March 1st, 1915

The March 1915 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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ROSS MARCHE CASH GROCERY
Saves you 20 per cent on your Grocery Bill.
Also - Gives Green Trading Stamps.
GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

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We give you the benefit of our 23 years of experience in FINE SHOE REPAIRING. We also make Shoes to order.
REPAIRING—Men’s Half Soles, $1.00; Ladies’, 65¢; Boys’, 45¢ Up
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Builders’ Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Oils, Paints, Glass,
Granite and Tinware, Pipes and Fittings
Yours for trade,
C. W. CHRISTENSEN.
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TRY IT!
The Ross Barber Shop
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TONE BEAUTY
Piano making of the most advanced type makes possible the tone beauty of the Haddorff. The exceptional character of the Haddorff Tone is most appreciated where severe demands are made. This is illustrated in the following:

"In the Rockford College Conservatory we now use one Haddorff Grand and fifteen uprights. Of this number five uprights have been in use for nine years. *** I wish particularly to speak of the wonderful tone, richness and sweetness of your uprights, which are steadily improving with the years, so that the older pianos are most beautiful in their rich, even tones.

T. MARION RALSTON, Musical Director"

You can hear this instrument of wonderful tone richness at this store.
You love music. So why not come at once?

EILERS MUSIC HOUSE
Third and University
Seattle, Wash.
We Want a New Name for our store.

One suggestive of a College store like ours.

Can You Name It?

If so the Pleasure is Yours.

Write the name which you consider the most appropriate on a sealed envelope with your own name inclosed in a slip of paper. Bring it to the store not later than next Wednesday, March 24. Every student in the school is asked to suggest a name.

On Thursday, March 25, at 4:30, the New Name, which we choose, will be announced formally at the store, and the large $1.75 box of Imperial Chocolates now on display, will be presented in the form of a gift.

Should the chosen name be suggested by more than one person the prize will be given to the one who first presented the name.

Everybody is invited to the Christening performance. Remember the time—Thursday, March 25, 4:30 P.M.

The Ross Stationery & Printing Co.
2310 Third Ave. West

"Whatever You Do -- Keep Sweet"

Stokes

912 Second Avenue

Candy Lunch Ice Cream

Trust.

Oh, Holy God Most High, I put my faith in Thee, Nor fear I grief or trouble's clouded way; Secure I rest and know that o'er life's stormy sea Thou'lt guide my bark, not let it drift astray.

I do not know, nor can, the meaning of these tears That fall like rain in Autumn's chilling blast; I only know, my God, through all the weary years Thy love will guide me to my Home at last.

I do not, will not doubt Thy love, tho' oft I weep, And seeming to rebel against Thy ways;

Content alone, dear Lord, to follow with Thy sheep And know Thy voice, my Shepherd, and obey.

Oh, yes! I put my faith in Thee, my God on High, Nor fear to boldly press on day by day;

For when my sorrows are the deepest thou art nigh To strengthen and sustain me on my way.

So fearing not, but trusting only in Thy love, I rise unconquered by the sea of grief;

Affliction's waves beat strong, yet can not move, They cannot shake my firm, steadfast belief.
It was in the fall of 1776 in a little cabin in Southern Pennsylvania. "Daniel, it is time thee were getting up," Daniel turned over. "So! is that going to get up?" This time a grumble was heard. "Come! it is high time thou went up and about the work." Soon the youth appeared—before her—a tall, strong boy of barely 15 summers. "Then wilt have time before breakfast," was her only comment. He donned his coat and cap and started. He milked the cows, fed the calves and then started for the house. But he noticed the horses were minus their morning meal. He turned to get the feed and as he did so something attracted his attention.

On some bay and near the side entrance of the barn lay a man. Daniel stooped over the motionless form. The face was white and deathly pallor—a shiver ran through the manly frame—and all was over. He muttered, "This has a dozen stalwart men; trust will not be misplaced." He turned, and deliberately walked away.

The dispatch—Page four
He stopped. and fell his full length. Upon examination he found a small can on which he had marked the interview and spilt its contents over the warm bed covers. He was not at home! He was dead certain of that. There was no longer. He sank clown in the bottom of the can. But he could hold on no longer. He sank down in the bottom of the can and was soon unconscious to his surroundings.

The sun was high in the heavens when the boy awoke, and then it was not in the little round bottomed can. He was in a small room destitute of a splendid feather bed and covered to the neck with warm bed covers. He was not at home! He was dead certain of that. There was the Indian camp and the boat, but what came after and how did he get there?

A large rough-looking man entered the room. "Vill, boy, you waked up, did you?"
"Tell me where I am and how I got here, please," stammered the bewildered Daniel.
"Vill, now, I kin out this mornin' and sawed the boat drickin' down the river, and so I jest had her in act four' yo', chile."

Just then there was a knock at the outer door and the man left the room. From the conversation that followed Daniel learned that General Washington with his army was camping just ten miles from there, and that he, Daniel Green, was in the house and under the questionable protection of a Tory.

His host again entered the room. "Now, boy, I have to go to my work and won't be back afore night. Make yourself at home. There's sum wittles in the box.

"Well, I can thank my lucky stars for that," muttered Daniel, as he prepared for travel. He felt in his pocket for the papers. They were gone! His face turned ashy pale as he fell on his back. The next minute Daniel stumbled to the door and spoke the words that the boy cherished to his dying day.

"You've given us the clue to Cornwallis' plans. You have done nobly, God bless you, my boy."

The sun was high in the heavens when—The Cascade—Page six

Mother's Love.

A pure, innocent child he stands Behind his mother's knee. With face uplifted to the sky In sweet simplicity.

She hears him say his prayers at night Beside his little bed; With wailing heart she prays to God That he by truth he led.

He grows into a noble youth; He knows a mother's love. The teaching of his childhood days Into his being woven.

In manhood's prime he still is firm; In righteousness is strong, Drawn to the right by mother's prayers, A victor o'er the wrong.

How sad the state of human hearts, Out in this world of woe. Who never knew a mother's love— That heavenly overflow.

Elsie's Awakening.

Margaret Jane.

Elsie sat in the big window seat and watched the rain as it beat against the pane. She had been feeling fine all day, and it seemed like everything was going wrong.

Of course, she loved mother, but it seemed too bad that her mother should get sick right at this time. "If she doesn't get well soon all my plans will be ruined," thought Elsie. "I have worked for two summers and saved up money enough to go to college, and now, just as I am all prepared to go, this had to happen. I don't care," she thought, "I do not think it is fair."

"Elsie," said a sweet, familiar voice, "mother wants to see you a few minutes in her room upstairs."

Elsie arose rather reluctantly and went to her mother's room.

"Daughter," her mother said, "the doctor has just left, and he said if I keep still a few days he thought I would be all right again. I will not be entirely well, but I will be able to take care of the family again. So don't worry, Elsie, for you will be able to go to college. I am sorry that this happened, but I think everything will terminate all right."
"I am glad to hear, mother, that you will be better soon, for I was certainly feeling blue about college. I will do all I can before I go, and I think if you keep quiet that you will be well in a few days.

With this Elsie pulled down the window shade to make the room darker, covered her mother up more closely, and left the room.

In a few days she was ready to go, and her mother was up again, resuming the cares and burdens of a large family. Although she was careful and worked about the house as usual, yet she was far from well, and needed Elsie at home to help her. She realized it, but would not say anything because she did not wish to interfere with her daughter's plans.

Elsie, full of ambition and elated with thoughts of college life, seemed indifferent to the condition of things at home.

At last the morning came for her to leave. Everything was packed and ready, and she was as happy, it seemed to her, as she could be. As the train pulled out she waved a last good-bye to her mother, and soon all of the cares of home were lost in the dreams of the future.

Her college life was just what she expected it would be. Every day was filled with pleasure and joyous anticipation; she never once thought of the cares and burdens that her mother was carrying. She was favored and flattered, and became very popular, which greatly pleased her. She was pretty and also quite talented, but too much flattering had made her proud. Day after day it was the same, always living for herself and saying that her mother was well, and needed Elsie at home to help her.

The dear old College Bell

The dear old College Bell
has seen its day.
Its voice is harsh with age;
While once it played a merry tune,
Now it has passed that stage.
Old College Bell, with sad regret
We speed thee on thy way,
While we see more young maidens take the place
And ring a newer bell.

We cannot blame the College Bell
For making such a change,
For since the College Name is changed,
The Bell must change its Voice.

Elsie fled from the room and, going across the hall to her own bedroom, she threw herself down upon the bed, nearly frantic with grief. Suddenly she got down upon her knees and began to pray. For hours she struggled and groaned. She told the Lord how wicked she had been and begged Him to forgive her. It seemed like everything was black and she was in a cloud of despair. At last the victory came, and she knew that Jesus had come into her life to abide. The peace and glory that came into her heart was such as she had never witnessed before.

A few hours later she came down stairs and told her father of the wonderful change that had come into her life, and with tears and thanksgiving they knelt down together and praised the Lord.

Elsie immediately stepped into her mother's place and bore the cares and worries her mother had once carried. The Lord greatly blessed and helped her in her work.

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Did you ever stop to think of the great labor, sacrifice and responsibility involved in running an institution like the Seattle Seminary and College? You, as students, enjoy the privileges of attending and reaping the benefits of years of struggle, improvement and progress, but do you appreciate the heritage that is yours? And if you do appreciate it, do you ever give expression to that in such a way as to make the heavy burden lighter, and encourage those who are endeavoring to give you assistance and instruction along the pathway to knowledge?

Do you feel grateful to your instructors for their willingness to sacrifice and give you their best? If so, why not act as thought you were thankful, or even more, why not speak an encouraging word here and there? Who can tell how much sunshine and warmth there is in a kind word spoken in due time?

The Cascade—Page ten

Published Monthly during the school year by the Associated Students of Seattle Seminary and College.

Vol. V Entered at the Seattle Post Office as Second-class matter, Feb. 16, 1911

STAFF

Burton Beagle Editor-in-chief
Sam Troutman Exchanges
Vina Smith Societies
Celestine Tucker Locals
Wm. Robinson Missionary
Laura Dubois Joshes
Florence Alberts Alumni
Winfred Thuline Art
O. R. Haslam Business Manager
Floyd Hopper Associate Manager

No. 6

Perhaps you forget that the members of the faculty have burdens and serious problems to solve. Indeed they have many that you know not of. Do not look upon them simply as the ones who give and enforce the laws and regulations of the school, but look upon them as true friends who are ever ready to give you a helping hand and a word of encouragement, and treat them as such.

True, they are deriving themselves of many innocent pleasures and good times for the success of the school and the success of every student in the school, and this sacrifice can be made smaller and smaller by a true spirit of appreciation and thankfulness on the part of the recipients of these blessings.

Our most worthy president is a man who has great responsibility resting upon him and many times he feels it keenly. He is very busy and does his best to relieve the time. And perhaps you fear you would bother him if you took the time to stop him and thank him for his interest in you. But I am sure that his big heart would rejoice and would leap for joy to know that his efforts were not in vain and were not made without receiving appreciation. This is true not only of our president but also of his wife. What great good these two persons have brought to the school is beyond our power or ability to tell, but we are sure that they will receive great rewards in the hereafter if not in this life. We can say with truth and sincerity—

Though our labors here may part us,
And our paths may distant lie,
Still we e'er shall be united;
Bound by friendship's tender tie.

Now everyone try to scatter a few seeds of kindness and notice what beautiful flowers will be found along your pathways and listen to the gentle notes of laughter which are indicative of the smiles of the soul. A “thank you” costs so little but is worth so much. Try this way of making great profits with little capital. None are too poor to enter this corporation. Each share brings large dividends. Where could you find a better offer or a better business?

The last chapter of the continued story, “Loose Conquers All”, will appear in the next issue of the Cascade.

We were surprised last Thursday morning with President Beers’ announcement that our Alma Mater had received her new name, which had been decided upon the evening before by the Trustees. Henceforth her name shall be:

“SEATTLE PACIFIC COLLEGE.”

The popularity of this name was called into question by a rather weak applause from the Student Body.
The Students' Voluntary Missionary Band has not been very active this year. But as a band we feel the need of more active service than simply studying to fit ourselves for foreign work. What we are here at home, we will be to a large extent on the field. Feeling this to be true, we recently reorganized and judging from the enthusiasm shown we will yet accomplish a good bit this year. Our president has arranged for the band to hold missionary meetings in some of the smaller churches where the members are not often favored with a missionary address.

So, while stirring up the pure minds of our brothers and sisters to the needs of the foreign field, we will be gaining valuable experience and knowledge that will later be of great benefit to us.

The Western Washington Student Volunteer Conference which was held recently in the Y. M. C. A. building, University of Washington campus, Seattle, was one of inspiration and delight to all who had the privilege of attending. The committee on arrangements spared no pains in securing excellent speakers for the occasion, and no one who heard these addresses can ever forget the messages of zeal and eloquence, direct from knowledge the needs of the foreign field. We look down on no one and we challenge no one and endeavor to let judgment begin at home first.

With love and charity for all and malice for none, we wash into the dark river of "Is-questions" A. B. C. essays, orations and English criticisms.

The shore is only some three months away, and I guess we will be able to hold our breath of expectancy while we are receiving our June Thon. Then we shall all go our homeward ways, talking to ourselves or hit the high places, perhaps, I reckon.

On that grand day of June the second.

JUNIORS

Well! Well! One more month has passed and still we are plodding along in the same old way.

"Knowing that you are all anxious to hear about the Junior Sophomore hike, we will say that we had an exceedingly fine time, and are looking forward to the spring months, when we may be permitted to have many more equally good times.

In the future when some of our plans are being matured, you will see what momentous things we are doing now.

SOPHOMORES

"With rushing winds and glossy skies The dark and stubborn winter dies; Didding her earliest boughs arise, Far-off, unseen. With rushing winds and gloomy skies The dark and stubborn winter dies; Didding her earliest boughs arise, Far-off, unseen."

Yes, March is here. It was with mingled feelings we read the notice on the bulletin board and realized that February was a thing of the past, that Grand Day was enduringly distant and that March is at hand. We have had but little experience with this month, and we are a little ashamed of our ignorance.

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"March!"
enough to publish.

Any hikes? Why, sure. I almost forgot. Thank you for reminding me. Hark! The Juniors and Sophomores had a joint hike Washington's birthday, and talk about "eats." But, there! Don't be afraid. I will not aggravate you with an elaborate account. We were at Schmitz Park and despite all disadvantages had a simply GLORIOUS time.

Say, not to change the subject at all, there's some mighty curious proceedings going on in the Freshman class. A little bird told me the other night that at least two members of the class were frequently found at the city library lately. My, how happy their teachers must be to think they take so much interest in their studies. Wouldn't it be glorious if the Sophomores had a few such scholars?

Well, I'm afraid the editor will feel like wringing my neck if I keep this up, so I will stop abruptly.

Oh, yes! If any of you have freshies—take pleasure in referring you to Bob Graffe. "Takes 'em all off without leaving a trace."

FRESHMEN.

The Freshmen Class reports "Hard at Work." We returned from the hike refreshed in mind as well as body, and have resumed our respective duties with a determination to do our best. We realize that "Labor conquers all things."

The day spent on the hike to Ballard Beach was enjoyed by all of the class, as was proved by the many interesting and varied descriptions read in English class the following Tuesday.

Yes, our class is very busy. You are sure to hear more from us soon.

Prof. Stillwell and the students were especially pleased on Feb. 17 with a mandolin solo by Miss Vina Smith. Prof. Stillwell said he liked soft music like the piece just rendered, so his romantic sentiments are not all gone.

Following this Dr. Davidson, a prominent physician of the city, gave a very comprehensive lecture on our city's water system. He showed it to compare very favorably with the water system of other cities and aroused much interest in such vital questions of the home and city.

As an institution we are well favored with musical talent and recently enjoyed a mandolin solo by Miss Faneel.

The need of missionaries in different lines was most forcibly impressed on our minds by a recent lecture from Mr. McClellan in which he proved conclusively that the need of teachers, doctors, preachers, etc., in foreign countries greatly exceeded our own, and gave the students of America the S. O. S. or call of distress from heathen nations.

Anything along the line of special dinners is always held with delight by the boarding students and after the report is over their only regret is that their storage room was too limited.

The farewell dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Thomas on Feb. 24 was a very enjoyable occasion and the music from their Graphanola was a special treat.

If we seem to regret our prominent presidencies to the rear during the usual routine of school work, they become pre-eminent and almost immortal on their birthdays. If our first president could have stepped on the scene of action Feb. 22 he could have hardly helped from feeling flattered at the smiles, pats and parties which were going on. Each class did something unique and despite a few showers they all reported a good time.

I am sorry to report that mumps are again in style. If you seek a sign, look about you.

Societies

ALPHA CLUB

Our club meetings have been the seat of some very animated business discussions this month. One of the problems confronting us was a choice between membership in the Alexandrian Literary Society, and the Philo and Aletheps clubs. The final vote placed the preference with the Alexandrians.

In addition to our other troubles, our president, Oliver Haslam, found it necessary to re-open his office because of his manifold duties. His mantle has fallen upon Ward Fosho, president of the Senior College Class.

Our national holiday, Washington's birthday, found the college and senior high school students joining forces in an indoor picnic dinner and an after dinner tramp. We had a splendid time in spite of the rain.

The high school and college seniors are finding a mutual bond of interest uniting them as they prepare to make the final rounds in the arena of the first college graduating class, the next few months holds for them no end of work and problems to be done and readjustments to be made. Commencement is already a subject of discussion and the coming weeks will no doubt spell much for all of the college students.

ALEXANDRIAN

The Alexandrian literary society called a meeting just before the close of last semester and elected officers. Our highly esteemed officers were as follows: Mr. Stephens, president; Mr. Harold Mann, vice president; Miss Celine Tucker, secretary; Mr. Clifford Deeny, treasurer; Vida Siaggs, musical director; Margaret Jones, assistant musical director; Mr. Fred Gill, marshal; Prof. Marston, program censor; Cora Smith, cascade reporter; and later Ethel Smith was elected chaplain.

The new semester started off with new zeal and literary enthusiasm. The club is divided into two parts with a committee of three at the head of each. The private programs given have been fine, the interest is good. All are taking hold with an excellent spirit. Long-lost-track-of talents are being resurrected and polished so you will hear from us soon in a more public way and we expect to give you the very best we have.
some unique plans
are going to do something. Now it isn't all talk, either. In fact, we aren't saying much now, but we sure have some unique plans “up our sleeve” for the fair spring days. There's going to be something doing and that before very long.

And when something happens, you'll all know about it. But don't be excited now, for some things may never happen. You know there are several things to be taken into consideration, among which are—Well, perhaps you have all planned something, only to meet with disappointment, so I need not mention “the might be hindrances.”

But I'm quite sure we’ll find no obstacles in the way for something just must happen and it sure will happen. I think, if nothing happens, if nothing happens, if nothing happens.

And if you happen to be on the watch, you'll sure know all about it when it happens.

So, if nothing happens and it happens and you happen; great things will happen.

Now, just wish you knew how this happened. We have had this happen.

And if you happen to be on the watch, you'll sure know all about it when it happens.

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In glancing over the reports from the various clubs and societies of the school we often find just a few lines concerning the activities of that particular club with an added apology something like this: “Look for a better report next time,” etc. Groundsday day has passed with us at a long time ago and I venture to say you have been asleep if you have not heard of what we have been doing.

To begin this semester we elected Billy Robinson president, Harold Mann vice-president, Sam Troutman secretary, Wesley Thomas treasurer, Harry Oughton marshal, Cliff Denny chaplain and your humble servant for the first session we were entertained in a most delightful manner.

Our first meeting was presided over by Father TIME, who spoke amusing the reins of government from the old officers and gave them over to the new. The inaugural address of the new President Robinson and the farewell address of the ex-President Gill were delivered in connection with the register program. Our next (second) meeting was held at the home of our president and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Beers, where, after the business session we were entertained in a most delightful manner. Mrs. Beers spoke to the society concerning the present work being done, also of the success she believed was in the future for all of us. President Beers also addressed us after complimenting on what his wife had said. He told several instances in connection with Lincoln's life which were of profit to us all. Refreshments were served (by “unseen”) after which the company adjourned, giving ample assurance that the evening had been a most pleasant one.

THE PHILS

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ATHLETIC NOTES

The notes for an "All Seminary basketball team gives the following results.

Forwards—R. Beagle and L. Oughton.
Center—V. Stewart.
Guards—H. Oughton and W. Thomas.
Substitutes—H. Mann and F. Gill.

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experience while gaining this end is often very embarrassing—poor things the often need our sympathy.

"The Adventure of Shyf" displays good talent.

Cardinal.

That February Class Issue was—great. Poems "Lincoln" and "Life is What You Make It," were excellent. And then the class poem should come each Senior who reads it to every one. "Driver: No. 4" is a good story. Your "Class Prophecy," in poetry, was quite good—but your motto can hardly be surpassed by any of other. "What You Make of Yourself, the present European conditions."

"The Wish, " by Horace, is inspiring and elevating to those who are trying to benefit their fellow men.

A Genius of T. H. S. Such talent ought to be duly esteemed.

From the Domestic Science Report, your school surely produced some excellent cooks.

PROTECT YOUR EYES!

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

Do you realize that lack of concentration, dizziness in school and loss of memory are mostly due to Eye Strain?

STUDENTS need a good Eye Specialist to overcome Muscular Eye Trouble, Eye Strain, Headache, Blurred Vision, Infected Eyes, Nervousness, Dizziness, etc. We have many Student Students as Patrons. Ask the Students! Glad to consult with you. My charges are reasonable.

J.W. EDMUNDS, Opt. D.

Phone: Main 2174

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Millican, W2 and 05, now missionaries in China, are hoping soon to see them again in Seattle, although it is not yet certain whether or not they will return for a furlough.

Rev. John Pradley is serving the Milford circuit of the Southern Oregon conference in a very acceptable manner. We should all be delighted to see his five little children, full of life and fun. By the way, did you know that he is a "Hi's" uncle?

Lee Oughton (as the boat was sinking)—Say, do any of you fellows know how to pray?

M.:-Yes, I do.

L.:-Well, you pray while we put on the life preservers, as there is one lacking.

Prof. Burns—He was the daughter of a woman who was a protestant prince.

Prof. M.—"Hadn’t you better go on the cat?"

E.:-"Oh! I look so awful."

Prof. M.—"Why are you the best looking one of us."

E.:-"Of course—did you say Thuline?"

C.:-"Disappearing—Not! Not! Gasoline."

W.:-"Yes, and his wife was such a help for him."

G.:-Surely, they always are.

For information of nonsense, see Grafe, Berry & Co.

G.:-"Just see those clouds. I simply can't get over them."

G.:-"Please may I borrow your knife?"

W.:-"Oh, it’s too "Dull."

G.:-"May I borrow (hers) you."

M.:-"No, you may not borrow me."

Miss M. (in English)—Who was the mother of mankind?

Berry.—The serpent, wasn’t it?

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