May 1st, 1913

The May 1913 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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

Some interesting features will be:
- Selections from The Cascade,
- Induction of the Staff for 1913-14,
- Awarding of Prize for the best Class Paper,
- Special music.

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

Remember the date!!

Friday evening, May 23

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

Fremont Drug Co.

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

"The Kodak Store"
TO THE SENIOR GIRLS
SWEET, RELIABLE COMBINATIONS OF FEMININE NIFTINESS—FAIR AS THE MORNING SUN—AND SOMETIMES AS COLD AS THE MORNING AFTER—AND

TO THE SENIOR FELLOWS
THOSE DASHING, CHIVALROUS, AND JOLLY SPECIMENS OF CIVILIZATION:

AS A TOKEN OF OUR APPRECIATION FOR YOUR EXCELLENT EXAMPLE, AND YOUR UNTIRING EFFORTS TO DIRECT OUR FALTERING FOOTSTEPS; NOT FOR THE WORTH OF THIS PAPER, BUT OUR SINCERE REGARD FOR YOU,

WE DEDICATE

THE JUNIOR NUMBER OF THE CASCADE TO

THE SENIOR CLASS

SPRINGTIME

ANNUALLY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BURLINGTON BEEGLE

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

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

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

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

There is no spectacle better calculated to lead the mind to serious reflection than that of an aged person, who, when nearing the end of life's journey, looks back over the long vista of his years only to recall opportunities unimproved. What voice can now bring cheer and gladness to that heart? What smile can sweep away the gloom and despair that have settled like a fog over his life? None, I say. None. To him life has been a sad failure and now in its evening, after all his years have been spent as for nought, he realizes that life was indeed more than an existence, and he now feels the burnings of anguish in his own breast. But too late! He can not retrace his steps. Could he do this he would give worlds. Could he again live over those years, how differently they would be spent. But all such hopes and wishes are in vain, and now he must enter the threshold of eternity alone, empty-handed, and with a soul afraid to meet its Maker.

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

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

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

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

---

In Memoriam

IT WAS WITH DEEP SORROW THAT WE LEARNED OF THE RECENT DEATH OF MARGARET ARRASMITH WHO FOR TWO YEARS WAS A MEMBER OF OUR CLASS OF 1914. AS A SCHOOLMATE SHE ENDEDER HERSELF TO US BY HER BEAUTIFUL CHARACTER, THE MEMORY OF HER UPRIGHT, UNSELFISH LIFE AMONG US WILL ALWAYS BE AN INSPIRATION TO US, HER BORROWING FRIENDS.
THE CASCADE

ISABELLE.

H最主要的

It was midnight.

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

It had been just such a night as this. Oh! if I could banish from me that bitter memory that lingered so vividly, and recall those cruel words that hunted me continually. She had wept before me, proud, hautty, beautiful. She had lifted her lovely eyes to me in mute appeal, and in their unfathomable depths, she had turned without a word, with all the agonies of suspense, gasped with all the pathos of despair.

I listened breathlessly, and had concluded that she was coming towards me. I was startled from my reverie by a slight movement among the bushes. I stopped short! It was midsummer. I dropped to the step almost automatically, clasped the cashier's window, and opening the door carefully, just in time to avert the family, and Isabelle, you are the most beautiful cat in the world. I awoke, and turning my face toward the heavens, the evening breezes fanned my fevered brow. My heart beat fast!

I reached midsummer. I was startled from my reverie by a slight movement among the bushes. I stopped short! It was midsummer. I dropped to the step almost automatically, clasped the cashier's window, and opening the door carefully, just in time to avert the family, and I wended my way home.

When an intense excitement overtook me. One morning the head clerk called me to him and showed me a cheque which had been presented at the cashier's window that morning. It had been signed by the president of the bank, but the date appeared to have been changed. We were discussing it, when the president himself entered the office. We immediately took the cheque to him, explaining that the old man who had presented it was being deceived in an antechamber of the office. A puzzled expression settled upon the banker's face, and then without a word he turned to the antechamber. He quietly opened the door a fraction of an inch and looked in. His stand still for several minutes and when he came back to us his eyes were full of tears. Pulling up his chair he bade us sit down.

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

Years followed one another in rapid succession. One night I found myself, listening to the singing of a little band of Salvation Army workers. I remembered the song as one my dear old mother sang years ago. A short time before it might have kindled a spirit of inspiration in my breast, but that night it was beyond me. Despondency and despair settled upon me like a cloud, and I wended my way to the river. When I reached the bank all was still but the swirling of the dark waters at my feet. I stood there a moment and then taking off my hat I knelt, the first time in years, and prayed to my mother's God. Ah! friends, it was the prayer of a man about to take his own life. I arose and stretched my arm high above my head when a hand was laid on my arm. I turned and face the old, broken-down man in that room, but he was not old then. He took me home with him and a few days later I went to work at an honorable position. Before I left the home of my rescuer, prompted by the old boyish love of fun, or perhaps by some deeper feeling, I slipped this cheque into his pocket. From that time, though it was years ago, I have not been..."
The Cascade

The man of him in earnest to the old, ragged, stoop-shouldered man as they walked together up the hill through the clutter, while he was comfortable and instrumental in making the sick man happy.

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

After Many Years.

Joel Kelley

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

The Cascade

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

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

"Hasten," began the engineer hurriedly, "this man has been seriously injured and hurt!"

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

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

For five days he lay at the point of death, and during the entire time was faithfully cared for by Dinah. At length the crisis was passed and one morning a short time after Margaret decided to go down and visit him. She walked softly down the hall and paused before the open door. She gasped—she entered the room.

Thoughts of her only companion were in her mind as she gazed at the man who lay there. She saw the color left her cheeks, but instantly she recovered her composure and stood speechless, gazing at the man who was standing by the window. Suddenly she realized that he was the man who had once been her friend, whom she trusted and who made her happy. She was talking to him, time after time after time, and then he looked up at her with eyes closed in a great easy chair, and she knew that he was dead.

"Is he,—yes,—dead?" she asked. "Yes, yes," said the Doctor. "Go on with your attention to him; he must have had a heart attack.

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

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

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

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

MOTHER.

Helen Johnson

Last night as I sat dreaming,
And that of my childhood days,
A vision of you passed before me
That set my mind ablaze!
I see you as you sat there,
In that dear, old-fashioned chair,
With the firelight playing round you,
And touching your silver hair.
Your shoulders are bent and weary,
And your brow is wrinkled with care;
For many burdens you've carried,
Burdens hard to bear.
But alas! my vision is over,
Lost in the music clear:
But I'll never forget your sweet vision,
And the memories of you, so dear.

ROSE M.

Henry Miller

There be none of all the flowers
That ever grew on land or sea,
That are like the dimpled rose—
They're the fairest ones to see.
So when your heart is heavy
And your life is full of care,
Just look upon the smiling Rose,
And you'll find blessing there.
And when your sight is fading,
And your eyes grow old and dim,
The fragrance of the Rose will be,
What once the night had been.

THE CASCADE

THE WAY OUT.

Violet M. Arland

I am in a bad dilemma,
And see no pathway out;
Things are really looking serious,
And I feel inclined to pout.
I am not a poet, neither
Am I of poetical mind,
But a modest, prosy maiden,
Striving wisdom's path to find.
If I were but Rose or Lily,
Or even Pearl or Grace,
Perhaps among the lofty minds,
I'd hold more honored place.
But being just a Violet,
I'll fill my lowly sphere,
Bringing sweetness to the sufferer,
And to the sad good cheer.

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

(WITH APOLOGIES TO KIPLING.)

Mary Miller

When the last Physics lesson is ended,
And the last experiment is dry,
When the last wretched problem is finished,
And our paradise seems nigh,
We shall rest—and faith, we shall need it—
Sleep peacefully if we can.
Then we'll wake, a come back to the Sem In
The fall,
And take Physics over again.
It's here, it's there, it's everywhere;
It is a vision in the air.
In the shadow, in the light,
In the vast big moon at night—
Everywhere I turn my eyes,
That girl! oh my, that girl!
MARY CATHEY—
Any good that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now.

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

RUTH WEST—
Not because she's gay and pretty, Not because she's bright and why, But just because she has "no Charming."

MARY EVA—
"Her mouth ful small and thereto soft and read."

BURTON BEEGLE—
He has the wisdom of an heape of learned men.

FLORA JOHNSTON—
"The world's a stage." I like the world.

MARY MILICAN—
Quite a girl.

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

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

WALTER SCOTT—
Three cheers, not so loud as to be vulgar; one, two, three! Freshmen!!
NORA JOHNSTON—
"They say most folks are moulded out of faults,
And the most become much more the better
For being a little bad."

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

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

VIOLET HAVILAND—
"Her eyes twinkled in her head aight,
As do the stars on a frosty night."

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

ADA BEEGLE—
"German she spak, ful faire and feathily. after the manner of Seattle Sem, for Deutsch of Ber. She was to her unknown.

AGNES SCHNEIDER—
"In fellowship, wel kunde she laugh and carpe."

JUNIOR LAMENT.
"All that is sweet and gentle
Fell away as the summer's dew,
To dissipate thy rosy joy.
The murmur of thy spirit now
Is changed to solemn, melancholy care."

"Ah me! 'Tis true we're only three lone fellows!
Knew! It is as it were,
Girls to right of Them,
Girls to left of Them,
Girls behind Them.
But—haply we think on Them, and then, we seem
To change our state with kings.
### The Cascade

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>JUNIOR STAFF</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MARY CATHEY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ADA BEEGLE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOE KELLEY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>E. A. HASLAM</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WM. ROBINSON</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

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### AFTER-WORD

We are very glad that no one ever believes to read an "after-ward," nor we wish to express a few words which we would rather no one would read. We have taken the one great opportunity of a lifetime to fully express our thoughts.

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

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

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

One Friday night, after an unusually hard week of exams, Joe hurried home to keep an engagement at the home of Miss Marjory Young. At eight o'clock Joe made his appearance, and Marjory met him at the door. He followed her into a dimly-lighted library, and at her direction, exquisite music seemed to playing a chair.

In the hall he can'nt face to face ring up stairs. From Assembly hall came and Beeg;e, rumbling and absent, "Knight!" perspiration preceding in went down the steps a window opened and a toedippo~ed left. Joe d...

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To his desk in Assembly hall was a piece of music he had intended to bring to Marjory. He was soon hurrying up the steps of the "Ad" building. In the hall he came face to face with Miss Law ence. She addressed him in her cool, academic tones: "You may compare the principle of the steam engine with the inverse principle in respect to machinery."

Joe trembled, and looked about for a means of escape. She had fathomed his ignorance. He fixed up stairs. From Assembly hall came strains of music—what was it? Wood and Beegie shrugging on their guitars? Ah, no! It was the chorus room buz.

There stood Mr. Othway warming his boots. Joe slid into his seat and began rushing along somewhere in the bush. They were singing "The Holy City," and had just come to the words, "Eve Hath Not Seen." "As Mr. Ward is absent," came the voice of the director, "you may take the solo part. Mr. Knight." Did Mr. Culley know that he would eagerly carry a tune? Fools!

He was trying to excuse him! Yet Joe dared not refuse, but sat there shakily like an aspen leaf. He realized dimly that Miss Peters had played the few preceding measures, and that the eyes of all were upon him. Big drops of perspiration covered his brow. Then he made one frantic, tremendous effort, and he woke up.

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

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Exchanges

We are pleased to inform you again that we print our own paper in the school building. Perhaps you would be pleased to know whether or not it pays. The paper last month cost us about $100.00. If we had gotten it printed down town it would have cost approximately $120.00. Judge for yourself whether or not it pays.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Visitor—Is Miss Adams in?

Maid—No, she's out after her dinner.

Visitor—Will she be in after her dinner?

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

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

Corps—They tell me your hair is dyed.

R. W.—"Tis false.

Corps—That's what I told them.

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

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

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

JUNIORS.

We wish to tell the Seniors that we, as a class, planned all sorts of original and unique entertainments and good times for them. "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft astray." The Junior class has four Johnsons—but they aren’t all Swedes. So when we regret the lack of boys in our class, we resort to John Sons, and they do very well.

We are enjoying the spring weather, and as a whole—the girls are escaping the usual "spring epidemic," but we can’t speak so good a word for the boys. As a class, we are becoming quite athletic. You really would enjoy watching the girls play basketball. It’s so exciting! Leave it to the Juniors to keep the girls play basketball. It’s so exciting.

SOPHOMORES.

Time for class notes again, eh? Well, I can hardly believe it. Time, oh where, oh where, has it gone? Does it seem possible that your which was going to be so long and tedious is almost past? And that our work, which has at times been quite taxing and difficult, is nearly done? And really it has not been so very hard after all. For our kind teachers, who mark out the way for us, are constantly lightening our burdens with their bright countenances and chatty smiles. So as we go onward, we are not only looking forward with great pleasure, but also on the past. For we look upon it with a degree of great satisfaction.

FRESHMEN.

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

Prof. Stilwell has introduced his Latin class to Caesar. We agree with Prof. Bagley that Algebra is not hard when you know how to do it.

FRESHMAN (translating): "Let us not love." Prof. Stilwell (dramatically)—Oh, that every student would be willing to follow that in school.

ALETHIPIANS.

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

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

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

LOCALS.

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

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

Some members of the Physics class, and others also, visited the “Minnesota” and tried to apply their knowledge of steam engines, etc. Mr. Allen conducted them around and all had a fine trip.
Bishop Sellow gave an instructive speech to the student body. We have to pay close attention nowadays, for when we get into English class, Miss Logan begins to question us about the lecture and soon discovers whether we were listening, or—well—getting Deutsch. Rev. C. H. Sawyer, who is visiting the West, addressed the school April 21. We enjoyed his remarks more as he is the father of David Sawyer, a graduate of Seattle Seminary.

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

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FREMONT

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Scottie came out of the dining hall and met Morgan coming from Fremont.

Scott—How are you?

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

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

Hercietta (translating)—Hese in Holland est important.

"Hike into Gaul, it's important."

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

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

C. Anderson (signing registration card)—Bora—Yes.

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

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

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

Just get together with yourself And trust yourself with you, And you'll be surprised how well yourself Will like you, if you do.

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

And I—well, wouldn't you? It was cold, and my hands' were cold too.—Ex.

Jesse

'Tis midnight and the setting sun is rising in the glorious West.

The rapid rivers slowly run
And frogs are in their downy nest.

Hilariously leap from bough to bough.

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

Prof. Burns—What is The Hague Tribunal?

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

Nora J.—The Hague Tribunal stimulates national controversies.

John Logan (in English)—The hand which made the mighty heavens made a grain of sand; which made the lofty mountains, made a drop of water; which made you, made the grass of the field; which made me, made a daisy.

Deep wisdom—swelled head:

Brain fever—he's dead.—A Senior.

Fair one—Hope fled;

Heart's busted—he's dead.—A Junior.

Played football, 'nuf said;

Neck broken—he's dead.—A Sophomore.

Milk famine—'tis sad;

Starvation—he's dead.—A Freshman.

Ex.

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THE CASCADE

Vot tickets as he ter all dor pie?
Vot makes dor teacher wish to die?
Dor Senior!
Vot tickets hev in it mit dor swore?
Vot offer sheevy shmock(un)?
Dor Senior!
Vot in dor High School's greatest stir?
In fact, vot he dor greatest poll?
Dor Senior!

George Allen had met with a seri­
ous accident and his mother was
afraid it would have a permanent
scar on his face.
"Don't worry, mother," he said,
"my insurance will cover it."
A jolly young Physicist's tough
While mixing a compound of egg,
Dropped a match in a vial.
And after a while
They found his front teeth and a
ceef.—Ex.

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

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

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