January 1st, 1913

The January 1913 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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THE NEW YEAR.
Addie Patterson '16.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Frisco was but a village those days. The law was at the mercy of a few wicked men, who made it a practice to gain by holdups or gambling the riches that were brought in by prospectors. They had returned from the different diggings, some with large stakes, while others just re-entertainment to purchase a grub stake and return to their respective diggings.

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

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

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

After the miner was buried and a letter sent to his folks, we made arrangements for the trip to Last Man's Land. We found the trail to be rough enough, but after two days of travel according to the map we were nearing our destination. On the third day we noticed the trail had been used by a party traveling on burros. The indications along the route showed that they had great trouble to keep the right trail, so we followed their leader, who was none other than the fellow that I had the row with in Frisco. His followers were three men, mostly of his own age, ready to commit any crime for the sake of gold. Their conversation dealt on their disposal of the gold they were to find in the neighborhood.

Having learned their mission, I started back and met the boys. I related my discovery, whereafter we decided on leaving the trail and made a long detour. We were not detected, and soon hit on the right trail again; we traveled till it was very dark, then camped for the night. We were up before the sun, ate a hearty meal, and were on the road in short time. By the description given us we were right in the neighborhood of the lost mines, and about ten o'clock we arrived at the base of a great pyramidal rock. This rock, surrounded by great mountains, was the relic where the gold was to be found. We unpacked our grub and found a cave, and after we had established our camp we started out washing the sand for gold. We had not worked over two hours before we came to the real stuff. We hurriedly set up the stakes, took the location, and then went back to camp. We had hardly begun our dinner when we discovered two of the gang tampering with our stinks. We saw that there was likely to be trouble, so Bill and I were about to draw lots to see who would have to go to Dead Man's Gulch and record the claim, when Jennings volunteered to go. In about a half hour he was ready to depart, and this time the other
THE CASCADE

"Where is my wandering boy tonight,
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my—"

He listened as verse after verse was sung, and his mind wandered back to his mother, who was many thousands of miles the tear fountains that had been dry for so many years now opened and this hardened man found himself weeping like a child. The voices came nearer, and the little face that once had borne that look of disappointment now lit up an experience. He had not been on his knees since he was a child, shut up in prison all his life, for with the coming of the the holiday, when your grandfather had purchased of Mr. Twist that evening. The boy that was once my—"

The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my—"

As the music went on the rigid features of his face relaxed, and a new look of joy and gladness came into his face. The little image of a guitar, he sat, as before, with his head buried in his hands and the tears streaming down his face.

The music finally ceased and they all fell on their knees to pray. This man, who had not been on his knees since he was a child and had not prayed since his mother taught him when but a little boy, fell on his knees with the rest and cried to God for deliverance. He was helped and guided by the Christians, and prayers that were full of the power of God were calling on the Lord for deliverance for the sinful yet repentant man.

At last deliverance and the glory of God came into his soul, and the face that once had borne that look of disappointment now lit up a new found experience. This man, who had not been on his knees since he was a child and had not prayed since his mother taught him when but a little boy, fell on his knees with the rest and cried to God for deliverance. He was helped and guided by the Christians, and prayers that were full of the power of God were calling on the Lord for deliverance for the sinful yet repentant man.

He spent about two years more in prison, but his life was full of pleasing and praise to God. He was treated very kindly by the officers in charge and was given many privileges. He was not permitted to stay there shut up in prison all his life, for with the coming of the story of salvation and making his life a blessing to others wherever he went.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

Cora Smith '16

NE New Year's Eve Grandma Neeley sat in her old armchair before the open fire-place, with folded hands, gazing intently at the fire. Her granddaughter, sitting opposite her, broke into the reverie by saying, "A penny for your thoughts, grandma." Grandma turned her face toward the child and with a smile said: "I was thinking of one New Year's Eve that I spent, when your mother was a very small child. "Oh, please tell it to me," said Blackie, "All right," agreed grandma. "It was soon after your grandfather and I had taken up our homestead in a place then known as the Far West that we were invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Twist to watch the new year in. Though they lived five miles away from us, they were our nearest neighbors. By no means were we the only persons invited. The neighbors for miles around were expected to be present."

"We accepted the invitation because we wished to become acquainted with the people around us.

New Year's Eve came. It was a beautiful night. The moon shone on the thinly snow and the air was cold and bracing.

"We left home about seven o'clock in the evening, arriving at our destination in due time. We spent a very pleasant evening singing hymns and talking."

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

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

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

Eluebell, who had sat with open mouth and eyes filled with terror during the narration, remarked at its close:

"Grandma, I'm so glad they didn't get you!"

THE BURGLAR.
W. Thulline '16.

'Twas a night in November, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The students were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of school-books danced in their heads,
And Lois in her kerchief and Kate in her cap
Had settled their brains in a long night's nap,—
But, alas! in the night strange noises about,
And from under the covers their heads did peep out,
When what to their wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature light and a bold buccaneer.

He was dressed in blue serge from his head to his feet;
For a moment he paused, as if to beat a retreat.
His eyes, how they gleamed! His manner was wary,
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His puckering mouth was drawn down like a bow,
No beard on his chin for the barber to mow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.

Then spoke the bold robber:
"Be quiet or I'll shoot!"

For a minute the maidens with terror were mute.
"I've not a red cent," Kate tremulously ventured;
Lois soon found her tongue and most vigorously censured
The robber, while Kate did pray softly, and then
Their screams they united—'twill scare angels and men.
The miscreant decided 'twas no place for him;
Feet first through the window he started with vim.

Then floated these words in a chorus to rescue:
"Come over and help us! A man in the house!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
He out of the Hall door the culprits sought in vain;
Pitts, Miller, and Marston, and Prof. Marston, too.
They searched in the bushes, the territory round,
No trace of the culprit was there to be found.

They measured the footprints, they questioned each maid
Yea, Sherlock Holmes Pitts each detail bare laid—
What color his eyes, was he tall, was he thin?
How far from his nose to the point of his chin?
While Miller in strong terms berated the thief,
And hoped the young rough-neck would soon come to grief.

Now closes the story of an occurrence at school
Which ended so happily by Providence's rule.
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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.
doing the Cascade published monthly - during the school year - at Seattle, Washington, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.
Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mort
gages, or other securities: None.
E. A. HASLAM
Business Manager.
Sworn to subscribed before me this 31st day of December,
1912.

SPECIAL FRESHMAN STAFF.
WINFLElD THULINE ............................................ Editor-in-Chief

WM. ROBINSON
CELESTINE TUCKER
GEO. ALLEN
MARGARET WHITESIDES

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

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

Continued on Page 17
At the last meeting of the Phils, which was held Wednesday evening, Jan. 8th, it was decided to discontinue the meetings of the Phils until satisfactory arrangements could be made in regard to the time allowed. The sentiment prevailed that the time limit to be observed so seriously handicapped the activities of the club that it would be advisable to disband for the present.

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

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

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

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

The club also extends a hearty vote of thanks to the young ladies who so willingly took part as witnesses and as bailiff.

ALETHEPIANS.

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

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

MISSIONARY NOTES.

At the last missionary meeting the students were favored by an exceptionally interesting address given by our returned missionary from Africa, Bro. Ryff.

His description of the domestic and agricultural life of the natives of Natal gave us a vivid picture of how each family lived, and the crude manner in which they cultivated their crops.

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

Mr. Ryff occasionally spiced his talk with amusing anecdotes, told in his own interesting way.

And again when he spoke of the danger from fever, to which his comrade fell a victim, their anxiety over losing the trail, and the many other difficulties to which our missionaries are exposed, we begin to realize a little the sacrifice they make in order to carry the gospel to the unenlightened nations.
Class Notes

FRESHMEN.

You may ask, "What are the Freshmen doing anyway?"

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

We are very enthusiastic over the coming debate with the Sophomores and expect to maintain the record of the past few years. We have been measuring hills in algebra, but have learned the definition of a hill is—only a big bluff.

Latin—Amamus.

Algebra is all A's and B's.

History's revealing the dark English is remember your T's.

MISS WHITESIDES.

Our noble little class correspondent (who by the way is an accomplished musician) has been so busily engaged practicing on her new found note "Hi G." that she has forgotten to hand in the class notes. You now knowing the circumstances, we leave it to your generous consideration to overlook any seeming neglect which may have been displayed in the accumulation of the senior notes. However, we are sure to find something startling and fascinating in the future issues.

ED.

JUNIORS.

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

At present we are preparing for the great event, "Examinations." Needless to say, we expect to come forth with our colors flying and "Victory" on our banners.

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

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

SOPHOMORES.

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

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

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

SCHOOL NOTES

Mr. Mumaw, a traveling Prohibition lecturer, visited the school on Dec. 4 and gave the students a short address, in which he encouraged us greatly in our work here.

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

Mr. Exelle, the criminal for the evening, was found guilty after a long day discussion among the jury.

School closed the 14th, and the students thinned out quite rapidly, but a few stayed to manage affairs, and they were well managed, indeed. We have returned to our work with a determination almost frenzied on the part of some to pass the coming exams.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Teacher (in physical geography)—What are the five great races of mankind?
Freshie.—The 100, 220, 440, 880 and the mile.

Continued from Page 11

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

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

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Mr. P.: "He usually marries the farmer's daughter."

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