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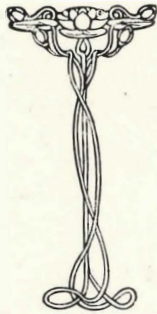
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The Cascade

Martha's Ambition

Bessie Higbee



ARTHA, finish up your work and come to my room, I have something to tell you," said Mrs. Ashmon, a pleasant, middle aged lady. If you could see her cheery smile and hear her pleasing voice you would understand why she was so much loved by all who knew her.

Martha, the oldest of five children, was a strong, healthy girl of fifteen. She had light hair, fair complexion, and deep blue eyes; but, best of all, a good character, making her a beautiful girl.

Her home, which was in the country, was a happy one. Each member of the family did his best to make and keep everything clean and tidy. Beside this, they all loved each other too well to allow their poverty to lessen their enjoyment.

Martha had finished the grammar grades and wanted to continue her school work. But there was no high school closer than Lewisburg, which was fifteen miles away, and she could not afford to go there.

A few days before the opening of this story, she had said to her mother that she would like to work and earn some money to finish her education. But this morning she was not thinking of this when her mother spoke to her. She said to her little sister, Emma: "I suppose mamma wants me to go and help Mrs. Flynn today. I hope so. She has been sick so long, and I know she needs some one."

"O, Martha! May I go with you? I can help a lot, too," said Emma.

"I don't know yet whether I'll go or not. If I do, I expect mamma will let you go, too," Martha answered.

She finished her work and then went to her mother's room as she had been bidden.

Her mother was busy with the week's mending. Bring a chair up close to the basket and help me, Martha," she said.

Martha obeyed and began mending one of Ned's waists. She felt sure that this was not what her mother really wanted with her.

After they had sewed on in silence a few minutes, Mrs. Ashmon said, "Your father and I have been talking, and planning how you

might make the money to finish your schooling, as you spoke of the other day."

"Oh! How, mamma?"

"We thought that I might write to Aunt Lydia at Welton and see if she could secure a place for you in a good family where there will not be too much work to do."

"That's a long way from home."

"I know it, but your aunt will be there and they pay more there than any place that I know of."

"Well, I'll go, if you can find a place for me."

The letter was written and in a few days an answer was received saying that she had found a place which she thought would exactly suit Martha. She said: "It is a Christian home, and the grandmother, who is an invalid, is making her home with her son. They want a young girl to care for her and to help with other light household duties."

It was decided that Martha should go, and in a few days all was ready. The little bay team was hitched to the light wagon and the trunk loaded in ready to start for the station.

Before she started, the family was gathered together and Mr. Ashman took the Bible and said: "We must not part until we ask the protection of God on each of us. This may be the last time we will all be gathered here." After prayers were over, loving good-byes were said, and Martha started on her first journey from home.

She enjoyed the trip very much except when she would think of her loved ones at home. Then her eyes would fill with tears, but as she was not in the habit of looking on the dark side of life, she was soon picturing to herself what kind of a place she was going to.

Her aunt Lydia met her at the depot and went with her to Mr. Brownings, the family with which she was to make her home.

The Brownings lived in a large house in the suburb of the city. They had plenty of money so that everything they had was nice. There was Mr. and Mrs. Browning and baby Nathaniel, besides the grandmother. Martha was introduced to each one of them.

It was arranged that she should have the sole care of the grandmother. Each day she was to take her out in the wheel chair, read to her or do anything else that the old lady might want her to do. Grandma was a very nice old woman and always very kind to Martha, whose sunny disposition soon won for her the love of the whole family.

She had been there over a year now and had saved quite a little money. Her parents had taught her to give one-tenth of what she made to the work of the Lord. Even here in this strange place she had found places to give her money to good causes and had tithed

all that she had made.

Martha had told the grandmother why she wanted to make money, and it had pleased her very much and she always called Martha's money her "school fund."

This spring the grandmother's health was so much improved that great hopes were entertained for her recovery.

One beautiful afternoon she and Martha were out and she said: "I think I will be able to get about by this fall and you have money enough to take you to school, so if I am, you can go."

"I hope you are, and I would like to go to school, too," said Martha.

That evening when they were all around the fire the telephone in the adjoining room rang. It was Martha that was wanted. She went and when she came back into the room her face was very pale.

"What is the matter?" asked two or three of them at once.

"It was mamma and she said that our house had burned—nothing was saved. They were all away." Martha said this but could say no more. She went to her room and had a good cry.

She stopped suddenly and said: "I'll do it; I'll give them my money." This seemed to relieve her and she returned to the fireside. The next day she sent her money and began to save again, denying herself of many things that she had thought she needed.

The improvement in grandmother was only temporary. During the middle of the summer she began to get weaker and was not able to go out much. She soon became unable to leave her room or to be up. It would have been impossible to have given Martha up now; she was busy all of the time, for no one could make grandmother as happy as she.

In February the dear old lady took pneumonia and was not able to stand the fever. After a few days of severe suffering she died.

After the funeral was over Martha was so tired that she wanted to go home, but she did not have so much money as she had before the fire. So she was undecided what to do.

As she was meditating, Mrs. Brownings came in and said, "You are very tired, are not, Martha?"

"Yes, I am tired," was the answer.

"Do you want to go home?"

"Yes, I would like to go, yet I would like to make more money."

"Did you know that grandma left you quite a sum of money as a 'school fund'?" asked Mrs. Browning.

Martha was very much surprised but very thankful.

She returned home and spent the summer and prepared to go to school in the fall.

money for the trip. I do not know whether I shall see him alive, but I am praying that the Lord will see fit to spare him until I reach him and, if possible, allow him to live many years."

By this time her tears were falling fast and her voice was choked with sobs. My heart was filled with sorrow and as it had grown quite late we arose and went to our state rooms.

During the following days of the journey we had many pleasant visits together and by the time we reached Nome we were fast friends.

As it happened, her son had been working in the same mine with my uncle, and upon reaching his bedside she was overjoyed to find him on the road to recovery. It seems that he had saved a considerable amount of money but upon falling in with bad company had lost it all in gambling, and his sickness was the result of careless living. But, like the "Prodigal Son," he was repentant and determined, if his life was spared, to live differently.

I stayed with the mother long enough to see that she was being well cared for by kind friends and then with a sorrowful heart I was forced to leave her.

Later I received a letter from her saying that she was home again in San Francisco and living with her son.

A Well Spent Vacation

Margaret Anderson

M

Y employment on the detective force entitles me during the summer to two weeks vacation. The time is usually spent at Rochford summer Resort, on the Jersey shore, not far from Delaware, the place of my employment.



One night while there, I wandered forth from my humble boarding place and while strolling along the beach by the dim light of the slowly rising moon it was possible for me to see many boats far out on the waters.

Soon I heard the chug! chug! of a launch and, glancing to the left I noticed that a lady guarded by two men was weeping bitterly. I knew she must be a prisoner, and as there were few women arrested in such a sparsely settled district, I became very curious to know the cause.

The following morning I went to the police station and had a chat with Police Bennington, who was an old friend of mine and from whom I was able to find out something regarding the scene of the previous night. While talking, he said:

"I have a very queer case on hand now, it is that of Virginia

Reed, the girl arrested last night. She is the maid in the home of a very wealthy family. Not long ago a string of pearls were missing and when they were found in a jewel box on her dresser, she of course denied having taken them and it really seems to me she would have hid them in a more obscure place."

I became very much interested in the case and, having been granted an interview with Miss Reed, I myself thought her to be innocent for her face showed no signs of guilt. I told her I was a detective and offered her my assistance. She then broke down and with eyes filled with tears told me her story, and ended by saying: "Never can I prove my innocence with so much evidence against me."

I was then touched and began to question her closely.

"Miss Reed, have you any enemies?"

"None that I know of," she replied.

"Well, this is a matter of great importance and you must be positive in your statements. Has anyone annoyed you in the least? I asked.

"Only one person, Betsy Cromwell, a girl who works with me. She once tried to blame me for breaking some very expensive cut glass which she herself broke."

"Why does this girl dislike you?" I again asked.

"I don't know," she responded, "unless she thinks the butler, with whom she is in love, thinks more of me."

That was enough. I felt I was master of the situation and believed Betsy Cromwell to be the guilty one.

The next thing was, how to investigate the matter. But I finally decided it would be best to get acquainted with the butler. I told him I was a detective and was trying to prove Miss Reed innocent. I informed him as to whom I thought had done the deed and asked for all possible help from him.

He introduced me to Miss Cromwell and several times we took her and her friend out, and he pretended to greatly admire her.

On one occasion as the butler and I approached the room where Miss Cromwell and her friend were waiting for us, I heard her say, "I am glad that Virginia Reed is not here, or I suppose she would try to get ahead of me. I am just glad she is out of the way. If I hadn't put those jewels in that box she would be here, too.

The butler and I then walked into the room and I said sternly, "Miss Cromwell, I have long suspected you of stealing those jewels and you had now better confess, for there is no use of your denying it, for your conversation was overheard." She turned deathly pale and fell into the arms of her friend. When she regained consciousness I began to question her, seeing there was no use of longer denying the charge she confessed to having put the stolen wealth into the jewel box belonging to Miss Reed, simply because of her

jealousy.

* * * * *

I not only had the joy of proving Virginia Reed innocent at that time, but since she has proved herself a true and steadfast companion through the walk of life, and thus I am inclined to believe my two weeks' vacation was a profitable one.

EASTER

Christ hath risen! O, mountain peaks, attest—
 Witness, resounding glen and torrent wave!
 The immortal courage in the human breast
 Sprung from that victory—tell how oft the brave
 To camp 'midst rock and cave,
 Nerved by those swords, their struggling faith have borne,
 Planting the cross on high above the clouds of morn!

Ring, snow white bells, your purest praise.
 To glorify this Easter day,
 And let our risen Savior's joy
 Your voiceless, fragrant breath employ—
 Fill every valley with perfume,
 And lighten death's appalling gloom,
 Teach ye our troubled hearts the way,
 To trust our Savior every day.

Sing aloud, children! Sing to the glorious King,
 Of Redemption, who sits on the throne,
 For the seraphim high veil their faces, and cry,
 And the angels are praising the son.
 With His raiment blood-dyed, and with wounds in His side,
 He returns like a chief from the way,
 When His champion blow hath laid death and hell low,
 And hath driven destruction afar.

—Selected.



Class Prophecy

As Miss B.— sat alone in her study thinking of Seattle Seminary, her mind was taken back to her school days and friends of yore. She took up the "Cascade" and while glancing over the Alumnae Notes, noticed that:

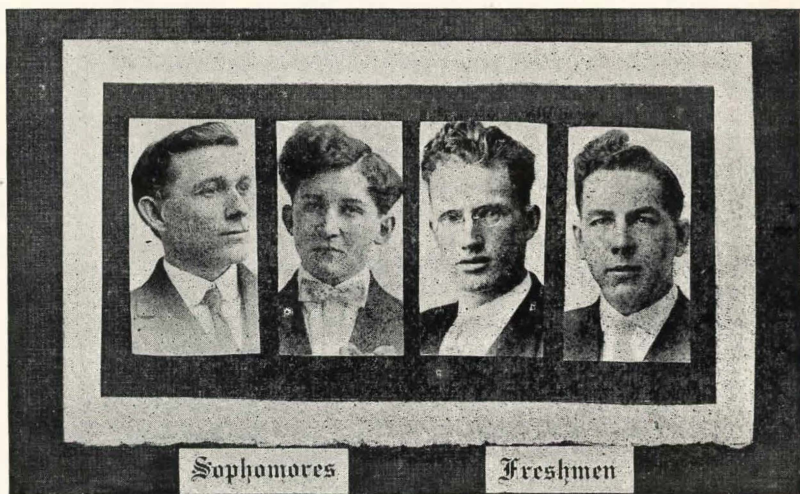
Mr. and Mrs. Gill were living happily in a little dug-out in that far distant land of India. Further down the list she read of the great work being done by Mr. and Mrs. Higbee and son at the "Lancaster Orphanage." And also that Mr. Mann was now head salesman in the "Greater York Marche," and if Wilson Cathey wasn't traveling evangelist for the "Holiness Association."

She, tired and weary fell asleep, only to dream of the notoriety of the remaining few. How Henrietta Welch, who had now graduated from the famous "Emerson School of Oratory," was traveling in Europe, swaying great audiences with her eloquence. And if Ethel Lawpugh hadn't graduated with honors from Oxford and was

now teaching French and German at "Vassar College." And also how Dr. Smith and Margaret Anderson, who was now head nurse at the De Lemoir Sanitarium," had made a discovery such that death and sorrow need be no more, thus adding untold millions to their little hoard.

She now awoke—
 That sweet dream had flown;
 But 'twas not long before she knew
 Her little dream was really true;
 And as distinguished as each seemed,
 They made up the class of 1915.

Freshman - Sophomore Debate



The annual Freshman-Sophomore debate, given under the auspices of the Alexandrian Literary Society took place Friday evening, February 7, in the Assembly Hall.

The Freshmen proposed the subject: "Resolved, that Labor Unions are detrimental to the Industrial Welfare of the United States," and after a little consideration the Sophomores chose the negative.

The debaters for the Sophomore class were Messrs. D. Higbee and E. Smythe; those for the Freshmen Messrs. C. Anderson and W. Thaline. The judges were Miss D. Hunter and Messrs. E. Thomas

and B. Alberts.

Both sides were unusually well prepared, but all were a little nervous. The debate as a whole, however, was handled very creditably and was educational in the highest sense of the word.

The debate was decided two to one in favor of the Sophomores. This is the second time the Sophomores have won the annual debate in the history of the school and as we were victorious last year, also, we have great hopes for the future.



Sophomore Staff

HENRIETTA WELSH Editor in Chief

Associates.

Ethel Lawpugh,

Wilson Cathey,

Dellno Higbee.

Easter is the day set apart in commemoration of the resurrection of our Lord and Master. It is the day when the great stone was rolled away and the glorious news spread abroad throughout the land that our Lord had risen from the dead. Among the many days remembered in the Christian calendar, Easter is the one that carries with it the greatest significance to the children of men. Let this day be a day of hopefulness reminding us of the resurrected Christ and his achievements for us and bringing to our hearts cheer and gladness. This Easter morning certifies us of that approaching day which bids us watch and pray and look for the coming of the King, when those who have been true and faithful shall have a life everlasting.



Now with this paper we've done our best;
 Though all it may not please.
 Yet nevertheless, you must not tease,
 For, if you read the stories with care,
 And note the literary talent there—
 If in every joke, the point you see,
 And laugh, and laugh, whate'er it be,
 I'm sure you'll pronounce us all quite sane,
 And none of our efforts will have been in vain.

The Cascade

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School News

Aletheptians

The club meetings are attended very regularly and all the members are manifesting a great deal of interest in the work for this semester.

At the present time the club is taking up "School Customs in Foreign Countries."

Also we have the "Current Events" given at each meeting, and in this way we are able to keep informed on all current subjects.

Another very interesting feature of the club meetings is the club paper, which consists of some very serious matters and also grinds on the members.

Phils

At the last club meeting, February 19th, the following officers were elected: John Root, president; Carl Anderson, vice president; Walter Scott, secretary; George Allan, treasurer; E. A. Haslam, musical director; Arthur Thomas, marshal; Mr. Davis, chaplain, and W. Robinson, editor.

The readers of the Cascade will no doubt remember the trial of "The Case of Jenrie Brice," which was reported in the January number. We are pleased to announce to our friends that we received the fourth prize which is ten dollars in cash. Considering that the contestants consisted of such clubs as Knights of Pythias, and other clubs which have among their number lawyers, doctors, and other professional men we feel highly honored.

Seniors

We are very glad to hear that Mr. W. W. Cathey will graduate with the class of 1913. We give him a hearty welcome.

Esther's cheery smile has been missed for several days. (Wood) that she were with us.

A Senior class meeting was held in Room 1 during the third division Wednesday afternoon. Senior business is rushing.

Miss Florence Alberts has been chosen by the faculty, for our class valedictorian. Miss Albert's has done splendid work and the members of the class feel justly proud of the choice made by

the wise.

Mr. and Mrs. Beers entertained the Senior class at their home Friday evening, February 28. A delightful dinner was served at eight o'clock, after which worship was observed. The evening was spent profitably and each guest reported a good time.

Juniors

What's the matter with Juniors?

They're all right! We quite agree with Pope when he says—

"A little learning is a dang'rous thing;

Dring deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

But really, it's rather difficult to tell whether some of us have decided to "drink deep," or "taste not." What difference does it make, anyway. "That paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Physics is the most exciting subject! You can't imagine what's coming next. We've learned all about some dear little things called molecules. They're in everything—you wouldn't believe it, would you? And we are perfectly rapturous over lenses—they are too delightful for anything.

In English class, we appreciate the edifying presence of some Seniors. They add so much to the dignity of the class—especially Jack Wood.

We are glad, indeed, to welcome Ruth West as a Junior.

Freshmen

We are quietly pursuing our studies and filling our little niche in the school life of Seattle Seminary; we believe in keeping still when we have nothing to say.

Our motto for learning—Wax to receive and marble to retain.

Mr. Marston's English students are instructed to practice telling anecdotes to their roommates until the latter feel that some professional humorist has come among them.

We are looking forward to spring, not because we will then be more in our element as it were, but because spring is a time of out-door contests, pleasure trips and class picnics.

Locals

Rev. J. D. Marsh, our district elder, paid the school a visit February 11 and addressed the students for a few minutes on "Abraham Lincoln." We were made to feel how much we owed to this great

man and what a truly noble character he had.

Lincoln's birthday was of course a holiday. So all the necessary preparations were made for a picnic and forty-six of the students and faculty boarded the car about 10 a. m. After we arrived at our destination, Lake Washington, we spent a short time discovering the beauties of the lake and surroundings till our appetites warned us and rapid preparations were made for dinner. What need be said of that lunch? All who have been on picnics know how good a dinner tastes to hungry folks. Suffice it to say the good things disappeared fast enough. During the afternoon there were games and several went on exploring parties into the woods. We returned wearily to the Sem., but feeling we had had a lovely time..

Mrs. E. B. Newton has taken charge of the vocal music department of the Seminary. We feel sure that she will make a success of her work. The A and B singing classes and the Anthem Class has been reorganized and have started work with renewed energy. The Anthem Class, however, is deficient in tenors and basses and we strongly urge the young men to develop their musical talents. At the last anthem practice each girl was requested to bring a young man with her the next time, so if you are asked to join please don't refuse but "come over and help us."

The German students were invited to a Kafee Klatsch, Friday, February twenty-first at the home of unsere deutsche Lehrerin. We spent a very enjoyable time singing German songs and playing games. We had the great pleasure of meeting George Washington, although he was somewhat "higher" than we thought for. His wife, Martha Washington, is of Welsh origin, we were informed. As each class was served to refreshments the other two classes entertained them by singing and telling stories. For information about the refreshments ask Bert Beegle. A little red hatchet was given each one to hew his way through the German language. About eleven o'clock we adjourned and bade our hostess "eine gute nacht."

The Domestic Science students have reorganized into two classes



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with Mrs. Dutton as teacher. They will meet during school hours on the days vocal music does not recite. There is quite a large enrollment and the girls are getting right at work so we know something will be accomplished this semester.

On February 28, there was a meeting of the "deutsche studenten" in room one to organize a German Club. The following officers were elected: Der president, Herr Holz; der vize president, Fraulein Whisner; der sekretar, Fraulein Marie Cathey; der schatzmeister, Herr Scott; der turkhuter, Herr Muller. An interesting time is being planned for the club and with the aid of unsere gute Lehrerin we feel great things will be accomplished.

FUNNY STUFF

Mr. Gill—What shall I write for the "Cascade?"

Mr. Cathey—A romance—or are you in too deep already?

Mr. Gill—O, not as deep as I might be nor as deep as I expect to be.

* * *

Miss A.—Have you confidence enough in me to lend me a dollar?

Miss Lawpaugh—Certainly, I have the confidence, but not the dollar.

* * *

Harold Mann is writing letters to Spokane. We wonder why? There's a reason.

* * *

Poet: "Why do you call your cat 'Manuscript'?"

Hackwriter: "No matter how often or how far I send him away, he always comes back.

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104 Occidental

This German writing is a fright,
I can not write a bit
I've tried and tried with all my might,
I've almost got a fit.

O, my! it's hard as hard can be,
It's useless now to try,
For everything's perplexity,
My words they all do fly.

Please give me common English words,
And German I'll not try,
For since my Dutch has left my mind,
I'll now lie down and die.

(Gute nacht!)

HAROLD MANN.

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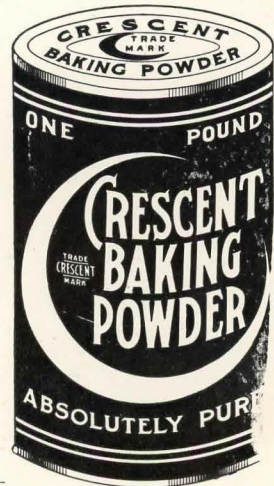
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Come early and avoid the rush.
WE give Purchase checks toward the

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Post Cards .. 60 cts. per dozen.

Folders \$1.25 " " "

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Haslam

Morgan

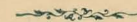
Haslam

☐ Don't forget to call for your
tickets from the Advertisers!

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will help you win
the

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Prompt Delivery, Goods guaranteed

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*The following is the list of Contestants in the
Kodak Contest :*

Lillian Perry, Fred Gill, Florence Alberts,
Violet Haviland, Wesley Morgan, Harold
Mann, Addie Patterson, Eleanor Mc Lau-
ghlin, Althea Marston, Howard Smalley.

Which one are you going to help ?