May 1st, 1915

The May 1915 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and a waste of it will make you dwindle alike in intellectual and moral stature beyond your darkest reckoning.

— Gladstone.

Sincerely yours,

Butterworth Mortuary.
Established 33 years.

TRY IT!

The Ross Barber Shop
3310 3rd Ave. West

PENNANT SALE

All Pennants are reduced to Half Price.
We have two Pillow Tops left at $1.50.
Also a few Girls' Caps at only 60 cents.
Double votes will be given for all sales on these.

Ross Stat'y & Pt'g Co.
3310 3rd Avenue West
cover how you can most help her. Save the tired feet from many of the steps which you could so easily take. When she has done a piece of work for you, give her in return a hearty, "I thank you, mother dear!"

Then some evening when you have brought home to mother a beautiful bouquet of sweetly scented roses, you will be surprised to note the joy expressed in her smiling face.

Indeed, mother is worthy your love and most careful attention. The character of a girl or boy may quite truly be judged by the attitude toward parents. A girl of real worth is considerate of mother's welfare, is obedient and respectful always. The boy who is valued is found to be one who is ever courteous to mother, who honors and loves her, and seeks to help her—his dearest friend.

When have you written home to mother? And did you think to let her know how much you appreciate all her kindness to you? If you are far from home today, spend a few moments in thinking of the dear old mother's welfare. Mamie responded.

"Sometimes in the hush of the evening hour, When the shadows creep from the West,
I think of the twilight songs you sang,
As the boy you talked to rest;
The wee little boy with the coiled head
That long, long ago was thine;
I wonder if sometimes you long for that boy,
Or, little Mother of mine.

Mother will soon slip away; but while she yet dwells in an earthly tabernacle, let us make her our companion, our friend, and so live as to make her last years the best and brightest.

Mother is obedient and respectful always. The boy who is valued is found to be one who is ever courteous to mother, who honors and loves her, and seeks to help her—his dearest friend.

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The New Friend.

Mamie Bobbets leaned forward in her chair and addressed her friend seated opposite.

"Look here, Dot, it's a shame the way we all neglect that new girl."

"New girl," her friend replied, "she's not new any more. She has been here three weeks.

"Well," Mamie responded, "she's new as far as most of us are concerned and it's a shame, I tell you. We ought to take her in and invite her around to our rooms, show her our pictures and paintings and books and draw her out of her shell."

"She is in a shell, all right," Dorothy responded vigorously. "She never comes out and tries to get acquainted."

"Who is to blame? It is our place, not hers, to make approach and I'm ashamed of myself to think of the way we have all let her alone. I'm going to ask her to the mix tomorrow night."

Dorothy made a wry face. "Pretty big undertaking, isn't it? Suppose she has nothing to wear—nothing suitable."

"We'll see," Mamie replied mildly as she disappeared down the hall. Mamie and Dorothy were Seniors in the Aswood Boarding School. The new girl, Ruth Parkman, was a Senior also, a new addition to the class, who had not seemed to fit in with the rest. Even her class-mates had little more than a speaking acquaintance with her.

Mamie walked to the other end of the long hall and knocked at a door.

"Come," a voice from within invited and Mamie stepped into a cozy room hung with pencurts and bright with chintz covering Ruth Parkman rose to meet her guest.

"It is very kind of you, Miss Bobbets, to make me a visit. Do sit down."

Mamie was totally surprised to see the new friend in such a pretty room.

"How dear everything is," she murmured, glancing in an interested manner around the room. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Oh, Ruth Parkman laughed. "You never asked me."

When Mamie had recovered from her delight and astonishment she stated her errand. To her surprise Ruth seemed delighted.

"To be sure I will go," she replied eagerly. "Tomorrow night, you say. It is very thoughtful of you to ask me."

"I'll call for you," Mamie shouted over her shoulder as she sped to her own room.

"This is my fun," she said to herself as she closed the door. "I feel good already. My, I didn't know she had such a sweet room. I'm absolutely astounded of myself—she is going before and she is a regular dear. I know I'm going to like her awfully well."

The next evening Dorothy stood at the door of the music room, where the mix was to be held, and looked anxiously about.

"I wonder where Mamie and her friend are. I don't see either of them."

Then, making her way to a little group, she asked:

"Where is Mamie?"

"We haven't come yet," one friend volunteered.

"No one knows she is bringing Ruth with her," she said to herself.

There was a commotion near the door and a chorus of voices hailed in:

"There she is."

And there she was, but—

"Who is that with her?"

"Well, I declare if it isn't that new girl."

"Look at what she is wearing."

And indeed every girl was doing that thing. "For shame," Dorothy said to herself. "No, I think that she probably had nothing to wear. That's a better looking dress than I ever possessed," and she hastened forward to welcome the newcomer.

Everyone gathered about and wanted to get acquainted and the new friend greeted all graciously, as much at her ease as any of them.

"Have you enjoyed yourself?" asked Dorothy of the new friend, as they were seated together. The evening was almost at a close.

"I certainly have," was the reply.

There was a pause. "Why didn't you get to know us before?" Dorothy asked uncertainly.

Her new friend turned full upon her and smiled: "I didn't know that any of you wanted to get acquainted with me."

"We are all ashamed," Dorothy hastened on eagerly. "We had no idea you were so splendid, it's all our fault, but," turning she seized Ruth by the hands, "if you will only forgive us, I know Mamie discovered you, but you must be my friend, too. You have taught me a big lesson, Ruth."

Page 56—The Cascade.
A Visit

Aunt Addie's.

It had been years since I had been at Aunt Addie's, so I was glad when the old house came into view and the farm lands lay before me. I noticed with delight that right beside the front porch was the pretty blue,"with the Joyce Roses on it and the same old elm with Roots spreading over the ground that John and I had played beneath many long years ago.

Aunt Addie met me at the door and ushered me into the Newhall which enclosed the length of the house. "John's father, Howard, fixed this Hall," she said to me.

It seemed as if I had hardly started to talk to Auntie, when Lucille, the Black housemaid, announced dinner. Auntie went to the backyard and took down the old dinner bell, rang it vigorously and put it back to its place. She informed me that the men would soon be in from the field because that bell could be heard all over the farm. "It's Jessie's Bell," she added. "The one that died."

The men soon came in and after I had greeted Uncle I was introduced to the rest. "This," said Aunt, pointing to a dark-haired youth, "is Morton, the son of Matthew, and this," pointing to another, "is Will, the son of Robin. You remember them, don't you?"

It seemed strange that I had once played with these two stalwart men, but I remembered them as soon as they entered the room.

The dinner was excellent. Aunt Addie is such a good cook and knows just how to make the right things in the right way. We had an abundance of Gracey and folks with The Golf taken off, that Sessions, the Trueman, had set. And some delicious Berries that Auntie had canned. While we were eating, a pretty little white poodle came running in for her dinner. Aunt explained that her name was Lucille and she thought it was the daintiest Kier she had ever known.

After dinner was over, Uncle told me he was going to show me around the farm and neighboring country the rest of the day. When Aunt asked who would give the garden, he said "O, McPherson." Early in the afternoon Auntie and I took one walk. We crossed the Marsh by Francis's house and had to climb Dwight's Hill. Auntie was so much she could hardly make it, but between Uncle and I we safely reached the top of that hill.

Looking down from the hilltop, we saw Margaret's henhouse, which was brown, with Whiteadders and noticed that a battlefield was mirroring the occupancies. Suddenly a small ben rushed up and pedaled the Combe of the leader, which so terrified the rest that they stood still as frogs, while the Cottons all over the yard, Aunt says fights are very common among chickens.

On the other side of the hill a small river was flowing which we had to cross, as no boat was handy and the bridge was gone, we had to Wade across to get to the Newhall's home. This was hard to do as we continually had to Ward off a new kind of crab called Pollecan.

We reached the other side in safety and, looking across the fields, we could distinguish two figures slowly coming toward us. I readily recognized that one was Bishop James and the other is a slender Short girl. Auntie said her name was George. I was glad to see the Bishop, for he and I had been good friends ever since the day I lost my puppy by the roadside and he found it for me. His hair was white and he walked slowly, but otherwise was as natural as ever. The two returned a short distance with us, while the Bishop told me of many of my old friends.

The Coward-Page 2
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Editorial.

The Washington Annual Conference of the Free Methodist Church convened at Everett April 20 to 25. Those who were permitted to be in attendance will not soon forget the occasion. Our beloved Bishop Perce presided over the conference, and we were very glad that his health had so improved that he could be present with us again. His conference addresses were very inspirational and helpful to all who heard them.

Because of various questions outside the usual routine of business—which occupied considerable time, there was an adjourned session Friday afternoon, one Saturday afternoon and another Saturday evening, the appointments being read off after 9 o'clock.

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We of Seattle Second Church were glad to have our much-loved pastor, Rev. T. H. Marsh, return to us for a third year, and we welcome him back with his earnest and helpful spirit of evangelism. We also welcome our district Bro. Warren, our new elder, and are so glad to learn that he, like our pastor, is full of the spirit of active, aggressive evangelism as shown by his labors of the past year in the North Yakima district. Since the districts have been rearranged and our district has, but seven or eight points, our elder will have some spare time for evangelistic work. We hope and pray that God will help us all to put our shoulders to the wheel of progress, and by our money, by our prayers and by our lives help in the work of enlarging our borders, not being satisfied with merely holding our own from year to year. God will bless us with "all spiritual blessings" only as we imitate Christ's never-failing spirit of ever-reaching out and helping others to the cross.

The work of the school was taken up on the conference floor and discussed pro and con for some time. While all did not agree, yet there was a good spirit manifested throughout, and the administration was backed up by a good wholesome majority. We trust that our own annual conferences will come to the front as a solid unit in support of the school in its present critical condition, and help our faithful president in bearing the heavy financial burdens now resting upon him.

Conference Sunday was a day of triumph. During the morning fore­feast the Spirit fell on the entire congregation. It was a grand scene that took place on the platform when about twenty-five preachers rose to their feet and embraced one another amid shouts of praise and tears of joy. Bishop Perce preached a masterly sermon. It was profound and yet a child could understand it. The subject was, "Where Is Wisdom?" In the afternoon Rev. Baker preached an inspiring missionary sermon and in response to his appeal for money there was $1,550, given in cash and subscriptions. Rev. Closs preached at night in his usual spirit of meekness and humility. We welcome him to our ranks from the Baptist church.

In Memoriam.

The faculty, alumni and all students who knew her have been called to mourn the death of Miss Mabel Peterson. She was held in highest esteem by teachers and fellow students. Her gracious manner and happy smile endeared her to a host of friends.

She taught during 1913-14 and intended the following year to remain at Lake Chelan until April 19 and then left the beautiful scenery which she loved so much, to return to her pleasant home and the sweet fellowship that was hers in the family of the family in Seattle.

She was home two days when she was called to her eternal reward. She was conscious within a few hours of death. She bade her father "Good night" to meet him and the others some bright morning at the Eastern Gate.

Page nine—The Cascade
SENIORS.

The experiences of the Seniors at the close of this year is of a peculiar and varied description, but the same old story is to be told and that is, the month of May finds them working up to their eyes. Some of them are really too busy to look pleasant. Perhaps that is how the word "dignified" originated.

We are beginning now to realize the significance of Longfellow's philosophy on existence when he said "Life is real, life is earnest." For as we see it, there is no end to philosophy on existence when he said.

The close of every session.

But of course we can't find joy in everything, so we feel like quoting the words of Pope as our true conception of school career.

"Condition, circumstance, is not the thing.
Illustrious is the same in subject or King.
In him who is, or him who finds a place.
In his who obtain defense or who defend.
In him who is or him who finds a friend."

JUNIORS.

We have something very important to tell you this month and really it is so important that it must be mentioned first: Our brilliant tennis players, Celestine Tucker and William Robinson, gained the desired victory over our worthy opponents of the illustrious Senior class, in the recent tennis tournament. The grandstand was filled to its capacity and even the bleachers were crowded with enthusiastic spectators. It is needless to say how intense the excitement and the enthusiasm of the recent tennis tournament. The grandstand was filled to its capacity and even the bleachers were crowded with enthusiastic spectators. It is needless to say how intense the excitement and the enthusiasm of the recent tennis tournament.

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SOPHOMORES.

The Sophs certainly enjoy some excitement. Then you know what's in the heart will come out and so is how it all happened.

We held several class meetings and tried to be serious, but, honest Injun, the president could hardly hear himself think. Then also we were honored with the presence of some of our noted Freshmen at a couple of meetings.

Now I know you will all be curious to know what it was that demanded so much of our time and thought. Well, it was the annual occurrence of the Freshmen-Sophomore Hike.

Hikes always excite interest, so I suppose it will not be out of place to make a few short remarks about this one. We went to Bailey's Peninsula on Lake Washington, where we all enjoyed the beautiful trees, lake, etc. The bountiful repast was bountiful with delight. We Sophomores condescended to leave a good supply of Jill pickles for the Freshmen, as some of them had a tendency to get too sweet. This is no more than can be expected considering their inexperience. They say the reason we ate too much cake was because we needed a lot of sweetness. Well, no wonder! See who we had for company! We enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon and returned home with fine appetites.

FRESHMEN.

The Freshmen are progressing slowly with a motto before them that slow and steady wins the race. The vacation seemed to revive us for the long strain preceding the final exams and commencement.

The Sophomores graciously lowered their dignity by allowing us to attend two of their special class meetings. Well, the result was we had a "hike" and the Sophs were generous enough to leave us plenty of Jill pickles. We should worry—ours and sweet goes well together and I am more from natural appearance for Sophs needed all the cake they could eat. But after all of the trials of the day we enjoyed the change quite well and we'll like to have another pleasant day before we part from our peer-loving sophomores.

On April 9 Dr. Bot Friedrich of the University gave a lecture in the assembly on astronomy. He showed the relative sizes of the earth with the sun, moon, Venus, Saturn, Jupiter and other planets. He also explained a few phases of light and other interesting things. We were also greatly astonished to learn that it would take eight months to reach the moon at 1,000 miles a day. To these laws of nature he also gave a spiritual application.

The following week the FI singing class displayed their advancement in music and art by singing "The Lord Is My Shepherd," after which Miss Edna Lawrence of the science department gave a lecture on different phases of that subject, explaining many laws of physics, and also gave a demonstration of how snow could be made from chemicals. It was so cold that some of the students thought their fingers were burned after touching it.

Spring vacation began the afternoon of April 21 and lasted till the first of the week. Many bikes and picnics were planned long before vacation, so when it came they were immediately carried out.

The first night four young ladies, two of whom were teachers, spent the night at the beach and reached home a little after breakfast was over.

On the 2nd Miss Lawrence's botany class, with a few invited members visited the violet field near Tacoma and returned laden with the objects of their quest.

Nearly every day a faithful few shoulder their tennis rackets and tramp to Woodland Park, where they enjoyed many exciting games. With picnics, hikes, an auto party, an evening at the University, and the many other recreations, the vacation was a grand success and enjoyed by all.

Page eleven—The Cascade
Societies

ALPHA CLUB.
Upon invitation, at our last meeting the club migrated in a body from the usual meeting place to the home of our faculty member, Miss Mary Marston. The enjoyment of the evening was increased by the presence of the high school seniors before whom we gave our program. A paper on our "Washington State Institutions" was read by Mrs. Newton. We enjoyed also the two speeches from the S. F. C. The Club round table discussion in which all have a voice has become the central number at each meeting. The question at our last meeting was "What factors determine the choice of a profession?" The arguments became quite animated until the time for discussion was up.

Three cheers for the second of June, 1915.
And what is an June as a dry in June.
When the second of June is that day.

PHILS CLUB.
These are busy days for the Phils. Not only are we interested in debating the current and lively motion that we choose to discuss but we busy ourselves with out-of-door activities, such as tennis, baseball, sitting on the lawn, etc., etc.—something which nature sprouts before us as a diversion from student routine. We have held several meetings in the past month, most of which have pertained to business matters. For some time, we have felt the need on't arising within. This was made manifest by giving an invitation to the Alethepians to take supper and spend an evening with us. This took place on April 2 (last). We enjoyed ourselves in the tallest possible sense and join heartily in wishing our sisters the greatest success during the remaining weeks of the year.

ALETHEPIANS.
There's sure enough to talk about this month. First and greatest and something never to be forgotten was the evening spent with one brother. Club. We were served a delicious dinner. One very interesting feature was the political campaign, which aroused every latent feeling of enthusiasm and for a time all were up and doing.
The tide was sure high, when it became quite evident that we were really being entertained by future presidents ansawaers.

Then the "Phils Cafeteria," which was so unique, was of special interest to all. We were served most heartily and if ever Altheben didn't get her fill (Phill), no one could she blame her herself. It was all really delightful and considered a bright spot in the history of our club.

We do extend our hearty prescient and that eats committee and taxpayers, each and all our sincerest thanks and appreciation for their very successful and kindly efforts.

ATHLETIC CLUB.
The boys' single tournament is progressing well and soon we hope to know who is the best single player in tennis at the S. F. C. Results of all the matches will be published later.

The Concord—Page Twelve

On the 13th the Juniors' tennis team, represented by Miss Tucker and Mr. Robinson, won from the Seniors in two exciting sets.
The Juniors were always in the lead, but the playing of the Seniors made the games "too close for comfort."
The first set was 6-4 for the Juniors. The next set was possibly the longest ever played in a tournament here. When the set was over we found the Juniors had fourteen games to twelve won by the upper classmen.

Mrs. Du Bois and Mr. Mann did great credit to their class in their playing.

No one can afford to miss any of the tournament matches.


Alumni

Easter Sunday was no doubt the busiest day of all the year for Rev. and Mrs. John Logan of Hillman City, for with it came a little daughter to their home. We offer our congratulations.

Rev. Ralph Milton and wife have been returned to the Ashford circuit for another conference year. It is reported by one of his members that he does most excellent work and is well liked by all his people.

Apparently the ministers of our Alumni Association are worthy of their calling and make very acceptable pastors. Rev. C. S. McKinley is so highly esteemed at Wenatchee, Wash., that he also was returned to his field of labor. He is now experiencing the erection of a parsonage at that place.

Miss Maudie Welton, a graduate nurse of one of the Spokane hospitals, is at home with her parents in Tiko, Washington, for a short time.

T. C. Smith was seen in Everett the other day.

Chris Root has been teaching school at Kingston, Washington, since last March.

It was with deep regrets and much sorrow that we learned of the death of one of our most loved members, Miss Mabel Peterson. After graduating from the Seminary in 1910, she attended Greenville College and completed her education at the University of Washington. Last year she taught in Pendleton, Washington, and at the beginning of this school year again took up work at the University, but because of falling ill she was compelled to leave, and went to live with her brother at

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Lake Chelan, where she remained until shortly before her death. She passed away at the home of her parents in Seattle. The bereaved family have our deepest and most heartfelt sympathies.

Exchanges

Lutheran Normal School Mirror

You have the strongest looking basketball team I have seen this season and from the writeup they are certainly doing fast work.

The page entitled educational does not appear in most of our exchanges. It is very instructive and highly appreciated by all our literary students.

The Purple Pennant

Although the first I have noticed of its kind, I like the comments you give your basketball players.

Hilltop

Your cartoon "Our School in 1950" reveals a good insight into the future; at the least. This is one of our new exchanges and we appreciate its value very much.

Hesperia

Your quality of paper in Junior Number is the best among our exchanges, our own paper inclusive.

Anyone should be an expert fisherman after reading "Salmon Fishing at Oregon City," it is so clearly explained in your article.

Your joshes are especially fine this month. Yours is a neat classy paper—just one suggestion. It would add greatly to its appearance if you would mail your paper in an envelope proportional to its size instead of using the wrapper.

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