November 1st, 1912

The November 1912 Cascade

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THE CASCADe

THEIR THANKSGIVING
Mary Ew. '14

"Let me see," said Grandma Mills, as she pushed her glasses up
her forehead and gazed in at the open fireplace; "there'll be
Mable and John with their four children, Minnie and Edward with
their children, Eugene and Emeline with little Irene. Maurice and
Frank and Florence will be home from college, and Thomas,
we must surely have your brother Sam, that makes nineteen besides
Nellie, you and me, and there are only two weeks left. My, but I'm
glad I made those fruit cakes five weeks ago."

"Sixty-eight, to seventy-eight, that's ten years, to eighty-eight in
twenty years, sixty-eight, thirty to sixteen 'eight forty to eleven
that is forty-four years next Thanksgiving Day since
we were married. My! my! How long it has been and how short it
seems," soliloquized Grandpa Mills.

The next few days were quite exciting at the Mills' farm. Great
preparations were made for the home-gathering. Cookies with raisins
in the mors the "darlings," mince and pumpkin pies were made and
the many other things attended to.

At last the day before Thanksgiving arrived and that very
morning the turkeys were killed and dressed. Nellie, who was her mother's
standby, was as eager about the home-gathering as was any of the
others.

"Puff, puff-puff-puff." "Oh! Oh!" cried Florence in her joy and excitement;
"I can scarcely wait until the train stops. There is Father waiting for us.
Bless his dear old soul! Just think! he turned out in this snow
storm to meet us."

"Aw, don't make a show of yourself," advised her twin
brother in an undertone.

"O, papa!" cried Florence, making a "show" of herself by throwing
her arms around his neck. "I'm so glad to get home again.
It seemed as tho' the train never would stop."

"Well, Sis, if you have finished, I'll introduce Ralph. Father,
mother, meet my friend, Mr. Robinson."

"I'm glad to know you, my boy," said Mr. Mills as he heartily
grasped Ralph's hand. "Now, put your suit cases in there and jump
in. Better turn your coat-collars up around your
necks." So saying
Mr. Mills got in the sleigh, and Florence, making sure her father
was comfortable, took the lines and started towards home.

Mother was at the door to meet them. "Well, my dear children,"
she exclaimed as she kissed them. "After Frank had introduced Ralph, they put the team away.
“It is very clear to see that aloh! he is Frank's friend, he is also Flo's friend,” sighed Nellie; “I s'pose we'll lose her next.”

The boys now came in to get ready for supper.

“Wait a minute. I'll get a towel,” called Frank as he ran downstairs into the kitchen.

“Mother,” he said when in the kitchen, “that's Ralph, about whom we wrote to you so much for the last two years. He hasn't any home and was going to stay in that old dormitory ’til Monday, so I invited him home for a real Thanksgiving.”

Mother kindly replied her mother.

“Thank you, my son. We'll make him as happy as possible,”

kindly replied his mother.

To it for it was so good.

than her mother for, I don't know how many

moon is very bright and the storm is ill

Sherman and also this twenty dollar check. Her son has been quite

went to the cellar after the apples.

and Grandpa and Grandma Mills were left to enjoy a quiet evening

by themselves.

night,” and Frank left, hardly waiting to be thanked.

the check,

not sent the money in answer to prayer?

bells.

others were singing,

cast beseeching eyes across the table at Florence who immediately

lowered hers.

also brother

with their children arrived, then in a short time came the others and

Grandma as a little fellow came out of the pantry with two of them.

In his face covered with jam. Evidently

for the children. They were soon bundled in the sleighs and on the

way home went off to the land of Nod.

Ralph and the twins remained until Saturday afternoon and the

time came for them to leave. Ralph had a hearty invitation to “come

again.”

Each one thought that he and she had the best Thanksgiving, especially did Grandpa and Grandma Mills think so.

Ralph declared again and again that it was the very best Thanksgiving of his life, for he had something for which to be truly thankful, and Florence blushingly smiled.

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Thanksgiving Day: Not to commemorate some religious event, or perpetuate the name of a martyr; not a day of ecclesiastical saints, nor a day set apart to pay tribute and honor to a national hero. It is the one national festival which turns directly to home life, it is in the fullest sense a day of nature, and a day of thanksgiving, a day which the people of this mighty, and divinely favored land have set apart, whereby a song of praise may come from the soul, and a felt prayer of gratitude and adoration may rise in one united hymn. Majestic indeed, as are the gifts which an all wise and omnipotent God draws from nature, and spreads on the table of the children of men, they are incomparable to the "Un-speakable Gift," the redemptive sacrifice which brings us into harmony in the great plan of divine economy. The gift, the three-fold combination, "Salvation," "Love" and an "Eternal Home" makes every participant enjoy a perpetual thanksgiving.
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Students' Missionary Society which has been dedicated for the purpose of promulgating the highest possible interest along missionary lines, is faithfully resuming its work. We aim to make our programs from time to time of such character that both the students and friends of the community will catch the missionary zeal.

It would certainly be difficult for one to think otherwise than that our present age is one of great promise. Never before in the annals of history were the field so broad. Never before was there so great a demand for Christian workers, both at home and abroad.

We need not go across the bitter waters nor take long journeys into the far away bleak regions of the north, or to the climes of tropical countries to realize this ever present need. China for instance, which is now taking her first strides under the banner of a newly formed government, thus making her one of the most塑料 as well as needy fields in the evangelistic realm.

The purpose of the club is to cultivate such flowers as will bloom throughout the winter months and early spring. The Chinese Lilies and Roman Hyacinths blooming first and later follow the Narcissus, Daffodils and Tulips.

The club expects soon to see a great change throughout the school. The present month is rolling by with more enthusiasm than ever before.

Progressiveness pervades our camp in all directions. We are so very much so that we are reaching with expectation towards one of the three great prizes offered by Everybody's Magazine. There is not one evidence of our progressiveness which would not put the present progressive party on the shelf with shame, mortification and envy.

All the officers are especially respected on account of their good will and Roman Hyacinths blooming first and later follow the Narcissus, Daffodils and Tulips.

Just think of the vast opportunities in the foreign lands. China for instance, which is now taking her first strides under the banner of a newly formed government, thus making her one of the most plastic as well as needy fields in the evangelistic realm.

God speed the day when all nations shall seek to know his grace. This amiability is not to be scoffed at, for some marshals don't even stop to consider, and, as a consequence, become housed for a season. Don't get the idea that he is afraid for it isn't so. When called upon to act, in a hurry manner be forthwith trembles with excessive valor.

Yes, we are progressive. Some may criticize the rate at which we travel, but still it is the speed mania of the twentieth century that makes this old orbit whirl at such a pace.

FLOWER CLUB.

The Flower Club was organized Oct. 9. Prof. Stilwell, the originator, was elected president, and Florence Alberts secretary.

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The club expects soon to see a great change throughout the different buildings.

(Continued on page 13.)
THE CASCADE

Class News

SENIOR CLASS NOTES.

As usual we are a busy class. Our many duties take much of our time and we are very studious, as can be proven by frequent visits to the library.

If one takes a look through the pages of the last "Cascade," he may notice that fifteen of the various offices are filled by Seniors. Four societies have Senior Treasurers, so it can be safely judged that we are a trustworthy class. Note also that half of the "Cascade" staff are Seniors.

The members of last year's Junior English Class, who have returned, sent a post card shower to their former teacher, Rev. W. W. Locum.

"Who," asked a visitor, "are those dignified persons who are crossing the campus with such thoughtful brows and armful of books?"

"Why, don't you know," answered a Freshman, as he glanced with awe and admiration at the students, "these are Seniors."

In a recent class meeting we decided to retain the same honorary member that we had last year, Miss Marston. She has inclined us to the library.

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Junior English Class (in History)-"They had a Boston Tea party and invited the Senior Class."

Miller-"They don't allow tea at the Seminary."

On the campus green, with wits that are keen, is sure to be seen The class of '13.

Prof. Burns-"Where is Mr. Allen this morning? Off to some convention?"

JUNIOR CLASS

The Juniors are still on the field. Although things are somewhat quiet now, you must remember that "will water runs deep." We are quite absorbed in books these days, but nevertheless are awake, and taking an interest in worthy affairs, and later on, we may give some special demonstrations of our talents. We have some tests occasionally, but meet them bravely.

"Then what is so rare as a Junior class That is ready to stand the test, Just keep your eye on the present one, For surely it ranks with the best."

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"Then what is so rare as a Junior class That is ready to stand the test, Just keep your eye on the present one, For surely it ranks with the best."

The boys of our class are few in number this year, but we wish to add, that the quality makes up for the quantity, for they are very loyal and enthusiastic.

SOPHOMORES.

The month has passed very quickly to us and we are trying to perform the duties that have been assigned to us as Sophomores. At times the road is rather steep, but we do not cry for maximum any more as they say we used to do when Freshmen. Our meetings have been few and our class spirit has not had time to do its part because, we study geometry in the day time. We dream of it by night.

We awake and would that we had our lesson, but we never have it,—"It's a Driek.

Wanted—Information on how to make the leaves of a Geometry book transparent.

FRESHMEN CLASS

The Freshmen class have organized a debating club and expect to have some warm discussions shortly. Thursday afternoon, Oct. 25, at 4 P. M. we held an interesting program.

Prof. Stitwell seems optimistic about the progress his Latin students are making, while they consider him a "master bonus."

Miss Lawrence has a large class of Bible students this year.

The Algebra class is progressing steadily.

Prof. Bagly explains the knotty problems very clearly.

Prof. Marion does not confine himself to the text-book merely, but keeps his class interested by discussing such subjects as religion, politics, love, etc.

Prof. Burns has been taking his Ancient History class through Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, and is at present in Greece, no knowing where we will be when the next number of the Cascade comes out.

SCHOOL NEWS.

On the evening of October 6th, there was an informal gathering for the boarding students. Singing, guessing games, and refreshments were the events of the evening. The contest for the best dog turn out of paper was won by Miss Ether Welch. Prof. and Mrs. Bagly were judges. The prize was an extra plate of refreshments.

A new society named the "Flower Club" has been organized through the efforts of Prof. Stitwell. The enrollment is quite large, showing that the students appreciate flowers.

We were greatly interested and edified to hear a talk on Prohibition in our chapel exercises, by H. H. Sutton. Prof. Marion gave a most interesting talk in chapel, October 25th, on his visit to the Northwestern Student Conferences last June.

The course dinner which was served the evening of October 18th, was greatly enjoyed by all. The new feature of singing and questions which we had a Boston Tea party and invited the Senior Class."

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We are a trifle disappointed this month at the small number of exchanges received. But we presume that it is a little early as yet, and expect good returns before our next publication.

We are pleased to receive The Clarion, Rochester, N.Y. Considering the size of your paper, do you not think it would be better to give it less the appearance of a newspaper? We hope the students will give you sufficient support to permit of a twelve-page cover issue in the future.

Weekly Index, Forest Grove, Ore. Do you realize that your October 29th issue devoted one-half its space to advertising?

The Sentinel, O.M.I., considering its size, is a neat publication.

The Antelope, Kearney, Neb. We like your general tone and appearance very well.

Visalia News, we would like to see some literary productions occasionally.

We have just received, almost too late for press: The Spectrum, J.H.S., Portland, Ore.

The News, Eugene, Ore.

(Continued from page 9.)

Since there are only four young men in the club, consisting of twenty-seven members, Prof. Stillwell suggested that the young ladies might care for a few extra flowers and present them to the young men about Christmas time. However none of the young ladies didn’t quite get the meaning.

ALUMNI NOTES.

We are glad to report that two members of the class of 1912, Miss Whitmore and Miss Signor have joined the college ranks. Mr. Skursie is dissatisfied at college; perhaps he would rather attend a college in Iowa. Emma Olson is teaching school four miles from her home, she rides back and forth on her pony. Miss Freddie Scott is attending Normal at Cheney.

GRINDS.

Prof. B. (waxing eloquent in College History)—"What did the Crusaders find when they went to Palestine? They found five cities, well lighted, and with streets paved. But how about Western Europe? There they had castles, and one lord running around the country trying to get another lord."

As Arnold Allen went galloping down the warpath of education the other morning, he met one of his old pals, who said, "Nice day for the race." "What race?" asked Allen, with a puzzled look. "Why, the human race," said his assailant, and went whistling on his way. Allen's chin dropped and he vowed revenge. Before long he met Prof. Stillwell. "Nice day for the trot," said Allen. "What trot?" murmured Stillwell. "Why, the human trot," said Allen as he went on his way, rejoicing.

Not a Bull Moose.

O. H. (acting as judge in trial)—"Mr. Miller, this is the third time I have had to sentence you. What have you to say for yourself?"

Miller—"Nothing, your honor, except that I am unalterably opposed to a third term."

STUDENTS, ATTENTION!

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of Jennie
Brice”

Watch for the
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Mock Trial
in the next
Cascade

Funny Stuff

Prof. Burns—"Put a diagram on the board."

Miller—"I'm afraid you won't recognize it."

Bartlow—"What does ecstatic mean?"

Logan—"Oh, that's when a person loses consciousness for a few minutes through joy."

Miss Logan, in Economics—

Mr. Logan, say you give me another example now so the company can obtain a monopoly on ice."

Mr. Logan—"By freezing out competition."

Mr. Satterfield, telling dream in English class—"And I saw my dear brother whom I threw my hands around."

Prof. B., in Geometry—"Well, Mr. Chatley, when you get through sparking we will go on."

High School Life from Shake-

peare.

Freshman year—"A Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore year—"Much Abo-

ut Nothing."

Junior year—"As You Like It."

Senior year—"All's Well That Ends Well."

Just Imagine.

Jack Woodon a fast

Rideal, Language with a growth

instead of a smile.

Flick and Nora drinking "weak

Postum."

Morgan minus Lena.

I have no folly to be displayed.

For I'm a subscriber to the Cas-

cade.

By dishing the manager 75 cents.

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Then, too, don't forget

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Full many get ups come along,

Some of them right, some of them

wrong.

And some are what is called a fad,

Some of them good, some of them bad;

But it, of course, must be confessed,

Some things are better than the rest.

Mr. Settler, telling dream in

English class—"And I saw my
dear brother whom I threw my
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16

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Freshman—Short pants; scared looks.

Sophomore—Flabby ski cap hair;

Juniors—Week-end of girls and proms.

Senior—Lefty looks; work no more.

Mildred laughs the livelong day.

Pray, don't think her simple.

Rachel B. to Jack W.—"Honest, Jack, a milkshake isn't anything to eat." In German Class.

Miss Marston (explaining the meaning of a word in German)—

"Herr Haslam einen Schnurrbart?" Althea—"Er hat einen kleinen Schnurrbart." Oliver Haslam and his best girl were seated in a buggy, one evening in town, watching the people pass. Nearly every one who passed the buggy would look over at the young lady and remark: "My, that peasant girl looks good tonight. She's right little closer as you can wish it better."

W. A.—"Hattie is so changeable." W. M.—"What's the matter now?"--"You see, she told me she didn't like anything about me and when I proposed she said, 'I like your voice.'"

Albemarle, Program Committee.

Lillie P.—"From whom shall we get quotations for our next meeting?"

Max Valentine—"Lowell."

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King Bros. Co.
Correct Apparel for Men

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There's always "something new" in the line of property at this store.