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The June 1914 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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1914 YEARBOOK

The CASCADE

QUADRENNIUM NUMBER

JUNE 1914

1913-14

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Seattle, Wn.

June 1914.

The Cascade

Published Monthly during the School Year
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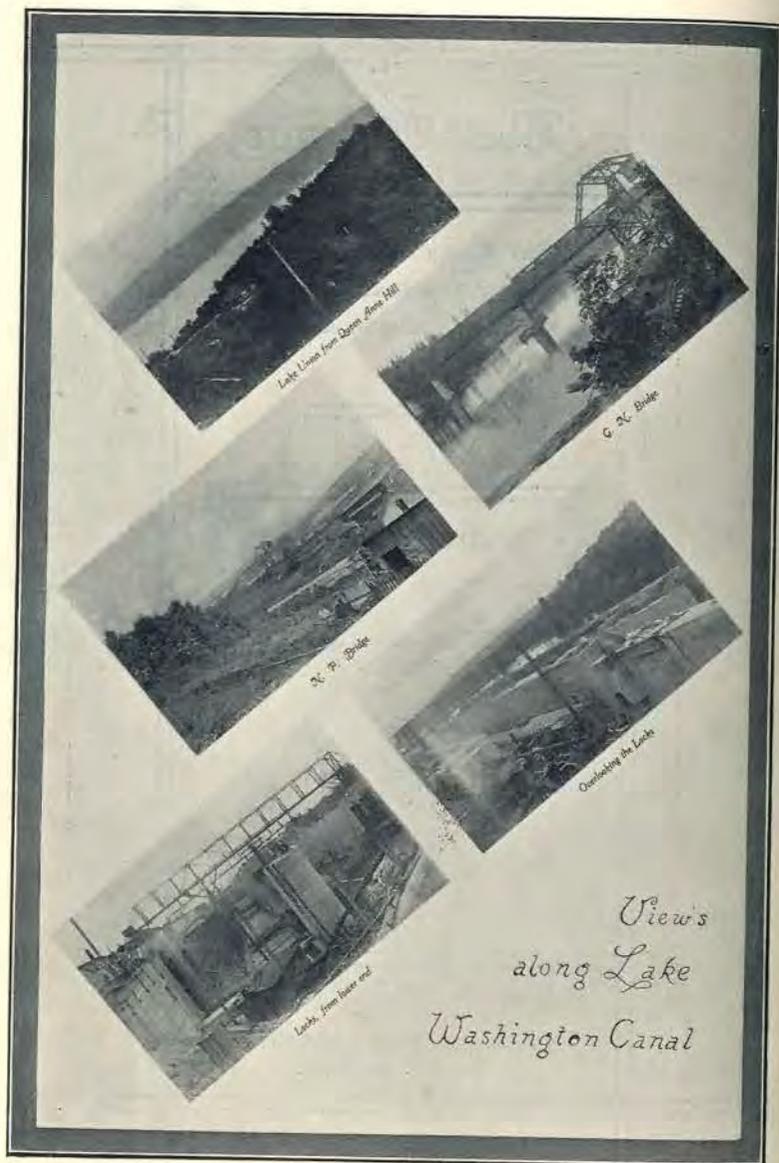


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THE DEAR OLD SEM

(School Song)

E. A. Haslam

Anon.

Musical score for 'The Dear Old Sem' (School Song). The score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. The first system shows the piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef. The second system shows the vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The third system shows the piano accompaniment continuing. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a clear melody and accompaniment.

Far away in the west, among the wooded hills,
There's a place where our hearts shall ever be;
Where the warm sun's bright rays glow on the ocean waves
As it sinks down to rest beyond the sea.

CHORUS:

Oh, let us sing of the dear old Sem,
For fondly we love it still.
We shall sing every day, while our glad hearts shall say:
All hail to dear old Seattle Sem.

In this place by the sea, among these wooded hills,
Stands in glory the school we love so dear.
There the wide shady walks wind thru the campus green,
And the trees scatter shade most everywhere.

In the shade of the trees, along the winding walks,
There we stroll dreaming dreams of future joy,
And when long years have flown as in the world we've roamed,
Then its memory will linger in our minds.

Literary

A WONDERFUL WESTERN CITY

Helen Johnson, '14

"The foundation of Seattle was laid in a woman's tears," wrote Prof. Edmond E. Meany, in his history of the State of Washington. Thus weeping from loneliness, Mrs. Arthur Denny was discovered by her husband, on a dismal November morning in 1851. The reason for this group of pioneers arriving here, was this: In Iowa, a sickly young man named John Holgate read of the marvelous western country, by Sergeant Cass in his "Lewis and Clark Expedition." He set out with a party of Quakers, and reached the Willamette Valley in Oregon. Here, Holgate heard from an old trapper of the Puget Sound district, and set out alone, hiring an Indian to take him down the Sound in a canoe. He spent two months cruising around the Sound, and at the end of that time staked a claim at the head of Elliott Bay. On his return to Willamette Valley, he gave such a glowing description of the country, that a few of the pioneers determined to go there, and the Dennys were among the number.

They first named their colony New York, but as expansion seemed slow, the Indian word "Alki," meaning "by and by," was added. Finally New York was dropped, and the town was named Seattle, after a friendly Indian chief.

The first house was a log cabin without any windows. The pioneers did their shopping in Olympia, a little struggling village, where they went in Indian canoes for supplies. The pork and butter came around by Cape Horn, flour from Chile, and sugar from China. Once they were without bread for six weeks. The eastern mail came by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and it took two months to get an answer by return mail. The first ocean mail line was Indian canoes, which plied between Olympia and Seattle. The pioneer women were compelled to do all their own work, as the Indian women did not know the civilized ways of doing things. They could not learn to iron, and would put the colored clothes in with the white clothes to boil. At this time the Dennys owned a cow pasture on Second Avenue.

The most trying ordeal was the battle of Seattle, Jan. 26, 1865, on which occasion, men, women and children were huddled together in one of the old block-houses, which was located near the corner of First Avenue and Cherry Street, the spot where the Starr-Boyl building now stands.

In 1869, Seattle was nothing but a landing with 1,000 inhabitants, but it boasted of one university, with only one professor, and a limited number of pupils. Rev. Daniel Bagley was the originator of the University of Washington idea, and to him is due the credit for the erection of the building that has served the state so nobly. A. S. Mercer was the first president of the first University. Three weeks before the opening of school, he hired an Indian canoe, and traveled three weeks up and down the Sound, trying to induce young men to come to school. He agreed to pay them \$1.50 for chopping a cord of wood if they would come, and he succeeded in getting twelve men. He also solved another difficult problem for the young men of Seattle. The young men began marrying Indian squaws, as there were hardly any young white women here. Mercer figured that many women and girls would be orphaned at this time, as this was the last year of the war in the States. He then went east and the first time brought back twelve young women. Two years later he made another voyage, and after overcoming many obstacles, brought back fifty-six damsels. He himself fell victim to the charms of one of these and afterwards married her.

Not until 1886 did the Northern Pacific operate a regular passenger train to Seattle. The people waited and hoped for the railroad, offering the company money and land valued at \$717,000, but the company selected Tacoma as the terminus. The despairing people, men, women and children, gathered together and planned to build a railroad from Seattle to Walla Walla. In four years thirty miles of road were built. James J. Hill spent \$400,000,000 on western railroads. In 1883, Mr. F. H. Osgood built and financed the first street railway. Seattle was the first city in the United States to install electric street railways in 1889. The street railway system of Seattle has reached its present state of efficiency through the efforts of Mr. Jacob Furth.

No American city has ever been visited with a more devastating fire than that which swept over Seattle in 1889. Not a building was left standing, yet the citizens gathered together and planned a greater Seattle. One-fourth as much earth has been taken out of Seattle in regrade, as taken out of the Panama Canal, \$18,000,000 being spent in doing this. James A. Moore is called Seattle's "Empire Builder." He planned the leveling of Seattle.

Seattle now has the largest clay products plant, the largest shoe factory, largest jewelry manufacturing plant, largest flouring mills on the Pacific Coast, and the largest condensed milk establishment

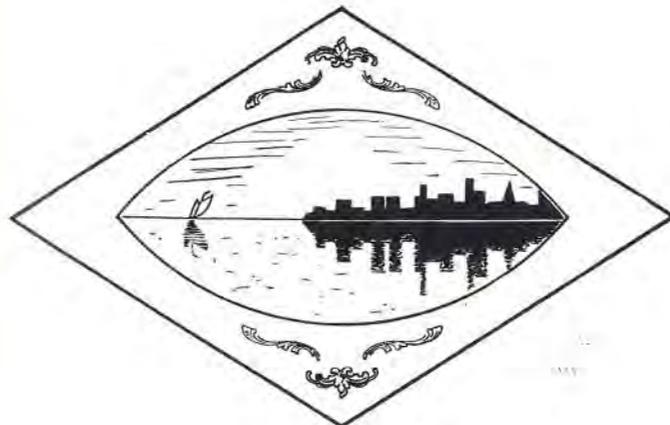
in the West. Each year an average of 15,000 inhabitants is added to Seattle, the population now being 302,000. Seattle built one of the first-class battleships, the Nebraska. This task was accomplished by Robert Moran.

There is no other city that possesses three large fresh-water lakes within its corporate limits, while at the same time is almost surrounded with salt water. Lake Washington is 28 miles long, and from one to six miles wide. Lake Washington canal gives Seattle 75 miles of fresh water harbor line.

The waterfalls of the Cascade mountains furnish Seattle's electric power.

Seattle has 30 parks, covering an area of 1,100 acres. The area of Seattle itself is 97.47 square miles.

East of Seattle are the snowy Cascades, west are the lofty Olympics; south is Mt. Rainier. Secretary Seward in his visit to Seattle in 1869, said of Mt. Rainier: "We may wander to the farthest corner of the earth, but the image, the look of that mountain in the moonlight will not wear away."



THE DECAY OF TEXT-BOOKS

Louisa Ward, Col. '17

As I enter my room every evening I am often reminded of my shelves full of books. Fondly I glance at the titles, for books seem to be a part of me and I love them as I would, were they living friends. Glance at the top shelf with me if you will for a minute. Our eyes rove over the names of some of our beloved friends. Ah, yes, these on the top shelf are those I love the most. That can be readily seen by their handy nearness and the well worn pages. How often have we fondly perused them and shudderingly thought of the day when we should have completed the volume and must gently place it with the others, who have shared a similar fate.

Yes, these all once belonged to that dignified class known as "new text books." How these words take our memories back to the dim past—to Professor Burns and the Ross Publishing Company. Ah, yes, those were the happy days when our purses were constantly being lightened of the dollars and half dollars. Eagerly we took possession of our new friend, fondly gazed at the inspiring pages and vainly endeavored to assimilate some of the wisdom contained therein. How beautiful did our friend seem in appearance. We could never be parted from her and she always accompanied us wherever we went, even to our beloved class rooms.

"Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey."

Shall we complete the quotation? Yes, only too true—

"Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended."

For as the days sped by the dark wrinkles of pencil and ink marks came out on her face; freckles of pencilled messages appeared, and the edges of her character became worn and frayed. Her complexion grew sallow. No longer was it the lovely whiteness she had at first possessed. By slow degrees age crept on, and when too old for further service she was placed on the top shelf, there to recall to our mind the happy days we spent together in the past.

Thus is it always so in life. When we have played our part and have lost our usefulness, we are then "laid on the shelf."



A FOREST FIRE

Wm. Stewart, '14

If you wish to see something exciting, something that will cause you to lose sight of the petty cares of the past and involve your mind and imaginations in the present, you should witness a real forest fire. There is nothing that presents a wilder, fiercer spectacle than wild fire in a thick, pine forest, especially during the dry, hot months of July and August.

A friend, and former neighbor, of mine was fortunate—or rather unfortunate—enough to witness the awful disaster which happened to the admirable white pine forest of northeastern Washington, in Pend Oreille county. He was working at a large logging camp, situated on the bank of the river from which the county received its name. All about them were woods, woods; great, tall pines with interlocking branches so thickly covered with needles that they shut out every ray of sunshine.

On this particular morning the crew had been at work for several hours. The teamsters had hauled their first load of logs to the river and were on their way back when a man, coming at full speed on a small Indian pony, made his appearance. Upon nearing the teamsters, he slackened his pace just enough to inform them of their danger, and then spurred the little animal again to full speed. He was the forest ranger, and must warn the settlers of the forest of the on-coming destruction. The drivers, knowing the meaning of wild fire in such a forest, urged their fours-in-hand to a lively pace for the camp. Upon reaching the top of a small hill they could see the monstrous, black clouds of smoke rolling up, and already cinders and burning twigs were descending from the air, where they had been shot by the force of the flames.

When they arrived in camp they found everything in readiness for a move. Leaving all encumbrances, such as the rude furniture and implements of the camp, the entire crew, among whom were two women, boarded the wagons and started on their race for life. Occasionally they overtook a woman with her children, hurrying as best she could on foot to escape death. Such they took up into the wagons and rescued.

The fire came rolling and roaring some distance behind, not burning anything in particular, as far as you could discern, but just clouds of fire, hundreds of feet high, apparently crushing the forest as it advanced.

Once out in the open, the party soon were made safe by cross-

ing the river, which leaves the woods and flows for some distance through the open country.

But all were not so fortunate. The fire, covering an area of forest twenty miles wide and sixty miles long, found many ranchers, hunters, etc., who were unable to win the race with the destructive wave and perished. Such heart-rending experiences as parents being compelled to leave their children and flee for their own lives were numerous. One father, with great presence of mind, put his three children into a ditch which had been dug in the garden and covered them over with cabbage. After the fire had passed they were taken from this vegetable grave, suffering somewhat from their confinement, but alive, however, and unhurt.

Many humorous incidents occurred during the progress of so much loss and misery. Among them is the following:

A young man was just returning from his visit to town when he first saw the approaching and certain destruction. He at once became "rattled," and, instead of improving the time in getting away, mounted his horse, rode up the ravine in the direction of the fire—perhaps to ascertain the extent of it—and then the awfulness of the situation occurred to him and he turned and rode with all possible speed back to his cabin. Fortunately, his little cabin was near a lake in the middle of which was a small island. He unsaddled his horse, locked him in the stable, hung the saddle carefully in the shed and then dashed into the cabin. He grabbed up a suitcase that contained his best clothes and started out; but, remembering that he had a pair of new overalls hanging in the bed room, he set the suitcase down, rushed back and got the overalls and went out another door. He had just fastened the little row boat to its moorings on the island when the fire swept down with a whirl and roar on his few buildings on the other shore. Suddenly he came to himself and remembered how carefully he had locked his only animal in the stable, hung his new saddle in the shed, and last, but not least, exchanged his best suit of clothes for a pair of overalls.

About two weeks after the fire my friend returned to the scene. He could not have believed that such a change could take place in so short a time. Everything now, instead of being green and fragrant with nature's perfume, was black and charred. Not a leaf or spear of grass could be seen; not a bird or squirrel could be heard; all had perished in the merciless conflagration. The streams were colored and tainted from the ashes; the tall trunks of the white pines stood bare and stark, without a single twig to tell that they had recently been alive, nor a natural patch of bark. They appeared merely as great pillars of coal. An inestimable amount of valuable timber had been literally destroyed in the course of two days.

As he related the story I could not help thinking, "Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth."

A WESTERN GIRL'S DIARY

Lena Skuzie, Col. '17

April 13, 1904. Today is my thirteenth birthday. When I arose this morning and looked towards the eastern horizon, my heart was filled with fond recollections of the past year. It has been one that has brought much pleasure and true life to me, although it has been spent far up in the wild hills of the West.

My home is a little log hut hedged in on three sides by tall hills, covered with dense forest. On the fourth side is a deep valley from whence I often hear in the dust of the evening the cry of a cougar in its search for prey. This is one of nature's most beautiful spots, and just the place I want to call home when I shall have left this quiet spot to fulfill my ambitions.

The school I attend is a little brown school house on the hill side three miles away. Every morning I saddle my pony and gallop away over hill and valley, my hair flying wildly in the wind.

The road to school leads through a dark forest inhabited by wild animals, with whom I have become quite familiar, especially the deer, whom I believe return my friendliness, since they are scarcely afraid of me and only canter away when they see my pony approaching. The bear, however, never shows any sign of friendship and Jerry snorts and rears up on his hind legs at the sight of one.

The school house is scarcely more than a shack made of rough boards between which are cracks large enough to store away all my waste paper and pencils when I want new ones. When the afternoon is waning toward evening I peep through these cracks to see if Jerry has come up to the corner of the corral, as is his usual custom. He often snorts and paws the ground with impatience to see the ten ruddy faces appear in the doorway as a sign that school is out.

April 13, 1905. A year has elapsed since I wrote in my diary. During this time my father has started a dairy ranch. It is my greatest pleasure to take Jerry and Buster, the dog, with me to bring home the cattle from the pasture. It gives me a strange longing for the life of a cow girl, since it is full of excitement. Roughing it? Yes it is, and just such a life as I think I would enjoy. Donning my riding habit when evening comes, I whistle to Jerry, who trots eagerly up to the gate and waits impatiently for me to mount. He seems to know just where I want to go, so putting his head down and his ears back he starts off on a dead gallop to the pasture, Buster following at his heels and giving an occasional yelp

of delight.

Apr. 13, 1906. Another year of deepest joys and pleasures has slipped quietly by. But I have not wasted it. I have come in close contact with nature's handiwork, constantly exploring the country till I have become acquainted with every hill, valley and brook throughout the surrounding country. Every day opens up with new beauties and closes with happy dreams of them. Not even have the winter snows prevented me from mounting my pony and wandering off into the hills. On one of these wintry trips I discovered a waterfall in a deep ravine. Leaving Jerry on the brow of the hill, I scrambled down the steep cliff into the ravine. The falls were about twenty feet high, surrounded by icebergs. The projecting limbs were also covered with heavy coats of ice. The ascent from this ravine was more difficult than the descent, and it was only with much toil and many tears that I finally reached the top.

Apr. 13, 1907. I love this care-free West with its flowers and trees and plenty of God's pure air and sunshine. The western girl unlike her eastern sisters, never dreams of the time when she shall blossom out into a society belle. She loves sound, wholesome enjoyment, choosing her own society and companions instead of depending on the social world to bring them to her. My own heart tells me that wherever the conditions of life may place me, I shall always worship at the altar of this the twin-mate of my girlhood, the simple freedom of the West.

Our lives are songs, God writes the words;

We set them to music, at pleasure;

And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,

As we choose to fashion the measure.



RANCHING RECOLLECTIONS

Arthur Thomas, '17

PART II.

After the spring round-up, the cattle were left to themselves until the fall round-ups commenced; the first of these usually being the beef round-up, when exactly the same processes as took place in spring were repeated, except that it would be the fat beef cattle which were chosen out and close "herded" day and night until a sufficient number had been gathered for a shipment.

After the beef round-up was over, the ranges were worked again to gather the cows and calves for the fall branding and weaning. Weaning was simply separating the cows from the calves by corralling the bunch and "cutting back" the cows, leaving the calves safely guarded behind high, strong corral fences; and they needed to be strong, for I have more than once seen a bunch of the calves rushing blindly to one side of the corral fence and breaking down the whole side. The uproar caused by several hundred thirsty calves bawling to their utmost for lost mothers, and the answering calls from those same mothers wandering frantically up and down outside could be heard for miles.

This very briefly describes the actual work of the range system, but there were other experiences which can be recalled, all of which went to make up the western range life. Some of them were decidedly unpleasant at the time; long rides with the thermometer at twenty or thirty degrees below zero; stern fights against the prairie fires in the spring and fall, when sometimes almost superhuman efforts were required to check the flying, burning enemy; the weary hours spent riding round and round a herd of cattle during night and day, herding, when all the ingenuity of horse and man was taxed to keep the herd together—often with a wind blowing cold and strong; exciting hours spent in swimming cattle across rivers swollen with the spring rains and melting mountain snows; and all that swelled the sum of frequent escapes from death and accident which came in the day's work.

Life on the small ranches, where cattle and horses were kept close around, was very different in many ways to that on the big ranches. On the latter the cow-punchers were seldom called upon to do other work than ride and work the cattle on the ranges and in the corrals, the feed required being put up by contractors. On the small ranch the owner had in very truth to be Jack-of-all-trades, combining among his acquirements a working knowledge of farm-

ing, a more than comprehensive knowledge of veterinary science, riding, driving, roping, branding, horse-breaking and, in fact, a general knowledge of how to handle any emergency incident to that life. So there was an infinite variety in the work of a small rancher—which was one of its greatest attractions—so different from the weary drudgery of the life on a wheat farm.

About the year 1898 mange began to show upon the ranges, and the following year stringent regulations were drawn up in order to combat this disease. All cattle were required to be "dipped," whether they were affected by the mange or not, as the dipping acted both as a preventative and as a cure. To carry out these regulations effectually was no easy task, especially in the case of the big ranges. However, the usual western spirit of adaptation to all difficulties overcame the task. Great dipping corrals were built at various points on the ranges and the cattle forced one by one to take the plunge into the tank, which was filled with the required ingredients of lime and sulphur dissolved in hot water.

From the small corrals into which perhaps fifteen head of cattle would be cut off from the large receiving corrals, the cattle would be driven one at a time into the narrow chute leading to the tank, which was simply an extension of the chute, but sunk five or six feet into the ground and boarded in. This tank was filled with the solution and kept hot by a circulating system which carried the solution through pipes to the boilers, situated outside the corral. At the end of the chute there was a sloping plank, and the cattle, once in this slippery stand, were forced to take the plunge into the tank, which would submerge them completely. Upon rising to the surface the cattle had to swim to the opposite end of the tank, as it was far too narrow to permit them to turn around in it. At the far end was an inclined gangway leading to the draining corral, up which they scrambled. After being held in the draining corral until most of the solution had run off their sides, the gate was opened and they were freed for that time. But as the whole process had to be repeated within a certain length of time, but not before eight days, the difficulty of adequately carrying out the regulations can be imagined. The result, however, was the practical extermination of the disease.

About the year 1902 it began to be generally recognized that wheat could be successfully grown on the vast stretches of prairie, which heretofore had been the home, first, of the buffalo, and later of the cattle. Year by year more land was taken up, not only in the plains but also up in the foothills. The result was the cutting up of the ranges by fences, watering places fenced off and shelter rendered very scarce, making it impossible for the old range system to be carried out. However, incomparably more wealth can be produced and a larger population supported by the wheat crops.

It was at this time, however, that the government had the greatest opportunity of protecting the ranching industry by setting aside all the foothill country, which is the greatest stock country in the world, and allowing no one to go in except genuine ranchers. The homesteaders had no excuse for going into the hills, as they could not produce crops sufficient to keep themselves, hence they were mere intruders onto the range territory. Now that the damage is done, an effort is being made to rectify the mistake, but it is almost impossible to find sufficient open range for ranching to be successfully carried on.

On account of this influx of small settlers all through the foothill country it is now quite impossible to see the sights that were common there a few years ago. The great herds of cattle no longer range at their own sweet will in the wide valley and plains. No longer can one take one of those long, glorious rides straight across country in the clear, sparkling air of a southern Alberta morning, with no thought of fences to bar one's way. One misses the hearty good nature and hospitality of the cattlemen. Although in many ways the changes that have taken place are good and are inevitable, the old glamour and romance have gone with the passing of the range, and we, who have lived through those days, often foregather, repeating the old tales until the muscles swell and tingle with the recollection of bygone difficulties safely overcome; and we long to be back in the saddle again, riding the ranges and experiencing the old delights of work among the half-wild cattle.

Forgotten are the cruel winter winds, the deep snows, the swollen rivers. Only the heat is remembered—the clear, starry nights when on "night herd" one gazed at the immensity of the starry firmament and realized, as those who live in cities seldom do, the absolute vastness of space and the infinite smallness of one's own importance in the great scheme of creation; the rides across the ranges on those soft, spring days; the exuberance of the fall air, when every breath drawn seemed like a draught of the elixir of life, exhilarating, thrilling one to new life and energy.

Now, instead of the round-up, we have the threshing machine and the plow, the weary drudgery of farm work, with all its attendant fears and worries, the most frequent visitors being the machinery agent and the collector. We miss the old familiar faces on the range; their places are filled by others—good men, good citizens—but, somehow, not just the same. And now, as one tries to put aside the recollections of the past and settle down to the humdrum life of the present, there still come flashing into the mind the memories of those by-gone days.



AMBITION

Ruth Sharpe, Col. '15

Ambition is the motive force
By every man possessed,
That drives us to our purposed goal,
Or leaves us, drones, unblessed.

It lures Youth's restless, eager feet,
Inspires the statesman's zeal;
It feeds the fire of selfish greed,
Or life's best gifts reveal.

Long, weary hours the student toils
This tyrant to appease,
The miser's guilty love of gold
Brings to his soul no ease.

Yet not for ill, this gift was meant;
'Tis but an inward strength
That bears us, victors, on our way,
Or binds us, slaves, at length.

Quench not its fire, but let it burn;
Be sure your goal is right;
Then work, and live and be the man,
Who conquers in the fight.

BETH

Louisa Ward, Col. '17

CHAPTER IX.

"The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer; the darkies are gay."

Beth was merrily singing the old familiar words to herself as she busily packed her trunk.

"Well you certainly seem to be happy, Bettina."

"Oh, Linda, is that you? Did you ask if I was happy? That word doesn't express it. Just to think of having you with me one whole summer. Why, it's grand, glorious, magnificent, superb"—and she stopped, speechless for lack of adjectives.

"We certainly will have jolly times and our share of fun," Linda chimed in. "Oh, Beth, I can hardly wait."

However, fortunately for the girls, the waiting time was not long and a week later they were safely settled at Beth's home.

"Oh, Beth," Linda was saying one morning soon after their arrival, "how can I ever thank you enough for asking me here this summer. This certainly is going to be the loveliest vacation I ever had."

"Same here," responded Beth. Then she said: "Let's have a picnic to begin our jolly times, and have just a few of the young folks. Let's see, we'll have Jack, Harry and Lizzie French, Frank Harvey and I guess we'll ask Mr. Graham."

"Oh," broke in Linda, "is that Raymond Graham that came to see you that time we had that awful affair when we were Freshmen?"

"Yes, he's the same one. He's been East the last year and a half and Jack told me that he just returned yesterday."

"We must have him," said Linda, "for I'm simply crazy to meet him, especially as your brother has told me so much about him. Say, Beth, what's the matter? Don't you like him? You never talk about him and always act so funny when his name is mentioned."

"Oh," said Beth, "there are enough others to talk about. I really think that Harry French is his equal."

"Oh, yes, no doubt Mr. French is very good. Well, let's make our plans."

And so the preparations were all completed and one bright June morning the seven started on their picnic. Only in place of the "Sublime Seven" it was the "Jolly Hikers," as they called themselves from that day on, and many merry hikes they did have during the following summer days. That first picnic, however, was the

cornerstone of all the good times.

At first, things seemed somewhat stiff, but Graham broke the ice by coming to grief in an accident "in my usual manner of looking for trouble," he said, as he picked himself up.

"Well, well!" laughed Jack Carlton. "That was the funniest thing I've seen in a year, to see Graham come rolling down that hillock. Why, Ray, you could have stepped down much easier and saved yourself all that trouble."

"Oh no doubt," began Graham, "but as you persist in wearing shoes five sizes too large for you and continually wish to exhibit your remarkable foot, of course the only possible means is to place it square in front of one when he is walking."

"Well," said Jack with a mock injured air, "I'll forgive you for all you've done to me and hope for another opportunity soon."

Merrily the crowd went on and the happy hours fled swiftly by. As they sat around the camp fire in the evening, they talked of past and future good times. Then they watched the blaze of the fire, and tried to prophesy their future, but the dreams would always vanish into smoke.

"I wonder which one of us will be the first to get married," remarked Jack.

"It must be you," said Lizzie French, "for you must be thinking of such things."

"Not me," Jack shook his head. "Harry and I are confirmed old bachelors, aren't we, old man?"

"Well, yes, but some girls aren't so bad, don't you know?" said Harry casting an admiring glance at Elizabeth. Graham noticed it but said nothing.

"Ha! ha! Beth, you've already become a heart smasher," laughed Jack.

"Oh hush!" Beth exclaimed, blushing. "I don't intend to think about such things till I'm through college."

"All right, stick to it. You've only got one more year and maybe you'll succeed if Harry's ardent glances don't turn your head before the summer's over."

"Quit your foolishness, Jack," said Beth, coming toward him.

"Yes, sweet maiden. Anything to keep peace in the family."

"Isn't the moonlight beautiful," Linda remarked.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep into our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

she softly quoted.

"Well I don't think we can sit here all night," said Jack, the practical, "for it's getting rather late."

So the "Jolly Hikers" wended their way home. This was the

beginning of that long-to-be-remembered happy summer, which Beth and Linda spent together as sisters, and often Beth remarked that she wished they really were sisters, but Linda always remained silent. As for Beth, she seemed to care not for the attentions of any one, though a certain individual often called, ostensibly to see Jack, but in reality it was the fairer member of the household.

CHAPTER X.

The happiest year of Beth's school life was rapidly drawing to a close. Soon that illustrious class of 19— were to receive their diplomas and then their Alma Mater would know them no more. As if in answer to her thoughts, the voices of her classmates, chanting the familiar words, came floating up to her window:

"Where, oh where are the grand, old Seniors,
Where, oh where are the grand, old Seniors,
Where, oh where are the grand, old Seniors,
Far out in the wide, wide world.
They've gone out from their Alma Mater,
They've gone out from their Alma Mater,
They've gone out from their Alma Mater,
Far out in the wide, wide world."

"Come on down here, Beth?" the girls called up, and Beth was soon in their midst.

"These good times will soon be over," lamented Myrtle Rogers. "I hate to think of our separating forever."

"Oh, look," interrupted Dolly Vance, "some one's coming. I wonder who it is."

But before they could speculate farther, Beth was flying up the walk and greeted the visitors with a cry of "Jim, Jim. And Harry, too!" she exclaimed as she greeted her brother's companion. "Oh how glad I am to see you both, but how did you happen to come before commencement?"

Explanations followed. Then Beth said, "Come on and let me introduce you to some of the girls," but the boys shrank from the awful ordeal of meeting from sixty to one hundred of the fair sex and being made a target for those curious eyes. Instead she returned with them to their hotel, where each vied with the other in relating the most news.

So it happened that not until eight o'clock did she return to her room, where a meeting of the "Sublime Seven" had been scheduled. Instantly they pounced upon her to know what she meant by deliberately carrying off two such promising creatures as had turned up under their very eyes.

"Well, girls, what else could I do? They absolutely refused to budge a step but promised to reconsider the proposition later. Of course, Linda, they wanted to know all about how you were, and Jack really wished me to bring you along, but Harry——"

"You don't mean Harry French?" broke in Linda.

"Yes, he came with Jack."

"Oh, Beth, you're cruel! Girls, you've missed the opportunity of your life, but I surely hope it will come to you later. Just to think of Harry and Jack being in town and I not knowing a word about it! Beth, I don't know if I can ever forgive you this heart-thrust." At which Linda threw Beth a mock pathetic glance and appeared to expire on the cushion placed conveniently near. Her spell did not last long, however, for before Beth had time to say half a dozen words she again broke in:

"I've really caught you this time, Beth. Yes, I might have known you would encourage Harry and even to the extent of coming all this way. I see where all my hopes are dashed to the ground," and again she appeared to have a fainting spell. The smile that went around proved that the girls knew of those weekly letters between her and Jack, for they paid no attention to her.

"Well, girls," she began for the third time, "I must tell you that Beth and Harry carried on something scandalous last summer." Here she raised her hands in apparent horror, "and poor Graham didn't stand a ghost of a chance."

"Girls, don't you believe a word she says. Linda, you know that wasn't so."

"Is Harry such a heart-smasher as all that?" asked Pepper. "He certainly didn't used to show tendencies in that line."

"Why, do you know him?" inquired Beth.

"Do I? We used to go to school together when we were small."

"You did!"

"Yes, and I hear from him once in a while."

"Yes, 'once in a while,'" broke in Dolly Vance, her room mate, who just then woke up to the situation. "I guess 'once in a while' comes pretty often."

The girls at once scented a romance and wished to hear more, but Dolly kept her own council except that "she wouldn't be surprised at anything that happened."

The next two weeks were happy ones, filled with busy, busy times for the honored Seniors. Only brief hours could be snatched from the crowded days to see the many friends who had come to see this, the public side of their college life.

The long-looked-for day at last arrived, calm and beautiful, the perfection of Lowell's expressive line,

"And what is so rare as a day in June?"

As Beth was nervously trying to dress and at the same time remember the opening sentence of her salutatory, a knock came at the door.

"Oh, Linda, see who it is."

Linda returned with a florist's bouquet.

"There must be some mistake," said Beth, "for we are sup-

posed to receive our flowers at the auditorium."

"No. The girl who brought them said that they had been sent up to your room by special request."

Beth opened the box and found a beautiful bouquet of dark red rosebuds. Immediately her mind flew back to four years before, when she had received a similar gift.

"There isn't any card," said Linda, who was surprised beyond measure at this omission. "I wonder who could have sent it. Oh, Beth, you know!" she exclaimed as she caught sight of the rose tints in Beth's cheeks. "Beth, Beth, who is it? Why how bright your eyes are! Tell me who it is, dear." But Beth steadfastly refused. She knew only too well, and her heart beat very rapidly.

"Here, let me put one in your hair—so," said Linda, as she deftly arranged it. "Now a couple at your waist." But Beth said that was enough and refused to be further decorated.

"After all," Linda observed, "you look sweetest just your simple self."

Then the girls began to come and they all went over to the auditorium. The vast room was crowded to its utmost capacity and an expectant hush fell on the audience as the graduates marched in.

The usual preliminaries were completed. Beth arose and was greeted by a tremendous burst of applause. It was evident who was the favorite of the class. She stood for a moment and viewed the vast assemblage. An impelling force made her raise her eyes to the gallery. It was but for a moment, but she instantly knew what it all meant to her, to whom she was to give this, the welcoming speech, not to the expectant crowd, but to the one across in the gallery. Then as the greeting of welcome arose and fell on the listeners' ears, every person felt it was to him or her, to each one there, that this class of 19— extended its greeting. But the answering heart knew that for him was Beth's message really meant. At the close their eyes met but for an instant, then Beth bowed and the room shook with hearty applause.

With such a beginning, the whole evening passed from one grand theme to another till the final valedictory. After the President's speech came the distribution of each well-earned diploma.

Then followed the congratulations. Beth, surrounded by her friends, looked around half expectantly, and was not disappointed to see a tall young man coming in her direction.

"Miss Carlton, you did nobly. You are to be congratulated."

"Thank you," she smiled.

He explained then that he had to leave immediately for home but hoped to see her later. She looked around for Jack, but he had disappeared, and Linda was also missing. With Myrtle Rogers and some of the other girls Beth at last sought her room.

The next morning the "Sublime Seven" met for their farewell

meeting in Beth's room as usual. When they were all seated she commenced:

"Girls, I've something of importance to announce. One of our number is going to break the vows of maidenhood and enter the matrimonial state. Of course you can't guess who it is!"

Here they turned to Linda, who was all smiles and blushes.

"I am glad to announce that she is soon to be my sister."

Congratulations came on every side, and Linda was happy in the knowledge that the girls all approved thoroughly of her choice.

"Now, girls," Beth continued, "it is to be at our home and the 'Sublime Seven' are invited to be the honored four hundred. The day set is the last in the bridal month, and we are planning the loveliest quiet affair. We are sure it will be a happy one with all you girls there."

Commencement over, merrily the girls prepared for the coming event. The twenty-fourth of June found them on their way to Amtassa. School had been out just a week and Jack and Beth had already gone home, while Linda made a flying visit to her only relative, a great aunt. Soon they reached the end of their journey and were met by Mr. Carlton, who conveyed them out to the farm in the wagon. What a jolly ride they had, and how gay they all felt!

"Why, hello! Where are Pepper and Mr. French?" inquired Myrtle Rogers suddenly, as she looked around.

"Isn't that queer the way they've disappeared? I wonder where they went," Rose De Thorens exclaimed.

"Oh, I suppose that he stopped on business in town and persuaded Pepper that he was lonesome," said Dolly Vance with a smile.

When they reached the Carlton farm they found everyone very happy and excited.

"Hello, girls; come right in," came the words of greeting from Beth. "I'm just tickled to death to see you. Why, where's Harry and—let's see—yes—one of the girls is missing. I might have known it was Pepper."

An hour later the delayed travellers arrived.

"Well, well! It's about time you were showing up! Where have you been all this time?" inquired Jack.

"Oh, just down town," answered Harry French.

"Girls, just look at the way Pepper's blushing," said Beth. "What have you folks been up to?"

"I can guess," Dolly Vance interrupted.

Pepper shyly exposed a shining band ring on her third finger, while Harry vainly tried to control his broad smile.

"Oh, oh, oh!" A cry of surprise went around. Then Beth remarked, "Well, Pepper, you always were startling us with some-

thing unusual. This is sure a surprise. Dolly must have known, though—she looks so wise."

Then they congratulated the newlyweds and talked it all over to everyone's satisfaction. It served to even eclipse in importance the coming event for the moment. But by the time the week had rolled by the excitement of the first affair had somewhat died down enough to allow the preparations for the thirtieth of June to continue. The "Sublime Seven" planned and gave a very interesting little shower, the bride and bride-elect thinking all the time it was for the other, thus causing much merriment when the afternoon for it arrived.

The next day passed swiftly, and at last the sun arose brightly, flooding all the earth with its golden rays on this, the bridal day.

Linda was awakened early by hearing the beautiful Bridal Chorus in the "Rose Maiden" sung beneath her window. The words came softly floating up on the morning zephyr:

"Tis thy wedding morning
Shining in the skies,
Bridal bells are ringing,
Bridal songs arise,
Op'ning the portals of thy paradise.
'Tis the last fair morning
For thy maiden eyes—
'Tis thy marriage morning,
Rise, sweet maid, arise."

Happily she awoke and pondered over the wonderful day awaiting her. It was the last day of her old life, the first of the new.

As the clock sounded the hour of eight that evening, Mrs. Harry French struck the opening chords of Lohengrin's "Bridal Chorus." Slowly down the stairs came Linda on the arm of Beth, the maid of honor, followed by Myrtle Rogers and Rose De Thorens. Then from the other side of the room Jim Carlton appeared with Raymond Graham. Linda looked very sweet dressed in snowy white from the lilies of the valley arranged in her bridal veil to the satin slippers on her feet. Then the Reverend Ernest Wetherell arose and, standing before the young couple, read the sacred marriage service, which united them forever in that holy mystic union, never to be dissolved.

Congratulations and a merry time followed.

"Well, Beth, I suppose we will be losing you, too, one of these days," remarked Aunt Mary Rishton, with a significant glance at Graham.

"No, I don't think there's any danger," Beth answered, yet blushed as she spoke, and was glad of the opportunity afforded her a little later to escape from the crowd, when Raymond Graham remarked to her:

"It's so warm. Let's go out in the garden where it is cooler."

Half reluctantly she allowed herself to be led away, and a moment later they found themselves silently strolling out in the calm stillness of the night, 'midst the fragrant perfume of the flowers. The moon's radiance filled the garden and the dim ethereal shadows served but to accentuate the loveliness of the evening.

Beth's soul drank eagerly of the beauty of it all, and with light feet she followed the winding path. Silently they paused before the garden fountain. Turning to her with glowing eyes and manly persuasion Graham gently said, "Dear Beth, I love you. Tell me you love me."

Beth did not speak for a moment. It had happened so quickly she could scarcely catch the full meaning of what he had said, but as it dawned on her, she lifted her face for an instant and he read his answer in the glorious happiness of her radiant smile.

(The End.)

Silently, one by one,
In the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars,
The forget-me-nots of the angels.

—Longfellow.

THE SHERIFF

Wayne Davis, '16

Down by the brink of a quiet, lazy river stood a country school house. Between it and the river ran the public road, parallel to the river. The building, until recent years, had been a Masonic hall and seemed still enrapt in that vague, awe-inspiring obscurity which is often associated with buildings where the goat is ridden and men take strange, eternal vows. Even the surrounding vicinity seemed to share in this atmosphere.

Immediately to the north rose a rocky, craggy hill, covered with wild-briers, scrubby oaks and clumps of huckleberry bushes. Pheasants made their abode on this hill and in the springtime the noisy drumming of these birds at the foot of the high cliffs often sounded almost like an earthquake. Not many paces up the road stood the country store and postoffice combined. Midway between them and the school building was an old building known through the community as the Band House. It had formerly been a dry goods store, but now nothing remained of its mercantile appearance save the empty shelves and bare counters.

Little Willie Thornton, in his three years of school at this place, seemed to have absorbed so much of the strangeness and wierdness of the ghostly surroundings that he possessed a fear that almost bordered on superstition. He was never content to mingle with the boys of his age, but, though terrified by the strange stories of the big boys, yet he clung to them. At noontime they delighted to stretch out on the counters and, in the presence of Willie, relate hideous stories of hobgoblins, ghosts, vicious men and reptiles. The boys enjoyed the effect of their wild tales upon the young listener.

One day he was excited almost beyond control, after hearing John Ross give a graphic description of the hair-stirring episodes of a sheriff. Willie, whose uncle was killed in a duel with a constable, regarded all sheriffs as desperate, inhuman men, armed with revolvers and a belt of cartridges and prepared to capture or kill without mercy.

As he and John Ross walked from the store, they halted before an old uninhabited office near the Band House. Suddenly, the idea of a joke on Willie popped into John's mind.

"Hey, Will, do you see that loose board on the old office?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Willie.

"I'll bet you my skates you can't hit it."

Eager to establish himself as a sling-master, Willie hurled a pebble at the old shack. Although the old building was uninjured a particle, Ross pretended that the incident was an outrage.

"The sheriff will fix you now," Ross sternly frowned. The boy was almost paralyzed for a moment. Looking into Ross' unsympathetic face, and finding no relief, he strode off toward the school grounds.

That afternoon, Willie did not turn his eyes from his books, but he could not study for thinking about the sheriff. He wondered if that dreadful man was really coming to carry him off. He debated the crime in his mind, but could arrive at no decision. Sometimes he would try to excuse himself on the ground that the old building was no good, yet his conscience would tell him that that was personal property and that he had trespassed. The evening wore on. The conflict was at a high pitch in the unlucky boy's mind, when a sudden knock came at the door. John caught Willie's eye for the first time that afternoon and read the inward struggle. Now was the crucial moment, his opportunity had come. In a suppressed breath he hissed out, "Sher-iff!"

Little Willie Thornton turned deadly pale. His mind was in a daze. Lively he clung to the seat in front of him, then, partly recovering, he once more dwelt on the horrors of the sheriff.

Directly the teacher came and touched his shoulder, saying: "A gentleman wishes to see you at the door." The boy did not move.

"Come, come, wake up lad. I'll be showing you boys how to sleep in school," and he pulled his ear. If the teacher had known the boy's misery he would not have supposed him asleep. However, he noticed the unusual expression of his face, but merely thought he was not yet fully awake.

Willie dragged himself across the floor with uncertain step. He paused at the door and wondered if he would ever get out of jail or see his school-mates again. If he could only see his father now he would be ready to surrender to the sheriff. But it was absurd to think about that now. He opened the door and closed it quickly, for he did not want all the boys to see him carried off by the sheriff.

"Why, son, are you sick? You are white as a sheet. I came to the store and the postoffice and thought I had just as well drive by and give you a ride home, since it is nearly time for dismissal. Your teacher said you could go."

"Oh papa, I am so glad."

The next day, with wide eyes and open mouth, Willie heard from his father how John Ross had been arrested the night before for stealing a bicycle from a near-by neighbor. He could scarcely believe it, but in his little generous heart he was sorry for the big boy who had so frightened him.

This world is not as bad a world
As some would like to make it.
But whether good or whether bad
Depends on how we take it.

AN ADVENTURE ON WATER

Muriel Eden, 5th Grade

It was a hot summer's day and Helen Purce was walking along, thinking to herself, "Oh if I only could have an adventure of some kind," but it did not enter her head that she would have her wish this very day.

Before I go on with my story, I will tell you where Helen lives and what kind of a house she lives in. Her father is a rich planter and of course they live on a plantation away down in Southern Virginia. Their house is a large white mansion made half of wood and

half of brick. It is a beautiful place and situated on the shore of a beautiful lake, shaded by large trees. Behind the house are the large stables with the beautiful, well-trained horses in them. Helen's own pony is Silver Star. He is called Silver Star because he has a star on his forehead and is nearly the color of silver. Next to Silver Star, Helen loves her two dogs, Beauty and King, and wherever she goes those two dogs are at her side. The rest of her pet animals are rabbits, pigeons and squirrels.

I have told you about Helen's home and her pets, and now I must tell you about her adventure. As I said, it was a hot summer day. Helen's mamma gave her permission to go for a walk up the lake shore. Instead of riding Silver Star, she preferred to walk with Beauty and King this day, so she kissed her mother good-bye and started out. She walked a long way, until she was over a mile from home, but she did not think about that. As she passed a clump of bushes near the water, she noticed a little boat drawn up and half hidden there. At once she thought, "Oh dear; it is so warm, I do think I will take a boat ride," so she stepped into the little boat, picked up the oars and started, leaving the dogs on the shore to wait for her.

She had been rowing a long time and her arms were beginning to get very tired when suddenly she looked up and could see only a dim shore line far off in the distance. She looked at her watch and here it was half past six. She was surprised and frightened, for it was already getting dark. She reached for her oars and just then noticed there was water in the bottom of the boat. It all flashed into her mind. Here she was away out here on the water alone in an old, leaky boat, and every minute it was getting darker and every minute a little more water was coming in. She shouted and called, but to no avail. Nobody came and she was about to give herself up for lost when suddenly she heard the sound of a gasoline launch and saw a light quickly moving. She called as loudly as she could and in a few minutes was safe beside her father on her way home. As she turned and looked for the little boat, she saw it tip and sink from sight.

The next morning her mother brought her breakfast to her and Helen told her all about the adventure and after this she is not so anxious to go out in row boats without examining them.

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life floats on like a song;
But the man worth while
Is the one that will smile
When every thing goes dead wrong.

AFTERNOON TEAS

Perhaps one of the most interesting sides of a person's nature is the social side. At least, we will admit, that it is one of the more important, for unless we are hermits or have taken upon us some monastic vows of a similar character, we are constantly coming in touch with humanity, thus making life more interesting.

In every city there exists a certain class known as the "upper ten," composed of distinguished and wealthy people. The social side of this class is developed the most, for the chief end of the lives of especially the feminine population is wholly devoted to shining in society. These worthy ladies simply live from one day to the next in planning amusement after amusement.

One of the channels into which their energies are directed are "afternoon teas." "What a delightful name," we murmur. How many pleasant thoughts arise in our minds as we absently ponder on the delicious refreshments served. But this only betrays our ignorance and our low origin if we consider this the main object of an "afternoon tea." Perhaps we will obtain the best idea of one of these teas if we take a peep at some fashionable lady, let us say the wife of some man who has just come into prominence by the invention of a new kind of breakfast food—well, it is the wife of such a famous man who considers having an afternoon at home and makes preparations for "just a simple affair, my dear, you know," as she informs her husband of it. He immediately inquires into the ultimate cost.

"Oh, now, James, don't think of that yet, but of course, if you really want to know, well, say twenty-five dollars. Just a mere trifle, you see, dear. Of course, other expenses might arise later but then it won't be more than fifty or seventy-five dollars at the most. You see, Mrs. Fitzgerald Young gave a tea last week and it was mostly in my honor, at least I suppose it was, for all the ladies came and spoke to me so sweetly, so I must do it for her."

"But," says James, I thought you told me you detested Mrs. Young."

"Oh, yes, yes, dear. I absolutely cannot stand her, and she is the homeliest thing you ever knew, although she does think she's as pretty as our beloved daughter, Jemima, I mean Dorothea Marguerite. Oh dear, how will I ever remember her name. This getting rich proposition is awful. By the way, James, I hope you have seen our congressman with respect to changing our name at the next session of the legislature. I shall simply die of mortification if I have

to go through another season like this. Fancy being Mrs. Muggins in society! You can't imagine the agonies I suffer every time I hear that terrific name. How grand it will be when I can rightfully answer to Mrs. Gregory De La Fayette. Well, I must hurry and make my preparations for the afternoon tea."

And so amid the groans of Mr. Muggins as he slowly empties his purse of the five-dollar bills, the eventful afternoon arrives.

"It is just to be a very informal affair with a few guests," so Mrs. Muggins has told the unfortunate James, as he enters the auto in haste after lunch to go to his office.

The guests begin to arrive about three.

"Oh here comes Mrs. Van Thorn and she's brought her nasty little poodle. I simply detest it. Do I look alright, Jemima? Is my back all hooked up and my train just right?"

"Yes, mamma, you look superb," answers the girl.

"Now, Jemima, I mean Dorothea Marguerite, don't forget you must not call me 'mamma'; always 'mothah.'"

"Yes, mother."

"No, mothah. Oh, Mrs. Van Thorn, I am so glad to see you. Do come in and have a chair. This is my daughter Jemi—oh, Dorothea Marguerite. Aren't we having lovely weather? Yes, I hope it doesn't rain tomorrow. Oh, here's your little poodle. What a dear little dog. Isn't he sweet, Dorothea? What's his name? Oh, Augustus Caesar! What a grand name! Do you know, Mrs. Van Thorn, I think your poodle is the most cunning little dog I ever saw."

"Yes," Mrs. Van Thorn answers, "I just think the world of him. I got him at a perfect bargain. He was advertised for nine hundred dollars, mind you, and I got him for eight hundred and ninety-nine dollars."

So the conversation continues. Every few minutes some fair representative of the gentler sex enters the wide portals of Mrs. Muggins' residence. They chatter with each other, perhaps I should say "discuss," for "chatter" is too trivial a word to be connected with the weighty topics brought up here. Such matters of talk as the latest thing in the fashionable world, the weather, Miss McIntyre's coming wedding, the latest divorcee and other news of similar importance.

Miss McNeil remarks to her neighbor, Mrs. Turner, "What a crazy dress Mrs. Muggins has on and at an afternoon affair at that. Did you ever hear of a person with her complexion wearing green. Why she looks a perfect fright."

"Yes," and Mrs. Turner hastily interrupts, "Look at her train, fancy that at an afternoon tea."

Just then Mrs. Muggins sails up, her face wreathed in smiles. "Oh, Mrs. Turner, I just knew you two were discussing that frightful affair about Mr. Young. How sad! I could almost tell by your

faces the agonies of thought you were passing through. A palmist, who once read my hand said that I was a remarkable woman for reading a person's character in their face. Now, as soon as I saw Mrs. Young, I said to myself, 'that woman will be the ruination of her husband' and of course it certainly has turned out just exactly as I said."

On turning around Mrs. Muggins perceives Mrs. Young coming toward them.

"Oh, dear, there she comes now. Hasn't she got the worst taste in dress you ever saw in your life. Oh, my dear, Mrs. Young, let me introduce you to Miss McNeil. Miss McNeil, you know, Mrs. Young, is the one who has done so much to help bring about Woman Suffrage in our state. We all think so much of her for that. We were just remarking as you came up, Mrs. Young, how perfectly sweet you looked this afternoon. That blue charmeuse is the loveliest thing I ever saw and it matches your complexion so lovely, bringing out the blue tints in your eyes."

"Oh, thank you. Yes, I do like blue rather well. My husband's mother persuaded me to get this and especially as it was at a bargain."

Now it is time for refreshments and little Japanese girls, hired for the afternoon, bring around trays of delicacies. Of course the ladies praise Mrs. Muggins, pronouncing the whole affair "a perfectly grand success, don't you know," and remark that the tea was so delicious made in that new way and served so sweetly. Of course they all wish to know how it was made and the delighted hostess promises recipes to every one after deciding that it would be an unending task to tell each one that afternoon.

Then they all bid her a fond farewell and urge her to visit them, mentally hoping that she defers the visit until after the spring house-cleaning or Cousin Jane's trip west or until the baby is a little better, or at least defer it till the future when maybe she will forget all about calling.

"Oh," of course every one exclaims, "I had the grandest time and everything was so sweet and original, don't you know."

On the way home, they gossip—oh, pardon me, my dreadful mistake. Society ladies never gossip, but merely talk over or exchange beneficial ideas on various subjects.

"Wasn't that the awfulest crush," says Mrs. Young, "you ever saw. My goodness, when I intend to have a doings of some kind, I see that there is plenty of room anyway, and not squash everybody into the tiniest available place."

"Yes," Mrs. Van Thorn chimes in, "and the tea! Did you ever taste anything worse in all your life? Actually, I do believe, I would rather have—well, anything, but do deliver me from that again."

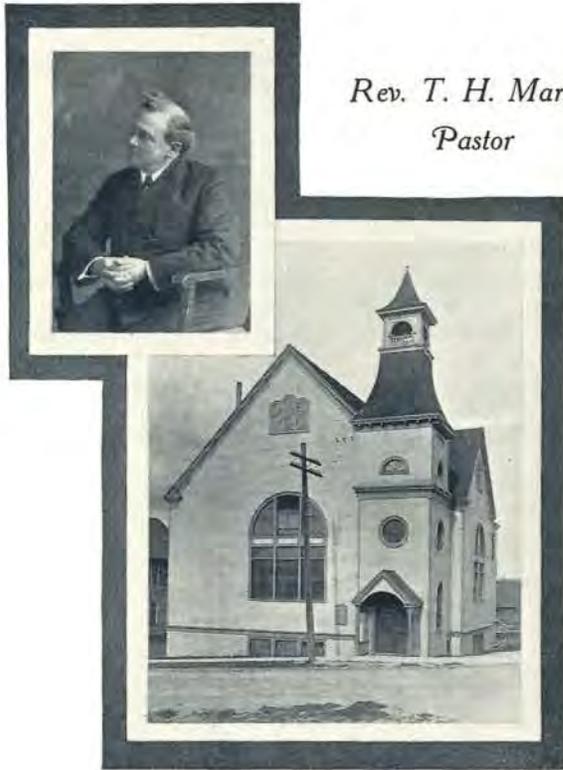
Then Mrs. Turner observes. "I really think she has the least taste in arrangement of any one I ever knew, and do you know her husband"—but let us leave these dear, good ladies, and not pry any farther into the secrets of humanity.

And this is the beneficial manner in which a great many of our society ladies spend their afternoons. We think that the custom of afternoon teas is one of the best ever introduced into this free country of ours.

In the first place it makes social intercourse between the higher class so much easier and these worthy ladies can propagate their splendid ideas amongst one another. It also saves space for the newspapers, for the latest events are here circulated and the small details, that serve to make anything interesting, are added. It is also beneficial to one's English for a person can cultivate the finest figures of speech, especially those beautiful ones, the hyperbole and simile. Further, afternoon teas afford a splendid place to show off one's new gowns. The last, and certainly the greatest good of all, it is of great benefit to the husband, as it assists in making his pocket-book lighter. So we see how each good wife "helps to bear his burdens."

And what more may be said of "afternoon teas"? Nothing, except that as it is such a splendid custom it should be introduced into every class of society, since the upper class set us the beautiful example.





*Rev. T. H. Marsh
Pastor*

*Second Free Methodist Church
Seattle, Washington*



Cascade Cover Designs

HISTORY OF THE CASCADE

Myra Burns

This is an age of progress and advancement along commercial, industrial and social lines. The common cry is "Forward March," and unless we heed this cry and push constantly onward, we will suffer stagnation and finally degradation.

The Seattle Seminary and College is a school that believes in making advancement and increasing its field of activities and usefulness. A few years ago a new enterprise was introduced in the form of "The Cascade." This paper from the beginning has been devoted entirely to the interests of the students; their class organizations, literary societies, athletics, the cause of Prohibition, that is strongly upheld by the students, the fundamental spirit of missionary evangelism, and the high standard of Christianity which the school represents and for the maintenance of which the Seattle Seminary was originally founded.

It may be interesting to some, who are not familiar with

the facts, to know how the paper was originally started. For those, we quote the following from the first issue of "The Cascade," Dec. 1910:

"One noon two of the boys entered into a conversation upon the subject of beginning a school paper, and soon took into their confidence two other young men. These four decided to bring the matter before the school that day. After obtaining consent from Prof. Stilwell to bring the matter before the students when school opened after dinner, Mr. R. Cochran presented the matter to the students with a few concise words, and, after a few remarks were made by some of the students, appointed a committee of three—Dana A. Newton, E. A. Trousdale and E. A. Haslam—to look into the matter, and confer with President Beers.

The committee immediately began its work and brought in its report two days later. At this time President Beers made a few remarks upon the subject. The school then voted to accept the report of the committee, and elected a temporary Board of Advisors to launch the enterprise.

The board met at noon, and nominated R. E. Cochrane for editor and E. A. Haslam for business manager. These nominations were confirmed by the school, and thus the enterprise received its start.

At first the name "Philalo" was selected as the name for the paper, but owing to some dissatisfaction more names were submitted and another vote was taken. This time "Cascade" was selected over "Philalo" by a majority of three. This name is quite appropriate, as the Seattle Seminary is but a short distance from the beautiful Cascade Range."

The paper originally contained sixteen pages, but under the enthusiastic and untiring efforts of E. A. Haslam, who has been the business manager from the beginning, and the succeeding editors, R. E. Cochrane, S. E. Wyler, John Logan and Miss Ruth Sharpe, the paper soon outgrew these limited dimensions. During the past year only one copy has been smaller than twenty-four pages, and the present issue will speak for itself.

The struggles and difficulties of the staff have been many and various. The literary department was at first small and good material hard to obtain. Advertising was difficult to secure for a new paper just starting out and, owing to the heavy expense only a few cuts appeared. But in the fall of 1912 another step in advancement was taken and a printing press was purchased. This enabled the staff to put out a much better paper with less expense.

The loyal and hearty support of the students has been a

source of inspiration and encouragement to the editors. Last year each class took the responsibility upon themselves of publishing one issue of the paper, and this year the two literary clubs, the Aletheian and Philopelemical, each publishing one number, thus relieving the editor of a great deal of labor and responsibility. One interesting and novel feature that is rarely found in school papers was introduced this year in the form of a serial story running thru the entire year.

The aim of this paper from the beginning has been to publish only the best literary productions of the students and to ever keep before the minds of the readers the high moral and religious standards of the school.

"The Cascade," now in only a short career of three years and a half, ranks with the leading school papers of the country, having in its list of exchanges several College as well as many High School papers.

We wish to extend greetings and congratulations to our many exchanges and thank them for their kind expressions of praise and criticism.

We also extend greetings and assurance of our great appreciation to our many advertisers and subscribers without whose loyal support it would have been impossible for this paper to exist.

The following articles in this section are taken from back numbers of The Cascade. The date of the numbers in which they appeared is at the head of each article.



DAYS OF SPRING

E. A. Haslam

April, 1911

In days of Spring,
When Robins sing,
And flowers bloom so gay;
The warm sun scatters winter's pains,
And drives old life away.

The birds so free
Warble in tree,
And sing from morn to dark,
When music from the vaulted dome
Flows from the sweet skylark.

'Tis then we sing
By brook and spring,
And stroll through shady nooks;
We ramble over meadows green,
And read romantic books.

We love to play
And while away
The time that we should spend
In poreing over lessons dry,
Which seem to have no end.

We roam about,
Within, without;
We sigh to be set free
From duties, gruesome, great and small,
And dream of days to be.

In visions vast
Our thoughts are cast;
Great castles rise in air;
The Knight before his Lady stands,
And strokes her golden hair.

But when we shake
Ourselves and wake,
Our fancies scatter far;
We settle down to tasks once more,
And greet the days that are.

O days of Spring!
To thee we sing,
And wish thee naught of ill;
We love the blessings that thou bring';
O Spring! we love thee still.

THAT SIXTH RULE

Ethel Ward

April, 1911

"Oh, mother, I've just received a letter from Grace. She says that she is going to spend a few weeks with me this summer. Won't that be fine?"

"Yes," said the mother, as she sat sewing in the sunny dining room of their humble home, "and did she say anything about going back to the Crystal Lake Academy next fall?"

"Yes, mother, and she wants me to go with her. What do you say to that?" And she stooped and kissed the wan face of the little woman, who looked up and answered in a kind, sweet voice, "Well, I don't know. That will be quite a little extra expense, you know, dear, and it may not be the kind of a school I should like my little girl to attend."

"Oh, but, mother," said the girl anxiously, going over to where the mother sat and kneeling beside her, "Grace said that the expenses weren't very much and they are very strict in discipline. She sent me a catalogue and I brought it down to show it to you. She told me to notice the sixth rule because the young people there thought it to be the hardest one to keep."

"What is it, Helen? Read it." The mother paused from her sewing to listen while Helen read. "'Visitation between the sexes will not be allowed except in places designated for general social interview.' Well, I don't see anything objectionable in that, but"—she hesitated a moment, "I wonder if that would bar Herbert from seeing me?"

"I don't think they would object to your brother visiting you."

Helen and Herbert Roberts had been well trained by their widowed mother from their earliest childhood. Herbert had learned photography and was now the chief support of the family, with what little sewing Mrs. Roberts could take in. Helen had finished the grammar school in their home town at Rockland. That evening the subject of her attending the academy was discussed at the supper table and at family worship following, the guidance of their Heavenly Father was implored with reference to any plan that they should make for her future.

The summer passed quickly and greatly to Helen's disappointment, Grace was unable to visit them, but they had the pleasure of meeting at the Academy. Not having seen each

other for several years, their tastes and habits were greatly at variance; still, they loved one another and at their request Miss Bennet, the preceptress of the girls, gave them a large room together.

One warm afternoon not long after their arrival Grace was sitting under a large tree on the campus, enjoying the beautiful surroundings and talking with—well, she never knew how it happened—some one from the boys' hall. She had been talking, laughing, simpering, and coughing—all mixed with variations to save monotony. This had continued for several hours—in fact time, Miss Bennet, studies and everything had been forgotten, when suddenly her attention was called to Helen hurriedly crossing the campus, and then she remembered that she had promised Helen that she would do some work for her immediately after dinner and she had some studies to make up and then—oh, yes, that sixth rule stared her in the face. What would Miss Bennet say? She abruptly excused herself and hurried to her room, only to find it almost supper time and nothing to show for all the time spent under the trees that Saturday afternoon.

"Oh, girlie, what will Miss B. do to me?" she asked Helen as she burst almost wildly into the room.

"Why, what have you done?" said Helen looking up quietly from her work.

"Oh, goodness, I've been out there talking the whole afternoon to—oh, you know who—and that sixth rule has been tormenting me ever since I came here."

"I have been thinking about another sixth rule that you have been breaking that is not in the catalogue," said Helen sweetly.

"What's that?" asked Grace impatiently.

"I've been thinking about the rules that Moses gave to the children of Israel, Grace."

"Oh, dear, dear, you are the oddest creature I most ever saw. You mean the ten commandments, I suppose. I'd like to know which one of them I've broken?"

"Do you remember the sixth one?" Grace had never heard her speak so kindly and she answered almost vaguely, "No; what is it?"

"It's the shortest one of all, my dear."

"'Thou shalt not kill.' That's the only one I know, but I've not been killing anyone."

"I don't think that that means human life alone," Helen said, and Grace sat down on the stool at her feet with a little sigh, ready to receive one of her quaint lectures. "I think there are many things that we are tempted to kill which are

of great value in this world and one of them is time. It seems to me you have been killing a lot of it this afternoon, my dear." she said, laying her hand softly on Grace's head.

"I will try to remember, I really will," Grace pleaded through her tears.

A few weeks later, one bright Saturday afternoon Grace and one of her girl friends were near the depot on their way home from the postoffice, when a young man, who had just alighted from the train, seeing their C. L. A. caps, spoke to them, asking the way to the Academy.

"We were just going there," answered Grace. "We'll show you the way." The gentleman tipped his hat, thanked them and took the place offered him between the two.

Grace kept up a lively conversation until they reached the school grounds. True, the girls had some misgiving as to what Miss Bennet would say to their walking with a strange man. Grace, after depositing him in the parlor, ran upstairs and bounced into the room with the old story, "Oh, Helen," she said, "I've been breaking that old sixth rule again and I know what I'll get from Miss B. before supper time, but I couldn't help it; I really couldn't this time, and I shall think it horrid of her if she makes me pay for this in another campus."

"Grace," said Helen calmly, "you're terribly excited, but tell me what you have done or I shall think you have forgotten my lecture."

"Gracious, I haven't been killing time, that's sure; for I just walked so fast that I almost ran, but I didn't want him to think that I was afraid of him."

"Him? Why, has a man been after you?"

"No, no, foolish girl; Mary and I were just coming past the depot, when a young man—it was really all an accident, Helen—asked us if we knew where the Academy was, and of course we couldn't say no, for we had the school caps on our heads, and so, since we were coming this way, we just had to bring him along."

Helen smiled at the explanation and asked, "Who was he, anyway?"

"How do you suppose I know? We couldn't ask him his name, but I can tell you that he was a smart-looking young chap, but precise and quaint, just like you, and, oh, yes, I just bet you—"

"Now, now, Grace," said Helen, tapping the red lips lightly with her fingers, "that's one of those forbidden words again."

"Well, for pity sake what can I say! I presume, I should judge, quite likely, without hesitancy of speech, I will undertake to assert he may by chance be that brother of yours,"

Grace finished with a low bow.

"My brother, Herbert! Why didn't you tell me that a long time ago, girl?" she said excitedly, and Grace declared she nearly flew out of the room.

"I was trying to tell you when you interrupted me," she called after the fleeing girl.

To Helen's glad surprise she found Herbert waiting for her in the parlor below, and after a long, pleasant conversation she returned to her room to get Grace, but found her stretched upon the bed and crying as if her heart would break.

When Helen pressed her to come down to the parlor she asked in a smothered voice, "Does he know that I'm your roommate?"

"Yes, and that's why I want you to come down. He's quaint and precise, like me, but he's just the dearest brother you could want to know, Grace," and she sat down on the bed and brushed the stray curls from Grace's forehead.

"Did he hear what I said about you?" she asked plaintively.

"About me? Oh, yes; but I don't care about that. Come, come, that will all be fixed up after we come back."

"Well, I care, and I'm not going a step," said Helen in her own sweet, reproving tone, "shall I tell you what I do feel sorry about?"

"Yes," sobbed Grace.

"You gave him such an awful impression of Miss Bennet. She has been so kind to you, my dear, and given you every privilege that was possible in your position, and when you make slighting remarks about her I am reminded of another sixth rule, or really a part of the same one."

"What, the 'thou shalt not kill one'?"

"That's it, Grace," she said, laying her head on the pillow beside her.

"Oh, I know what it is. Let me tell you this time. Thou shalt not kill another's reputation."

"Yes, dear, you will remember what Shakespeare says about it if I tell you, won't you?"

"I know what it is, Helen; you had it marked in your book that I used last semester and I learned it so I would always remember. Let's see,

'But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.'

"You are learning fast; very soon you will be giving my identical lectures, and I hope with as great profit as mine have been to you."

"I'll go with you now," said Grace, drying her eyes with a bit of cambric and lace, and slipping her arm around Helen's waist, they entered the parlor together.

We will not enter with them into their sanctum, but suffice it say after a short, pleasant visit Herbert returned to his home in Rockland.

TWILIGHT

Olive Woodcock

June, 1912

The sun arises in the morn
Amidst a burst of light;
He travels fast in his fiery course,
And glories in his might.
But as the twilight hour draws near,
He vanishes from sight,
Leaving the glorious twilight hour,
Fore-runner of the night.

How I love that twilight hour!
The hour that's most sublime;
When breezes waft the scent of flowers
That bloom on stalk and vine.
To sit in silent reverie,
Oblivious of time,
Holding communion with one's self
And Him—the All-divine.

The rustling of the leaves is sweet
As any round—a—lay;
The shadows 'mong the grass and reeds
Engage in silent play.
The gathering dusk obscures the view
And marks the close of day;
And the rippling of the water is
As music, blithe and gay.

The poppies soothe the daffodils
And lull them off to sleep;
The vines cling to the garden wall
And close together creep;
The dew-drops kiss the roses
While the weeping willows weep;
Meanwhile the stately holly-hocks
Their lonely vigils keep.

The busy little cricket
Serenades me with his fife;
The whip-poor-will's sad cry bespeaks
A poor soul full of strife;
Then the rising moon dispels the gloom,
The air with sound is rife,
And nature seems in dead repose,
Yet everywhere is life.

THE EVANGELIST'S OPPORTUNE HOUR

S. E. Wyler

February, 1911

Opportunity is a native of every age. It is of Divine origin and presents the offers of the Eternal. It is stated by some that opportunity knocks once at every man's door. There may be some truth in that statement, but to my knowledge the thing that accomplishes a lasting work is not that which is here but for a moment. In other words, opportunity is an outgrowth of demand which comes only by the relation or development of some hidden or neglected principle. In short, it is the privilege given to us to accomplish an end in a life issue.

Probably the greatest work given to the world is its own evangelization. For the accomplishment of its task little or practically no effort has been put forth since the apostolic fathers until a short time ago. More has been accomplished in the last century than in all the preceding ages. Not that the urgency of the need is greater or the truth more forcible, but the spirit of universal brotherhood and good will which pervades this twentieth century has revealed the social relationship of man and his obligations to the world as a whole. Heathen nations have been impressed with the fact that civilization which follows Christianity is the thing which enables them to take their place among the nations of the world. Japan has revolutionized the mind of modern heathendom. China, the greatest of heathen nations, accepts the advice of her near sister and a new civilization. South America, the long neglected continent, has practically broken the yoke of Catholicism, whose doctrine has retarded her growth so materially, and has religious tolerance reigning from shore to shore. Africa, India, and the islands of the sea await the hour when the last web of superstition shall have been swept away and they shall be given the opportunities of the Gospel.

Notwithstanding the willingness of the heathen to accept the salvation of our Master, they are unable to do so because of the lack of laborers. China, with its 400,000,000, has less than 1,500 Protestant workers. Japan has 2,500 workers, and many republics of South America has less than five foreign missionaries. The densely populated island of Java, whose people are hungering for the Gospel, has not a single missionary. Other fields are waiting with outstretched arms to welcome the missionary.



FIRST CASCADE STAFF

Think not that this is a subject of minute weight. The people of modern heathenism are revolting against their ancestral methods and desire a new civilization. They want a change and will have it. For this they have opened wide their doors and welcome every new thing. They are receiving an education without a religion. In many schools agnosticism and materialism are the predominating doctrines and science without Christianity as a watchword is not uncommon. One has said that unless the evangelization of the world is accomplished in this generation it probably never will be accomplished. We know not as to this, but we do know that all civilized nations are watching China and others with a fearful eye. They know that the awaking of these populous nations unless properly educated will bring results which will shake the entire civilized world.

Certainly the opportunity for evangelism is great. The barriers of the past have mostly been removed. The people are accessible and the missionaries protected. We often have it stated that man ought first to rescue those of his own country. I agree with this proposition in that these ought to be rescued, but the question is whether the Lord does not especially reveal himself to those hungry heathen who are longing for the truth, rather than to those upon whom the truth must be forced with all the power of modern oratory. The demand truly is great. However, the only way to accomplish a great work is to enlist in a great cause, to have a great work at heart. Then, no matter how great you become the work will always be greater, thus giving you ample room to develop and to accomplish that which wise men could not have accomplished.

* * *

THE BLUES

Lee Sherwood

February, 1913

Tonight I'm blue!
No honeyed phrases flow unbidden from my lips,
Dark are my thoughts;
And gloom doth fill me to my finger tips.

The very stars
Are cold, and each a faithless love doth tell,
E'en music now
Doth seem to me a very funeral knell.

At other times
I've felt as blithesome as a happy lark,
But leave me now;
The day was gloomy and the night is dark:
I'm feeling blue.

AN UNUSUAL ADVENTURE

Mary Cathey

November, 1911

One summer afternoon in one of our cities a new "1912" model Cadillac stood in front of the office of a well-to-do doctor. In perfect repair and with every section clean and shining it was indeed an attractive car; at least so it seemed to the young man who stood before it.

Every detail of his dress showed great care. This day he was having vacation. He usually worked in an automobile shop, so he fully realized that the car before him was an ideal one. How he admired it! Every fibre of his being longed to touch it. He reached over, pressed the button and set the engine throbbing. The great voice of the car reached the young man's heart and filled it with an almost uncontrollable desire to be in the driver's seat speeding away down the avenue. With a sudden realization of the impossibility of such bliss he sighed deeply and turned away.

As he did so he noticed the figure of a young lady coming down the steps of the doctor's office. As the young man watched her pull on the dainty gloves he decided that she was a gentle-woman in every respect. At this thought the light sprang into his eyes and, with a heart full of expectation, he stepped towards her. Now his opportunity had come. She had evidently intended to go for a ride, but the driver was not to be found. As the lady neared the car she was met with the exclamation, "The car is certainly a beauty. May I not drive her for you?" The girl accepted prettily and was assisted into the car. The young man jumped in beside her and the car sped away.

Down the avenue past the beautiful residences of the wealthy and under the great trees which lined it on either side they went, out into God's free country. With a care-free laugh and a deep breath of the fresh country air the happy young man put on full speed, and the car raced away. The girl grasped the arm of the seat and leaned forward breathlessly. Her sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks indicated how intensely she was enjoying every moment. The breeze blew her golden curls back from her forehead. She and her new friend had found real life.

On they raced, the car seeming hardly to touch the earth.

Speeding through a small village, with reckless laughter they ignored the waving arms of the constable. Women waved their aprons frantically. Children, dogs and chickens fled from the onrushing car.

The girl was entirely ignorant in regard to automobiles, but was eager to learn. Therefore, as they rattled over a country bridge the car was slowed down, and the young man proceeded to explain to her all about the machine. Then on changing seats the girl endeavored to put into practice the knowledge she had just received. All went well until in trying to pass a hay wagon, she headed the car for a fence. They soon felt a jolt and at once found themselves in the ditch. The experienced one merrily came to the rescue, and after several attempts the car was backed out into the road without damage. But the girl deemed this sufficient experience for the time being.

The young man again drove the car, and away they sped over the hills and through the valleys, beneath arches of trees and along wild streams until the western sky, flooded with crimson radiance, warned the young couple to return home.

Taking a shorter route, they at length drew into the city. As they rolled up the smooth avenue the young man inquired as to where they kept the car. She looked up quickly with a frightened expression. "Why, this car is not mine!" she exclaimed; "I supposed that it was yours." At length both under stood that they were driving a car which belonged to neither one of them. For a moment silence prevailed; each thought most seriously of the probable results. Then the absurdity of the whole affair came in full force upon them and peal after peal of laughter floated out upon the evening breeze. When they reached the doctor's office they wiped their eyes and prepared for the worst.

Here they found a great crowd of excited people. As the couple attempted to leave the car they were confronted by the officers of the law, who prevented their escape. Leading them to the office, the policeman presented them to the doctor. The young man insisted that he had made the mistake and that the lady was absolutely innocent.

When the good old doctor heard the truth of the affair he laughed heartily and forgave the chagrined couple. The three became fast friends and often recalled the adventure, which, had it not been for the doctor, might have proven decidedly unpleasant.

EDITORIAL—OUR WESTERN COLLEGE

Ruth Sharpe

April, 1913

Our land today boasts of a great and comprehensive educational system. Our colleges and universities have come to stand on a par with higher institutions of learning. We glory in this record, and yet we deplore certain tendencies prevalent today in many of our educational institutions. Our public schools have abolished the study of the Word of God from their curriculum, the universities are even now attacking its very foundations and are undermining the faith of the younger generations. Out in the world also, are these tendencies to be seen. Men and women are trailing blindly after false doctrines because the true spiritual light is being "hid under the bushel." More and more are men of simple, earnest Christian faith coming to regret these facts. Only by true education, they say, can false education be combatted.

How else may we counteract this fatal atmosphere than by implanting elevated standards of morality and spirituality in the hearts and minds of our future citizens and leaders? We, as young people, desire to secure our education under Christian influences and through Christian instruction, that we may cope successfully with the unbelief that is so widespread around us.

Our own denomination already has nine schools within its borders and we feel that the hand of God - indeed in this work. For our purpose is not merely to create "church accessories," but to enlarge and deepen the spirituality and the intelligence of the younger church militant. If we fail in this, we are robbing the Lord's vineyard of workers and leaving the harvest to the spoilers.

Only one of these nine schools has been doing full college work in the past. We are certainly proud of the record of Greenville College and appreciate the inestimable worth of her service to the world. Yet our land is very broad and population is increasing rapidly in the West. Hence it has become imperative to provide work of collegiate grade for the many who cannot bear the expense of traveling east to Greenville College, and who do not wish to attend worldly schools. Many of our own people are seeking Western homes and yet they hesitate to place their children in an atmosphere harmful to their spiritual life. Such persons will rejoice in the determina-

tion of our Board of Trustees that full college work shall hereafter be carried on in this institution. There are only two of our schools on the Pacific Coast where already other institutions of national reputation have sprung up. Our Seattle Seminary is pluckily endeavoring to place at your convenience, courses and teachers in the college department, equal in efficiency to those in older and more wealthy institutions.

In modest pride we boast of our lofty mountain peaks and sunny valleys, of our sunshine and shower and of all the many other blessings with which we are favored. A restless "onward" spirit pervades every nook and corner of this great country of ours. The development of the West has been phenomenal. The Western spirit has become synonymous with advancement and progress. Must not our church educational institutions attempt to keep pace with this marvelous progress and development.

The past has not been without its difficulties and hardships, but courage has never failed those who have guided the destinies of this school. Now that our seminary can register twenty winters of success, we stretch to our full height of manhood and feel the bounding pulse of youth within our veins respond to the call of greater courage. With the hope and faith of youth we see our college ship launched upon the future and we bespeak your frank support and earnest prayers for its safe passage to a final haven of security. The prospects are the best. Our college work is already well under way and we as college students invite you to swell our numbers and share with us the advantage of a Christian home and a Christian Seminary and College in this great Western city.

THE LITTLE PAUPER

Tressa Marsh

May, 1911

He was only a little lad of seven summers. He wore blue overalls, a torn shirt and a wide brimmed straw hat that flapped about his ears as he walked. The sun beat down warmly upon his back and the dusty country road stretched far out before him. He wondered if he ever would reach the end of the road. It seemed as if he had walked miles and miles since early morning. His little brown feet were tired and sore, although he had sat down to rest every few minutes.

Two years ago they had put his little mother in a black

box and left her up in the cold cemetery. Just yesterday they had put his father there beside his mother. As he thought of this the tears came to his eyes in spite of the manly effort to keep them back, because father had always called him his right hand man. Father had been such a good chum. He seemed to understand all of Bobbie's little trials and sorrows and father's strong hand always helped him through the hard places. He had struggled and fought so hard to stay with his boy but at last death had conquered. Yesterday when he had called to his father, as he lay all cold and white, he would not answer. His own father who had never been too busy to hear Bobbie's cry. Then Mrs. Brown, the lady with the sharp nose, had told him that his father was dead and would never speak to him again. That same day he had heard Mrs. Brown talking to the pastor about him. He couldn't very well help hearing what they said, although he tried not to listen. "Well, I will keep him for a week, but I think that paupers should be sent to the poor-house." All the rest of the day those words kept ringing in his ears and he wondered what it meant to be a pauper.

That evening Mrs. Brown took him with her, but he knew that he was not wanted. She did not like noisy little boys with muddy shoes. The great house was so lonesome and there seemed to be no room for him. His bedroom was dark and cold and he was almost lost in the great bed. He could not keep from crying himself to sleep, but in the night he had such a beautiful dream. His angel mother, of whom his father had told him so much, came and bent over his bed, brushed the big tears from his cheek and comforted him as only a mother can.

He awoke the next morning just as the sun was coming up over the hills. His first thought was of his father; he looked around the strange room, and then the events of the day before came rushing back to him. He felt that he must get away from that house where nobody wanted him. He thought that he would go out west where there were Indians and cowboys, of whom his father had read just the week before from a big book. The boy's heart was stirred as he heard the thrilling tales. He thought that he would start west anyway and maybe some time way off in the future he would find the land of the Indians. He arose, dressed quickly and slipped down the broad stairs. No one in the house was up but the maid, and Bobbie was not noticed as he opened the great front door and stepped out into the street. All was deserted except for a milk wagon and a farmer's cart loaded with fresh vegetables. No one noticed the little fellow as he walked through the village

streets. He soon came to a broad country road. That must be the way, he thought, and went cheerfully on, whistling the one tune he knew, "Home, Sweet Home." He walked quickly at first, then he became tired and sat down to bathe his feet in a ditch by the road. Soon a wagon came along and he got to ride a mile. In an hour or two he became very hungry, for he had nothing to eat since the night before. The sun rose higher and higher and the hot rays beat down on him hotter and hotter. It was now ten o'clock and he had walked five miles. He was very tired and he thought if only Dad were here now he would carry me on his shoulders, and then it all came over him that he could never ride on his father's shoulder again and, in the bitterness of his little heart, he asked the question that many wiser and older people have asked: "Why did God take him away?" But then he thought: "Father was tired staying down here without mother. I'll try to get along without him, but it is so hard." The tears came into his eyes and made long streaks down through the dust on his cheeks. He dug his fist into his eye and trudged manfully along.

Just then he was attracted by the barking of a big black dog, which had come from a little farm house close by and was wagging his tail frantically and doing his best to make friends with Bobbie. When they came to the gate the dog pulled at Bobbie's sleeve, as if to say, "Come in and stay with me." It was a great temptation, the yard looked so cool and green, there were flowers everywhere, large red roses, morning glories, sweet peas and poppies. There was a swing in the orchard and great stacks of hay in the field close by. From the stable came the low whinney of a horse. It was just the kind of a place where a boy could have some fun, so he thought that he would go in and rest a little while and get a drink. They surely wouldn't care if he got a drink, so he turned in at the gate, much to the delight of the dog.

A sweet-faced woman came to the door at the sound of footsteps, and her heart gave a bound when she saw the little figure. He looked so much like her own boy whom she had just buried. The same curls and gray eyes and freckles on his nose; and boy fashion his shirt was torn and pulled at the side. She spoke to him kindly, thinking that he was some neighbor's boy who had come on an errand. He asked for a drink and when she saw his wistful, tear-strained face, she knew that he was in trouble. She gave him a drink from the old tin dipper and asked him to come in and rest a little while. The dog was very much pleased with the proceedings and went in and sat down by Bobbie. After a few questions the lady found out the boy's story, and her mother heart went out

to him and she decided then and there to keep him in her home. The house had been so lonely since her own boy had left and now it would ring with child's laughter and yells.

It did not take long to get Bobbie's consent, and he put his tired head on her shoulder and the ache immediately left her heart. She then gave him some bread and milk, preserves and cookies, and the little fellow ate to his heart's content, while Jack, the old dog, walked round and round the table, wagging his tail for joy. He was next introduced to his new father, who was a jolly little man and was satisfied because his wife had found happiness. That night Bobbie was tucked in bed in the proper way and his new mother told him stories until he went to sleep.

As she knelt down by her bedside that night God looked down upon her, saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my children, ye have done it unto me."

SYMPATHY

Addie Cook

January, 1911

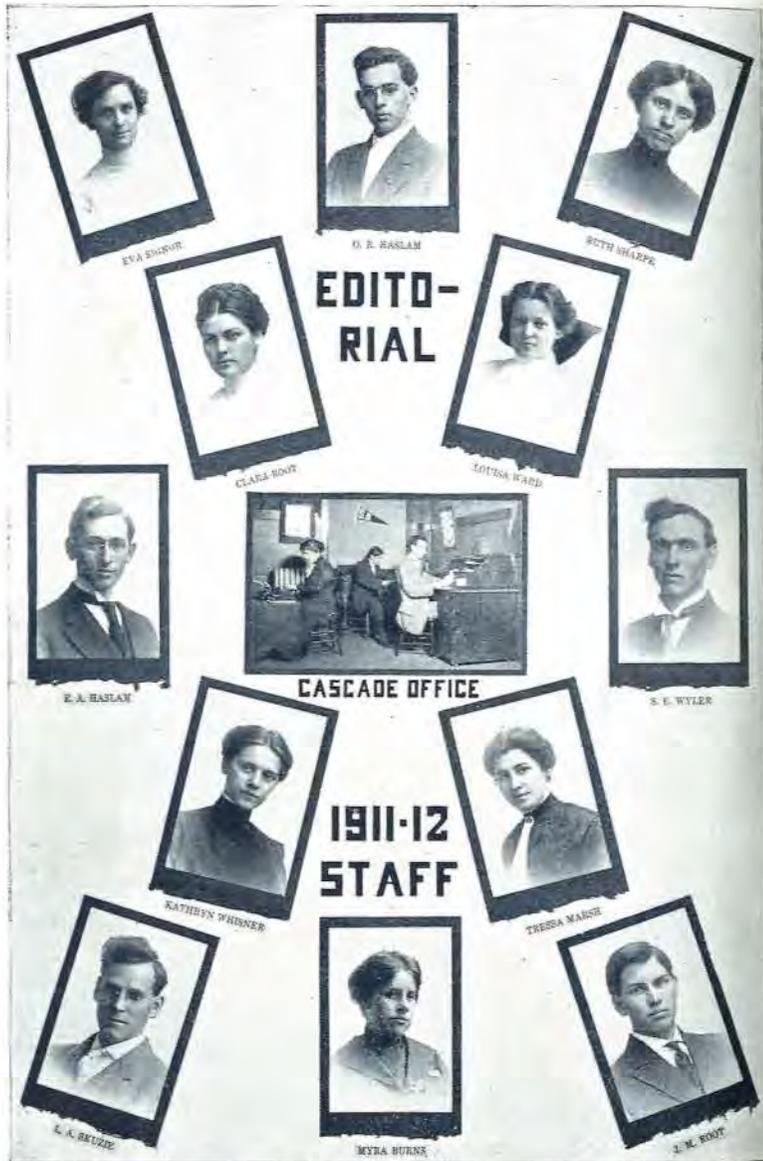
Sympathy is an emotion of the soul. It is one of the deepest, tenderest feelings of which a man is capable. In the very term are linked together thoughts of pity and compassion. True sympathy springs from the heart, and can rarely be expressed in words. Yet there is an unspoken language, a look of the eye, a tone of the voice, that conveys full well its meaning and value to another.

Oh, to have that kindred feeling with one in distress, that spirit of compassion and tenderness for one in affliction. How many a sad hour might have been brightened, and the bitter heartache been relieved, if only a word of tender pity had been given in the hour of trouble.

There is a reflexive influence about sympathy. Somehow it comes back to the giver in a blessing which is invaluable. With the feeling of compassion for another is brought to one's self an enrichment of character, an ennobling effect on his life which could be gained in no other way.

How beautiful to have it said of one, in the words of Shakespeare:

"He hath a tear for pity, and a hand,
Open as the day for melting charity."



LIFE

Burton Beegle

May, 1913

Life! What is life? Who can correctly answer this important question? To Shakespeare, life seemed but a dream or a walking shadow; to the Psalmist, life was like unto a flower of the field, that today is and tomorrow is withered and gone. But to all does it not seem that Longfellow had the right conception of life when he said:

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

Look, for a moment, at all the shipwrecks along the shores of time. What caused their frail barks to be dashed to pieces on the rocks of tribulation and on the reefs of sin? It is evident that for all such disasters there must be a cause. But what could lead a person to choose a route that would terminate so disastrously?

Was it not from the fact that many had not the true conception of life and what it is to live; not merely to exist, but to have a life that is rich with the perfumes of the flowers of kindness and sympathy. Perhaps they were influenced by others. The frown of a friend, the sneer of a loved one, or the unkind word of a brother may have started them out on the tempestuous sea of life with no pilot on board and with no star to guide them to the haven of rest.

There is no spectacle better calculated to lead the mind to serious reflection than that of an aged person, who, when nearing the end of life's journey, looks back over the long vista of his years only to recall opportunities unimproved. What voice can now bring cheer and gladness to that heart? What smile can sweep away the gloom and despair that have settled like a fog over his life? None, I say. None. To him life has been a sad failure and now in its evening, after all his years have been spent as for naught, he realizes that life was indeed more than an existence, and he now feels the burnings of anguish in his own breast. But too late! He can not retrace his steps. Could he do this, he would give worlds. Could he again live over those years, how differently they would be spent. But all such hopes and wishes are in vain, and now he must enter the threshold of eternity alone, empty-handed, and with a soul afraid to meet its Maker.

Let us all remember that it is not all of life to live, nor all

of death to die. But may we ever keep before us the fact that true life consists not in living for self, but in living for others. And all who learn this great lesson shall be showered with the dews of heaven and will sparkle and shine, and shall not only light the way for others, but shall banish darkness and gloom from their own pathway.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

And as we pass along through life may we ever strive to scatter flowers in the way of others, the beauties and perfumes of which will sweeten their sad lives and bring to them much hope and gladness. And may we not, like the unwise, in pursuit of the rich gew gaws of pleasure, pass by the real gems of life.

MOTHER

Helen Johnson

May, 1913

Last night as I sat dreaming,
And thot of my childhood days,
A vision of you passed before me
That set my mind ablaze!

I see you as you sat there,
In that dear, old-fashioned chair,
With the firelight playing round you,
And touching your silver hair.

Your shoulders are bent and weary,
And your brow is wrinkled with care;
For many burdens you've carried,
Burdens hard to bear.

But alas! my vision is over,
Broken by music clear;
But I'll never forget your sweet vision,
And the memories of you, so dear.



At the Sem



—Photos by Hamilton

Cascade Staff - 1913-14

EDITORIAL

RUTH SHARPE - Editor

EXECUTIVE ABILITY

In pondering over the repeated wails of failure and disappointment in the tasks of student life, I have cast about in my mind to discover the cause. Too often we hear the plaintive cry:

"I've flunked and I've fizzled and I've fallen down;
For sailing half-mast I have gained renown.
Now what is the reason, and can it be true
I've mistaken my calling, as so many do?"

These seem to be the sentiments of an astonishing number of students as well as others. They plod on year after year thru their allotted work, bewailing their lack of the talent or ability of another. We are tempted to wonder, too, why normally healthy, intelligent beings fail to produce the record of which we believe they are capable. Without doubt "There is a reason." There never lived a mortal who was not entitled to success.

Too many times failure is due to the violation of the old quotation:

"Whatever you do, do with your might,
Things done by halves are never done right."

Nothing was ever done, that was done, without effort or the exertion of power. Neither the mere possession of power to perform nor the desire to do, will suffice, but the actual, purposeful, voluntary act is what brings results. We assume that there must be perseverance in the right direction. We see about us scores of those who are endowed with superior gifts, but who are indifferent to their value, and seemingly from a false modesty or else pure laziness, default to those of inferior capacity who are wise enough to utilize every ounce of talent they possess.

We all have our standards, ambitions, ideals and aims. We plan, scheme, calculate and intend to do ever so many things which are never done. To be a success we must execute our plans, do the things we should do and put into actual use the powers we possess. In this way we will cultivate our executive ability, that faculty which brings things to pass, makes leaders of men and determines whether we are dreamers merely or reliable executors of our part in life.

Doubtless this will be my last opportunity to speak to the Cascade readers in this capacity and I wish to thank all, in the name of the Cascade for their interest, suggestions, criticisms, literary contributions, subscriptions and support. The Cascade has had a

year of unusual prosperity and we wish to place the praise where it is due. Without so substantial co-operation from the students, advertisers and friends, our success must have been impossible and we trust you have been sufficiently repaid by our endeavor to give you a clean, high-class, representative school paper, that you will still continue the relationship next year. The new staff-elect can be recommended without hesitation to fulfill all your expectations and with full confidence we resign our tasks to them. As a hint from experience, however, we urge you to lighten their burdens with subscriptions and prompt literary contributions, for doubtless it will never fail to turn their sorrow to rejoicing.

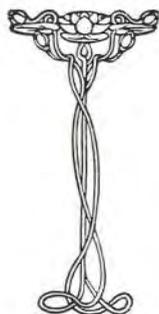
The staff-elect for next year are as follows: Editor, Mary Cathey; business manager, James Hudson; associate editors, Wayne Davis, Laura DuBois, Samuel Troutman, Celestine Tucker, Vina Smith; alumni editor, Ada Beegle; art editor, Winfred Thuline; election committee, Harold Mann, Gled Brady, Fred Gill.

The result of the Cascade contest between the Alethepians and Phils Clubs resulted in a unanimous awarding of the prize to the Phils. The Aletheps congratulate them on this exhibition of skill and intelligence.



J. W. Hudson

Manager Elect for 1914-15



A. BEERS, President

Mrs. A. BEERS, Preceptress

FACULTY

A. H. Stilwell, A. M., the principal of the school, has long proved a capable director and instructor.

Mr. A. Beers, the esteemed founder of our school, is its worthy president, and is untiring in his labors for its success and prosperity.

Mrs. A. Beers is the friend of the students, heart and soul, and is always a ready and patient adviser.

A. J. Marston is the young men's preceptor, a conscientious executor of his tasks, and a very interesting and thorough instructor in psychology and physical geography.

Mrs. A. J. Marston assists in teaching the seventh and eighth grades.

W. E. Bagley is the able instructor in mathematics and astronomy.

Mrs. W. E. Bagley has proved an exceptionally fine teacher in the primary department, of which she has charge.

Miss E. B. Lawrence has charge of the science department and has very successfully discharged her duties.

Miss E. R. Mott, who is at the head of the English department, is a very interesting as well as thorough teacher.

Miss Mae Marston is the Seminary German teacher and is very efficient. Her efforts to make her classes successful betray her love for her work.

O. A. Burns, as the history teacher, is beloved by every member of all his classes.

Miss D. Hunter has had a very successful year as principal of the grammar department.

Miss N. Tong, who has had charge of the fifth and sixth grades finds her work very interesting.

Miss O. Rustad, the head of the instrumental music department, is very much pleased with her music students.

Miss K. Whisner has done very well as assistant music instructor.

Miss Eva Signor has given both private art instruction as well as drawing and art in the grades.

Mrs. Earl Newton is the vocal music instructor and has had a very successful year.

Mrs. H. Saunderson has charge of the elocution department and is very efficient.

W. W. Cathey has faithfully and creditably discharged his duties as director of the Seminary Chorus.

Mrs. R. A. Best has been the faithful assistant preceptress of the girls during the past year.



Miss E. R. Mott A. H. Stilwell O. A. Burns Miss Mae Marston

W. E. Bagley Miss E. B. Lawrence A. J. Marston

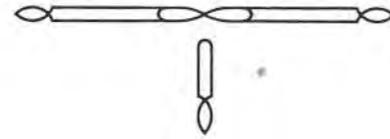
Mrs. W. E. Bagley Miss D. Hunter Miss O. Rustad

Miss Nettie Tong Miss Eva Signor Miss K. Whisner Mrs. R. A. Best

—Photos by Hamilton



SENIORS



Motto

Spectemur agenda

Let us be seen by our deeds

Colors

Maroon and Steel Gray

Faculty Member

Miss Edna Mott

CLASS HISTORY

At last we are closing the happiest chapter in our course of life, and it is well that we should reflect and briefly review those happy days at the dear old Sem.

We started our career in the fall of 1910, and were as green as the greenest, but we boasted the largest class—thirty-two members. But before the year closed we showed our intellectual ability when we gave the Sophs. a humiliating defeat in our annual debate.

When we returned the next year our roll call had suffered considerably, but our mettle was apparent in the jolly Soph paper we put out near the close of the year.

How quickly the months flew by, and then we were Juniors. But, sad and bitter fate—we could boast of only three boys. For nine long, weary months how we girls did pray for more boys, boys, boys. And at last they came in full force.

Then came the beginning of the end, and we are Seniors. Oh, the trials and joys of the Seniors when we are worshiped from afar off by the Freshies; imitated in our every act and word by the Sophs; secretly envied by the Juniors, and fondly watched over by the Alumni! We commenced our fourth year with a determination to "make this last one a big one," and we can look back now and realize that we have carried out our intentions.

We have now come to the end of our high school career and soon will be taking our last fond farewell of our dear Alma Mater.

This cannot rightly be called the history of the class of '14. That would fill volumes! But if you wish a more lengthy account we refer you to the Britannica.



Mary Cathey

"Scottie" dropped in from Harrington, Wn., in the fall of 1910. He has served the class as president. His reward is a scientific diploma.

"Is he fickle, or isn't he?"



Walter Scott

"Nellie" began her academic career in the fall of 1910, from Ballard. Secretary and treasurer of class. Classical course."

"I find a joy in living and laughing."



Eleanor McLaughlin



Mary Johnson

Sailing from Sweden, "Molly" landed in our Freshman class in 1910. Her home is in Getchel, Wash. Scientific diploma.

"From around her face will always brightness glow."

"Stew" came into our class in the fall of 1913. He is a Daisy (Wash.) fellow. His is a scientific diploma.

"Curfew must not ring tonight."



William Stewart

"Angel" came from Weston, Ore., to increase our junior ranks in fall of 1912. Will be presented with a classical diploma.

"I just can't make my eyes behave." You *know*.



Agnes Schneider



Helen Johnson

"Swenska," entered in the spring of 1913 from Mount Vernon, Wash. She will receive a scientific diploma.

"A maid whose cheeks outbloom the roses."

"Burt" made his first appearance here in the fall of 1911, from Oregon's Rose City. He props up the scholarship of the class.

"The sweetest hours that e'er I spent, I spent among the lasses."



Burton Beegle

Clara entered our class in 1910 from Reardan, Wash. Her Junior work was taken in Reardan High School. Scientific diploma.

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."



Clara Root

*Mary Eva*

Entered our class in 1912. A Seattleite. Classical diploma.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

"Grandpa" joined our ranks last fall from Clackamas, Ore. Scientific diploma.

"Cooking is becoming an art; a noble science; cooks are gentlemen."

*Althea Marston*

"Benjamin" has been with us since 1910. A resident of Seattle for several years. Scientific diploma.

"One step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

*Floyd Hopper**Ada Beegle*

Our valedictorian, from Portland, has been a veteran of the class throughout the four-year course. Classical diploma.

"Honor lies in honest toil."

This dialect orator entered from Ellensburg in the fall of 1912. Scientific diploma.

"Night after night he sat and bleared his eyes with books."

*Carl Anderson*

Violet came all the way from Denver to join our class in 1911. Scientific diploma.

"I have seen the soul of a violet shining thru sunlight and dew."

*Violet Haviland*



Mary Millican

Our "tennis shark" from Seattle, began with the class in 1910. Scientific diploma is her due.

"She would make brighter any sort of place."

"Johann" shook the Reardan (Wash.) dust from off his feet and began the struggle for a scientific diploma in 1910.

"Priceless 'Pearls' lie in silent natures."



Letba Jones

This energetic member joined our class in the fall of 1913. Will receive a scientific diploma.

"Charms strike the sight, but merits strike the soul."



John Root

Our "tennis shark" from Seattle, began with the class in 1910. Scientific diploma is her due.

"She would make brighter any sort of place."

"Johann" shook the Reardan (Wash.) dust from off his feet and began the struggle for a scientific diploma in 1910.

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Letba Jones

This energetic member joined our class in the fall of 1913. Will receive a scientific diploma.

"Charms strike the sight, but merits strike the soul."



Josephine Kelly

Since 1910 a loyal member of our class. Her home is in Seattle. Her diploma will be a classical one.

"As pure in that as angels are
To know her is to love her."

Maggie Mason

Maggie decided to share our joys and sorrows in the fall of 1913. ("Good night, nurse.")

"She wears a rose in her hair

At the twilight's dreamy close
Her face is fair—how fair—
Underneath the rose."



These remarkably bashful dignitaries arrived too late to meet the camera face to face.

Wade Folsom

This poet came from Colorado. Scientific diploma.

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

William Folsom

Entered class in 1913 from Colorado. Classical diploma.

"Nothin endures but personal qualities."

Lula Helm

Entered 1914. Classical diploma.

"Ever absent, ever near,
Yet I cannot reach thee."
Still I see thee, still I hear,

—Photos by Hamilton

THE PATH OF HOPE

(Class Poem)

Burton Linton Beegle

O! Classmates, true, today we stand
Where scores have stood before.
Success awaits us one and all
If we but find the door.

Four years we've struggled on and up,
O'er paths oft hard to tread;
Sometimes the sun shone bright above,
Sometimes clouds soared o'erhead.

But spite the thorns and briars sharp,
Our hopes were never vain,
And though the storms rolled high about,
The sunshine followed rain.

As storms and showers refresh the earth,
And purify the flowers,
We found each tempest here was sent,
To bless and brighten the hours.

And thus through sunshine, shade and
showers
We've reached the goal at last.
We look ahead with pleasure true,
With joy, behold the past.

And as we stand and gaze beyond,
And look to future years.
How bright hope's star arises there,
In spite of doubts and fears.

How brightly gleam the heights above,
As hope reflects her light.
Upon the peaks of future years,
Through darkness and through night.

And as the sun our planet draws
Still onward, onward still,
So shall the light of hope's bright hour
Lead us o'er vale and hill.

And when the shadows, dark, hang low,
And all about seems drear,
We'll still trust on, and on, and on,
And say, "Daylight is near."

Oh, as we leave these scenes most dear
And enter spheres unknown,
We trust no member of our class
Will feel forlorn or lone.

But may you all with learning's key,
The door to greatness ope'
And plant the flowers of victory
Along the path of Hope.



Ye Seniors.

THE BRIDAL PARTY

One Friday night about five o'clock the Seniors came strolling up Weedon Place to the Free Methodist Parsonage. They had scarcely gotten inside the house and turned about once—with difficulty—when suddenly a hay wagon came tearing around the corner. In a few minutes those dignified Seniors were piling in. It was a good squeeze, but Seniors are splendid crowders (please don't reverse this). After a few ominous creaks from the objecting hay-rack and several little shrieks from the girls, they started.

It was a jolly bunch that went rattling over Ravenna Boulevard and out the Pacific Highway. It is firmly believed that they sang every song ever composed, and to good effect, for as they passed a sawmill the managers very kindly gave the whistle an extra toot in honor of the studs. About an hour later the crowd struck off onto a country road and jogged along through the woods. Tall, black pines rose up on either side. The road emerged into a forest road, scarcely wide enough for the wagon.

Suddenly the road ended, and when the bars had been let down they rode into a big clearing, with forests on all four sides, and an old log house in the center. Everyone was hilarious for some time, and exploring expeditions started out. By 7:30 a huge camp fire was roaring and the hungry travellers prepared to satisfy their appetites. No one cared if "Jumper" did "hop" into the salad dish, nor if the weenies did have to be rescued once in a while from the flames. About 9:30 preparations were made to break camp, and they said the last farewells to the old place. But, alas, the fates had decreed otherwise. A very valuable part of the harness was lacking. In some way one of the horses had managed to lose its bridle. The fire was now out. The night was black. The field was large. They were miles from the nearest farm, and it was impossible to risk returning home without a bridle. So the Seniors exercised their pluck and started a hunt all over the place. The fire was rebuilt, and died down again. Yet no trace was found. Several began to lose heart, for it was late and they were far from home. Suddenly a shout arose—Burt and Wade had stumbled upon the bridle. It is needless to say that they were the heroes of the hour. Everybody climbed into the wagon and, rather frightened, rode through the narrow forest road with those hob-goblin branches slapping them in the face. Like Ichabod, to keep up courage, they sang until they were hoarse.

Finally they struck the home trail and soon the "bridal party" became a thing of the past. The mystery—who the bride and groom were—still remains in the possession of the Senior class.

WHAT HAVE THE SENIORS BEEN DOING

Everybody is saying that the class of 1914 has had the most privileges and the best times of any Senior class that has ever graduated. Whether this be so or not, the class has certainly had one round of gayeties this last semester. Miss Mott, our faculty member, has proved a charming chaperone, and has managed to keep the lads and lassies from breaking the "eighth rule."

Our gayeties commenced with a jolly evening at Jo Kelley's, and many more happy times followed. We shall never forget the taffy pull that Jo gave. We were really "stuck up," for once in our lives. Mrs. Kelley and Jo spent the following day on their knees, removing the taffy from the carpets.

Equally engraved upon our memories is the evening at Millican's. The little ballad entitled, "Alfalfa Hay," was one of the side-splitting features. So delighted was the class with this ditty that it was unanimously adopted as class song.

When we were being entertained at the home of the school president, Mrs. Beers invited us to the Annual Senior Bouquet at the Seminary. This was indeed a splendid success. The dining hall was beautifully decorated, and we were, for once, the center of attraction. Cad, the Junior president, made a pointed speech in which he made the startling announcement that he hoped to take some of the Seniors home with him. Who is the lucky girl, Smith?

Speaking of the Juniors, they certainly are some class! Such games "Drop the Handkerchief" and "Farmer in the Dell." The a lark as we had at Woodland Park! We played the thrilling choices made by the farmers were certainly enlightening. But then, murder will out! But one can grow weary of even such diversions, and so we strolled down into the woods, where we found, hidden among the trees, the most attractive sight imaginable—a long table, groaning under the perfectly delicious eats. Later in the evening we all were taken boating. The night was sublime, and we glided over the shadowy waters of Green Lake, perfectly happy.

We are anticipating another moonlight ride upon the briny deep. Mr. Lough, of the Fremont Drug Company, has very kindly invited the Seniors upon a launch party on June 1st.

We always were fond of the water—especially rain. That hike in the rain will never be forgotten. One Saturday, having planned a hike for the day, we showed our spunk and started out between the drops. "Hikers—not pikers," was our motto for the day. We went to Ravenna Park and had a jolly time. Things were certainly far from dry.

Commencement is almost here. Our class speakers are Ada

Beegle, valedictorian; Mary Cathey and Burton Beegle, chosen by the faculty; Althea Marston and John Root, elected by the class, and Josephine Kelley, decided upon as having the best oration.

We are indeed proud of Miss Beegle, and the whole class feels sure that their valedictorian deserves the honor, and has surely won it.

Almost unanimously the Seniors chose President Beers to preach the Baccalaureate sermon. The class of 1914 holds the President in very high esteem and certainly thanks Mr. and Mrs. Beers heartily for the pleasant times they have enjoyed.

And now, as the last days flee away, we are more and more convinced that our Senior year has been by far the most delightful year of our lives.

THE SENIOR'S VISION

Wade Merlin Folsom

I stand where rolling vapors shroud the hills
Which spread so far at daybreak; over me
Unrolls on high the scenery of a cool,
Relenting sky, where through a sapphire sea,
Life's intellectual fire peeps down into
Far-winding, purple valleys, unveiling
Opportunities and talents I possess.
And presently there comes a cadenced hymn,
Far-murmured on the pale horizon's verge,
And winds arise and sweep in anthem's deep
Through tender boughs upon my soul, and like
Unprisoned fountains on the Cascade's steep
Sierra, far uplifting dominant spires,
Reaching through snow-white drifts. I leap for joy.

Long have I wandered through the piney woods
When but the moon of hope illumed my path,
And clouds of doubt oft rolled and stood between,
And ghastly silence brooded everywhere
Until it woke with dawn of day upon
A higher mount and saw her dying form
Wooing, luring, and beckoning the sun
Along her way, amid the rapture of
A vision none have guessed. Back of me lies
The limitless past; the future realm awaiting,
Unrestricted, vast, and here I boldly tread
Upon the living present as I pass.
What wish have I, Oh burning heart of mine,
Than to fulfil my mission; what treasures
Are there more precious to me than wisdom;
Or robes to clothe my soul than salvation?
If life's best hours are just beyond, then why
Should I regret the toilsome past, if through

The falling tear I see, in morn's bright wake,
New hopes, and profit by a lesson learned.

'Tis Spring. Sweet sounds have ushered out the long
Winter's silence; the robin's notes instill
The air. Hushed are the woods against the sky.
I stoop and from the ground I gently pluck
The "General McArthur Rose." I know
It's spirit wanders as my own, and falls
And withers in its sweetness in cold winds
On foothills lying brown in Autumn's reign,
And hastens as a meteor shooting down
A dismal sky. But teach me thy patience
That I may wait, when tempests sweep me low,
And cherish faith to help me rise again,
When heavens wear a brighter countenance.

I climb and reach a higher peak, and plant
The Senior pennant on its dizzy head,
As an explorer with his nation's flag,
And here I stand, Balboa to realm
And far Pacific hills, a discoverer,
A conqueror. But hark! I faintly hear
Above me, whispering winds, and as I look
Beyond the drifting snows, I see a peak
That mounts and rises higher than my own.

CLASS SONG

Mary Althea Cathey

We love you, old Seattle Sem.,
Far up in the great Northwest.
We love your sons and daughters—
They're the fairest and the best.
We love the dear old faculty,
And that's the reason why
It breaks our hearts to think of parting,
And to say, "Good-bye."

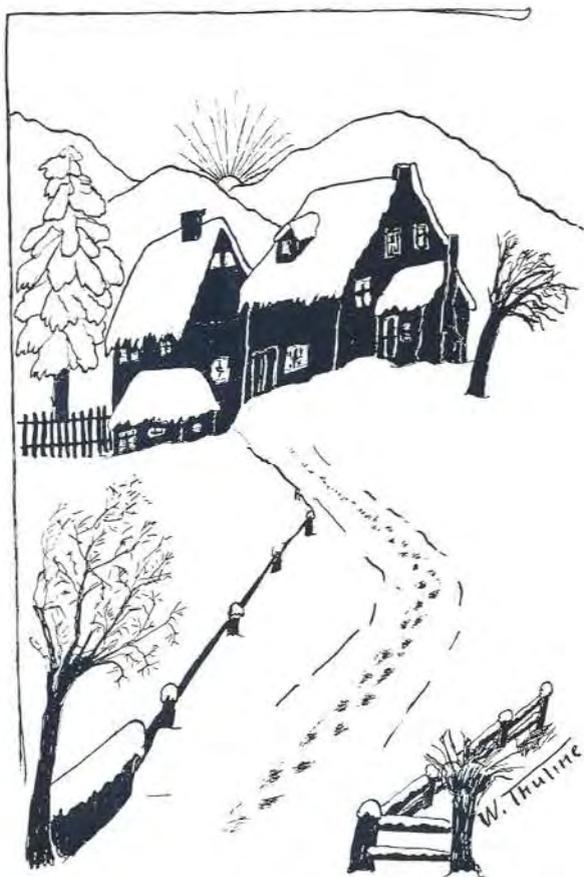
CHORUS.

Though we part, and wander far away
We will still united be;
For our hearts will yearn
And our hearts will turn,
Seattle Sem, to thee.
Now we've met to bid a fond farewell
And our eyes with tears are dim.
It's hard to say, "Good-bye,"
For just the reason why,
We love you, old Seattle Sem.

Four years we've been together here,
And happy have they been.
Such care-free hours as here were ours

We'll ne'er enjoy again;
 We love these old familiar scenes
 And that's the reason why
 It breaks our hearts to think of parting
 And to say, "Good-bye."

To those who love Seattle Sem,
 Her sons and daughters all,
 Still forward strain, fresh honors gain;
 Nor let the standard fall.
 And when your memory wanders back
 O'er faces long since seen,
 Amidst them all may you recall
 Our class 1914.



Jolly Hikers



Ruth Sharpe

Lillian Perry

Mrs. Lois Newton

Squire Willard

Ed. Haslam

College

JUNIORS

We have been fearing that some one might discover something the matter with the College Juniors. If you haven't, we'll just tell you that it is pretty delicate business being the first to try the upper rounds of a school ladder. You see we are the first Junior class and, worse yet, there is the Senior year facing us. We have to try every step to be sure it will be safe for others to travel in the same path.

There are five in our class and they are as equally divided between boys and girls as possible, since there are two boys and three girls, and one of the girls has recently added another man. We appreciate her effort to keep things balanced, and wish her all the happiness, health, wealth and double blessedness the world contains for her.

During the past year the Juniors have been an industrious body. Mr. E. A. Haslam has had charge of the school book-keeping in addition to his business as the school printer and duties as a college student. We fear his work has been too much for him, for we hear mysterious rumors about his future plans.

Miss Sharpe has been the Cascade editor for the past year. Miss Perry has excelled in her English work and Mr. Willard is still manfully combatting with his reputation for "fussing the queens."

Yes we have our manifold and hopeless failures, but we mean to get somewhere and in the meantime make many friends on the way.





Miss Addie Cook Floyd A. Puffer Miss Myra Burns

SOPHOMORES

To those of the more serious nature, thots of school dawn with ever increasing significance. First we look at the written symbol, later at its construction and last we interpret the fact underlying the symbols we studied. How different are the facts we meet from the imagery we formed of them. Our little class of three desire to give our friends some idea of our place in the interesting drama of school life. It is not our object merely to absorb knowledge. We hope to fill three places in the world and from each respective center radiate a thrill of sincere life and friendship which will be heroic in action and constructive in nature. We believe the world has enough critics for all time to come. Furthermore, we see as do others of our student friends that there is nobility in service. The multitude of beautiful things that we meet from day to day remind us that life is full of sweetness if only we know where and when to look for it.

Do you think we would miss the true end of liberal education

if we were to devote our time proportionately to the sciences, literature, and to direct study of people as they live under their burdens, joys, sorrows, cares and prosperities? We think that we have here the true perspective of life. Out of its philosophies arose the need of Christ and His religion, and because He made the plan from which society came, we believe that it is necessary to learn of and concerning him to complete a symmetrical education.

How dear are our friendships! We dedicate to those, who have cast metal into the mold from which we are being drawn, our sincere friendship. Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors of the Academy, also Freshmen and Juniors of the College, and instructors, faithful and true, you have contributed to our comfort and joy. Let us make you feel now as you read these lines that you are the one meant when we turn to salute you and pay our last respects as a class to you all.* We think of class rooms, compass, charts, Alpha Club occasions, outings of the royal, jolly kind, sacred services in the house of the Lord—all these have recast our very souls and in the future we hope to serve you better.

FRESHMEN

Eight jolly young people compose the College Freshman class. Perhaps we are not quite so well known as some of the members of the other classes, as we are only on the bottom round of the ladder of fame, but we are learning to take our first steps upward. This year we have come to realize that our High School career was merely a preparation to teach us how to begin to study. We have really begun to build the foundations of our character and we trust when the structures are completed they will be the finest types of noble manhood and womanhood.

During this past semester Miss Lena Skuzie held the sceptre of power, or, as we are a democratic nation, I should say sat in the president's chair. She was ably assisted by Miss Kathryn Whisner in times of dire distress. Mr. Oliver Haslam, our scribe, diligently recorded the momentous events in our history. He also guarded the immense(?) wealth contained in the treasury. If there was any danger from outside sources, or trouble of any nature arose, Mr. Kondo supplies the necessary muscle to keep the atmosphere calm. Miss Florence Alberts has represented our greatness in the circles of the Associated Student Body. Miss Bessie Ward has uplifted us by her noble life, and the influence of the hours she fills for us with melody will ever remain in our memory. For the truly artistic touch to our class we are indebted to Miss Eva Signor. Lest the readers of the "Cascade" forget that our class has been in existence,

Louise Ward has given you enough information on that point.

It will be interesting to note that every member of our class has received his or her high school diploma at the Seminary, with the exception of Mr. Harry Koudo, who graduated from the Herasaki High School, Japan.



Louisa Ward Kathryn Whisner Lena Skuzie Florence Alberts
Bessie Ward Eva Signor Oliver Haslam Harry Koudo

Academy W.T.





JUNIORS

That's right! We'll acknowledge we're rather quiet and slow in some respects, but still we persevere, realizing there is no failure except in no longer trying. As our numbers are not many, the burdens and responsibilities have rested upon the few, who have borne them nobly. The cares at times have been hard pressing and tasks somewhat irksome, but nevertheless we have kept up courage and are yet hopeful.

We, as a class, have endeavored to not bear more than one trouble at a time. Some people bear three: All they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have. The first we have experienced, the second we are now undergoing and the latter is fast coming upon us. Yet we feel not disheartened, for others have come through triumphantly and we hope also to come out with our colors floating high. We don't intend to trouble trouble 'til trouble troubles us.

We realize, too, that soon the great store-house of knowledge will be opened unto us and there a refuge we may find. There may be found the key to every situation.

We appreciate highly the example set by our worthy predecessors, and as their mantle falls on us, we hope to push forward with a greater zeal and hold up the standard of truth and right.

One source of great inspiration has been that of our honorary faculty member, who, with her bright and cheery smile and kind words, has spurred our ambitions on and encouraged us in time of difficulty.

We desire for the coming Junior class a larger number than we have had, for "the more the merrier," when a tax of great enormity becomes necessary. We hope the world will treat you as well as we ourselves have been treated, for then we can assure you a time of pleasure and contentment.

Now to all, may your vacation be a pleasant one and, last, to our enthusiastic Juniors are we thankful for your kindly efforts and interests which you have shown, and it will be our greatest pleasure to see the return of every smiling face.

We extend a hearty welcome to all new members of the "Senior Class of 1915."



SOPHOMORES

The Sophomores have been a busy, happy bunch this whole year through. However, we begin to breathe more freely as the year draws to its close, and among ourselves it is a relief to feel that there are no more six weeks' tests awaiting us this semester. The majority of the class are hoping to escape the final examinations. We are all in sympathy with the "banner and honor" system.

The botany class affords a very reasonable excuse for "hikes." The class took a fine one to Fort Lawton beach recently. The "feed" was really a feast. We waded in a salt marsh and our investigation discovered much of interest. The last hunt for specimens, however, was poorly attended. Ask Miss Smith or Miss Dull for particulars.

The Freshman-Sophomore picnic at Smith's Park during vacation was a decided success for the Sophomores, and we trust that the Freshmen were equally pleased. Our guest, Mr. Hudson, proved an excellent fire-builder and pathfinder.

The Sophomores keep a lively interest in athletics, as evidenced by the tennis tournaments and the baseball practices.

We take pleasure in assuring our little brothers and sisters, the Freshies, that the life of a sophomore is very pleasant. Although the seventeneers may never be as illustrious as the present sophomores, we regard them as a promising set and hereby bequeath to them the chance to become as famous as they choose.

As sophomores, the class of 1916 has enjoyed a most harmonious and delightful school year, and we all feel we owe much to the faculty and to our fellow students of both seminary and college. Each of us is hoping that the other seventeen will return next year. You will hear of us as Sophomores no more, but next year we will be glad to have you help us swell the numbers of the Junior class.





FRESHMEN

During the eight days of spring vacation the Freshmen did unquestionably have a real, live time. For a few hours we walked around the campus trying to convince ourselves that school, temporarily, was a thing of the past. At dawn on Tuesday there was every evidence that our efforts were not in vain. The class divided up into three or four parties; one went on a long hike; another to play tennis at Woodland Park, and a few to Fort Lawton on a clam digging expedition. As is very well known, we have a goodly few who are of a particularly industrious nature. These employed their time in upholding the dignity of labor to no mean degree.

It is with deep regret that we lost one of our members, Mr. McMullen, who, owing to the urgent demands of this honorable calling, left the seminary to manage his father's farm. He was one of the most popular of our members and we all sincerely wish him every success. There is yet a hope—a possibility—of his return next year.

Nearing the end of vacation, our Sophomore brethren did us the honor of allowing us to accompany them on a picnic to Smith's Park. They most enthusiastically strained every possible resource to make the day as enjoyable as possible. They evidently have shown Freshmen an original good time before, or had in some mysterious way gotten to know the very things which tickle a Freshman's fancy most. They were somewhat aumised as we looked upon the great, mighty ocean, as we let its wild roar drift into our souls, and allowed ourselves to be enwrapped with its sheet of blue, and like nature's worshiping children, we all listened to the whisper of its deep caverns as we partook of that unique picnic fare. After spending a most enjoyable day, the majority!! of us returned with our chaperones, Mr. and Mrs. Bagley. The ex-Bachelors swelled the majority.

Tired, tired and weary are we Freshmen, but on that historic ninth and tenth of June, when we depart, the most conspicuous part of our bag and baggage shall be the true fruits of strenuous efforts—the banner—the highest honor.



MUSIC DEPARTMENT

"Yea, music is the Prophet's art;
Among the gifts that God hath sent,
One of the most magnificent."

How aptly this expresses the place that music holds in the world! It may seem to many to be a mere waste of time when we should be studying lessons from books, but Aristides truthfully states that "Music is calculated to improve the mind and fix it for instruction." Thus do we see that this art holds a great place in every normal person's education. Lincoln has said, "Music is one of the greatest educators in the world," and if this be so, we should all learn of such a teacher. Finally, we hold that it gives one the proper degree of necessary refinement, which is maintained by Dwight in the truth that "Music is an important element of modern culture." Thus do we see that instead of a hindrance in our search for knowledge, it may be made one of the greatest factors.

The Seattle Seminary and College, realizing this, has a well-developed music department. Credit is given for all the work, which is done up to a standard, and in consequence those who take either instrumental or vocal music are doing excellent work.

Miss Otelia Rustad is at the head of the instrumental music department, and has carried it thru this past year with great success. The pupils, having taken a keen interest in their work, have made the private recitals, which have been given every few weeks, very instructive as well as entertaining. The harmony class, which has met every week, has been one of the most educative features of this department. Miss Rustad has carried on the work among the more advanced pupils, while Miss Kathryn Whisner has guided the trembling footsteps of the beginners. Next year, it is anticipated, will be a still more profitable year, as the new features added last fall have proven a great success. Miss Rustad urges every music student to join the harmony class, as this is one of the most important factors in the study of music, being practically the foundation work.

The vocal music department is divided up into several classes. To some it may seem that vocal music is merely a "graft" to receive a credit, but this is the opinion only of those who do not take up this "work," for thus it may rightfully be termed. It is real *work*. One of the most interesting classes is the Seminary Chorus, under the direction of Mr. William Cathey. The members of this class work as hard at their singing as if it were Latin or Mathematics, not only because it is required, but because they really enjoy it. One recital was given in the fall in connection with one by Miss Rustad's pupils. Another recital, given in May, showed well the training they had been receiving the past months. Some of the selections rendered were the oratorio of "Ruth," "Soldiers' Chorus" from

"Faust," "The Glory of God" and "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah." Mrs. May Colson Newton has been in charge of the two singing classes composed of those who are not quite so advanced in music. Mrs. Lois Cathey Newton has conducted the grade work in this department.

The friends of the school will have ample means to judge during commencement week of the benefits of the music training we receive here.

ART DEPARTMENT

Among the departments of the Seminary there is one that moves along unostentatiously, yet is none the less deserving of merit. We refer to the Art Department. Creditable work is being done under the conscientious guidance of the instructor, Miss Eva Signor. Work done in the department now receives recognition in the estimate of credits and applies toward graduation.

DAS KRANZCHEN

The German club known as "Das Kranzchen" is still in existence. Altho we have not been as much in the "limelight" as last year, yet the fact that we have been under the study light instead may account for the fact.

Fraulein Marie Cathey, unser President, has been hard at work with the rest of the officers, Herr Johann Wurzel, der vize president, and Fraulein Louisa Wache, die sekretar, trying to arrange a program, but as the students enjoy studying, they scarce have time for other things. If our plans work out, however, the world will yet hear from us.

Die erste deutsche Klasse are to be congratulated for maintaining such a splended class at 8 a. m. They certainly get ahead of some of the rest of us.

Die zweite Klasse can boast of several banner students. They are now on the home stretch and by June will come flying home to victory and, incidentally, diplomas.

Die dritte Klasse have enjoyed their work in reading plays this year. Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" was especially enjoyable, altho Lessing's "Nathan der Weise" holds a close second place.

The German students, as a whole, wish to express to unsere beste deutsche Lehrerin, Fraulein Mai Marston, our sincerest gratitude for the help and inspiration she has been to us this year. We know that we will ever cherish her memory in our hearts and around the dear old German class room will our memories ever linger.



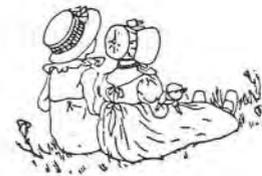
GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT

The grammar department is one of the most important of the school as a foundation for the higher courses. Miss Hunter is the very excellent principal of the department. She has taken unusual preparations to fit herself for this position. She has endeavored to place the work on a par with the state requirements, which she uses as a basis.

Miss Hunter is assisted by Mrs. Marston in the seventh and eighth grades. The students have literary opportunities in their classes, are given art instruction by the art instructor, and are eligible to the regular vocal music classes. The two grades have an enrollment of twenty-five for this year.

The fifth and sixth grades are in charge of Miss Tong, who has had the work for some years. They also have the advantage of art instruction and have been instructed in vocal music by Miss Lois Cathey for part of the year. This year has exceeded the average in the general improvement and excellence of school standing. The class of this year bears an enrollment of twenty-nine scholars in this department.

The primary grades under Mrs. Bagley are especially interesting. It is like renewing our youth to step into their neat little school room, with its tidy rows of bright little scholars. Mrs. Bagley has been especially interested in adding skillfulness in manual art, carving, drawing, etc., to the regular duties of school life. Every day the school takes its physical culture drill, sometimes with wands and dumb-bells. The little children love their work and their teacher, who has found herself able to trust her pupils without fear. They maintain a degree of order and respect which might well be a rebuke to some of their elders.



Societies

ALETHEPIAN CLUB

Swiftly the fleeting days bring the end of school ever nearer. We are happy in the thought of having a rest from our books, but still our hearts are saddened as we think of having to part from one another, never again to all meet at one time, as we have during this last year. The merry hours spent together in the club parlor will be but one of the strongest links that binds our chain of friendship.

During the first semester our president, Miss Althea Marston, with the assistance of the staff, planned such good times for our enjoyment. Not very soon will we forget the jolly hour spent up in the woods when our "orchestra" entertained us so royally. Nor will we ever fail to remember the club meetings when we had gay excursions over the floor. What fun we had as we planned for the Phil reception! That certainly proved "a grand success," so the Phils said, and we were happy in the knowledge that they had a good time.

Miss Mary Johnson, the president of the second semester, has followed in the steps of her worthy predecessors. We are proud of two such able club members.

For various reasons we were unable to give the public program that was planned. However, a fair sample of the talent contained in the club was shown by the octette, which rendered a selection at the "Cascade" program.

As we separate and journey northward, southward, to the east and west, let us ever cherish, as we have in the past, loyalty to this, our Alethebian Club.

HAIL ALETHEPIANS.

Lois Cathey Newton.

Nestled in a sunny valley,
With the frowning hills above,
Stands the dear old Seminary
And the club we love.

Chorus.

Hail Alethepians, we are true
To the Sem. and thee.
May we hold thee dear and loyal
In our memory.

As we upward strive for knowledge,
Adding as we go along,
Dear Al'thep Club, we will gladly
Sing to thee our song.

Days may pass with changing pleasures,
Future years bring joy and glee,
But our memory will cherish
Every thot of thee.

PHILOPOLEMICAL CLUB

There is a reason for everything except a woman's getting off the car backwards, and the Phils are no exception to the rule. Many and potent are the reasons for the scarcity of society meetings for the semester in the Philpolemical Debating Club.

First, our president and the self important part of our club are Seniors, and most of their time is spent on moonlight hayrack or boat rides and private expeditions to Kinnear Park and elsewhere. All such excursions are, of course, properly chaperoned, and the boys are at one end of the boat or hayrack and the girls at the other. Secondly, the evenings have largely been taken up with the many joys and sorrows(?) which attend the close of a school year. The third and last reason which we will mention will require a few more details, but we will try and not be too specific.

All of our readers who have noticed the exciting contest between the Alethebian and Philpolemical Clubs in the Cascade will be pleased, we are sure, to know that the honorable judges unaniously awarded the prize to the Phils. School, as we all know (to our disapointment) is fast drawing to a close, and the Phils would not wish any of the Alethepians to depart feeling badly about the result of this contest; hence a careful observer standing on the steps of the boys' dormitory might see, on a Sunday afternoon, some dark specks dotting the campus which, with the aid of Prof. Bagley's astronomy glass, might be magnified to such a degree that one could make out a bulwark of pillows, behind which a Phil would be trying to console an Alethebian as to the result of the contest. This deals directly with the lack of Phils meetings, for on Friday nights, when the Phils should be holding a regular meeting, they are likely preparing to console an Alethebian on the following Sunday.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, we are sure that Alethebian will unite with Phil in saying that this has been a prosperous year and wishing the club an eventful future.

POSTUM.

ALPHA CLUB

Who are the Alpha Club? Why have they been so quiet?

"Well, "The Alpha Club" spells "College Students," and the past year has been very pleasantly though quietly spent. We have not held our regular meetings this spring, but have had several occasions of recreation.

Some time ago, we spent a very delightful evening at the home of Myra Burns, one of the Sophomores. Only those who have been entertained as we have, can know what a jolly time it means to go "to Myra's." Those endless strings, puzzling games and delicious refreshments won us completely for the evening. We never knew before how little we knew about "smells." For some mysterious reason the first number on the program was an impromptu wedding march, though those especially favored failed to see the point. (?) At the close of the program we lifted our voices in musical (?) strains and hastened leisurely homeward.

During spring vacation, the same jolly bunch stormed Smith's Park and held it for the entire day against all invaders, except two evident candidates for a matrimonial association. We investigated, discovered and utilized the swings, tetter-totters, paths, logs and best of all, the dinner. That was one dinner, I assure you. Just imagine a nice, tender roast right in the middle of a picnic table and then add all the good things you know about and you can imagine what a lovely time we had. Some unusually novel pictures were taken, some games from away back in the Dark Ages were played and on our way from the park we witnessed a distractingly exciting ball game played by the small natives of that part of the city. We passed some time on the sands of the beach, defying the greedy waves, then spying an approaching car we assailed it in a body and rode triumphantly home in time for supper.

I. P. A.

The Prohibition Association feels well repaid for its year's work. The last few months have brought forth the very entertaining features of the regular annual oratorical contests.

In the local contest of the Seattle Seminary and College, there were three participants, Misses Addie Cook and Letha Jones, and Mr. O. R. Haslam; Mr. Haslam winning first place. The excitement over the contest ran very high and stirred many to a desire to be a part of this important movement.

On April 3, Seattle was favored in entertaining the State oratorical contest which was held in the Ross F. M. church. The speakers were Mr. Otis Harris of the University of Spokane, Mr. Clark Cotterill of the University of Puget Sound, Mr. Joel Pryde of the

University of Washington, Mr. Paul Dupertins of the Washington State College at Pullman, and Mr. O. H. Haslam of Seattle College.

The orations were excellent, dealing with the most up-to-date phases of the subject, and were delivered so ably as to appeal most forcibly to our every sense of justice, duty and mercy. The church was filled with an attentive and sympathetic audience.

The prize of fifty dollars, for the winning oration, was awarded to Mr. Paul Dupertin of Washington State College, who was very worthy. At the close of the addresses we were also favored with music numbers and a short talk by the president of the County Anti-Saloon League.

The final National oratorical contest will be held the last of May at Los Angeles, Cal., and the national prize for the best oration will be awarded.

We do not feel that the efforts of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association are in vain, but that we are gaining ground and through our association may accomplish a great deal toward the gaining of that day when National Prohibition shall be written on every state.

STUDENTS' MISSIONARY SOCIETY

The Missionary Department of the school, we feel, is one of its most essential factors in the life of the students. The evangelistic spirit is kept constantly revived. On the evening of May 19th the Student Missionary Society held its regular meeting in the chapel. The conspicuous and interesting features of the evening were the talks on the life of Clara Leffingwell by Miss Root, who spoke on her early life; by Miss Whisner, on her call and work; by Miss Lawpaugh, on her work and death. The students and friends were very much profited.

In connection with the School and Missionary Society is the Students' Volunteer Missionary Band, composed of the students who have felt the divine call and have dedicated their lives to active service for God.

The Seminary Volunteers and the other volunteer bands of the city have organized under Mr. Henderson as president, Mr. O. R. Haslam as vice-president and Miss E. B. Lawrence as secretary. At the first meeting about twenty-one were present. At the second meeting, held April 30th, a very interesting address was given by a returned missionary from China. The regular Band meetings are closed except once a month, but are very interesting and instructive; the study of "The Foreign Missionary," by Brown, has proved very enjoyable.

The members are often encouraged also by the other missionary meetings, which are held frequently. The Band extends its greetings to all its friends and fellow workers who are on the field and wishes them abundant returns for their labor.

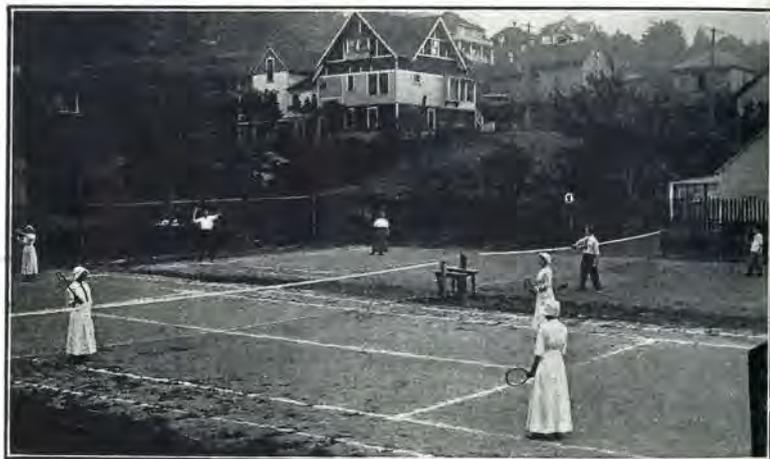
ATHLETICS

TENNIS

The singles tournament has been in progress for several weeks and the results to date are as follows:

Preliminaries—E. Smith won over Wm. Robinson, 6-1, 6-2; F. Gill from H. Mann, 2-6, 6-3, 10-8; W. Thuline from Geo. Coffee, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4; W. Scott from J. Hudson, 6-3, 6-0; F. Puffer from J. Root by default; O. Haslam from E. Haslam by default; S. Willard from B. Beegle, 6-4, 6-4; A. Parsons from A. Thomas, 6-1, 6-0; A. J. Marston from O. A. Burns, 6-2, 6-3.

Second round—O. Haslam won from F. Gill, 6-1, 6-3; E. Smith from A. Parsons by default; A. J. Marston from S. Willard, 6-4, 6-2; W. Scott from W. Thuline, 6-2, 6-2; F. Puffer from H. Koudo, 6-3, 6-0.



In the semi finals A. J. Marston defaulted to E. Smith, O. Haslam plays F. Puffer and the winner of this match plays Smith for entry into the finals against W. Scott.

So far in the girls' tournament, May Marston has won from Ruth Shoudy, 6-2, 6-4; Celestine Tucker from Kathryn Whisner, 6-1, 6-0; Mary Millican from Muriel Eden, 6-2, 6-2; Daisy Hunter from Edna Lawrence, 6-0, 6-0; and Laura DuBois from Ethel Lawpaugh by default.

On Monday afternoon, May 18, a challenge doubles match was played between the Juniors and Sophomores. H. Mann and Laura DuBois represented the Juniors, and Wm. Robinson and Celestine Tucker the Sophomores.

Not for a long time has there been such an outburst of enthusiasm as was manifested at this contest. In the first set the Sophs. won handily by a score of 6-2, but the Juniors came back strong in the second and took a 6-3 set. With the score at 1 all excitement became intense. When supper was called several stayed away to watch the contest out. The Juniors led off strong and took the score to 5-3. Here the Sophs. won their service, bringing the score to 5-4. With Mann serving for the Juniors, the match was considered over, for he had been winning his service steadily. But the Sophs. braced and deuced the set. Back and forth the contest now swayed, first the Juniors, then the Sophs., taking the advantage. Finally with the score 9-9 the Juniors took Miss Tucker's service and then Mann won his and set. Final score: Juniors, 2-6, 6-3, 11-9.



Upper Class Baseball Team

BASEBALL

This Spring more has been doing in baseball than ever before.

Early in the season the Sophomores and Freshmen challenged the Upper Classmen to a series of five games. So far in the series the lower classmen lead two to one.

The first game was a hard-fought contest in which the lower classmen won, 9 to 6. It was featured by the ragged field work of the Upper Classmen and the tight pitching of their pitcher, Mann, in the last four innings.

The second game was a walkaway for the Upper Classmen, ending in a score of 18 to 5. Davis was hammered to all corners of the field. Beegle cleared the bases once with a home run into the left field grove.

In the third game the lower classmen came back strong and won by an 11 to 7 score. The Upper Classmen out-hit their opponents, making eleven safeties for a total of sixteen bases, but ragged fieldwork lost the game for them. For the lower classmen Davis slammed out a home run and Stewart came through with a triple when the bases were full.



Lower Class Baseball Team

On Friday, May 29th, the fourth game was played. It was close and exciting all the way through. With the score 6-6 the upper classmen came to bat at the end of the ninth. E. Haslam lined a hot one to third and was safe on Robinson's error. He stole second while Scott was striking out, and then stole third while Thuline was napping behind the plate. Mann went out and Beegle came to the bat. After two strikes were called he popped an infield fly near the third base line and Haslam crossed the plate with the winning run. This game evened the count between the two teams.

Exchanges

How can any school get along without an exchange department? To us it is one of the most important. No individual is quite sufficient in himself and no school paper can find all ideas at home. In addition to gaining knowledge from our exchanges, we have a desire to "see ourselves as others see us."

During the past year we have exchanged with about forty school papers, both public and private, high schools and colleges. And these schools have been among the best in the country. Besides the public high schools of our own city, we are favored with exchanges from all along the coast, some in Colorado, Michigan, Illinois and straight through to the Empire State.

When we read our exchanges, it is a pleasure to pick up one and read a story that advances a refined theme or elevating ideal, or that vividly portrays the simple events of everyday life. We rejoice with other papers over their triumphs in essays and poems and special efforts to win well-earned approval. There is that indefinable something in every paper that grades the school behind it in the reader's estimation. It should be the purpose of each school to make the tone, the spirit, that something, as high as possible.

We thank all our exchanges for their welcome visits this year, and anticipate meeting you all again next year with many more like you.

It is always an inspiration to receive worthy recognition for our efforts from other papers. The May number of the "Vista" has this to say of us: We have just received the April "Cascade" of Seattle, Washington. This issue is the work of the Philopolemic Debating Club and is a high class magazine. A very fine quality of paper was used, and the quality of the literary material is up to that of the paper. However, the part that appeals to us most is the clever art work."

We were glad, as usual, to receive the "Review" from Sacramento, Cal. It is one of our best exchanges, with a splendid literary department and a general high class tone throughout. A somewhat more extensive editorial might add to the weight of the paper.

The "Junior" number of the "Tolo" from Franklin High has just arrived. "Ye Schoole Gossip" is quite an idea. It is as good as the original. The entire "get up" of the paper is very good.

The "Totem" published by students of the Lincoln High School, contains an article, "What the Other Schools Are Doing." Evidently this paper has worked up a good exchange department and notice their neighbors. The art work is exceptionally good.

There were several excellent poems in the wrong number of the "Kodak" from Everett, Washington. The school should be congratulated as good poems are difficult to obtain. A few more cuts would add greatly to the paper.

"The Tahoma" of Tacoma, Washington, is both fortunate and unfortunate in its cuts. The cover design is very good and attractive, but some of the cuts are hardly up to the standard. The paper is considered authority, however, in what is the proper or last word in a school publication.

It is such a pleasure to pick up our old friend, the "Kuay," published by the students of Queen Anne High School. The paper starts well with a very appropriate cover design and keeps up to the top notch throughout. The departments are complete and the cuts artistic. Indeed, we have nothing but praise for the publication.

A good way to find a girl out is to call when she isn't in.—Ex.

Half a dozen youngsters were boasting of the illness they had passed thru. After three or four harrowing recitals, "I've had chicken foxes and investigation," declared Ted, with a go-that-better-if-you-can air. "Huh," put in three-year-old Jack. "I had am-monia and beehives just awful, and," stripping up his sleeves to point triumphantly to the vaccination scar on his arm, "there's where I was baptized."—Ex.



Locals

One of the most exciting picnics of the spring vacation was the College and Senior girls' picnic. At about twelve o'clock, noon, Friday, eighteen girls in their white caps and dresses, disembarked from the Fautleroy car and turned their faces eagerly up the beach. After forty-five minutes' walk up the beach we found the old camping place and soon had a splendid roaring fire that could put any of those of the boys to shame.

Dinner was served in courses for about two hours, after which, the dishes having been thrown away mostly, we went down to revel in the delights of boat-riding, wading, sand-digging and all the other diversions coincident to a girls' picnic. The day was perfect and not a girl would have missed the day's outing for a small fortune.

The "Merry Hearts" from the College hall enjoyed a very special evening during vacation. They are a lively quartette who never fail to have an interesting time at their meetings.

The regular annual Cascade program was given Friday, May 22.

The choicest stories, essays, and poems published in the paper the past year were delivered and excellent music was rendered by the Aletheian octette, as well as the Phils' chorus and male quartette.

The new editor, Miss Mary Cathey, and the business manager, Mr. James Hudson, were introduced to the students. The students feel no lack of confidence in their ability to discharge their important duties the coming year and we wish them the best of success.

Bishop Jones visited the Seminary recently, and gave a very inspiring talk in the Tuesday night students' prayer meeting.

Rev. B. Winget also was in Seattle recently and addressed the missionary society in the church.

Rev. C. S. McKinley, well known as a former student, was with us one Tuesday night and gave a very profitable talk.

On Tuesday, May 26, the "Messiah" was rendered by the People's Chorus in the city. Those who attended were far from disappointed.

Mrs. Clara Herald, Mr. Haslam's sister, is now in the city and may remain indefinitely.

The walls of routine which encompass the seminary were severely shaken on May 9 by an earthquake in the form of an unexpected wedding. Miss Lois Cathey, daughter of Rev. Frank Cathey, and Mr. Dana Newton, nephew of Mrs. A. Beers, were happily married without the assistance of their friends and have been enjoying the sensation they created, ever since. The school joins in wishing them a long, happy and prosperous life.

The kitchen-help hereby serve official notice that they are going on a strike, and hereby warn all connections of the Seminary that they will serve no more meals after the close of school.

Notice—Coffee & Co. are diligently engaged in laying in a stock of ladies' handkerchiefs and hairpins.

ALUMNI

Mrs. Emma Olson Wilson, '12, is very happy with her little daughter, Evelyn Jean, who was born March 31st.

The friends of Mrs. Lizzie Church McGee, '08, wish to extend their heartfelt sympathies to her in the loss of her husband.

We just heard recently of the fact that Mr. Ray Langworthy, '10, has taken unto himself a wife.

Mr. Louis Skuzie, '10, is the first one of that large, illustrious class to complete his college course. He will receive his diploma from Greenville College this June.

Mrs. Gem Lewis Barnes, '11, is keeping house at Grand Forks, Canada.

Quite romantic was the wedding of Mr. Dana Newton, '11, to Miss Lois Cathey, a favorite among the students. The event occurred at Tacoma, May 9th.

We have enjoyed having Miss Rose Richey, '12, in our midst during the past two months. Her cheery smile about her work is a constant inspiration to all.

It is rumored that there are to be several weddings this summer. We hear that Miss Ida Witteman '07, Miss Saidee Rose, '11, Mr. Lorraine Sherwood, '06, Mr. Samuel Wyler, '12, and Mr. John Logan, '13, are to change their lot of single blessedness. The last named young man, who has been doing such splendid work as the Free Methodist pastor at Getchell, was appointed at the last Annual Conference to Hillman City.



¶ For your generous patronage during the past year we thank you - And now, for a pleasant and profitable vacation, you have our heartiest wishes. We shall look forward to your return at the beginning of the next school year.



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Advice to Thomas from a Senior: Put up some curtains at the parlor windows in G. L.

Eleanor McLaughlin—"Oh, dear, I've swallowed a pin."

Prof. Burns—"Don't worry. It is of no consequence. Here's another."

Stranger—"Are you Owen Smith?"

Corporal—"Oh, I guess so. I'm owin' everybody."

Have you noticed how Peggy likes B.(radishes) and Coffee?

(Hi waving a yardstick in his sleep.)

Burt—"What do you think you're celebrating?"

Hi—"Look out, guy—I'm killing Mexicans (cockroaches)."



STUDENTS ATTENTION!

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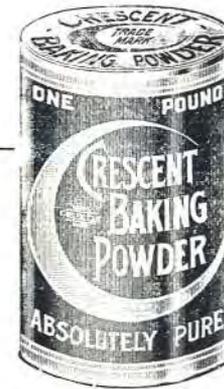
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The sentiment or that contained in these few lines might not apply to our business but as we really are human they appeal to us strongly. Let us all practice this logic a little more. It wont hurt us, and think how much good it will do the other fellow.

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the Seattle Seminary on the splendid record
they have made during the term now draw-
ing to a close and this little thought with,*

Most sincerely,

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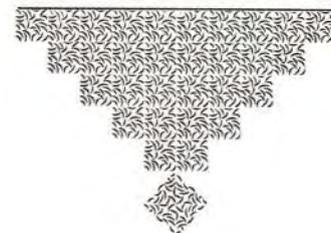
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¶ We take this opportunity to thank our Student patrons for the work sent in during the past year, and to ask for a continuance on the part of those who return next year.

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When Willard first came to the Seminary he met Agnes at church. Upon leaving the building she forgot her rubbers. Squire noticed this. Seizing the occasion as an opportunity to see her, he soon was speeding toward the girls' dormitory. He asked for Miss Schneider and, upon seeing her smiling face, he handed her a rubber.

"Oh, thanks," she said, "but I had two of them."

"I know," answered wise Willard; "I'll bring the other one tomorrow. Oh, how I wish you were a centipede."

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Lois (just before married, to visitor calling to Mrs. Newton)—
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