seminary as a missionary school. Now it can truly be said that from that time until this the seminary has stood as a monument of answered prayer.
During the past history of the school twenty-three missionaries who have been either students or teachers here, have been sent to the various foreign fields.

We, the present student body of the Seminary, are glad to report that the flame of missionary fire is still burning in our midst. At the beginning of this school year the School Missionary Society was re-organized with an unusually large membership. During the year great interest has been taken in the work and several very interesting programs have been given.

Although Miss Ethel Ward and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Milligan, three of the most influential members of the Volunteer Band, were sent to their respective fields during this last year, we can say that the zeal of the band has not died out, but four new members have joined the ranks and regular weekly meetings have been held throughout the year.

—Clara Root, '14.
College Sophomore Class

On a bleak December morning down in the state of Texas, the president of our class, E. A. Haslam, first beheld the light of day. He spent the first few years of his life as most children do, finding that experience, though sometimes severe, is after all the best teacher.

The worries of Grammar school life were brought to a joyful close at Portland, Ore. In the Salem High School he made himself famous as a heated debater. After completing his High School course at Santa Cruz, Cal., he entered the College Department of Seattle Seminary, where for the past two years he has commendably filled the offices of president of his class and Business Manager of "The Cascade."

Where the sun's rays are warmest and the birds carol their sweetest, on a Nebraska farm "way back in the 90's," was born the only Co-ed in our class, Myra Burns.

In the tall cane field back of the house she first learned to toddle, but tamer footsteps fell far away in the suburbs of Denver, Queen City of the Rockies, where her family moved when she was two years old. In the southern part of the same state, she began the rudiments of education and lived there until she had completed her high school course, at which time her parents moved to Seattle. Her life since then has been as an open book, where "he who runs may read."

(Continued on page 46.)

College Freshman Class

Flower—Violet.
Colors—Royal Purple and White.
Motto—Not to be ministered unto, but to minister.
Ruth Sharpe—Graduate of Prep. Department, Greenville College. Classical course, '08.
Lillian E. Perry—Member of the class of '11, Seattle Seminary. Scientific course.
Mr. Hishikawa—Graduate of Kansui Gakushuin High School and Theological College, Kobe, Japan, '09.
Tressa E. Marsh—Member of the class of '11, Seattle Seminary. Scientific course, '11.
For the last time items under Junior Notice. As the Sem. Sophomores, as you up the name of Juniors, work done in our class in the name of every other student at this critical time, our class meetings have been cramming for exams, hoping for the best, and doing well.

Literary work, picnics, and school books have claimed our attention this year. Also we were glad to serve our Senior Class at the banquet.

Our President, Mr. Logan, has served his office faithfully during all of the Junior activities. We have an excellent staff of class officers. As we separate for our vacation, one goes to Canada, one to California, two to eastern Washington and the rest of the class compose the center of the triangle.

Mr. Wold’s sister arrived from Norway and paid a visit to our German class.

Mr. O. R. Haslam has been elected as delegate from the Student body to represent the Seattle Seminary at the Northwest Student Conference, Columbia Beach, Oregon. Mr. Haslam is an enthusiastic Junior.

Miss Woodcock, our honorary member, returns to Snoqualmie, Wn., for the vacation.

Miss May Marston, honorary faculty member, will attend summer school at the University.

Everyone delights in a picnic. The Junior-Senior picnic party was conveyed from the boathouse to Bailey’s peninsula in row boats. The Senior girls seemed quite adept in rowing. Three boats were kept for the day and were kept busy skimming over the blue waters of Lake Washington.

The picnic lunch was a feature of the day. Mr. J. Marston was toastmaster and called upon members of both classes for toasts. In the afternoon some strolled thru the woods while others enjoyed boating. Later on in the evening a tug of war raged between the classes, the Seniors coming off victorious. Some very fine pictures were taken of the picnic crowd. After returning home in the evening another spread was held in the dining room. The Seniors seemed to enjoy the picnic, which made the day more pleasant for us.

Au Revoir. You will hear more of us next year.
Sophomores

Have you ever observed those singular creatures,
With ideal habits, forms and features;
Inflexible, hard and exceedingly wise?
They’re the Sem. Sophomores, as you may suppose.

Like every other student at this critical period of the year, we are cramming for exams, hoping for the best, getting ready for the worst and will take whatever God sends. As a class we have been subjected to many changes during the year. Three of the stranger sex have deserted but enough are left to keep the girls contented. There are at present 18 members in the class. We believe that most of us have conscientiously applied ourselves to our studies and have met with success. Undoubtedly the faculty have discovered that “the gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.”

A certain Sophomore wishes to inquire who the “barbarian” may be, in Geometry. Speaking of Geometry, we are all mighty glad that Burton Beegle is a Sophomore, for he has several times prevented the class from falling forever in the estimation of the faculty, and keeps that austere body from absolute despair concerning our mental abilities. We would add that he is the hope and stay of all the failing students.

Miss M. Millian will attempt a practical application of domestic science this summer.

Chester says she loved him dearly;
He loved her, not a bit;
Yet fate decreed that on that night
They side by side should sit.

“Say something sweet,” said Eleanor,
And beaming through his glasses,
She eyed him fondly as he breathed
The single word, “Molasses.”

And yet he took her home, and, although he says he caught the last car back, we are inclined to believe, judging from the hour of his arrival and the appearance of his shoes the following morning, that he had to foot it home.

We earnestly hope that all of our members will return next year, and always gladly welcome new ones. Our best wish for all the Sophs is that your postum, like the slanders in the year’s editorials, may be groundless.

The Cascade
As our years work is now at a close, we are content, knowing that a foundation has been laid upon which the great temple of knowledge is to be built. We believe that in coming years we can look back upon the work we have accomplished with a degree of satisfaction that will aid us in our forward movement to success.

Prof. Biddulph labors with a will
Our minds with Algebra to fill;
And, better work with each to do,
He lately split the class in two.
Warm weather makes us want to shirk,
But for credit's sake we keep at work.

Prof. Stillwell does our Latin teach,
And helps us to control our speech;
If we perchance our lessons know,
And read correct a line or so,
He will declare that we surpass
All in his former Latin class.

Of ancient times each thoroughly learns
Thanks to the efforts of Prof. Burns;
He gives us lessons by the mile,
Then helps us with his cheery smile,
And to those who have o'er ninety passed
It comes quite easy at the last.

We study hard at prose and verse
To strengthen us in our discourse.
Prof. Marston gives us pleasant talk,
As through our English course we walk;
And, if his kind advice we heed,
We shall successful be indeed.
pride. Between them passed the look of mutual admiration and the essence of sacred devotion, the suffering and deprivations of the intervening years had but added new strength to their link of love. With a low trebleless voice he commenced to deliver the finished product of many a lonesome night of arduous and incessant toil; logically he defined the principal factors of his master piece which he entitled, "The Reward of Self-Sacrifice;" then gaining the necessary inspiration and the desired momentum which enabled him to so modulate his voice as to leave that softening touch of pathos. He held his audience spellbound in his eloquent and vivid description of the need, and glorious outcome which would follow the deed of self-abnegation in seeing the beatific splendor of our exalted Lord and King; uttering for his climax the words of the colossal apostle, "Bear ye one another's burdens and thus fulfill the law of the great Burdenbearer." He sat down amidst a wild and spontaneous outburst of applause.

You read and look afar with equal facility, but no one observes that you are wearing bifocals because the usual "lines" are absent. Wear the genuine KRYPTOKS awhile and you will never willingly return to old-style bifocal glasses.

Words of Bakers oft remind us
Pastries can be made sublime,
If we are of CRESCENT POWDERS
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For the past two years Crescent Baking Powder has been used in the Domestic Science Class of the Seattle Seminary and has been entirely satisfactory. The students and teacher have none but words of praise for it.

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Other speakers were introduced, welcomed and applauded; it was now all over; a few minutes' consultation with the judges and President Joyce arose and announced that the judges had unanimously awarded the prize to James Dysart. Immediately the large auditorium echoed with cheers. He was greeted from every side by a volley of flowers. Picking up a beautiful floral offering of lilies, he rose from his seat, raised his hand to command silence, then marching off the platform to where his mother sat, put his arm around the frail form, placed the garland of lilies on the wrinkled and careworn brow, lifted her gently to her feet and said: "Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: Allow me to introduce to you the one who is the rightful winner of this prize and your applause. She was my inspiration which gave me my thoughts for my oration and in my hour of triumph she shall not be forgotten. This is my mother."

Skuzie—"Here, what do you mean by waking me out of a sound sleep?"
O. Haslam—"Because the sound was too distressing."

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Mrs. B.—"What makes you think the baby is going to
make a great politician?"
Prof. B. (Confidently)—"I'll tell you; he can say more
things that sound well and mean nothing at all than any kid
I ever saw."

Freshie—"Did you receive my note and that batch of
jokes?"
Joke Ed.—"I received the note, but did not see the jokes."

Ed.—"There is a sameness about your poetry."
Freshie Poet—"What?"
Ed.—"A sameness."
F. P.—Oh. That's better. I thought you said sameness."

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(Continued from page 32.)

Where the maple sugar is the sweetest and the wind blows the coldest, L. A. Skuzie, our worthy vice-president first saw the light of day on a blustery day in March in the state of Michigan.

He began his rudimentary school life at Scappoose, Oregon, but soon decided that the environments of the Seattle Seminary would be better suited to his wayward disposition. Here he has remained since the fall of 1905, pursuing the rugged pathway that leads to the realms of higher education.

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<td>MAY 16TH, 1912</td>
<td>37,083.10</td>
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