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The February 1914 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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LITERARY
Rosalie’s Perfect Day
Charlotte Morrison, 13

ROSALIE’S PERFECT DAY.
All was now sadness where once happiness had reigned supreme. Rosalie and her mother could find no solace for their great trouble. Just two months ago Rosalie’s father had been buried. The sweet music of life seemed hushed. They could not see that behind the clouds the sun was still shining nor could they realize that all things work together for good.

It was nearing the time of the year for college to resume its work. Rosalie had always looked forward to the day when she could leave her old home a while and go away to school in a different city. She had studied hard during her four years in high school and had graduated as the valedictorian of her class. But now all these college day dreams were ended, for she could not think of leaving her mother alone, and the adjusting of her father’s finances had left only a moderate allowance for the two to live on. They really were heirs to a large fortune but had been cheated out of it.

Rosalie was not strong enough physically to work and study both while attending school. Nevertheless she decided to keep a brave heart.

“Mother,” she said, “there is a large library. I will spend most of my time there. I can travel round the world with the men who write on travel; they can tell me of all the wonderful sights and other great things. I can become better acquainted with the great minds of the past. Life was not made for sorrow although it is not a bed of roses. But some sorrows need never be. Let us try to forget some of ours and live, mother. We cannot afford in this short life to pine away, can we dear?” She kissed the sweet face of her silver-haired mother.

“Yes,” said the mother. “You are right, dear daughter. It is the difficulties we overcome which make our characters. We will trust in God and He will keep us from sorrow and want. He will take care of your father who has gone to live with Him in a brighter world.”

One day a letter came to Mrs. Murdock and Rosalie. It was rather a surprise to them, for it was from one of Mr. Murdock’s brothers whom they had thought dead. The letter told them that he intended to visit at their home in the near future, probably within the next month. This was happy news indeed, for would they not be glad to see Mr. Murdock’s brother? He would have so many interesting things to tell, for he was a bachelor, who had spent most of his time in traveling. Mr. Murdock had more than one object in his visit though, but this he kept a secret until later.

So the large old-fashioned home was soon put in readiness for their guest. On a bright morning on the first day of September the door bell rang. Rosalie in her little pink lawn house dress, answered the call, and who should it be but a fine looking man of about middle age and it was her uncle. Rosalie was happy to see him. She called to her mother to come in the parlor quick, for uncle was there. They welcomed him cordially and for an hour they were so busy talking...
they almost forgot their great trouble.

Mr. Murdock looked at Rosalie's sweet smiling face. Her simple dress, her waving, golden hair, which was twisted in a neat coil in the back. He noticed the great respect she showed her mother, and how kindly she treated her. He noticed the prevailing neatness of the house. After dinner he said: "that he had never tasted a more delicious meal," and it had all been cooked and served by Rosalie. He admired her from the first. He thought, "if she is as good in character as she looks and acts today she will surely win." He contrived her with her proud, haughty cousins, who would not think of cooking a meal, or serving one. He noted how intelligently she talked and what fine choice of words she had. He could see in her the making of a noble woman.

Rosalie's uncle stayed with them for about three months. On the mild autumn afternoons they either went for long walks, or drove. Rosalie always pointed out the interesting and beautiful scenery. They became companions. In the evening Rosalie sang and played for him. She always kept her gentle refined nature. Rosalie told him her college dreams and how she thought they never could come true. She told him her joys and sorrows.

Now it was nearing time for her kind uncle to leave, although he did not like to go. But he must travel to Europe now, for he was writing a book and needed some more facts for it. He had visited with all of his nieces and one object of his visit had been to pick from them the girl whom he thought was of the best character and noblest in every sense; for he he going to make a present which would be most suitable and useful to the person. He called Rosalie to him and said:

"Rosalie, you have won. Here is a check for $2,000. He then proceeded to tell her what part of his purpose of visiting with them had been. Now you can go to college. You win because I have found you to be the most worthy of it. I have also strengthened my father's business so that you and your mother need not worry over money matters. Your mother's cousin is coming to live at your home and take care of your sweet mother. Now your college day dreams can all come true. I know you will use these four years to the best advantage. Some day I am coming back to see you again, but I must leave tomorrow for New York and sail from there to Europe. Good-bye, my worthy sweet niece. You must write to me often and I shall write to you and tell you of all the important and interesting place I shall see."

Rosalie felt as if she was in a dream, but she hoped she would never awake from it. She thanked her uncle very much, but never could make herself believe that she was worthy of such a gift. She loved her old uncle and she was very sad when he had to go. So they had to part. But the thought that some day she would come again gave her encouragement to make the very most of her four years at college and truly she did.

Now four years have passed. Rosalie is a beautiful and accomplished young lady of twenty-three. At school she had renewed the acquaintance of Dick Markel, whom she had known in childhood. In one year they are to be married and then travel for a year for their wedding trip, after which they will live in the town where she had spent most of her life. There a beautiful home is being built for them.

Tonight we see Rosalie, her uncle, her mother, cousin and Dick sitting by the fire-place talking of the wedding trip. They think of Mr. Murdock, who is dead. Happiness and sadness come to them, but now once more happiness reigns supreme.

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Sweet music fills the room, for Rosalie is singing and playing "The perfect Day."

"When you come to the end of the perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thought.
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought.
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part?

"Well this is the end of a perfect day
Near the end of a journey too
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true.
For memory has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we bid at the end of a perfect day,
The soul of a friend we've made."

Reminiscences of Ministers' Children

Zephyra's Trip
By a Presbyter's Daughter.

At last everything was ready for our long-expected trip; even the lunch was packed. Mother and sister had just finished putting on my coat and hood, so we children, my two brothers and I, were ready to go. Still the "good sisters" who had come to help mother not ready, remained. It was only a short time until the train would be due and since it was quite a distance to the depot, father told my sister, who was a grown girl, to take the three children to the station as the children could not walk as fast as older people.

Bidding farewell to the "dear sisters" who had so kindly aided us, we went on our own way to the station, where we waited for father and mother. Time went on and they did not come. My older brother, a mere child, who was carrying a ten-pound pail of cookies for the "baby," proceeded to spill them on the depot platform. With some difficulty he managed to gather them up, and sister placed the pail over them and gave him an earnest exortation not to go through the performance again.

A whistle in the distance announced the coming train, and every one seemed excited, but we were doubly so, as the train came in and father and mother did not come.

"All aboard!" and the train pulled out, leaving us on the platform greatly disappointed.

In the meantime, on the opposite side of the track, our parents, supposing we were on the train, were hastening with the greatest rapidity possible, and as the train pulled out father had gained the step and was endeavoring to pull mother upon it, but just as he was

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almost exhausted a gentleman came to his assistance. As soon as they went into the car father glanced out of the window towards the depot platform, and who should he see but his four children dearly standing there?

What could now be done? We knew that our parents would stop overnight in Seattle, so after spending a restless night at one of the "four sisters'" homes, early in the morning we took a carriage and had a driver take us to a station a few miles away, where we might get an early train. The driver told my brother that he would throw him into the lake by which we passed. This greatly excited me, but proved to be a joke.

When we got off the train at Seattle, we were met by one of the young men from the Seminary, who had been so kind as to meet all trains coming in from our section of the country. What a sight we were,—the young man, my grown sister, we three youngsters, and a number of packages and bundles and the ten-pound half of cookies. A hint man called out: "Hotel Washington, Family Apartments!"

At last we arrived at Fremont, and as we went up the street our father met us and again we were joined in a happy family reunion.

"Why that's—" Beth asked as Jim drove up with the wagon from town.

"Oh, there were several letters for father. "The Journal" and a letter for you and one from Cousin Harold to me, telling of Uncle Robert's death."

"Poor Uncle Robert! I wonder what Aunt May will do now."

"I'm sure I don't know," Jim answered. "There's a letter for father from her and I suppose she will tell him her plans. There he is now."

Then he called "Oh, father, here's some mail for you."

Mr. Carlton came slowly towards them. After reading over the mail he looked up and said:

"Here's a letter from Aunt May, telling of her husband's death last week. She is undecided now where to go, so I think I shall write and ask to have her stay with us if it is satisfactory to you both."

"But will be delightful," Beth said joyously, "For what do you think? The principal of the Crystal Lake Academy has offered me a scholarship if I would come and go to school, but I didn't say anything because I didn't know how I could leave—"

"My dear," her father interrupted, "if your Aunt Mary comes, you can surely go. Besides I have been thinking of your education and I think we could arrange for you to go any way."

The letters were written inviting Mrs. May Bighton to her brother's home and informing Miss Wood, the principal, of Beth's intention of going to school. The former replied that she would be only too glad to come and keep house for them. So it was with great delight that Beth again made preparations to return to school.

One day, not long after Mrs. Riston's arrival, while working in the kitchen she heard a knock. She opened the door. There stood a rough-looking specimen of humanity wearing a crushed derby hat. Long streaks of mud with dots and dashes helped to completely disfigure his countenance. Beth suddenly heard a familiar step on the gravel outside.

Just then Mrs. Riston exclaimed, "There he is again and he's coming towards the house. Run and get your revolver."

Beth rushed over to the window where her aunt was standing.

"Why that's—" and then she stopped.

"Do you know him?" her aunt asked in astonishment.

"Know him? I should say," and a queer smile came to her face.

"Oh, who is he?" but before Beth had time to answer, the stranger
kicked and she went to the door.

"Good afternoon. Come right in," she said.

"Oh, please excuse me, I'm not fit to be seen, I know," he began with a hurriedly deprecating glance at his clothes, "but I had a humiliating encounter with a mothball and I thought maybe you wouldn't object to loaning some of your brother's clothes. I guess he and I are about the same size."

"Oh that's all right. Come right in."

"It always seems as if I come to you folks every time I fall into a dilemma."

"Well, a friend in need is a friend indeed," as the old proverb goes, you know," remarked Beth.

Then she turned to Miss Rishton. "Oh, Aunt May, let me make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Graham."

"Mr. Graham, my aunt, Mrs. Rishton," Then she exclaimed. "Oh there comes Jim." As she spoke he opened the door. Half way in he stopped stock still and for a minute eyed the visitor in astonishment.

And then,

"Why, Raymond Graham! Where have you been?" Beth hastened to explain the incident of his arrival and they all enjoyed a hearty laugh.

"Well I'll tell you all about it when I am a little more presentable," said Graham as Jim led the way to his room.

A few minutes later they returned. Graham looking a great deal more like his old self—the refined and interesting young gentleman he was, and joined Aunt May and Beth in the cozy living room which had grown quite familiar to him during the past few weeks. He told of how he had happened to get into such a plight and remarked in conclusion:

"No more jumping over fences into swampy land for me."

"And to think that I should ever have taken you to be a tramp," May Rishton laughed out. "By the way," she inquired, "did you ever live in Terra Hauto, Indiana?"

"Yes, until about eight years ago we moved to Seattle."

"You didn't know anyone by the name of Mary Graham, did you?"

"Well, a girl by that name used to come over to our house quite frequently. I was just a little child and didn't know her so intimately, as she was quite a little older than myself."

"Would you be surprised to know she was?"

"Well, well, and to think I should meet you here. How did you ever know me?"

"By the resemblance to your older brother and I knew you had all moved West. Of course after I was married I left Terra Hauto and lost track of you folks."

Then he and Mrs. Rishton renewed their old friendship and Beth occasionally joined in with some of her quaint sayings. And so they talked together. Beth had to leave and finish her packing as she was soon to start for school so soon.

The next morning she was again on the train southbound to the scene of her highest aspirations and hopes, but this time she had "the friend that sticketh closer than a brother" with her, for Christ remained supreme in her heart.

Her arrival at the school was hailed with great delight as she had always been a favorite with the students and teachers. Her school life began again in earnest and she progressed with great speed winning for herself the highest honors she could attain to. School life was monotonous but "its a long road that has no turning and Beth soon found a "turn."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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3. Deportment shall be taken into consideration in determining the standing of students in the above-mentioned classes.

4. Students who are absent from their classes more than three times will be conditioned in their work until satisfactory arrangements are made with the teachers.

Here is certainly abundant incentive to ambition and uniformly high grade work.

Do you know, I believe in a pronounced spirit of pride in school work. There is no light, cheap vanity nor conceit in this pride I speak of, but it is a fine outgrowth of self-respect and self-control. A great many students imagine they are becomingly modest and humble when they belittle their abilities and efforts. It certainly is a false attitude and unjust to ourselves. None of us are so brilliant or so important that we can afford to either undervalue or overestimate our real capacities.

In our school work nowadays it seems to matter so little to students if they receive an inferior standing. They boldly tell their low mark or failure, and offer some weak-kneed explanation without shame.

Where is our good, old, warlike school pride? It is certainly a crime to waste our time in school life, and then boast of the results or even pass them lightly by. We will never receive credit for what we can do, but we are rated as to how far short we fall. Never boast of what you can do and don't. Do something and then let it speak for itself.

This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"Washington" is a watchword, such as never shall sink while there's an echo in the air.

—BYRON.

LOCALS

Here is something to cheer those of the Freshmen and other classes who secured grades of twenty or thirty on their exam papers: Remember "It's the little things that count."

Miss Mae Robinson is coming into the dormitory to live this semester.

Rev. Dewey, conference evangelist, is in charge.

The Fremont Hardware Co. celebrated Seminary Day on the afternoon of Jan. 18. Quite a crowd of students were there to enjoy the various splendid types of art on exhibition. Several of the pictures represented the skill of former Sem. students. After several piano solos by Louise Ward, Velma Sanders and Wade Folsom, also some songs by the College Male Quartette, Mr. Thomas Lough, manager of the company, passed fruit to each one present. We came away feeling that Mr. Lough would be a good friend with whom the students could profitably deal.

Revival services began Sunday morning with favorable omens.

The Freshmen took a hike last Friday, January 30. It seems that on the way as they approached the point nearest Green Lake, Mr. Thomas got lost or in some way strayed from the flock, and it grew quite late before he found the path that leads home.

An interesting service was improvised at morning chapel Feb. 2, in which each member of the faculty gave a speech upon the subject they taught, and the reasons why it was the most important. Two songs were sung by Miss Perry. Mr. Anderson, of the Seniors, rendered a reading about "Oatsmobile" that caused ripples of laughter over the whole assembly.
CLASS NEWS

All of the other classes and clubs of the school live, move, and have their being, and the college classes are striving to do college work as creditable as the academic students have heretofore done their preparatory work.

One of the fine things that happened along to cheer us up and remind us that we have living, thoughtful friends, was an invitation to hold our last program at the home of Miss C. May Marston. The time came and behold we all assembled, every Alpha member. After business was dispatched we had a simple program. Some of the new features of the program were, a song by the ladies octette, a discussion by Misses Skuzie and Alberts, a paper by E. A. Haslam on "Social Service," and a paper by Mr. Koudo on "Marriage Customs in Japan."

But the things which we will be more disposed to remember were the refreshments. Coffee that was good enough to convince even so staunch an abstainer as Mr. Pease of its virtuous quality. Taffy was also provided. For quality it ranked with the coffee, in a class by itself. Miss Lawrence, our faculty member was with us.

Miss Skuzie will live with the family of R. D. Hill this semester and attend school.

Miss Lois Cathey, on account of her father's ill health, will be out of school for some time.

O. R. Haslam has contracted a serious case of heart trouble. But the treatment that he receives at and near the Minor Hospital seems to give him considerable relief.

Willard—He is bound to smile. Can't make him look sad. What does he like, by the way? Snider's catch up.

The studious ways of Misses Burns and Cook have secured for them grades to be proud of. Seems that they are Sophomores. But being a Sophomore doesn't seem to work such wonders on the masculine part of the class.

New shelves and a fine newspaper cutter add a look of thrift and a touch of finish to the equipment of the Ross Publishing Company. Business reports of the concern show marked prosperity.

Miss Lena Skuzie entertained the Merry Hearts at a Kaffe Klatsch in her apartments in Adelaide Hall one evening not long ago.

Academic Department

Seniors.

The last issue of the Cascade stated that our class pins were coming by freight, however, this error should be corrected. The order is being sent by freight.

The Seniors spent a pleasant evening at the home of one of our class members, Mary Millican. Some showed their skill in drawing, singing and playing on the piano. Others gave us lessons in eating rice with chop-sawy sticks. Having been given a box of blocks, one young lady built a plan, on the rug, of her future home.

O you seniors!

Juniors.

Before exams we were on the brink of sorrow for we feared the

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un timely departure of our class president. His excuse was that he couldn't stand "between two fires." Exams are now over. He's going to stay.

Sophomores.

We have all "passed" the exams, i. e., they are a thing of the past.

Freshman.

Notwithstanding the temperance atmosphere Miss Matson has become addicted to a harmless beverage.

We regret to announce that the high standard of the Freshman class has been lowered by the departure of our noble and courageous "Bert."

Under the supervision of Mr. Jones, we organized a hike which will long remain in the minds and hearts of the hikers. It was with deep regret we learned that Mr. Jones did not feel disposed to accompany us. However we arrived at Fort Lawton and stood on the lonely seashore and gazed at the sky so blue. After resting, we retraced our steps homeward.

We are now as sheep without a shepherd since our beloved "Pawnee," being weary in body, has departed for a fairer clime. Nevertheless he will long remain in the hearts of his parishioners and all who know him.

Freshman Debating Team - The Winners

George Cofer
Sam Trenchman

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Societies

Alexandrian Literary Society

The present officers of the Alexandrian Literary Society are as follows: President, Walter Scott; vice-president, Burton Beege; secretary, Mary Johnson; treasurer, Wade Folsom; musical director, Mary Cathey; assistant, Mr. Whitehead; marshal, Mr. Davis; censor, Prof. Marston; Cascade reporter, Helen Johnson.

The first regular semi-annual program was well prepared and received the hearty applause of the audience. Some of the numbers were novel and especially interesting. The vocal solo by Herbert Smith, the readings by Carl Anderson and Nellie Morgan, and the oratory by Miss Smith. The biggest feature of the evening however, was the regular annual Freshman-Sophomore debate. There is always intense excitement in the atmosphere on this occasion, and this proved no exception. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That the Rapid Awakening of the Magdalian Race is Perilous to the Caucasian Supremacy of the World."

Affirmative—Sophomores—Mr. Mathewson, Mr. Retsos, Mr. 

Negative—Freshmen—Mr. Coffee, Mr. Troutman.

The Sophomores put up a plucky fight but the Freshmen won the day.

Athenian Literary Society

The last program of the semester was given January 9, 1914, on which occasion we had a very pleasant and profitable time. The music—a vocal selection by Miss Kathryn Whisner and piano solo by Misses Vina Smith and Misses Edwards—was greatly enjoyed. Speeches, improvisations and other similar numbers were given. Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Violet Haviland were very interesting members on this occasion. There's a reason.

Alumni Association

Miss Ellen Kiddle, '06, visited the Seminary January 23. We were glad to see her again.

Another Seminary alumnus will receive a degree this year. Mr. Will Hobdy, '25, is a Senior in Reed College and is as brilliant as ever. Mr. Everett Trousdale, '11, is also helping to represent the Seminary at Reed College.

Mr. Fred Collins, '07, and his wife are making good on their ranch at Musque, California. We know that their many friends will be glad to learn that they are getting along very well.

Mr. Rollin Cochrane, '11, and his wife, Mrs. Mabel Barnhart Cochrane, '11, are assisting in religious services in California by their noble gift of song.

Miss Lois Cotton, '12, is still pursuing the path of knowledge.

The University of Washington is the scene of her present exploits.

EXCHANGES

Would you like to hear what other papers have been saying about us so far this year? We will quote a few typical criticisms, both favorable and otherwise:

From the "Vista:" "The "Cascade" of Seattle Seminary is a neat paper. The literary material is also good; we are reading with interest your continued story.

And again from the same paper: "We wish to compliment the 'Cascade' on the attractive manner in which their Christmas number is gotten out. The literary contributions occupy a large portion of the paper, as they should, and are of distinct merit."

Listen to this from the "Pacific Star:" "The 'Cascade,' a monthly publication from Seattle, Wash., deserves praise for its punctuality and completeness. Though it is not excessively large, we cherish it very much. Good taste is manifested in the arrangement of the December number, and the matter itself is well worthy of recognition. The thoughts on 'Friendship' are fittingly compiled.

The "Home Coming" appealed to us as a well written short story, with great probability and vivid references to experiences.

This is what: "The Cardinal" says: "The 'Cascade' possesses one of the most beautiful covers we have seen as yet this semester."

The "Purple Pennant" pays a tribute to our paper. Here it is: "Your serial story, 'Beth,' is just another feature which brings out the excellent qualities of your paper."

But listen to this from the "Crucible:" "The Literary department overshadows the rest of the magazine. Don't you have any athletes?"

The "Adjutant" has yet another criticism: "You are one of our best exchanges and always have a very artistic cover. Your stories are especially good, but a few more jokes would help some."

Here is something else from the "Chevron:" "A very neat paper. A few more cuts would add to it greatly."

We are criticised for lack of cuts, but fail to see where we are behind in this line. We have been urged to find more jokes, but we fear that too many take away from the neat and literary polish for which our paper is complimented. As to the lack of athletic news, and the compliments on our literary department, this is a natural result of the fact that Seattle Seminary and College stands for intellectual scholarship above everything. Nevertheless, we are not ungrateful recipients of our friends' opinions. "Honest praise is never blotted," and "A word to the wise is sufficient." In both cases we endeavor to be wise.
We still prefer to call it Wherta. But thousands dare to call it Where to.

And some do care to say Hoo-alta.

We cannot think of calling it Hoorta.

It makes us hear Heerta.

All wrong Alberta.

Name is Wherta.

We are pleased to note that some of the Freshies are making good use of the exchanges for their English themes.

Stewart, returning home late one evening, was greeted with the fragrant aroma of coffee issuing from an adjoining room.

"Now for my bread and butter and the smell of coffee. Such a feast!" he sighed.

A school-boy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I would like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward and the downward strokes light."—Ex.

One rainy afternoon Aunt Anne was explaining the meaning of various words to her young nephew.

"Now, an heirloom, my dear, means something that has been handed down from father to son."

"Well," replied the boy thoughtfully, "that's a queer name for my pants."—Ex.

During the latter hours a reporter sorted the columns of the classified page. This is what he saw:

WANTED—A furnished room by an elderly lady with electric lights.

WANTED—A room by a young man with double doors.

WANTED—A nice young man to run a pool room out of town.

WANTED—A man to take care of horses who can speak German.

FOUND—A lightweight gentleman's overcoat.

WANTED—A boy who can open oysters with reference.

WANTED—An organist and a boy to blow the same.

After the sermon on "The very hairs of your head are all numbered," little John's mother saw him laying one hair after another on a piece of paper. To her question he said:

"Why, the preacher said our hairs were all numbered, and I haven't found a number on any of mine yet."—Ex.

"Your money or your life!"—Agnes Schnelder (rushing to Wade Folsom), "Your money or your life!"

"Oh, my life."—Wade.

Merey a Matter of Spelling.

"You said the accent was on the last syllable, "the word 'mule' is only 'male' spelled wrongly."

Bachelor: "I suppose so, but according to the Latin dictionary, a 'roman' is 'mulier.'"

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The Cascade—Page eighteen

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Miss Hunter (to her pupils): "I
don't believe you could sit up
straight if you were running."

Ruth (to Mr. Koudo): "Age be­
fore beauty."

Miss Hunter: "That's all right; go
ahead."

Ruth (to Mr. Koudo): "Age be­
fore beauty."

Miss Hunter: "That's all right; go
ahead."

Ruth: "Yes, I know."

Miss Hunter: "Yes, I know."

Ruth: "Yes, I know."

Miss Hunter: "Yes, I know."

Did You Ever­
Hear Ed. Haslam laugh?

Notice that Miss Hunter was
walking.

Hear a Freshman grumble?

Mother: "Willie, why don't you
let your little brother have your
sled part of the

Willie: "Why, I do. I take it
down hill and he has it com­
ing back."

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