February 1st, 1915

The February 1915 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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Butt end first;
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Ever small,
And it tapers 'til there's nothing
Left at all.
So, when'er a difficulty
May impend,
Just remember you are facing
The butt end;
And that looking back upon it,
Like as not
You will marvel at beholding
Just a dot.
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'Tis painful grief to pierce the heart;
But when the same dart pierces two,
'Tis joy.

--Cupid.
Night in the Woods.

Walter E. Forster.

As darkness falls upon the woods
The pale moon rises, round and bright,
Over the mountain slopes and peaks
To hill and pasture the night.
A brook leaps hurriedly down the glen
And in a lake its voice is stilled
Within an ever-lone loohole
That drifts over dark-cutten hills.
So now the night is silent, still,
And on the lake the moon may trace,
And in a lake its

As if its wild spirit did try
To waken Nature from her sleep;
The prophecy

To lull and pacify the night.
A sea of clouds that hover low
Unveiling Nature's

And the prophecy

Now and then a twig snapped or a pebble splashed into the water.
The girls were almost intoxicated with the beauty

The sound of the

And the prophecy

The wings of night flutter away
Unveiling Nature's hardened roofs
And tilting doors, bring when

Page five - The Cascade

Dearman's Bluff.

Miss Leigh.

"Marge, did you bring the pickles? Augusta, I know very well that you forgot to put in the salad." Alice was sitting on the side of the boat, trying to think whether or not anything had been left. "I bought some hot peanuts at the market, and only ten cents a pound, too. The lady that I bought the peanuts of tried to sell me some sauerkraut, but I didn't think that you would care for that. I tell you, though, we certainly have a fine 'feast.'"

In explanation I may say that six of the girls of Forest Seminary were out for a good time. They planned to leave the seminary about 6 o'clock, and after securing a boat, to row up a small stream about two miles to a little promontory called "Dearman's Bluff." There they were to have a feed, returning home shortly after midnight. Many stories had been told of this bluff—how that no one who ever ventured near there would escape with his life. After hearing one of these ghostly stories, the girls had decided that it would be quite a daring exploit for them to make a trip up to Dearman's Bluff to see if any of these stories really were true.

Accordingly, arrangements were made, and after securing a boat, the girls loaded with their provisions and started up the river. The boat, gliding swiftly along, in the dark, silent river, made a very picturesque scene. The sound of the oars splashing into the water mingled with the scratch of the night hawk as it darted in among the tall, majestic trees. Now and then a twig snapped or a pebble splashed into the water, while in some places the trees hung so low over the water that the boat was scarcely able to pass. The night air was so exhilarating and the scents so beautiful that the girls were almost intoxicated with the beauty of it all.

Suddeniy Peggy exclaimed, 'Isn't this beautiful and lovely and grand? My goodness, I am not afraid, are you? If you are, there isn't anything to be afraid of in all this lovely place. As no one seemed in the mood to talk, Peggy became silent.

Soon the boat ran crunchingly up onto the shore and all the girls began scrambling out at once. "It's kind of dark, isn't it?" ventured Marion, "But I'm not afraid, are you?" "No," responded the girls faintly. After lighting a lantern, that had been gotten out from the bottom of the boat, the girls began cheerfully pulling out cakes, pickles, sauerkraut, etc. Evelyn, the bravest of all, volunteered to go into the woods and get wood to build a fire, while the others ran here and there, some peeking the boat, and some procuring the lunch. Soon the fire was blaring and crackling, and all the girls scatred themselves around it to
enjoy its warmth and light. "Isn't this perfectly lovely," sighed Evelyn, as she lazily dropped down upon a pillow. "Alice, if you will pass me a pickle I will eat one, and Augusta, if you don't mind, just hand me one of those sandwiches. For my part, I am hungry." Thus an hour passed in eating, laughing, and then eating some more. Soon Peggy's head began to droop. "I'll tell you what let's do," said Marion, the practical, "Let's build up the fire well, then all lie down and take a nap." The suggestion was acted upon with instantaneous good will. Soon six nodding heads could be seen, while the fire kept dying down lower and lower.

An hour passed. Not a sound could be heard in the stillness of the night. The fire was now almost out. Marie yawned with a start. "Girls! Girls!" she exclaimed. "Did you hear that?" "What!" they whispered, turning fearful eyes toward the forest. "Sh, listen!" All was still as death. Nothing could be heard save the dreary moaning of the wind through the forest. Then, a twig crinkled and light foot-falls were heard approaching in their direction. The girls looked at one another in amazement and another in another, till at last not a one could be seen. The ghost was left—master of the situation.

An hour passed. Not a one of them was seen the following day at school.

Early next morning, just as dawn was breaking, the girls might have expected to see a crowd, perhaps only stunned. "Come, dearys, come, pretty one," Alice jumped to her feet, dashed to the window, flung it open and shrieked:

"Oh-oo-o !"

"March!" as she thought, causing quite a sensation by their daring feat. When Jack, stealing up near the girls it raised its arms on high and uttered a horrid cry.

"Oh, no!" came from all the girls at once.

Snow-drifts lie pierced by red stone spires,

Snow-covered peaks frame its base.

And as the door closed, she was alone. Alone with him whom she hated. As Prince William spoke, Alice withdrew herself into the corner, sitting herself on a sofa in an easy chair and hiding her heart to Him from whence cometh all our help. She was conscious of supernatural courage and divine strength. Seeing she beheaded not his works, he drew near.

"Entreat me not, you wicked, cruel, vile monster," retorted Alice boldly. "I have always hated you. I will not surrender.

Princess William again advanced. "Come, pretty one," Alice jumped to her feet, dashed to the window, flung it open and shrieked: "I will do first." As she was about to fling herself on the merciless rocks in the depth below, she was arrested by the firm grasp of William. A fierce struggle followed. Alice darted like a bird from one side of the room to another. There was fire in his eyes and little red spots began to glow in his cheeks, and then a heavy blow knocked Alice, perhaps only stunned, to the floor.

Somewhat chagrined, he placed her on the lounge and took a chair beside her to watch for the first signs of recovery of his prize.

"Here! Enter!" called the prince. It was an exhausted soldier in blood-stained uniform, who handed the yellow bit of paper to the prince. "The desired pass through the Alps had been discovered and soon that vast territory would be theirs.

Prince William gave the servant a few orders and hastily departed to return only when the clock should strike nine, the hour for the duel.

When Alice returned to consciousness she looked up into the face of a familiar servant, Lucy. "Where is Tom?" asked Alice, as she smoothed the little old woman's wrinkled brow. "Harry, don't cry. He is safe. All is safe, and before the prince returns we will secretly give Tom his freedom, and the old woman, soothingly, whispered Alice to herself, in her ecstasy of joy. In a few minutes Lucy returned, pining a bunch of keys in her pocket.

"Love conquers all," exclaimed Alice, in her ecstasy of joy. "Thus an hour passed in eating, laughing, and then eating some more. Soon Peggy's head began to droop. "I'll tell you what let's do," said Marion, the practical, "Let's build up the fire well, then all lie down and take a nap." The suggestion was acted upon with instantaneous good will. Soon six nodding heads could be seen, while the fire kept dying down lower and lower.

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The Power of Language.

“Speech is but broken light upon the depth of the unspoken.”

“腼and Lucy watched the figure of Tom, s tense little damp earth. The only furnishing the cell boasted of were of sheet iron and the floor—but alas! there was no floor, only the pallet in the farther corner. From this uncomfortable accommodation, Alice, has it come to this? he asked, stepping toward her. “I was just sent you down here? I would give my life for your comfort.”

“Tom, love will conquer all! Our dreams will yet be realized. You will be freed and then I will free myself or die for you.”

Words of farewell and, in the dress of a kitchen scullion, Tom was conducted down a side passage. Once more a breath of fresh air! Alice tripped inside, Alice looked around. A tiny aperture in the distant wall of the cloister. Alice tripped inside, Alice looked around. A tiny aperture in the distant wall of the cloister.

Once a look at the heart you would have a comfortable place to live. Has he told him all that had happened and of her plan to free him. he asked. stepping toward her. “I was just

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wholesome meaning. Let one acquaint himself with good books; seek conversation with intelligent persons; let him study the simple, and at the same time the dignified forms of language; indeed, let him utterly eliminate from his speech those words and phrases which are but a poor excuse for the real meaning wished to be conveyed. The English vocabulary is rich with noun synonyms, with descriptive adjectives and expressive words. The pure Anglo-Saxon, the good English style, is far preferable to contorted words and phrases so frequently used; these, which may be called slang, tend to destroy the high ideals of language one may once have had. The practice of loose and careless expressions is a means of tearing down, rather than building up, one's good vocabulary. Consider for a moment the quotation taken from Thomas Hobbes:

"For words are wise men's counters; they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools."

If a thought is worthy of expression, then the English language is profuse in offering the garb with which to clothe that thought. If plain common, homely words suit best, they are at hand; if there are required delicate tints and shading, they may easily be sought out; if the most minute description and comparison is desired, where better can one go than to the good, substantial and praise-worthy English vocabulary. The study of language may be delightful, inspiring and thoroughly beneficial. The power of language is a gift to man. Infant lips soon learn its use. Gray-haired fathers seek it as a means by which to convey their thoughts. Truly it's worth while to guard one's words, for, as the sentiment expressed by John Seldon:

"Syllables govern the world."
of disease, but it shall not always be thus. Today our minds are keen and able to grasp the problems of study, but soon, ah, too soon, our abili-
ties will not be so great.

If you ever expect to fill that brain of so many possibilities with beauti-
ful gems of thought and with treasures of richest worth which will for-
tever be a source of joy and encouragement to yourself and to others,
begin to do it now.

Why waste till future days, or months, or years? Your opportunity
may then have passed. And here we would repeat with the poet:

"This life is too short and too fleeting
To be wasted in frowns or in tears;
We must make the most of its hours
If we'd make the most of its years."

Study hard, even though at times it may be a task which seems hard and
uninviting, for in time you shall reap the fruit of your labor and the
gain shall be far greater than the price which you have paid.

Some may think that an education is not essential and may argue
that some persons have done greater work and had more effective influ-
ences without an education than others have with it. That may be true,
but such an argument does not in anywise belittle or diminish the real
value of an education.

As spring is coming on with its sunshine and

The Cascade—Page twelve

Sunset. At last the Seniors are on their home stretch. They have started
on the new semester as though they were going to make it in two jumps
and as the "Deschamps" says: "If we can't do it in two we'll
make it in one." For it seems as though most all of them are a few cred-
ibles regardless of their inability to get their orations, landed on
"Easy street."

Held our election in about 15 minutes during noon hour Monday.
Pres. Delicio Higbee (the Napoleon of our class).
Vice Pres. Winnifred Trudelle.
Secretary—Grace Root.
Treasurer—Ralph Stewart.
Marshall—Fred Gill.
Cascade Reporter—Alton Smith.
Representative to Associated Students, Archie Stephens.

Juniorites.

You now have the most esteemed privilege of hearing from the Junior
class, once again. We are beginning the new semester with a zeal that
has never been equaled before. Over half the class were present at our
last meeting. Morton Mathematic was chosen president; Celestine Tucker
was chosen vice president; Margaret Whiteland was elected to the Associated
Students Body, and Vida Stagg was chosen Cascade reporter.

As spring is coming on with its sunshine and flowers, we feel new
life springing up within us, for "June is coming."

Sophomores.

"What are the sophomores doing now?" The fellow who asks that
question had better wake up and look around awhile. I occasionally hear
a wide awake person say, "Well, the sophomores must be doing business.
They have class meetings so often." That's about right. We're in dead
career and intend to push things—of they need pushing.

The last meeting of the last semester was an exciting one. The
so-called "Great minds run in the same channels." We do not contradict this,
but wish to add that the channel may be very wide with current run-
ing both ways. At any rate there was room for a remarkable difference
of opinion in that meeting. We will not bother you with the issues of
this rag-chewing, however, as the Good Book teaches that the truth is
sometimes best rebuked, or something to that effect.

At a recent date the class met again, this time to elect new officers, or, as happened in some cases, re-elect the old ones. The official list as it now stands is: President, Samuel Trenam; Vice President, Lucille Black; Secretary, Mary Stiles; Treasurer, Harry Oughton; Marshal, Everett Naugher; Cascade Reporter—guses.

Fraternities.

The Freshmen Class met on the afternoon of February 2nd to elect officers for the new semester. The persons elected were the following: President, Arthur Wilder; Vice President, David Turnidge; Secretary, Joyce Rose; Treasurer Charlotte Campbell; Cascade Reporter, Evangelie Backlund; Marshal, Everett Kilby; chaplains, Fred Leise.

We as a class so greatly appreciate the services rendered us by our competent president and secretary that we have endeavored to express our appreciation by re-electing them to office.

We are striving to make this semester a more profitable one than the last, by living up to our motto, "Not merely to exist but to amount to something."

Albanian Club.

The last meeting of the "Club" for the semester was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Beers, Friday evening, January 22nd.

It was a sudden surprise to all the girls, when they were informed at the last minute, that their numbers were to be rendered, not being closed doors, but otherwise.

This part of it was not so enjoyable to us, but that which followed was delightful.

We enjoyed thoroughly the speeches given by our honorable host and hostess. And really we find that our club has been made easier and our burdens lighter since that time. The girls all know why! (Secret.)

And then the refreshments—that hit us right where we lived. We gorged of a most bountiful repast, served in a delightful manner "Bel canto Marion Laurens_FS." You could tell they had done such things before. We shall ever look back on that evening with the greatest of pleasure.

And now to think the new semester is here. We believe in doing things without delay. Our first meeting for the election of officers was held at the noon hour, in that upper southwest room again.

The results were as follows:

President—Miss Laura DeBois.
Vice-President—Cecelia Johnston.
Secretary—Margaret Whisnantes.
Treasurer—Lucille Black.
Musical Director—Celestine Tucker.

Now, watch things move! Will ye?

Philosophical Club.

As a club are proceeding along with the usual amount of care and governing ourselves accordingly.

The programs rendered from time to time and Friday to Friday are quite entertaining as well as educational and elevating.

The last number rendered on our schedule, Jan. 22, was an exceptional program. It should be by all means placed on the Banner Roll.

The debate: "Resolved that England was the aggressor in the great European struggle" was a very exciting discussion as the participants manifested an appropriate warlike attitude.

Our Canadian friends, Mr. Thomas and the Oughton boys, are to be congratulated on their national heroism in facing frowning opponents for the behalf of the "Union Jack." One searching look revealed that they had more in their hearts which they did not express.

Of course we shall not forget our "Gairy Yankee Boys" who carried the day with the famous American red tape and oratory.

As a great source of comfort and tonic to the ailments of the club were the several meetings of officers members at different and unique times of the year.

Such was the issuance of our last program mentioned. Mr. Marvin Marston, '10, who is one of the landmarks of the society, gave us a very delightful and enthusiastic address which was duly appreciated by every one. We trust he shall favor us again.

Well, the new semester is on and as a closing remark we invite every enthusiast to watch the jubilant expressions over the thought of the incoming dainty tread of a grand and glorious springtime.

Page fifteen—The Cascade
Athletic Association.

Bad weather during January has prevented much playing, but nevertheless we know who are the winners in the boys' series in basketball. The Sophomores have first place, the Seniors follow and the Juniors last.

The Sophomore team has been a fighting team which deserved to win. Their work has been consistent and the team has pulled hard. They earned the honor that they striving for.

The Senior team did not get started early in the season, but once under way they played well. Jingle's work as forward was a considerable factor in the success they attained.

The Juniors played with hard luck all the season, winding up with losing their captain because of an injured knee. But they are not regretting or hammering. Many of their games have been lost by a very small margin. The Junior players are feeling: "We have fought a good fight," even if we didn't win.

Selections for an "All Seminary team" will be appreciated. Write out your first and second choices and hand them to Matthewson, the athletic reporter, and results will be published in next issue.

Baseball season seems near and the campus often resembles a spring garden.

All together now! Nine "rahs" for all of the coming matches and games and nine more for those which have been played!!!

Alumni

Only a few words will you see
In this month's issue, written by me.
Franklin Lorracht, '13, has to Sedro-Woolley gone.
Her work at the hospital was not all like a song.
Frank Scott, '19, was recently in the Sem's old halls.
And Violette Haviland, '14, is a prey to Cupid's sweet calls:
Now her name is Bartow-Bridge, isn't that school?
We wish her much joy, long life, and great fame.
One Alumni member thinks Wade Folsom's poetry just grand,
Such a poet you'll not find on America's sand.
Next month you will hear a few more news,
But for this time, fond "Adieu!!!"

The Cascade—Page sixteen

Locals

This month has passed swiftly and as a student body we have been giving more time to solid study than to literary achievements. However, we greatly enjoyed two vocal duets by the Folsom brothers on Friday morning, as they were something novel from our precious music.

One of the best addresses that the students have received this year was one given by Rev. J. D. Marah on his visit here. His subject was "Zest" and he discussed it from many interesting points.

Fiscal Semester exams began Jun. 26 and those who were excused went around the campus with radiant faces and others who were not as fortunate accepted their fate with a resigned look. It almost seemed like vacation and the students took advantage of every moment by hikes to Fr. Lawton, studying on orations, etc.

Exams ended Friday evening the 29th and a special dinner was served in the dining hall, at which time all the students were changed to different tables in order that they might become better acquainted. This is all for this month, but February promises to be an interesting month, so be sure and look for the "Locals."

During the illness of Mrs. Bagley, her work in the schoolroom has been ably supplied by Mrs. Lenna F. Burns, wife of Prof. O. A. Burns. Mrs. Burns is a woman of culture and a recent graduate of the Saunders' School of Expression of Seattle. Not long since it was the privilege of the students of our Seminary and College to hear Mrs. Burns give a short recital which deserves more than a passing notice. It is rarely that we find speakers who can adapt themselves to all classes and ages as beautifully as did Mrs. Burns. Each reading was given so naturally and with such perfect ease and grace that the students of Shakespeare saw in each character represented retreat it's real meaning, while those of the grades and primary department were delighted with the selections given for their special benefit. Thankful indeed were we all to enjoy such a treat, and glad will we be again should Mrs. Burns consent to give another recital.

We make a specialty of Half tones and fine cut work for School Publications.

Electric Engraving Company.

Our combination of service and good work will surprise you.
Our Exchange Editor enlisted last week as a volunteer on a class digging expedition and as a natural result—he is still off duty.

His assistant has devised the following plan for this month only:

Each of the following are cuts from our best exchanges. Look for your label among the rest.

He: "Have you seen the newly painted altar in church?"
She: "No, lead me to it.
Chas. "That big old griddle can't bear it thundering."
Sullivan: "Is he dead?"
Chas: "No, it isn't thundering."
Hayflicker: "And do you believe the sword to be mightier than the pen?"

Hushidtzer: "You never heard of a sword signing a check, did you?"
Charley: "I'm going to get ahead.

Joe: "Nice decision; you need one."
Blanche to Cleopatra: "Is Higgens a man of his word?"
Cleopatra: "Only on Sunday nights when he gets to singing "I Won't Go Home Till Morning."

He: "It takes a lot of check to kiss a girl."
She: "Isn't mine big enough?"
Teacher: "What does Jonah and the whole remind you of?"
Johnny: "You can't keep a good man down.

Parnassus Jenkins: "Why do you call your pig ink?"

Neighbor Ulrich: "Because it keeps running from the pen."

Frederick: "Oh, Seefreter, what's the Knight of the Bath?"
S. Holden: "Why, Saturday, you bonehead!

Some of our readers inquire: "What are the six states?" and we are pleased to reply: Miss Orii, Iris Ho, Mary Land, Callie Formby, Alla Harris, Louise Arena, Della Warte, Minnie Sora, Mrs. Stepp and Fourth Day.

An account of a wedding and a sale having been reported about the same time, the following appeared in a perfectly dignified publication.

PROTECT YOUR EYES!

Do you realize that Your Eyes are worth millions of dollars to you; yet how you neglect and abuse them.

Do you realize that lack of concentration, dullness in school and loss of memory are mostly due to Eye Disease?

STUDENTS need a good Eye Specialist to overcome: Muscular Eye Tumors, Eye Stains, Headaches, Blurred Vision, Inflamed Eyes, Narrowness, Dizziness, etc. We have many Seminar Students as Patients. Ask the Students! Glad to answer with you. My clients are remarkable.

J. W. EDMUNDS, O. D.
30-703 Larry Blvd. South and Modern.

Evidently something happened after the two accounts were in type:

"William Smith, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Smith, and Miss Lucy Andrews were disposed of at public munion at my farm, one mile east, in the presence of seventy guests, including two miles and twelve head of cattle."

"Rev. Jones tied the nuptial knot for the parties, averagin 120 pounds on the hook. The beautiful home of the bride was decorated with one milk rake, one feed grinder, and two sets of work harness nearly new, and just before the ceremony was performed Mendelssohn's wedding march was rendered by one milk cow, 3 years old, one Jersey and one sheep, who, carrying a bunch of bride's roses in her head, was very bountiful. She wore a Light spring wagon, two crates of apples, three crates of peaches, three racks of hay, one grandiose trimmed with about a hundred baskets of apples. The bridal couple left yesterday for an extended trip."

Prof. Burns—"Who was Dainley?"
Lee Oughten—"Mary, Queen of Scots' wife."
Mary Stine—"And Elizabeth was very wise, she never got married."
Prof. Burns to Miss Johnston: "Who were the writers during Queen Elizabeth's reign?"
C. Johnson: "Shakespeare, Milton and Moore."
Miss L. (Algebra): "That the Jeth problem. Look here, folks, there are about six dozen of you not paying attention here."
Mrs. Highbee (as Mr. Highbee rushed into the room): "What is the matter with your hair?"
Mr. Highbee: "Oh, nothing, I was running and my hair couldn't keep up."

Mr. Mathews (speaking to the jitney driver): "Are you full?"

Prof. Marston: "Mr. Wilder, what is the eleventh commandment? Wilder: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor's daughter."
Mr. Haysom: "I should think heaven would be a pretty hot place for Satan."
E. Smith: "Not as hot as below."
Professor: "O, well, no fear of cannibals, as there are no more."
Richie: "Haw, haw, I would like to see long-legged Stephens running from a cannibal."

Richie (to Marvin Marston at the Rees 25th anniversary): "Do they celebrate this every year?"
M. Marston: "Oh, yes."

Thurline (to Miss Funder after drinking four glasses of water): "Did you say your name was Funder?"

Page nine—The Courier
WE INVITE THE PATRONAGE OF THE STUDENTS
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