

May 1st, 1913

The May 1913 Cascade

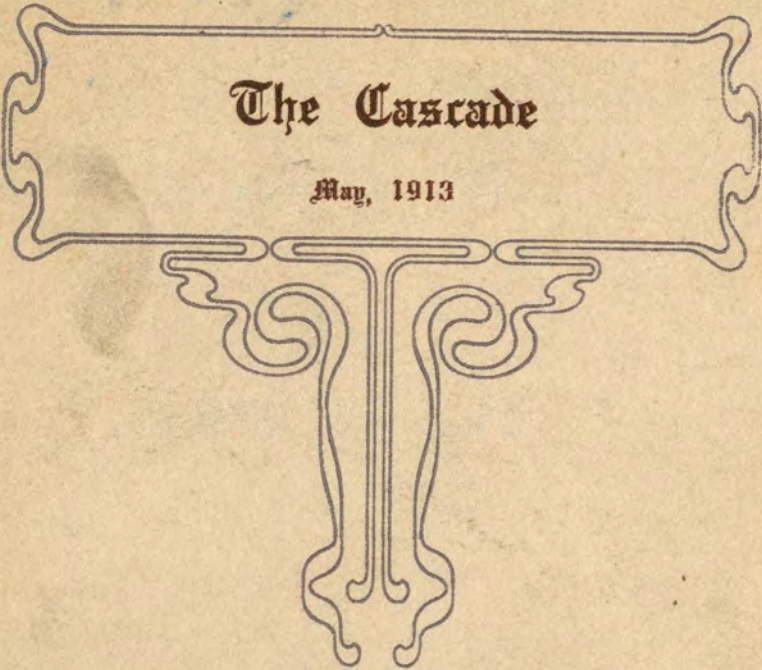
Seattle Seminary

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

Recommended Citation

Seattle Seminary, "The May 1913 Cascade" (1913). *Seattle Seminary Publications*. 48.
https://digitalcommons.spu.edu/archives_publications_seminary/48

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.



The Cascade

May, 1913

D.M. and Bessie Higbee

PHONES : NORTH 219
RES. NORTH 807

D. R. WATSON
F. J. WATSON

Fremont & Ross Transfer Co.

R. D. WATSON MANAGER,
FURNITURE & PIANO MOVING
Baggage Called For And Delivered -- Good Storage Room
Office : 3210 Fremont Avenue

For fine Watch & 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 twenty-two 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.

Webster & Stevens

COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

We Take Anything--Anytime--Anywhere
Amateur Finishing, Bromide Enlarging, Copying, Lantern Sides
436 Arcade Annex Phone Main 3743 SEATTLE

C. J. M^c Cutchin

Dry Goods

Men's Furnishings -- Shoes to fit all of the family

710 Blewett Street

FREMONT

D. M. Higbee

WHY go down town for Boots and Shoes and Gents' Furnishing Goods when you can be as well suited, and cheaper, too, at home.

ED. ROBINSON & SONS

Gents' Furnishings, Boots & Shoes

THE "PLA"ZA STORES

Corner Fremont Avenue and Ewing Street

RELIABLE GOODS ONLY

FREMONT

LOWMAN & HANFORD CO.

616-620 FIRST AVENUE, SEATTLE

BOOK SELLERS

STATIONERS

COPPER PLATE

ENGRAVERS

THE ROSS MARCHÉ 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

COR. THIRD AVE. WEST AND BERTONA ST.

PHONE IND. A 1816

The L Cascade

is going to give another programme similar to the one it gave last year on Friday night, May 23, at 8 o'clock, in the Seminary Assembly Hall.

Some interesting features will be:

Selections from The Cascade,
Induction of the Staff for 1913-14,
Awarding of Prize for the best Class Paper,
Special music.

Those who attended the programme rendered last year will remember what a successful one it was.



Remember the date !!

Friday evening, May 23

The people of Ross have "hitched their wagon" of progress to this magnetic sign :::::::::::

Fremont Drug Co.

and are profiting thereby. ¶ Inside of its sincere cooperative principle there is absolute protection from unscrupulous competition. ¶ For more than 20 years our name has stood for honesty, a reasonable profit, courtesy to our patrons. Their interests have always been given equal consideration. ¶ That is one of the many reasons why we are Successful Druggists.

"The Kodak Store"

TO THE SENIOR GIRLS

SWEET, RELIABLE COMBINATIONS OF
FEMININE NIFTINESS,—FAIR AS THE
MORNING SUN—AND SOMETIMES AS
COLD AS THE MORNING AFTER,—AND

TO THE SENIOR FELLOWS

THOSE DASHING, CHIVALROUS, AND
JOLLY SPECIMENS OF CIVILIZATION:
AS A TOKEN OF
OUR APPRECIATION FOR
YOUR EXCELLENT EXAMPLE, AND
YOUR UNTIRING EFFORTS TO DIRECT
OUR FALTERING FOOTSTEPS; NOT FOR THE
WORTH OF THIS PAPER, BUT OUR
SINCERE REGARD FOR YOU,
WE DEDICATE
THE JUNIOR NUMBER OF THE CASCADE TO

THE SENIOR CLASS

SPRINGTIME.

ADA BEEGLE

When hearts are light and free
Oh, springtime is a joyous time,
As cooling zephyrs wafted by,
Or waves, that dance in glee.

The sparkling streams go bubbling by,
The sunbeams dance and play;
O'er hill and dale and wooded vale
They linger all the day.

The birds begin in early morn,
And swell their throats with notes of praise,
Their sweetest songs to sing,
Till all the wild-woods ring.

Wild flowers pert, lift up their heads
Midst green grass here and there,
And buzzing sounds of honey bees,
Float on the balmy air.

So give me Spring, and then I'll sing
Her beauties rich and rare,
For wondrous is God's handiwork,
Now visible everywhere.

Cheer up! sad heart, just try a smile,
Give every trouble over,
There's still some blue in the sky for you,
There's sweetness yet in the clover.

Go out in the fields where lambkins play,
And daisies and buttercups nod,
The ill thots die, and troubles flee,
When the heart's alone with God.

THE CASCADE

LIFE.

BURTON BEEGLE

Life! What is life? Who can correctly answer this important question? To Shakespeare, life seemed but a dream or a walking shadow; to the Psalmist, life was like unto a flower of the field, that today is and tomorrow is withered and gone. But to all does it not seem that Longfellow had the right conception of life when he said:

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
'Was not spoken of the soul."

Look, for a moment, at all the shipwrecks along the shores of time. What caused their frail barks to be dashed to pieces on the rocks of tribulation and on the reefs of sin? It is evident that for all such disasters there must be a cause. But what could lead a person to choose a route that would terminate so disastrously?

Was it not from the fact that many had not the true conception of life and what it is to live; not merely to exist, but to have a life that is rich with the perfumes of the flowers of kindness and sympathy. Perhaps they were influenced by others. The frown of a friend, the sneer of a loved one, or the unkind word of a brother may have started them out on the tempestuous sea of life with no pilot on board and with no star to guide them to the haven of rest.

There is no spectacle better calculated to lead the mind to serious reflection than that of an aged person, who, when nearing the end of life's journey, looks back over the long vista of his years only to recall opportunities unimproved. What voice can now bring cheer and gladness to that heart? What smile can sweep away the gloom and despair that have settled like a fog over his life? None, I say. None. To him life has been a sad failure and now in its evening, after all his years have been spent as for naught, he realizes that life was indeed more than an existence, and he now feels the burnings of anguish in his own breast. But too late! He can not retrace his

THE CASCADE

steps. Could he do this he would give worlds. Could he again live over those years, how differently they would be spent. But all such hopes and wishes are in vain, and now he must enter the threshold of eternity alone, empty-handed, and with a soul afraid to meet its Maker.

How sad is such an ending, and how heart-rending is such a scene. Yet how many souls there are that are preparing themselves for just such an end. To all the possibilities and joys of life they seem blinded. To its realities they seem asleep. O, that some power would shake them from their lethargy and cause them to realize where they are drifting!

Let us all remember that it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die. But may we ever keep before us the fact that true life consists not in living for self, but in living for others. And all who learn this great lesson shall be showered with the dews of heaven and will sparkle and shine, and shall not only light the way for others, but shall banish darkness and gloom from their own pathway.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

And as we pass along through life may we ever strive to scatter flowers in the way of others, the beauties and perfumes of which will sweeten their sad lives and bring to them much hope and gladness. And may we not, like the unwise, in pursuit of the rich gew gaws of pleasure, pass by the real gems of life.

In Memoriam

IT WAS WITH DEEP SORROW THAT WE
LEARNED OF THE RECENT DEATH OF

MARGARET ARRASMITH

WHO FOR TWO YEARS WAS A MEMBER
OF OUR CLASS OF 1914.

AS A SCHOOLMATE SHE ENDEARED
HERSELF TO US BY HER BEAU-
TIFUL CHARACTER.

THE MEMORY OF HER UPRIGHT, UN-
SELFISH LIFE AMONG US WILL
ALWAYS BE AN INSPIRATION
TO US, HER SORROW-
ING FRIENDS.

ISABELLE.

RUTH WEST

It was midsummer.

The air in my room had become oppressive. I tossed aside my paper, lowered the light, and opening the door carefully, lest I arouse the family, crept stealthily along the corridor to the veranda. I paused, fascinated. The moon had just risen over the east tower and flooded the terrace with a soft, silvery splendor. The shadows of low clinging shrubbery and tall swaying poplars, through whose branches the breeze played mournfully, lent weird enchantment to the scene.

It had been just such a night as this. Oh! if I could banish from me that bitter memory that lingered so vividly, and recall those cruel words that hunted me continually. She had stood before me, proud, haughty, beautiful. She had lifted her lovely eyes to me in mute appeal, and in their unfathomable depths, expressions of reproach and defiance were struggling for predominance. She had turned without a word and left the room. She had gone—gone out of my life.

I dropped to the step almost unconsciously, and turning my face toward the heaven, the evening breezes fanned my fevered brow. My heart beat fast! My head throbbed! I leaned forward with a cry from a heart that is wrung with all the agonies of suspense, gasped faintly—"Isabelle!"

I was startled from my reverie by a slight movement among the bushes. I listened breathlessly, and had concluded that I must have been mistaken, when the most heart-rending moan rent the air, and vibrated through the garden. I clasped the posts for support. Could it be! Had she at last heard my penitent prayer, my heart's call? I leaped to my feet and started down the drive in a maze of bewilderment. I stopped short! She was coming towards me! She was in clinging white; her eyes shone like stars; her step was stately, queenly. She paused for a moment, and glanced around her as if preparing for flight. She was now but a few feet from me. Would the vision leave me? I threw my arms out wildly and with a leap she was in them. I clasped her to my bosom. I covered her with caresses, and whispered in her ear, "Really, Isabelle, you are the most beautiful cat in the world." "Meow!"



THE FORGED CHEQUE.

ELEANOR MC LAUGHLIN. '14

I had been a clerk in the employ of the Barnes & Co. Savings Bank but a short time when an interesting incident occurred. One morning the head clerk called me to him and showed me a cheque which had been presented at the cashier's window that morning. It had been signed by the president of the bank, but the date appeared to have been changed. We were discussing it when the president himself entered the office. We immediately took the cheque to him, explaining that the old man who had presented it was being detained in an anteroom of the office. A puzzled expression settled upon the banker's face, and then without a word he turned to the anteroom. He quietly opened the door a fraction of an inch and looked in. He stood still for several minutes and when he came back to us his eyes were full of tears. Pulling up his chair he bade us sit down.

"Boys," he began, "this cheque was made out by my father years ago, but I am going to honor it now. When I was a young man,—it seems an eternity since then,—I brought the displeasure of my father upon myself. One night when I returned from the club my father was waiting for me. He was very angry and handing me a cheque—this cheque—he told me that from that time he disowned me as his son. That night I left the city. I secured a position, but my former habits led me astray. A few months later, before it had become necessary for me to use the cheque which my father had given me, I learned that his bank had failed and the shock had killed him. The cheque was now worthless, but for some unknown reason I kept it. There was nothing left me now to remind me of the old pride and ambitions. Months passed and I went from bad to worse.

Years followed one another in rapid succession. One night I found myself, listening to the singing of a little band of Salvation Army workers. I remembered the song as one my dear old mother sang years ago. A short time before it might have kindled a spark of inspiration in my breast, but that night I was beyond even that. Despondency and despair settled upon me like a cloud, and I wended my way—to the river. When I reached the bank all was still but the swirling of the dark water at my feet. I stood there a moment and then taking off my hat I knelt, the first time in years, and prayed to my mother's God. Ah! friends, it was the prayer of a man about to take his own life. I arose and stretched my arms high above my head when a hand was laid on my arm. I turned and face the old, broken-down man in that room, but he was not old then.

He took me home with him and a few days later I went to work at an honorable position. Before I left the home of my rescuer, prompted by the old boyish love of fun, or perhaps by some deeper feeling, I slipped this cheque into his pocket. From that time, though it was years ago, I have not seen

him till today. The day he befriended me was the turning point for better in my life. At length I succeeded in re-establishing my father's bank and now I hold the position which he held before his death. What the years have brought to my benefactor, I can only guess. So, friends, though this cheque, in a sense is forged I am going to redeem it."

The president arose and went into the room with the forger, closing the door behind him. I do not know what passed in that room, but some time later I heard the street door close and looking out I saw the president talking earnestly to the old, ragged, stoop-shouldered man as they walked together up the street.

That evening I stopped for a friendly talk at the banker's home. With the freedom of a long friendship I went directly to his den where I knew I should find him. The thick carpets silenced my footsteps and for a moment I stood unperceived, in the door way of the room. Sitting in front of the hearth in which a merry fire crackled sat the "forger" looking ten years younger. He was comfortably clad and leaned back with eyes closed in a great easy chair, while a happy smile lighted up his face. The president of the bank sat near him, reading aloud from a magazine. Now and then he looked up at the old man with a tender, loving expression as if he rejoiced in the peace and happiness which were expressed there and in the thought that he had been instrumental in making the old man happy.

The president of Barnes & Co. Savings Bank had not forgotten his former benefactor.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

JOSEPHINE KELLEY

The flames danced merrily about the logs in the fireplace, casting their rays on the beautiful face of the girl reclining in a large chair before it. Her hands rested gently on the open Bible in her lap. She read the chapter again, and lay back and thought long over that portion relating to the "Prodigal Son." Slowly her mind wandered from that passage to the days of her happy youth. Vividly she recalled her eighteenth birthday. She and her life-long friend, now a promising young man of twenty-one, who was about to go away to finish his college course, had taken their lunch and gone out on the lake. It was a memorable evening, for there they had planned their future life. Three years had lapsed since that night, and he had written to her only a few letters. But she had heard of his falling in with bad company and learning their evil ways. She had gone West with her parents to their attractive new home. Here in the midst of their happiness, her father had been suddenly

snatched from them. Then followed the saddest days of her life. Within a short time her mother, grief-stricken, left her an orphan. Then followed several years of loneliness. Her only companion was Dinah, the faithful woman who had lived with the family since they had come West. Thoughts of her father, her mother, and of the friend who had been unworthy, brought her much sadness and longing as year after year passed by.

Suddenly the shrill whistle of a heavy freight train, sounded out on the crisp night air, and roused her from her reverie. Why should a train stop there? She arose and went to the window. Down at the crossing she saw men rushing from one end of the train to the other. She hurried down stairs and called Collins, and asked him to go down and see what had happened. They had scarcely crossed the hall when they heard men's voices and footsteps, coming up on the veranda. Collins opened the door. Before them stood two men, bearing in their arms the unconscious form of a man.

"Madam," began the engineer hurriedly, "this man has been seriously injured and if"—

"Yes, yes," interrupted Margaret, "bring him in. Here, Collins, take them up to the East Room and I'll call Dr. Brown."

About a half-hour later the physician came down and informed Margaret carelessly that there was not much hope for the poor fellow." Then, taking his hat, the Doctor walked out of the room without further ceremony. Margaret was thoroughly disgusted at his attitude and determined to see that the sick man should receive every attention necessary for his recovery.

For five days he lay at the point of death, and during the entire time was faithfully cared for by Dinah. At length the crisis was passed and one morning a short time after Margaret decided to go down and visit him. She walked softly down the hall and paused before the open door. She gasped—the color left her cheeks, but instantly she recovered herself. She was surely dreaming. She stood speechless, gazing at the man who was standing by the window. Suddenly she roused herself and acting as if nothing had happened, she entered the room.

"Good morning," she said with an effort, "and how is our patient today?"

Startled at that voice, the young man turned his fine manly face toward her. "Margaret!" he said; "Is it possible?" He started toward her, but thinking of his past life, he stopped as if stunned.

Margaret quickly found her way to his side and in her sweet way, told him she knew all, and had never ceased to pray for him. The engineer had told her he was working his way to the West, where he intended to start life anew. The young fellow dropped to his knees crying:

"Margaret, I long to know the One whom you trust and who makes you so sweet and forgiving. Help me find the way."

In a few moments they arose and he knew he was forgiven by their Father and wished to be forgiven by her also.

"Margaret," he said, "I don't deserve this happiness after the way I have wasted my years, but this is the happiest moment of my life—the first time I ever realized that God is so good."

Poets' Corner

MOTHER.

HELEM JOHNSON

Last night as I sat dreaming,
And thot of my chillhood days,
A vision of you passed before me
That set my mind ablaze!

I see you as you sat there,
In that dear, old-fashioned chair,
With the firelight playing round you,
And touching your silver hair.

Your shoulders are bent and weary,
And your brow is wrinkled with care;
For many burdens you've carried,
Burdens hard to bear.

But alas! my vision is over,
Broken by music clear;
But I'll never forget your sweet vision,
And the memories of you, so dear.

ROSE M.

BURTON BEEGLE

There be none of all the flowers
That e'er grew on land or sea,
That are like the dimpled roses—
They're the fairest ones to see.

So when your heart is heavy
And your life is full of care,
Just look upon the smiling Rose,
And you'll find blessing there.

And when your sight is fading,
And your eyes grow old and dim,
The fragrance of the Rose will be,
What once the sight had been.

THE WAY OUT.

VIOLET HAVILAND

I am in a bad dilemma,
And I see no pathway out;
Things are really looking serious,
And I feel inclined to pout.

I am not a poet, neither
Am I of poetic mind;
But a modest, prosy maiden,
Striving wisdom's path to find.

If I were but Rose or Lily,
Or if even Pearl or Grace,
Perhaps among the lofty minds,
I'd hold more honored place.

But being just a Violet,
I'll fill my lowly sphere,
Bring sweetness to the sufferer,
--And to the sad good cheer.

But where'er the Master needs me,
In some larger, nobler place,
He'll make e'en my life a poem,
And thus save me from disgrace.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO KIPLING.)

MARY CATHEY

When the last Physics lesson is ended,
And the last experiment is dry,
When the last wretched problem is finished,
And our paradise seems nigh,
We shall rest—and faith, we shall need it—
Sleep peacefully if we can.
Then we'll wake, and come back to the Sem in the fall,
And take Physics over again.

It's here, it's there, it's everywhere;
It is a vision in the air.
In the shadow, in the light,
In the great big moon at night—
Everywhere I turn my eyes,
That girl! oh my, that girl!

MARY MILLICAN



MARY CATHEY—

Any good that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now.



HELEN JOHNSON—

From the crown of her head to the soles of her feet she is all mirth.



RUTH WEST—

Not because she's gay and pretty,
Not because she's bright and witty,
But just because she has "ze Charme."



MARY EVA—

"Her mouth ful smal and thereto soft and read."



BURTON BEEGLE—

He has the wisdom of an heape of learned men.



FLORA JOHNSTON—

"The world's a stage." I like the world.



MARY MILLICAN—

Quite a girl.



ALTHEA MARSTON—

A sudden thought strikes me—
Let's swear eternal friendship.



ELEANOR McLAUGHLIN—

If you have something to say, first think carefully and then don't say it.



WALTER SCOTT—

Three cheers, not so loud as to be vulgah; one, two, three! Freshmen!!



NORA JOHNSTON—

"They say most folks are mould-
ed out of faults,
And the most become much more
the better
For being a little bad."



JOE KELLEY—

We love her for her smiles, her
looks, her way of speaking
gently.



MARY JOHNSON—

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens
are."



VIOLET HAVILAND—

"Her eyglein twynkled in her
head aright,
As do the stars on a frosty
night."



JOHN ROOT—

"He was a man, take him all in
all, I shall not look upon his
like again."



ADA BEEGLE—

German she spak, ful faire and
fetishly, after the maner of
Seattle Sem, for Deutch of Ber-
lin was to her unknown.

AGNES SCHNEIDER—

"In felawship, wel konde she
laugh and carpe."

JUNIOR LAMENT.

ALTHEA MARSTON



F all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'

We are ever reminded of those happy days
of yore (in our Freshman year) when we were
equal—in number. Most of the Junior boys have
gone—after two brief years of struggle. They
left us sad and lone to mourn their loss. Nor
criticism, nor trials of Sem. life, nor flunking,
nor the fury of the faculty can touch them farther.
They have taken their places in the Elysian Fields
of life. Behold! our eyes fill with tears. Alas!
that we did not realize, until too late, what pre-
cious articles they were.

Ah me! 'Tis true we've only three lone fellows.

Ehew! It is as it were,

Girls to right of Them,

Girls to left of Them,

Girls behind Them.

But—haply we think on Them, and then, we scorn
to change our state with kings.

NAME.	APPEARANCE.	ORIGINATED FROM.	PROPHECY	REMARKS.
Ada Beegle	Pedagogical	Sunflower	Preceptress of Seattle Sem	"O, that I were something great."
Burton Beegle	Brainy	Noah's Ark	Professor of Bacteriology	Admirer of Henry I.
Mary Cathey	Care-worn	A Slumber Song	Sport Editor of Seattle Sta	No remarks, please.
Mary Eva	Quiet	Morning Star	The Tie That Binds	I am weary.
Joe Kelley	Hurried (?)	The Zoo	Lecturer on Woman Suffrag	"Has anybody here seen Kelley?"
Violet Haviland	Dark eye s	The Sunny South	Florist	Laugh again.
Mary Johnson	Happy	Cream Puff	Athletic Trainer	Oh, you Basket Ball!
Helen Johnson	Smiles	Brickbat	Chauffeuse	The cream of Mount Vernon.
Nora Johnston	Unsonhistic	Heaven	One Can Never Tell	Dark hair is so becoming!
Flora Johnston	Innocent	Ditto	Aeronaut	"Is she not passing fair?"
Mary Millican	Uncertain	Conundrum	Clinging Vine	Who can? Mary Millican, every time.
Althea Marston	Indescribable	The Big Dipper	Making the World Better	Perfectly sane, but you'd never know it.
Eleanor McLaughlin	Dreamy	The Land of Noa	Author	Who put the laugh in McLaughlin?
Stella Peterson	Anxious	Silver	Pianist	Let's get acquainted.
John Peet	Stature	Oak	Minister	Our President is about right.
Arnes Schneider	Modest	The Lost Chord	Slum Worker	A smile that never wears off.
Walter Scott	Dreadful	Scott-Land	Coy-boy	"Good-night!"
Bath West	Intellectual	Chocolate Drop	Journalist	She'll be true as long as you, and not a moment longer.

The Cascade

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

Subscription Rate \$.75 per year

JUNIOR STAFF

MARY CATHEY Editor-in-Chief
 ADA BEEGLE Associate
 JOE KELLEY School News
 ALTHEA MARSTON Joshes
 ELEANOR McLAUGHLIN Societ'es
 MARY EVA Art
 O. R. HASLAM Exchanges

E. A. HASLAM Business Manager
 WM. ROBINSON Associate

Entered at the Seattle Post Office as Second-class matter Feb. 18, 1911.



AFTER-WORD.

We are very glad that no one ever bothers to read an "after-ward," for we wish to express a few words which we would rather no one would read. We have taken the one great opportunity of a life-time to fully express our thoughts.

Regretfully, and humbly, we wish to thank all who have aided us. As school papers are never original, we wish to thank all the school papers ever edited. If you read one, you have read them all. If you publish one, you will never publish another.

Although we don't like to admit it, the work has been interesting, and it is with pleasure we publish the Junior number of the Cascade for dear old Seattle Seminary and her friends.

A SEMINARY FELLOW.

Music, a warm fire, and a week of cramming for exams—this combination caused Joe Knight's downfall.

He had been a student at Seattle Seminary for a year, and had acquired the accompanying steady habits. His home was in the city, and so, although the week from Monday morning until Friday night was passed studiously at the dormitory, the week end was usually spent at his home—or at least we supposed it was.

One Friday night, after an unusually hard week of exams, Joe hurried home to keep an engagement at the home of Miss Marjory Young. At eight o'clock Joe made his appearance, and Marjory met him at the door. He followed her into a dimly-lighted library, and at her direction, dropped into a comfortable Morris chair before the fireplace. Then Marjory stepped over to the piano and began playing a soft, dreamy air. The warm fire, the easy chair and the exquisite music seemed to be getting control of Joe. He felt that he was drifting out into the waves of music.

In his desk in Assembly hall was a piece of music he had intended to bring to Marjory. He was soon hurrying up the steps of the "Ad" building. In the hall he came face to face with Miss Lawrence. She addressed him in her cool, academic tones: "You may compare the principle of the steam engine with the inverse principle in respect to efficiency." Joe trembled, and looked about for a means of escape. She had fathomed his ignorance. He fled up stairs. From Assembly hall came strains of music—what was it? Wood and Beegie thrumming on their guitars? Ah, no! It was the chorus rehearsing. There stood Mr. Cathey waving his baton. Joe slid into his seat and began rumbling along somewhere in the base. They were singing "The Holy City," and had just come to the solo, "Eye Hath Not Seen." "As Mr. Ward is absent," came the voice of the director, "you may take the solo part, Mr. Knight." Did Mr. Cathey know that he could scarcely carry a tune? Fiend! He was trying to expose him! Yet Joe dared not refuse, but sat there shaking like an aspen leaf. He realized dimly that Miss Pete son had played the few preceding measures, and that the eyes of all were upon him. Big drops of perspiration covered his brow. Then he made one frantic, tremendous effort—and he woke up.

The music had ceased; Marjory had left the room. The coals burned low in the fireplace. How long had he been asleep? He jumped to his feet—tip-toed noiselessly into the hall, grabbed his hat and opened the door. As he went down the steps a window opened and a sweet voice floated cut upon the midnight air—"Good night."

Exchanges

We are pleased to inform you again that we print our own paper in the school building. Perhaps you would be pleased to know whether or not it pays. The paper last month cost us about \$60.00. If we had gotten it printed down town it would have cost approximately \$120.00. Judge for yourself whether or not it pays.

Our exchange list has been rather small this month, but quantity does not always go with quality.

The March issue of the "Chevron," Albany, N. Y., is one of the most worthy and spirited papers we have received this year. "Her Soul's Desire" is a poem well worthy of the dignity of its Junior author. We congratulate you on your abundance of good poetry.

The "Clarion," East High, Rochester, N. Y., is our most welcome weekly. We particularly commend you on your "Deutsche Kamerad," but think that perhaps it would be well not to give it too much space. We are Americans, you know; and, too, a good thing, if overdone, wears out.

"Kodak," Everett. Glance over your March number again and see if you can discover about twelve pages of the thirty-six which are scarcely less than foolishness, and about half that amount of real good literature. Don't make us think that all of you are wearing the bells on your caps and sleeves.

"There will be no parting there," sang the bald-headed man as he looked in the mirror.—Ex.

Why are little birds sad in the morning? Because their little bills are all over-dew.—Ex.

Visitor—Is Miss Adams in?

Maid—No, she's out after her dinner.

Visitor—Will she be in after her dinner?

Mail—No, that's what she went out after.

The question is: where is the dinner?—Ex.

Corp.—They tell me your hair is dyed.

R. W.—'Tis false.

Corp.—That's what I told them.

Near-sighted Junior—See what a long shadow the flagpole casts when the sun is low.

Senior—Hush, you boob; that's no flagpole; that's Hi Gill.





SENIORS.

As the scholastic year draws to a close we are more and more assuming the regal dignity of seniors—even Jack Wood is looking serious. How easy our heads could rest on the pillow at night if we had our orations written.

JUNIORS.

We wish to tell the Seniors that we, as a class, planned all sorts of original and unique entertainments and good times for them. But

"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft astray."
And ours were nipped in the bud by the inevitable.

The Junior class has four Johnsons—but they aren't all Swedes. So when we regret the lack of boys in our class, we resort to John Sons, and they do very well.

We are enjoying the spring weather, and as a whole—the girls are escaping the usual "spring epidemic," but we can't speak so good a word for the boys.

As a class, we are becoming quite athletic. You really would enjoy watching the girls play basketball. It's so exciting! Leave it to the Juniors to keep something moving.

SOPHOMORES.

Time for class notes again, eh? Well, I can hardly believe it. Time, oh where, oh where, has it gone? Does it seem possible that year which was going to be so long and tedious is almost past? And that our work, which

THE CASCADE

has at times been quite taxing and difficult, is nearly done? And really it has not been so very hard after all. For our kind teachers, who mark out the way for us, are constantly lightening our burdens with their bright countenances and cherry smiles. So as we go onward, we are not only looking forward with great pleasure, but also on the past. For we look upon it with a degree of great satisfaction.

FRESHMEN.

The Freshmen have not performed any great exploits this month, so there is nothing of special interest to report. What can you expect at this time of the year, when the call of spring lures the thoughts of the unwary Freshman to some mountain stream where the trout skip, or perhaps to a vision of a moonlight row on the lake.

Prof. Stilwell has introduced his Latin class to Caesar.

We agree with Prof. Bagley that Algebra is not hard when you know how to do it.

Freshman (translating) "Let us not love."

Prof. Stilwell (dramatically)—Oh, that every student would be willing to follow that in school.

ALETHEPIANS

Our meetings have been somewhat irregular of late on account of the various public functions. However, we are now ready to begin again with greatly increased vim and zeal.

At our last meeting, after an excellent program, refreshments were served, consisting of punch, stuffed dates, and oh, just lots of good things. Misses Logan, Marston and Lawrence were our guests.

"Just you keep a-waiting 'till the good time comes, Phills."

LOCALS

During the few weeks since the publication of the last Cascade we have been leading a fast life. The musical given by Miss Rustad's pupils was excellently rendered and appreciated by quite a large audience.

The other morning Prof. Marston arose in chapel exercises and announced that he had something to say, but that as he was not very well acquainted with his subject he would need notes. Then began an elaborate search. Seven or eight pockets were emptied and we looked with amazed eyes upon such articles as a lady's silver change purse. At length he gave up, and told us that the English teachers were convinced that we needed a spelling match. It was decided to have one, with the Phills opposing the Alethepians. You see students everywhere now, carrying little red spellers.

Some members of the Physics class, and others also, visited the "Minnesota" and tried to apply their knowledge of steam engines, etc. Mr. Allen conducted them around and all had a fine trip.

Bishop Sellew gave an instructive speech to the student body. We have to pay close attention now-a-days, for when we get into English class, Miss Logan begins to question us about the lecture and soon discovers whether we were listening, or—well—getting Deutsch. Rev. C. H. Sawyer, who is visiting the West, addressed the school April 21. We enjoyed his remarks the more as he is the father of David Sawyer, a graduate of Seattle Seminary.

A very exciting incident stirred the campus from center to circumference a short time ago. Two of the teachers were very properly serving breakfast to some—ah—friends—in the laboratory, when some very clever fellows conceived the idea of locking them in. It looked for a while as though escape were impossible, but the—friend gallantly, with sheer physical force, opened the door and the lives of all were saved.

Joshes

'Tis midnight and the setting sun
Is rising in the glorious West.
The rapid rivers slowly run
And frogs are in their downy nest.
The festive goat and sportive cow
Hilariously leap from bough to
bough.

Mary Eva (in Geometry)—I can't
get this proposition, I get my sides all
twisted up.

Prof. Burns—What is The Hague
Tribunal?

Nora J.—The Hague Tribunal ar—
Prof. B.—Don't say are, use is.

Nora J.—The Hague Tribunal isbi-
trates national controversies.

John Logan (in English)—The

hand which made the mighty heav-
ens made a grain of sand; which
made the lofty mountains, made a
drop of water; which made you,
made the grass of the field; which
made me, made a daisy.

Deep wisdom—swelled head;
Brain fever—he's dead.—A Senior.

Fair one—Hope fled;
Heart's busted—he's dead.—A Junior.

Played football, 'nuf said;
Neck broken—he's dead.—A Sopho-
more.

Milk famine—'tis sad;
Starvation—he's dead.—A Freshman.
—Ex.



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, Ner-
vousness, 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.

The Domestic Hand Laundry

wishes to announce that it has added a

Wet Wash Department

Prompt delivery

FREMONT

Phone--North 1294

Scottie came out of the dining hall
and met Morgan coming from Fre-
mont.

Scott—How are you?

Morgan—I've just eaten a bowl of
oxtail soup and I feel bully.

Scott—I've just eaten a plate of
hash and I feel like everything.

Henrietta (translating)—Hae in
Galla est importantus.

"Hike into Gaul, it's important."

A little Japanese attended the mu-
sical recital and sat next to Mary
Johnson. Mary said: "Your Japan-
ese compress the ladies' feet in your
country, do you not?"

"Oh no, madam," he said, "we al-
low our ladies' feet to grow to their
full size—not that—" and he bowed
low—"not that they could ever hope
to rival yours."

C. Anderson (signing registration
card.—Born—Yes.

A certain party stood on Millican's
front porch, preparatory to depart-
ure. The young man leaned against
the doorpost. Suddenly, Mr. Milli-
can, sleepy and indignant, appeared
on the scene. "Young man, release
that door bell kindly, and let the
family rest."

Addie Patterson (coming home
from the Kaffee Klatch)—"Well,
mother, I got the booby."

"Why come right in and let me
meet him," gushed the parent.

Just get together with yourself
And trust yourself with you,
And you'll be surprised how well your-
self

Will like you, if you do.

It was cold, and her hands were
cold, too,

And I—well, wouldn't you?

It was cold, and my hands' were
cold, too.—Ex.

DONT'S.

Don't carry more than one lesson
book. Everyone can tell you go to
school.

Don't try to be excused for late-
ness. Your funeral is the only thing
accepted.

Don't hurry home after school.
Lots of pupils stay to visit the
teachers.

Don't always judge a pupil by his
marks. He may not have earned
them.

Don't fail to spread your knowl-
edge. Let some one else get mark-
ed for your mistakes.

Don't come regularly to school.
Absence makes the heart grow fond-
er.—Ex.

A divinity student named Fiddle,
Refused to receive his degree,
For he said, "'Tis enough to be
Fiddle,

Without being Fiddle, D. D."—Ex.

Metropolitan Cafe

Where Everybody Eats

Open All Night

A clean and comfortable
place to eat.



Corner Fremont Ave. & Ewing St.

Vot tink as he iss all der pie?
 Vot makes der teacher vish to die?
 Der Senior!
 Vot tink he's in it mit der girls?
 Vot effer vlowery sbeeck unvirils?
 Der Senior!
 Vot is der High School's greatest
 ills?
 In fact, vot iss der greatest pills?
 Der Senior!

George Allen had met with a serious
 accident and his mother was
 afraid it would leave a permanent
 scar on his lip.

"Don't worry, mother," he said,
 "my mustache will cover it."

A jolly young Physic's tough
 While mixing a compound of stuff,
 Dropped a match in a vial
 And after a while
 They found his front teeth and a
 cuff.—Ex.

The potato's eyes were full of
 tears,
 The cabbage hung his head;
 There was grief in the kitchen on
 that day,
 For the vinegar's mother was dead.
 —Ex.

Say, what's the use in taking stock
 In everything you hear?
 Why rip the lining out of Scott
 And make Root look so queer?
 You cannot always tell my girl,
 Perhaps it's all a lie;
 Just get around behind a tree
 And watch yourself go by.

The COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

of
 The Cascade

this year will be edited by
 the SENIOR CLASS.

It will have some very attractive
 features, among which will be an
 individual engraving of each member
 of the Senior Class.

25 c per Copy
 ORDER NOW!!

Cleaning - Dyeing - Repairing & Pressing

Fremont Pressery

3420 Fremont Ave.

Branch of DIXIE DYE WORKS

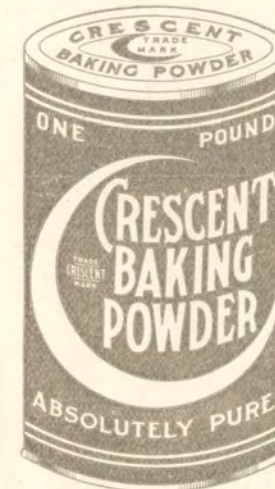
Any work intrusted to us will be doae properly and to your satisfaction

**Absolute Purity
 Effectiveness
 Wholesomeness**

is what you get in

**CRESCENT
 BAKING
 POWDER**

It contains two power
 units and cannot
 fail to raise the dough.
 An interruption in
 mixing or delay in
 baking will not de-
 stroy its efficiency.



Set your batter at
 night and bake your
 cakes in the
 morning.

It leaves no unwhole-
 some residue in
 the food, and
 it is perfectly healthful.

25c

for full pound can
 at all grocers.

Crescent Manufacturing Company

Seattle, Washington.

DESIGNING
ILLUSTRATIONS
HIGH CLASS
ENGRAVINGS

SEATTLE
ENGRAVING
CO. SEATTLE
WASH.
917 WESTERN
AVENUE

Plates, Hubs & four Color Process Plates Duo-Tones Zinc Etchings

Phone Elliot 1805

Portraits, Views

The
Hamilton
STUDIO

PCCMS 675-680 CCLMAN BLDG.
811 First Avenue SEATTLE, WASH.

Domestic Hand Laundry

First Class Work Best Prices

612 Ewing Street, Fremont O. R. Haslam, Sem. Agent

"If You're Wise You'll Advertise"

BULL BROS.

INC.

Just Printers.

STEEL DIE WORK

ENGRAVING

WEDDING and

COMMERCIAL and

OFFICE STATIONERY

JOB PRINTING

PAMPHLET and CATALOG WORK

Phone Main 1043

SPRING AT THIRD

The Ross Marche Mercantile Co., Inc.

WM. VIRGO, Manager.

Dealers in Fancy Groceries, Fresh, Dried and Salt Meats, Confectionery, Stationery and Notions, Flour, Hay, Grain and Feed

Prompt Delivery, Goods guaranteed 3300 Third Ave. W. Cor. Bertona

Don't forget!

We are still in the Picture Business.

Seattle Sem Kodak Shop

Haslam Brothers

Seattle Seminary & College

A PROTESTANT CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL

Twenty years under same management.

A boarding and day school.

Strong faculty of thirteen competent instructors.

Best social and moral influence.

A beautiful 8-acre campus and 4 well-equipped buildings.

Junior College Work.

College Preparatory Work.

Four four-year courses preparing for leading colleges.

School of Art.

Instructions in Oil, Water Colors and Drawing.

School of Music.

Thorough instruction in instrumental, harmony and theory required to complete course.

School of Elocution.

For further particulars and catalog. address

A. BEERS,

Sta. F.

Seattle, Wash.

Model Electric Laundry

Corner Seneca Street and First Avenue

Sunset Main 507 PHONES

Ind. 509

C. W. Morgan Sem. Agent



THE
STORE
for
Correct
Style

Clothing

\$ 15 to \$ 35

Men's Hats

Furnishings

719 2nd Near Columbia
King Bros. Co.
Correct Apparel for Men

THE
Cooperative

SUMMER
FOOTWEAR

for
Young Men
and Women



*New Styles and better
Values than ever :::::*

Popular Prices:

\$ 2.50 to \$ 5.00

HOYT SHOE CO.

Formerly RAYMOND & HOYT
1402 3rd Ave., Liberty Bld.

Do you know that ::::

**Baseball Goods, Tennis
Racquets and Balls, to-
gether with a very
complete line of Fish-
ing Tackle ::::**

is carried at ::::

The Fremont Hardw'e Co.

706 Blewett Street

"Everything in Hardware"