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Seattle Seminary

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The Cascade

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Miss Amelia's New Easter.

Lois Newton.

For the past few years Easter had been a state occasion for Miss Amelia Prichard. Her father and mother, who spent the winter in Florida seldom returned until the latter part of April, so Miss Amelia did the honors for the whole family. This year Easter came early, but the weather had been glorious and great preparations had been made for the coming season.

"I do hope it will be pleasant tomorrow," she said to herself on Saturday evening as she laid away each piece of her outfit. "I cannot imagine anyone having anything more complete and becoming, and I do so want to wear them." Miss Amelia was neither thoughtless nor selfish, by any means. She was very much interested in church work and betterment clubs and had lectured once at the Ladies' Aid on "True Philanthropy."

On this evening she had intended going to the florist's to get a few flowers for the morrow and she wished to choose them herself.

"Hopkins," she said to her man servant who stood like a statue in the lower hallway, "I think I will walk. The evening is not cold and I should like to take the air."

Outside there was a light breeze stirring and the night was quiet and peaceful. Miss Amelia walked down the street lined on either side with widespreading maples, eagerly drinking in the cool, spring air, then thinking of a little florist shop which she wished to visit she turned into a side street and soon found herself in a narrow alley, the houses of which opened directly on to the street. On the door steps were tired mothers with fretful children in their arms and more at their feet. They remained outside as long as possible, for inside it was even more uninviting than without. Miss Amelia was not afraid to pass through this street, for she had been here before to see a small boy who had been hurt in an accident. She had visited here often and was well acquainted with the neighborhood. Right around the corner was a tiny shop where one of her proteges sold flowers and it was to this place she was going. Pausing before the window, she looked at his display and carelessly lifted a potted hyacinth. Just then she caught the sound of voices in the adjacent stairway. No one was visible, so she judged they must be several steps up. They had evidently been talking for some time, for when Miss Amelia became conscious of their words one was saying:

"So would I, Lily; I would so like to go tomorrow. The music is great, you know. My, wouldn't Taddy enjoy it, though. He does have such a fondness for music and tomorrow there will be beautiful singing. I go once in a while, you know my black suit is quite respectable, but I can't wear that tomorrow. On Easter everybody has new clothes."

"I know," replied her companion, "we can't go, that's sure. It's a shame swell folks have to fix up so that ordinary people are ashamed to

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wear even their best."

Miss Amelia stepped into the shop. She had heard enough. She told herself that she should not have eavesdropped, but that was an excuse to cover her real agitation. All the way home she could hear those voices and seemed unable to get away from the conviction they carried.

Easter morning dawned gloriously, Easter sunshine spread over the face of the city and Easter joy seemed to spring from every tree and shrub. The Rev. Arthur P. Nelson stepped from his door with light heart and bounding spirits. His sermon was well prepared, indeed, he had spent much time on it and felt gratified at the results. It was still some time before the service, so he decided to take a circuitous route to church and enjoy some of God's sunshine and pure air. Passing a doorstep where were seated a couple of children of one of his parishioners he asked them if they were not coming to church with their mother.

"Ma ain't going, neither," was the reply from one.

The minister paused, "Why, surely, is your mother ill?"

"Oh, no," was the answer, "she's all right, but she can't, you know."

"Tell her to make a special effort. This is Easter."

"That's just the trouble. She says she hasn't got a thing to wear on Easter."

"But," the minister hesitated, "your mother has been attending this winter and has always appeared well."

"O, yes, but she can't wear her winter's hat and her fall suit today, and she says her last summer's hat is too shabby to wear among all the other swell hats that will be at church today. It's all ma's fault, though. Dad would let her have the money, but she says we need other things worse than Easter bonnets and dresses."

The Rev. Arthur P. Nelson passed on thoughtfully. He would miss this dear woman; she was always an inspiration to him when he was in the pulpit. Then he wondered, suddenly, how many other people would be detained at home for the same reason. Faithful worshipers who would be embarrassed to attend their own church on Easter morning. A wave of shame swept over the minister, shame for the church in general and the custom, shame for his own church and shame for himself for consenting to it by silence.

He was nearing the church and could see the gayly dressed throngs walking leisurely to service or riding by in their cars. He tried to concentrate his thoughts on the sermon, but it seemed to him now so hollow, a mere collection of pretty phrases and flights of imagination. In the focus of his mind were the faces of the two children and their words rang in his ears. Easter was such a joyful day, the first call of spring, the suggestion of resurrected nature and the risen Savior. An Easter sermon could not but be full of joy and praise, if only the simple story of the Bible were repeated. Such a day was just what the common, honest people needed, a bright spot at the end of winter, music, flowers and Resurrection gladness.

The minister entered by a side door and mounted to the sacred desk. The vision before him was gay and bright. Light fluffy dresses beside dark suits of serge. Many faithful faces were missing, but new ones peeped out from beneath graceful swaying bonnets. Everywhere he turned he saw two children on a doorstep. They begged to be admitted into his inner thoughts. The minister bowed his head. The music from the organ ceased, the echo died away and the Rev. Arthur Nelson arose. His prepared sermon took on a new meaning, some points remained vivid while others fled to, he knew not where.

He spoke of budding nature, long dead but still possessing power to live again and led up to the source of life, the risen Lord. He retold the story of the tomb, the Angel descending and rolling back the stone,

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Christ coming forth to live forever and the joy he brought to his disciples and to the whole world. Everyone might share this joy. It was not given to a few, but the lowly and humble might rejoice with the world. He interpreted Easter not as a day of festive gaiety and adornment, but a day of praise, when everyone, great and small, might meet to worship God and sing the praises of the risen Savior.

Miss Amelia, in her seat, listened eagerly. He struck a responsive note in her soul and while he was speaking with the vision of those two children before him, she was listening with other voices singing in her ears. His face was animated and Miss Amelia responded in like manner. He ended and the congregation passed out into the sunshine. In Miss Amelia's heart a new chord was vibrating and a new resolve growing. She would observe the true Easter joy hereafter and see that others shared it with her.



Gwendolyn's Conversion.

Cecelia Wilder.

She sat before the fireplace in her room, gazing fixedly at the dying embers. For over an hour she had been sitting thus, without changing her position. Though the hour was late, in fact, past the time for lights to be out, she did not appear to be conscious of it. A person observing her would almost have thought that she slept, had it not been for the wide, staring eyes. Suddenly the spell seemed broken, and rising with a deep sigh, she left the fireside, and extinguishing the light, approached the window. There, having raised the blind, she stood looking out over the twinkling lights of the city.

The room in which she stood was richly furnished. Though she was attending boarding school, all the luxuries which she would have had in her own home were here. On every side she was surrounded by beautiful and costly articles of furniture, and no want was left unsupplied by her parents.

Gwendolyn Harris had come to Lancaster seven months before to spend her sophomore year in college at Carlisle Seminary, a fashionable girls' school.

Her parents were wealthy, and they wished their only daughter to obtain the best education possible. The single college near her own home was situated about half a mile outside of the city, and in the opposite direction from where she lived. It was too small and poor for the daughter of the powerful and rich Mr. Harris to attend. It was a religious school, and moreover, was under the management and control of the worst of all people, the Free Methodists.

"Never," said Mrs. Harris to her husband during the days immediately preceding the beginning of Gwendolyn's sophomore year in school, "never shall it be said that a child of mine has been associated with such people. Why, I have heard that half of the students there are working for their board. What would people say if it became known that Gwen

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even contemplated attending this school?"

"No, it must never be," answered her husband, "the idea is preposterous. Our daughter must attend the best colleges, and obtain an education fitting to one in her circumstances."

So, very joyously, Gwendolyn Harris started for college again. She was supremely happy. She was young, talented and rich. No thought of sorrow ever crossed her mind. Her life had been one of pleasure and sunshine, and she anticipated a year of triumph and pleasure at school.

The return of Miss Harris to Carlisle Seminary was hailed with delight by the young ladies in attendance there. She was pretty and popular, and her return to school was the source of much pleasure and excitement. Most of the girls had been there the year before, so there was much talking of "old times," as well as planning for new events in the future.

After a few days of excitement and unrest, the girls settled down to the routine of school work.

A week before our story opens, Violet Glenn ran into Gwendolyn's room one Friday evening and threw herself into a chair. This was not an unusual occurrence, so little attention was paid to it.

"Gwen," she cried, "I have something which will give us some fun and excitement."

"What is it," asked her friend.

"Mary Mason, who lives here, says there is a preacher down in the city who is holding what she calls revival meetings. We can get permission to go to the city Sunday afternoon and evening, and then we can go to these meetings and see something new. She says they make a dreadful lot of noise, and do strange things and are very peculiar. Come on and go."

"I don't know. There are some people like that where I live, but I don't know anything about them."

"O, we'll have a fine time. You must go."

So six of the girls planned to go. This was new to all of them, and Sunday afternoon found them in a tent, seated on wooden benches, listening to a man of God as he told of the Savior and his power to forgive sins. In their rich silks and plumes, the girls seemed out of place and attracted much attention. Five of them laughed and sneered when, during a testimony meeting after the message had been given, the power of God came upon the people. But one girl sat still, pale and wide eyed. During the altar call, she still said nothing. She saw many people go to the altar, but she could not understand it all.

During the short time between the afternoon and evening meetings the girls wandered around the grounds. This was their first camp meeting and a new experience. Gwendolyn tried to throw off her strange feelings by lightness and gay conversation, but it was lifeless to her, and she finally left the others and went off alone.

"What is the matter with Gwen?" asked Violet.

"I guess she's getting religion," laughed Mary.

"That would be a joke," said another.

Laughingly they went to seek her, but searched in vain. Alone among the trees, Gwen was weeping as if heart broken. She could not tell why, but she felt very strange.

When the evening meeting began, she again sought the tent, and there the girls found her.

While the altar call was being given a gentle woman asked her to give her heart to Jesus. But she did not understand, and would not go to the altar. Soon the girls left the place and returned home.

Gwen had not seen a minute's peace during the whole week. It was now Friday night again, and it found her sleepless and unhappy. All

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the week she had tried to hide her feelings and convictions from the girls and teachers. She had partially succeeded, but sleepless nights and restless days leave their mark, and by the time a week had passed all knew that the Sunday visit to the camp meeting had left Gwen in a peculiar condition.

Now she stood at the window of her room, gazing into space.

"Something must be done. I cannot endure this," she groaned.

Leaving the window, she fell on her knees at the bedside and tried to pray. But all was so new to her, and she did not know the way to reach God.

"I will go back there Sunday and settle this," she said. "I would rather be a Christian than to live like this."

The next Sunday was Easter, and the girls at the Seminary had planned to go to a large popular church. So they teased and coaxed her to go with them, but it was useless, and Sunday afternoon found her at the camp meeting, alone.

This would never have been permitted had the preceptress been at home, but a teacher who was new at the school was in charge.

Upon finding herself back in the strange surroundings, she felt very timid. But one thought only was uppermost in her mind; indeed, had taken possession of her. In some way she must have rest and peace. There seemed to be no other way than to come back here and learn how to be a Christian. She could not bear to think of this, and that she must yield and kneel at an altar. Moreover, she knew that if she became a Christian she must leave the Seminary, for the teachers and girls would never tolerate such a one among them. But to secure peace she was willing to do anything, for this was worse than death.

She found a seat near the back of the tent. As the minister preached conviction grew deeper on many souls. From all parts of the tent sobs and groans were heard.

Gwendolyn's face was as pale as death, and she sat like one who had been hypnotized. When the altar call was given she stood with the others, but only for a moment. With a piercing cry she staggered toward the altar, but before reaching it she fell to the ground.

No longer was it a question with her of whether she should give up the old life or not, but how could she find pardon? For over an hour the battle raged between sin and righteousness. At last the struggles ceased and she rose to her feet with peace written on her face.

Gwendolyn returned to the Seminary; but when the next day she confessed that she had been converted, she was coolly told that her presence at the school could be dispensed with.

With mingled feelings of joy and sorrow she went to her home. For some weeks her parents were heart broken, but she bravely took her stand and continued her college work in the F. M. College. Her changed life at last won the hearts of her parents.

Though forsaken by her acquaintances, her Christlike life won many for Him.

And when, a few years later, she sailed for India as a missionary, she carried with her the love of hundreds of hearts.

That Easter at Carlisle Seminary had changed her life, and she always welcomed the Easter season as the most precious of the year. "For," she said, "On that day God gave me a new life for an Easter gift."

Easter Secrets.

Gladys Smith.

It was on a beautiful spring evening just after school hours that Billy Howe, while busily engaged in the corner of the barn, was suddenly aroused by his brother Walter.

"Hello, Billy? What are you doing there? You got a hurry on you tonight, didn't you? How did you get home before I did? You promised to play marbles with us boys after school, and here you are. I think you had better stick to your promises after this."

With these hastily spoken words Walter banged the door and was gone before Billy could answer. He gave a sigh of relief that Walter investigated no further into his affairs. The reason was Billy had a secret.

Billy said to himself, "I must do better than this if I keep my secret for three long weeks, and I am determined to come out ahead."

Billy's home was in the country, on a large wheat ranch. He had a good father and mother, and enjoyed many comforts which others near by did not have. Besides his brother, Walter, who was older than himself, he had a sister named Amy, who was youngest of all. Amy was, of course, papa's pet, and generally had her way.

For a few weeks before Easter the air seemed full of secrets. Every evening after school either Amy or Billy could be seen looking here and there in all the hidden places. Mr. Howe suspicious what they were doing, which gave him an idea for his secret. Amy was curious to know how Billy was progressing, so one evening she timidly ventured to make a proposition.

"Billy, if you'll tell me how you're getting along, I'll do the same by you."

Billy thought for a moment, then said, "No, I can't do that, for I resolved from the beginning I would never tell anybody before Easter."

"All right, Billy, if you feel that way I'll not bother you," replied Amy.

The wonderful day was drawing near. Billy had had a disappointment and he almost wished Easter would never come. One night he went to one of his secret places and found the neighbor's dog there. Billy was so enraged that he picked up a stone and threw it at the dog with all his might. At the same time he yelled.

"Go, you dirty thief. Take this for stealing my precious Easter eggs!"

The dog gave a yelp of pain and ran away limping. Billy sat down with his eyes cast to the ground. He was still so angry he muttered to himself, "I wish I had killed the miserable cur."

Finally he jumped up and said rather disgustedly, "I'll never gain anything by this. I must try to replace the eggs I have lost and find more, too."

With these words he went to gather the eggs. There were more eggs that night than usual.

"I believe I can take lots of them tonight and maybe mother will not notice it. I hope she doesn't ask me how many I have brought in," Billy said, quite happy with the thought.

He took all he dared to take for himself and started off to the house whistling as though anything out of the ordinary had not happened. He had put the eggs away and was coming out of the pantry when his mother asked, "Well, Billy, how many eggs did you get to-

night."

"Not very many," was the hesitating reply.

"Maybe the hens are stealing out their nests," said the mother.

Billy made no reply but left his mother thinking that was the reason.

At last Sunday came. There was never a more beautiful Easter morning. The sun peeped over the hills, sending its warm rays over the dewy meadows to sparkle like diamonds. The flowers opened their faces to greet the sun and all nature was awakened. The twitter and beautiful songs of the birds sounded sweetly through the clear air.

With the rising of the sun Billy was astir. Not much later the whole family was up, rejoicing over the beautiful sunshine. Mrs. Howe looked out of the window and saw Billy trudging along toward the house with something heavy. With glowing face he came in and set a basket full of eggs on the table and said not a word.

"Oh! now I see why we were not getting many eggs," said Mrs. Howe, looking at Billy with a smile. "You will sure have enough eggs for your breakfast."

"Where did Amy go?" asked the mother.

"I don't know," said Billy.

Just then Amy came rushing into the house, all excited.

"Oh, Mother, you can't imagine what I have found," Amy said, nearly out of breath. "My secret is better than Billy's. I know it is. And the strange thing about it. I didn't know of it till this morning."

"Well, tell us about it," said Billy, rather anxiously.

"It's just like this," said Amy. "An old hen found some of the eggs I hid right at the first and when I went to get them this morning there she was sitting with a little yellow chicky sticking his head out through her feathers. At first I could hardly believe my eyes, but it is really true."

"You'll have to show me," said Billy, and off they went to the barn.

When Amy and Billy came back and Walter had come in with a few eggs he had hidden, Mr. Howe said, "Children, I have a secret, too. I planned to give a sum of money to the one who had the best secret. The question is now, who really has the best. Billy did so well in getting more eggs than Amy, but she has some eggs, besides a nest full of little chickens. I guess you had better draw straws."

"There is no use for me to try," protested Billy, "Amy will sure get it."

And sure enough, she did. Billy didn't want to let on that he felt disappointed, but he could hardly help it. Nevertheless he was happy with the rest of the family when they gathered round the breakfast table. Mrs. Howe gave them a surprise, by giving each one an egg filled with maple sugar. Not only was it a surprise, but also a rare treat.

"I almost believe Mother ought to have the prize," Amy said, as she nibbled at the sugar.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Howe, "the prize was for you children."

Thus was the Easter morning with the Howe family, but others were not near so happy as they. A widow and her son lived near by who did not have much to make them happy. It was their dog, which had eaten some of Billy's eggs. Billy thought he could return good for evil on this beautiful day, so he took this family a basket of good food.

He returned soon afterwards, whistling a merry tune. As he entered the house he said, "Oh, Mother, I feel so light hearted now, because I have made someone else happy."

Love Conquers All.

Cecilia Johnston.

CHAPTER III.

Ten, five, three minutes more and Alice would know her fate. The clock in the church steeple struck nine when she heard muffled footsteps—the keys rattled in the door and the bolt flew back. For a minute Alice was dazed but her courage arose to the occasion and she stepped forward to meet the guard.

"Prisoner," quoth he, "and personal rival of our Prince, forward."

The two opponents stood facing each other, Prince William curiously eyeing his opponent.

"I am ready, sir," said Alice.

"Ye Gods! Is it you?" cried the prince.

Backward he staggered, his pale face growing paler. His attendants rushed to his side, but he had fallen.

Alice's quick mind took in the situation and hurriedly glancing around the court, she spied a small door which was left ajar in the excitement. Hurrying through it, she found herself confronted by a huge iron gate. A detestable guard stood, evidently the master of the situation.

His back was turned so that he did not see her approach. Therefore he was somewhat startled by her cry: "The Prince is dying. A doctor, quick!"

"My —," he ejaculated, throwing his arms frantically in the air. Then started on a run at the rate of a jitney bus to accomplish his assumed responsible errand.

The bewildered fellow had evidently forgotten that his sole mission was to guard the gate. In fact, he seemingly left that job for someone else to do and Alice willingly assumed that responsibility. Picking up the keys he had dropped, she assisted herself out of the gate, muttering at "her cleverness" in dislodging the keeper from his accustomed post of duty.

With a self-confident and gratified feeling Alice found herself in the open street.

CHAPTER IV.

Several days had passed. Again dusk was just falling on the great city of Paris. Alice wandered down a slippery, gloomy street in one of the quieter districts of the city. The lights were flickering on a few at a time. The fog was growing denser and the gloom in Alice's heart was settling heavier and heavier.

"I can't stand it much more. I really can't," she whispered as she raised her eyes imploringly to heaven. "It has been six days since I escaped from William, but was it only to die in the streets? I can't expect to stay longer at the American Ambassador's."

Alice started to cross the street. It was wet and slippery. She glanced down the street. "Oh, horrors! There was the royal carriage headed directly for her and Prince William was peering from the west window."

Alice shuddered and tried to hurry, but her foot slipped—she fell down, down! She could hear the click of horses' hoofs on the pavement. They came nearer—they stopped—and then some one grabbed her and she was borne away.

"Prince William," she moaned and in an instant she was beyond reasoning.

A few hours elapsed and Alice opened her eyes in sweet surprise to find Tom bending over her. From whence he had come and his search for her he quickly recited. With a tear of gratitude in her eye and a sob in her voice and a something in her heart, she lifted the hand of him, who was to her a gallant lover and a timely rescuer, to her soft, velvety lips.

I need not take time and space to describe their journey home over the watery deep in a third-class steerage vessel or of the emotion and sentiment of their hearts in once more viewing the "old girl," the Goddess of Liberty, or of the pathetic meeting of father, mother and child.

But it will now suffice us to say "they were here" now. They were in the great Metropolitan Opera House.

Again the curtain rose on a slender, graceful figure draped in soft white satin from the soft laces at her throat to the satin slippers on her feet. Her face was aglow with inspiration. Her eyes sparkled and matched color with her wavy black hair. The audience was breathless, as Alice raised her violin to the touch of Tom's piano accompaniment.

First was a wandering, playful, meaningless passage of childhood. Then the music took on a celestial far-away effect, then of a sudden, a war cry breaks out, firing, cannons and destruction. Then all was sadness, suffering, obstacles crushing youthful ambition, oppression was ever ominous in the sky of love. The players were inspired and lost in their piece. The audience was moved from tears to peaceful satisfaction as the piece closed with the return and the crown of love, happiness and success which at last crowns their lives, this draws the finale coda of Tom's masterpiece, "Love Conquers All."

As Alice drew the last note on her violin, the church clock in the steeple struck twelve and the audience melted away into the night.

CHAPTER V.

The silvery grayness of morning was slowly giving place to the gorgeous tints of the Easter sky. Birds were gaily twittering a bright good morning to the whole world. The fragrance of sweet scented flowers was wafted on the clear morning air. The whole realm of nature was melted into one melodious harmony, singing praises to their risen Christ.

A passing stranger now and then paused to listen to the sweet strains that came to him from the open window of an elegant residence. Alice and Tom's voices are also blended in a melodious harmony singing of their risen Savior.

As the years had rolled by their love had only deepened and ripened. They were now joined heart and hand.

"To love, cherish, and obey, until death do us part."



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Success.

Ward Folsom.

One of the greatest questions agitating the public mind is, "How can I make the most of life?" Well might we ponder the question when we consider the brief allotted time to move on earth.

We are living in an age when success requires of the popular men capable of meeting the demands of practical efficiency. The world today has no use for the lazy and indolent man. She is looking for honorable, upright and straightforward men who are not contented to be hangers-on, but pushers.

The men who have accomplished the most in this world have been those who have had a definite aim in view and then gone ahead to see that aim realized.

The man without an aim in life is like a wandering star—he can never be depended upon, and is always getting in the way.

But in order to lead a life of true success we must have the right kind of an aim in view. And as to what the true aim in life should be, has been a subject of much controversy. Yet surely we, as people of an enlightened and Christian nation, should ever keep paramount as our great motto in life these words: "To be the largest possible blessing in life."

Truly we are living in a needy world and only may we be made to realize the secret of our own success, as well as of our neighbors and of the whole world, by realizing our own personal responsibility. We often hear the question, "Can the world get along without us?" We usually hear the answer, "Yes." But let us not forget the fact that the world is made up of single individuals, and after all we are important links in the great chain.

Every great issue which has been submitted to the vote of the people has been decided personally by individuals, who have been personally responsible. Indeed, the world, so to speak, is a great piece of furniture, and every human being in the world has a place to fill in this great piece, and no one can fill that place so efficiently as the one to whom it is assigned. It is said when England, several centuries ago, was tottering from the effects of civil troubles within and foreign wars without, that William Pitt was the only man who could have stepped in and saved England. However true it may be, this we know, that there was only one man in the world who could be the greatest blessing to England.

A true life of success does not always mean a life free from crosses. Many times there are seeming defeats which are only stepping stones to success. But the best fact of all is to know and realize that in spite of circumstances and surroundings, we are filling the mission in life to which God has appointed us, and when the last battle is fought and the victory won we shall be called up higher, where our effort shall be crowned with success throughout eternity.



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Sights from Queen Anne Tower.

James Bishop.

Of all the sights of this old earth
That I believe are of most worth,
That make the spirit calm and blest,
The scenes of Nature are the best.

We stood one day for near an hour
And viewed the sights from Queen Anne Tower—
Of bays and lakes and trees and hills,
Partly obscured by smoke from mills.

The sky above was azure blue,
The horizon of darker hue—
The peaks that day could not be seen
Because of clouds that hung between.

But Puget Sound, it was a sight,
Reflecting back the dazzling light
Of the golden sunlight, rolling down,
Illuminating country, town.

And then we saw the city, too,
Whose streets we oft had wandered thro',
But never thought 'twas such a sight
Unt'l we viewed it from this height.

'Twas all a sight to not forget
And lingers in my memory yet;
And if e'er I have an idle hour
I'll go again to Queen Anne Tower.



The College Tennis Team hereby wishes to extend to the school a formal challenge for the Doubles Tennis Championship of Seattle Pacific College.

We are the team:-

B. L. Beegle and O. R. Haslam.

THE CASCADE

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What time in this latitude could be more appropriate for the Easter occasion than the time around the first of April. Then Nature, who has been lying dormant and silent, begins to awaken to a new birth. The energy that was so latent and unseen now gives forth its signs of life. The leaves burst forth fresh and green, the flowers pierce the hard soil and, slowly rising, unfold their beautiful blossoms to the sunlight; the silent morning air is made to wave and vibrate with sweet cadences of the meadowlark and the chirp of the dignified robin red-breast.

How unique, how grand, how harmonious that the resurrection of Jesus Christ should have taken place at such a time! And how much that resurrection meant to us! It was the breaking forth of spring in the moral and spiritual realm. It was the outburst of joy, of hope,

of life. As the evidences of regeneration or resurrection, bring pleasure to the natural eye, just so do the evidences of Chr.'s resurrection bring great streams of joy and satisfaction to the spiritual eye.

With it the flowers of the spirit bloom and blossom with exceeding beauty in the garden of the soul. With it the song-birds of paradise make melody and harmony in our hearts. With it the cold months of winter and the days when clouds had lowered are forgotten. With it the life of divinity is imparted to our being, and if given full control will bring about that great and glorious resurrection of the soul which now may be dead in trespasses and sins.

Without it the moral sun would set forever. Without it the star of hope would cease to shine. Without it we would, of all men, be most miserable. But we don't have to look upon the morbid, sad and shady side, but the optimistic, the uplifting, the sunny side, is ever ours to know and see. Why live in the dark when by one step we may enter the floods of light? Why be satisfied with the cold and blasting winter tide when we may by an effort be ushered into eternal spring?

Christ is not dead, but living. The sepulchre bands were too weak to hold His form; His body was too holy to be the prey of corruption. He broke the chains asunder and arose, and happily may be say, with the divine writer of old, "Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?"



The last meeting of the society was exceptionally profitable and instructive. The selection of the numbers on the program, and the individual thought and interest evidenced in the preparation of each imparted an added inspiration to the meeting.

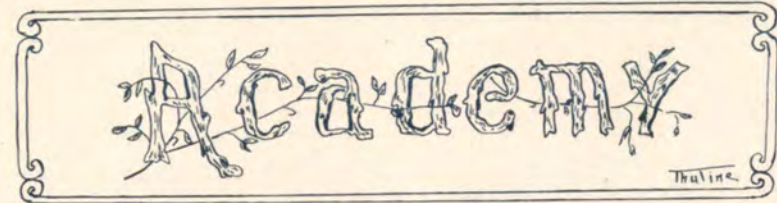
Very interesting papers were read on the "Missionaries' Preparation," "The Influence of Medical Missionaries" and "The War and Islam," all touching directly the most vital interests of the foreign fields.

The music was filled with the spirit of cheerful and glad obedience to the Master's will. The entire program was a means of broadening our interest and deepening our consecration to more active service.

The addition of several new members was encouraging and we are sure that our society will be a source of benefit to them.

One of the most interesting features of the past month was the junior missionary program, held in the church March 28. The children performed their parts well and did credit to their coach, Mrs. Higbee. We were all made to think of our foreign brothers and sisters through the interesting stories and accounts given by the children. Little Miss Slaughter won for herself a name among the most prominent speakers of the evening. One feature which is always the most interesting at a missionary program was especially so on this occasion. This was the offering. A plate was placed on the altar railing and all the junior missionaries marched up, back of the altar and put in their offering, then stood there singing while the older people marched to the front to help fill the plate. This proved quite effective, as most every one marched forward.

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SENIORS.

It is said that the world takes great pains to record one's strike-outs, but never takes notice of his base-hits.

This might be said of us in a revised manner because we have none of the latter, especially during the last month.

But, nevertheless, some of the class enjoy home runs for a change, and these individuals are beginning already to realize their nearness to the home-plate, while others are drowsily counting their score-board for scholastic points, or leaning on their staffs with a dwindling oration in hand.

We regret to mention the absence from the school circles of our beloved classmate, Harold Mann, who has decided to kill two birds with one stone. We congratulate him on the position he has obtained.

The seniors are entertaining great anticipations for the remaining spring months as a payment for what's been lost in the way of recreation and class jubilees.

JUNIORS.

The months are swiftly passing by and the time is drawing nigh when we shall be looked upon as the dignified Seniors (maybe). Of course you are all curious to know what the Juniors are doing, but just curb your curiosity and ease your fears, for the Juniors, under the leadership of their energetic president, are accomplishing wonderful achievements. In a short time we expect things to happen, so that the Juniors of Seattle Pacific College shall be looked upon as the "Progressives."

SOPHOMORES.

Things have not come to a standstill yet awhile, and time being finds the Sophs plodding steadily onward, eager to fathom this thing they call "education".

We get disappointed, sometimes, of course. Who does not? But the discouragements, along with the rest, may be blessings in disguise. At any rate, we will consider them as such.

Say, probably you remember a couple of Freshmen boys I mentioned in last month's report. Well, they evidently knew what they were about—not that we doubted that all along—but they proved it by practical demonstration. Now you see what I mean? They were the Freshmen debaters, and they *beat*. The judges all voted for them and the house cheered, and we wish to congratulate them for their splendid work. No! We're not ashamed of our debaters. Not a particle. And we all think a good deal of our colors—the purple and gold. But you

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understand, and we do too, that the decision had to go one way or the other and we are willing the freshmen should win the laurels—to encourage them on their way.

The Sophomores have a representative on the campus! Not one of us, I'll admit, but a rhododendron, the Washington state flower. We buried it campus day and also, to keep it company, a bottle—not a long-necked one—with some names in it.

Well, I can't think of much else, only that we're happy, and say, don't forget that the "*Sophomores are climbing.*"

FRESHMEN.

"Slow and Steady wins the race."

Our class has been looked upon as insignificant and weak. We are tired of the term "Freshie." But do you know, we have not heard that name since the Freshmen-Sophomore debate. I cannot begin to tell you how our victory has encouraged us. We appreciate it more since the decision of the judges was so close.

Our worthy debators, by their earnest efforts, have shown us that it pays to do our best. We realize just how drowsy our class has been, but it is awaking and perhaps in so doing it will awaken the spirit of the school.

We had an interesting meeting March 30th, and we have a secret—but I must not tell you more. Don't look down on the Freshmen. I wonder if we have not raised our class in your estimation. We are ambitious and we are striving diligently to do our best.



During Rev. Dewey's stay in this city we were honored by having his company at dinner one evening. After prayers Mr. Burton Beegle gave a toast of thanks to Mr. Dewey for the honey he had donated, and Prof. Marston gave a speech on the lovely apples which Mr. Henry Peterson had sent us. To crown the occasion Mr. Dewey gave a short talk on spiritual blessings.

Friday, the 16th, Miss Tressa Marsh entertained us by giving three selections, each in a different dialect.

Our annual Campus Day was held on the 22nd. With but few exceptions everyone turned out and labored with a zest. So enthusiastic were they that at dinner time the campus had undergone a complete renovation. At noon a hearty dinner was served in the dining hall, after which cheers for the different committees were given. The afternoon was spent in recreation, and the time was improved by playing tennis and other games. In the evening Miss Marsh's elocution program was given. It was intensely interesting, and each student had his part perfectly memorized. They all appeared in such a commendable manner as to reflect great credit on their instructor.

Perhaps the most interesting feature this month was the mock trial heard here this week. Three dictionaries had been taken from the

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assembly hall, and Mr. Hopper was accused as the guilty person.

Each side had worthy attorneys, and the affair was very interesting. After hearing it discussed pro and con for three hours, the jury brought in a verdict, 9 to 3, of not guilty.

The Phils entertained the Alethepians April 2 in the Girls' Hall.

Many novel games were played and the refreshments were particularly nice. The merrymaking continued till 10, but at that hour the young men, although they wished to stay longer, had to depart to their own building and dream of the pleasant evening.



ALPHA CLUB.

The Alpha Club took up a new line of work in its last meeting, which is to have a paper given discussing the less familiar interior interests of some countries more or less affected by the war. The last paper on the present subjected country of Poland was very enlightening and interesting.

Another new phase of our program was the informal round table discussion by the club as a whole, in which some subject of either philosophical, ethical, or practical importance, is enlarged upon from the various standpoints of the club members.

Our last meeting was rather short, but nevertheless successful and interesting. The Club suffers sometimes, though, because the college students all seem so exceptionally busy this spring.

For instance, Florence is rushed from pillar to post, from Alexandria to Alpha Club, and from home to lessons; Addie has missionary programs, secretary books and the caring for the sick, the halt and the maimed; Oliver is wrapped up in the store, writing letters "home" and studying missionary work; Squire is taking anti-fat by traveling between here and the Dollar Grocery; Lois is trying to rule the library in school and her home out of school; Burton is laboring to keep sweet over The Cascade and his heart affairs, and Hopper is endeavoring to prove himself as innocent as a babe.

We all have our all-enveloping interests, but of course it is a part of school life; and school life is usually very enveloping.

ALEXANDRIAN LITERARY

Did you ever happen to be near a pasture when the local express dashed by, and noticed a colt heeling it to catch up? In this case the monster on the rails is the Alexandrian Literary Society, and we individuals are hanging on the best we can. With President Stevens at the throttle, we fairly cut the air.

Our business sessions are short and sweet, and hard to beat, except along one line—there are a few who have a tendency to go to sleep. In the last business session two offices were left vacant because the respective parties resigned. We did the wise thing under the circumstances—

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ected new ones. So Verlin Stewart is marshal at present and your humble servant Cascade reporter.

Our programs are great. The piano is pummeled to perfection, while the room is filled with sweet melodies. The speakers are classy and of orators we have a good supply. If there is any line of literary work not represented here we would be glad to know about it because I am sure we could scare up someone who could master the situation.

In the last program the annual Freshie-Soph debate came off. All four speakers showed marked ability. The decision of the judges went in favor of the Freshmen. We wish for them many great successes in the future.

Now in conclusion: If any of you have any hidden talents you want unearthed, join us and we'll guarantee to bring out anything there is under the surface and put in a lot that isn't there, to boot.

ALETHEPIAN CLUB.

My, if it were only next month, instead of this! There would be no necessity for this poor editoress to be at her wits' end for something to say.

The Aletheian notes came mighty near being a minus quantity, but we at least wanted our name to appear in print, that you may know we are yet alive and crawling about upon the "literary stage of action." And "crawling" is right, all right. In the midst of constant come-uppers it is a genuine old struggle to keep alive. But we are slowly plodding our way onward and are making some progress, at least. And where there's life there's hope. So please do not think us yet through with our works.

And you all remember what I said last month. Well, that still holds good. "It'll happen."

PHILOPOLEMICAL CLUB.

The Phils have held but one meeting since the last report, because they have generously given over to the meetings of other societies. Outside the club activities, however, the members have been taking a prominent part in other events of school life. For instance, on Campus Day our illustrious members were seen busily engaged in beautifying the grounds. Our hospital committee proved itself highly efficient in performing the duties assigned.

At the time of going to press the Phils are very busy preparing to entertain our sisters, the Aletheians. Hence this brief report.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Athletics are doing nicely, thank you.

Baseball has been completely overshadowed by tennis. However, there are still a faithful few who don't forget our national game.

We have been playing tennis all that we could this past month, and many are planning on the tournament which will decide the school championship. Prof. Haslam's classes are playing their hardest.

The Junior class team expects to play teams from the other classes in the near future, to decide the class championship.

We miss our president of the Athletic Club, but we wish him success in his new position.

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GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

To the work! To the work! We are workers, indeed. The girls have again rallied to the standard. Reorganized and limited the number of memberships. The result of our election was as follows: Cecilia Johnston, president; Vina Smith, vice-president; Grace Liese, secretary; Bessie Ward, treasurer; Ruth Sharp, assistant musical director; Mrs. Beers, faculty member and director; Ruby Hobson, Cascade reporter; Althea Marston, Ruth Sharp, Bessie Ward and Cecilia Johnston, committee.



We received a large number of exchanges last month, for which we are thankful. Among these a new paper appeared, which is very worthy of our mention, viz, *Hilltop*. One of its stories, "Bob to the Rescue," was indeed excellent. It contained a good plot and, best of all, Bob won his prize. Am afraid too many of us miss our mark in life. The *Hilltop* is an attractive and well proportioned school paper.

Our Tattler.

"The Duel" contains wholesome advice. We are glad to state that the school master represented in this story is not a prototype of our instructors. A few cuts might increase the attractiveness of this paper.

High School Argus.

Your article "In the Garret" is among the best we received last month. It developed the finer qualities of man in a forcible and beautiful style.

We're glad you continue to maintain your pleasing *differentia, i. e.*, tartish joshes and rather comical cartoons.

Archon.

The "Adventures With an Ice Wagon" displays good talent. The *Archon* is improving.

Quill.

The Exchange Department in the Basketball Number is a good diversion from the general routine.

Wish more people would realize the real value of the lesson found

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in your story, "Let Thy God Be My God."

Here's congratulations for the success of your basketball team. They look like a mighty hard bunch to defeat.

We like the insertion placed at the top of your exchange column (all criticisms are given in a friendly spirit).

Totem.

That "Prize Winning Story" is true to its name. If I were judge it would take the prize among our exchanges.

The "Art in Dress" contains solid advice for all classes. Why not apply it to gentlemen as well as ladies?

"Two Little Cupids" reminds its readers of the real value of children.

You sure come in strong on jokes in the March number. They're fine—keep them up next time.



The mental caliber of our Alumni Association is certainly above par. Now don't you believe it? If you don't, what do you think of this? Everett Truesdale will graduate from Reed College, of Portland, Ore., this coming summer. He recently further manifested his great wisdom by improving a short period of rest from his strenuous labors in visiting the "Old Sem." last Campus Day, March 26.

And what about this? Elvis Cochrane, '11, is president of the Senior class, Greenville College.

But we will change the subject, lest you should be entirely overwhelmed by further recital.

You know our sister city to the south is very attractive. Indeed, so much so that Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Thomas, '05, have left Seattle to help make and to "watch Tacoma grow."

The Misses Millican and Kelley, also Helen Johnson, all of the illustrious class of '14, are planning to take normal training next year preparatory to entering upon the life of "school marms." A little bird told us this.

One of the telephone offices in this city is affording a patience-trying occupation for Eleanor McLaughlin, '14.



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After all, "there is no place like home." At least so thinks Mary Johnson, another member of the last Senior Class. She is "zu Hause" with her mother this year.

Do you know what it is to "become a Benedict"? If you don't just ask Mr. Skuzie when you see him with a blushing little lady, who is now his bride-to-be.

Our Alumni family is so active that we can scarcely let you have a little peep into our inside life until the scene of action is changed to some other place. Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Barnes and their little daughter have moved from Portland, Ore., to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Frank Bailey, '09, and his wife, who was formerly Viva Flory, '06, are residing at Falls City, Wash. Mr. Bailey, the tenor singer of the famous "Olympiad-Quartette," is one of the principal school teachers in that place.



Mrs. Lawrence: "What immediately rises in your head when you think of Torecelli?" Bob Grafe: "A vacuum."

Prof. Stillwell: "Always run over your sentence with your eye and pick it out."

E. G.: "Do they raise peaches in Wenatchee?" C. C.: "Do they?"

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Well, I should say. I came from there."

Wilder: "Do you know everything you are saying is going in one ear and out of the other?" Stephens: "What is there to prevent?"

Mary Scott: "I'm going to be an old maid." Thuline: "Oh, I heard a girl say that before, but she changed our mind—after our acquaintance."

Prof. Marston: "What is the right use of 'He loves music?'" Tur-
nidge: "You can't love anything that doesn't love you."

G. R.: "Oh, look! You have broken that frog's leg." E. L.: "Mr
Thomas, you will have to let him borrow your crutch now."

C. Campbell (as her room mate was cleaning the transom): "Lizzie,
don't do that—I shall catch cold."

O. H. (to Miriam Marston): "Miriam, what do you want for that
hole in your dimple?" Miriam: "Cainy" (candy).

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