April 1st, 1914

The April 1914 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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

The Aletheians
Philopolemic Debating Club

Top Row (Left to Right): Bert Whitehead, Geo. Coffee, Wals Folsom, Sam Troutman - Second Row: John Mills, Geo. Allan, Virgini
Thelen, Bruce Wickham, Wm. Stewart, David Rigg, Floyd Hopper, Wayne Davis, Albert Parson, Carl Anderson - Third Row: Dallas Hughes, Walter Scott, Fred Gill, Burton Beagle (President), Elton Smith, Arthur Thomas, John Root - Bottom Row: Wm. Robinson, Floyd Puffer, Squire Willard, Edwin Haslam, Oliver Haslam, Merion Matthewson. There are a number who did not get in the picture.
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Deacon Crankshaw entered the rear door of the kitchen of his sparsely home with two fourteen-quart pails of rich milk. He set them down by the cream separator that stood near the sink and began to explain to those who chanced to come to and fro through the kitchen how the old, red cow had deliberately thrust her "plegged old foot" right into his coat pocket, when he began to milk, and then began to dance vigorously about on three legs, while he praised the Lord and profanated—as rapidly as was consistent for the dignity of a deacon—about the stern end of this ill-tempered cow.

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

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

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

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

Time wore on and supper was served. As they pushed back their chairs for evening worship, the Deacon opened the Bible to the verse which read, "Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set." This was as far as he got, for the memories of the sermon of his new, young pastor, Rev. Robert Lane Hibbard, were still haunting him. The Deacon, by the way, was the best educated man in the neighborhood. He had finished eight years in the district school when he was a boy, had read the Bible through, and, besides, the three books of law that were placed in his possession when he was elected justice of the peace. So he knew that anyone who would dare "stand on the sacred desk," as he said, and tell...
the preacher had preached nothing but the Kingdom of Heaven, and had told the people scarcely anything for the idea propagated on the thrones of crackers; yet boys deacon Crankshaw—leader in thought, politics, and family and young Hidbird's steward—leader in the clear-cut maxims of the kingdom. The morning was held in its exercise, feeling the old-fashioned method, and having the providence. And then for the rest of the summer we were to look into the life of this young man we would find that lack of ready cash, misunderstanding of his honest purpose, and budding of his big heart overflowed with sympathy. Deacon Crankshaw had n't Crankshaw or Cricket and Hi g h -.

brother C r i c k e t. Since his entry upon the work he did mention them he only suggested that they were suitable location for their summer cottages. The Deacon, now seeing, gave the old-fashioned form to his friends, gnawing the spirit of self-examination on for fortv ye a r s. We were to look into the life of this young man we would find that lack of ready cash, misunderstanding of his honest purpose, and budding of his big heart overflowed with sympathy. Deacon Crankshaw had n't Crankshaw or Cricket and Hi g h -.

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As childhood days we call to mind with all their mem'ries dear,
So on the youthful past of this our Native Land with cheer
We dwell, for recollections sweet of by-gone days and years
Endear those good old times long past, yet unforgotten, while tears
Quite tell our visage as we think of life and love, not given
Alone, but lavished by our fathers, who are now in heaven.
That we might have a home, a country free in which to dwell
Apart from Old Intolerance, the curse outspring from hell.
When first sweet Freedom's voice rang out her benediction clear,
It was a time of jubilee, a day of hope and cheer;
The Colonies hark forth the bands of liberty to kings,
And soon was launched the Ship of State which staunch and true
remains.
Brave Statesmen hoisted that old Ship and cried, "Away! Sail on!"
While at the helm, with fervent heart, stood great George Washington.
Thus named by sturdy Statesmen she left Port Tyranny.
The tide was strong, the storm was on, but through the seething sea
The brave helmsman cried, "For every new captain draw a glance of love;
Of sturdy character, who hurl to and fro, and draw a pair of remarkably astute eyes.
Under whose bold banner did we see those good old times long past, yet unforgot, while tears
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Of firm principle he led;
His noble heart was resolved to please his God above.
So sailed the sturdy Ship of State thru many a troubled sea;
Her first great Helmsman passed away, but 'er his firm decrees
For each new captain soundeth forth the cry, "Sail on! Still on!"
Still on she sailed, nor could the wave of the sea unaided
be willed on.
The low'ring sky grew dismal, dark, then faded into night.
A rockin' storm broke forth in rage, the Ship of State was light,
Her crew divided—some drew down their arms in distress;
Another helmsman seized the wheel and in that wilderness
Of raging waves and woe, he called out ever more,
"Back to your place for we must sail! Sail on! Still on! Sail on!"
Thus Lincoln took the helm to guide the sturdy Ship of State;
His eyes were strong and with their might rebelled in wicked hate;
They bowed that old lifesaver "Secession" with a purpose strong,
They struggled, battled, with the waves, but did not battle long;
They plunged into the depths, over the billows' crest.
But vain was hope for strength soon failed and courage with it passed.
Down went "Secession"'neath the waves, there to remain for aye,
Her crew returned on board that old Ship of State to stay.
Once more great Lincoln cried aloud, "Back to your place each man!
The storm is past, the fight of trust in New Orleans' ports! Sail on!"

George Washington, we honor thee, the Father of our land,
We love the sturdy character, the stern yet living hand.
And Lincoln, our Great Martyred Chief, we never could-note thy fame.
Emanation of the bound, Preserver of our name.

The Amateur's Twofold Lucky Adventure

The sun had shone all day and the waters of the Shannon were in a pictoresque splendor which nature alone can accomplish.
Away in the distance could be seen the peaks of Mackliluddy's rock which reflected half way down the mountain's side.
The hawthorne, heather and senery spires were mingled with the abundance of that existing, native fire, and
down in the valley below ran the Shannon's silent, silver stream, upon which skied the fast departing, ruddy beam. In the midst of this inspiring, common sight out two men in their rabbit-hutch shackets, which was used as the office of the Ballykeeleamonagh Golden State.
The men were an eccentric pair. Patrick O'Riley, the owner of the mine, was a farsighted, singular, keen-eyed native of Skibbereen, who had traversed almost half the inhabited span, causing but few sensations in social circles. His melanchins were patched here and there with all sorts and shades of old material, which might have attracted the attention of an amateur artist, but certainly would have been rejected with disdain by a self-respecting trim.
O'Shaunnessy, who was apparently above a juvenile's span older and somewhat robust, was attired in rough corduroys and a Jenny Lynn hat. Under his massive folds of chin belaced and gained a ruby as large as a nutmeg, imbedded in his scarf of crimson silk. From the corner of his spectacles protruded a huge, brown cigar, and occasionally, with half-closed eyes, he would emit fumes of blue smoke. He looked the picture of sturdy, well-fed baseness, although the flickering of his eyelids now and again revealed a pair of remarkably astute eyes. Presently he stretched forth his hand and delivered a fresh supply.
"Well," he said, "what do you say to my offer, O'Riley?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Take your offer, Mr. O'Shannessy," he said calmly, and Mickey expanded into a veritable feast of good nature as they clasped hands.

"That's business, my boy," he said, "and I don't mind saying, 'Here's to the success of the Bullybegadownell Mining Co.', so he lowered another thimblefull.

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

O'Shannessy cabled the news of his arrival in London. Then, three weeks elapsed before his first letter came. It was full of all the preliminary steps he had taken in the formation of the company.

An offer had been received at O'Reily's office to look sideways with annoyance, and a brief announcement of the forthcoming meeting in the company's offices, accompanied by a newspaper and a typewriter, had already caused a flutter of excitement in the mining market. Two days later came another cabledgram, brief but illuminative:

"Capital oversubscribed, hurrah!"

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

"You don't mean to say," he said, and O'Hooligan glanced at the message, then looked at Paddy with a brilliant smile. "I have taken it on the strength of 'O'Shannessy, he said, 'but he must be as sleepy to raise fifty thousand pounds out of the public on a dark horse.'"

"That is what has troubled me all along," said Pat uneasily. "If we rolled off half the lines I told him the people who have subscribed the money must be mad. I have no knowledge of how they难过 things in the streets; but that is how it strikes me."

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

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

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

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

Pat followed her finger and read, "Ballykeeladownagoll Gold, 1-6. sellers." He read it again, slowly searching for a ray of comfor and finding none. Then their eyes met. "Pardon the question, Miss Lowe," said Pat quietly, "are you in any way involved in this—shares, I mean?"  

"My mother is," said Emma. "She was induced by Mr. O'Shan nessy to invest seven hundred pounds in the mine, practically all poor Uncle Bob left, and now—she caught her breath sharply—"It is nearly all gone. She doesn't know it. I have tried to keep her from knowing it. Perhaps I have done wrong, but really I think it would kill her."  

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

Emma stared at him in glad surprise. "Is that true?" she cried.  

"I'm so glad! Then, is the mine going to do well after all?"  

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

Emma produced the share list and the transfer book, and, together, they went into the whole matter. Pat found that, two days after the lists closed, the shares were quoted at 3s. 6d. premium, and that at this price, O'Shan nessy had bid a large block of shares. This had an adverse effect upon the market, but despite this he had continued to undock, and within a fortnight the price had fallen to 12s. 6d. discount. This figure he had obtained for the last block of the twenty thousand. Since then the market had entirely collapsed, until now the shares were practically unsaleable. These were the bald facts of the case, and Pat felt stunned by the exhausted resources of the whole affair. O'Shan nessy had robbed the hire, and was probably now out of the country with the spoil. Bitter indeed was Pat's reflection that he had arrived too late; but he must do everything in his power to remedy matters. His five thousand pounds were still untouched. Reserving the price of Miss Lowe's holdings, there was enough left to at least cause a stir in the market.  

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

"Messrs. O'Neill and Lawerty."

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

Emma rang up the brokers and, after a few questions, said, "They offer a block of three thousand at two shillings. I take them. Tell them so."

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

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

Continued on page 36
In September of the same year Franklin was sent by the United States to France to negotiate a treaty of amity and commerce. With the friendship of the United States to France and the sympathy of the Continental Congress, he was well received in Paris with great enthusiasm. From the first he

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

Congress appointed Franklin to negotiate a treaty of friendship with Spain, but all his efforts were in vain. While in Paris he became acquainted with the Marquis de Lafayette, and recommended him to the American authorities. He also succeeded in securing better treatment for American prisoners in England, and eventually had the pleasure of seeing them honorably exchanged according to the rules of war.

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

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

In 1781, Franklin, together with Jay, Laurens, Jefferson and Adams, was appointed peace commissioner. Jefferson never left the United States and the other members so delayed their coming to Paris that Franklin, in the beginning, was left alone. He discovered the differing jurisdictions of the two Secretaries of State and created separate negotiations with each, playing the one off against the other. Fox's representative soon became disgusted and left for England. About this time the Prime Minister, Lord Rockingham, died. Fox went out of office, and Lord Shelburne became the new Prime Minister. Franklin now had a clear field, and he pushed the negotiations as rapidly as possible. The treaty was almost completed before his colleagues arrived, but it was not entirely satisfactory to the other commissioners and Jay drew up a new draft which was practically the same as Franklin's scheme. After a few other provisions were added the treaty was finally signed. Adams and Jay claimed the honor of having made it, but it was the shrewd and wise diplomacy of Franklin that made it possible. He walked out in the end with the treaty in his hands, but the glory was the work of the commissioners. He returned to Philadelphia on September 14th of the same year.
IT was just twenty years ago since the writer landed in Canada from the Old Country. After spending the summer months surveying in British Columbia, I came to Medicine Hat, then the center of the great ranching industry.

The range system was at that time in full swing and was being carried out on exactly the same lines as it had been since the cattlemen had first brought their herds into the "last Great West," ten or eleven years before.

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

With the advent of the great ranching companies, such as the Cokerman, the Wildsrm Ranch Company, The Olds, and others, conditions improved. None of the pioneers left the country, reposing, as they did what a great heritage they were falling heir to.

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

The atmosphere of the range was predominant, and to one who had the full of the west pushing through his veins, the glamour of it was all that made indelible. One old-timer was heard talk of the "Round Up," "Beef," "The Range," everything as new and so full of vital interest, so real and so vital in the unfamiliar scene and longed for full domination into all the mysterious secrets of this great area.

Big, loose-jointed men with weather-beaten, knotty faces, resolute to the temptation of dress of wide overcoat had, loose shirt and "chaps," were in evidence everywhere. And what men they were! Ready to risk their lives for every day in the fulfillment of their duties on the ranges, taking every hardship as it came with the same easy grace as they did days and nights on end without sleep if the necessity arose, steady, independent, reliable.

The day arrived when I was driven out about thirty miles to where my brother, with whom I had spent Christmas, and I had gone to seek out a little ranch on the range to hunt, to have the fullest what it could accomplish in the way of making things unpleasant. Over and over again we had the same experience in order to have the fullest what the horses at times had all they could do to keep from being blown off their feet.

Unpleasant while they lasted, these winds undoubtedly were, but they were the salvation of the stock, for the snows rapidly disintegrated under their influence, sweeping clear the country and allowing the cattle to graze freely over the wide stretches of prairie.

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

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

Soon after my arrival my brother told me that he was negotiating for the purchase of one of the ranches belonging to the Wildsrm Ranch Company, who at that time leased from the government an enormous tract of land on which they had established four large ranches or feeding places for their cattle and horses.

I, however, did not forget the first glimpse of the ranch which was destined to be my home for fifteen years. The "Chinook" was booming down from the west the day we rode down to the place and we had all we could do at times to stick to our saddles. At the top of a small rise we came upon the place—and there came the ranch like it did look, with the hay, buildings neatly whitewashed, and the stables and corrals with corn and corn-stalks laid out and corn-stalks laid out and corn-stalks laid out.

As we rode down the slope to where the buildings were situated we seemed to ride right out of the wind, a sheltered was the location. I fell in love with it at first sight and settled in my own mind that I should soon in my lot with my brother sal this frame and "Home." That first love has remained true ever since. The best and happiest years of my life were destined to be spent in this pleasant valley among the foothills. After some weeks of negotiating we finally entered into possession and began the actual life of ranchers in the far west. What a radiation there was over everything—most the ordinary, everyday tasks were crowded with a host of romance which lasted in my case at my ride, for many years. Everything about this life was so new and different from what I had been permitted to in the Old Country that I often wondered if it were all real or if I should wake up to find that I had been living in dreaming.

Before we entered into possession I had, of course, understood in a general way how the cattle business was managed, and my brother had had over two years' experience working on other ranches in the neighborhood, but the details had to be worked out by experienced and observation. We had spent Christmas at one of the ranches belonging to the Wildsrm Ranch Company, and I had stored them for several days, delighting to ride out on the range with the best and home, and all the other, "chief," feeding cattle and horses.

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

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

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

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

About the middle or the last of May, as soon as the new green grass had grown sufficiently, the first big round-up took place. The whole country was covered with small black and white herds, which in turn would drive their cattle to the "water holes," extending over many hundreds of square miles, and there would be riders from the other ranches who, along with the other round-ups over country where their cattle might be expected to turn up, but where it would not be profitable to take the whole outfit. Usually all the round-ups would meet at a certain spot and arrange for the working of different sections of the country. As soon as this was settled, each outfit, a cook wagon, tents and horses enough to go each man at least six changes of mounts, would start off on its own particular district. Early in the morning the horses would be driven in and corralled in the mesquite corral, which had the cook wagon for one side, two sides formed by a couple of ropes held by hands, and the fourth side guarded only by the horse herder, or "corraler," so he was called. Each man in turn would go into the herd and rope the one he selected for the morning's ride, and then saddle up and away, often with some nasty bumps at the start, for the average cowman does not always feel in his best temper in the cold, early hours of the morning.

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

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

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

To break the grim despair, unless some
Close-wedged fields of ice crushing here and there.
No village spires intensify the shades
Of night, but heavy mounds of snow on
Some support fashion Gothic chapels and
Coptic tombs. The frozen moon
Tears low in the south and faintly unmasks an Eskimo lodge,
Gripped in the hands of cold, half buried in
The snow. Inside burns a rude oil lamp that
Quells the darkness for a space, where lies a
Brown-cheeked babe, wrapped warmly in tawny fur
Skins, sweetly dreaming—
Not of flowers, streets or
Rumbling trains hurrying madly over
Rolling plain—and iron bridges—but of
Home in the great white silence.

The memory wanders. No care, no anxiety traces
The child's large brow, over which freely hang
Jet-black hair. The eyelid hangs heavy and
Hide narrow, questioning eyes, strained by the
Day's observance; and dimpled fists that rest from
Lingering the harpoon rope or
The horns of a caribou. Too young
To fear the Delayed return of the home provider,
Out in his kynk hunting seal
Where the thin air wounds like steel, the brown-cheeked
Baby sleeps; while
The short, sturdy mother mends clothing
With her rude bone needle and seal-skin thread,
Inside the lamp. The dogs growl, outside; at
The howl of the strange wolves slinking down
Some moon-kissed glacier, and
The brown-cheeked baby
Sleeps.

While the short, sturdy mother mends clothing
With her rude bone needle and seal-skin thread,
Inside the lamp. The dogs growl, outside; at
The howl of the strange wolves slinking down
Some moon-kissed glacier, and
The brown-cheeked baby
Sleeps; while

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Amy Rools, Col. '17

3

X HIS usual, dry, monotonous tone of voice, the professor called the roll, and at once the expression on the face of each student changed to solemnity.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Criticism! Criticism!" said the professor sharply. One said that she did not give it fire enough, and another, that she did not open her mouth wide enough.

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

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

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

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

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

Philopolemeical Heroes

"High Pockets. '17"

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

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

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

You hear of great musical talent,
And genius superior to all;
But none like the voice of our, Happery,
When you hear him cut out in the hall.

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

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

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

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

Continued from page 5

tried to pray, but his lips were silent; only sighs of the loudest and grief ascended to his Father above. No dinner for him that day. From his room he returned to the church at two-thirty, ready to be turned from his pastorate or to resign or to do anything that should be asked of him.

"Listen," said the District Elder, "you people have wrought a serious injustice, not to this young man alone, but to our Lord himself. I have very carefully watched the work and preparation of your young pastor, and I know that he has followed out the Bible idea of human redemption and has been faithful in showing you, not only the way into the kingdom, but he has created an interest in Christ and all his plans for our ultimate perfection. If you try to keep the kingdom within the limits of your so-called narrow way, you will make of it a repulsive orthodoxism which can never save men. I stand by the gospel that he is preaching to you. It is the Gospel. Hell is not gospel. Eternal damnation is not gospel. Christ's love in its myriad manifestations is gospel. You don't need hell; you need love. Be brothers and sisters to this young man; try to understand him, and so a church you will prosper."

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

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

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

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

Today our country is face to face with some of the most momentous problems in its history. Capital and labor are at sound's points. The blood of our outraged criminals is crying out against our unworthy penal system. Hundreds of thousands of men, and widows and orphans are groaning for deliverance from the curse of homes are trembling with fear at the onslaughts of the forces of darkness. So, to the generation following? - No, a thousand times no! It is up to us. These are social diseases and they require immediate elevation if the patient is to be saved.

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

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

The question now comes, how are we as young people going to meet these problems? Are we going to continue in the old, beaten path that our ancestors have trod, or are we going to get out of the rut into a newer, a fresher, a more fragmentary atmosphere where we may catch the real, the true, the majestic strains of pulsating humanity, and, existing these with eager, listening ears, mould them by definite motive into a trail of intent that shall move the foundations of society. Let us be up and doing while the clay lasts for the night quickly comes when no man can work.

Right here the plaintive wail of some purposeless and strikes my ear. "What can I do? I am too small, I count for nothing." Nay, is that expression the pursuasion of your heart? Is that your prayer? Ask yourself; "Is this all that I mean in life?" Then if you say, "Yes," I'll dare you to ask yourself, if I will not lift up my eyes, daring to aspire to the heights. Push aside the curtain of selfishness and take a broad, sweeping view of humanity, then raise the glass to your eyes, search the field diligently and see if you cannot find any place of service open, waiting to be filled.

Young man, young woman, what has been your view and conception of life? Are you preparing yourself that you may make dollars to be heaped upon your persons and upon the base whom you love, or have you the thought of service in view? This is an age of service. It is now being recognized by the rich as well as the lower classes. We see such men as Andrew Carnegie, wratchet though he may have been, endowing colleges and libraries and helping to establish loan banks for laboring men so that they may not fall a prey to the loan sharks; and Nathan Straus, a Jew, spending thousands of dollars to aid in the prevention of tuberculosis and in improving sanitary conditions. These are only two of the many who are trying in various ways to serve humanity. Many more could be mentioned but space will not allow.

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

School Spirit
B. L. Baple, 74

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

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

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

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

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

Likewise the clubs should strive for the supremacy. To some this may seem to border on selfishness, but no, indeed it does not. It might, if untainted, attain such a sorry condition, but that rivalry of which we speak is the wholesome, laudable, cultural kind—that kind that will turn defeat into victory. Each member of a club should strive to make his club of such a character that all who belong would be benefited.

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

Note—Mr. Hopper had not been elected to take Mr. Allan's place as chief editor when the staff picture on page 29 was taken. You will find him in the large group in the front of the book.
One of the topics of common talk on the campus is the Alethepsian number of The Cascade. To be sure, the Aletheps are not as active as formerly, yet they are so lively that we are aware of their congenial presence. The quality and extensiveness of their art work and local departments is worthy of the artists who performed it. We feel that the management and editorial work is of special high order and deserves special mention. Ladies, we congratulate you on your typical resourcefulness and excellent genius.

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

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

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

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

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

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

March 23 brought forth the annual program of the Phils Club.

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

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

Do you realize that your viewpoint quite often needs to be sharpened?—Dixie.

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

NOTICE TO THE YOUNG LADIES.
1. Put lessons in the refrigerator or they might sour.
2. To make biscuits light: Drench them in gasoline and touch a match to them.
3. To remove fruit stains from linen: Use the scissors.
4. To keep rats from the pantry: Fill the kerosene can with water.—Ex.
5. To find "wormhole" in the dictionary: Look on the fly leaf. Little deeds of kindness To teachers now and then, Will often raise your standing Praise are up to ten.—Ex.
6. A book well read leaves footprints to tread When you again read it over, Which leaves a trail you cannot fail To follow as you read it again and find You have a road no leaves can cover.—Fohren.

It is much better to be knocked down by a passing idea than never have one strike you. Never fill your character with muddy water to prevent people from seeing through it.—Prairies.

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

The man worth while is the man who can smile When Suffergettes rage and thunder, He can keep his right mind through the gobbles and grind, And still say that woman's a wonder.

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

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

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

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

How is this for spunk and class spirit?
"Some people laugh and some people croak. But we are some class—that's no joke."—A Prince.

Some one whispered in a breeze which wafted notes to me concerning the class of 19.

Indeed, no call for militants among their ranks. All are proud of their president, Miss Vina Smith. They welcome their new class member, Miss Shoudy, as though she were a princess.

Some whisper in the air, "It is time for you to arouse from your slumber, Brother Rip Van Winkle."
**Societies**

**Alethepian Club**

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

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

During a recent meeting an interesting debate concerning fashions of present and colonial times proved of great interest. Present and colonial times proved of great interest.

**Alexandrian Literary Society**

The election of the Alexandria staff for the second semester of 1913-14 was held February 6. The following officers were elected: President, J. M. Root; vice-president, Wade Johnson; secretary, Pearl Dull; treasurer, Elton Smith; musical director, Margaret Jones; assistant musical director, Charlotte Marston; marshal, Wayne Davis; program censor, Professor Marston; Cascade editor, Samuel Trousdale.

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

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**Missionary**

One of the great, live questions of today is the one as set forth in the words of John R. Mott, "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation." This was the motto of the late Student Missionary Convention held in Kansas City, made up of students and teachers from the academies, colleges and universities from all parts of America. This motto proclaims the real vital spirit of Christianity. Its field is broad, its task great and its present resources limited; but why should we be discouraged? "Prayer Changes Things." Will we do nothing because there is so much to do that we know not where to begin? We have our commission, we know our duty, and it is up to us to do, not everything or nothing at all, but our best. If we all do our best, we will be free from further respons-

Continued on opposite page

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**Alumni**

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

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

W. W. Gibson, '10, is teaching near St. John's, Wash. He also has acquired the dignity of a father.

John Logan, '11, who is preaching at Getchell, Wash., this year comes to Seattle occasionally to visit his friends. We miss him from the Domitory.

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

Jack Wood, '11, has been playing basketball this year while attending Pacific College. While here his surplus energy was used in making things appear lively.

Homer Wheeler, '11, is attending Northwestern University in Chicago. He is laboratory assistant in Dr. Hall, who is head of the surgical department.

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

Earl Thomas, '09, is now attending Northwestern University in Chicago. He enjoys his work there very much, according to all reports received from his brother, Clarence Thames, '08, who lives in this city.

Continued from opposite page
One paper that figures strongly among our exchanges this month is The Totem, of Lincoln High School, Seattle. We have two minor adverse criticisms to make on this paper. The first is concerning the dimensions, and the second is the lack of real poetry. This paper is about 8½x11 inches, a rather awkward size for any school magazine; 6x9 or 7x10 is a much more neat and convenient size. A certain amount of jingle is all right in a paper, but too much spoils the dignity of it. Get your students to write some good poems occasionally.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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DEDICATORY JOKE.

Oliver Haslam (in Phils' Club)—"It move the Joke Editor crack a joke."

Joke Editor (pointing to Haslam)—"Mr. President, I think we have already cracked."

Edens—Don't you know there are microbes in kisses?

Minerva E.—Oh, the sweet little darlings.

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

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

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

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

Mr. A.—Five.

Prof. M.—Please bring half of them over here.

WARNING!!!

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

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?

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CRESCENT MAN’F’G CO.

Seattle, Washington
Continued from page 11

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Baseball, Fishing, Hunting, Gardening, Cleaning up and all their needs
take hundreds of loyal Northbend people to the

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Sound, Sensible Logic

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

SIGH, and you "take in", nothing.
Work, and the pets is wise:
For the merry man
With backbone can
By nothing be undone.

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

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

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

Compliments of your friends:

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Phils, who has his picture taken on or
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One Dozen Post Cards for just 50 cts.
You know!

Mrs. Finney's Bakery
just ask those who patronize her.
But don't lose your temper if some lucky neighbor gets the last
loaf just before you arrive. Come sooner next time.

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

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Keep Sweet!"

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

Model Electric Laundry Established 1890

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

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

Ex.
Puffer (to cashier at Metropolitan Cafe)-Why, I guess you
could play a regular tune on that
cash register. couldn't you?
Cashier-Yes, if you give me
enough money.

Exit Puffer.

E. H. (to Lucile B. at the table)-
Jennie used to tease me so that I
could hardly eat my meals.
Mary J.-I guess you could hold your own, all right.
Puffer-Yes, I guess he could if
she were here.
Miss Pulfer-(to Mr. Allen strong)
I'm getting old.-I suppose you ought to know.

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

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

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

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