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The January 1913 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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THE NEW YEAR.

Addie Patterson '36.

Listen! What's the noise?
O, that's the death knell.
Dying, dying, dying.
Softly the tones swell
Out in the night so cold.
The last night of the old, old
Year is dying, dying, dying.

By the striking of the clock,
Into eternity it passes,
Slowly, slowly, slowly,
From the great masses
Of the people, comes a cry.
The old year is passing by,
It is dying, dying, dying.

Hark! The noise increases.
O, that's the birth of the New Year,
Ringing, ringing, ringing.
The bells announce 'tis here,
Out in the frosty air,
Of the morn so bright and fair.
Bells are ringing! ringing! ringing!

Let us not waste the time
Now that it is here.
Singing, singing, singing.
Every one with cheer.
Welcome now the Year so new.
As its first rays fall on you.
All are singing! singing! singing!
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FRESHMAN CLASS
I was not every Bachelor of Science of Yale that found it necessary to seek the Wild West upon graduation. Especially those such as myself, who had shown skill as an all around athlete and had graduated at the head of my class. My financial conditions were not the cause of my becoming a first-class passenger aboard the Delaware, bound for San Francisco, for my father was considered one of the wealthiest men in the New England States.

But in the call of the West in '49 I saw many chances for adventure. The reports of rich strikes of gold in California filled my mind with vivid dreams.

While on route to Pricos I came in contact with a man of excellent character, and we developed a close friendship that lasted through months of trials and hardships. When we arrived at port the crew and the captain, as well as all the passengers, went ashore with the intention of joining the bands in the rush to the gold fields. As my friend, Bill Conard, and I had decided to travel alone, we soon lost track of the rest of the crowd.

Frisco was but a village these days. The law was at the mercy of a few lawless men, who made it a practice to gain by holdups or gamblings the riches that were brought in by prospectors. They had returned from the different diggings, some with large stakes, while others had come into town to purchase a grub stake and return to their respective diggings.

One day when we were walking around the town we ran up against a scene which however was somewhat of a common affair in the West. Nevertheless it impressed me. Here was a company of men gathered about one figure, who seemed to be in the act of doing a jig to a rather noisy tune. It was a new style of composition of music rendered by the man who seemed to be the leader of the gang with a couple of six-shooters. I walked up to the bully, requesting him to cease firing. He was angered by my interruption and replied that he was tempted to request a jig of me. There followed a hot discussion, which resulted in a scuffle. He tried to draw his six-shooter. He had hardly touched the butt of the gun when he found himself doubled up on the ground.

We found our rescued friend to be a minister, who had been out West.
for several months, who was waiting for a chance to invade the mining camp and start a mission. He accepted our invitation to join us. After we had purchased a burro, supplies and mining implements we set out for Dead Man's Gulch. It took us about six days to reach that place, which was a small city of tents and a few log cabins, situated in a gulch surrounded by mountains.

We had secretly established our camp when we were interrupted by a miner, who entreated us to aid a sick man next door to his camp. We consented and found the man in the throes of a very high fever and past recovery. We had been there but a short time when he began to realize that the end was near. He then explained for us to draw near; when we had done so he told us of the whereabouts of a rich mine and gave us full directions and a map, so that it was impossible for us to go astray. He explained a difficult route, but he said that we would be well rewarded for the risk.

After the miner was buried and a letter sent to his folks, we made arrangements for the trip to Lost Man's Land. We found the trail to be rough country, but after two days of travel according to the map we were nearing our destination. On the third day we noticed the trail had been used by a party traveling on burros. The indications along the route showed that they had great trouble to keep the right trail, so we were not detected, and soon hit on the right trail. On the third day we made a long detour. We were not detected, and soon hit on the right trail, so we turned our heads in the direction of the forest, which was heavy. I easily conjectured myself at an observant point. I discovered that their leader was none other than the fellow that I had had the row with in Frisco. His followers were three men, mostly of his own type, ready to commit any crime for the sake of gold. Their conversation dealt on their disposal of the gold they were to find in the neighborhood.

Having burned their mission, I started back and met the boys. I related my discovery, whereat we decided on leaving the trail and making our arrangements to go ahead and find the mine. We would be well rewarded for the risk. We reached Dead Man's Gulch first, returned in six days with papers for the claim, and also a great crowd following in his wake.

I turned my share over to Bill and the minister, as I had plenty of wealth. The minister made excellent use of his capital; he founded missions and assisted the poor. The minister and Bill proposed to make good use of the claim I turned over to them; they decided to locate the dead miner's mother and make her a present of this.

As a boat was to leave in a month for Boston, I had decided to say goodbye to the West and return home. The minister thought it a good time to go East and find the woman, so arrangements were made to save the management of the mine to Bill's hands. From what I heard, the minister found the woman in extreme poverty; the fortune she received was a great blessing to her and others.

**A Convict.**

Margaret Jane, '14.

It was a Sunday afternoon, and the bright rays of the sun stole through the bars of the prison cell and penetrated to the darkest corners. Sitting alone in his dark cell was the prisoner, with his head buried in his hands in deep thought.

His hard, careworn face showed that many years had been spent in sin. His hair was slightly sprinkled with gray, and his face bore deep wrinkles. His eyes were small and piercing, and his dark, heavy eyebrows gave him a more fearful look. His lips were thin and tightly pressed together, and his mouth was drawn down at the corners. The whole expression of his face was one of disappointment and an ill-spent life. Thus he sat that sunny afternoon, shrouded from the bright world and left alone to think of the evil that he had done.

He sat in this position hour after hour, and only once in a while reliving the monotony by pacing back and forth. The silence was only broken now and then by a heavy sigh that seemed to come from his inmost soul. But, listen! The silence was broken by the sound of voices. What were they singing? And now came the words clear and plain:
A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

Cora Smith '76

One New Year's Eve Grandma Neeley sat in her old armchair before the open fireplace, with folded hands, gazing intently at the fire. Her granddaughter, sitting opposite her, broke into the reverie by saying, "A penny for your thoughts, grandma." Grandma turned her face toward the child and with a smile said: "I was thinking of one New Year's Eve that I spent, when your mother was a very small child. "Oh, please tell it to me," said Bluebell.

"All right," agreed grandma. "It was soon after your grandfather and I had taken up our homestead in what was then known as the Far West that we were invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Twist to watch the new year in. Though they lived five miles away from us, they were our nearest neighbors. By no means were we the only persons invited. The neighbors for miles around expected to be present.

"We accepted the invitation because we wished to become acquainted with the people around us." New Year's Eve came. It was a beautiful night. The moon shone on the fresh snow, and the air was cold and bracing.

"We left home about seven o'clock in the evening, arriving at our destination in due time. We spent a very pleasant evening singing hymns and talking. As the clock was striking twelve our host led in prayer, and shortly after we all left for our homes.

"There was a family that lived on the same road that we did, and so we started out together.

"The sleigh bells rang merrily as we glided over the beautiful snow, and we chatted of events of the evening. I remember that I was just remarking to our neighbors that I believed that that New Year's Eve was the most pleasant one I had ever spent, when we heard a fierce howl. Fear chilled my heart, and as I turned to our companions they exclaimed, 'The wolves!' We all turned with one accord, and by the light of the moon we could see a pack of wolves some distance behind us. We whipped up our horses. Faster and faster we went, till we almost flew over the frozen ground, but the hungry beasts gained on us. I strained my child to my heart with the shuddering fear that she might soon be torn from my arms.

"The screams of the frightened children and the fierce howls of hungry wolves was something terrible. They were nearly upon us thought that our end had come, when your grandfather exclaimed, 'The pig!' and handing the reins to me, sprang to the back of the sleigh and threw into the pack of wolves nearly the whole of a pig that we had purchased of Mr. Twist that evening.

"We were nearly home by this time, and while the wolves were devouring the meat we had thrown to them we made all possible
haste to get out of their reach. We soon reached our place, and our neighbors stayed with us that night and went home the next day."

Eluebell, who had sat with open mouth and eyes filled with terror during the narration, remarked at its close: "Grandma, I'm so glad they didn't get you!"

THE BURGLAR.

W. Thulline '16.

'Twas a night in November, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The students were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of school-books danced in their heads,
And Lois in her kerchief and Kate in her cap
Had settled their brains in a long night's nap,-
But, alas! in the night strange noises about,
And from under the covers their heads did peep out.
When what to their wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature light and a bold buccaneer.
He was dressed in blue serge from his head to his feet;
For a moment he paused, as if to beat a retreat.
His eyes, how they gleamed! His manner was wary,
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His puckering mouth was drawn down like a bow,
No beard on his chin for the barber to mow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
Then spoke the bold robber: "Be quiet or I'll shoot!"
For a minute the maidens with terror were mute.
"I've not a red cent," Kate tremulously ventured;
Lois soon found her tongue and most vigorously censured
The robber, while Kate did pray softly, and then
Their screams they united-'twould scare angels and men.
The miscreant decided 'twas no place for him;
Feet first through the window he started with vim.
He twisted and wiggled and twisted some more,
So narrow an opening he could scarcely endure.
Then off to the tall woods he hied him a way;
The girls lost no time to make known the affray.
The boys in their hall, lying peaceful in slumber,
No thought of what was brewing, each cool as a cucumber,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
Some sprang from their beds to see what was the matter.
Away to the windows they flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash;

Then floated these words in a chorus to rouse:
"Come over and help us! A man in the house!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
No trace of the culprit was there to be found.
They measured the footprints, they questioned each man,
Yee, Sherlock Holmes Pitts each detail bare laid—
What color his eyes, was he tall, was he thin?
How far from his nose to the point of his chin?
While Miller in strong terms berated the thief,
And hoped the young rough-neck would soon come to grief.
Now closes the story of an occurrence at school
Which ended so happily by Providence's rule.

THE CASCADE.
Published Monthly During the School Year by the Students of THE CASCADE
the Seattle Seminary.

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Sworn to subscribed before me this 31st day of December, 1912.

Notary Public in and for the state of Washington, residing
at Seattle, Wash.

My commission expires February 27, 1913.

SPECIAL FRESHMAN STAFF.

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GEO. ALLEN
MARGARET WHITESIDES

FRESHMEN EDITORIAL.
The January number of the Cascade is the production of the
Freshman Class of the Seminary. We have sought to make it a paper of
reasonableness and, by now, shall have succeeded to some measure
at least. Much can not be expected from first year students, who have
not colored as deeply into the book of knowledge as the more advanced
classes.

Freshmen in High School occupy a peculiar position. Everyone
is ready to make them the butt of ridicule. Perhaps they do make
some amusing blunders on account of their lack of experience, but
they are willing to profit by their mistakes. Some come to school
from a distance, and find dormitory life a new experience. No doubt
a boarding student gains much valuable knowledge outside the school-
room. This is especially true of a Christian school. The discipline
and necessary restraint, and the close relation between teacher and
student is very helpful to a Freshman.

During the last month three young men of the Seattle Seminary,
C. W. Morrison, O. R. Haslam, and E. A. Haslam, organized the Ross
Publishing Company and opened a print shop in the basement of the
Administration Building. They are endeavoring to do most any kind of
job work. This issue of the paper is printed by them, and as it is
their first attempt at publication work, we trust that the readers will
not be too critical. "Highest Quality and Best Service at a Reason-
able Price," is their slogan. Patronize them in every way you can and
thus help the good work along.

This month the management of the Cascade is introducing a new
feature to promote the interest of the paper. We realize that many
times it is embarrassing for persons to tell the merchants that they
see their ad in the Cascade, so we are introducing a system that will
relieve this situation. Each Seattle subscriber will find several small
cards inclosed in his copy of the paper. All you will have to do will be
Continued on Page 17
At the last meeting of the Phils, which was held Wednesday evening, Jan. 8th, it was decided to discontinue the meetings of the Phils until satisfactory arrangements could be made in regard to the time allowed. The sentiment prevailed that the time limit to be observed so seriously handicapped the activities of the club that it would be advisable to disband for the present.

The greatest event of the school year so far was pulled off on the evening of Dec. 13, 1912, when the Phils held a mock trial on "The Case of Jennie Brice," a story that appeared in Everybody's Magazine. Mock trials on this case were held all over the United States and Canada, and prizes are to be awarded by Everybody's for those conducted. As five prizes, $100, $50, $25 and two $10 prizes, are awarded to contestants in this State alone, we have hopes of carrying off most of the spoils.

The trial was a great success throughout. So interesting was it that the large crowd in attendance was held for over four hours. It was necessarily a long case. Those who have read the story can easily see that. The attorneys, E. A. Haslam for the State and John Logan for the defense, conducted the case in a very judicious manner. Some of the examinations were most scathing. The witnesses testified admirably, and the clerk, Carl Anderson, assumed a most dignified role. The jury was selected from the students and faculty.

To much can not be said in praise of Judge Milo A. Root for the way he conducted the proceedings of the court. He contributed greatly to the success of the trial and afforded much entertainment by his judicial wit and humor. The club is very grateful to him for his services. We felt highly honored to have a judge of his standing conduct the proceedings.

We shall let you know as to the prize awards next month, who so willingly took part as witnesses and as bailiff.

The club also extends a hearty vote of thanks to the young ladies of the Aletheians.

Because of the limited amount of time given for club work, the Aletheians have been compelled to discontinue their meetings until more time is granted them. This is greatly regretted by all members, and has been a source of great discouragement; especially at this time, when great interest was being shown by all and rapid progress being made along all literary lines.

"But our fate is the sad fate of all our clubs."

MISSIONARY NOTES.

At the last missionary meeting the students were favored by an exceptionally interesting address given by our returned missionary from Africa, Bro. Ryff. His description of the domestic and agricultural life of the natives of Natal gave us a vivid picture of how each family lived, and the crude manner in which they cultivated their crops.

Even more interesting was his relation of a trip he took from one station to another. The slow progress of the narrow-gauge railway compared with the headlong pace of the cart and donkey is quite out of keeping with our American conception of traveling.

Mr. Ryff occasionally spiced his talk with amusing anecdotes, told in his own interesting way. And again when he spoke of the danger from fever, to which his comrade fell a victim, their anxiety over losing the trail, and the many other difficulties to which our missionaries are exposed, we begin to realize a little the sacrifice they make in order to carry the gospel to the unenlightened nations.
THE CASCADE

Class Notes

FRESHMEN.

You may ask, “What are the FRESHMEN doing anyway?”

We have completed our work up to Christmas very satisfactorily, and expect in the future to outshine our present accomplishments and keep ever on the upward move.

We are very enthusiastic over the coming debate with the SOPHOMORES and expect to maintain the record of the past few years.

We have been measuring hills in algebra, but have learned the definition of a hill—only a big bluff.

Latin—Amamus.

Algebra is all A’s and B’s.

History’s revealing the dark.

English is remember your T’s.

MISS WHITESIDES.

SENIORS.

Our noble little class correspondent (who by the way is an accomplished musician) has been so busily engaged practicing on her new found note “Hi G.” that she has forgotten to hand in the class notes.

You now knowing the circumstances, we leave it to your generous consideration to overlook any seeming neglect which may have been displayed in the accumulation of the senior notes. However, we are sure to find something startling and fascinating in the future issues.

ED.

JUNIORS.

The Juniors have spent a profitable vacation, and it was much enjoyed after more than three months of hard study. Some returned to their respective homes for the holidays, and others remained at the Seminary, where Christmas was observed with the true spirit.

At present we are preparing for the great event, “Examinations.”

Needless to say, we expect to come forth with our colors flying and “Victory” on our banners.

We are glad to welcome a new member into our class. Miss Agnes Schneider, from Weston, Oregon, expects to finish her junior work at the Seminary.

The name of “Mary” is quite popular among the Junior girls. Perhaps you have noticed that about half of them possess that distinguished name.

SOPHOMORES.

Vacation is over, and, although we would love to stay at home, our studies call us back to the Assembly Hall. We do not intend to slack because we would like to have our own way, but instead we intend to keep climbing upward and onward and stand true to our motto.

Mr. Bell has found school work too hard for his mental capacity, and has decided to take up physical labor.

We are very sorry that Miss Smith had to leave our ranks on account of illness.

SCHOOL NOTES

Mr. Mumaw, a traveling Prohibition lecturer, visited the school on Dec. 6 and gave the students a short address, in which he encouraged us greatly in our work here.

A mock trial on “The Case of Jennie Brice” was held here Friday evening, the 13th. It was intensely interesting, and Judge Root acted as judge.

Mr. Ficelle, the criminal for the evening, was found guilty after a lengthy discussion among the jury.

School closed the 15th, and the students thinned out quite rapidly, but a few stayed to manage affairs, and they were well managed, indeed. We have returned to our work with a determination almost frenzied on the part of some to pass the coming exams.

CELESTINE TUCKER.
We are glad to welcome among our exchanges a number of new friends with whom we are delighted to become acquainted. We are somewhat late this month, due to the fact that we are installing a press with which to print the Cascade ourselves, but you may see by this step that we are a progressive school and well on the upgrade.

Man may be descended from a monkey, but it is certainly true that women spring from a mouse.

Soph.—Did you ever take chloroform?
Freshie—No, who teaches it?

Teacher—Tell what you can of the Mongolian race.
Freshie—I wasn't there, I went to the ball game.

Miller—What would you do if you were in my shoes?
Tim—I'd get a shine.

Miss M. (in German class)—You will all have to get a new book when we finish "Alie Funf," and I should like to know who wants one.

Ludia—Say, Mil, won't you subscribe for the Cascade?
Gil—What's the use of paying 75 cents for the Cascade when I can subscribe to the "Times" for one cent?

Aldridge (in restaurant)—My Coca-Cola is cold.
Waitress—Why don't you put on your hat?

Teacher (in physical geography)—What are the five great races of mankind?
Freshie—The 106, 220, 440, 880 and the mile.

Continued from Page 11

to hand one of those to the merchant, who advertises in the paper, when you call at his store. Even if you do not buy from him at that time, hand him a card anyway, and it will make him feel that you appreciate his patronage of the paper.

Now, students and friends, this is a very important matter. It means the very life of the paper, and surely you are all interested in the success of our school publication. The merchant has a right to expect your patronage. Show your interest by backing up the manager in his efforts to make the paper a success.

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