

April 1st, 1914

The April 1914 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.spu.edu/archives_publications_seminary

Recommended Citation

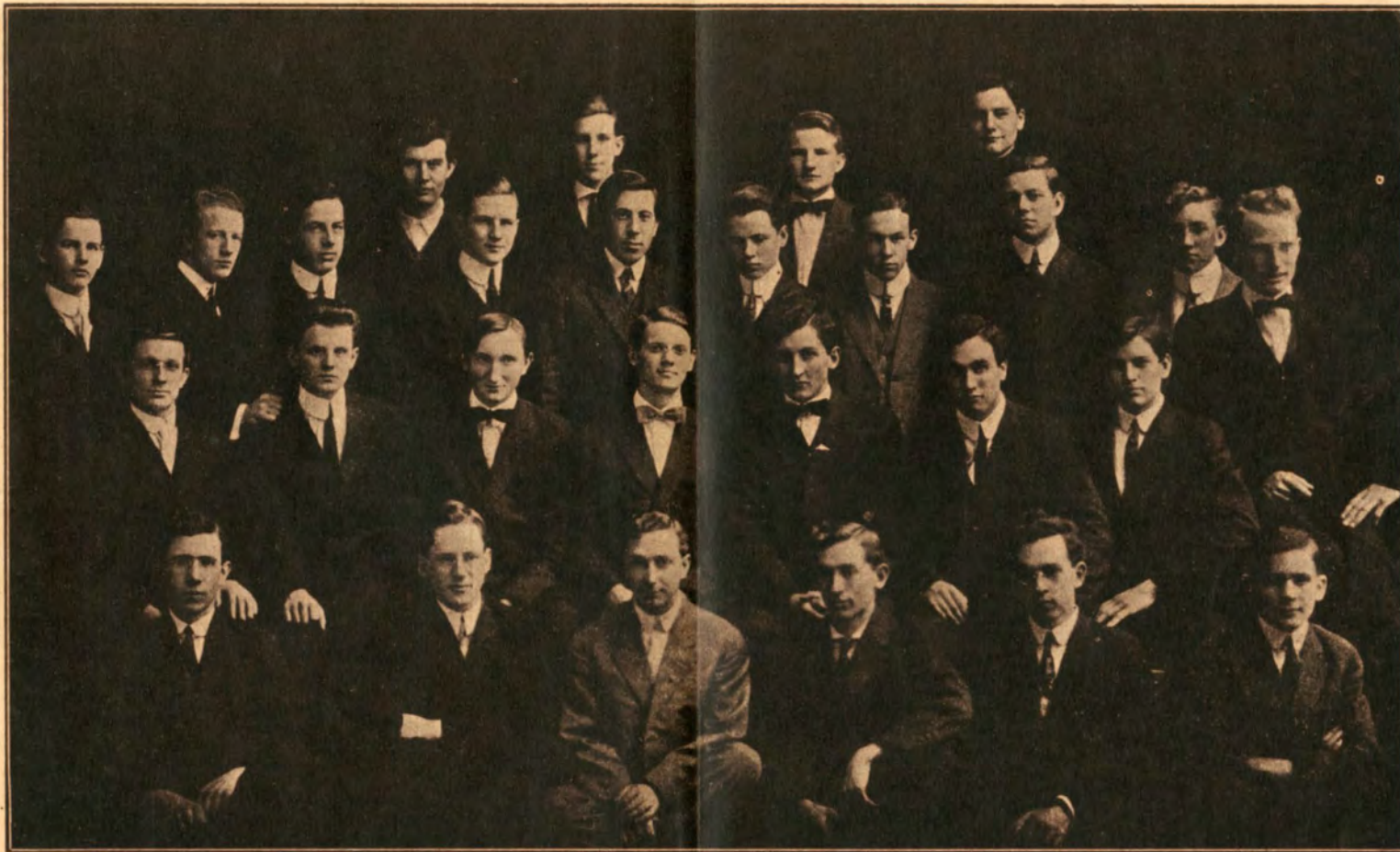
Seattle Seminary, "The April 1914 Cascade" (1914). *Seattle Seminary Publications*. 37.
https://digitalcommons.spu.edu/archives_publications_seminary/37

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Seattle Seminary, 1891 – 1915 at Digital Commons @ SPU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Seattle Seminary Publications by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ SPU.



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

Photo by Hamilton

Top Row (Left to Right) : Bert Whitehead, Geo. Coffee, Wade Folsom, Sam Troutman - Second Row : John Mills, Geo. Allan, Winfred Tbulne, Bruce Wickham, Wm. Stewart, David Rigg, Floyd Hopper, Wayne Davis, Albert Parsons, Carl Anderson - Third Row : Dellno Higbee, Walter Scott, Fred Gill, Burton Beegle (President), Elton Smith, Arthur Thomas, John Root - Bottom Row : Wm. Robinson, Floyd Puffer, Squire Willard, Edwin Haslam, Oliver Haslam, Merton Matthewson. There are a number who did not get in the picture.

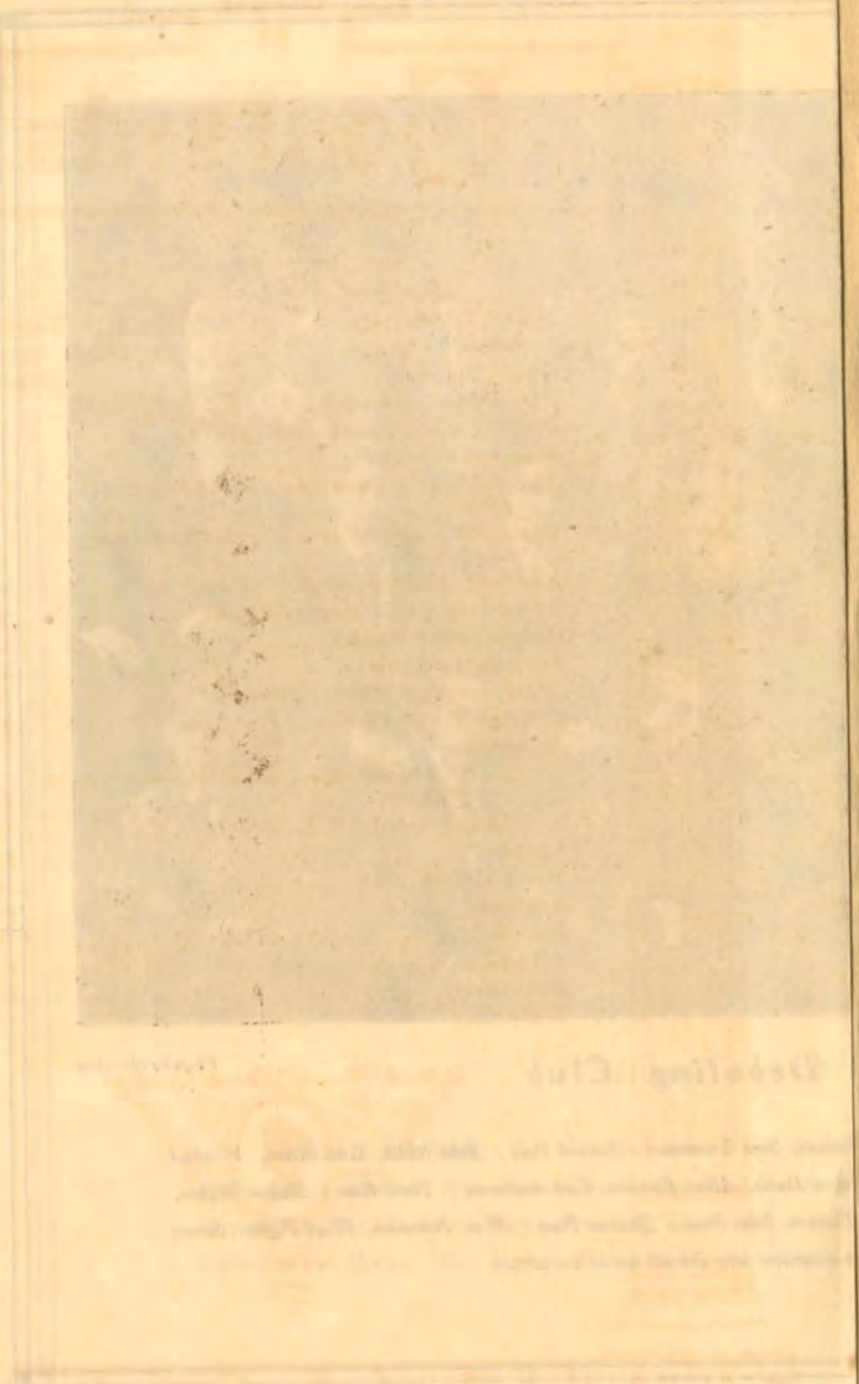


Table
of

Contents

Cover Design.....	E. A. Haslam
Dedication.....	Inside Cover
Club Picture.....	Insert
The Stag (Frontispiece).....	2
The Deacon's Conversion (Story).....	3
Freedom (Poem).....	6
The Amateur's Twofold Lucky Adventure (Story).....	7
Benjamin Franklin as a Foreign Diplomat (Essay).....	12
Ranching Recollections (Story).....	14
Dreamland in the North (Poem).....	18
Opportunity (Poem).....	19
Innocence (Story).....	20
Philopolemlcal Heroes (Poem).....	20
Club Staff and Picture.....	22
Editorial—	
Social Service, the Call of the Day (E. A. Haslam).....	23
School Spirit (B. L. Beegle).....	25
Locals.....	26
Owl's Corner.....	28
Academy.....	29
Societies.....	30
Alumni.....	31
Exchanges.....	32
Joshes.....	34





Literary

The Deacon's Conversion

Floyd A. Puffer, Col. '16



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 to and fro through the kitchen how the old, red cow had deliberately thrust her "pegged 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 reads, "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

folks 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 doctrines that made it so easy for people to get religion, why it would be the ruination 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 got into the kingdom—"just preparations, mind you."

"Just as I told Brother Higgins and Brother Cricket," he went on to say, "I said, says I, 'what did Martin Luther and John Wesley and Andrew Jackson die for, anyway?' I claim 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 upstart comes along and puts 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, handed down as it was that night around the family altar by Deacon Crankshaw—leader in thought, politics and religion in his neighborhood—we can readily get the consensus 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 lack of ready cash, misunderstanding of his honest purpose by his friends, gnawings of the spirit of self-examination on the very vitals of his soul's stays, natural failures and some of providence's sterner ways had conspired to down him and keep him from developing his big heart so full of sympathies for all mankind. But fortunately he could not be downed, and was able to control his human tendencies in a marvellous manner.

Mr. Hibbard had learned that it was wise to wait until his feelings had had time to subside before he made any important decision. Gifted with a keen perception, a big heart of sympathy and resolute purpose, he stood, a unique character among his fellows. Never did people feel that he was above them, but they moved under his magnetic leadership, not realizing that it was his magic genius that led them. Since his entry upon the Porter pastorate he had endeavored to create a deep interest in Christ's version of the kingdom of heaven. He used various devices to deepen and hold interest and to transform that interest into desire, knowing well that it is easier to direct inquirers than to drive rebels into the kingdom.

Deacon Crankshaw had never seen this point, and he held with dogged tenacity to the theory that the devil should be shown to the people so that they could see the nature of the beast with whom they would have to dwell should they fail to repent.

Mr. Hibbard achieved results. Many people were confessing Christ. Some had joined the church, but this, to the Deacon, only meant that these were poor, "dis-luted," semi-saints who were sure of second degree hell fire if they didn't watch out. The Deacon whispered to Brother Cricket, "I am very sorry the way things are going." Brother Cricket got the idea and, to be in line with the Deacon, just added, "We are payin' for the preachin' any way, and long's I'm a steward I shall insist on the clear-cut article." Thus started the little cyclone at Porter.

Saturday evening found Brothers Crankshaw, Cricket and Hig-

gins seated on their cracker-barrel thrones at the corner grocery. These were used by this triumvirate on all occasions of state or religious discussion. All eyes were fixed on the Deacon, who gazed at the floor with a look of patriarchal grief. Was he too holy? At least all that he did was to groan a gentle assent when Higgins or Cricket uttered some derogatory remark about the young pastor. At first this triumvirate had tried to overawe him, and, failing, they set about sinister and insinuating sentiments that were sure to prejudice the people. The boys took in the situation and felt contempt for the ideas propagated on the thrones of crackers; yet boys like excitement and, well—they were just boys. The church people of the older class lined up with the Deacon, and the others, mostly newly converted people, naturally favored the man whose labors had brought to them new life and hope. Thus stood the neighborhood.

The morning was ideal; the sun in mellow shimmer gleamed over recently plowed furrows, green fields of fresh, newly sprouted oats and the tender foliage just lately unfolded. A large variety of tail feathers steered as large a variety of birds from tree to tree in search of suitable locations for their summer cottages. The Deacon, now under the burden of the whole neighborhood as he thought, was trying to show off at his best. He was the meekest and humblest that Mrs. Hagen had ever seen. He never complained, only groaned now and again. The District Elder was seated, presiding over the Quarterly Conference. At this juncture the conference had arrived at the place where the stewards were to give the circuit reports. The Deacon arose with a tearful countenance and said, "Brethren and Sisters and Fellow-way-worn-travellers to that Fair Land, I am glad for the old-time religion that the Lord gave me way back there where I was first converted." Then followed a soothing testimony of about the same drift as the supper table exhortation. Rev. Hibbard sat, quietly wondering why people would not take the trouble to think a little instead of allowing prejudice to rob them of the spirit of kindness.

In a feigned spirit of kindness the conference was informed by the Deacon, whose words were backed up by the acclamation of his followers, that the services of their pastor were producing confusion in the camp and infusing into the minds of the young people worldly ideas. "Yes, the spirit of worldliness is coming among us, and the devil is getting a foothold in high places. Liberal views that, little by little, sweep away that love of the true worship in the old-fashioned way are being taught. Our fathers loved this old-fashioned way, and we were reared in its simplicity, and we want our children to keep the old paths." After two hours of such discussion by Brothers Higgins and Cricket and others the conference adjourned to meet again at 2:30 p. m.

The young pastor was unmarried, and had no friends but those with whom he had met and become acquainted since coming to his pastorate. None of the young men knew of his burden, his vision of God and man, his deep desire to move the people toward God and the feeling of anguish in his breast caused by this serious misunderstanding of his purpose. A half dozen young ladies thought that they would like to become the wife of the preacher, but their minds were of a different vein than young Hibbard needed. There was no mother or father in Israel, apparently, and to his room he went with a heavy heart. "My first year and all this," he sighed. He

Continued on page 21

Freedom

O. R. Haslam, Col. '17

As childhood days we call to mind with all their mem'ries 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 unforget, while tears
 Quite veil our vision as we think of life and love, not giv'n
 Alone, but lavished by our fathers, who are now in heav'n,
 That we might have a home, a country free in which to dwell
 Apart from Old Intolerance, the curse outsprung 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 Colonies burst forth the bands of servitude to kings,
 And soon was launched the Ship of State which staunch and true
 remains.

Brave Statesmen boarded that old Ship and cried, "Aho! Sail on!"
 While at the helm, with fervent heart, stood great George Washington.
 Thus manned by sturdy Statesmen bold she left Port Tyranny,
 The tide 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! Sail on! We'll 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 firm he stood and true to right,—'twas principle he loved;
 His noble heart was resolute 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! Sail on!"
 Still on she sailed, nor courage failed, despite the veiled sun.

The low'ring sky grew dismal, dark, then faded into night,
 A racking storm broke forth in rage, the Ship of State was light;
 Her crew divided—some drew back, nor aided in distress;
 Another helmsman seized the wheel and in that wilderness
 Of surging waves and seething foam cried out to every man,
 "Back to your place for we must sail! Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!"
 Thus Lincoln took the helm to guide the sturdy Ship of State;
 His foes were strong and with their might rebelled in wicked hate;
 They loosed that old life-boat "Secession" with a purpose strong,
 They struggled, battled with the waves, but did not battle long;
 They plunged into the gaping trough, then rode the billow's crest,
 But vain was hope for strength soon failed and courage with it
 passed.

Down went "Secession" 'neath the waves, there to remain for aye,
 Her crew returned on board the good 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 dawn reveals our port! Sail on!"

George Washington, we honor thee, the Father of our land,
 We love thy sturdy character, thy stern yet loving hand.
 And Lincoln, Our Great Martyred Chief, we ne'er could mete thy
 fame,
 Emancipator of the bound, Preserver of our name.

The Amateur's Twofold Lucky Adventure

Hector Edens, '17



HE rays of the dying sun had shrouded the valley of the Shannon in that picturesque splendor which nature alone can accomplish. Away in the distance could be seen the peaks of Mackillycuddy's reeks mantled in the purple hues which reflected half way down the mountain's side. The heather, hawthorne and ornate spires were mingled with the abundance of that expiring, natural fire, and down in the valley below ran the Shannon's silent, silver stream, upon which danced the fast departing, ruddy beam. In the midst of this inspiring, common sight sat two men in their rabbit-hutch shackle, which was used as the office of the Ballykeelndagonnell Gold Mine.

The men were an eccentric pair. Patrick O'Riley, the owner of the mine, was a farsighted, angular, clear-eyed native of Skibbereen, who had traversed about half the allotted span, causing but few sensations in social circles. His moleskins were patched here and there with all sorts and shades of old material, which might have attracted the attention of an amateur artist, but certainly would have been rejected with disdain by a self-respecting tramp. Mickey O'Shannessy, who was apparently about a juvenile's span older and somewhat robust, was attired in rough corduroys and a Jenny Lynn hat. Under his massive folds of chin blazed and glared a ruby as large as a nutmeg, imbedded in his scarf of crimson silk. From the corner of his spacious mouth protruded a huge, brown cigar, and occasionally, with half-closed eyes, he would emit cones of blue smoke. He looked the picture of sturdy, well-fed laziness, although the flickering of his eyelids now and again revealed a pair of remarkably astute and wide-awake, black eyes. Presently he stretched forth his hand and decanted a fresh supply.

"Well," he said, "what do you say to my offer, O'Riley?"

Paddy's reverie was broken. He looked up and gave the other a glance of mingled hesitation and distrust. "I really don't know what to say, Mr. O'Shannessy," he said slowly. "It sounds a bit too big to be true."

"But it is true nevertheless, my friend! Mickey O'Shannessy is not the man to make a proposal he does not intend to keep. Come down with me to Ballyvorally tomorrow and we shall have the deed prepared, signed and sealed while you wait."

"It is very tempting," said Paddy; "six thousand in cash, and twenty thousand pound-shares in the company you propose to float. Besides this, six hundred a year as managing director."

Mickey nodded. "Just so," he said.

"It's those things in the lump that I don't quite understand, though I admit I am no financier. I have already told you that the mine has not yet produced one hundred ounces of fine gold."

"That, my friend, is enough for the English public. Besides, it is not actual, ascertained results that count in the flotation of a gold mining company. Give them the possibilities, make them believe there is a good, healthy gamble in it and they will rise to it like trout to a fly on a spring morning." O'Shannessy gave a derisive laugh and rubbed his fat hands together gleefully. "After all," he resumed, "you believe in the mine yourself or you would not

have chanced a cold six thousand pounds all at once."

"O yes, I believe in it, alright, but the reef is said to be near when the ship can't make the pace; as in this case the bewildered thing refuses to budge an inch."

"Exactly, and meanwhile you are floored for want of funds!"

Pat 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'Shannessy'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 call 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'Shannessy," he said calmly, 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 Ballykeednagonnell Mining Co.," as he lowered another thimblefull.

Michael O'Shannessy departed for England with all the necessary documents for the prosecution of his big scheme, and O'Riley, now with plenty of funds in hand, had thrown himself, heart and soul, into the task of developing the mine. He had engaged as his chief assistant a smart, young engineer named O'Hoologan, fresh from a famous mining school, whose lack of practical experience was fully compensated for—in Paddy's eyes—by a boundless capability of imparting to the miners under his charge all the required information. So far, however, their united efforts to locate the reef had been no more successful than O'Riley's previous ones. They bored and tunnelled in various directions from the main shaft, and, although no hint of the precious ore had been revealed, at least the passages, under O'Hoologan's skillful guidance, were masterpieces of underground construction.

O'Shannessy cabled the news of his arrival in London. Then three weeks elapsed before his first letter came. It was full of all the preliminary steps he had taken in the formation of the company. An office had been rented at a figure that caused O'Riley to look sideways with annoyance, and a brief announcement of the forthcoming article in the columns of the financial press had already caused a flutter of excitement in the mining market. Two days later there came another cablegram, brief but illuminative:

"Capital oversubscribed, hurrah!"

Paddy read the message with somewhat mingled feelings. O'Hoologan was with him in the office at the time.

"Read this, Dan," he said.

O'Hoologan glanced at the message, then looked at Paddy with a shrewd smile. "I haven't seen our Mr. O'Shannessy," he said, "but he must be no sleeper to raise fifty thousand pounds out of the public on a dark horse."

"That is what has troubled me all along," said Pat uneasily. "If he 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 work these 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?"

"Eh! There was no survey at all. My stars! Is it possible he could have forged a report?"

"No," said O'Hoologan, after a moment's thought. "I fancy he is too wide awake to print 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 to and fro in extreme agitation, thinking furiously 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 fooled by the dodger, O'Shannessy, just as the public in turn had been. He burned at the thought. After all, if the mine should prove barren, it was he and not O'Shannessy that would be arraigned before the bar of justice and found guilty. Suddenly he halted and looked at O'Hoologan, who experienced a curious thrill that was almost fear as he saw the stern anger that blazed in Paddy's eyes.

"Dan," 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 I'll wring the truth out of him and then take the first boat to London to see O'Shannessy. While I'm away you take full charge. It is up to us to try to prove that we are not all barefaced swindlers. Put all you can in the narrow tunnel. It looks the more hopeful. Don't, above all, give O'Shannessy a hint that I'm absent from the mine, as I want to drop in on him like a thunderbolt."

In Galway O'Riley found his fears amply confirmed, so to London he went, angry with himself that he had been so easily hoodwinked, but grimly determined to bring O'Shannessy 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 primed for a stormy interview with O'Shannessy. 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'Shannessy's sanctum. The sole occupant of the room was a young lady, dressed neatly in black, who was 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 a newspaper, and regarded him with questioning interest.

"Excuse me, Miss," said Pat, "I wish to see O'Shannessy. Is he within?"

The girl arose and advanced toward the counter. "I'm sorry, sir. Mr. O'Shannessy has not been here today," she said.

Pat liked the quiet, refined tone of her voice, which was in perfect harmony with her clear, trustful, gray eyes, and mobile, sensitive mouth. "A lady, every inch of her," was his estimation, and instantly he was seized by a strange sense of abasement and shyness. Fifteen years of association with rough swags-men and up-country miners made him acutely conscious of his inferiority to such a woman as this.

"Is it anything important?" she queried, coloring a little under the intensity of his gaze.

"Yes," said Pat, recovering himself quickly, "I have come from Ireland to see him. My name is Pat O'Riley."

"Of the mine?" the girl demanded, with a sudden quickening of interest.

"Exactly, Miss ———?"

"My name is Emma Lowe," she said.

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

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

Pat followed her finger and read, "Ballykeelednagonnel Gold, 1-6. 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'Shannessy to invest seven hundred pounds in the mine, practically all poor Uncle Bob left, and now"—she caught her breath sharply—"it is nearly all gone. She doesn't know it. I have tried to keep her from knowing it. Perhaps I have done wrong, but really I think it would kill her."

Pat trembled with rage against O'Shannessy. "The scoundrel!" he muttered hoarsely. With an effort he controlled himself, and said, "My dear Miss Lowe, your mother will not lose a penny on this transaction, I promise you."

Emma stared at him in glad surprise. "Is that true?" she cried. "I'm so glad! Then, is the mine going to do well after all?"

"That, only the future can tell," he answered, "but you can tell your mother that I will buy her shares any moment she wishes. Now, please, Miss Emma, give me precise information of the course of the market since the flotation, and what O'Shannessy has done with his own shares."

Emma produced the share list and the transfer book, and, together, they went into the whole matter. Pat found that, two days after the lists closed, the shares were quoted at 3s. 4d. premium, and that at this price, O'Shannessy had sold a large block of shares. This had an adverse effect upon the market, but despite this he had continued to unload, and within a fortnight the price had fallen to 12s. 6d. discount. This figure he had obtained for the last block of the twenty thousand. Since then the market had entirely collapsed, until now the shares were practically unsaleable. These were the bald facts of the case, and Pat felt stunned by the colossal rascality of the whole affair. O'Shannessy had robbed the hive, and was probably now out of the country with the spoil. Bitter indeed was Pat's chagrin 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 Emma," he said, "who are the company's brokers?"

"Messrs. O'Neil and Laverty."

"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 at 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 grimly, "we shall close the place for to-day. To-morrow at ten you and I will get to work in earnest."

They shook hands, feeling more like old and tried friends than mere acquaintances of an hour.

Next day the market in Ballykeelednagonnell's experienced some thrilling hours. At 10 o'clock a 2s. 3d. bid produced a thousand shares which were instantly absorbed. A few odd lots followed at the same figure. Then came a pause. Two and sixpence failed to uncover more than fifty shares, but 2s. 9d. managed to draw three hundred.

It was known that O'Shannessy had vanished, and circumstances had satisfied the market that Ballykeelednagonnell's were, as speculative counters, dead as door nails. All sorts of rumors were current, but as yet the unknown buyer's identity had not been disclosed. Shrewd dealers argued that, whoever he might be, he was not out for a mere frolic. There was too much steady, dogged persistence about the buying for that, and, here and there, they began to nibble. By noon the quotations had raised to 5s. 6d. sellers, and every parcel was instantly snapped up.

In the office at Victoria Square the author of all the commotion sat quietly by Emma's side with pencil and notebook, making rapid calculations. She was constantly engaged at the telephone, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining with joy at her participation in a great fight for a good cause. Every now and again the stream of business was interrupted by eager queries from brokers for information about the mine. Nevertheless, business was good until about two o'clock, when there came a lull—the luncheon hour. Pat totalled up and found that he had bought almost twelve thousand shares at a cost of eight hundred odd pounds.

"Not a bad forenoon's work, eh Emma?" he said, smiling.

"I hope you will find it so, Mr. O'Riley. At any rate you have earned the gratitude of all the shareholders."

"I am not through yet, I assure you. You will take lunch with me, I hope, Miss Lowe?"

"With pleasure," she answered.

When the market closed that evening, Pat had bought, all told, twenty-two thousand odd shares at a cost of three thousand eight hundred, and Ballykeelednagonnell's were going strong at 12s. 6d.

Since O'Riley left the mine, a brief, weekly cablegram had arrived at the office, reporting the progress that had been made, but indicating nothing to cheer the hearts of the shareholders. The latest one had been received the day after O'Riley's appearance in London, and he had immediately wired back to O'Hooligan for further news. Three days after the spurt in the market there was still no reply to his message. He was beginning to despond and said so to Emma, but she had, somehow, developed a profound and cheerful optimism regarding the mine's future.

"I'm perfectly sure, Mr. O'Riley," she said, "that all will come out alright. I know it will; I believed it once, too, but at that time I had only my own trouble to think of." She then broke off, smiling at him gratefully.

"I feel delighted that I ever had occasion to come over here; in fact, I feel like thanking O'Shannessy," he said.

Emma did not try to solve the riddle; she gave a happy, little laugh. "I'm glad, too," she said, simply.

"You're glad? Why?"

"Why because—oh, nothing." She seemed at a loss for words, and her cheeks began to flush. Then, with a touch of defiance she proceeded, "Because it is much better to see you pleased than miserable, isn't it?"

Continued on page 36

Benjamin Franklin as a Foreign Diplomat

Squire B. Willard, Col. '15



AMONG 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 incessant 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 orb'd 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 1757. 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 Proprietaries for the common defense of the Province. Therefore the Colonists chose Franklin as their agent to go to England and settle the matter. It was a very difficult mission, but after several years of patient and untiring effort he secured a settlement in favor of the Colonists.

In 1764 the Pennsylvania Assembly again chose him as its agent to Great Britain. This time he was to petition the King to end the Proprietary Government of the Colony, and to carry a resolution ignoring the claim of the Prime Minister, Grenville, and Parliament to tax the Colonies. 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 over taxation could have been settled. First, to allow the Colonies to elect representatives to Parliament; second, to leave the right to levy taxes where it already rested, in the Colonial 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 2, 1765.

The passage of this act made the Colonists very indignant. Franklin was heartily in 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 taxation. At all times he advocated moderation, and was ready to compromise in order to promote peace and harmony between the two countries. Even when the British Government heaped abuse and persecution upon 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, 1775.

A year later, in company with two others, he was commissioned to go to Canada to secure, if possible, the sympathy of the Canadians in the struggle with England, but their persuasions were futile.

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 associated Arthur Lee and Silas Deane. As the representatives of the liberty for which all France was yearning, they were received in Paris with great enthusiasm. From the first the

French government was willing to help the United States in a material way, but refused to go any further. However, after the defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga, it was eager to enter further negotiations, and, on February 6, 1778, two secret treaties were formulated; one, a treaty of amity and commerce, and the other, an eventual treaty of defensive alliance.

In 1777 Congress appointed Franklin to negotiate a treaty of friendship with Spain, but all his efforts were in vain.

While in Paris he became acquainted with the Marquis de Lafayette, and recommended him to the American authorities. He also succeeded in securing better treatment for American prisoners in England, and eventually had the pleasure of seeing them honorably exchanged according to the rules of war.

In October his colleagues were recalled, and he was appointed as sole minister to France. Then began the greatest diplomatic battle of his life. All the previous experience he had had in diplomacy was of great benefit to him now. The war was practically over; the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown had been consummated; the Prime Minister of England, Lord North, had resigned, and the Cabinet became divided between two factions, one led by Charles Fox and the other by Lord Shelburne. The latter was made Secretary of State for the Home Department, which included the Colonies; and the former, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, which included all belligerents. Thus the struggle between the two Secretaries of State, each seeking to make peace with them, created a favorable situation for the Colonies.

Franklin was still in Paris, and, being as familiar with English politics as any statesman in London, he saw the opportunity before him. He judged, and rightly too, that he could secure better terms from Shelburne than from Fox, and began to correspond with him. He immediately sent an agent over to Paris to open negotiations for peace. These negotiations, however, were only informal, as Congress had not as yet appointed peace commissioners, but they laid the foundations for the real negotiations, which were soon to begin.

In 1781, Franklin, together with Jay, Laurens, Jefferson and Adams, was appointed peace commissioner. Jefferson never left the United States and the other members so delayed their coming to Paris that Franklin, in the beginning, was left alone. He disregarded the differing jurisdictions of the two Secretaries of State and carried separate negotiations with each, playing the one off against the other. Fox's representative soon became disgusted and left for England. About this time the Prime Minister, Lord Rockingham, died. Fox went out of office, and Lord Shelburne became the new Prime Minister. Franklin now had a clear field, and he pushed the negotiations as rapidly as possible. The treaty was almost completed before his colleagues arrived, but it was not entirely satisfactory to the other commissioners and Jay drew up a new draft which was practically the same as Franklin's scheme. After a few other provisions were added the treaty was finally signed. Adams and Jay claimed the honor of having made it, but it was the shrewd and wise diplomacy of Franklin that made it possible. He "walked out in the end with the treaty in his hands, entirely victorious, and quite contented that the others should have the glory so long as he had the results."

Franklin's last official act, as a diplomatic servant of the United States, was to affix his signature to a treaty with Russia. He was recalled, at his own request, on March 10, 1785, and arrived in Philadelphia on September 14th of the same year.

Ranching Recollections

Arthur Thomas, '17



IT IS just twenty years ago since the writer landed 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 out on exactly the same lines as it had been since the cattlemen had first brought their herds into the "last Great West," ten or eleven years before.

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 R. 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 Cochrane, The Waldron Ranch Company, The Oxley, and others, conditions improved. None of the pioneers left the country, realizing, as they did what a great heritage they were falling heir to.

The only railroad connection serving Macleod when I came to the place was the C. & E. extension 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 call of the west pulsing through his veins, the glamor of it all was simply indescribable. On all sides one heard talk of the "Round Up," "Beef," "The Range"; everything so new and so full of vivid interest that the newcomer gazed wide-eyed at the unfamiliar scenes and longed for full initiation into all the mysterious secrets of this great new land.

Big, loose-jointed men with weather-beaten, kindly faces, garbed in the regulation range dress of wide cowboy hat, loose scarf and "chaps," were in evidence everywhere. And what men they were! Ready to risk their lives twenty times a day in the fulfillment of their duties on the ranges, taking every hardship as it came with the same easy good nature, ready to spend days and nights on end, without sleep if the necessity arose, steady, independent, reliable.

The day after arriving at Macleod, I was driven out about thirty miles to where my brother, with whom I had promised to spend Christmas, was staying. That day gave me my first experience with a regular "Chinook." Having to face this, which is a heavy warm wind from the west, I experienced to the fullest what it could accomplish in the way of making things unpleasant. Over and over again we had to turn our heads in order to breathe at all, and the horses at times had all they 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 dis-

appeared 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, one, 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 total strangers, 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 charm of the west that was over everything, even the most every-day 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 Waldron Ranch Company, who at that time leased from the government an enormous tract of land on which they had established four home 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 "Chinook" was booming down from the west 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 how cosy and home like it did look, with the log buildings neatly whitewashed, and the stables and corrals well and conveniently laid out! As we rode down the slope to where the buildings were situated we seemed to ride right out of the wind, so sheltered was the location. I fell in love with it at first sight and decided in my own mind that I should cast in my lot with my brother and call this favored spot "Home." That first love has remained true ever 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 negotiating we finally entered into possession and began the actual life of ranchers in the far west. What a radiance there was over everything—even the most ordinary, everyday tasks were crowned with a halo of romance which lasted, in my 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 it 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 experience and observation. We had spent Christmas at one of the ranches belonging to the Waldron Ranch Company, and I had stayed there for several days, delighting to ride out on the range with cow hands, and help as best I could with the "chores"—feeding cattle and horses.

It was bitter cold after Christmas that year and it was no light task 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 wolf hounds, imported into this country for this special purpose, were fighting them. To see these grand hounds tackle a full grown timber wolf was a new experience to me,

for it is not easy to get any ordinary hound 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 marksman 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 bunch 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 flung over the side of the corral fence to dry. All the work was done on the ground, and it seemed to the tenderfoot 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 windlass 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 open up, 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 mire 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 prod" and, with the inborn ingratitude 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 sufficiently grown, the first big round-up took place. The whole country was covered systematically, each big ranch working its own particular range, extending over many hundreds of square miles; but there would always be "reps" from the other ranches who rode 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 "wrangler," as he was

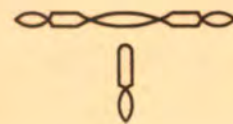
called. Each man in turn would go into the herd and rope the one he selected for the morning's ride, and then saddle up and away, often with some nasty bumps at the start, for the average cayuse does not always feel in the best of temper in the cold, early hours of the morning.

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—stray 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 had been "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 bawling 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—one 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 operations were finished the ropers would be back with another victim. Rough and ready were the operating methods, but very few animals appeared to suffer much. As soon as they were freed they would jump up and with a final bawl 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 in peace and happiness until the fall, when other upheavels 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.)



*Dreamland in the North**Wade Folsom, '14*

Northward, out of the grey horizon, beams
 A star, as the eternal shadow fades
 Into the sky with the aurora borealis
 Flaming coldly overhead. No life, no sound
 To break the grim despair, unless some
 Close-wedged fields of ice crunching here and there.
 No village spires intensify the shades
 Of night, but heavy mounds of snow on
 Some support fashion Gothic chapels and
 Coptic tombs. The frozen moon steals low in
 The south and faintly unmask 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-checked babe, wrapped warmly in tawny fur
 Skins, sweetly dreaming—not of flowers, streets or
 Rumbling trains hurrying madly over
 Rolling plains and iron bridges—but of
 Home in the great white silence. The mem'ry
 Wanders. No care, no anxiety traces
 The child's large brow, over which freely hangs
 Jet-black hair. The eyelids hang heavy and
 Hide narrow, questioning eyes, strained by the
 Day's observance; and dimpled fists that rest from
 Fingering the harpoon rope or the horns
 Of a caribou. Too young to fear the
 Delayed return of the home provider, out
 In his kyak hunting seal where the thin
 Air wounds like steel, the brown-checked baby sleeps;
 While the short, sturdy mother mends clothing
 With her rude bone needle and seal-skin thread,
 Beside the lamp. The dogs growl, outside, at
 The howl of the savage wolves slinking down
 Some moon-kissed glacier, and the brown-checked
 Baby turns her head and cries, 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
 Peak for helmet, and glaciers for armour,
 And the Northern Lights for plume; far away
 In an occult hut, gripped in the hands of
 Cold, in the great white silence the brown-checked
 Baby sleeps.

*Opportunity**Burton Beegle, '14*

As golden hours of time rush by
 And lengthen past eternity;
 As ages roll and moments fly,
 Remember, soon our end shall be.

But once, we all shall tread this way,
 And hence, as through this life we plod,
 Our plans should be, our aims alway,
 To bless the world and honor God.

And may we ponder, as we go,
 The things that will a blessing prove;
 Oh, let us ever strive to sow
 The seeds of kindness and of love.

To each of us there comes a time,
 When opportunity is given
 To help a fallen brother rise,
 And point him from this earth to heaven.

Oh, what a time, when angels stand
 In breathless silence there and wait
 For you to do this one command,
 E'er 'tis announced, "It is too late."

"It is too late"—how sad to hear
 That opportunity has flown;
 No sigh, no prayer, no falling tear
 Can bring it back, for it is gone.

And who can tell the loss sustained,
 Or what the final end shall be,
 If others sink to endless woe,
 And suffer death eternally.

Oh, let us then, both young and old,
 E'er chance has passed away,
 Improve each opportunity,
 And do the most, while day.



Innocence

Harry Koudo, Col. '17



IN 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 speech. 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 expression, 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 Oyster-man." 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 criticised 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 fisherman, that was so straight and slim, etc."

"Criticism! Criticism!" said the professor sharply.

One said that she did not give it 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 clambered up the bank all in the moonlight glean;
O, there were kisses sweet as dew, words as soft as rain."

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

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."

 Philopolemic 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 Beegle, the now famous leader
Of the great Phil'polemic 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 hall.

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

You've heard of the fame of the Irish,
The sons of the "Emerald Isle";
If you'd 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 Troutie, the far-famous freschie;
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 sighs of the keenest soul-grief ascended to his Father above. No dinner for him that day. From his room he returned to the church at two-thirty, ready to be turned from his pastorate or to resign or to do anything that should be asked of him.

"Listen," said the District Elder, "you people have wrought a serious injustice, not to this young man alone, but to our Lord himself. 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 ecclesiasticism 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 arose; the people awoke to the new revelation and in the course of a few weeks the Deacon plunged into the Fountain.

Published monthly during the school year by the Associated Students of Seattle Seminary and College, Station F, Seattle, Wash.

Subscription, per year.....	\$0.75
Quadrrenium Number, per copy.....	.75
Special Numbers, per copy.....	.15
Regular Numbers, per copy.....	.10

SPECIAL PHILS' STAFF

Editor.....	E. A. Haslam
Assistant.....	B. L. Beegle
Locals.....	F. A. Puffer
Owl's Corner.....	W. Stewart
Societies.....	J. M. Root
Alumni.....	W. L. Scott
Exchanges.....	W. Davis
Joshes.....	F. Hopper
Art.....	W. Thuline
Assistant Art.....	W. Folsom
Business Manager.....	O. R. Haslam

Entered at the Seattle Post Office as Second Class Matter
February 18, 1911.

Vol. IV

No. 8



PHOTO BY HAMILTON

Standing: Geo. Allan, W. Scott, Wm. Stewart, E. Haslam (Editor), W. Folsom, J. Root, F. Puffer - Sitting: W. Davis, B. Beegle, O. Haslam, W. Thuline.

Editors



Corner

Social Service, the Call of the Day

IN A recent address before the College Men's Conference at the University of Washington Prof. Hart, of that University, brought out this thought, that any individual who entered the field of Social Service should do so with the thought of bringing his position to an end or, in other words, of working himself out of a job. He deplored the fact that this field of labor was becoming professionalized, and that individuals were preparing themselves especially for it. In a large measure he was correct, but we fail to conceive of an age in this world when social service shall cease to be necessary. As long as sin is in the world there will be necessity for palliatives as well as *the cure*. His statement in regard to the professionalizing of social service is true and pungently so. It should never be professionalized, for such will destroy the very underlying principle of it. Still this work has to be done if society would progress to a higher plane, and the question is, if we do not train people especially for it how shall we accomplish it?

At the same conference Secretary Stone, of the Portland Y. M. C. A., outlined to the young men four classes of work. The first was the job, in which pay was the main consideration while service was scarcely thought of; the second was the position, where the consideration of pay was slightly lessened while that of service increased; the third class was the profession, where service predominated but where pay was still a strong consideration; and the fourth and highest was the calling, in which service was the great consideration and the thought of pay was reduced to a minimum. Bear these in mind as we go on with the thought of social service.

We have in our high schools and colleges of today thousands of young men and women who are confronting the question, "What shall be my life's work?" and sad is the fact that nine out of ten of them are trying to solve the question purely from a selfish motive. The question that confronts them does not so much assume the aspect of service as of making money and acquiring position and honor. The boys attend the manual training school; why? In nearly every case with the idea of fitting themselves for a line of work that shall be highly remunerative. The young men and women enter the normal schools; why? To prepare to teach; for what? In most cases, money. Let me ask you here, is this right? True, we must earn an honest living, but is that all we are to live for? The deplorable

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 swords' 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 rum. Our homes are trembling with fear at the onslaughts of divorce. Upon the solution of these problems depends the future of our country, and, listen, the solution of these problems is up to—our neighbors?—No!; to the generation following?—No, a thousand times no! It is up to us. These are social diseases and they require immediate attention if the patient is to be saved.

Now, to revert to the thought of the first paragraph, are we to look to professionalized agencies for the solution of these problems? It is true that we need the expert knowledge of those who understand the details of the different systems, but this alone cannot win. These evils may cringe before the blaze of inspection and publicity and slink away to their confines, but it requires a fight to the finish to exterminate them. Throw back the dirty covers of a bed infested with vermin, turn on the light, and those vermin will scamper off to their hiding places. But have you cured the evil? Put out the light, crawl into bed and then answer the question for yourself. The light is necessary to reveal but not adequate to cure.

What we need today, *now*, is a truer conception of social service, or the affirmative answer to the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" To make a profession of this work is to rob it of its essential characteristic, true, energetic, palliative (not passive) sympathy. Is it then a job? Nay. Is it a position? By no means. How then shall we class this work? There is but one class for it; Social Service is a Calling. For whom? For everyone.

The question now comes, how are we as young people going to meet these problems? Are we going to continue in the old, beaten path that our ancestors have trod, or are we going to get out of the ruts into a newer, a fresher, a more fragrant atmosphere where we may catch the real, the true, the majestic strains of pulsating humanity, and, catching these with eager, listening ears, mould them by definite motive 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 cometh when no man can work.

Right here the plaintive wail of some purposeless soul strikes my ear, "What can I do? I am too small, I count for nothing." Say, is that expression the purpose of your being! Is that your prayer! Ask yourself, "Is this all that I mean in life?" Then if you say, "Yes," I'll dare you to go to the mirror and look yourself squarely in the eyes. Have a big heart; dare to aspire to large things. Push aside the curtain of listlessness and take a broad, sweeping view of humanity, then raise the glass to your eyes, search the field diligently and see if you do not see many places of service open, waiting to be filled.

Young man, young woman, 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 poorer classes. We see such men as Andrew Carnegie, wretch 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, my college and school friends, is issued a challenge to the highest service possible. Shall we accept it?



School Spirit

B. L. Beegle, '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 at once arises 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, is 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 inmost 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, unconsciously, 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 struggle 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. It might, if untutored, attain such a sorry condition, but that rivalry of which we speak is the wholesome, buoyant, cultured 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. Allan's place as joke editor when the staff picture on page 22 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.

Locals

One of the topics of common talk on the campus is the Aletheian number of The Cascade. To be sure, the Aletheians are not at present so 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 Marston, Burns and Stilwell. They directed the making 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 Haslam, 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. Haslam 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 23 brought forth the annual program of the Phils Club.

In this program was shown typical talent, and we secured, by the arrangement of the program, an opportunity for every member to act. It was our object to give those who were not accustomed to appearing in public the opportunity they needed. In the execution of the program we hoped to please our friends and at the same time to learn better how to conduct entertainments that would edify all who should listen or take part. The Senate was a special feature. The landslide, on the final vote, giving victory to those favoring the repeal of the Panama Canal Tolls Act, was a surprise.



WAYNE HIGBEE: "MAW SAID I
TUBEN JOIN DA 'PHILS."



NOTHING LIKE
THIS AT THE SEM.



THREE CHEERS FOR THE DOMESTIC
SCIENCE CLASS.



AND OLIVER IS OUR BUSINESS MANAGER.



BILLY IS OUR BAKER.

Folsom



Owl's Corner

There was an owl in an oak;
The more he saw the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard;
Why can't we all be like that bird?

Our life is but a book. Birth and death are the covers; our days, the pages; our thoughts, the typesetters; our deeds, the print; and time is the printer. Each day he turns a new page, pure, white and glistening, and we must see that on this page come no typographical errors or misprints, for the world is to be the reader.—Beegle.

Do you realize that your view-point quite often needs to be sharpened?—Davis.

Friendship, like scholarship, is based on true merit and not on false riches.

NOTICE TO THE YOUNG LADIES.

1. Put lemons in the refrigerator or they might sour.
 2. To make biscuits light: Drench them in gasoline and touch a match to them.
 3. To remove fruit stains from linen: Use the scissors.
 4. To keep rats from the pantry: Keep the food in the cellar.
 5. To prevent accidents: Fill the kerosene can with water.—Ex.
- To find "aeroplane" in the dictionary: Look on the fly leaf.

Little deeds of kindness
To teachers now and then,
Will often raise your standing
From zero up to ten.—Ex.

A book well read leaves footprints to tread
When you again read it over;
Which leaves a trail you cannot fail
To follow as you read it again and find
You have a road no leaves can cover. —Folsom.

It is much better to be knocked down by a passing idea than never have one strike you.

Never fill your character with muddy water to prevent people from seeing through it.—Pearson.

Be careful that you do not spend too much of your valuable time telling other people not to waste theirs.—Davis.

The man worth while is the man who can smile
When Suffragettes rage and thunder.

He can keep his right mind through the gabble and grind,
And still say that woman's a wonder.

Academy

Oh, yes, there is a class of 1914 students in Seattle Sem. If you are not aware of the fact it is time for you to arouse from your slumbers, Brother Rip Van W.

The Seniors are beginning to feel notes of oratory coursing through their veins, and the rapidity with which time rolls by reminds them that soon their goal will have been reached.

Their class spirit and loyalty to the school was proven on Campus Day by the dedication of a laural tree to the grounds and the planting of a bed of class flowers. The dark red rose is their choice, and the joyful summer days will discover to people their tastes of beauty.

Juniors? Why, sure, they are still on deck. Think we could exist without their illustrious presence? Nay! Nay! That would be an utter impossibility. If you have harbored the thought in your mind that the class of '15 is somewhat bewildered kindly dispense with it. member they are either undergoing the heavy strain of scientific research in the Lab, or some gallant prince like the Knights of King Arthur searching for the Holy Grail is touring imperial courts for queens or princesses.

How is this for spunk and class spirit:

"Some people laugh and some people croak,
But we are some class—that's no joke."

A Prince.

Some one whispered in a breeze which wafted notes to me concerning the class of '16. Indeed, no call for militants among their ranks. All are proud of their president, Miss Vina Smith.

They welcome their new class member, Miss Shoudy, as a booster for their success.

The Sophs are quite elated over their victories in the baseball contest with the upper classmen.

The timely advice given by Prof. Stilwell in Caesar class on, "The Secret of Success in Rearing Children" was greatly appreciated, since they are desirous of dealing justly with the Freshmen.

Freshmen! What? Why, certainly they are occasionally to be seen making their way across the green.

Gay young fellows they—

With noble hearts they toil each day.

Of course, inevitably, the Sophs love to sandpaper their fellows, but where, Mr. Soph, would be your honors on the ball field were it not for the aid rendered by the Freshies.

Now crow if you please. Perchance we could exist if wasn't for the likes of you.

Societies

Aletheian Club

Of what benefit is the Aletheian Club? What is it really accomplishing? These questions may easily be answered by the statement that, as we meet in our club meetings, we become united as one sisterhood in the close ties of friendship. As to the literary and more important side of the society, the general public will have ample chance to judge by the program to be given this month.

A very interesting and important feature of the club at present is the basketball team organized under the able management of Miss Celestine Tucker.

During a recent meeting an interesting debate concerning fashions of present and colonial times proved of great interest. Present fashions, it was decided, are more extreme. M. L. W.

Alexandrian Literary Society

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 Folsom; secretary, Pearl Dull; treasurer, Elton Smith; musical director, Margaret Jones; assistant musical director, Charlotte Morrison; marshal, Wayne Davis; program censor, Professor Marston; Cascade editor, Samuel Troutman.

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 proclaims the real vital spirit of Christianity. Its field is broad, its task great and its present resources limited; but why should we be discouraged? "Prayer 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 respon-

Continued on opposite page

Alumni

"Riley" Ralph Milton, '11, who is pastor at Buckley, Wash., made a visit recently to his alma mater. He is doing well as a minister and seems to be a very happy and proud "daddy."

George Frank Watkins, '12, and wife are teaching school in Birmingham, Wash. He is the principal of the school.

Ernest Gibson, '10, is teaching near Snohomish, Wash. He also has acquired the dignity of a father.

John Logan, '13, who is preaching at Getchell, Wash., this year comes to Seattle occasionally to visit his friend(s)! We miss him from the Dormitory.

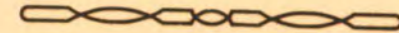
We are glad to see Edward Fuller, '10, in the Y. M. C. A. He is an ambitious Christian worker and is assistant secretary of the religious work in that institution.

Jack Wood, '13, has been playing basketball this year while attending Pacific College. While here his surplus energy was used in making things appear lively.

Homer Wheelon, '07, is attending Northwestern University in Chicago. He is laboratory assistant to Dr. Hall, who is head of the surgical department.

William Boddy, '05, is now editor of the *Reed College Quest*. He will graduate from that college this spring. He is also pastor of the Second Free Methodist Church of Portland, Ore. He is the second graduate from Seattle Seminary who has been editor of the above paper. Everett Trousdale, '11, was a former editor.

Earl Thomas, '09, is now attending Northwestern University in Chicago. He enjoys his work there very much, according to all reports received from his brother, Clarence Thomas, '04, who lives in this city.



Continued from opposite page

sibility. If we do our best now, our best will become still better. Possibilities expand with the using. Then let us "do with our might what our hands find to do," remembering that, in the words of Paul, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

We are a Missionary School. Many have gone from our midst to open the eyes of those blinded in heathen darkness. And still fresh recruits come. At the present time we have about fourteen members in our Student Volunteer Band, and some day we, too, expect to spread the good news.—O. R. H.

Exchanges

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 6x12 inches, 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 Daedalian 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 some more of them.

The Serious Number of *The Quay*, 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.

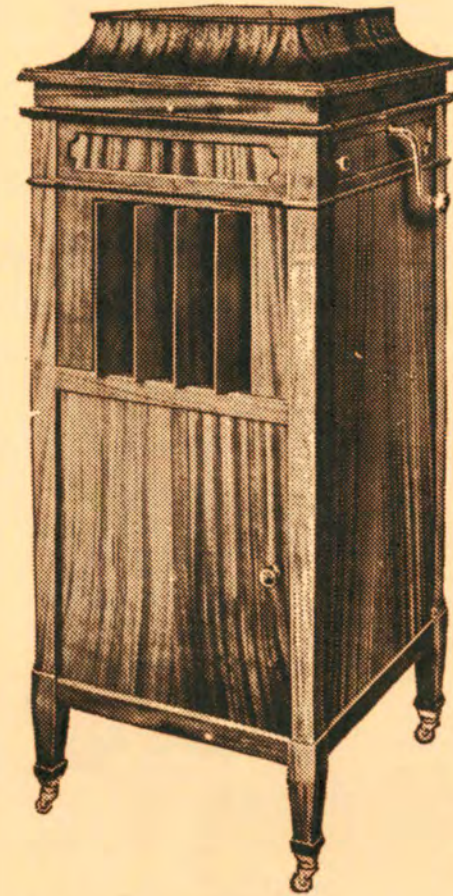
The Clarion, Salem, Ore., is a complete paper.

We find *The Pacific Star* intensely interesting. All the stories are fascinating and pleasing. "The Trial" 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. It is the place where the real sentiment of the school is expressed. You, like so many other papers, seem to be a little weak in the point of poetry. Wake up, poets.

The Tahoma, Tacoma, Wash., is a new exchange and is a superb school paper.

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.



THIS
\$200.00
DE LUXE
GRAFANOLA

will be presented to some one of our customers Absolutely Free. The Ross district is represented by numbers 143, 148 and 159.

Every cent purchased at our store means one more vote for your friend. Watch for our special

sales when extra votes are given. Buy here, pay the same as elsewhere and help someone get this beautiful present.

Fremont Drug Co.

[Incorporated]

Lough & Woodman

Joshes

DEDICATORY JOKE.
 Oliver Haslam (in Phils' Club)—"I move the Joke Editor crack a joke."
 Joke Editor (pointing to Haslam)—"Mr. President, I think we have one already cracked."

Edens—Don't you know there are microbes in kisses?
 Minerva E.—Oh, the sweet little darlings.

Prof. Bagley (in astronomy class)—Mr. Puffer, please don't snore. You will wake Miss Ward (Louisa).

It has been decided to omit the athletic page and allow ball games to be reported in the joke columns.

Corporal (when the Fremont bridge was washed out)—I wonder if the Green Lake bridge is gone, too.

Prof. Marston (Campus Day)—Mr. Anderson, how many men are working under you?

Mr. A.—Five.
 Prof. M.—Please bring half of them over here.

WARNING!!!

Boys, be careful that you don't get burned when you climb up the fire escape during the Quiet Hour on Sundays.—Prof. Bagley.

HOW THE COLLEGE GIRLS KEEP SECRETS.

Ruth S.—Lena told me that you told her that secret that I told you not to tell.

Lillian P.—She's a mean thing. I told her not to tell you.

Ruth S.—Well, I told her I would not tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did.

LADIES MUST NOT READ.

If she had to stand on her head.—Ex.
 We know she's not at it somehow.
 This poem she has already read—

Now we'll wages ten cents to a farth.
 If she gets the least kind of a show.
 How

But you bet she will find it out somehow.
 It's something she ought to know.
 If there's anything worries a woman.

A pair in a hammock attempted to kiss
 And in less than a moment

The landed like this.
 —Exchange.

Prof. Bagley (popping into the Print Shop)—I hear the Cascade's out.

O. H.—Better go catch it and bring it back.

Prof. S.—The class in astronomy will not recite today. (Cloudy weather, you know.)



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 in school and loss of memory are mostly due to **Eye Strain?**

STUDENTS need a good Eye-Specialist to overcome Muscular Eye trouble, Eye-Strain, Headache, Blurred Vision, Inflamed Eyes, Nervousness, Dizziness, etc. We have many Seminary students as Patients. Ask the Students! Glad to consult with you. My charges are reasonable.

J. W. EDMUNDS, Oph. D.

Phone: Main 2174

701-703 Leary Bldg., 2nd and Madison

LITTLE INFORMAL DINNERS

with your friends call for simple, dainty desserts—whipped cream, jellies, icings are easily made with

MAPLEINE

Use it for dishes dainty but different.



Get
 Them
 From
 Your
 Grocer



This is one

of the Pure Food Accessories. Use it in all recipes calling for a good baking powder.

Crescent

Baking

Powder

Contains no Alum

Send for Recipe Book - - - Department X

CRESCENT MAN'F'G CO.

Seattle Washington

Continued from page 11

"Pat's heart began to thump strangely. He knew that he loved her, and instinct whispered that her evident confusion was no ill sign. The mere possibility that he might win her for his own made him go hot and cold with alternating spasms of ecstasy and apprehension.

"Miss Lowe," he said, huskily, "I have something to tell you. Please don't be angry."

"Why," she answered, a little bewildered by his obvious agitation, "of course I shan't be angry." But, even as she spoke, she realized the truth and her eyes wavered and grew misty.

"Emma, I know I'm only a rough, uncultured sort of fellow, but I can't help loving you. You're"— He stopped short, unable to utter another word.

One long, intense moment she seemed to hesitate, then she looked up, her face rosy and smiling. "A poor sort of fellow, indeed!" she said. "Oh, you are the best man in the world."

Before another word could be passed they were interrupted by a whistling telegraph messenger, who entered and handed Pat a cablegram. It was the long looked-for reply from O'Hooligan. High romance thrust aside by dreary commonplace? Not quite. The words were: "Have struck it rich. First assay, four ounces per ton."

The words danced merrily before Pat's eyes. This was indeed proving a wonderful day, the day of his life.

"Emma, read this," he said, holding it before her eyes. "You dear girl," he breathed, "it's your faith that has done this. Do you know what it really means? Well, it means that Ballykeel-nagone-nell shares will be soaring like larks tomorrow. Just let us send a copy of this cablegram to the mining papers, and then, perhaps, you will take me home with you and introduce me to your dear mother. We have news for her now, eh, my dear one?"

The Cheeriness of Springtime

*brings us close to Nature and Tennis,
Baseball, Fishing, Hunting, Garden-
ing, Cleaning up and all their needs
take hundreds of loyal Northend peo-
ple to the*

FREMONT HARDWARE CO.

706 BLEWETT ST.

Sound, Sensible Logic

*GROWL, and the way looks dreary,
Laugh and the path is bright:
For a welcome smile
Brings sunshine, while
A frown shuts out the light.*

*SIGH, and you "rake in", nothing,
Work, and the prize is won:
For the nervy man
With backbone can
By nothing be outdone.*

*HUSTLE, and fortune awaits you,
Shirk and defeat is sure:
For there's no chance
Of deliverance
For the chap who can't endure.*

*SING, and the world's harmonious,
Grumble and things go wrong:
And all the time
You are out of rhyme
With the busy, hustling throng.*

*KICK, and there's trouble brewing,
Whistle and life is gay:
And the world's in tune
Like a day in June,
And the clouds all melt away.*

Compliments of your friends:

F. R. Butterworth & Sons

Morticians

"The House of Quality and Service"

1921 First Avenue

Jos. Mayer & Bros.

Manufacturing Jewelers
and Silversmiths



Class, Fraternity and Sorority Emblems
and Athletic Medals our Specialty.

Write for Catalog.

To the

PHILOPOLEMICAL DEBATING CLUB

We will print for any member of the
Phils, who has his picture taken on or
before Friday, April 24th,
One Dozen Post Cards for just 50 cts.

You know!

Haslam Bros.

If you don't think that you can get the **BEST** bread and pastry at

Mrs. Finney's Bakery

just ask those who patronize her.

But don't lose your temper if some lucky neighbor gets the last
loaf just before you arrive. Come sooner next time.

THE THIRD ANNUAL CASCADE PROGRAM will be rendered Friday evening, May 23 at eight o'clock. We promise you something especially fine this year. There will be music by the Male Quartette, Phils' Chorus, also violin selections and other music. The installation of the Staff Elect, and the awarding of the prize for the Alethep and Phils' Contest will be special features.

B. KLEINBIELEN

Quick Shoe Repair Shop
16 Ewing Street

"Whatever you do
Keep Sweet!"



Stokes

Confectionery

Metropolitan Cafe

Where Everybody Eats

OPEN ALL NIGHT

A clean and comfortable
place to eat.

Cor. Fremont Ave. & Ewing St.

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.

Model Electric Laundry Established 1890

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."—
Ex.

Puffer (to cashier at Metropolitan Cafe, Fremont)—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."

Prof. Burns (explaining the map of Seattle in civics class)—Here is the Seminary right down here. See this vacant place?

Fremont Pressery

3420 Fremont Avenue

Branch of DIXIE DYE WORKS

HATS CLEANED AND CLEANING AND DYEING
BLOCKED. PRESSING & REPAIRING
GLOVES CLEANED.

Lowman & Hanford Co.

616-620 FIRST AVENUE

Book Sellers

Stationers

Copper Plate Engravers

4 per cent Paid on Savings Accounts

Fremont State Bank

Your Local Bank

Phones: North 219
Res. North 607

D. R. WATSON
F. J. WATSON

FREMONT & ROSS TRANSFER CO.

D. E. WATSON, Manager

FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING

Baggage called for and delivered. Good Storage Room.

Office, 3210 Fremont Ave.

For Fine Watch and Jewelry Repairing

CALL ON

R. L. Woodman

JEWELER

3406 Fremont Avenue near Ewing Street

We are Specialists in This Line

Fremont Shoe Hospital

We give you the benefit of our 22 years of experience in FINE SHOE REPAIRING. We also make Shoes to order.

REPAIRING: Men's Half Soles \$1.00, Ladies' 65c, Boys' 40c up.

SHOES TO ORDER: Boys' & Youths' \$2.50 up, Men's \$4.00 up.

W. M. Phelps, Manager

3421 Fremont Ave.

THE ROSS MARCHE HARDWARE CO.

wants your trade in

BUILDERS' HARDWARE, STOVES, RANGES, OILS, PAINTS,
GLASS, GRANITE AND TINWARE. PIPES
AND FITTINGS.

Yours for trade,

C. W. CHRISTENSEN.

Corner 3rd Ave. W. and Bertona St.

Phone: Q: A: 1826

SPECIAL SHOWING

of
\$20, \$25 and \$30
SPRING SUITS

Q NORFOLKS, ENGLISH and other cuts in New
Spring Patterns. The right suits for Young Men,
for they have style and, at the same time, their shape-
keeping qualities cannot be surpassed.

\$20 to \$40

719 SECOND AVENUE

NEAR COLUMBIA

KING BROS. CO.

Correct Apparel for Men



SPRING
FOOTWEAR
for
Young Men

All the New Styles in Tan and Black
Popular Prices

HOYT SHOE CO.

1402 Third Avenue

Phone: Elliott 1805

Portraits, Views

The
Hamilton
STUDIO

ROOMS: 675-680 COLMAN BLDG.

811 First Avenue

Seattle, Wash.

DOMESTIC HAND LAUNDRY

FIRST CLASS WORK - BEST PRICES

612 Ewing St., Fremont

O. R. Haslam, Sem. Agent

Seattle Seminary and College

A PROTESTANT CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL
On the Accredited List at the University of Washington

Good courses are offered in the following departments:

College of Liberal Arts

Academic Department

School of Art

School of Elocution

School of Music

For further particulars and catalog address

A. BEERS

Station F Seattle, Wash.

