

May 1st, 1911

# The May 1911 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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THE



CASCADE

MAY

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Lois Newton 1911

# THE "MONOHON" CANOE

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Seattle, Wash., April 11, 1911.

Monohon Boat & Canoe Co.,

Dear Sirs:—Please send me two of your forty-five dollar (\$45.00) Canoes, two of your fifty-five dollar (\$55.00) Canoes, two of your sixty-five dollar (\$65.00) Canoes, making six in all.

I think I will be able to use that many in the boat house now and more before the summer is over.

Have already placed six in the house and they are very much approved by the University and students on account of their durability, safety and beauty.

I have never seen a Monohon tip over or be scratched to the canvass.

There has been no other make of new canoes go in the the house this summer.

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Yours truly,

J. E. MARSHALL.

Manager A. S. U. W. Boat House.

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EXCLUSIVE AGENTS

# PIPER & TAFT

THE SPORTING GOODS HOUSE

Third and Marion

SEATTLE

## SHADOWS CLEARED BY SUNSHINE.

Mabel Barnhart.

*Life is one great field of stubble,  
With a clearing here and there.*

*Everybody has his trouble,  
Intermingled with the fair.*

*There are some who bravely meet it,  
There are some who roughly treat it,  
There are some who dare defeat it.  
Some who dare.*

*Dark days come and dull the sunshine,  
Not a blue sky anywhere.*

*Everybody has his trouble,  
Everybody has his care.*

*Clouds cast shadows, sunbeams clear them,  
Clouds make sad hearts, sunbeams cheer them.  
People and not sunbeams fear them.  
When they're there.*

*So if you have lots of troubles,  
Think that others have a few.  
Don't unload them on all others,  
They can't stop to humor you.  
If you have the sunshine, wear it;  
Fellow chums are sure to share it.  
That will help you smile and bear it.  
If you do.*



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*Entered as Second-class matter, Feb. 18, 1911, at the post office at Seattle, Wash.,  
Vol. I. under the Act of March 3, 1879*

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No. 6

## THE LITTLE PAUPER.

By Tressa Marsh.

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

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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 trugged 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

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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-stained 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, "In as much as ye have done it unto the least of these, my children, ye have done it unto me."



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## THE MIDNIGHT FEED.

"Girls, I just thought of a plan," said Irene, meeting a group of girls talking in the hall.

"Oh, do tell us," cried a chorus of voices.

"Wouldn't it be just fine to have a midnight feed? I'm tired of having these common daylight feeds; I want something more exciting."

"Well, how are we going to do it without the teachers finding it out?" asked Jessie.

"When are we going to have it?" said Blanche.

"And what are we going to have to eat?" said Agnes.

"Well, please don't all talk at the same time and I will tell you what my plan is.

"You know that Tuesday is our afternoon for going to the city and if one of you girls will go with me we will buy the stuff at the market. I'll tell Miss Wilson that we are going to my aunt's house to get a parcel that mother left for me and then she won't suspect anything if we have several parcels with us when we come home."

"Oh, that will be great," said all the girls.

"Which one of us do you want to go with you, and where will we have it?"

"You haven't told us yet what we are going to have to eat," said Agnes, the smallest girl of the bunch.

"All you think about is something to eat," said Blanche. "Let's decide where we are going to have the feed and who is going to the city and how many we are going to have. Irene, do tell us your plan."

"Well, you know that large room on the fourth floor where the trunks are kept. I thought that we could have a few of the flat-topped trunks in the centre of the room to use as a table and pile the rest of the trunks up in one end of the room. Then you know we can sit on the floor and avoid carrying boxes and one thing another up there for chairs. We must have everything ready at six-thirty so that we can go to bed as soon as study hour is over at eight-thirty. Now, Blanche, you be ready to start to the city at two-thirty and we will be back at four-thirty and will take a half hour before dinner to prepare the things to eat. There goes the bell now. Blanche, be sure and be ready at two-thirty, and the rest of you keep it quiet."

The girls then went to their respective class rooms, but very little attention was paid to lessons that afternoon. When two-thirty came a crowd of girls gathered on the fourth floor cleaning up the room for the feed. Blanche and Irene had gone to the city.

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"Oh, girls, come here quick," called Jessie from one corner of the room.

"What is it? A mouse's nest?" said Agnes, beginning to look pale.

"No, of course not, you big baby."

By this time the six girls who were going to take part in the feed were by Jessie's side.

"Well, what is it?" asked all the girls.

"While I was moving the trunks in this corner I came across this old trunk and it does not seem to belong to any one."

"Open it quick. I just love to rummage through old boxes and trunks," said Minnie.

"Oh, here is an old number of 'The Zepher,'" said Agnes, picking up a book.

"Yes, and it's a commencement number. Let's look at the class picture. I just love to look at old pictures," said Jessie.

"Oh, here is a picture of Miss Wilson. Doesn't she look funny with bangs?"

"Yes, but let's hurry or we'll not be through by four-thirty."

The girls found several things of interest in the trunk and they decided that it must have belonged to one of the former students who had left some things there which she did not care to take home with her.

When they had taken nearly everything out of the trunk one of the girls picked up a small package, exclaiming "Here's a package that has Miss Hastings' name on it. I am going to give it to her. Maybe it is something she wants."

"Don't give it to her this evening; wait until tomorrow. If you would give it to her this evening she would ask how you happened to be up here," said Jessie.

"Girls, it's fifteen minutes after four. Let's hurry so we'll be ready to make sandwiches when Blanche and Irene get back."

At four-thirty o'clock the girls all went down to Jessie's room and in a few minutes Blanche and Irene returned from the city.

The fun surely began then. Using the bed as a table they made sandwiches and prepared the other things.

"Girls, I hear some one in the hall!" said Blanche. "Put those things away under the bed quick."

They had just got the last package under the bed when Miss Wilson, one of the teachers, opened the door and told them all to be in the library after dinner. Mrs. Murray of the Y. W. C. A. would speak to them for a short time.

The girls kept their faces straight until the teacher had gone, and

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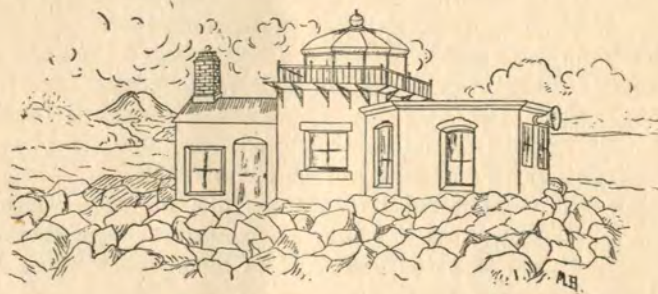
follow. There is an element in the human being called the conscience. Wm. Hawley Smith calls it the "other fellow," and it is this same conscience that is to guide and direct us, to praise us for our well-doings and condemn us for the ill. Mr. Smith says that he would rather hear the "well done" from the "other fellow" than the shouts and praises of the whole world. And if we will always adhere strictly to this principle of knowing ourselves, and being true to ourselves, we will also retain our modesty, and modesty is an every-day virtue. Some one has said, "The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and have it found out by accident." This is a good illustration of real modesty. Praise is good for a person at the right time, but when one does a good action simply for the pleasure of being praised for it, it robs the worth and sweetness from the action and he resembles the Pharisees of old, who stood in the market place and prayed, simply to be seen of others.

Another virtue that is worthy of consideration is that of courage. By this I mean that moral courage and perseverance which is our daily companion in life. Courage is one of those virtues especially needed in school life.

Patience is another one of those numerous virtues needed in school life. We so easily give up a lesson which only requires some patience to work out.

Another thing which we all owe to ourselves and to others about us is the habit of cheerfulness. One has said, "Mirth is God's medicine, every one ought to bathe in it."

In summing up these virtues we come to the one which we may call the greatest, that of unselfishness. If we would all practice this more how much happier this world would be. Let us then produce exactness in these details, so that our lives may truly be "a preservation of the harmonies."



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## EDITORIAL.

Today the world seems to be drifting rapidly from simplicity; or the simple life. Everything seems to be degenerating from that something that explains itself, namely, Simplicity. Take art, for instance, or literature, too much is being added that takes away the beauty or too much that is falsely imagined or overwrought. If you will stop and think you will see that this is so. There is so much complication, nothing which commands the eyes as evidence does the mind. Let me quote here from Charles Wagner: "We need to be rebaptized in the ideal purity of immortal beauty which puts its zeal on the masterpieces; one shaft of its radiance is worth more than all our pompous exhibition."

But the subject that lies most at heart is the care one should bestow upon the adornment of his dwelling and his person, giving it that simpleness or luster without which it is nothing.

If we lay aside that splendor of beauty with which we adorn our brief days, we cast aside the intention of Him who has made the lily of the fields or the mighty, towering hills. He says: "Consider the

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lilies of the field how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Who will deny that the lily is beautiful? Who will say that it is not adorned in simplicity; No one. Were it colored and tinted with every imaginable color, or were it composed of a great variety of hues or mix up of different sized petals, some of variegated hues where, tell me, would be the beauty and sweetness of the flower? You answer, "It has gone." Here we see how simplicity adds to the beauty of a flower; why may it not add to the beauty and sweetness of the adornment of our person? Our dress should be the interpreter of our intentions. That these intentions be so expressed it is first necessary to have them, and he who possesses them makes them evident through the simplest means. We need not be rich to give grace and charm, it is enough to have good taste and good will.

We come here to a subject of more interest to women than to men, but very important to all. "Those who would have women conceal themselves in coarse garments of shapeless uniformity, violate nature in her very heart, and misunderstand completely the spirit of things," says Charles Wagner. If dress were only a precaution against cold or rain, most anything would serve, the skin of a wild animal or a piece of sacking. But it is vastly more than this. The dress is not simply a covering, it is a symbol. To be truly beautiful, it must tell us of beautiful things, things personal or veritable. Spend all the money you want upon it, but if it does not add to the beauty of the wearer it is mere toggery. Many, yes, multitudes, of things which women admire detract rather than add to their beauty.

Let me cite a passage from Camille Lemonnier that is in line with my subject: "Nature has given to the figure of woman a charming art, which she knows by instinct and which is peculiarly her own—as silk is to the worm and lace work to the swift and subtle spider. She is the poet, the interpreter of her own grace and ingeniousness, the spinner of the mystery in which her wish to please arrays itself. All the talent she expends in her effort to equal man in the other arts is never worth the spirit and conception wrought out through a bit of stuff in her skillful hands.

"Well, I wish that this art were more honored than it is. As education should consist in thinking with one's mind, feeling with one's heart, expressing the little personalities of the inmost, invisible I, which on the contrary are repressed, leveled down by conformity, I would that the young girl might become her own dressmaker. But with the taste and the gift to improvise, to express herself in that masterpiece of feminine personality and skill—'gown,' without which a woman is no more than a bundle of rags."

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I am sorry to say that the women of today are fast drifting from simplicity in their dress. Every new thing is taken up with, no matter how unseemly, how debasing or vulgar. If only their eyes could be opened that they might see. But this seems to be impossible. Where is Modesty? Simplicity and modesty are synonymous and with one the other follows. If she will be simple she will be modest.

The latest and most vile, heathenish, vulgar, and disgracing of woman's apparel is—shall I say it?—the "hobble skirt." Yes, we might as well class it in the "harem," but we do not think that it is possible that that fad will come into play as the "hobble" has. We feel like crying to God for mercy on her, who might signify beauty and grace if all these heathenish customs were forgotten and some simple, modest attire adopted that would give grace and beauty to the wearer.

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Bishop Wm. Pearce addressed the students in assembly on Tuesday, April 18th. The subject of his address was "Redeeming the Time." He stated that the first thing in life was to have the heart broken and made ready for the incoming of the Lord Jesus Christ. Many people would train the mind first, but that is a mistake. The heart must be broken first. The mind has been awakened by sin, but is not destroyed, and it is we who must train it. God has left that for us to do.

Then we must redeem the time by cultivating our minds. Unless we do those who have not so keen an intellect will outstrip those of us who may be more brilliant or intelligent. Another thing we must take care of our minds. We should attend to and listen to and heed the teaching and warnings given us by our teachers from time to time.

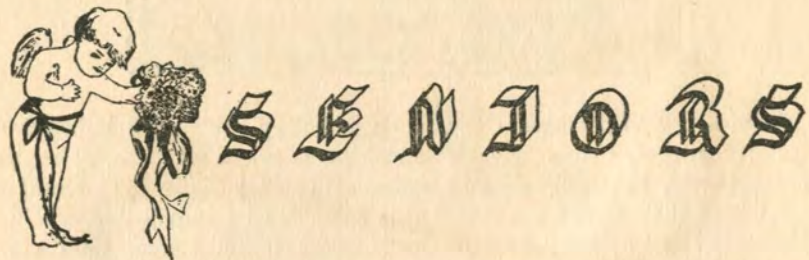
The best way to train the mind is by reading. Read magazines and such portions of the newspapers that will keep us informed as to what is taking place around us. The study of the languages is very helpful, but our own English must be mastered in order to give fluency and expression to our speech.

After a few words regarding our great privilege of being in a Christian institution, Bishop Pearce closed with these words:

"See that the mind has a good heart beneath it. Let the heart be right first and then train the mind."







The class of 1911 will long remember this kind, sympathetic, gentle teacher who has always made the lessons, be they ever so hard and unpleasant, seem attractive to us. So here's to unsere deutsche Lehrerin, and may every class enjoy her as much as the class of 1911.

Mr. Stillwell has not given his annual "Spring Talk" yet. Probably he thinks we do not need it—there is a chance that he considers the excellent behavior of the present Senior class, and it maybe—we wonder—that he thinks there is no use.

The Senior Class has chosen R. E. Cochrane and Miss Tressa Marsh as the class orators. The faculty will choose two, and one will be chosen on superior manuscript.

Everything ready for Commencement but—the Seniors.

The music for commencement has been announced to be from the class except Mr. Joseph Peterson's solo, without which the exercises would be incomplete.

Miss Mabel Barnhart, Miss Perry and Mr. R. E. Cochrane are the committee on music for Commencement Day.

Milton will be expected to write the "class song."

Big programme for "Class Day." No one can afford to miss it. Everything new with the class of 1911.

Miss Bixby has joined our class. We are proud of this excellent student.

Everything looks like spring. The trees are bursting forth in bloom after the winter's rest, and the grass is growing everywhere but under the feet of the Class of 1911.



Miss Addie Cook and Miss Ethel Ward attended the I. P. A. oratorical contest in Tacoma Friday evening, March 31. They report a very enjoyable time and returned home at two o'clock on Saturday morning.

The members of the College Class are well represented in the athletic association. Four are members of the Tennis Club and two besides being expert tennis players are enthusiasts in basket ball and baseball playing.

The Zoology Class expects to begin their collection of insects soon. One hundred is the required number, and they anticipate much excitement in tramping through the woods and on the beach before the required number is obtained.

Mr. Haslam (in English class)—Moonlight nights on the campus are too lifeless.

With the opening of the second semester three courses in history were taken up in the college department. A two hour course in Greek history and a two hour course in Roman history, also a one hour course in the History of Ancient Peoples is being given. The first two courses sufficiently explain themselves by their names. The texts used are Bury's Greek History and Pilbans' Roman History. Collateral readings are required in both classes. In the third course Boughleton's Ancient Peoples is used as a text. In addition to the text some collateral reading will be required. The work is supplemented by lectures. The class work deals mainly with the early inhabitants of Egypt, Chaldea and Assyria.

# EXCHANGES.



Several of our exchanges have advised us not to run reading matter through our advertising. We do not for a moment doubt but that the appearance of the paper would be greatly improved if such fault were eliminated, but they must take into account that we are just starting our career—and in the middle of the year at that—and that we must offer special inducements to our advertisers. However, we appreciate the advice and shall profit by it as far as possible.

We are pleased to welcome the many new exchanges this month.

THE SPARKS comes a sparkling  
With sparklets galore,  
But Sparkling with sparklets  
We wish sparklets more.

NEWS, Eugene Ore. Your cuts are exceedingly fine, and your literary department is well developed.

KODAK, Everett, Wash. Add a few more cuts to your paper, and condense your story and joke departments.

CLARION, Salem, Ore. Your literary department is excellent, but you need more class spirit.

HOUGHTON STAR, Houghton, N. Y. We looked for the exchange column, but in vain.

KUAY, Seattle, Wash. The Junior class is to be congratulated on the fine paper they put out.

VISTA, Greenville, Ill. A few real live cuts and some good school spirit would greatly improve your paper. Don't you think philosophical writings should be left to greater minds? Give us some specimens of good English literature.

THE LENS comes to us for the first time. We like your arrangement of departments.

ARGUS, Harrisburg, Pa. Give your departments a better classification, and develop your exchange column.

We acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: Janus, Hanford, Cal.; Philomath College Chimes, Philomath, Ore.; Hemnica; Trident, Santa Cruz, Cal.; Aromaz, Spokane, Wn.; Poly High, Los Angeles, Cal.

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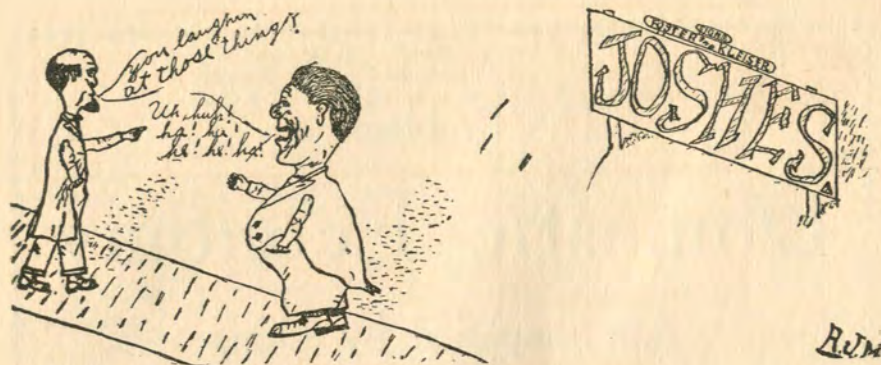
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Miss Beeraft (looking at a picture)—I want one of the boys.

Miss Duhl—Well, I wish I could be like her.

Miss Lawpaugh—Well, you can't. You're just Mamie Duhl and can't be any one else.

Miss D.—Now, maybe I'll surprise you sometime.

Prof. Z. (climbing the hill back of the boys' Dorm.):

I know I can—I know I can—  
 I can—I can—I can—  
 I think I can—I think I can—  
 I guess I can't—I—guess—I—can't  
 I—know—I—can't—  
 There!

Miss Burrows—Ruth, go and get the globe from Miss Flory.

Ruth D. (after returning)—It's out of commission.

Miss B.—What's that?

Ruth D.—It's out of commission.

Miss B.—Down at the mission?

Ruth—No, it's broken.

Althea M.—I'm going to be "just as careful" this month so they won't put a joke on me in the paper.

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Some boys keep girls for months or years,  
 Of these I will not speak,  
 But one bright lad lives in our midst  
 Who changes every week.

### THE MODERN HIAWATHA.

He killed the noble musjokivis.  
 Of the skin he made him mittens,  
 Made them with the fur-side inside,  
 Made them with the skinside outside.  
 He, to get the warmside inside,  
 Put the inside skinside outside;  
 He, to get the coldside outside,  
 Put the warmside furside inside.  
 That's why he put the furside inside,  
 Why he put the skinside outside,  
 Why he turned them inside outside.

### LOST IN A FOG.

When the sun is not shining our school days to cheer  
 And the crickets don't shout from the bog,  
 Just put in your diary, "One day sad and drear,  
 Seattle is lost in a fog."

Then how sad for a city of such wondrous size,  
 To get lost in a bank of fog, dense;  
 Where the populace fail their neighbors to see,  
 E'en though they're just over the fence.

But once in a great while the sun does come out  
 And scatters the fog far and wide;  
 Then our hearts give a bound for Seattle is found  
 At least till the turn of the tide. —R. J. M.

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There were two boys too lazy to work. "There are three 2's in this sentence."  
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An onion with an onion's taste  
But with a violet's smell?—Ex.

A little girl who came to the city for the first time and rode in an elevator went home and said to her friends, "Yes, an' that old aligator went so fast."

Little Prue was much interested in Miss D., who has lost her voice, and one day came to her and said, "Miss D., would you know your voice if it came back?"—Sel.

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Young Miss—An awkward man on a street car.—Ex.

He—They tell me your son is in the football eleven?

She—Yes, indeed.

He—Do you know what position he plays?

She—I ain't sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks.—Ex.

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And awful rats,  
And harem skirts have skooted;  
Within a week  
Some other freak  
Will have been instituted.—Ex.

Intelligent Student (picking up Caesar text)—Oh, say, Latin is easy. I wish I had taken it up. Look here (pointing at several passages). Forte dux in aro—forty ducks in a row! Passus sum jam—pass us some jam. Boni leges Caesar—boney legs of Caesar.—Ex.

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