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The May 1915 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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The Cascade

MAY 1915
"Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and a waste of it will make you dwindle alike in intellectual and moral stature beyond your darkest reckoning."

Gladstone.

Sincerely yours,

Butterworth Mortuary.
Established 33 years.

TRY IT!
The Ross Barber Shop
3310 3rd Ave. West

PENNANT SALE

All Pennants are reduced to Half Price.
We have two Pillow Tops left at $1.50.
Also a few Girls' Caps at only 60 cents.
Double votes will be given for all sales on these.

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KOLLEGE

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KOLLEGE

Ross Stat'y & P't'g Co.
3310 3rd Avenue West
cover how you can most help her. Save the tired feet from many of 1 s-
steps which you could so easily take. When she has done a piece of
work for you, give her in return a hearty: “I thank you, mother dear.”
Then some evening when you have brought home to mother a beautiful
bouquet of sweetly scented roses, you will be surprised to note she joy
expressed in her smiling face.
Indeed, mother is worthy your love and most careful attention.
The character of a girl or boy may quite truly be judged by the attitude
shows toward parents. A girl of real worth is considerate of mother’s wishes
is obedient and respectful always. The boy who is valued is found to
seek to help her—his dearest friend.

Then some evening when you have brought home to mother a beautiful
fireplace and the songs that mother
had little more than a speaking acquaintance with her.
Mamie walked to the other end of the long hall and knocked at a
door.
“Come,” a voice from within invited, and Mamie stepped into a cozy
room hung with pencurts and bright with cushions covering
 Ruth Parkman rose to meet her guest.
“It is very kind of you, Miss Bobbi, to make a visit. Do sit down.”
Mamie was totally surprised to see the new friend in such a pretty
room.
“Now dear everything is,” she murmured, glancing in an interested
manner around the room. “Why didn’t you tell me?”
Voth Parkman laughed. “You never asked me.”
When Mamie had recovered from her delight and astonishment she
stated her errand. To her surprise Ruth seemed delighted.
“Be sure I will go,” she replied eagerly. “Tomorrow night, you
say. It is very thoughtful of you to ask me.”
“T’ll call for you,” Mamie shouted over her shoulder as she sped to her
corn room.
“This is my fun!” she said to herself as she closed the door. “I feel
good already. My, I didn’t know she had such a sweet room. I am
absolutely ashamed of myself—for not going before and she is a regular dear.
I know I’m going to like her awfully well.”

The next evening Dorothy stood at the door of the music room,
where the mix was to be held, and looked anxiously about.
“I wonder where Mamie and her friend are. I don’t see either of
them.”
Then, making her way to a little group, she asked:
“Where is Mamie?”
“Hadn’t come yet,” one friend volunteered.
“No one knows she is bringing Ruth with her,” she said to herself.
There was a commotion near the door and a chorus of voices
hailed in:
“Here she is.”
And there she was—but,
“Who is that with her?”
“Well, I declare if it isn’t that new girl.”
“Look at what she is wearing.”
And indeed every girl was doing that very thing.
“For shame,” Dorothy said to herself. “So think that she probably
had nothing to wear. That’s a better looking dress than I ever pos-
seemed to forget at how smart she is.”

Dorothy said to herself.
In a moment the door opened and a stream of girls flowed out of
the room.

The New Friend.
Kate Stanton.

Mamie Bobbets leaned forward in her chair and addressed her friend
seated opposite.

“Look here, Dot. it’s a shame the way we all neglect that new girl.”
“New girl,” her friend replied, “she’s not new any more. She has
been here three weeks.”

“Well,” Mamie responded, “she’s new as far as most of us are con-
cerned and it’s a shame, I tell you. We ought to take her in and
invite her around to our rooms, show her our pictures and penants and star-
books and draw her out of her shell.”

“She is in a shell, all right.” Dorothy responded vigorously. “She
never comes out and tries to get acquainted.”

“Who is to blame? It is our place not hers, to make approach,
and I am ashamed of myself to think of the way we have all left her
alone. I’m going to ask her to the mix tomorrow night.”

Dorothy made a wry face. “Pretty big undertaking, isn’t it? Sup-
pose that she has nothing to wear—nothing suitable.”

“Well see,” Mamie replied merely as she disappeared down the hall.
Mamie and Dorothy were Seniors in the Atwood Boarding School.
The new girl, Ruth Parkman, was a Senior also, a new addition to the
class, who had not seemed to fit in with the rest. Even her classmates
A Visit.

Aunt Addie.

It had been years since I had been at Aunt Addie's, so I was glad when the old house came into view and the farm lands lay before me. I noticed with delight that right beside the front porch was the pretty bus with the Joyce Roses on it and the same old elm with Roots spreading over the ground that John and I had played beneath many long years ago.

Aunt Addie met me at the door and ushered me into the vestibule which extended the length of the house. "Mabel's father, Howard, fixed this Hall," she said to me.

I noticed as I had hardly started to walk to Auntie, whom Lucille, the black housemaid, announced dinner. Auntie went to the backyard and took down the old dinner bell, rang it vigorously and put it back on its place. She informed me that the men would soon be in from the field because that bell could be heard all over the farm. "It's Jesse's Bell," she added, "the one that died."

The men soon came in and after I had greeted Uncle I was introduced to the rest. "This," said Uncle, pointing to a dark-haired youth, "is Morton, the son of Matthew, and this," pointing to another, "is Will, the son of Robert. You remember them, don't you?"

It seemed strange that I had once played with these two schoolmates, but I remembered them as soon as they entered the room.

The dinner was excellent. Aunt Addie is such a fine cook and knows just how to make the right things in the right way. We had an abundance of Gracey and fishes with the Gulf taken off that Sauces, as Trinman, had sent. And some delicious Berries that Auntie had canned.

While we were eating, a pretty little white poule came running in for her dinner. Aunt explained that her name was Lucille and she thought it was the daintiest Kere she had ever known.

Auntie was so stout that one could hardly make it, but I remembered them as soon as they entered the room.

The two men, but I remembered them as soon as they entered the room.

Looking down from the hilltop, we saw Margaret's henhouse, which was brown, with Whitehead and noticed that a battle was raging among the occupants. Suddenly a small hen rushed up and pecked the ground that she used still as bricks, while the Cocks all over the yard. Aunt says fights are very common among chickens.

On the other side of the hill a small river was flowing which we had to cross, as no boat was handy and the bridge was gone, we had to Wade across to get to the Tober's house. This was hard to do as we continually had to Ward off a new kind of crab called Palomino.

We reached the other side in safety and, looking across the fields we could distinguish two figures slowly coming toward us. I readily recognized that one was Bishop James and the other a slender Short girl. Auntie said her name was Genevieve. I was glad to see the Bishop, for he and I had been good friends ever since the day I lost my pony by the roadside and he found it for me. His hair was white and he walked slowly, but otherwise was as natural as ever. The two returned a short distance with us, while the Bishop told me of many of my old friends.

The Codzee—Page 9

"Is Arnold living?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, "and he still Hawkins to sell." Many a sunny day had I spent within the cozy shelter of Arnold's shop. I was informed that my old friend and playmate, Prentice was Simler and happy. A short time after the Bishop and General left us we met a Man, with Esther, whom she introduced as Mr. Rook, the Town Singer at the neighboring mill. While talking with them I saw my friend Lee taking my favorite call, Business to Slaughter. The sight no doubt was that when Lee came up to me I had wept nearly of tears.

On our way home Aunt I fell into a discussion as to which horse was the better, King or Art. Uncle settled it by saying that King was Wild but Art was Wilder. I stayed only a few days, but shall never forget Aunt Addie and the old farm.

The Natural.

Walt M. Johnson.

I love the natural lake with rocky shores, Where I may glide at ease, or strain my oars, Or simply sit and drift and watch the scenes That God has flashed so real on Nature's screens.

I love the natural rose with crimson cheeks, Whose fragrance bows across the woodland creeks. Where daisies grow and grass back thick and green, Where I may simply lie and think and dream.

I love the natural bird that sweetly sings And flies at random on its pretty wings, And the unbounded elf that mile along In blue-tint gulfs and wooded mountain slopes.

I love the natural music as it comes From untuned boughs and water-dripping drums, Where winds arise and swell in anthems deep, And make my soul bow at the player's feet.

I love the natural part of everything That naturally is, for only truth it brings, The mock and imitation do not last, For nature lifts hypocrisy's slim mask.

I want a natural heaven when I die, Where I can see things with the naked eye, Perhaps I may not sit eternally, And bathe my feet beneath a shady tree; But if in busy spheres of future life I find my spirit quickly to arrive, From this old world we call deplorable, I'll shout for joy if things are natural.
The Cascade
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Editorial.
The Washington Annual Conference of the Free Methodist Church convened at Everett April 20 to 25. Those who were permitted to be in attendance will not soon forget the occasion. Our beloved Bishop Pearce presided over the conference, and we were very glad that his health had so improved that he could be present with us again. His conference addresses were very inspirational and helpful to all who heard them.

Because of various questions outside the usual routine of business which occupied considerable time, there was an adjourned session Friday afternoon, Saturday afternoon and another Saturday evening, the appointments being read off after 9 o'clock.

The work of the school was taken up on the conference floor and occupied considerable time, there was an adjourned session.
SENIORS.

The experiences of the Seniors at the closing of the year is of a peculiar and varied description, but the same old story is to be told and that is, the month of May finds them in work piled up to their eyes. Some of them are really too busy to look pleasant. Perhaps that is how the word "dignified" originated.

We are beginning now to realize the significance of Longfellow's philosophy on existence when he said "Life is real, life is earnest." For as we see it, there is no end to reality especially the financial reality. Nevertheless we are glad that we have not failed to comprehend that, in opposition and conflict there is only a stimulus to progress and achievement.

Business meetings are the special things that are ringing in our ears right at present and "dinner" and "frogs" is generally the chorus sung as the close of every session.

But of course we can't find joy in everything, so we feel like quoting the words of Pope as our true conception of school career.

"Condition, circumstance, is not the thing. Illus is the same in subject or King. In so who obtain defense or who defend. In him who is, or him who finds a friend."

JUNIORS.

We have something very important to tell you this month and really it is so important that it must be mentioned first: Our brilliant tennis players, Celeste Tucker and William Robinson, gained the desired victory over our worthy opponents of the illustrious Senior class, in the recent tennis tournament. The grandstand was filled to its capacity and even the bleachers were crowded with enthusiastic spectators. It is needless to say how intense the excitement and the enthusiasm of the Juniors was.

I will stop right here to say that when the Juniors see a small sign fluttering on the bulletin board, they may not know that their appearance in room 2 will be greatly appreciated.

SOPHOMORES.

The Sophs certainly enjoy some excitement. Then you know what's in the heart will come out and so is how it all happened.

We held several class meetings and tried to be serious, but honest Injun, the president could hardly hear himself think. Then also we were honored with the presence of some of our noted Freshmen at a couple of meetings.

Now I know you will all be curious to know what it was that demanded so much of our time and thought. Well, it was the annual occurrence of the Freshmen-Sophomore Hike.

Hikes always excite interest, so I suppose it will not be out of place to make a few short remarks about this one. We went to Bailey's Peninsula on Lake Washington, where we all enjoyed the beautiful trees, lake, etc. The boundless repast was hailed with delight. We Sophomores condescended to leave a good supply of 'dill' pickles for the Freshmen, as some of them had a tendency to get too sweet. This is no more than can be expected, considering their inexperience. They say the reason we ate so much cake was because we needed a lot of sweetness. Well, no wonder! See who we had for company? We enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon and returned home with fine appetites.

FRESHMEN.

The Freshmen are progressing slowly with a motto before them that slow and steady wins the race. The vacation seemed to revive us for the long strain preceding the final exams and commencement.

The Sophomores joyously lowered their dignity by allowing us to attend two of their special class meetings. Well, the result was we had a "hike," and the Sophs were generous enough to have us plenty of 'dill' pickles. We should worry—sure and sweet goes well together and I am sure from outward appearance the Sophs needed all the cake they could eat. But after all of the trials of the day we enjoyed the change quite well, and we'd like to have another pleasant day before we part from our peace-loving sophomores.

On April 9 Dr. Bottryp of the University gave a lecture in the assembly on astronomy. He showed the relative sizes of the earth with the sun, moon, Venus, Saturn, Jupiter and other planets. He also explained the seasons, eclipses and other interesting things. We were all greatly astonished to learn that it would take eight months to reach the moon at 1,200 miles a day. To these laws of nature he also gave a spiritual application.

The following week the II singing class displayed their advancement in musical tones by singing "The Lord Is My Shepherd," after which Miss Edna Lawrence of the science department gave a lecture on different phases of that subject, explaining many laws of physics, and also gave a demonstration of how sound could be made from chemicals. It was so cold that some of the students thought their fingers were burned after touching it.

Spring vacation began the afternoon of April 21 and lasted till the first of the week. Many bikes and picnics were planned long before vacation, so when it came they were immediately carried out.

The first night four daring young ladies, two of whom were teachers, spent the night at the beach and reached home a little after breakfast was over.

On the 22nd Miss Laurence's botany class, with a few invited members visited the violet field near Tacoma and returned laden with the objects of their quest.

Nearly every day a faithful few shouldered their tennis rackets and trekked to Woodland Park, where they enjoyed many exciting games. With picnics, hikes, an auto party, an evening at the University, and the many other recreations, the vacation was a grand success and enjoyed by all.
Societies

ALPHA CLUB.
Upon invitation, at our last meeting, the club migrated in a body from the usual meeting place to the home of our faculty member, Mr. Marston. The enjoyment of the evening was increased by the presence of the high school seniors before whom we gave our program. A paper on our “Washington State Institutions” was read by Mrs. Newton. We enjoyed also the two speeches from the Seniors. The Club round table discussion in which all have a voice has become the central number at each meeting. The question at our last meeting was “What factors determine the choice of a profession?” The arguments became quite animated until the time for discussion was up.

Three cheers for the second of June, 1915.
What is an air race as a dry in June
When the second of June is that day.

PHILS CLUB.
These are busy days for the Phils. Not only are we interested in debating the current and lively matters that we choose to discuss but we busy ourselves with out-of-door activities, such as tennis, base-ball, sitting on the lawn, etc., etc.—something which nature supplies before us as a diversion from student routine. We have held several meetings in the past month, most of which have pertained to business matters. For some time, we have felt the social era’s arising within. This was made manifest by giving an invitation to the Athelepians to take supper and spend an evening with us. This took place on April 2 (last). We enjoyed ourselves in the fullest, possible sense and join heartily in wishing our sisters the greatest success during the remaining weeks of the year.

ATHELEPIANS.
There’s sure enough to talk about this month. First and greatest and something never to be forgotten was the evening spent with our brother “Club.” We had the privilege of hearing from our friend Miss Tucker. One very interesting feature was the political campaign, which aroused every latent feeling of enthusiasm and for a time all were up and doing. The tide was sure high, when it became quite evident that we were really being entertained by future presidents answears.

Then the “Phils Cafeteria,” which was so unique, was of special interest to all. We were served most handsomely and if ever Atheta didn’t get her fill (Phils), no one could make her better herself. It was all really delightful and considered a bright spot in the history of our club. We do extend to our worthy president and that eats commitee and taxpayers, each and all our sincerest thanks and appreciation for their very successful and kindly efforts.

ATHLETIC CLUB.
The boys’ single tournament is progressing well and soon we hope to know who is the best single player in tennis at the S. P. C. Results of all the matches will be published later.

The Cascade—Page Twelve

On the 17th the Juniors’ tennis team, represented by Miss Tucker and Mr. Robinson, won from the Seniors in two exciting sets.

The Juniors were always in the lead, but the playing of the Seniors made the games “too close for comfort.”

The first set was 6-4 for the Juniors. The next set was possibly the longest ever played in a tournament here. When the set was over we found the Juniors had fourteen games to twelve won by the upper class man.

Miss Da Rosa and Mr. Mann did great credit to their class in their playing.

No one can afford to miss any of the tournament matches.

Easter Sunday was a joyful holiday with it came a little daughter to their home. We offer our congratulations.

Rev. Ralph Miller and wife have been returned to the Ashford circuit for another conference year. It is reported by one of his members that he does most excellent work and is well liked by all his people.

Apparently the ministers of our Alumni Association are worthy of their calling and make very acceptable pastors. Rev. C. S. McKinley is a highly esteemed at Wentehee. We, however, that he also was returned to his field of labor. He is now experiencing the creation of a parsonage at that place.

Miss Maudie Welton, a graduate nurse of one of the Spokane hospitals, is at home with her parents in Ticor, Washington, for a short time.

T. C. Smith was seen in Everett the other day.

Chris Booth has been teaching school at Ksouwick, Washington, since last March.

It was with deep regret and much sorrow that we learned of the death of one of our most loved members, Miss Mabel Peterson. After graduating from the Seminary in 1900, she attended Grinnell College and completed her education at the University of Washington. Last year she taught in Pasco, Washington, and at the beginning of this school year again took up work at the University, but became of failing health she was compelled to leave, and went to live with her brother at

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Lake Chelan, where she remained until shortly before her death. She passed away at the home of her parents in Seattle. The bereaved family have our deepest and most heartfelt sympathies.

Lutheran Normal School Mirror

You have the strongest looking basketball team I have seen this season and from the writeup they are certainly doing fast work.

The page entitled educational does not appear in most of our exchanges. It is very instructive and highly appreciated by all our literary students.

The Purple Pennant

The change in the heading of your High School Notes is quite attractive. Although the first I have noticed of its kind, I like the comment you give your basketball players.

Hilltop

Your cartoon "Our School in 1959" reveals a good insight into the future, at the least.

This is one of our new exchanges and we appreciate its value very much.

Hesperia11.

Your quality of paper in Junior Number is the best among our exchanges, our own paper inclusive. Anyone should be an expert fisherman after reading "Salmon Fishing at Oregon City," it is so clearly explained in your article.

Your joshes are especially fine this month.

The World.

Yours is a neat classy paper—just one suggestion. It would add greatly to its appearance if you would mail your paper in an envelope proportional to its size instead of using the wrapper.

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