April 1st, 1914

The April 1914 Cascade

Seattle Seminary
It is with the greatest pleasure and most sincere respect that we dedicate this, our humble effort, to our highly esteemed sisters,

The Aletheians
Philopolemic Debating Club

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Deacon Crankshaw entered the rear door of the kitchen of his spacious home with two fourteen-quart pails of rich milk. He set them down by the cream separator that stood near the sink and began to explain to those who chanced to come and go through the kitchen how the old, red cow had deliberately thrust her "plegged old foot" right into his coat pocket, when he began to milk, and then began to dance vigorously about on three legs, while he praised the Lord and perambulated— as rapidly as was consistent for the dignity of a deacon—about the stern end of this ill-tempered cow.

Well, the exercise was quite exhausting in several ways, and one could see by the mixed expression of wrath and ecclesiastical dignity still visible on his face that the storm was not yet over, even though the battle was. Presently, while the Deacon fretted about the house, his little, four-year-old grand daughter entered the kitchen, followed by a bevy of five or six kittens. The smell of the fresh milk was strong, and kittens, with tones of importunity, sang their sweet milk song and marched about the pails with their narratives in a perpendicular position.

"Would kitty like some milk?" said little Geraldine, projecting the kitten toward the delicious, foaming milk.

"Me-out!" cried the little kitten, as it slipped from the hands of the little girl into the milk.

Just at this moment the Deacon entered and saw the struggling, crying kitten. His heart was touched—and so was the spankable part of the little girl.

Time wore on and supper was served. As they pushed back their chairs for evening worship, the Deacon opened the Bible to the verse which read, "Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set." This was as far as he got, for the memories of the sermon of his new, young pastor, Rev. Robert Lane Hibbard, were still haunting him. The Deacon, by the way, was the best educated man in the neighborhood. He had finished eight years in the district school when he was a boy, had read the Bible through, and, besides, the three books of law that were placed in his possession when he was elected justice of the peace. So he knew that anyone who would dare "stand on the sacred desk," as he said, and tell
folk that they could reason salvation out with the Lord and find it anywhere, why he was not fit to preach the Gospel. The church was made for folks to get converted in, and no one could be converted without going to meeting and hearing the gospel. And then for that young fellow, who had just gone to school and never had any experience, to preach doctrine that made it so easy for people to get religion, why it would be the ruin of the whole society. Then, the preacher had preached nothing but the Kingdom of Heaven, and had told the people scarcely anything about holiness and repentance, and every time he did mention them he only suggested that they were stepping stones by which people get into the kingdom— "just preparations, mind you."

"Just as I said Brother Higgins and Brother Cricket," he went on to say, "I said I, what did Martin Luther and John Wesley and Andrew Jackson die for, anyway?" I asked it was for the cause of holiness. Look at Martin Luther, went on a diet of nothing but worms for forty days and nights just to get holiness started, and this young apostle comes along and just the kingdom of heaven ahead of holiness. Now, we have had holiness in our church here for forty years and I will fight to the bitter end before I will see the ancient landmarks removed.

From this exposition, headed down as it was that night around the family altar by Deacon Hrabal—leader in thought, politics and religion in his neighborhood—we could get the commonest of opinion and the attitude that prevailed toward the new pastor. If we were to look into the life of this young man we would find that he was fit for a holy spot, a young apostle starts coming along and puts the worms for forty days and nights just to get holiness started, and the ancient landmark..."
As childhood days we call to mind with all their memories dear,
So on the youthful past of this our Native Land with cheer
We dwell, for recollections sweet of by-gone days and years
Endear those good old times long past, yet unforgotten, while tears
Quite fall our visions as we think of life and love, not given
Alone, but lavished by our fathers, who are now in heaven.

That we might have a home, a country true in which to dwell
Apart from Old Intolerance, the curse outcast from hell.
When first sweet Freedom's voice rang out her benediction clear,
It was a time of jubilee, a day of hope and cheer;
The Colossus hailed forth the hands of servitude to kings,
And soon was launched the Ship of State which staunch and true
remains.

Brave Statesman hoarded that old Ship and cried, "Ahoy! Sails on!"
While at the helm, with fervent heart, stood great George Washington.
Thus named by sturdy Statesmen he left Port Tyranny,
The title was strong, the storm was on, but through the seething sea
She plowed her way with no delay and spite of threatening sky
Her helmsman cried, "Sail on! Sails on! Will gain the port or die!"
With heart to dare and do his best, to conquer every foe,
The Father of our country faced ingratitude and woe;
But fear he shook and true to right, —twas principle he loved;
His noble heart was resolved to please his God above.

So sailed the sturdy Ship of State thru many a troubled sea;
Her first great Helmsman passed away, but ne'er his firm decree;
For each new captain sounded forth the cry, "Sail on! Still on!"
Still on she sailed, nor conqueror was there to check the win.

The low'ring sky grew dismal, dark, then faded into night.
A rocky storm broke forth in rage, the Ship of State was light,
Her crew divided—some drew oars while others slid in distress;
Another helmsman seized the wheel and in that wilderness
Of surging waves and seething sea, forced out to every man,
"Back to your place for we must sail! Sail on! Still on! Sail on!"
Thus Lincoln took the helm to guide the sturdy Ship of State;
His face was stern and with his might rebuked in wicked hate;
They hoisted that old lifeboat "Secession" with a purpose strong,
They struggled, battled with the waves, but did not battle long;
They ploughed into the gushing sea, the billows' crest,
But vain was hope for strength failed soon and courage with it passed.

Down went "Secession" with the waves, there remain to gaze,
Her graceful bow on board the old Ship of State to stay.
Once more great Lincoln cried aloud, "Back to your place each man!
The storm is past, the light of day5 shines on the vessels' port! Sail on!"

George Washington, we honor thee, the Father of our land,
We bear the sturdy character, the stern yet loving hand.
And Lincoln, our Great Martyred Chief, we ever could note thy fame,

Encomiast of the bound, Preserver of our name.
have wondered a cold six thousand pounds all at once.”

“O yes, I believe it is, alright, but the reef is said to be near when the ship can’t make the pace; so in this case the bewildered thing refuses to judge an inch.”

“Exactly, and meanwhile you are floured for want of funds!”

Fat nodded mournfully. “There is no one in England who will look at it. They would not take it off my hands as a gift,” he said bitterly.

A grin of amused contempt passed over O’Shannon’s face. “You are not less than a dozen kinds of a fool if you do not jump at my offer. I don’t want to waste any more time on this job. You put your hand here and roll it settled.” He held out his hand as he spoke and Paddy’s mistrust of the man was swept aside.

“I take your offer, Mr. O’Shannon,” he said coldly, and Mickey expanded into a veritable fount of good nature as they clasped hands.

“That’s business, my boy,” he said, “and I don’t mind saying, Here’s to the success of the Ballykeelaugloss Mining Co.” so he lowered another thimbleful.

Michael O’Shannon departed for England with all the necessary documents for the promotion of his big scheme, and O’Riley, now with plenty of funds in hand, but thrown himself, heart and soul, into the task of chief as formation.

Sidewhys with annoyance, and a brief announcement of the forthcoming ground roll, no hint of the precious ore had been revealed, caused a shrewd smile.

O’Riley he must be no sleeper to raise work thee things in the cities; but that is how it strikes big things, otherwise the prospectus would couldn’t have forged at all.

Ry, “Yes,” said O’Hoologan, after a moment’s thought. “I fancy he is too wise awake to hustle a real bogus report. It would have been instantly exposed, and he’d have found himself on the wrong side of the stream. I think you may depend upon it that someone in Galway has forgotten his grievance in the face of a fat bribe.”

Pat began to reel in and fro in extreme agitation, thinking far­iously of the course of events that had led up to the present moment of dark and ugly suspicion, and every moment conviction grew that he had been hoodwinked by the dodger, O’Shannon, just as the public in turn had been. He hurried to the thought. After all, if the mine should prove barren, it was he and not O’Shannon that would be arrested before the bar of justice and found guilty. Suddenly he halted and looked at O’Shannon, who experienced a curious thrill that was almost fear as he saw the stern anger that blazed in Paddy’s eyes.

“Don,” he said, “I’m going down to Galway to probe this thing to the bottom. There is only one engineer in the place who would be capable of doing such mean tricks as you suggest. If I find that he has filled the truth out of him and then take the first boat to London to see O’Shannon. While I’m away you take full charge. It is up to us to try to prove that we are not all house-bound scoundrels. But all you can in the narrow turn of. It looks the more hopeful. Don’t, above all, give O’Shannon a hint that I’m absent from the mines, as I want to keep in on him like a thunderbolt.”

In Galway O’Riley found his fears simply confirmed, so to Lon­don he went, angry with himself that he had been so easily hood­winked, but grimly determined to bring O’Shannon to book. Dur­ing the voyage he gained much useful knowledge in reference to mining stock and finance and the workings of the stock market in general through the use of the ship’s library. So, when one fine afternoon he pushed open the glass door which admitted him to the office of the company, he was fully armed for a stormy interview with O’Shannon. He found himself in a large, lofty apartment, furnished with highly polished and obviously expensive office fittings. To his left was a glass-panelled door labelled “Private,” doubtless the entrance to O’Shannon’s sanctum. The sole occupant of the room was a young lady, dressed in a heavy, loose, white dress, seated at a table with a typewriter in front of her and a telephone receiver at her elbow. At Pat’s entrance she laid aside her newspaper, and re­plied, “Excuse me, Miss,” said Pat, “I wish to see O’Shannon. Is he willing?”

The girl arose and advanced toward the counter. “I am sorry, sir, Mr. O’Shannon has not been here today,” she said.

Pat blinked the quiet, refined tone of her voice, which was in perfect harmony with her cheerful, trustful, gray eyes, and mobile, sen­sitive mouth. “A lady, every inch of her,” was his conclusion, and he must be no sleeper to raise fifty thousand pounds out of the public on a dark story.

“That is what has troubled me all along,” said Pat uneasily.

“If we rolled off half the lies I told him the people who have sub­scribed the money must be mad. I have no knowledge of how they would settle things in the cities; but that is how it strikes me.”

“Well, he’d have to show fairly good grounds for anticipating big things, otherwise the prospectus would have been waste paper. By the way, who was the engineer who reported on the mine?”

“Duh! There was no survey at all. My stars! Is it possible he could have forged a report?”
"My name is Emma Lowe," she said.

"Thanks, Miss Lowe. Please get in touch with him. The sooner I meet him the better."

"I'm afraid it is impossible at this moment. He left some two days ago and has not returned yet. I fear there is something not right about this. Perhaps you can explain," she handed him then the daily mail.

Pat followed her finger and read, "Ballykeednungone Gold, 1st sellers." He read it again, slowly, searching for a ray of comfort and finding none. Then their eyes met. "Pardon the question, Miss Lowe," said Pat quietly, "are you in any way involved in this...shares, I mean?"

"My mother is," said Emma. "She was induced by Mr. O'Shanne- pop at the pressure, and now the pieces were practically unobtainable. Pat told you that at this price, I assure you, you will find it impossible at all."

"Thanks," said Emma. "Please let me know if anything more turns up."

She handed him the paper, and Pat read it. Through yet, the unknown buyer's identity was known that O'Shanney had vanished, and since O'Riley's departure, the market had entirely collapsed. O'Shanney had robbed the hire, and was probably now out of the country with the spoil. Better indeed was Pat's elation at the thought that he had arrived too late; but he must do everything in his power to remedy matters. His five thousand pounds were still untouched. Reserving the price of Miss Lowe's holdings, there was enough left to at least cause a stir in the market.

"Miss Lowe," he said, "who are the company's brokers?"

"Messrs. O'Neill and Lavity."

"Please ask if they have any shares on offer."

Emma rang up the brokers, and, after a few questions, said, "They offer a block of three thousand and two shillings..."

"I take them. Tell them so."

Again she applied herself to the phone, and in a few minutes Pat's signature was attached to his letter confirming the purchase.

"Now, Miss Emma," smiling briskly, "we shall close the plan for today. To-morrow at ten and you will get to work in earnest. They shall hand, feeling more like old and tried friends than mere acquaintances of an hour.

Continued on page 36
The diplomats of the latter half of the eighteenth century there was not a greater than Benjamin Franklin. A printer in early life, he was an incisive student and rose gradually through the stages of scholar, editor, politician, scientist, philosopher and diplomat until he stood at the top of the ladder, a full arched statesman. Many were his services to the land he loved, but among the greatest were those rendered as the representative of his people in foreign affairs.

His first mission as a foreign diplomat was in 1723. The Colonists of Pennsylvania were having a dispute with their Royal Governor as to whether they had a right to tax the estates of the Colonists. Franklin was chosen as their agent to go to England and settle the matter. It was a very difficult mission, but after several years of patient and unerring effort he secured a settlement in favor of the Colonists.

In 1744 the Pennsylvania Assembly again chose him as its agent to Great Britain. This time he was to petition the King to end the War of the Austrian Succession. He arrived in England and joined the agent of the Assembly, Grenville, and Parliament to tax the Colonials. The Assembly, however, refused to pay the expenses of this trip and the necessary sum had to be raised by popular subscription.

As soon as Franklin arrived in England he joined the agents of the other Colonies in protesting to Grenville against the proposed Stamp Act. There were only two ways in which the dispute could be settled, to allow the Colonials to elect representatives to Parliament; second, to leave the right to levy taxes where it already rested- in the Provincial Legislatures. Franklin favored the first, but the British were too prejudiced against the American Colonies to let them have representation in Parliament. In spite of all the agents could do the Stamp Act was passed on February 7, 1765.

The passage of this act made the Colonists very indignant. Franklin was hastily to sympathy with them, and, as their agent, began immediately to work for the repeal of the obnoxious act, and very ably defended the Colonists in their opposition to it. He was always ready to compromise in order to promote peace and harmony between the two countries. Even when the British Government harassed and persecuted him, he still strove to bring about a reconciliation. But all of his negotiations came to naught, and he returned to America about the middle of March, 1766.

A year later, in company with two others, he was commissioned to go to France to negotiate a treaty of peace. The Assembly, in the struggle with England, but their negotiations were fruitless.

In September of the same year Franklin was sent by the United States to France to negotiate a treaty of amity and commerce. With him were messengers of the States, Deane and Jefferson. As the representatives of the liberty for which all France was yearning, they were received in Paris with great enthusiasm. From the first the
It is just twenty years since the pioneer limit in Canada from the Old Country. After spending the summer months surveying in British Columbia, I came to Macleod, then the center of the great ranching industry.

The range system was at that time in full swing and was being carried on exactly as it had been since the cattlemen had first brought their herds into the "last Great West" seven or eight years earlier.

There were a few cattle in the country before 1883, but only a very few; and the great herds did not begin to arrive until that time. The few cattlemen who owned stock before the advent of the large ranches were working under the greatest disadvantages conceivable, as the Indians had not come to regard the might and power of the C. N. W. M. P. with the respect and fear that prevailed in later years. Most of the cattlemen, indeed, were ready to pull out at any moment with the few remaining cattle that they had.

With the advent of the great ranching companies, such as the Crowsnest, the Wildrose Ranch Company, the Okanagan, and others, conditions improved. None of the pioneers left the country, reti­ring, as they did what a great heritage they were pulling heir to.

The only railroad connection serving Macleod when I came to the place was the C. & E. Railway from Calgary, which had been completed the previous year to a point on the north side of the Old Man's River about five miles from the old town—the first town established in the west, and the chief police center for the southern country.

The atmosphere of the range was predominant, and to one who had the full of the west pushing through his veins, the glamour of it all was enough indescribable. One still was heard talk of the "Round Up," "Beef," "The Range," everything as now and so full of vivid interest, as the old-time choral at the unfamiliar scene and lingo full for all the crushing secrets of this great new world.

Big, loose-jointed men with weather-beaten, kindly faces, greased in the regulation range dress of wide overcoat and loose shirt and "chaps," were in evidence everywhere. And what men they were! Ready to risk their lives to work a day in the fulfillment of their duties on the range, taking every hardship as it came with the same easy good humor, that days and nights are without sleep if the necessity arose, stout, independent, reliable.

The day after Christmas, I was driven out about thirty miles to where my brother was, with whom I had determined to spend Christmas Eve and morning. We gave him my first experience with a regular "Chinook." Having to face this, which is a heavy snow from the wind, I experienced the fullest what it could accomplish in the way of making things unpleasant. Over and over again we had to work in order to breather at all, and the horses at times all could do to keep from being blown off their feet. Unpleasant while they lasted, these winds undoubtedly were, but they were the salvation of the stock, for the snows rapidly dis­appeared under their influence, sweeping clear the country and allowing the cattle to graze freely over the wide stretches of prairie.

Upon my arrival at the ranch where my brother was staying I had my first experience of a genuine, western welcome, and what this is, is, I think, who has not lived in the west during the early days can not fully appreciate. Nothing was too good for the visitor. Coming from tawdry strange, such warmth of hospitality was an eye-opener to one fresh to the country.

The ranch was a small one, raising horses chiefly, and at that time of the year, when almost all the horses were running out on the range, there was little to interest the newcomer, except the changes of the weather that was over everything, even the most everyday tasks, and the occasional rides across the hills, taken by the rancher to ascertain in a general way that the bulk of the horses were in evidence. These were experiences of real delight.

Soon after my arrival my brother told me that he was negotiating for the purchase of one of the ranches belonging to the Wildrose Ranch Company, who at that time leased from the government an enormous tract of land on which they had established four large ranches or feeding places for their cattle and horses. Never will I forget the first glimpse of the ranch which was destined to be my home for fifteen years. The "Chinoock" was blowing down from the west by the day we rode down to the place and we had all we could do at times to stick to our saddles. At the top of a small rise we came upon the place—and now came home like it did look, with the braided standing whitened, and the stubble and rough will rod-sown and trimmed out! As we rode down to the slope where the buildings were situated we seemed to ride right out of the wind, a sheltered was the location. I fell in love with it at first sight and declared to my own mind that I should cast in my lot with my brother and call this farmstead "Home." That first home has remained true love since. The best and happiest years of my life were destined to be spent in this pleasant valley among the foothills. After some weeks of negotiation we finally entered possession and began the actual life of ranchers in the west. What a radiance there was when even—most every-day tasks were combined with a habit of romance which lasted, in our case at any rate, for many years. Everything about this life was so new and different from what I had been accustomed to in the Old Country that I often wondered if I were all real or if I should wake up to find that I had been living in dreamland.

Before we entered into possession I had, of course, understood in a general way how the cattle business was managed, and my brother had had over two years' experience working on other ranches in the neighborhood, but the details had to be worked out by us in person and by experience and observation. We had spent Christmas at one of the ranches belonging to the Wildrose Ranch Company, and I had shared them for several days, delighting to ride out on the range with our hands, and help at least I could with the "chance"—feeding cattle and horses.

It was bitter cold after Christmas that year and it was no light to turn out hours before daylight in order to get the feeding done in time to get away as soon as it was light enough for the day's ride.

The wolves were bad that year. Many a fine run did we have after them, when the great wold bounds, imported into this country for this special purpose, were fighting them. To see these grand bounds tackle a full grown timber wolf was a new experience to us.
THE CASCADE

for it is not easy to get any ordinary bound to do so. Except for the range riding, to bring weak cows into the ranch to be fed, there was not much variety in the winter's work. Occasionally there was the work of butchering to be done to keep the outfit supplied with fresh beef. This was a never-failing source of wonder to me. A bunch of cattle, wild as deer, would be rounded up and corralled, and one of the men told off to shoot a certain animal. Sometimes the marksmen would get down into the corral, but more often, not wishing to take such a risk, would sit on top of the corral fence and watch his chance. For a fraction of a second the chosen animal would turn and face about, and in that instant a rifle or six-shooter would speak and the animal would crumple down, stone dead. The accuracy of the shooting was marvelous, and well indeed was it that law and order were so well maintained through the country, for so expert in shooting were so many of the men that with their revolvers they could keep a tomato can rolling or pick off the spots on a playing card at forty paces.

As soon as the animal had fallen, the real work would begin. After the corral gate had been opened and the rest of the herd driven out, the men would proceed to skin and dress the carcass just as it lay on the ground. In an incredibly short space of time the quarters would be hanging up, and the hide hung over the side of the corral fence to dry. All the work was done on the ground, and it seemed to the listener the crudest kind of a way to do it, but most things were done in a rough and ready fashion. It was not long after my arrival in the country, however, before we began to see better appliances used. The windsaw was the chief of these, as it simplified the work of skinning and dressing to a very great extent. Few, except those who have tried it, can realize how hard it is to skin and dress a big steer on the ground.

When spring began to show itself, the most important work was "riding the water holes." Many of the cattle would venture into the soft ground around the springs in order to get a taste of the new green grass, and would side down so deeply that they would often be unable to extricate themselves. Then came the work of the range rider. He would rope the animal, tie the rope to the horn of his saddle, and drag it out. To get the rope off the cow and climb back to the safety of the saddle was sometimes very exciting, for invariably she was "on the wind" and, with the sudden quick springing of the range cow, always "went for" her rescuer if she was at all able to stand on her feet.

About the middle or the last of May, as soon as the new green grass had grown, the first big round-up took place. The whole country was covered over with each big ranch working on its own little "section" range, extending over many hundreds of square miles, but there would be some "ropes" from the other ranches, and, along with the other round-ups over country where their cattle might be expected to turn up, but where it would not be profitable to take the whole outfit. Usually all the round-ups would meet at a certain spot and arrange for the working of different sections of the country. As soon as this was settled, each outfit, with a cook wagon, tents and horses enough to give each man at least six changes of mounts, would start off on its own particular district.

Early in the morning the horses would be driven in and corralled in the makeshift corral, which had the cook wagon for one side, two sides formed by a couple of ropes held by hand, and the fourth side guarded only by the horse herder, or "corraler," so he was called. Each man in turn would go into the herd and rope the one he selected for the morning's ride, and then saddle up and away, often with some nasty bumps at the start, for the average cowman does not always feel in the best of temper in the cold, early hours of the morning.

The round-up foreman instructed each man where he was to go. Usually three or four men would ride together, driving every head of cattle they came across to the place selected by the foreman for "cutting" the herd. Fresh horses would be caught up after the long morning's ride and while most of the men would be told off to "herd the cattle," i.e., keep them bunched up together, two or three would ride into the herd and "cut out" those that were required —slay calves and cows and beef steers.

It was a great sight to see a large herd of cattle kept in hand by a few riders; and to watch the skilled cow pony, after being shown the animal required to be "cut out," quietly but persistently follow it among the other cattle until it was close to the edge of the herd, and then, with a sudden quick spring and twist, shoot it out from the rest, following its every movement until it was far enough away to prevent its running back to the main herd. After a few bad or "cut out" the work would be easier, as cattle will always go to cattle.

After the herd had been "cut," the main bunch would be allowed to stray back to their range, while the bunch which had been separated from the rest was driven off to the branding corral. Sometimes the work of branding would be done in the open, but usually, however, on the western Cascade ranges, this work was done in corrals. The fires would be lighted and the branding irons heated until they showed the dull red required for the best results in the branding operation. One or two mounted ropers would ride in among the cattle, slip up quietly behind some unsuspecting animal and, watching his chance, rope it either by the head and front leg or by both hind legs, draw his rope tight and take a turn or two around the horn of his saddle and then drag his bewildered victim close to where the fire was. As soon as they had done this two men would take charge of the animal, holding it down—by the head and front leg and the other by one hind leg—while the wielder of the branding iron would place the red-hot iron on the skin of the calf. The rope in the meantime had been swiftly released and long before the operation was finished the ropers would be back with another victim. Roughly and rudely were the operating methods, but very few animals appeared to suffer much. As soon as they were freed they would jump up and run with a final bellow and kick rush off back to the herd. When the last animal was branded the corral gates were opened and away the bunch would go, to be left to peace and happiness until the fall when other upheavals in the life of the range-born animal were destined to take place. The whole range was systematically worked in this manner—very few cattle escaping the inspection.

(Concluded next month.)
Northward, out of the gray horizon, beams
A star, as the eternal shadow fades
Into the sky with the aurora borealis.
Flaming coldly overhead.

---

To break the grim despair, unless some
Close-wedged fields of ice crunching here and there.

---

Some support fashion Gothic chapels and
Capricious. The frozen moon tea l s
Low in the south and faintly unmasks an Eskimo lodge,
Gripped in the hands of cold, half buried in
The snow.

---

Inside burns a rude oil lamp that
Quells the darkness for a space, where lies a
Brown-cheeked babe, wrapped warmly in tawny fur
Skins, sweetly dreaming—not of flowers, streets or
Rumbling trains hurrying madly over
Rolling plain and iron bridges—but of
Home in the great white silence. The mon'try
Wanders. No care, no anxiety traces
The child’s large brow, over which freely hang s
Jet-black hair. The eyelid hang heavy and
Hide narrow, questioning eyes,

---

Strained by the Day’s observance; and dimpled fists that rest fr om
Linger ing the harpoon rope or
The horns of a caribou. Too young
to fear the Delayed
Return of the home provider,
Out in his hunting
eal where the thin
Air wounds like steel, the brown-cheeked baby sleeps ;
While the short, sturdy mother mends clothing
With her rude bone needle and seal-skin thread,
Inside the lamp. The dogs growl, outside, at
The howl of the strange wolves slinking down
Some moon-kis ed
1rlacier, and
The brown-cheeked
Bahr harm h es
And tries, but is soon
Asleep. Far away, near the top of
The World, where homes are few and far between, where
Daylight finds the dog sledge plowing across
The great white trail where breathes the chilly fog
Of Polar seas; where earth wears a polished
Peek for helmet, and glaciers for bosom,
And the Northern Lights for plume; far away
In an overhast, gripped in the hands of
Cold, in the great white silence the brown-cheeked
Baby sleeps.
N HIS usual, dry, monotonous tone of voice, the professor called the roll, and at once the expression on the face of each student changed to soberness.

The professor opened his lecture upon the assignment of the lesson as follows: "Nothing is more wearisome to listen to than a dead level of monotonous speeches. You must learn and practice the art of emphasis, range of inflection, breathing in of the new thoughts, and especially, vocal power. We have a very good opportunity to develop and improve our expressions, having only a small number in our class. Let us all have a good time during this class-hour, making a family circle to help each other. Let us all have more enthusiasm, open eyes and keen minds."

Then one boy was asked to read "The Ballad of the Oysterman." At first he hesitated, somewhat, but soon began thus:

"It was a tall, young oysterman lived by the riverside, etc."

"Criticism! Criticism!—anyone?" called the professor loudly.

Some criticized the position of the face and eyes—they not being straight toward the audience—while others said that he did not use enough force.

Next the professor called on Miss S—, to read. She started well with a smiling face:

"The daughter of a fishermen, that was so straight and slim, etc."

"Criticism! Criticism!" said the professor sharply.

One said that she did not give the fire enough, and another, that she did not open her mouth wide enough.

"Next, Mr. D—, read," the professor called.

With his usual good style, Mr. D— began:

"And he has clasped up the bank all in the moonlight gleam; O, there were kisses sweet as dew, words as soft as ruth."

In a moment the professor asked, "Criticism, criticism, has anyone any criticisms?"

Then suddenly a nice looking young lady spoke up, smilingly, with a somewhat dissatisfied tone and a critical face inclined about sixty degrees: "Everything was alright, but his sound of the kiss was not truly sweet enough."

Philopolemal Heroes

"High Pockets," '17

We read oft in history and fable
Of great men and heroes sublime,
Who, leaving this world, left behind them
Deeds that shall last for all time.

But heroes have not all departed,
All great men lived not in the past,
For we have with us at present
Great heroes whose names shall e'er last.

There's Beagle the now famous leader
Of the great Philopolemal Club,
With Smith, his prime secretary,
They're sure to give someone a rub.

You hear of great musical talent,
And genius superior to all;
But none like the voice of one, Hopper,
When you hear him out in the bell.

The Postum got mixed up with Coffee
And settled to nothing but grounds.
While the name of Thomas, the Corporal,
Through the club drift often resound.

You've heard of the fame of the Irish,
The sons of the "Emerald Isle."
If you see a son of Old Ireland,
Just go visit Eden awhile.

There's Sir Walter Scott, not the author,
And "Hi" Gill, his man Friday, too,
With Trotty, the far-famous freckle.
All are Phils, so loyal and true.

With such a band of illustrious heroes,
We'll not bow to the greatest of men;
For the Sem is the best in the country,
And the Phils the best in the Sem.

Continued from page 5

tried to pray, but his lips were silent; only

"Listen," said the District Elder, "you people have wrought a serious injustice, not to this young man alone, but to our Lord him-

self. I have very carefully watched the work and preparation of your young pastor, and I know that he has followed out the Bible

idea of human redemption and has been faithful in showing you,

not only the way into the kingdom, but he has created an interest in Christ and all his plans for our ultimate perfection. If you try

to keep the kingdom within the limits of your so-called narrow way,
you will make of it a repulsive, eccentric sect which can never save

men. I stand by the gospel that he is preaching to you. It is the

Gospel. Hell is not gospel. Eternal damnation is not gospel. Christ's

love in its myriad manifestations is gospel. You don't need hell;
you need love. Be brothers and sisters to this young man try to

understand him, and as a church you will prosper."

Here the conference adjourned. A few saw the point and shook

hands with the young man in a warm way. His spirits now arouse;
the people broke to the new revelation and in the course of a few

works the Deacon plunged into the Fountain.
SPECIAL PHILS' STAFF

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PHOTO BY HAMILTON

fact is not that they are choosing remunerative professions and positions, but that while doing so they are losing sight of the call of life. They fail to comprehend the fact that they are their brother's keeper. They are mercenary.

Today our country is face to face with some of the most momentous problems in its history. Capital and labor are at odds' points. The blood of our outraged criminals is crying out against our unworthy penal system. Hundreds of thousands of men, and widows and orphans are groaning for deliverance from the curse of ruin. Our homes are trembling with fear at the onslaughts of crime. They fail to comprehend the fact that they are looking to the solution of these problems is up to our generation. The question now comes, how are we as young people going to meet these problems? Are we going to continue on the old, beaten path that our ancestors have trod, or are we going to get out of the rut into a newer, a fresher, a more frugal atmosphere where we may catch the real, the true, the majestic strains of pulsating humanity, and existing these with eager, listening ears, would them by definite motives into a train of intent that shall move the foundations of society. Let us be up and doing while the day lasts for the night quickly comes when no man can work. Right here the plainest wall of some purposeless and strikes me, "What can I do? I am too small, I cannot do anything." Nay, is that expression the purview of your heart? Is that your prayer? Ask yourself, "Is this all that I mean in life?" Then if you say, "Yes," I'll dare you to look yourself squarely in the eyes. Have a big heart; dare to aspire to large things. Push aside the curtain of Belfieseness and take a broad, sweeping view of humanity and rise from the search the field diligently and see if you can find any place of service open, waiting to be filled.

Young men, young women, what has been your view and conception of life? Are you preparing yourself that you may make dollars to be lavished upon your person and upon those whom you love, or have you the thought of service in view? This is an age of service. It is now being recognized by the rich as well as the poor.

Our students are Andrew Carnegie, Wrench though he may have been, endowing colleges and libraries and helping to establish loan banks for laboring men so that they may not fall a prey to the loan sharks; and Nathan Straus, a Jew, spending thousands of dollars to aid in the prevention of tuberculosis and in improving sanitary conditions. These are only two of the many who are trying in various ways to serve humanity. Many more could be mentioned but space will not allow.

Life is a calling. Let this thought rivet itself upon your mind, and go forth in life to fulfill that call by being of service to society. To us, our college and school friends, is issued a challenge to the highest service possible: Shall we accept it?

School Spirit
B. L. Bagg, '14

To every boy, to every girl, to the young and to the old, this "land of the free and home of the brave" brings such a store of innumerable blessings that there are once arised in their hearts a strong spirit of patriotism. Just speak a word against this fair domain and at once they are in arms. Just try to belittle the power and glory of the U. S. A. and you will see the patriotic fire in their eyes.

Why is this all so? Merely from the fact that to them this realm is home, in life, is joy, is all. It shelters them, it gives them the necessities for their existence, it makes their hearts glad, and for all this their instant souls respond with love and gratitude.

Just as this is true of a nation, so it should be true of a school. The progress and the life of every institution of learning is determined by the spirit prevalent.

A student should have such a regard for the school which he is attending, that, unconsiously, there would arise within him that love for the school and that desire for its advancement and success, that would cause him to work and strive and strive to make it the best in the land.

So should it be in the classes. Each class should try to excel the other in ability, efficiency and results. One should not wait for the other to do all the advancing and working out of new ideas and plans. Each one should be constructive and map out ways and means by which his class could be helped and lifted to a higher plane.

Likewise the clubs should strive for the supremacy. To some this may seem to border on selfishness, but no, indeed it does not.

 Might, if unostentatious, attain such a sorry condition, but that rivalry of which we speak is the wholesome, laudable, cultural kind—that kind that will turn defeat into victory. Each member of a club should strive to make his club of such a character that all who belong would be benefited.

When this spirit of rivalry is at its best, and when all the students are so interested in the school, their class and their club, to the extent that their interest will be made manifest, then and only then will the life of Seattle Seminary and College be at its best.

Note:—Mr. Hopper had not been elected to take Mr. Allen's place as book editor when the staff picture on page 29 was taken. You will find him in the large group in the front of the book.

The editor wishes to thank the Phils for their loyal support in getting out this edition of the paper.
One of the topics of common talk on the campus is the Alethepsian number of The Cascade. To be sure, the Aletheps are not as active as formerly, yet they are so lively that we are aware of their congenial presence. The quality and extensiveness of their art work and local departments is worthy of the artists who performed it. We feel that the management and editorial work is of special high order and deserves special mention. Ladies, we congratulate you on your typical resourcefulness and excellent genius.

Dr. Joseph Smith of Chicago, noted as a social and religious worker, recently visited our school and delivered a splendid address to the students and friends of the school.

Campus day? One excellent day was March 20. It was one of those days in which the Father of days outdid himself by excelling all previous beautiful days. The walks, lawns, tennis courts and basketball court now wear a different phase, clean and tidy as willing hands could make them. Some of the special features were the planting of two fine laurels by the College Club, also one laurel each by the Sophomores and Seniors. Three very busy men were Professors Marshon, Burns and Stilwell. They directed the digging and planting of some fine new rose beds. A well arranged dinner at four o'clock paid tribute to the skill of Mrs. Beers, whose domestic science class had prepared some of the delicacies. By the way, Misses Lawrence and Mott of the faculty can use a spade when it comes to tennis court work.

Hi Gill sauntered up to the campus flag staff the other day. He put his arms about it and shook. The pole did not, however.

On March 23, in morning chapel, were displayed some fine examples of oratory. After the usual opening exercises were concluded, the local prohibition oratorical contest was held. Mr. Oliver Haskell, of the Freshman college class, received first place; Miss Addie Cook of the college Sophomores, second. The contest was very sharp and figures given by the judges show that each speaker was up to a fine standard. The third speaker, Miss Jones, of the Prep. Seniors, also delivered a meritorious oration. We congratulate Mr. Haskell and wish him all success in the state contest.

It was kind of the fair ones to break the Bachelor's Club up instead of down. Spring time evolution, maybe.

Miss Lena Skuzie is moving back to the Sem. She will work in the bakery.

March 21 brought forth the annual program of the Phils Club.
and time is the printer. Each day he turns the pages; our thoughts, the typesetters; our deeds, the proofs; and listenin...
The election of the Alexandrian staff for the second semester of 1913-14 was held February 6. The following officers were elected: president, J. M. Root; vice-president, Wade Johnson; secretary, Pearl Dull; treasurer, Elton Smith; musical director, Margaret Jones; assistant musical director, Charlotte Martinson; marshal, Wayne Davis; program censor, Professor Marston; Cascade editor, Samuel Trousdale.

It is our aim to render our semester's public program some time in May. Therefore keep on the lookout, for you will hear from us later.

Missionary

One of the great, live questions of today is the one as set forth in the words of John R. Mott, "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation." This was the motto of the late Student Missionary Convention held in Kansas City, made up of students and teachers from the academies, colleges and universities from all parts of America. This motto prefigures the real vital spirit of Christianity. Its field is broad, its task great and its present resources limited; but why should we be discouraged? "Pray and Changes Things." Will we do nothing because there is so much to do that we know not where to begin? We have our commission, we know our duty, and it is up to us to do, not everything or nothing at all, but our best. If we all do our best, we will be free from further respons...
One paper that figures strongly among our exchanges this month is The Totem, of Lincoln High School, Seattle. We have two minor adverse criticisms to make on this paper. The first is concerning the dimensions, and the second is the lack of real poetry. This paper is about 8½x11, a rather awkward size for any school magazine; 6x9 or 7x10 is a much more neat and convenient size. A certain amount of jingle is all right in a paper, but too much spoils the dignity of it. Get your students to write some good poems occasionally.

Notwithstanding these minor criticisms, we find this paper to be a winner. The stock is of good quality, the print is clear, and the stories set forth the skill of some clever writers.

The Daedalians Monthly certainly proves to us that the young ladies are capable of editing a paper which is interesting, not only to lady readers, but also to young men. Your Old Letters of the Eighteenth Century give us good conceptions of the customs and modes of life in those days. We suggest that you print more of them.

The Serious Number of The Cascade, Q. A. High, Seattle, is deserving of its name. We consider that it fully counteracts your Foolish Number, all right.

We are glad to welcome the first appearance of The Crescent, of Pacific College, among our exchanges. It is a dandy little paper.

The Critic, Salem, Ore., is a complete paper. We find The Pacific Star intensely interesting. All the stories are fascinating and pleasing. "The Total" is an exquisite narrative which depicts the nature of a commonplace man quite ably. "His Inheritance" is a clever article and it merits commendation. We wish to make special mention of your editorial department. You are to be congratulated for the quantity and quality of your editorials. This department is or should be the most interesting to the student reader. You, like so many other papers, seem to be a little weak in the point of poetry. Wake up, poets.

Echo, Nashville, Tenn., is another new and worthy exchange, as is also The Owl, of Fresno, Cal. The history of The Owl is very interesting.

Our next number will be the final one for the year. It will contain the history of The Cascade for its past four years of existence, hence is called the Quadrennium Number. All exchanges wishing a copy will kindly notify us by the first of May.
STUDENTS ATTENTION!

Do you realize that YOUR EYES are worth Millions of Dollars to you; yet how you neglect and abuse them.

Do you realize that lack of concentration, dullness, or loss of memory are mostly due to Eye Strain.

STUDENTS need a good Eye-Specialist to overcome Muscular Eye strain, eye-strain, Headache, Blurred Vision, Infected Eyes.

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thing especially fine this year. There will be music
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lections and other music. The installation of the Staff
Elec, and the awarding of the prizes for the Mlethepe
and Phils’ Contest will be special features.

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THE CASCADE

WE INVITE THE PATRONAGE OF THE STUDENT Body, who are referred to Mr. Puffer, who acts as our agent in the collection of Laundry Work.

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I think that during the recent tests most of us felt like the boy who wrote at the beginning of his test paper: "Lord God of Hosts be with me yet Lest I forget, lest I forget."

And having tried in vain to answer the questions, concluded: "The Lord of Hosts was with me not 'Cause I forgot, 'cause I forgot."

Puffer (to cashier at Metropolitan Cafe)-Why, I guess you could play a regular tune on that cash register. couldn't you?

Cashier-Yes, if you give me enough money.

Exit Puffer.

E. H. (to Lucile B. at the table)-Jennie used to tease me so that I could hardly eat my meals.

Mary J.-I guess you could hold your own, all right.

Puffer-Yes, I guess he could if she were here.

Miss Tucker-Is Mr. Allan strong?

Mabel M.-I suppose you ought to know. One day all of Prof. Burns' class were late and he went to look for them. After searching around a while he found a couple and remarked, "I'm out looking for some trade."
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