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The November 1915 Cascade

Seattle Pacific College

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Seattle Pacific College

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SEATTLE PACIFIC COLLEGE
Sta. F., Seattle.

PREPARE FOR ADVERTISEMENTS AND MENTION THE CASCADE.

THE STAFF, in presenting this number of the Cascade to the student body, have endeavored to avoid making it representative of the College department alone. While all the material, with the exception of local notes by the reporters for the various classes and organizations on the campus, was supplied by the College students, we have tried to make it what we think the Cascade should always be: truly representative of the whole school.
The Cascade—November, 1915

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Nestling among the hills along the beautiful Hudson lies the little town of Arne, where the skies are always blue and the days are perfect from sunrise to sunset.

But to little old Mither Gray the skies seemed not nearly so blue as those of her bonny Scotland, and the days not half so fair. She had come to America years before, with her son and his wife, but of them all she remained only she and a little twelve-year-old grandson—her laddie.

And often as they sat together in the twilight she would tell the boy of her "ain countree." Over and over had she heard the old songs, filled with unutterable longing and loneliness.

Tonight Jamie nestled his head down on her shoulder and listened while she sang softly:

"'I'm wearin' a-wa', lad,
Like snow-drifts in thaw, lad,
'I'm wearin' a-wa' for the land o' the leal,
There's no sorrow there, lad,
There's neither cold nor care, lad.
The day is aye fair, in the land o' the leal."

A warm tear fell upon the boy's hand. He looked up in sympathy.

"Dear granny," he thought, "if I could only help." Then she sang on—

"'Oh, it's hame, ob, it's bame,
It's there that I wad be.
It's bame, far awa', in ma ain countree."

That night Jamie, little fellow that he was, pondered long and thoughtfully. He had heard that every day of an Italian musician at Poughkeepsie, fifty miles down the Hudson. Every year Count Andrealli gave a wonderful concert, and this year a prize of one hundred dollars was to be given to the best boy soprano. And oh—Jamie loved to sing! He would go down and win the prize and he and granny could go back to the hills of Scotland! With his heart full of hope and expectancy, he fell asleep.

Since the time set for the concert was only three days off, Jamie broached the subject to his grandmother the next morning. Not one word did he say about the prize, for if he should fail to win it she would never be able to stand the disappointment. He merely coaxed to go down and hear the concert.

"Ah, no, ma laddie," she replied, "it wad never do—it is so far,
Six

And you are sic a little lad though sic a brave one." But Jamie was insistent and finally gained her consent.

Bravely, courageously, not realizing the long, weary way, Jamie set out. The rising sun shone clear in the blue heavens above; and below, the waters of the Hudson sparkled and danced in the sunlight. Everything seemed to radiate life and hope. And the trilling of the birds in the tree-tops was just the expression of the music and singing in the lad's heart. Thru the heat of the noon and the warm laziness of the day, chestily he trodged along until evening overtook him. And that night, out under the wide and starry sky, he lay down in the soft grass and was soon fast asleep.

But with the morning light, though stiff and rather weary, he was up and off again. Today, clouds hid the sun, and the sky grew dark and threatening. In dinner, Jamie made his way slowly thru the cold, chilling rain. Oh, the weariness of that day! And when evening came, it found him still fifteen miles from Poughkeepsie. He was so tired—too weary to move, and only dimly realizing that the contest was the following afternoon, he crawled into an empty barn to sleep. All night he tossed restlessly. And in the morning—oh, the shock of these long miles. Could he ever make it? What if he should be too late! He was frightened at the very thought! "I must get there! Oh I must!" he sobbed as he painfully plodded along thru the mist and mud.

And at last, late in the afternoon, he saw the spires of Poughkeepsie in the distance, and foot-sore and weary, he hump'd down the main street. Catching sight of a large hall, he went into the entry room. Jamie listened a moment. Some one was singing! He was there in time! Pushing open the door, he found himself in a large, crowded hall. Far up in front on the platform sat a row of boys, and a little chap in a black velvet suit was standing in the foreground, singing. The little Scotch boy, dusty and drooping with weariness, listened enraptured as the singer lifted his voice higher and higher. When the singer sat down amid a roar of applause, Jamie made his way down the aisle, and stepped up on the platform. The audience, surprised and disapproving, looked with curiosity and disfavor upon the queer, childish little fellow. But Jamie caught a smile from a kindly gentleman in the front seat, and immediately started to sing the song he knew—

"I'm wearin' a-wa', lad,
Like snow drifts in thaw, lad,
I'm wearin' a-wa', for the land o' the lead.
There's nae sorrow there, lad,
There's neither cold nor sure, lad."—

A strange, dizzy feeling seemed to be stealing over him—he couldn't see, his voice faltered—he felt himself swaying—falling. He hurched against a table and, clutching at it, steadied himself. In a moment he had begun to sing again—

The boyish voice rose clear and thrilling. Oh, the longing, the loneliness, that throbbed with every word. There was not a person in the audience but felt the singing grip his very heart strings. As Count Andrealli listened in wonder, his eyes conjured a vision of his own "hame, far a-wa," sunny Italy, and a mist rose before his eyes. Then the trembling voice died away, and the singing ceased.

Jamie turned quickly, and blindly staggered down the aisle and out of the door. Oh, how utterly he had failed! Without a word he threw himself upon the grass, and lay there still. As he choked back the bitter tears, he recalled those long, weary miles. He seemed to see the face of his old gran'ma, and feel again the warm tear on his hand. He had tried—so hard, so hard.

"Why, little boy, is it so here? Come, you must not feel so badly." It was the strange soft voice of the count. Jamie looked up into the kind eyes, and his own brimmed anew with tears. Then brokenly, Jamie told his story, and the count listened quietly. "And gran'ma thinks o' mein' else but hame—and she's pining a' wa' for her bonny Scotland. Oh—I ha' tried so hard!"

"Listen," the count spoke quickly, "I know how it is—and you ha' been a brave boy. You shall yet take your gran'ma back to her 'gin countrie.' Your voice, my boy, it's wonderful! And the prize—you ha' won it!"
AUTUMN

THE DEATH OF BEAUTY.

Beside a dying fire,
Beneath a jewelled sky,
The wind sobs a dirge in the rushes,
A bat goes whizzing by.
A soft breeze sighs through the dead, dry grass,
From the lake comes the loon's weird cry.
O'er all is a solemn stillness,
The universe harkens to hear
The last sweet note of the music that dies
With the dew of the last flower's tear.
"Farewell, sweet song," is the Autumn note
"For the death of all beauty draws near."
"Farewell," sighs the breeze, and again
"Farewell—
For merciless Winter is here."

THE TIME OF THANKSGIVING.

Around a glowing hearthstone
There sits a merry throng,
There, the rosy firelight dancing
Keeps time to mirth and song;
And high in the shadowy corner's dusk
Hang strings of onions long.
O'er all is the joy of fulfillment,
Of labors now complete,
For Nature's sweet promise of Springtime
Now brings its fruits as sweet.
"Be glad," laughs the flame in the chimney's throat,
"Be thankful as now it is meet;"
"Be glad," sings the cricket, "Again be glad,
For blessings now heaped at your feet."

T. L. V., '19.

SEATTLE PACIFIC COLLEGE

AN APOSTLE OF SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.

By John Root

Seattle Pacific College as an educational institution may rightly be called an "Apostle of Sweetness and Light." From the days of her establishment, she has been charged with the high commission of developing a class of students who are to be the exponents of spiritual perfection and intellectual refinement. Seeing that, "Sweetness and Light," is another term for culture, and since culture in its highest state involves the perfection of the spiritual as well as the intellectual, a religious institution should be the proper place for such training. But in order for this College to offer this degree of culture it must necessarily possess, not only the right students with whom to deal, but certain ideals as well.

The standards of Seattle Pacific College are those which are naturally the most conducive to the development of the highest form of culture. It is, in the first place, the aim of the institution to discover to its students the true merits of the great fundamental principles of life. And together with this discovery gives them ample instruction through different branches of study, which will enable them to become proficient in the different vocations they may choose to follow.

The main feature about the training offered is that, while the mind and intellect are being developed, light from the spiritual side of life is thrown in to illuminate the path of life's progress, giving a touch of Divine understanding. While there is much stress laid on the part of thoroughness in study, yet the great objective is to get each individual student to accept Christ as a personal Savior, who when enthroned within becomes the true foundation of all, "Sweetness and Light," and consequently the foundation of all true Culture.

This last fact is the one great factor in the weaving of a high moral fibre throughout the entire association. As examples and leaders in the establishment of this phase, God-fearing men and women on the faculty board meet the demand and set the pace. And in their endeavors they hold the ideal of righteousness before the student as the true goal toward which to strive in all the pursuits of knowledge.

The crying need of the world today is for those who will work with willing hands in the expression of love, sympathy, and true friendship toward those who are sad suffering, sorrowing, and disconsolate. The aim of Seattle Pacific College is to answer the call and in return send out a steady stream of large-hearted, earnest
workers, well drilled in the art of making themselves a constant
source of encouragement to those with whom they come in contact.
Therefore it is her mission to rise as a magnificent lighthouse, stand­
ing on the shoals of the great sea of life, casting forth her rays
in brilliant sweetness. Just as the lighthouse on the ocean beach
proves to the captain the direction in which to steer his boat into
safe channels, so Seattle Pacific College stands on the ocean beach
of life as a guide to those who are endeavoring to find the real
way to greatest satisfaction in life and the reflectors of her light are
those who have been saturated with the Divine Illumination of a
Heavenly vision, making it possible for them to go out into the
world bearing the glad tidings of hope and comfort through the
Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

FOR WHOM CHRIST DIED

(The following verses present the actual experience of the writer
whose school duties caused her to sit beside and assist a most repul-
sive lad of the slum district of an Eastern city.)

Forbidding, unattractive lad,
So helpless, that it makes us sad
As we attempt to give him aid;
With few to love, and none to guide,
Our hearts for him would open wide,
For he is one for whom Christ died.

Yet naught but grace, and that alone,
Can see reflected in this son
The image of the Holy One;
Unloved, till He stood by our side,
And whispered, as He sought to chide,
"A little one for whom Christ died."

We then beheld, with tender love,
One of the least of those who were
The ample hosts of heaven above;
We sought to be with grace supplied,
That pure in heart we may abide.
And live for those for whom Christ died.
—Nancy C. Morrow.
ON THE 5:15
By V. L. T. ('19).

It was a bright day in midsummer and the sun shone through the thick leafy branches of a grove in Western New York and down into a natural arbor. There, on a rude rustic bench, made of logs, sat a man. The expression of his face, the cut of his hair, the position in which he sat, proclaimed him to be a business man, accustomed to sitting at a desk. But his clothes were after the fashion of the ancient Greeks. He wore a white toga, reaching only to the knees, and around his head was bound a garland of wild flowers. His expression was dejected and disgusted, but suddenly, in response to a low vehicle, he revived wonderfully, looking curiously all around him and then answered with the same as well.

When he had answered the call, the bushes were parted to reveal the figure of a typical eastern farmer, in overalls and straw hat and with the inevitable rugged crop of chin whiskers.

"Well now, Mr. Wilmerding, is everything all right?"

"You bet it is, Jenkins. She's gathering wild strawberries and honeysuckle over by the brook for 'midday sustenance.' How she Conditions the fruits which they found in the forest. She cried herself to sleep that night and I felt like a criminal.

But the next morning she woke up with a new light in her eyes and when I kissed her good-bye, she said: "Well, Rufus, I have decided to try your plan of the simple life. Little I knew the awful meaning of those words. But that night, she had it all fixed up and I couldn't go back on my own plan, could I? I'm dying for a human suit of clothes and a good bed but as long as she can stand it, I can.

"Jerrold, oh Jerrold," came a feminine voice, "where are you, dear?"

"Post it quick!" this in an agitated undertone to Jenkins, then, "Right here, Ethelyn, dearest."

Mr. Jenkins "beat it" hurriedly, but not a moment too soon, for he was hastily out of sight when Mrs. Wilmerding, a pretty blond, positively entrancing in her white flowing garment, appeared from the opposite direction.

"Oh, Jerrold, I feel so refreshed! You have no idea how entrancing the little butterflies are as they flutter about so pictur­quely. I became so engrossed in watching them that I nearly forgot to gather the berries. Poor dear, I expect you are nearly starved."

"Why, no, love; I'm not hungry. I have satisfied my need in the contemplation of Nature's beauties. But you must eat. Go ahead and I'll sit here and watch you."

"Oh, me, Jerrold. If you aren't hungry, I'll read to you and we'll both eat later. Let me see, we were reading Plato's Republic, page 212. Oh, here it is. He was just talking about the multitude always choosing the apparent to the neglect of the spiritual."

"This is, that which every soul pursues, and for the sake of this, it acts ill with a prophetic impression, that it is somewhat yet in doubt and unable to comprehend what it is, nor to hold by a steady opinion of it, as in other things, and thus are they unsuccess­ful in other things, if there be in them any profit. About a mat­ter, now, of such a kind and of such mighty consequence, shall we say that even these best men in the city and these by whom we take to hand to do everything, shall be thus in the dark?"
Here she paused and smiled slightly, for she perceived that her audience was fast-asleep and snoring in no gentle tone. 

"Bless the poor boy," she whispered. "I wonder how much longer he can stand this starvation diet. Not much longer, I hope, for I just can't bear to miss any more of this glorious season in town. I don't see how he does it. I'd die." 

With this, she tiptoed carefully away. When at a safe distance, she hallooed clearly three times and then waited. Soon Mrs. Jenkins, in a fresh blue calico dress and with a basket on her arm appeared stealing cautiously through the bushes.

"Oh, Mrs. Jenkins, do hurry. I'm half starved and Rufe is as busy as to keep me supplied, but when he's so stingy, he can just have enough of his old 'simple life.'"

Mrs. Jenkins obligingly produced a substantial meal from her basket.

"I don't know, Mrs. Wilmerding, how long I can bring you this. Silas is getting so he hangs around that pantry like a dog over a favorite bone. I'm afraid he must suspect me."

The two women were startled by a low whistle, and then an answer. Forgetting the basket and the outspread lunch, they sped silently through the bushes in the direction from which the sound came. Peering through the screen of foliage, they saw Silas Jenkins in overalls and J. Rufus Wilmerding in what Mr. Jenkins styled a "Greek midnight," busily engaged in eating apples and reading the baseball news and heard Rufus say:

"Good work, Jenkins. Do you think you can slip me my supper at the usual place?"

With an outraged air Lynnie stepped out into view.

"Jerrold Rufus Wilmerding! To think that you have been deceiving me all this time!"

Words cannot express the feelings or appearance of Mr. Wilmerding. And Mr. Jenkins silently faded from view. Mrs. Jenkins did likewise but in the opposite direction, each without apparently noticing the other.

Muted Rufus rose. Silently he proceeded toward the place where they had left Plato's Republic. Mrs. Wilmerding, however, was far from silent, but the poor boy took it meekly. Three steps, however, brought him to the place where through the bushes he could see Ethelyn's lunch spread out on a convenient log. Now the mind of Jerrold Rufus Wilmerding was noted for its keenness and acumen, and in less time that it takes to tell it, he had grasped the whole situation.

"Lynnie," he said, and pointed to the lunch, "the train leaves for New York at 5:15. Do you think we can make it?"

"Oh, Rufus!" she answered; "of course we can!"
the work of fifty foreigners. But time flies so swiftly, and as yet the means of education are so meager and the instructors so few. In China, the adult Bible Class movement has its hands full to provide teachers for the numbers who wish to learn. The girls of the East who have been the down trodden of the earth, plunge into the college studies with all the zeal and intelligence of the American youth. The awakening of China has been phenomenal, but where now are those who have prayed for this? Are we Christians like the individual who led the blind man to the narrow foot-bridge over the mountain stream and there left him to find his own way across? But the Orient is not alone in its awakening. Old South America, whose universities existed centuries before the United States became independent, is shaking off its lethargy. "While the United States has less than twice the population of South America, it has over six times the number of school children." The women are taught that they need no education, no enlightenment. Accordingly, a low grade of morals follows in the train of ignorance.

One of the principal factors in remedying this condition is the progressive school. American missionaries started the first kindergarten and manual training school, and at Sao Paulo they founded Mackenzie College, the model school of the continent. The educated women in South America are smart and bright scholars. They are splendid needle women, lovers of family and home. The one need is the knowledge of Christ. A social service worker has observed the first teacher training class among the young women of South America, and in addition to their course in study they have weekly activities such as serving the poor and needy. What an inviting field for activity!

But there are other fields. The Moslem women all over the world but especially in Arabia are beginning to struggle with their fates. These efforts may seem futile now because of the tyranny of the Mohammedan religion, but the number is so very great that when once they gain knowledge of their power and privilege as women, the world will not be able to withstand their demand for freedom and truth. Do you know where the biggest university in the world is? "At Cairo where the Mohammedan youth from all over the world go to school." They teach that the earth is flat and that the Koran is The Book. Though the biggest, it is the deadliest university in the world, and yet it is the most lively obstacle to Christian education abroad because it is the great Moslem center.

The world over we find our sisters reaching for enlightenment. The European war itself will give place for a while, that will be the salvation that will result in the awakening, of that silent part of the nation—the women.

Let every young man and woman who aspires to usefulness live or through conservation to the Master. There will be no lack of work to be done, or of prayer to be made.

Scotland: The very name awakens fondest memories, revives pleasant scenes and makes closest associations throng with new life. Scotland, charming in her romances of love, mighty in her struggles for freedom, pathetic in her sufferings for Christ, and glorious in her covenants with God, how incomparable among the nations! Scotland, coming up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved in holy dependence and dauntless faith, while heaven looks on with admiration, how beautiful, how instructive, how inspiring!

Scotland, extending from the north boundary of England, into the higher latitude, threats her rocky shores with rugged irregularity into the deep sea on three sides. Her granite cliffs, resisting the ceaseless waves, teach her people the lessons of constant vigilance and unconquerable courage.

In this north country the summer days are long and delightful; the echoes of good-night linger till the voice of good-morning may be heard. The days touch each other; twilight scarcely leaves the sky. The winter reverses the order, making the path of the sun short and bringing it down close to the hilltops. The storm loves the long night; the winds moan and sift the treasures of hail and snow over mountain and moor.

Scotland contains about 30,000 square miles and nearly 1,000,000 of population. The shores, especially the western and northern, are beautifully fringed with narrow firths and steep indentures of the sea, making the sea lines picturesque beyond description. The surface is mostly mountaneous and rugged, presenting to the eye natural scenery, which for beauty and magnificence can scarcely be surpassed. On the mountain-side cliffs suddenly forms, dense as thunder-clouds and bright as snow drifts, under the radiance of the sun.

The ascending grounds furnish luxuriant pasture for numerous flocks of sheep. Here is the shepherd's paradise, where his dog and crook keeps careful watch. While the brow of the mountain is white as alabaster, with glittering snow or mist, its cheeks are flushed and crimsoned with flowering heather.

Many picturesque lochs nestle among the hills, in whose placid waters is mirrored the glory of the sky in all the brilliant variations of day and night. Poets and novelists have thrown a charm over these waters, with their shady isles and deep coves, relating the stories of love and the tragedies of war. Castles, some in ruins, some in excellent preservation, dot the country from sea to sea, crowning the most precipitous hillocks, and gaily telling of the era of savage strife and imperiled life. Splendid cities, thrifty towns and modest

Sixteen

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THE LAND OF THE COVENANTS

By John Logan.

Scotland: The very name awakens fondest memories, revives holiest scenes and makes closest associations throng with new life. Scotland, charming in its romances of love, mighty in her struggles for freedom, pathetic in her sufferings for Christ, and glorious in her covenants with God, how incomparable among the nations! Scotland, coming up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved in holy dependence and dauntless faith, while heaven looks on with admiration, how beautiful, how instructive, how inspiring!

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Seventeen

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country homes are an index of present prosperous and peaceful conditions. The industry, intelligence and happiness of the people are everywhere apparent. The numerous churches, schools and colleges bear testimony to the high tide of Christian civilization, which, through the labors and fidelity of the fathers, have carried the present generation into enviable prominence in the sight of the whole world.

The climate of this land of the Covenants is pleasant and healthful. The asperity of winter is softened by the ocean streams coming from the south; the beat of summer is reduced by the high latitude and the mountains. Withal the Lord has blessed this celebrated country with rare natural advantages for producing a strong and indomitable race. Something in their environment seems to have given them more than ordinary qualities of mind and heart. They listened to the deep music of the sea; they gazed upon the majesty of the mountains; they meditated upon the solitude of the moors; they kept vigil over their flocks in the storm till they grew solemn, vigorous, magnanimous and unconquerable.

But above all this, God, in the early ages, gave them the Scriptures, and the truth made them free. From the dawn of the evangelization of Scotland, there has ever been a band, and sometimes a host, whose hearts God touched, whose lives he enswathed with fire of holy zeal for Christ and His crown rights. They grasped the meaning of the word of God, heard the solemn voice call them into the marvelous light, and lived in the radiance of the great presence of the Almighty. They stood upon revealed truth and grew solid as the granite in their convictions of truth and right. The matchless inheritance received from our Covenanted ancestors is an inheritance of truth, liberty, and high example, and it will go on forever perpetuating the memory of the illustrious inhabitants of this magnificent country.

(Verse: Tipperary.)
Come and give aid to the Cascade,
For it needs you this year,
There is no time for hesitation—
You are wanted now and here.
Get all your tunes together,
Let’s show what we can do;
There’s a big, big audience awaiting,
And it’s all up to you.

—A. S.
COLLEGE IDEALS
By Addie T. Cook.

Doubtless many a bright -minded young person has gone through his entire college work without having any definite worthy ideals for living; in so doing he has failed to give his share of blessing to humanity and he has also failed to properly fit himself for life. The world is looking to the educated man not only because of his technical training, but also because he is able to converse in some of the vital problems which man is now confronting. Therefore, as young people, indeed having barely begun our quest for knowledge, yet having the name of college men and women, there may open before us, as we leave the halls of learning, some of the ideals in operation which have given blessings many times over. How often has someone else been made glad because someone else has thought and, as a result, has shown the one who bas been less favored with education and cultural training, makes him feel that you extend to him the hand of a brother; he feels that you recognize him as an individual factor in the world of action, and your very attitude inspires him to reach one round higher in the ladder of humble attainment. In this manner is indicated your possession of the spirit of “true courtesy”—for in the words of Henry Churchill King, “Your idea or ideal is not fully yours until you have expressed it.”

“Honesty” is also numbered among the ideals of the well-educated man. Some think; “honesty is the best policy.” True it is. Because it is right it is therefore the best policy. Honesty is not a weak term; it indicates manliness and strength. To be honest in all things is something worth while.

Consider next the ideal of “noble, purposeful labor.” Many doors of opportunity stand ajar for the man who sincerely endeavors to accomplish successively his share in the world’s work. Proper atti- tude in this undertaking, however, is dependent upon another qualification, “courage.” A college man without courage will come far short of efficiency. Within the group of every educated person there lies a certain dynamic power; this power needs but the touch of courage as a stimulant to action, and then, as Emerson expresses it, “None but he, knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried.”

“Unselfishness” and “sacrifice” easily go together. How skill they are, and how worthy of being termed College ideals. Unselfish- ness feels a joy in his friend’s accomplishment as if it were his own. Sacrifice denies personal pleasure that another may be profited. Those ideals in operation have given blessings many times over. How often a sad, and sometimes even a broken heart has been made glad because someone else remembered to show a kindness. From the life spent unselfishly, there comes a double blessing. “Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on oneself.”

Cultural arts do demand the interest of college men and women. Science and History are important, but there is an ideal to be at- tained in the “esthetic” as well. Music gives inspiration to the
The world wants men—pure men, Free from the taint of sin. Men whose lives are clean without, Whose souls are pure within. "The hungering soul to the great purpose and end of life." "Peace, by Myra Mary Burns.

College reminiscences, did you say, was the subject for me to write about? It sounds easy enough, but ah me, where to begin, where to end; what to tell and what not to tell; how much to say and how little to say. I've pondered all these thoughts over and over and have come back to the starting place very little wiser than when I was first told of the great task that confronted me.

We often hear it said by those of more mature years, that their school days were the happiest days of their lives; and while we do not exactly like to cherish the thought that we will soon leave these dear old College days behind us, impressed only upon the tables of memory, yet we do feel that these are truly good days and days that we should make the best of in building a good foundation for our future life.

College life in these halls was not begun until the fall of 1910, so we may easily call these the pioneer days of this promising and prosperous school. In the very early days we were few in number, we launched our bark with only six on board, but we were full of faith and courage, and like the pioneers of this country many years ago, we saw brighter and better days ahead of us, and they are truly dawning one by one, for we now number more than twenty and have already landed three on the shoal of life at the station we call graduation.

Perhaps one of our greatest feats was the organization of the Alpha Club, a literary society conducted by the college students for their social and literary uplift, where the talents of each one are developed and where they may receive the benefits of personal contact with their fellow classmates. We believe it to be very essential in the education of everyone, that they may become accustomed to appearing before the public and that ease and grace of manner is best developed by constant drill in appearing before a few of their friends, preparing them for the greater task of appearing before large audiences.

We are also true believers in the old adage that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and many times we haveearly felt these halls of learning and taken a few hours of refuge on some neighboring beach or elsewhere. How well some of us remember one day at Puyallup Beach. All was beautiful and quiet for several hours, then it began to sprinkle, then to rain, and then,—but by this time we had sought refuge under a fallen tree and with magazines to read we were quite contented. When the downpour finally subsided somewhat, our beloved professor and the boys built impromptu
board shelters around a roaring camp fire and we descended to enjoy its cheerful glow and warmth. But ere we realized it, again the rain came down and darkness with it. We were safe enough as we were, but how to get home was the question, and that was entirely out of the question while the rain continued in that manner. Our lunch boxes were not yet empty and the fire was extremely inviting, so we proceeded to make the best of the situation. The sky finally cleared somewhat and we started for home, when we found to our dismay that the tide had come in and our walk for nearly a mile along the beach would have to be on slippery logs and in the dark. But as most stories end well, we finally reached the car line, but not dry shod and not without questioning our location a time or two.

This is only one instance of our many trips to the various places of diversion in the city of Seattle. Time and space would not permit of relating all, and perhaps it is just as well, and now we feel as we look back over these few fleeting years we can say that this has truly been a "Perfect Day," each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer, and as we count them over we would not have had them otherwise, for they have each had some lesson to teach, though some have been extremely hard and others most beautiful, yet they all go to make up a perfect day, and, best of all, the day we hope is not yet spent, but is only well begun.

THE INDIAN CURIO SELLERS

By T. L. V. ("I9). The lovers.

Above them, the summer sun rode in his glory, Frolicking waves dashed the cliffs at their feet; A whispering breeze wooed the sweet buds of spring-time, And an Indian brave wooed a maiden as sweet. He was a warrior of stature commanding, Broad were his shoulders and fearless his eye; As his fathers before him, so he would be, like them Brave in the battle and fearless to die.

She was tall as his shoulder and lithe as a willow; With footsteps as light as the breeze on the wave, Her eyebrows were arched like the wings of the sea gull, And her eyes beamed with pride as she looked on her brave. Their hearts were as happy and light as a bird song; Joy spoke in each movement and beamed from the eye; For they were the children of Earth and Water,— The heaven-blessed nurslings of the sky.

THE "SIWASHES." The red summer sun glared hotly above them, The murky waves rolled 'round the piers at their feet, The discordant screaming of traffic and commerce Engulfed and surrounded their wares on the street, He sat ragged, unkempt, in the dust of the traffic, His shoulders were bowed with the droop of despair, His eyes, that of yore had flashed fire and courage, Regarded the crowd with a sad, vacant stare. She was no longer a willowy maiden, But shapeless, and squalid, and hopeless and old, And she listlessly watched as the world passed around her, The picture of hope, love and courage grown cold. For them, there was no more of love and of music, The bright light of hope had long set in their sky, They will pass—and we shall yet boast of our wisdom, And sing our own praises while such as these die.
ALEXANDER BEERS, Ph. D., President
Theology.
Ph. B. Gonzalez College, 1914.

ALBERT H. STEWART, A. M., Vice-Principal
Sciences.
A. B. University of Rochester, 1900.

Oscar Allen, Ph. B.
History and Political Science.
A. B. Gonzalez College, 1905.
A. B. University of Washington, 1914.

WALTER FERGUSON, A. S.
Modern Languages.
A. B. Gonzalez College, 1915.

WALTER HENRY, A. B.
Mathematics and Physics.
A. B. University of Washington, 1915.

ELVA M. BATEY, A. B.
English.
A. B. University of Washington, 1915.

MRS. ANGELA L. BATES, A. B.
Dean of Women.

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Dean of Women.
The Cascade—November, 1915

ANNUAL STAFF FOR 1915-1916.

Mary Cathey Editor
Althea Marston Assistants
Vivian Thomas
Cora Smith Locals
Addie Cook
Samuel Troutman Exchanges
Hattie Sawyer
Althea Marston Alumni
W. A. Stephens
Jim Robinson

OUR SPECIAL COLLEGE STAFF.

Mary Cathey Editor
Althea Marston Assistants
Vivian Thomas
Mrs. E. Hadam Locals
Laura DeBols Societies
Hattie Smith
Florence Alberts Exchanges
Althea Marston Alumni

The Cascade Staff feel that some explanation should be made for our tardy appearance. The Associated Student Body decided to put out during this school year a quarterly rather than a monthly. By doing this we will be able to make each number larger, introducing more cuts and better material all around. We believe that four feature numbers will be more acceptable than eight mediocre editions.

The following plan has been accepted: The first number is put out by the College Students; the second will be representative of the Alexandrian Literary Society; the High School department is to edit the third number, and the last edition, the Annual, will be an exceptionally fine paper.

The editor wishes to take this opportunity to thank all the College Students, who have so willingly made this number what it is. We certainly appreciate their ready and hearty response.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER WILL BE A SPECIAL

The frontispiece will be "The Arrival of the Shepherds." This alone is worth the price of the paper.

We are endeavoring to do our best.

We will appreciate your hearty cooperation.

Send in twenty-five cents for a Christmas number. Also inform your friends as to our Christmas Special.

A. S.
Faculty were all standing in a straight row, so sedate and majestic.

The entertainers were Dr. A. Beers, Miss Tressa Marsh, Miss Young Ladies' Hall. After an unusual ceremony of receiving, a most excellent program was given.

Miss Sharpe accompanied a crowd to Port Lawson, but it proved to be such a wet affair, that the results were drowned.

Miss Dorothy Wilson, just before leaving for Boston, gave us three very excellent readings.

On Columbus Day Prof. Burns addressed the assembly on "The Discovery of America."

Our last lecture was by Prof. C. Ackerman, of the University of Washington, on "The Early Fur Trade in the Northwest."

A few weeks ago Prof. Stillwell gave one of his annual Spring Lectures, which was somewhat out of season. Subject Matter:

"In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove,
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to the 's of love."

MISSIONARY ACTIVITIES
By Ethel C. Hight,

Here at the Seattle Pacific College we are endeavoring to push on the Missionary cause. When this school was first started twenty-three years ago, it was known as a missionary school. Ever since that time, the institution has educated, equipped and sent forth its Christian young people to fill their places in the home and foreign fields.

At present we have a Student's Missionary Society, and also a Student's Volunteer Band. These organizations are both doing good work. The Student's Missionary Society has recently elected the following officers: President, Addie Ward; Secretary, Vina Smith; Treasurer, Samuel Troutman. The Program Committee plan some interesting meetings for the year. The organization aims each year to support some missionary on the field. The last two years they have in part supported Miss Ethel Ward, of India.

Let us as young people, as students and faculty members continue to keep the burden of the missionary work on our hearts; and may our daily prayer be for the "evangelization of the world in this generation."
RELIgIOUS WORK IN THE SCHOOL

By Edwin W. Hight.

Christian organizations are encouraged by the faculty and are the most prominent in the school. The Christian Students Union, consisting of all the Christian students in the institution, has been organized. It is the object of the “Union” to look after the spiritual interests of the school. For the benefit of any that might be discouraged, as well as for the spiritual growth and development of all, the “Union” has been divided into five prayer bands. Each evening of the week one of these bands meets in the chapel to spend an hour in prayer. The bands choose their own respective leaders, whose duty it is to instruct and encourage any who may need help.

John Newton has said:

“Then let us earnestly pray
And never faint in prayer,
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.”

Prayer is, in the words of the poet,

“The Christians’ vital breath,
The Christians’ native air,
His watchword at the gate of death
He enters Heaven with care.”

So the prayer life is considered of great importance. When the students gather around the family altar during the morning and evening hours of worship, there is a consciousness of the presence of God. The Tuesday evening students’ prayer meetings are times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Each morning from 8:15 to 8:45, during the school week, earnest voices can be heard coming from recitation room number two. The students are praying for divine help and guidance in discharging the duties of the day before them. The great desire of every heart seems to be that God will help them to live in an altruistic spirit during that day and, therefore, be a blessing to others.

There are a number of young men and women in the school that are preparing themselves for definite Christian work. It appeared to some that these young people should become active in Christian work while here in school. The Lord laid it upon their hearts to organize Evangelistic Bands to go out and hold meetings whenever the way might open. Since the organization of these bands, God has been marvelously opening up the way for these young people. It is not only an opportunity to carry the gospel to others, but it is also preparing these young people for public work. As we help others, we become stronger ourselves.

The student, also, has the benefits of Christian environments. In most institutions of learning in the land today, evolutionary and materialistic theories are taught; and in many instances their graduates go from their walls little less than infidels. The idea of the Creation of the Earth is disbelieved, that Christ is the divine Son of God is denied, and prayer is mocked. Scarcely can one find a safe place to educate the young people of today, but every one must acknowledge that Seattle Pacific College, a Christian school, having for her chief cornerstone, the Bible, casts an influence about her students that has a tendency to make them stalwart young men and women, then sends them forth fully equipped for life’s conflicts.

COLLEGE NOTES

This year we have a larger number of college students than ever before. It does us good to see again some of the old students. Here is Mr. Willard, though he was somewhat late. If matrimony does not overtake him, he will graduate next June, together with Mr. Haslam, Miss Burns and Miss Cook, whose names are familiar to all who have been acquainted with the school in the past few years. Every one at college was glad when Althea Marston turned down the opportunity of training in Chicago and took her place in college, where she belongs. And back again are the apparent deserters, John Root and Mary Cutney. Laura Du Bois is here to keep the girls alive and the faculty busy. Other Alumni from the class of 1915 are Mr. Thalhimer, Elton Smith and Mr. Stephens. We are glad that Florence Alberts managed to get away here, from the kind of angle brush and jack rabbits. We must not forget Miss Coombs, our Burton Beegle, who are with us again this year. Oh, yes, and Mr. Logan, that optimist is here to keep the skies blue and the sun shining.

We more than welcome the new students who have joined our numbers. They are already proving very valuable.
ALEXANDRIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

By V. L. T., '19.

"Na'ow, Marich, if ye don't belong to that there thing, it hain't no use to try to tell ye about it. Ye jest hain't git the flavor. that's all."

That just expresses it. If you weren't there, it ain't any use to try to tell you about it, for you must see to appreciate the awful embarrassment of Mr. Berry when he is called upon for an extemporaneous speech. You must be there to realize the intricacies of parliamentary drill involved in the election, recall and reinstatement of a marshal.

Even the election of officers with its thrills of interest cannot be contained in a mere list of those chosen to represent the membership of the society. Nevertheless, if your imagination is good, perhaps you can picture the keen contest that finally resulted in the following elections.

President .............. Archie W. Stephens
Vice President .............. Samuel Troutman
Secretary .............. Celestine Tucker
Treasurer .............. Leland Cochran
Musical Director .............. Vida Stagg
Assistant Musical Director .............. Mary Cash
Cascade Reporter .............. Vivian Thomas
Marshal .............. Glen Huston

Indeed the vote for the last office was so close that the friends of the defeated candidates petitioned for a new election, but not before our president, Mr. Stephens, had given a rousing talk on the spirit in which school activities, particularly Cascade, should be carried on, and that quintette, whose music beggars all descriptive adjectives, had performed to the strains of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" and "Mother Machree." The rest of the meeting was conducted by Mr. Troutman, the Vice President, and we are told that the program consisted of extemporaneous speeches. It was announced that the programs would be given by the classes in the Academic Department, beginning with the next program, by the Seniors.

Ah! That brings us to the Senior program. It is no use trying to describe it. The bare sketch that space permits us to give couldn't give an inkling of the real excellence of the whole evening. First, the Seniors gave an excellent program of music and readings. Then the audience was allowed a glimpse into what purported to be a typical class meeting where such public-spirited questions as patronizing Cascade advertisers, building a gymnasium, establishing courses in commercial subjects, domestic science and chemistry were discussed. Then, the Seniors suddenly vanished and after a Victorola concert, reappeared as the Seniors of Badger Hollow High School. The rest of the program was one laugh after another. The class prophecy, the quartette, the valedictorian, the human organ and the presentation of diplomas were all equally good. There was one thing at least accomplished. Ye scribe went to the program with a bad headache and a case of the blues and came away laughing. And surely everyone else did the same.

If you missed it, we are sorry, but don't make the same mistake again. Be sure to see the Junior program, and remember the Alexandrians try to represent the best interests of the whole school.

P. S.—Don't forget that the next issue of Cascade is the Alexandrian number, so let's all work together to make it the best ever. Get your material in early.

ALTHEPIANS

"Rome was not built in a day"—neither is the Althebian Literary Society to attain its greatest success in a short time. Rome was built stone by stone, one magnificent building after another—each an achievement in itself. So we plod on, mounting each obstacle as we come to it and after each little pull we realize that we have put up one more stone in our great literary structure.

Remembering the tale of the tortoise and the hare, we have...
curbed our rising spirits and started out with a slow but sure gait that betokens winning in the end.

Our officers now are:

President—Celestine Tucker.
Vice President—Margaret Whitesides.
Secretary—Laura A. Denney.
Treasurer—Mary H. Rohrer.
Chaplain—Alice Biddorf.
Musical Director—Vida Staggs.
Cascade Reporter—Ruth Sawyer.

At our last meeting we had a short program and several extemporaneous speeches and piano selections. We are determined that our society shall bring out the best there is in each one of us.

PHILLS

The first meeting of the PHILLS—Debating Club was held Sept. 16 for the purpose of electing officers and the results were as follows: W. Robinson, President; L. Cochran, Vice President; C. Denney, Secretary; W. Thomas, Treasurer; H. M. Berry, Marshal; C. Denney, Cascade Reporter; S. Trouman, Musical Director; E. Richey, Chocolatier.

With this competent corps of officers and also the hearty cooperation of all the members, we expect this year's work to be one of great success. Much interest and enthusiasm is already being shown and the boys are rallying grandly to the support of the program committees with their extemporaneous speeches. The aim of every member is to make this year the best in the history of the club, for although our membership is small, the material is of the very best quality.

ALPHA CLUB

Enthusiasm? Indeed, and lots of it, too. Each member seems to feel a coal of new life burning within until the whole club is aflame with new inspiration and zeal to push forward to higher and nobler ideals, and I'm sure this shall be accomplished with our noble president, Mr. Beegle, at the helm.

Certainly, we are quite popular, too, as we have already enjoyed a very lovely reception given us by Mrs. Beers. We have held two other regular meetings in which we have partaken of the literary evening when intellectual ability was tested, and, of course, proved efficient.

We are all busy and active in our college work, so look out for us, as there shall surely be something doing for we never start anything we cannot finish.
The Junior class was called to order Sept. 9, 1915, by our former President, Samuel P. Troutman, for the election of officers. Those elected were Clifford Denney, President; Samuel P. Troutman, Vice President; Alice Cathoy, Secretary; Lucille Black, Treasurer; Mary Stipe, Cascade Reporter; Helen Grigs, Marshal, and Minnie Isenhath, Class Representative.

With our distinguished corps of officers the Junior class are steadily advancing intellectually. We have had a number of very enthusiastic class meetings and even though we for the present seem very quiet, look out! We are going to make things go, and you will hear from us not so very far in the future.

We congratulate ourselves on having our most brilliant and enterprising class member, Robert Graefe, with us again this year. A hearty welcome to our new members, Mr. Chan, Miss Mills and Mr. Swick, is extended by each member of the Junior class.

And don't forget the Junior class is awake, as you will see by the Alexandrian program to be given Nov. 5. Remember and come, for you won't miss something you don't.

The "verdant Freshmen" of 1914 have climbed another round in the ladder of knowledge and have become the "gay young Sophomores" of 1915. Our numbers are comparatively small, yet it is not the quantity, but the quality that counts. We expect to live up to our motto, "Not merely to exist, but to amount to something."

We met in Room 1, as usual, Sept. 13, to elect officers for the year. They are as follows: President, Fred Liese; Vice President, Wesley Thomas; Secretary, Eva Swick; Treasurer, Jessie Bell; Marshal, Howard Hall; Class Representative, Willis Lightle; Cascade Reporter, Joyce Rose.

We retain the colors of last year, which are blue and gold. We hope to have many enjoyable times with our faculty member, Mr. Edwin Haslam.

The Sophomore Alexandrian program will be given Nov. 19, 1915. We are working hard to have a program which will be worth attending. Our class is by no means dead and you may expect to hear of us in the future.

Green is for vegetables, fresh and sweet. Straight from the garden, good to eat. Yellow for jealousy, which I ween. Isn't good for children under eighteen. But put them together and they will be The Freshmen colors! He, ho, he!
Basketball is booming along with the same enthusiasm that it did last year. The prospective teams are doing their best for the season's match games. Capt. Robinson of the Senior team, Capt. Denny of the Junior team, Capt. Thomas of the Sophomore, and Capt. Warren of the Freshman have been working their teams to the utmost in order to get in the necessary team work.

We were very much elated to see the Hon. Mr. S. Ritchie turn out for basketball and put his wonderful mental tactics to work directing the physical. The Juniors and Seniors seem to have the most promising teams: we expect to see some good games in the near future.

Last and most important, we must not forget the girls. They have shown some fine spirit and done some good work during the time they have played. There are at present only two girls' teams, but the girls plan on some exciting contests between the Junior girls, the Senior girls and the College team before the season ends.

Miss Minnie Rex still has the same famous wing and is in the best or form for the season's games. We must not forget our faithful promoter, E. A. Haslam, who is our standby and referee, and who is helping us to make 1915 our greatest basketball year.

TENNIS

Alas, we must abandon one of our favorite sports on account of the winter months that are coming on. The past tennis season has been one of success and has seen some fine work by not a few excellent players. The stars of last year's tennis tournament are still playing brilliantly and many new players have been developed.

We will not forget this tennis season and we are looking forward to next spring, when, under the direction of Mr. Haslam, we expect to make things go.

ALUMNI

By Althea Marston.

Only four of the academic class of '15 have commenced their college work with their Alma Mater.

Mr. and Mrs. Higbee have settled in Albany, Oregon. He is seeking more wisdom in the Albany College and also has a pastorate there. From all appearances Ethel Laypangh could not endure the strenuous city life in Portland. She is at present receiving the benefits of ranch life in Appleton, Wash. The last we heard from there was that she had gained sixteen pounds (16 lbs.).

Harold Mann is proving to be very competent in the Bank of California.

Gladys Smith, our alumna of Penewawa, is spending her time in “getting ready for Christmas.”

Fred Gill, after three years' absence, has again returned to his home in Medford, Oregon.

The State Normal at Bellingham is well represented by our three “Marys” of class ’14, also Laura Deringer of class ’11.

Our last Alumnal president, A. Jesse Marston, is enjoying pleasant home life on the farm in Clarkson, New York. He writes that the vineyards are inviting to the eye and pleasing to the taste. (Please note the figure.)

Earl Thomas is still pursuing his medical course at Marlon Slim's Benedict in St. Louis.

Following are those who have recently taken the fatal step into the realm of "Domestic Felicity:"

Katherine Whelan and Frank Scott; Homer Whelin and Lulu Mentham; Louis Skazie, Joseph Peterson, David Sawyer and Wade Folsom.

Elna Lawrence is now in Chicago, where she is in training at Cook County Hospital.

The "Grandpa" of '16 has found a place in the student body at the "U." If Carl Anderson is in the city we wish he would make us a visit.

Walter Scott, the president of class '14, after a year's study in practical agriculture, is now in search of more intellectual knowledge at Greenville College. He is our only representative there this year.

We urge you, "Scottie," to hold the standard high, as you were taught when a mere high school lad.
Forty-two  The Cascade—November, 1915

All things come to those who wait, so does the Cascade.

Altho the first number has been rather slow in appearing, we have not been asleep. During the two preceding months our business manager, editor and entire staff have been faithfully devising plans to raise the standard of this paper.

Since this is true, the Cascade will be far better than it was last year, and because it is better we feel justified in asking our former exchanges to continue their friendliness with us. Don’t fail to send us your paper! We need it.

There is another service you may perform: Show us our faults and mistakes. We invite your honest criticism in order that the Cascade may continue to increase in quality and thus be a blessing to all its readers.

The following is a list of our exchanges:

Tula—Franklin High School, Seattle, Wash.
Kilo—Queen Anne High School, Seattle, Wash.
Ordered—Hill Military Academy, Portland, Ore.
Totem—Lincoln High School, Seattle, Wash.
Chevron—Albion High School, Albion, N. Y.
Ramblcr—Wallboro High School, Wellshboru, Pa.
High School Argus—Harrisburg, Pa.
Echo—Nashville High School, Nashville, Tenn.
Crackle—Winfield High School, Winfield, Kansas.
Houghton Star—Houghton Seminary, Houghton, N. Y.
Spectrum—Jefferson High School, Portland, Ore.
Archon—Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass.
Katak—Everett High School, Everett, Wash.
Desaiian Quarterly—College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Texas.
Cardinal—Lincoln High School, Portland, Ore.
Crusade—State Teachers College, Greely, Colo.
Free Methodist—1132 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Echo—Santa Rosa High School, Santa Rosa, Calif.
Old Gold and Green—Baton Rouge High School, Baton Rouge, La.

The Cascade—November, 1915  Forty-three

Lutheran Normal School Mirror—Sioux Falls, S. D.
Bee—Sacramento High School, Sacramento, Cal.
Bibliography—Spring Arbor Seminary, Spring Arbor, Mich.
Monitor—Milwaukee College, Milwaukee, Wis.
Oakman—Oak College, Honolulu, Haw. 1al.
Our Tattler—Walton High School, Walton, N. Y.
Vista—Greenville College, Greenville, Ill.
High School Buzz—Hutchinson, Kans.
Quill—Henderson, Ky.
Purple Pennant—Central High School, Cortland, N. Y.
Homerica—Red Wing Seminary, Red Wing, Minn.
El Monte—Monte Vista High School, Monte Vista, Colo.
Owl—Fresno High School, Fresno, Cal.
Solomon—Havelock High School, Havelock, Calif.
Adjudant—Mt. Tamalpias Military Academy, San Rafael, Cal.
Kiskokiana—Bandon High School, Bandon, Ore.
Hesperian—Oregon City High School, Oregon City, Ore.
Guard and Tackle—Stockton High School, Stockton, Cal.
News—Visalia High School, Visalia, Cal.
The Mirror—West Hoboken, N. J.
Mr. Beers, who had let Myra go off on her vacation, and who tried his hand at manipulating the typewriter himself for the first time, will appreciate the following skit on the subject, in Life, addressed to the author’s absent stenographer:

With how sad steps.
Oh Myra, I climb the stair,
And view my office, now a lonely scene!

Opressed?, I sit medown at thy machine
To do my correspondence, once thy care.
I miss thee! not alone that thou wast fair.
But that thou didst achieve with joyous mien
The letters that will drive me mad I deem!
The tasks that now a chip of strenuous wear.
Even though two days, And two days more, I told
And could not conquer, however I tried:
These awful keys have all my efforts frit.
While power of spelling is tome denied.
Ahh, don’t wait till all my paper’s spoiled —
Come back, come back again, foolish and gullible!

***

Althea Marston, who is on a four-party line, took the receiver down one day and heard a woman say:

“I just put a pot of beans in the oven.”

Ten minutes later she tried to get the line but the same conversation was still going on.

“I beg your pardon, madam, I smell your beans burning,” interrupted Althea. She got the line.
Forty-six

The Cascade—November, 1915

Homer S.—How did you sleep last night?
Alice C.—I went to bed between eleven and twelve.
Homer—That's too many for one bed.

Mathewson—How far is it around the world?
Wade Folsom—Twenty-four inches (as he put his arm around Pearl).

Cochran—Can you pay your Alexandrian dues?
Clif. Denny—I'm so broke that steamboats were selling for ten cents, I couldn't buy the echo of a whistle.

Teacher—What did people do before blackboards were invented?
Pupil—They multiplied on the earth.

Dr. Swick (in a recent lecture)—I once heard of a common laborer who was kicked by a mule and immediately became a world famous mathematician.
Ritchie (D. H. H.)—Here, Howard, kick me.

Druggist—Did those mothballs that I sold you kill the moths?
Pearl Smith—Why, I sat up all night but I didn't hit a one.

Service—
The pleasure of service lies in giving satisfaction to those whom we serve. We will deem it an honor as well as a pleasure to serve you.
Fremont Drug Company
(Lough and Woodman)
Next Door to Fremont Library

The Cascade—November, 1915

Huston—My heart is lacerated.
D. H.—Who's the lass?

Margaret M.—Why didn't you tell me this page of answers was torn out before I bought the book?
Bessie W.—Well, the girl that sold it to me didn't say anything about it, so I thought it was a secret.

Berry—I'm never so happy as when I'm breaking into song.
Celestine—Why don't you get the key? Then you won't have to break it.

Prof. Burns (in sociology)—Well, this author certainly gives good advice to the young man; "to commence early the partnership of life is the best after all."
Burton Beegle and Squire Willard unconsciously look at each other and give an approving nod.

Minnie (at Ballard Beach)—Bob, what effect does the moon have on the tide?
Bob—None. It affects only the salted.

The Sophomores saw something green.
They thought it was the Freshman class.
But when they nearer to it drew
They found it was a looking glass.

Lecille B.—Merton tells me all he knows.
Mary S.—Isn't the silence oppressive?

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For the information of war-inclined readers we print the following table of pronunciation, hoping it will prove helpful and illuminating:

Xyrouspubiculjronic—Yuhs-hiikhee.
Grkamandwific—Drummeo-go-vomhski.
Boohuf—Booohuf.

Dora Bell—Hello, central! I've just put some eggs on to boil and find that my clock has stopped. Would you please call me up in three minutes?

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Miss Cathey—Do you support our school paper?
Ritchie—I don’t need to. It has a staff.

Berry—I hear Mr. Haslam is a born tennis player.
Graefe—Is that so?
Berry—Yes, they say he was born with a racquet (racket) in his mouth.

Miss Mercer—Give me a sentence using the word “cistern.”
M. Robinson—The brethren and cistern in the church were loyal to the faith.

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A clergyman, anxious to introduce some new hymn books, directed the clerk to give out a notice in church in regard to them immediately after the sermon. The clerk, however, had a notice of his own to give with reference to the baptism of infants. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon, he announced: “All those who have children, they wish baptized please send in their names at once.” The clergyman, who was deaf, supposing that the clerk was giving out the hymn book notice, immediately arose and said: “And I want to say for the benefit of those who haven’t any, that they may be obtained from me any day between three and four o’clock; the ordinary little ones at fifteen cents, and special ones with red backs at twenty-five cents each.”—Sel.

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