

June 1st, 1916

# The June 1916 Cascade

Seattle Pacific College

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THE  
CASCADE



Seattle Pacific College

1916



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# The Cascade

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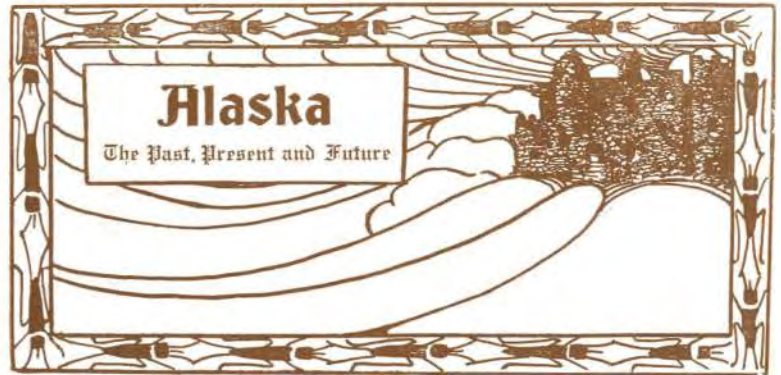




Courtesy of Seattle Chamber of Commerce  
MOONLIGHT ON PUGET SOUND

## Dedication

*To the spirit of the great West,—  
that noble discontent which ever  
drives men forward to better things,  
—to that spirit which has made pos-  
sible the West as we know it, and as  
it will be,—we reverently dedicate  
this annual.*



Although the development of Alaska is of great importance to the U. S., and especially to the Northwest, very little is known of it at the present time; and practically nothing was known about this vast territory prior to the discovery of gold in the Klondike region in 1896. By comparing it with the countries of the world, we can see the greatness and magnitude of this country, as well as its marvelous possibilities.

It is twice as large as the Scandinavian Peninsula and its possibilities are as great, if not greater, because of its vast amount of resources. The land available for agriculture alone is larger than Germany. Besides it is equal in territory to Germany, France and Great Britain as well, being equivalent to one-fifth the area of the U. S.

Negotiations for the sale of Alaska Territory began in 1864. The Crimean war had taught Russia its unpreparedness to defend Alaska in case of war, and the difficulty of such an undertaking. This was emphasized the more on account of the possible trouble with England over the Bering Sea fur trade, and through it all Russia was quite willing to dispose of her American colony. When the time was most opportune for such a transaction, the U. S. was ready for it. William H. Seward, its secretary of state, had already visited Alaska. He saw rich store-houses full of treasures for centuries to come, and was glad to give in exchange ships which the U. S. had captured during the Civil War, and which were valued at \$7,200,000. Russia, on the other hand, was equally pleased to receive these for her use in the Siberian Coast trade. As in the case of everyone who has done anything worth while for the world, Secretary Seward was severely criticized at the time for this transaction. When asked upon one occasion what he considered the most important measure of his political career, he replied: "The purchase of Alaska; but it will take the people of the U. S. a generation to find it out." And, we would like to ask, almost half a century later, how many people of the U. S. today fully realize what rich fruitage this republic is still to glean from our territory of the Northwest.



Courtesy of Seattle Chamber of Commerce  
OFF FOR THE ALASKA GOLD FIELDS



Only about forty-one per cent of this vast territory has been explored, but the mineral resources are found to be tremendous. The coal fields, which contain the finest coal of the world, are estimated by the government to cover an area of 12,667 square miles. There are deposits at the head of the Nenana River which is but 110 miles from Fairbanks, with an aggregate thickness of 231 feet. This single coal deposit covers an area of 122 miles and is estimated at ten billion tons. This one coal deposit among many others would supply the U. S. for the period of 20 years. There are numerous other coal fields equally great scattered throughout Alaska. But gold mining, at present, is the greatest industry. Since 1880 \$261,000,000 has been produced, over half from placer mining. There are thousands of acres of placer mining yet untouched and quartz mining has fairly begun. While the presence of copper was known to the Russians at an early date, yet mining for this product was not begun until 1901. Explorations at the head of the Copper River tend to show an immense supply of native or practically pure copper. There are immense quantities in the surrounding country, but on account of lack of transportation they are at the present time practically valueless. Not until the coal fields are opened up and smelting can be done near the mines can these copper fields secure full development. The only tin mines on the continent are found in Alaska. Marble that is only



Courtesy of Seattle Chamber of Commerce  
SCENES ALONG THE INSIDE PASSAGE

rivalled by that of Vermont is being extensively developed in Southeastern Alaska. Iron deposits have been discovered in a number of localities, petroleum, silver, lead, quick-silver, gypsum and other minerals have been discovered and are being developed at the present time.

Then, too, fishing, especially salmon fishing, has already become an immense business. We can get an idea of the possibility of this business by the report of a catch of 36,000 salmon in twenty-four hours in one trap. There are a great number of traps and boats engaged in this business extending from Ketchikan in Southeastern Alaska, to Bering Sea, a distance of two thousand miles.

But the fur trade has proved to be the most valuable industry for the government. So far, the direct revenue to the United States has amounted to \$3,000,000 more than the price paid for Alaska. Although the laws regarding the killing of fur bearing animals are very stringent, yet the annual output of furs is still an important industry, estimated at a little less than a million dollars.

About twenty-seven per cent of Alaska is covered with valuable timber land, the greater part of which the government holds in two reserves. The forests are dense and as many as 25,000 feet per acre are estimated. We find the spruce reaches a large size, up to six feet in diameter, and a height of one hundred fifty feet. Diameters of three and four feet are reached by cedars, hemlock, western cedar and the famous Alaskan cedar grows in abundance in Southeastern Alaska.

But, though Alaska may boast of such valuable resources, yet the chief resource of the territory may yet be that of agriculture. (Perhaps those not acquainted with the possibilities of Seward's ice box may be inclined to smile at such a statement, but nevertheless this is true.) If development along other lines is carried on, there will be necessarily a demand for home products. We find that one-half the population of Sweden, which is in the same latitude and identically the same climate, are farmers. It is estimated there are 100,000 square miles of valley land with adjacent foot hills. This enormous amount of land, the horticulturists tell us, is as well adapted to agriculture as that of the Scandinavian Peninsula. Taking this for granted, Alaska's home products could sustain a population of 14,000,000 people. The wildest enthusiasts do not at present even dream of such numbers, but they do claim that a population of several millions can be supported in comfort when the resources are developed under a liberal policy. It is possible to raise magnificent vegetables in all parts of Alaska, which include most products of the temperate zone in the U. S., such as potatoes, turnips, beets, rutabagas, sugar-beets, carrots, peas, parsnips, celery, radishes, cucumbers and even tomatoes. All kinds of berry bushes grow in Southeastern Alaska, while currants, raspberries, blueberries, huckleberries and even strawberries grow all over the interior.



In addition to this, comes the possible industry of cattle, sheep and horse raising. Experiments have been made and it is fully demonstrated that from the Yukon Valley southward stock can be raised. The experimental stations are looking for stock which will require a minimum of winter feeding, and in this they have succeeded in a marked degree. The reindeer industry is another source of profit to the government and in years to come will be of value as a meat supply.

In the present period of the world's history we find the attention of all nations turned toward commerce. It is indeed a commercial age. There are world markets for materials of all kinds. The conveniences of modern transportation have materially shortened distances. It has proved exceedingly profitable to nations to carry on commerce. Wealth is built up through commerce and the cause of the present war can be partly attributed to commercial rivalry. There are at the present time world markets for Alaska's tempting resources, such as have never been known before in the world's history. The Panama Canal has opened up a commercial field that has unbounded possibilities. Alaska will prove a storehouse of unlimited wealth if she is developed at the present time. It rests with the people of the U. S. today whether this shall be done or not. Thriving cities in the same latitude and under the same climatic conditions are found in Norway, Sweden, Labrador and if Alaska is developed she may have the same if not greater. It is only with the construction of at least three Alaskan railroads reaching from open harbors into the vast interior with numerous branches and feelers that the resources of this frontier land can be economically developed and made to serve the uses of man. The government has at present under construction a railroad from Seward to Fairbanks, but let us hope that it will not stop there but will continue, thus assuring the immediate development of this great territory. There are at present about 70,000 persons in Alaska, less than one-fifth the population of Seattle, and these are equally divided between the whites and the natives, but it is possible to have a population reaching into the millions. With the extensive development of railroads, with the liberal policy of inducements and a spirit of encouragement toward the pioneers and the pioneer capital, Alaska will pour into the lap of our people a stream of unlimited wealth, not only of gold, silver and precious metals, but also of fish, agricultural products, meats, furs and coal. Alaska has a future that can not be pictured by the most enthusiastic optimist. The construction of trunk railway lines will result in the opening up of an empire nine times as great as the state of Washington and nine times as great in natural resources. We find that the chief resources of the Scandinavian Peninsula are timber, iron, dairying and agricultural products. Norway depends upon her timber and fisheries for export, yet Southeastern Alaska has probably an equal area of forest land and the fisheries of Norway

(Continued on Page 13.)

## OUT OF THE DESERT

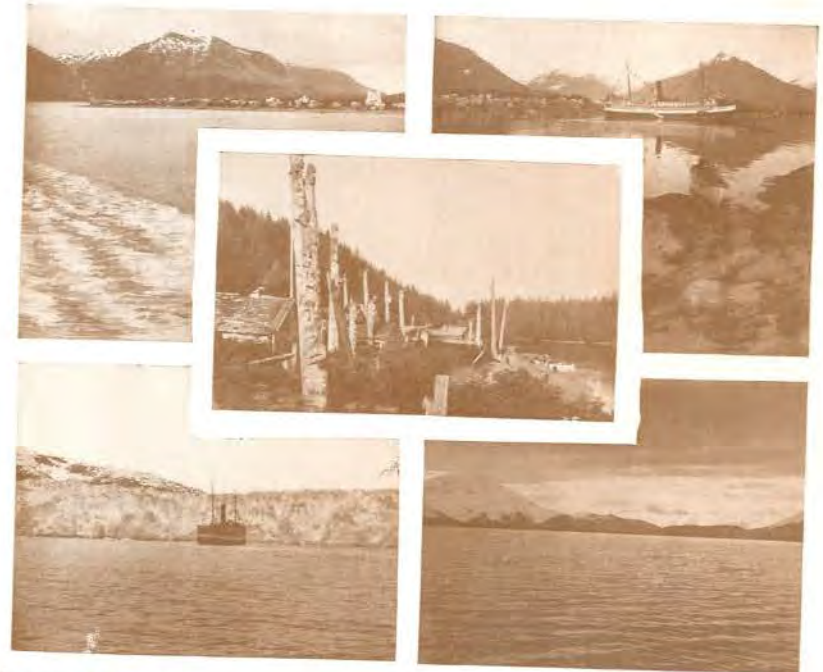
The western desert sun hung low in the distant sky. The air was still, not a breath of wind was felt in that Imperial Valley. All day the sun had unmercifully burned into the innermost recesses of seclusion till the whole earth seemed heated with the intense heat of an unseen furnace. Far in the distance was heard the mournful neigh of a horse, and with strained ears the sounds connected with inhabitants could be heard.

"Well, we sure did some racing today," said Jack. "I'd like to see one of those California dashers keep up with you, old boy."

The party in the large touring car had just halted for their evening meal. They had made an extraordinary trip and it was easily seen that all were tired.

John Hamilton, or Jack, his sister, Evlyn, and Flora Bane, a cousin; Claude Johnstone, an old college chum of Jack's, and Mr. Colt, the chauffeur, all in various attitudes expressing weariness were awaiting the evening meal. They had driven from Los Angeles and that is no short drive, it is to be noted.

"This is the 23rd of June and the telegram said to be there by the 24th at sunset. Do you think we can possibly make it? My! I am so anxious. No telling what is in the wind you know," said Evlyn.



Courtesy of Seattle Chamber of Commerce  
ALONG THE INSIDE PASSAGE



Of course the whole thing was a question; for lands in lower Arizona were not often covering anything very valuable and mere descriptions do not always present things in their true aspects.

"This certainly does seem to be a rare 'goose chase,'" said Jack, laughing, "but at any rate we are bound to see some of this Arizona landscape and we'll let you judge, Evlyn, whether you need to engage a specialist in landscape gardening when you purchase your home in Arizona. You all know," he continued, "that we are in no way acquainted with the lay of this wonderful piece of ground, nor do we know why Old Uncle Andy should send for our Flo in such a rush. Seems rather misty to me. What do you make of it, Flo?"

"Well I don't know what to think. I must confess it rather raised my 'Irish' when that yellow envelope arrived with such brief statements. If it hadn't have been for Eva, dear, I wouldn't have given them any notice. Uncle Andy is always sending me queer telegrams when I can see no use of it. Spoiled my little birthday dinner too, but I am really glad Evlyn made me take special notice of that 'tel.'"

"Yes, I guess you may be glad you 'sat up and took notice' once," said Mr. Johnstone. I am heartily enjoying my trip so far, but really, I am overly ready for my 'grub stake,' fellow campers, come on. This desert air makes me hungry."

After lunch they decided to drive on until they had reached a more suitable place in which to pass the night. Far to the west the sun gleamed blood red in its covering of clouds. On the mountain tops in the distance the last long shaft of light rested for a moment, flickered, then sank to its peaceful western rest. One lonely call of some desert bird echoed over the vast stretch of waste. Only sand and cacti, and here and there a snarled mesquite tree. Lonely—lonely. The very personification of loneliness—yet filled with the mystic voices of the desert and of the night. Over head the silver moon came out and lent its wondrous charms to the already wonderful landscape. Stars gleamed here and there in the heavens, and at length a cool, slow breeze blew up the valley. Its voice in the branches of a single mesquite tree sighed the refrain—"lonely—lonely."

At last the pale-faced moon withdrew her light from our travelers, hid behind a dense cloud, and left the valley to the stars and night.

"It is almost midnight," finally announced Jack. "What do you say if we sleep some?" They had traveled several hours, but conversation had lagged, and during the last hour had lapsed into silence.

"I second the motion," answered Claude, and for the ladies "silence gave consent."

Flora Bane, however, slept little during the remainder of the night. She was excited, and the desert associations were new and banished sleep from her eyes.

Suddenly there was a low, deep rumble in the direction of the mountains; then it came nearer and nearer. The wind began to blow and as it increased in volume the wild storm came on and on,

bringing great clouds and sheets of sand, until the air was full of it.

"Come quick and cover the car with this canvas," yelled Jack.

"I am trying to get some over this engine," someone answered.

"Put the curtains on, Jim," ordered Jack again. "Oh, how this sand goes in. Come, girls, get in the car. This can't last forever."

The wind, however, became stronger and swept the valley with sudden unexpected bursts of violence, rattling the curtains and tearing the top open.

"Cover your heads," yelled Jim, and each sought a robe or blanket. By another gust the car was overturned and the cries for help were drowned in the awful shriek of the rushing storm.

\* \* \* \* \*

When morning touched the east with her dainty finger tips of light, the desert was again calm and quiet and peaceful. There was something marvelous about that desert sunrise. The very air seemed different and at the sun's first rays the sky was blood red, and soon he shone forth, after the storm, as though nothing had happened.

Flora awoke to find herself in a covered cart, with two strange dusky faced women bathing her face and working over her. She was moving and as the events of the past night dawned upon her clouded memory she faintly recalled having been hurled from the overturned auto, an awful sense of sand beating in her face, and of her getting a robe over her head. Then all was a blank.

"Oh-h," she cried as she attempted to move her right arm, and she knew that she must have sprained it in her fall from the machine.

Flora then took in the situation, noting the actions of the company. They appeared to be of Spanish descent. Unable to see from the cart, she set out to ascertain where they were going. So she asked, "Please, will you tell me how I came to be here, and where you are taking me?"





The two women looked at each other and then shook their heads. Repeating the question in Spanish, they promptly answered:

"We found you at daybreak and thought you were dead at first; but are glad to see Senorita so much better this morning. You were under the roots of a mesquite tree near the Juan Anna trail and we are going to the carnival at Las Curz. We will take you, because Senorita is badly hurt. Now rest."

"Oh," cried Flora, startled by the name Las Curz. "You are going to Las Curz? I am so glad. I wanted to go there. I must get there before sunset. Can you do it? Oh, I must get there!"

"Yes, Senorita, we will reach there this evening. Be quiet now and rest. You are very tired and exhausted."

Flora spent the day with her thoughts, and a very busy day it was. Tired of bumping along in the cart over the rough roads, she at last fell asleep with her head in the elder woman's lap.

It was late afternoon when she awoke, and oh, how her tired body ached, and every jolt sent a sharp pain through her flesh.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"We are almost to Las Curz, but we are going to camp here. The Carnival does not begin until tomorrow," the woman answered.

"Oh-h, but I must be there by sunset! See, the sun hasn't gone down yet. Oh where are you, Jack?" she wailed.

"You can't go on, Senorita, you are going to stay with us."

"But I am not going to stay here, I must go on."

"We'll just keep you here then, whether you want to stay or not. We don't pick up pretty girls to let them go so quickly. You are pretty, with your blue eyes and brown hair, so you must stay with us. Also Signorita is not able to run away," they answered defiantly.

She knew she could not run away, but her mind was active, and while the women busied themselves preparing the camp, she kept watch of the road.

"Where can Jack and Evelyn and Claude be? Were they killed? Oh, mercy, I cannot endure this!" she murmured.

Just then in the distance appeared a cloud of dust, and as it came nearer she could see a rider on horseback and finally distinguish that the rider was a white person.

"Oh! Claude—come here," she called at the top of her voice.

Quickly the rider reigned in his horse, swung to the ground beside her and began inquiring as to how she came to be there.

"Quick! Let us hurry; these women are not willing to lose me. They are after water from that clump of trees yonder. Come, we must hurry!" she whispered excitedly.

"Come on," he said, "we can ride this horse to the town, or at least until we are out of their reach."

The sun hung large and golden. There were only a few minutes till he would hide his face behind the mountain in the west, but—

"Here we are," said Claude, "now for those papers and your Uncle. Do you know where he is?"

"No sir, I don't know," she replied slowly. "But who is that across the plaza? Oh, papa, have you come back to me?" she cried, running forward as fast as she could. "Oh, I knew you would come back, and they tried to tell me you had been lost—lost out on the desert, but I knew you would come back. Oh father"—and she burst into tears of joy; while Mr. Johnstone stood by noting the disappearance of the sun.

"There, there, daughter," comforted Mr. Bane. "You are alright. Of course you knew I would come back to you."

When her tears of joy were spent Flo raised her head and smiled, and just at that moment the fiery disk in the heavens sank to rest, reminding her of the telegram.

"Father, what do these telegrams and papers mean?" she questioned.

"Oh pet, those telegrams were just to hurry you along, for you must have your lands properly filed now, because you are of age today, my daughter," he said, patting her shoulder.

"Oh, oh! Say Claude, where are Jack and Evelyn? I am so excited I forgot them. And father, this is Mr. Johnstone."

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Bane. Evelyn and Jack are in the hospital at Campo. They were quite badly treated in that storm and sent me ahead to see if you could be found. I have already telegraphed them that you are safe," he answered.

Mr. Bane, hearing of their trip and the storm, became nervous, as he thought how he had almost lost the treasure he had been so long absented from, and drew her closer.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Johnstone, for bringing my little girl safe home to me," said Mr. Bane, earnestly.

The following morning the party took the stage for Campo, where Evelyn and her brother were passing the days of convalescence.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hurrah!" shouted Jack, from beneath his coating of bandages. "Who says our trip wasn't a success?"

And with laughing applause, the whole party, once more united, enthusiastically agreed with him.

(Continued from Page 8.)

will not bear comparison with those of the N. W. The chief exports of Sweden are iron and agricultural products. Its mines of precious metal have dwindled to comparative insignificance after centuries of operations and can show nothing equal to the gold and the copper of Alaska. The resources of this great country is our heritage. Shall we claim it? "Our day of opportunity is now at hand, our united efforts will be crowned with success that will mean an awakened empire of the north—Alaska, our frontier wonderland."

R. DWIGHT HILL.



## PROHIBITION IN WASHINGTON

The State of Washington seems to be quite generally awake to the real spirit of progress. During the last few years she has enacted some laws that have caused the eyes of the outside world to be turned upon her in watchfulness, to see how they are to succeed. The year of 1915 marked the greatest epoch in the annals of her history. Although we had previously adopted laws for equal suffrage yet the above mentioned year was all the more eventful in that it gave us a chance to prove the power of this equal voice on the subject of State-Wide Prohibition. However, the war was on and as we are now aware the weights of Providence swung the balance on the side of the drys, and hence ours was the victory. Today we are profoundly enjoying the blessings derived from the fifth month of freedom from this evil curse. However hard fought the battle, and however great the victory still we notice that the enemy insists on having some of its greatly loved personal liberty.

When the prohibition law went into effect and even before, there was a great deal of bluster on the part of the opposition. They insistently decried the thought that the law could ever be made a success. The very air was pregnant with the echoes of the old argument that "prohibition does not, cannot, and will not prohibit." But we have learned that in the face of the law these men have already forgotten their statements. Some of them, for which we are thankful, have been converted to faith in the merits of a prohibitory law, while others, for which we are ashamed, because of the lack of their citizenship, have set out to see what they might do in order to bring the law into disrepute.

That liquor is being illegally sold throughout the state everyone must admit, but this fact is neither a stigma to prohibition nor a blight upon our law. On the other hand it goes to prove the black-hearted rascality of the element which persists in forcing their liquid damnation under the nostrils of a liberty-loving and law abiding people. While there are some who continue to hunt out liquor to satisfy their thirst, still we have the satisfaction of observing on the streets of our cities a cleaner, saner, thriftier and more humane looking set of men than could have been found a few days prior to January the first. And again we are blessed with the consolation that the stigma has been lifted from our state, and we are no longer disgraced by any legal sanction of this most illegitimate of illegitimate lines of business.

However, while we are rejoicing over this great victory let us also stop to consider some of the practical effects of the law in operation. Naturally, owing to the strong opposition put forth by so many business and moneyed men, we would expect them to be the ones most unfavorably affected. We well remember, that according to their prophecy, the bottom was to fall out of all lines of business,

rents were to go smash, people would almost cease to buy clothing and the other necessary staples of life, while in fact calamity, disaster and bankruptcy would stalk like a mighty monster up and down the Coast, across the Cascades and throughout the wheat belts of the Inland Empire, crushing the very heart out of all hopes for future prosperity. And more than this thousands of men would be suddenly thrown out of employment, and consequently their wives and children would suffer unheard of peril on account of ill support. In fact prohibition would so blight the State that it would scarcely be a fit habitation for the bats and owls and vermin of the land. (Oh vain nightmare! Born in the frenzy of a besotted element of wine bibbers, and nursed by a set of metallic hearted men who only wished to bleed the race for the benefit of their own personal graft.) Today the working effects of the law have slain the last spark of fire in their arguments, while they sulk away into the dark to muster excuses in an endeavor to prove the rule an exception. In place of the horrors of this preconceived outline we are pleased to note that conditions are quite the contrary.

In the first place it is understood that rents in the large cities are unaffected, and if anything rental conditions are much better than they were. And whereas under the old order of affairs many blocks were lined with saloons, together with all of the dens and dives which are complementary to them, now we note in the majority of places new lines of business are being installed.

Besides this there are many other lines of business that are reaping great benefit. Mr. C. B. Blethen, editor of the Seattle Times, and one of the former opponents, but now a full fledged convert to practical prohibition, informs us that business in general began to expand almost immediately after January 1st. Trade increased on the hands of the grocery, and dry goods stores and meat markets, while the bankers reported a greater increase in savings deposits than had ever before been experienced in the history of banking circles. Therefore an increase in these lines of business assures us that the homes and families are reaping the good of wages rather than the liquor element, and that it is more profitable to give the laboring classes an opportunity to feed and clothe those who are dependent upon them for support than it is for them to squander their earnings over the bar.

Since liquor is a breeder of crime and misdemeanor it is very plain in the eyes of the public that the moral conditions of the State are greatly augmented. Anyone interested in this statement has but to step down to the police headquarters of any of our towns or cities and inquire for the differences in arrests for crimes and ill conduct, and he will discover that the percentage has greatly decreased and that the burdens of the officers of the law have been greatly lessened. Hence the blessings derived from the improved moral conditions are of such great value that they alone by far out-weigh all good to be derived from liquor revenues.



Washington however, like all other States, will have its struggles in order to keep free. Already the towns and cities are being deluged with illegal dealers in rum. But the law has teeth and where the officers are loyal many of these law-breakers are being searched out, arrested and fined for their offenses. The City of Seattle, being the largest city in the Union on the dry map, is naturally attracting the attention of the entire country. But even here we are highly favored with an executive force that is firmly bent on the enforcement of the law. Truly they are having a fight, but at the same time our mayor has pledged his full support, and with his squad of searchers has sworn vengeance on every illegal shop in the town. Little did we expect that Hiram Gill would ever attempt to pattern after Carrie Nation, but strange things will happen in a strange world, and we are sure that a continuation of this good work will all the sooner make prohibition a more perfect success in this State.



Courtesy of Seattle Chamber of Commerce  
A WASHINGTON TROUT STREAM

## EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS IN THE NORTHWEST

From the day the pleading of Marcus Whitman reached the heart of Daniel Webster, America's greatest statesman, and the great Northwest came under the protection of the stars and stripes, America, in a peculiar sense, became the chosen field to assist in the progress of the nations, and to bless humanity with the fruits of universal peace.

Like the corner-stone of our Republic this block was dedicated with prayer and hallowed with the blood of martyrs. Upon it was placed the banner of holiness and the lofty ideas of Jason Lee and Marcus Whitman became the standard for their own and succeeding generations. Little wonder, is it, then, that we, of the present generation, who boast of our educational advantages, should be reaping such rich rewards when we learn of the unselfish devotion of those holy men of almost a century past. God honored their faith, and the benefits attendant upon Christian civilization became our inheritance.

It is true we have by no means attained the goal of perfection, but when it is known that the state of Washington heads the list of states in the Union in its standards of education, we may well consider to whom belongs the credit, "Lest we forget; lest we forget." Of course, had there not been others to succeed those pioneers of the cross, of equal culture and attainments, the present results would not have been reached, but no little credit is due those mighty men of God in securing for us the privileges we now enjoy.

The founders of the educational system of the west laid broad and deep, tending toward a democracy in education for the service of democratic, political, civic, social and industrial life. That this still continues is clearly shown by the high rating given us by the Bureau of Education. However, the people of the Pacific Coast will never be satisfied until they have assured the children of each commonwealth that kind and degree of education necessary for the fullest and most perfect development of its humanity, for the complete life of manhood or womanhood, for the intelligent performance of the duties of citizenship, and for making an honest living by intelligent and skilled labor of some kind.

For this reason the people of the Westland may be termed true patriots, for they are becoming conscious of the fact that neither society nor state can ever attain to its best until every individual unit of it has attained its best. They believe that each child of whatever birth or condition, has certain inalienable rights, chief of which is an all around education. During the past twenty years the greatest advancement has been made. Legislators have made no mistake in making large appropriations for buildings, salaries, equipments and agricultural interests. Perhaps the greatest force back of all is what we call atmosphere. This atmosphere has been conducive to an



educational renaissance, fitted to the demands of the modern world.

This is a commercial age, and, like the youth itself, must be served. A new education is being forced by the rising demand of public opinion, which contains a new intelligence. It is not destructive, but experimental, and rational. To educate a man and finish him with all the culture and polish he is able to retain and not to give him the power to help himself, is to injure him. Up to the recent past the only tests have been intellectual. Now it is known the vocational motive is the central thread of interest in the experience of the young. It dreams of preparing for great careers of leadership and service, but it must learn how to inspire to greatness and to train for greatness. This training must not be merely to "grind," or it will result in superficiality and distaste. The ranks of the superficial are full to overflowing. The failure of preparing for something socially worth while is enormous and it must not continue.

The whole Northwest is now ready to go ahead and to make rapid progress along political, moral and social lines; the people are alert and eager; general conditions for advance are to be noted on every hand. Great, unselfish, sincere, thoroughly democratic leadership is wanting. It is the purpose of our schools, especially of our higher schools, to prepare such leaders. The demand for skilled workers is far greater than the supply. There is no immediate limit to the demand for highly trained and skilled workmen along all lines.

But, have all been true to their trust? The foundation was well laid, with Christ, the chief corner-stone exalted. But what about the stately pillars, the graceful capital, and the lofty dome? Has God been in the thought of all? To be skilled workmen and technical leaders, we must have spiritual insight and faith in God. The man or woman who is dealing with characters must be in touch with the invisible, or all will be lost.

But how can such leadership be produced where the Bible is discarded and the name of Christ ignored? Unless the great state of Washington, with all its boasted privileges, takes into account this question of vital moment and gives to its youth a saving faith in Christ, it is sure to fail in giving to the world the proper leadership. For this very purpose various denominational schools have been established, where fundamental truths may be interwoven into character, not least in importance of which is our own beloved college. And, shall we surrender our God given trust? All the powers of darkness and the unbelieving world would like to have us do so. We are all but parts of one grand superstructure, and the work of the builders is of equal importance in the eyes of He who is our Master builder. Let there be an effort to retain this beacon light that all under its protection may become, as it were, corner-stones, not only solid and strong, but "corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace."

## Progressive Legislation in Washington

Today, if the average busy person would pause for a few moments and consider the reform bills which have passed the Legislature of Washington within the last few years he would be greatly surprised and pleased to know that he is living in a state where there are so many laws of privilege and protection providing for his comfort and safety.

Perhaps what was one of the most important legislative steps in the history of Washington was taken in 1910 when the men of this state granted to all women of legal age the right of equal suffrage. For many years previous to the enactment of this bill, the women of this state had had civil rights on an equal basis with the men but not until 1910 were they granted the right to vote at the general board elections. The Woman Suffrage Law was indeed a great step taken by the people of Washington for since the time of its adoption, some of our greatest reforms have followed, due largely to the votes of the women.

One of the excellent reform laws which has been adopted since the Woman Suffrage Law went into effect is the Minimum Wage Law for the benefit of all women above the age of eighteen who are



Courtesy of Seattle Chamber of Commerce  
SOME OF SEATTLE'S PARKS



employed by any firm or corporation within the state. At the time that the committee of the Industrial Welfare Commission investigated the weekly wage earnings of the women employees above the age of eighteen it was found that 55.6 per cent of the mercantile employees, 71.2 per cent of the factory employees, and 72.4 per cent of the laundry employees were receiving less than \$10 per week or what is considered a living wage while many of these were receiving as low as \$4 and \$5 a week. However, since June 13, 1913 when the Minimum Wage Law went into force the lowest wage received by any woman above the age of eighteen, except those serving a term of apprenticeship is \$10 a week for mercantile employees and \$9 a week for factory and laundry employees. This law has done much for the good of the laboring girl who once had to live on starvation wages. At first many manufacturers and laundry owners were opposed to the law but since it has gone into effect many of these men are very well satisfied with the results.

There is one law in this state of recent origin for which the workingman will always be thankful. This is the Workmen's Compensation Act which went into effect September 13, 1913. This law provides that in case any workman is injured he shall receive a compensation from the state according to injury and with regard to the kind of work that he was engaged in previous to the injury. In the "Third Annual Report of the Industrial Insurance Commission" it says, "At the time that this act was formulated, passed by the Legislature, and became a law, it was a very long step in advance of social and humanitarian legislation for the compensation of injuries sustained by workmen in the various industries over the practice that had previously existed. At that time it was deemed radical and many grave doubts were expressed as to the practicability of this method of dealing with the subject. The three years' experience has proven beyond any doubt, that the theory of the Washington Workmen's Compensation Act is not only practicable and feasible in theory but is decidedly workable." This act is especially popular because any workman is sure of receiving the same compensation in case of injury as all other workmen in similar employment.

Another great victory for the voters of this state was the passing of the Initiative and Referendum Bill which took effect in 1912. Besides this, forest reserves have been established, good roads built, pensions granted to widows, hospitals built for the insane, schools erected for the feeble-minded, and numerous other reforms have been made by legislation within the last few years.

However, all of these late reforms mentioned above step into the background of prominence as we consider the last great reform bill passed by the people. This is Prohibition. As we think of the great evil connected with the sale and use of intoxicating liquors and also consider the great fight that for many years has been waged against the liquor traffic we cannot help but see the importance of such a law.

## AN IMPERSONATION!

Althea Marston

Some one has said that the two most important events in a man's life are, the date of his birth and the time of his death. I have chosen to omit both of these items of interest.

My earliest recollections go back to Plymouth, Iowa. 'Twas here that I spent the first of my childhood days. My bravery became prominent at a very early age. One day I recall especially, when I saw two boys fighting in the street. One was considerably larger than the other; of course my sympathies were with the younger pugilist, who seemed to be getting the worst of the bargain. Without hesitating long I was soon in the fist and feet wrestle and in a short time I and the little fellow came out on top. Later I remembered hearing a neighbor woman tell my mother that she should be ever so proud of such a brave child as I was. She had evidently seen the tussle. It was needless to say that this word of praise was greatly appreciated by me.

Whether or not the love of cruelty to animals was manifested in me, or merely the joy of exciting sports, the following may help you to decide. My brother and I each had a kitten. One afternoon I proposed that we try them out in a rain barrel to see which could do the best and longest swimming. I was somewhat reluctant to test mine first, so after much persuasion I won him over. Unwillingly he consented as I plunged the tiny kitten in. Oh, how the poor little thing swam 'round and 'round that barrel, and with such speed. Suddenly it stopped. What could the matter be! Hurriedly I pulled the kitten out as it began to sink out of sight. Immediately I wanted to exchange the still and limp form that I held for the very active one my brother was protecting. Our mother interfered, however, and spoiled all prospects of bartering. Although this virtue may be somewhat of the negative type, the virtue of patience was truly mine. They say I never became angry or irritated with my baby sister; always waited for her on every occasion. Often when I was ready for school I would have to linger about for her, because my other brothers never deemed it their duty to do so.

Shortly after commencing my school life we moved to Ponca, Nebraska. Here we lived on a farm for several years. I can well remember that it was not all easy sailing. Next we went south to Orleans. At this place I lived until seventeen. I attended the Seminary and completed my first two years of high school work. About this time my father heard the westward call; so he, myself and brother started for Denver, Colorado, in a covered wagon. Later my mother, grandmother and sisters came on the train. For some reason or other I proved to be the man of the hour. The whole household was dependent upon me for support and their daily bread. For over a year I stood at the helm and guided the family to the best



of my ability. After my father was in better circumstances I concluded my academic course at Evansville.

One amazing incident that happened when I reached the age of 21 I shall never forget. Perhaps one could hardly call it an amusing incident though, I was called on to preach in the school house of our home town. I consented, thinking that very few persons would be present. To my bewildering astonishment the news had been widely circulated and on that first occasion the natives from town and out of town all turned out to hear me expostulate. I have preached many times since, but never to such a curious company.

During summer vacations I was always very industrious; generally working in the hay fields. Some of the members of the family delight in telling of one sleep-walking scene, rather sleep "acting" scene performance, in which I was the sole actor. They say I was once found in the quiet hours of a summer's night out in the kitchen stacking chairs. The noise evidently aroused the sleeping family and a few ventured down the stairs. When asked as to what I was trying to do, I responded emphatically that I was only shocking hay.

By being rather clever I had managed to keep the name of a good, honest, upright student. So after my four years of high school work were completed, I was sent to Greenville College. College life was sure a treat to me! I continued to study sincerely; my study hours, however, I'll admit, were largely spent in looking up Latin and Greek words which I should have remembered from previous work. But be that as it may, I finished my entire college course by the year 1902.

Graduation week proved to be a week that meant more to me than any other in my entire life; for just six days after receiving my diploma I was married to the girl who was the idol of my heart. After visiting a few weeks we came west to Seattle. So in love with the climate and surroundings we have remained here. In the year 1903 a little sunbeam came to live with us. She has ever been a joy and comfort to us both. My wife seems to think it strange that I possess such a good memory for history dates and other matter of fact importance, and can not remember items that pertain to the home. For instance, I was sent to the store not long ago for a dime's worth of cheese and somehow construed it into two pounds of cheese.

Almost continuously each year I have taken work at the University. In this way I have been able to pursue studies which aided me in my teaching and at the same time enabled me to procure my M. A. degree and commence on my Ph. D. work. A great source of pleasure indeed came to me a few months ago when I learned that I had been made a member of the Phi Delta Kappa. After coming to Seattle I neglected to mention the fact that I first taught in Seattle Seminary, later in Seattle Seminary and College, and at the present time I hold the chair of philosophy and history in Seattle Pacific College. Thanking you, I am who?

## RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES OF THE COLLEGE

By Addie I. Cook.

Scattered over our land today are a few educational institutions in which God is recognized and honored. Among these few, Seattle Pacific College, truly deserves a place.

Year after year the faculty members have labored and sacrificed in order to advance the interests of this Christian institution. Collectively and individually, they have endeavored to promote the spirituality of the many promising young students, who for a season, have been placed in their care. And there is reason to feel that God has well honored the efforts put forth. In the years past this school has sent out numbers of young people who have become Christian teachers, workers, ministers and missionaries.

One source of help to many young lives, has been the students' Tuesday evening chapel service. This is a students' meeting in that it is held for the benefit of the boys and girls and young men and women of the school. Our beloved president and his noble, self-sacrificing wife, many times have brought to us messages of inspiration, and exhortations to lead useful and happy Christian lives. Many times has the Savior come, during our chapel meetings, and brought with Him, sweet relief to the burdened heart and comfort to the weak.

The school missionary society was first organized eight years ago, and still is active and successful, with the blessing of God resting upon the work. The society in part supports Miss Ethel Ward of India, formerly of the S. P. C. In this way the students are given the privilege of taking personal responsibility in promoting the cause of righteousness throughout the world.

The Christian students of the school realize to some extent the great importance and value of prayer. In accord with this realization, it has been for years their custom to meet for a short prayer service on the morning of each regular school day. Some of the busiest students come to these meetings and mingle their voices in prayer and praise to their Redeemer, asking His divine help and guidance for the day.

During the fall of the present year the Evangelistic Band was first organized, being composed of young ministers and prospective Christian workers. These faithful young people have had many opportunities during the school months of going out to preach and sing the gospel message; and surely their labors, given in a whole-hearted and practical manner, have been made a blessing to others. Services were held by them a number of times in the Swedish Methodist Church of Fremont. For several months the Band has supplied the work at Bothell, under the direction of Rev. A. E. Warren, District Elder. The pulpit there was filled a number of times by Rev. Edwin W. Hight, and at the last session of our Annual Conference James Bishop, one of our devoted



young preachers, was appointed to this charge. Miss Pearl Mercer and Mrs. Ethel C. Hight, both members of the faculty, have also given valued service in the Evangelistic Band.

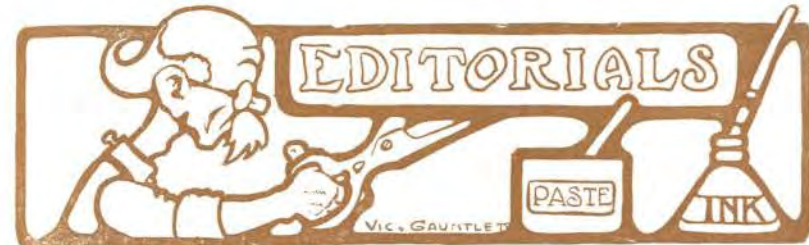
God is with us—Praise His Name! The Sunday afternoon prayer meetings have been seasons of special blessing from Heaven. Mrs. Beers has made us welcome in her home, and on nearly every Sunday of the school year, when other services have not intervened, the young people have met together in her dining room. Sometimes Mrs. Beers has been present and led the service; at other times one of the young people has been appointed as leader; best of all the Lord has been with us in these prayer-meetings as we have sung together, lifted our hearts in earnest prayer, or given our personal testimony.

Without its various Christian activities this school would be as other schools, but we are thankful that it is what it is. Seattle Pacific College has been as a lighthouse set upon a hill which can not be hid. Here may be found many beautiful Christian characters, and lives devoted to the service of the Master. These earnest followers of Christ will go out from the school bearing the light of Christianity with them and shedding on many other lives a holy influence.



Courtesy of Seattle Chamber of Commerce

PIONEER PLACE AND THE TOTEM POLE



EDITORIAL.  
ANNUAL STAFF, 1915-16

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Athletics .....	L. Cochran

We have tried, in this number, to give some idea of the resources of the West, its opportunities and the spirit which makes these things possible. Notwithstanding all our efforts, we feel that we have failed to give you any adequate knowledge of this great country. And indeed, it must always be useless to try to contain the spirit of the West within the narrow pages of a book, but we hope that we have at least aroused your interest.

We wish to thank all of the students who have so loyally contributed to the support of the paper and the subscribers and advertisers as well. Without your support Cascade could not have appeared. Be with us again next year and help us make Cascade the best paper possible.





## SWEET BUNCH OF ROSES

By Ruth Combs.

Sweet bunch of roses, fresh from the hill,  
List to my pleading, my wish fulfill.  
Tell me now truly how I may live  
So great a blessing to others to give.

Sweet bunch of roses, how did you grow?  
Grow in such beauty, good to bestow?  
Teach me, too, roses, how I may live  
Just such a blessing to others to give.

Yes, I know truly where you have grown,  
Up on the hilltop, but no, not alone,  
For there was with you one to attend,  
On whom every minute you could depend.

Tell me, sweet roses, spared he no care?  
Did he not sometimes a look of gloom wear?  
But, hear them whisper as answer they give  
"No, always for us alone did he live."

But, fairest flowers, did he alone  
Give you an influence, e'er you were grown,  
Of beauty and sweetness which you now bear,  
Of fragrance so glorious, grandeur so rare?

Now answer, roses, and tell me true  
How in such beauty of beauties you grew?  
List while they whisper "God gave the rain,  
God gave the sunshine, but the gardner the pain."

So in their beauty, now I can see  
The image of heaven, which only can be  
Shown in its fullness in roses so fair,  
And also his spirit who gave them the care.

If you now, roses, only would teach  
How I such summits of glory could reach,  
How I such blessing to others could give,  
How I in such sweetness ever could live.

If thus you'd teach me, e'er you must die,  
I tell you truly, ever I'll try  
To give to others what you gave to me,  
Such tenderness, patience, and blessing so free.

## In Memoriam

Cassie Lorena Marston

November 1, 1882—April 8, 1916

The Seattle Pacific College is again called to mourn the loss of one of its brightest jewels, Miss Cassie Lorena Marston, who graduated with the class of 1905. Lorena succumbed to an attack of smallpox, March 23rd, and went at once to the hospital in Poona. All was done for her that the best medical skill could suggest, but to no avail. She passed peacefully away the morning of April 8th to be forever with the Lord.

One has said, "If there be a pleasure which angels might covet, it is the power to relieve distress." Lorena had early heard the call of the heathen world. After she graduated from the Seminary, she took a course in nursing at the Minor Hospital, in this city, because she thought she might be able to relieve the afflicted and thus accomplish more for the Lord. As soon as she was prepared, she could not rest until she had offered her services to the Missionary Board as a trained nurse for India.

Her labors in India were for two years, four months and a few days only, but nearly all of this time was spent in her loved occupation, caring for the sick.

Our misssionaries in India are indeed bereaved by their great loss. For years they had pleaded for a trained nurse and are now left again without nurse or doctor. Let us pray earnestly that Rena's willing sacrifice may lead many others to fill up the ranks, so lonely and depleted.

The faculty and students of the College and members of the alumni join with the many friends in extending our deepest sympathy to the sorrowing relatives. Our tears flow with yours and we mourn with you the loss of an honored student and precious friend. May you be enabled to look beyond the vale and see your darling basking in the smile of her Redeemer. With all of earth's limitations removed, she can now accomplish the great designs of the Master and her works shall continue to follow her.

"No life can be pure in its purpose, and strong in its strife, and all life not be made purer and stronger thereby."

ADELAIDE L. BEERS.



WORDS OF APPRECIATION  
to  
**President and Mrs. Beers**

Whereas, our esteemed President is about to sever his official relation to the College, it seems most fitting that we, the Associated Student Body, should give expression to words of appreciation of Brother and Sister Beers for their devotion to the success of Seattle Pacific College and their undivided interest in the welfare of each individual student.

We shall miss in Brother Beers his encouraging and scholarly addresses delivered in the Assembly Hall, and his fervent and spiritual appeals at the prayer meetings in the Chapel. We shall miss his warm-hearted council and personal solicitation.

We shall also miss in Sister Beers her unselfish and untiring interest in the comfort and happiness of each student. We shall miss her earnest prayers and ceaseless care for the spiritual uplift of all.

And as Brother and Sister Beers depart we, the student body of Seattle Pacific College, extend to them our best wishes and our prayers for their happiness, spiritual welfare, and success in their new field of labor.

OMAR A. BURNS,  
ADDIE I. COOK,  
JOHN M. ROOT,

Committee for the Associated Student  
Body of Seattle Pacific College.

This resolution was unanimously adopted by the Associated Body and ordered handed to Mr. and Mrs. Beers. It was also ordered that it be recorded in the secretary's book of the Associated Student Body and published in the Cascade.



WORDS OF APPRECIATION  
to  
**Prof. A. H. Stilwell**

At the close of the school year of 1915-16, it is fitting that we take a retrospect of school life, and in doing so, we notice that in the Seattle College we have a man who has labored for a life-time in the educational work of the Free Methodist Church, having been officially connected with no less than five of its institutions of learning.

In Professor A. H. Stilwell, we have had a man who has been unrelenting in his efforts to make the school a success and whose genial disposition has been apparent to all in the daily life of the school.

Here and now we express our thanks to Professor A. H. Stilwell for his wholesome advice and just consideration in all his dealings with the students.

OMAR A. BURNS,  
ADDIE I. COOK,  
JOHN M. ROOT,

Committee for the Associated Student  
Body of Seattle Pacific College.

This resolution was unanimously adopted by the Associated Student Body and ordered handed to Mr. A. H. Stilwell. It was also ordered that it be recorded in the Secretary's book of the Associated Student Body and published in The Cascade.

THY WILL BE DONE

O Lord, I dare not choose;  
And by Thy grace, I will not ask  
For aught, save that  
Thy will be done.

Thy love eternal, infinite,  
Which none can comprehend,  
Most wisely and most graciously  
Doth care for everyone.

And this I know: the sweetest longing  
of the heart,  
Yea, even its bitterest agony,  
So oft is born of self  
And not of Thee.

So may Thy will be done,  
And while I do not ask what this  
may be  
Help me sweet confidence to place  
In Thee continually.

—Nancy C. Morrow.





Myra Burnis Willard Mrs. Anderson Anderson Nancy Morrow Haslam Addie Cook

## College Seniors

Yes, we have come to that day of Caps and Gowns! Often has the path leading to them appeared long and tedious, but now that we have really gained our goal we could almost wish for another year or so at our dear S. P. C. Truly have we endeavored to profit by the "shifting scenes of disappointment and sunshine," but we are more than sure that the sunshine scenes far out-number those of disappointment. Although we are only seven in number we have gained four over the preceding class. Three of us commenced our college life together, but though we have each severed school ties at various times, we surely appreciate being together again in our senior year.

Our president, E. A. Haslam, came to S. P. C. from the Rose City. During his High School career his brother says that he was considered a good logical debater. He was also very prominent in track meets, etc. This athletic spirit we are glad came with him to the college. Surely we are indebted to him for much of our fun in the "days of real sport." Ed, you know, was the originator of the College Quartette.

Addie Ione is our Red Cross nurse. She is the ever willing one who cares for the sick in our midst. More than one of the ailing-boarding-students would have been minus a dainty repast, were it not for Addie's thoughtfulness. The beautiful word angel is often applied when speaking of her, so once again we say she is our angel. A school missionary, never failing friend, and helper she truly has been.

Squire B. spent the first part of his college life at Evansville, then decided to cast his lot with us for the remainder. He has gained several accomplishments since being here. One especially which many of the girls cannot help but envy, and that accomplishment would you know is his adaptability and patience to produce the most elaborate tatting. Mr. Williard had several extra credits and was thus able to complete his required studies by the end of the fall semester. This last term he has pursued a business course. Squire says that his native sunflower state holds a charm for him that none other does, so he intends to return to Kansas this summer.

Myra left the romantic terra of Monti Vista, Colorado, for more romantic S. P. C. Before commencing her university work she completed a stenographic career at Acme Business College. So you see she is our stenographer. If we are not real prompt each month she is liable to send us a very neatly typed billet doux. Myra is our faithful, trustworthy, unassuming classmate, and we remember with fond recollections the many pleasant hours spent in her home.

Our only daughter of the American Revolution is Nancy C. Morrow. Another due honor has been granted her. In Who's Who of the Women of America you will find her name. Miss Morrow is a graduate of the State Normal of Indiana. She has always led a

(Continued on Page 32.)



## YE COLLEGE FRESHMEN

The first year of our college career has been completed and we are to be Sophomores. What a happy thought. We have all sorts of talent in our class, but of course we won't say much about it as you might think we were conceited. Now, perhaps you wonder who we are, well, I will tell you.

John Root, (our president): "True as the needle to the pole. Or as the dial to the sun."

Winfred Thuline: "What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

Phil Denney: "Speech is silver, but silence is golden."

Edwin Hight: "A Christian is the highest style of man."

\*Mary Cathey: "Her heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong."

\*Archie Stephens: "What shall I do to be forever known, and make the age to come my own?"

Vivian Thomas: "Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil o'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

\*Elton Smith: "O, for a forty-parson power."

Laura DuBois: "Fickleness, thy name is Laura."

\*Were unable to complete the year.

(Continued from Page 31.)

very active life, and her talent as an author is much appreciated. She has sojourned with us the last two years and this following year she expects to return East.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson have been at S. P. C. but this last year. They have both taken the majority of their advanced studies at Greenville College. In 1907 Mrs. Anderson received her Pd. B., while at the same time Mr. Anderson completed his course in Commercial Science. Just this last year he obtained his Pd. B. from there. They have always been indeed studious. During their missionary career in Africa they continued their scholastic work. Often have we been greatly edified by their most instructive and interesting lectures concerning their labors among the Africans. As they return we truly wish them the best for success.

We remaining college students realize that our senior class has been much to us. They are all members of such wide experience and we feel that they have formed the corner stone of our college department and as they leave, we wish them all of the biggest and best that there is in life, great joys, little sorrows and all happiness.

A JUNIOR.

## Academic Seniors

Miss C. May Marston, Class Faculty Advisor

"The Queen Rose in the Garden of Roses."

Thus she has ever been in this garden of learning. The sweet fragrance of her life still scents the minds of those fortunate enough to have known her. And she will always be cherished in our hearts, the embodiment of love and kindness.

To her who has been our most faithful friend and wisest counsellor, and whose loyalty and devotion to the Senior Class has won from each member their sincere affection and highest esteem, we render this little tribute.



## SENIOR CLASS SONG

(Written for the Seniors by Miss Morrow.)

Tune: Auld Lang Syne.

Oh, it's Washington, fair Washington, yes, Washington for me,  
My heart is full of singing for the dear old S. P. C.  
For it's in the state of Washington a college you will find,  
Where joyous hearts sing merrily and mem'ries are entwined.

In Washington, our Washington, the land by the sea,  
On the tranquil shores of Puget Sound, lies Seattle cosily,  
We love her very fog and hills, her lakes with beauty wide,  
For there's a spot we cherish well where knowledge is supplied.

Yes, in Washington, dear Washington, our college has a place,  
Where all the Academics meet with most benignant grace;  
'Tis a place of youth and freedom, beside the ocean bars,  
Where the air is full of sunshine, and the flag is full of stars.

So 'tis Washington, my Washington, yes, Washington for me,  
My heart is singing cheerily for God's countrie,  
'Tis a blessed land of beauty, more glorious than Mars,  
Where the air is full of sunshine, and the flag is full of stars.



## SENIOR CLASS POEM

Celestine Tucker

The time is long, the hours far spent,  
The parting days have come  
Soon halls and green no more be seen  
But like sweet flowers be gone.

These four long years mid gales and seas,  
Our barks have sped the north.  
Tonight we're anchored side by side  
Within our cherished port.

Too swift the sea birds have winged past  
To warn us land was nigh,  
We rushed ahead and flew the foam  
To reach the land close by.

With fear at first we set our sail,  
With thirty skiffs or more,  
Our course was new, the waves rolled high,  
We closely hugged the shore.

The lightning gleamed, the thunders rolled,  
No light appeared in view,  
We heard the grind on threatening rocks,  
And mourned our class grown few.

But we who kept a straight fair course,  
In spite of wintry blast;  
Though scarred and worn, thru teachers grim,  
Have reached the goal at last.

Safe sheltered now in port a while  
We rest but can not stay,  
When morning dawns we must be gone  
To distant lands away.

On wider main, 'neath broader skies  
Our good barks soon shall sail  
With courage great and hopeful hearts  
That none in life may fail.



Merton Kendall Matthewson,  
President of Senior Class 16-15;  
Athletic Reporter, Alexandrian  
Program Ch.; Basket Ball.

"One thing is forever good;  
that is success."

Celestine Marie Tucker, Presi-  
dent of Senior Class 1914; Presi-  
dent of Althepian Club; Vice-  
President "Das Kränzchen;" Cap-  
tain Girls Basket Ball; Secretary  
Alexandrian Society; Assistant  
Editor "Cascade."

"Gentle of speech; beneficent  
of mind."

William Franklin Robinson,  
President of Class 1915; Presi-  
dent of Phils; President Alexan-  
drian Literary Society; Editor of  
Phils.

"He can do almost anything  
but sing."

Athena Ruth McElhon, Althe-  
pian Club; Chorus; Secretary  
"Das Kränzchen."

"It is good to lengthen to the  
last a sunny mood."





Reuben Dwight Hill, Alexandrian Literary Society; Chorus; Basketball.

"The deed I entered is great,  
But what, as yet I know not."



Mary Augusta Scott, Altheopians; Basketball; Associated Student Representative.

"As frank as rain on cherry blossoms."



Louisa Dora Bell, Alexandrian Society; Cascade Reporter for Class '16; Chorus.

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords.

"Sober, steadfast, demure."



Phil Denny, Alexandrian Society; Phil Club; Chorus.

"His tho'ts are his companions."



Hazel Estella Alberts, Secretary Senior Class 1914; Alexandrian Literary Society; Altheopian Club.

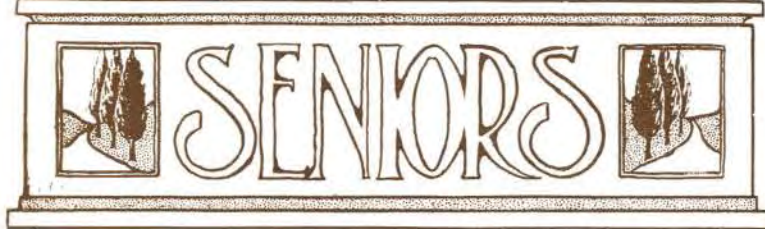
"An open hearted maiden pure and true."



Margaret Hamilton Whitesides, Alexandrian Society; Secretary of Altheopians; Cascade Reporter; Secretary of Senior Class 1915; Chorus.

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."





# SENIORS

By Dora Bell, Reporter.

"All's well that ends well" and as we draw near the close of our Senior year we are prepared to say:

"No more we'll sail the stormy sea" of High School life, and are ready to step out into the world, not the finished product, but to seek higher means of development. Then we all expect to fill our allotted places in the world competently and faithfully.

As you all understand, we have been deeply engrossed in Senior "secrets" of late, so we have but few items of interest to bring to you, but will give you briefly, what has been jotted down in our calendars from time to time.

Mar. 17. This was to be Campus Day, but the event was postponed, much to the discomfort of the Sophomores.

Mar. 21. On this date, the Honorable H. M. Berry took his departure, and we have not yet been able to comprehend how much we miss him from our class.

Mar. 23, 24. Exam days. However, we passed through the flames, like the Hebrew children of old, without the smell of fire on our garments.

Mar. 31. Campus Day at last. Ask the Freshmen to show you one of the pictures of their class taken that day, and in the background you will see several sly Seniors.

April 7. Miss Ruth McElhoe was hostess at an informal Senior party given at her home. The evening was much enjoyed by all.

In conclusion, in view of the fact that, in the past we have always been very brief, and that this is the last chance, as the class of nineteen hundred and sixteen, we will have to use space in the class note columns of the Cascade. We ask your pardon for being so lengthy.

We bid you all farewell, and extend to you the very best of good wishes.



## JUNIORS

By Cyril Hill.

At last, you have the pleasure of hearing from us under the name Juniors for the last time. While adapting ourselves to our present place, we have grown so fond of our name that we really regret to think of leaving it and practicing Senior "dignity." "Practice makes perfect," and already some dignity is falling on a few members of our class, as we see by close observation. But, being so used to hard work without much reward, we shall feel awkward at first, when termed "Seniors." But we shall learn, as we have learned other things.

Then something else. Of course you know that "still water runs deep." Well, we have been comparatively quiet in the past, gaining for ourselves a reputation, on which we expect to ride, while practicing "Senior dignity." But we do not forget that "Honor lies in honest toil." Now comes the "deep" part. Yes, we are running deep, especially into our pockets at present, thinking considerable about the outing for the Seniors. But, with the enthusiasm that there is at present, we ought to be able to show them a "Jolly Juniors" good time.

Then, there is the reception and other promising good times. Our spirits begin to rise. And further ahead, we see vacation. My! how fast the year has flown. But what is the reason? Is it the excitement in the study hall, the pleasure of research work in the library, the

(Continued on Page 41.)





By Jessie Bell.

Campus day found the campus gayly dotted with blue and gold caps, ties and streamers. These were found on more people than the Sophomores too, for three members of the faculty wore them, and at last they became so very popular that even some of the non-Sophomore students took to wearing them.

We're real proud of our campus day donations. You know we planted climbing nasturtiums all around the trunk of the "Balm of Gilead" tree, and say! by the way, they're just growing splendidly. Out nearer the center of the campus we planted a bed of blue and yellow pansies in the form of the figures 1918.

We had a jolly old time at dinner that day and had a table all to ourselves. Of course we had it all decorated in our class colors. We received lots of compliments on our original blue and gold place cards.

Now really, we Sophomores, haven't been very active as a class lately, but different members of our class have certainly been active enough, so I guess I'll have to tell a few of their pranks.

The afternoon of Campus Day a part of our class played tennis at Woodland.

A silver medal contest of a few weeks ago found three Sophomores as contestants, one being victor of the evening.

During spring vacation certain enthusiastic members of our class enjoyed a day of tennis at Cowen Park. Some of them also took a trip to Bremerton. Needless to say our faculty member, Prof. Folsom always chaperoned these trips.

Now as a few of the Sophomores began to feel that it would be no more than right and honorable to repay Prof. Folsom for his services so kindly rendered, they, with a few of his friends, gave him a surprise birthday supper at the home of Miss Joyce Rose on the evening of May 5. I may say "it was an occasion long to be remembered." A couple of our girls got their heads together and decorated for the occasion with spring blossoms and butterflies and the good professor was made to feel quite young again.

Now there are whispers in the air about a Freshman-Sophomore hike to take place soon.

It really almost makes our tears flow when we think of the few more weeks to come and then we will never be Sophomores again.

We all join our merry voices in saying a glad "happy riddance" to the Seniors.



By Elsie Scheuerman

President, Madge Callahan; vice-president, Pearl Smith; secretary, Carol Fussell; treasurer, Neva Finch.

The class officers for the second semester are:

Hazel Airsmith	Glen Hall
Clark Airsmith	Orin Hight
Florence Batdorf	Catherine Lund
Alice Batdorf	Margaret Matthewson
Leland A. Cochran	Alma Nelson
Lasca Donaldson	Elsie Scheuerman
Ruth Harding	Prentice Stillwell
Estella Hanson	DeVoist Warren

The above roll represents the members of the class of 1919. For various reasons many of those who entered at the beginning of the year are absent from our ranks. Although we missed the faces of our former classmates we were glad to welcome all the new members to our class and school. After the first two or three weeks in September work started with a zeal and enthusiasm meaning certain for success.

Now that the term is drawing to its close we, as a whole, feel with satisfaction that our diligent efforts have been rewarded.

(Continued from Page 39.)

humor displayed in English class, or is it individual pluck? I understand that time flies faster when one has plenty to do. Well, we are certainly absorbed in books, which make us tax the physical as well as the mental; in languages, by twisting the tongue, and in physics, by rolling the eyes, a very difficult task; winking and blinking through prisms and eyepieces. We have plenty of sound, but the wrong kind of noise, with too much "light" on the subject (Physics).

But I will not forget our wit: A quality found abundantly in the class. For example: Teacher—"Didn't I tell you to be prepared with your History? And here you are unable to repeat a word of it." Scholar—"I didn't think it was necessary. Professor, I've always heard that History repeats itself." And a stranger once remarked, "Your college never turns out gentlemen." "No," was the reply. "Our college allows gentlemen to go right on and graduate."

Our aim is to be efficient and accomplish our end, so we will be heard from next year.





## GRADE NOTES

Perhaps you have not heard much of us yet, but wait until we get to be Freshmen!

Don't you think our class colors are beautiful? (Old Rose and White.) You see it matches our brilliancy.

We have very interesting class meetings. We have elected new officers, they are the following:

President, Fay Larned; Vice-President, Minnie Rex; Secretary, Newton Robinson.

Our classmate, Minnie Rex, is already floating the Freshmen colors. She is taking Freshman Algebra and is quite a shark in it so I hear.

"What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind."

Our dark eyed friend, Helen Dewey, is a popular young lady, popular with Freshmen and Juniors in particular.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream."

We are honored by the presence of one student, Newton Robinson, from the "South." He is unusually bright in arithmetic.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,

That one small head should carry all he knew."

Our new boy Ronald Hight, is very quiet, but we all know quiet waters run the deepest.

"Come not within the measure of my wrath."

The class president, who is from Portland, and who is blessed with bright hair—seems to be very well satisfied with it, since she likes the same things in others.

"Far off her coming shone."



Oh that all the Alumnae and Alumni would take pity on this department and keep it well supplied with plenty of information. We fear that the amount of information this time is not very bulky for a finale.

Last month Harold Mann of '15, spent his vacation in California. He visited former graduates of S. P. C., Mr. and Mrs. Rollin Cochran. Harold also stayed some time in San Francisco, but he says Seattle is good enough for him.

Rieley of '11, (Ralph Milton), was here at the college during conference week. The Rieley of today seems just a trifle more sedate and pious than the Rieley of the year 1911.

Mrs. Baunsgard, nee Violet Haviland of 354 26th Avenue, gave a class reunion entertainment Thursday evening, May 11. Those that were there wish to extend their regrets to the absent members of the class of '14, for we certainly had "scrumptious" enjoyment. One amusing fact was that Mary Cathey won a "booby" prize. (Who'd thot that Mary would ever come to that!)

Louisa Ward of '13, is to return the last of this month from Idaho. She has decided to spend her vacation at S. P. C. We'll try our best to make it pleasant for you, Louisa.

Helen Johnson of '14, is planning on continuing her Normal work this summer. Mary Millican, also of '14, will be home for the vacation. Mary Eva, "the sweet girl graduate" from the Normal, will teach this following year at Sunnydale, Wash.

Lena Skuzzie of '13, we hear is "keeping house" in Portland.

One of our graduates from Portland, Effie Vanderveen, is in our city. We hope she will give us a visit before she returns.

Of especial interest to all the Alumnae and Alumni will be the annual banquet for all graduates of Seattle Seminary, Seattle Seminary and College and Seattle Pacific College. The evening of June sixth is the date set for this occasion. Every member is urged to be present even though it be at some disadvantage. Come! Come! Come! And again we say, Come!!





## ALEXANDRIAN NOTES

In the days of sere September, in the year of 1915  
 Came the first of all our meetings, came the choice of our new leaders,  
 Then was waged the mighty battle for that very warlike office  
 Marshal of the Alexandrians, he who guards the doors and windows;  
 And the mightiest came off victor, Mr. Huston, called the valiant,  
 Then defeated Mr. Gaefe, who but smiled and thot not of it.  
 Other officers elected were the tall and lanky Stephens,  
 Chief then of the Alexandrians, and the short and chubby Troutie.  
 Both have since departed from us to the land of other duties,  
 And the records of our meetings, they were kept by lovely maiden,  
 Celestine, the dark-haired damsel; while our greatest royal treasure  
 Faithfully was kept and guarded by the small, but mighty Cochran;  
 Vida Staggs and Mary Cathey had the care to furnish music;  
 Elton Smith of Pennewawa, he it was who was our chaplain,  
 And that all might gather with us, in the Cascade we had written  
 Records of our merry meetings by our member Vivian Thomas.  
 This concludes the list of officers for the past and gone semester,  
 But it does not tell a fraction of the pleasure of our meetings;  
 For the great and mighty Seniors, decked in strangely youthful fashion,  
 Did their best, and that was nobly to bring mirth and joy among us.  
 Then the Juniors and the Sophomores, and at last the verdant Fresh-  
 men,  
 Each in turn for entertainment labored long that every program  
 For the public might be worthy. And to each we say with gladness,  
 "Praises for a noble effort and for very pleasant evenings."

(Continued on Page 45.)



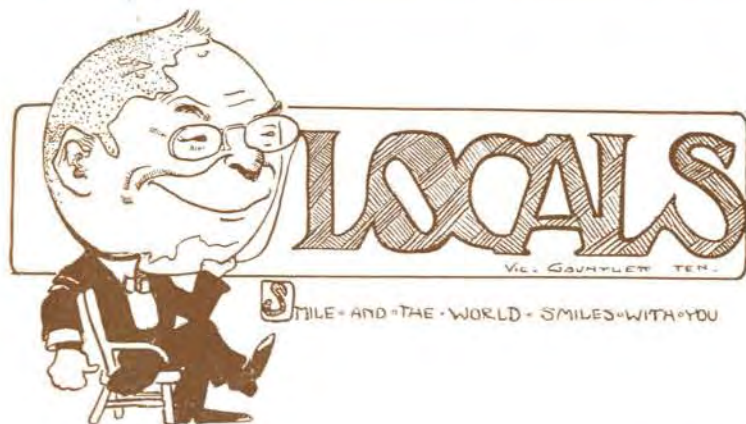
By L. Cochran.

Since our last issue the annual tennis tournament has taken place, in which Burton Beegle came through with flying colors. But the real battle came when Mr. Beegle met Mr. Oliver Haslam, the former champion, for the school championship. In the first two sets Mr. Beegle had a walk away, winning by the scores 6—3 and 6—2. Mr. Haslam got on his metal in the next set and after a hard battle came through with 7—5. Beegle took a slump and lost a love set. Excitement ran high in the last set when both boys played a hard, fast game. Beegle gained the advantage by 5—1, when Haslam began to win steadily making it a deuce set. After an exciting skirmish Haslam succeeded in winning the set 8—6, and retained the school championship for another year.

(Continued from Page 44.)

But the best is not related, for at Christmas time our members thought to share with all the readers of the paper, of the Cascade, tales of all our aims and efforts, of our failures and successes, that they might be sympathetic with our strivings and our labors. So the Cascade was our paper for the one immortal issue, and that we seem not conceited, seem not thus to sing our praises, we can only say, the public—they, our final judge and jury, read it and most kindly praised it, called our efforts good and worthy, there remains but one thing needful to complete this long recital that is but to name the new ones who were given posts of honor. The President is William Robinson, Clifford Denny, his assistant; Mary Stipe now keeps the record, Cyril Hill is treasure keeper; while the music is provided by the two beloved maidens, Miss Pearl Smith and Staryl Tucker. The diminutive Miss Mercer, small in size, but great in spirit, is the chaplain for our meetings, while the marshal, he the warlike, is the erst-while cheerful loser, Mr. Bob McDowell Graefe, of great height and grave demeanor. Thus we see that down-trod virtue in the end will always triumph. And the scribe who writes this record for the Cascade for the Annual, is Miss Swick. That's all, I thank you.





Another year of our school life has flown, the records of which will too soon be past history. Sad, to realize that this will be the last issue of the Cascade for this year, but again we are happy to know that the very near future brings our pleasant summer vacation. We are made to grieve with the thought of bidding farewell to some of our friends, for the last time, perhaps, but the roses are always accompanied by some thorns.

Our recent school activities have not been so numerous, but we are looking forward to big things. Some weeks ago we were happily surprised to be favored with several readings from Mrs. Saunderson, whom we are always glad to hear.

Naturally we welcomed our spring vacation which extended three days longer than usual as a result of the Free Methodist conference, which was conducted here at that time. We had some very exciting and interesting hikes. The one to Fauntleroy will long be remembered I'm sure.

We have since enjoyed the eloquent and inspiring addresses of Bishop Hogan, and also the Rev. Mr. Baker. We are anticipating an excellent one from Judge Root in the near future.

Soon, as I before stated, our ranks shall be scattered. The greatest grief is that we bid farewell to our beloved president and wife, who have so nobly sacrificed their efficient lives here in our midst for so long, mid the conflict and triumphs. We wonder how this great ship can master the billows without them at the helm, but we will have to trust our Master who can control all in his Divine Providence.

However, we are looking forward to another year with great anticipations and wish you all a pleasant and successful summer and vacation.



This is our last appearance for this school year, but we hope to inform all our exchanges soon after school opens next fall that we are still very much alive. You have been such good friends that we heartily invite you all to return to our headquarters. Some of our best exchanges have failed to appear lately. Is it because you thought you were not welcome? If so, please disabuse yourselves at once of that idea.

We also welcome any criticism of our paper, be it either friendly or adverse. You know "a friend is one with whom you may think aloud;" we are your friends, so you may think aloud about us, then put your thoughts on paper for our benefit.

To many exchanges which we have not acknowledged, we would say you may have been killed in a train wreck, or lost in the mail, for to all which have reached our office, we have endeavored to extend the courtesy of acknowledgment.

Following is the list of our visitors since the last issue:

- Visalia High School News, Visalia, Cal.
- High School Buzz, Hutchinson, Kan.
- The S. R. H. S. Weekly, Santa Rosa, Cal.
- Somerset Idea, Somerset, Ky.
- Lutheran Normal School Mirror, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.
- Comus, Zanesville, Ohio.
- Vista, Greenville, Ill.
- Totem, Seattle, Wash.
- Mirror, Mondovia, Wis.
- The Quill, Henderson, Ky.
- The Hemnica, Red Wing, Minn.
- Cazenovian, Cazenovia, N. Y.
- Cardinal, Portland, Oregon.
- Miltonvale College Monitor, Miltonvale, Kansas.
- Kodak, Everett, Wash.
- Eugene High School News, Eugene, Oregon.
- Whims, Broadway High School, Seattle.





# JOKES

"Eavesdropping!" exclaimed Adam, as his wife dropped out of a fig tree.



Free!

First Tramp—"Where did you get your bread?"

Second Tramp — "From the bread line."

First Tramp—"Where did you get your clothes?"

Second Tramp — "From the clothes line."

Moonshine Joshua.

An old Kentucky negro who conducted an illicit still in the mountains fell into the hands of the revenue officers and when haled before the court was asked:

"What name?"

"Joshua, yo' Honah."

"Ah," returned the Judge, "I suppose you are the Joshua who made the sun stand still?"

"No, sah," was the prompt reply; "no, sah, 'deed, yo' Honah, I'se not dat Joshua at all. I'se de Joshua what made de moonshine."

\* \* \*

Bookseller—This book will do half your Latin for you.

Bob—Give me two, please.

\* \* \*

Miss Sharpe—Mr. Richie, use indigo in a sentence.

Mr. R.—The baby is indigo cart.

\* \* \*

"Why, Johnny," said his mother, "I do believe you are teaching the parrot to swear."

"No, I'm not, mother," the boy replied, "I'm just telling it what it musn't say."

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them no lies  
Study your lessons that you may  
be wise  
And buy from the men who ad-  
vertise.

\* \* \*

Mr. Haslam—"I thought you promised me last night that you would do better, and today you can't repeat a word of the lesson."

L. A. C.—"Why, that's too bad, I thought you told us that history repeats itself."

\* \* \*

When are jokes not jokes?  
Ans.—Nine times out of ten.

\* \* \*

I have a cold, or something in my head.  
Probably a cold.



Teacher—"Can you tell me the name of the belt north of the equator?"

Small Boy—"Can't, Sir."

Teacher—Correct. Any questions?"



# Try It! The Ross Barber Shop 319 W. Nickerson St.

Lady—"The set of teeth you made for me is too big."

Dentist—"That's easily remedied, madam. Get into the chair and I'll stretch your mouth a bit."

\* \* \*

Judge—What is your age, Madam?

Aged witness—I've seen thirty-five summers.

Judge—How long have you been blind?

\* \* \*

The editor was dying. The doctor bent over the dying man and placed his ear on his breast and said, "Poor man! Circulation almost gone!" The dying editor sat up and shouted, "You're a liar; we have the largest circulation in the country."

\* \* \*

Teacher—Bring me your gum instantly.

Little Boy—Wait a minute and I'll get you a fresh stick.

\* \* \*

"Where is the spirit of '76?" thundered the orator.

"All drunk up," moaned the unkempt but interested individual in the front row.

X.—Where is the best place to hold the world's fair?

Y.—I don't know.

X.—Around the waist, of course.

\* \* \*

Eob—What day in the year is a man the most weary?

Homer—On the first of April. He has just finished "March in" thirty-one days.

\* \* \*

A reporter was interviewing Thos. A. Edison. "And you, Sir," he said to the inventor, "made the first talking machine?" "No," Mr. Edison replied. "The first one was made before my time, out of a rib."

\* \* \*

If Ivanhoed the Bonny Brae  
And Athel-stained his tunic new  
And Friar Tuck-ed his food away,  
Oh, what did Rhoderick do?

\* \* \*

She's a decided blond, isn't she?

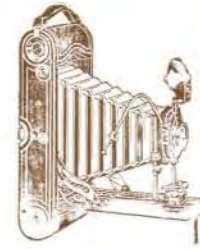
Yes, but she only decided recently.

\* \* \*

Miss Sharpe (feelingly)—What could be more sad than a man without a country?

Elva (in the back seat)—A country without a man.

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H. Hall—They say that money has microbes in it.

W. Lightle—I guess that's why I feel so well all the time.

"How did you get that bump on your head?"

"I was hit by a car numbered 33136 going sixty miles a minute."

\* \* \*

Ambitious Fresh—"I'm going to get ahead."

Wise Soph—"Good, you need one."

\* \* \*

First pupil—"I got zero on my test."

Second pupil—"That's nothing."

\* \* \*

Cochran — Whizzing through the cemetery.

Sexton—What! Do you think this is a speedway!

Cochran—Geer, geer.

\* \* \*

Mr. Bagley—"What is steam?"

Merton M.—"Water gone bugs with the heat."



The rolling stone gathers no moss

But the rolling pin tells who's the boss!



Bill R. (to Peggy W.)—"May I write you a note?"

Peggy—"Billetdoux."

\* \* \*

It's easy enough to be pleasant  
When you've chicken and succo-  
tash

But the student worth while  
Is the one who can smile  
When there's nothing but hash,  
hash, hash!

\* \* \*

Co-education is the thief of  
time.

\* \* \*

A group of Freshmen were dis-  
cussing the proper direction for  
a razor stroke when Glen Hall  
asked D. W.:

"Hey, Warren, do you shave  
down?"

"Of course I do. What else  
have I got to shave?" was the  
unexpected answer.

At a recent senior party, each  
member was expected to answer  
all questions with the name of  
some flower.

X—"With what was the bargain  
sealed?"

Dwight H.—"Tulips."

\* \* \*

Mother—Tommy, stop using  
such dreadful language.

Tommy—Well, mother, Shake-  
speare uses it.

Mother—Then don't play with  
him. He's no fit companion for  
you.

\* \* \*

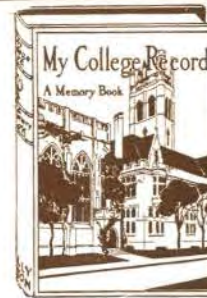
What is vacuum?

Vacuum is nothing with the air  
sucked out of it.

\* \* \*

I thought you took history last  
year?

I did, but Mr. Haslam encored  
me.



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