

# St. Helens Hall Delphic



Christmas, 1922

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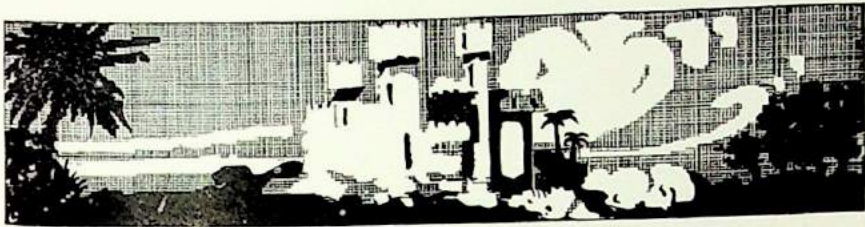




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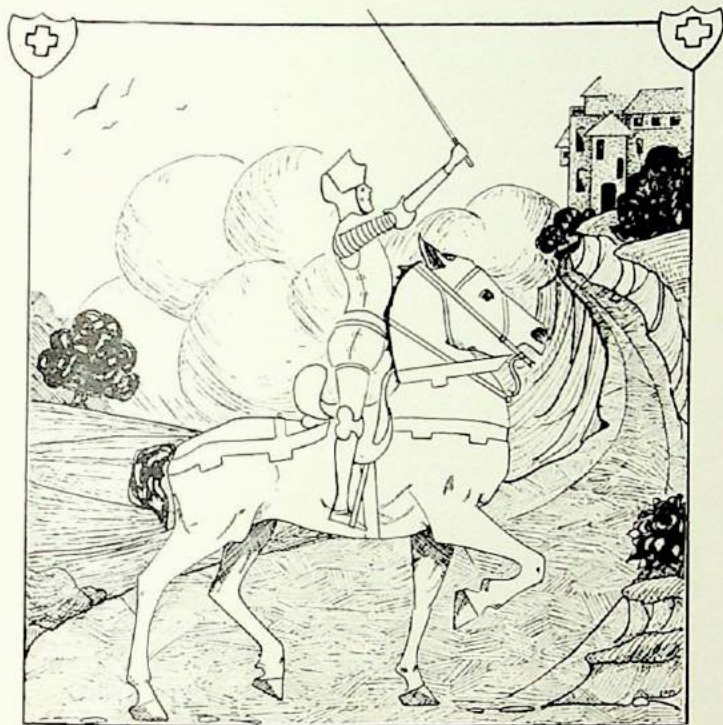
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## Editorials

**L**ABOR! What is labor? Is it the tedious, grinding, tiresome, thing that many people think it? Or is it, as our dreamers see it, the very thread of our existence? Would life be empty if we had nothing to do; no goal to attain?

The happiest hours of our life are spent at some congenial task. Those who indulge only in pleasure, who have no ambition or thought for the serious and beautiful side of life, soon find themselves out of touch with the world and its activities. Happiness attained through earnest labor attends the man who works.

Labor, then, would seem ideal. Is there anything better? It is through our experiences; through our every day tasks, that we learn of something really finer. This something is service. For it not only enriches man materially, but develops character. "It contemplates performance of duty" to society, to home, to school, to God, and to our country. It is an ideal toward which we all should work.

Were we placed on this earth merely to be? Or, were we put here to fulfill some purpose in life? Every individual has some personal talent. Should we

not discover that talent, and do every thing in our power to develop it? We would be dull beings, indeed, had we no ideal toward which to work; and after working for this ideal, nothing to offer to our friends, our homes, our schools, God, or our country.

“Rejoice, we are allied  
 To that which doth provide  
 And not partake, effect and not receive!  
 A spark disturbs our clod;  
 Nearer we hold of God,  
 Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.”

---

SCHOOL opened with the usual excitement and enthusiasm. There were an exceedingly large number of new girls among us, particularly in the third upper form. A great many of our mothers and former graduates accompanied us to chapel, where the Bishop managed to be with us again, in spite of all his duties at the Episcopal convention. He gave a very interesting address on upholding the ideals of the Hall. The class of nineteen twenty-three, feeling its responsibilities and the fine example set by former classes, is trying to put into practice his suggestions.

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THE Episcopal Convention brought many distinguished visitors to St. Helen's Hall. The first to address the school was Bishop Johnson of Los Angeles, who told us about his association with the Community of St. John Baptist in the East.

Several days later we had with us Father Sill, of the Holy Cross, headmaster of the Kent School for Boys, in Kent, Connecticut. He endeavored to inspire in us the same spirit of self-help and co-operation, which has made Kent famous and trained Kent boys so splendidly for their life work. At Kent, as at St. Helen's, order in the school-room is maintained by self-government, and the school is actuated by ideals of democratic service.

Dr. Van Allen, from the Church of the Advent, Boston, also spoke to the school while attending the Convention. All the girls enjoyed his address immensely, for he seemed to know girls very well. He tried to impress upon us that we must always be ladies, a thing which a great many seem to forget. He spoke on a quotation from Shakespeare's "King Lear," a remark made by the

King about his favorite daughter, Cordelia, after her death. "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman." He also told us to forget about imitating the boys and to acquire those qualities for which all women who possess them, are admired.

The English Bishop of Jerusalem spoke to the girls, on a very different topic. He told us all about Palestine, describing it as having a fertile valley on the west coast, a very high ridge of mountains in the center, and the Jordan valley on the east. While Jerusalem, on the snow-capped mountain range, is almost three thousand feet above sea level, the surface of the Dead Sea, a few miles east, is almost thirteen hundred feet below sea level. This is the deepest depression in the earth's surface. The Jordan River flows out of the Sea of Galilee, into the Dead Sea. As this sea has no outlet, the sun evaporates the water, and all the minerals rise to the top. The Bishop told us that he has a photograph of a friend sitting on the Dead Sea, reading a book, with an umbrella over him. There is so much salt in the water that it makes this kind of thing possible.

He also told us that the peasants still live as they did in the days of Our Lord. They use simple, home-made farming implements, travel with camels and mules, and wear their long flowing robes. They fashion their coats of sheep-skin, wearing the fur out in summer to keep off the heat, and inside in winter to warm their bodies. The Bishop said that his work seemed so much more impressive to him because he was preaching the Gospel in the very same places where Jesus preached.

Bishop Roe of Alaska told us about his mission schools and how he built his own boat last year in order to take supplies to the Eskimaux. He does a great deal of missionary work among the poor. One instance was of five small children, whose father had left them to be gone five days, in order to take one of the older children to the mission school. While he was away the mother died. The oldest girl, about seven, cooked warm food for the other little ones and cared for them the best she could. One day the Bishop happened to pass by their hut, and stopped to pay them a visit. He found the five little ones without mother or father. He buried the mother, and took all five children to the mission school. It is to these unfortunate ones, and others like them, that the girls of St. Helen's Hall send their Lenten Offering of woolen dresses and the money saved for their mite-boxes. He told us of many more cases with which he has to deal, and of how eager the little Eskimaux are for learning.

Father Hughson of the Order of the Holy Cross, from West Park on the Hudson, gave a very interesting talk and amused even the little ones. He told us a fairy story about a little rabbit-engine, so-called because it jumped from

one track to another while pulling the cars around the big depot. It hauled the stalled milk train into the city during a blizzard, after all the big engines had refused. After being hitched onto the milk-train, it started up the steep hill, puffing and blowing because of the heavy weight. The throng of spectators heard it saying to itself, "I think I can, I think I can," louder and harder as it slowly pulled the train up the hill, and just as it reached the top and started on the long easy grade down into the city they heard it say, "I thought I could, I thought I could." Father Hughson told us this story to show us that we must try to do our duty, the same way the little rabbit-engine did. If girls begin their lessons by saying to themselves, "I just know I can't do this, and there's no use trying," they never will be able to do them; but if they will always say what the little rabbit-engine said, "I think I can," they will always end up by saying, "I thought I could, and I did."

BESS ALLEN, '23.





## A Garden Romance

IN a corner of the garden lived a pretty little maiden, Sweet Alyssum. She was an orphan, so she stayed with her grandfather, Sage. They lived happily together in the shade of a great rosebush, surrounded by hyacinths.

Some thought this was the prettiest spot in the garden. Along the fence there was a row of stately Hollyhocks, that whispered and nodded in the breeze. In the vegetable garden there were several jolly Sunflowers. They peeked over and bent as near as possible, to grin at the grand dames on the other side of the fence.

In one corner near the home of Grandfather Sage, was a little pool where a beautiful, white Pond Lily sunned her golden hair all day long. The other inhabitants looked on her with awe, because she could not be reached. They knew this because young Cocks Combe, a mischeivous young chap, had tried to reach her so hard that he got his feet wet,—and was severely reproved by Granny Cat Tail, who lived near. When Lily spoke, which she seldom did, all gossip was stopped to hear her silvery voice.

A young gallant, Jack Rose, lived in the rose bush that was near Sweet Alyssum's home. Since he was the greenest of buds, he had had enough manners to protect the dainty little Miss from the heavy rains. As he grew older, he became so accustomed to her that he began to think seriously of asking to be her protector for life. Jack was a very likeable chap, but his was a very jealous nature, and he hated anyone who paid unwonted attention to his love.

Once in the early summer, a saucy young dandy, Mr. Lion, had sprung up by grandfather Sage's door-step. All day long he peaked in upon Sweet Alyssum, as she tripped about her household tasks. The next day, and the next, the intruder gazed upon the Sweet Alyssum's fair face. Poor Jack Rose was almost consumed by jealousy. One morning Mr. Lion woke up with white hair, and much to his chagrin, a rollicking breeze came along and blew it all away. He was so overcome by grief, that he withered up and died. Jack was happy once again.

It was known all over the garden that poor Jack Rose was passionately in love with Old Sage's granddaughter. Many believed that the feeling was mutual, but there was quite a little antagonism on this point, and heated disputes often ensued from perfectly harmless arguments.

One day Miss Mary Gold said to Miss Hair, also a maiden lady, who was staying with her for the summer, "I can't see why people call that spoiled young snip, Miss Alyssum, sweet. Of course Jack Rose is in love with her, as any one can plainly see, but I can't understand why a handsome young man like him should care for a conceited young prig like her. It would be different if he lavished his love on little Miss Anne Emone, whom everyone knows is a good obedient child. But why, it was only yesterday that Crimson Rambler leaned over and said to me, 'Do you know that that Alyssum girl has been flirting openly and shamelessly with Nast Urtium?' And she isn't the only one in this garden who has a lover either," she added "Did you hear that William is sweet on Susan? You know the one with black eyes."

"Why, Miss Mary, you really don't think so do you?" asked Miss Lark Spurr in a surprised tone. The two old maids laughed to themselves, for they knew that Miss Spurr was blue, because she couldn't gain William's affections.

Lilac nodded her plumes in a condescending manner, at the blue one and said, "Really, Miss Spurr, what difference does it make? I think you ladies are becoming confirmed gossips, Miss Mary!"

"I think they are horrid to Larky," said Pansy to Lily of the Valley.

"So do I," whispered her little friend, "Here's Violet, let's get her and play hide and go seek."

There was talk in other parts of the garden. Tulip, a stately, Dutch lady, who lived near the pond, bent over and said to Lily, "Did you know dat dot Yack Rose, he vass cratzy over dat der sweet Alyssumb?"

"No, really, do you think so?" asked Lily in her silvery voice.

"Isn't that funny, that's what I've heard too!" put in Buttercup from the opposite bank.

"Well of all silly things," said the golden-haired lady.

Little blue eyed grass stared over at Jack Rose in wonder. "How do they know?" she asked Burr Dock, a young Scotchman, near.

"Weel, Ma lassy, ye see its this way. They's some that ken he's a ben courtin her this twa-month. An they's some that thinks as how they'll be married afore long."

One fine morning a few days later, Jack Rose leaned over to grandfather Sage in a condescending manner, and in a tone far from humble, asked the old man for the hand of his granddaughter in marriage.

Just then they heard the Canterbury bell ringing. Johnny, who had been sitting quietly, jumped up. "Ha! Ha," he laughed, "there's that Cocks Comb again. He is always up to some mischief."

"The young scoundrel," screeched Grandfather Sage. "I wish I had the discipline of him for a week. I'll tell you he wouldn't be so uppish." To ring Canterbury's bell was considered a sacrilege, on account of the sacred origin of the name. The old man became so excited, at this shocking occurrence, that he refused the splendid offer for his granddaughter's hand.

"I'll have none of your hangin' round this here place," he sputtered. "Ye're a climber besides, and the quicker you climb away the better."

When Sweet Alyssum heard of his cruel decision, she became listless, lost her spirit and her dainty, youthful, beauty. Lady Hollyhock whispered to Madame Dahlia, "Do you know, I think it is a perfect shame the way that Alyssum girl lets herself go. It's disgraceful, that's what it is. She doesn't seem to care either. Me, oh my! Her skin's getting yellower and yellower every day. As I was saying to Sunflower yesterday when he leaned over the fence, its no wonder Jack Rose doesn't marry her."

"Don't you know that the old man refused to let them marry?" asked Madame Dahlia. "He said he didn't like the climbers. In a way you can't blame him you know, because we society ladies can't bear people that have social aspirations. They say," she added, as if imparting some particularly savory piece of news, "that he has had to call in Doctor Digi Talis because he had had one of those severe attacks of his old enemy the Grub."

"M—m, he is jealous of that Alyssum person!"

"No," replied Madame Dahlia, "you're mistaken there. He has no reason to be since Mr. Lion lost his silvery locks in the breeze and finally died. He need not fear Nast Urtium, because he has become quite seedy."

"Yes, that's so," replied Lady Hollyhock.

A few days later Sweet Alyssum faded and died. All the old gossips, who had talked about her when she was alive, were doomed to die too. Jack Frost came and nipped their toes and froze their noses for a punishment. Jack Rose took off his crimson robes at the death of his love, and in a few days followed her to the flower heaven. Dr. Digi Talis who had no room in his heart for romance, and was accustomed to pooh! pooh! broken hearts, said that his death was caused from another attack of the grub. Grandfather Sage knew better, because once when he was young he had also loved, and now he regretted the radical step he had taken.

Every night at sunset, the flowers come back to light up the sky. If one looks carefully he may see the two lovers hand in hand among the hosts of the departed flowers.

## The Man in the Moon

“LOOK at the moon,” said mother, pointing to the huge bright disc in the heavens, which was covered with such strange markings, “It reminds me of a story about a king, and a magical army.

In the country of the king there lived a great magician, named Bom. He owned a splendid castle, and many magical instruments, but his most wonderful possession was a minature army, so small that it could be carried in a handkerchief. Although it was so tiny, at a word from its master it would become the most powerful army in the world.

Bom lived in a peaceful kingdom, ruled by a crafty, ambitious king, who only refrained from constant war because of the weakness of his army, and the peaceful disposition of his subjects.

“If,” thought the king, “I only had the magician’s army, I could rule the world.”

Sharing the Magician’s castle, and treasured above all his possessions, was his only daughter, a beautiful maiden deeply in love with the king’s son.

At last, the Prince, prevailed upon by his crafty father, secured the promise of the Magician’s daughter to obtain the precious army. It was to be given to the king, upon the night of the grand ball.

The night fell. The King was there, nervously stroking his beard. The Prince was there, regretting his part in the plot. The maiden was there, with the magical army in her purse. And the Magician was there, who being very old and wise, smiled to himself.

During the first dance, the girl placed the purse in the hands of the Prince. When the dance ended, he gave it to his father and the King hurried home, ready to start his conquest on the morrow.

In the King’s palace, great excitement reigned the next morning. His Majesty had disappeared, and did not return during the day. The Prince was surprised to find that he felt no sorrow, at the loss of his father. Instead he felt relieved, even happy, for he dreaded wars, and the sufferings they brought on his beloved subjects.

That evening the Magician called upon the Prince. The old man led the boy out upon the balcony, and showed him the strange new markings on the moon, whose surface heretofore had been blank.

“My son,” he said, “Look!—there is your father, leading his army across the surface of the barren world, vainly seeking conquests. And for eternity,

there he will remain as an example and warning to those who would bring a cruel and merciless war on a quiet and peaceful world."

"And," said mother, "There he is still, as he has been for these thousands of years, seeking for things he shouldn't have."

SUSABETH BRUCE, '24.

## Dialogue Between a Hairwreath and a Tidy

TO begin with, I am neither a hairwreath nor a tidy! I am "What Not" who lives in the parlor. I am a very important piece of furniture, somewhat like a table, only in place of having one top, I have two. Perhaps I should call them shelves. I am very honorable, for upon me rest many heirlooms, and symbols of family traditions, such as samples, a picture of cousin Jean's two sons, both boys,—and a little statue of George Washington chopping down a cherry tree. So you see I am very venerable, and you can believe everything I tell you. This is the dialogue I heard yesterday, between Tidy and Hairwreath.

"Good morning," said Hairwreath, "glad to see you back."

"Good morning, Hairwreath, how are you this fine morning?"

"What a silly question! Tidy, you bore me. Just as if I haven't been the same for the last fifty years."

"Yes, you are old," replied Tidy, "But, in our town, people are too lazy to die. If a man under eighty-five dies, they pin a piece of white crepe on the door, and carve a little lamb on his tombstone."

"Shocking," screamed Hairwreath, "absolutely irreverent!!! You should be punished. The first interior decorator, who comes into this town, will have you discarded. Then you'll not laugh at people who die, or don't die, when you know that you're to travel the same road. You know as well as I do, that Judge Brown's son's going to Harvard, and the chances are very good that he'll take up interior decorating. However, let's quit arguing and scolding. I suppose you saw a great deal, during your process of laundering. The clothes line affords such an excellent view of the world. Tell me about it."

"Oh yes, I learned that Jack Dolittle's grand-uncle's apple tree died last fall, and a mule dropped dead yesterday. It couldn't have been much of an effort for them, or they wouldn't have done it."

"There you go again making fun of the dead."

"What else is there to make fun of, in this dead place?"

"There's Miss Elizabeth trying to make an impression on the new Judge. You could make fun of that, without being disrespectful."

"The judge, Hairwreath?"

"Yes, the judge! He came for tea yesterday afternoon and brought his horse with him. Very romantic! But I thought Miss Elizabeth should have fetched her smelling salts for the poor steed. It was the bay, that sheriff used to ride."

"Ride," sneered Tidy, "Do you mean that old bay he used to lead on his man hunts? They were a funny pair. Do you remember the pistol the sheriff used to carry with him? He never needed it, but he always said, 'One never can tell,' so he stuck it in a special pocket. That was rather inconvenient, for it took ten minutes or so to excavate it, but as he said, no one could get his gun away from him without some struggle."

"Tidy, I fear that you will become sarcastic. Do you not realize, that you yourself are old?"

"Yes, Hairwreath, I know that I am old enough to be a grandmother."

"Grandmother!" laughed Hairwreath, "Why, you're old enough to be an ancestor! Your'e every day as old as that pistol, and ammunition can only be bought for that in a curio shop."

"Well, that's a great way for you to talk, after the way you have lectured me. I at least would not say the things that you say about people. If I can't say anything nice, I don't say anything, but I don't see any harm in a little joke."

"Do you call ridiculing a horse a joke?" asked Hairwreath.

"You started it," answered Tidy.

"I didn't mean to ridicule him, but when an old horse is an old horse, well, he has got to be an old Horse," stammered Hairwreath.

"Very clever indeed," said the haughty Tidy, "Such grammar."

"You could do better I suppose."

"Huh! When I discover that I cannot, I will cease speaking."

"Oh my dear Tidy, I think it is time for you to start ceasing."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I believe it is time for the ending to start."

"Hairwreath, I hate to quarrel with my inferiors, but I'd like—"

Tidy didn't finish her sentence, for she saw Miss Elizabeth coming in from the garden. I'm afraid that she intended to say nothing pleasant, for they haven't been on speaking terms since.

## An Indian Legend

A LEGEND is a tradition; a story of life; but it is not a verified story and so is not believed by many people. Some legends are purely imaginary, while some contain bits of true history. However, as life is ever more gripping than products of the imagination, let us accept as the truth as much of our legendary lore as we can.

Tennyson created a man, King Arthur, and a court of followers, who although they were probably men of his imagination, have lived to many people. This group of imaginary men, has given to humans happy hours, in which to live a life entirely foreign to their own, but pleasant because of its throbbing action and idealism. Everyone has an ideal and, at least in a measure, tries to live up to it. A perfect example of right and goodness was once given to us, and man is constantly striving to attain that ideal.

This story is a legend, and so may not be acceptable as absolute history, but at least it is ours for enjoyment.

Once, not many years ago, there lived a mighty and noble man; by name, Chief Multnomah. He was an Indian, but he was a man with a mind and ideals such as are created only a few times in the history of our race. He gathered around him thirty warriors who trusted and believed in him; young braves, all from the tribe of Multnomah. It had always been the custom of this tribe to pay homage to the Gods, and to work for their favor very diligently. The tribe seemed to receive no favor, for it decreased, and became increasingly poor and miserable.

After working faithfully for many years, to better the condition of their people, Chief Multnomah and his braves set out to the Great Tombs to meditate for a time, and to consider what they could do to better their condition. The white men were constantly advancing, and they realized that the life of their tribe was limited. After a few days travel, they came to the Great River and to the Tombs. At the meeting of their first ceremonial councils they related, in a chant, as was their custom, the story of the anger of the Gods. Among the expressions was the story of the Bridge of the Gods.

A bridge once extended across the Great River, from the Table Mountain, on one side, to the Little Bald on the other. This was used for many years by all the tribes of the Indians, who had occasion to cross the great river. Small disputes over the use and the possession of the Bridge arose at times; but always died down, because it was acknowledged that the Bridge belonged to the Gods.

At one time, however, two tribes of Indians disdained this, and each claimed the span. They quarreled furiously, and at last the leaders met at the center of the bridge, to decide the controversy. They seemed unable to come to any decision, and so, upon the very structure over which they were quarreling, a great massacre began. This angered the Gods, and they caused a great storm, which rent the country, as no thousand vicious winters could have done. The day became night, and above the thunder, a noise was heard, which has never been equalled. It shook the earth for miles around and, when the light came back to reveal the havoc, the bridge had fallen. No sign remained, of what had been one of the marvels of the world, except the Tombs in the river-bed below.

One of the quarreling tribes, those many years ago, had been a part of the tribe of Multnomah. On the day of Chief Multnomah's Council, this guilt of their forefather's seemed to rest on them more heavily than ever before. That night, just at the termination of the meeting, when the last rays of the sun were fading from the sparkling waters of the Great River; and the small valleys below Table Mountain and Little Bald were shadowy and mystical, a voice seemed to rise from the Tombs and speak to the warriors. It was not the voice of the river, but it blended with the murmur of the water which washed over and around the Tombs.

"The Bridge of the Gods was destroyed by a quarreling people, and must be rebuilt by them, if they are to prosper. God has forgiven them, but they will die because of their torturing conscience, and because they have not the power to rebuild the bridge. It is willed that another race will accomplish that work, after the last man of the tribe of Multnomah has died. No member of the tribe will be allowed to live to see and rejoice in its surpassing beauty."

The Chief and his braves heard these words, and returned to their waiting people with sad hearts. They did not tell them of this prophecy, of their future, but spent the rest of their lives trying to atone for the great sin of their ancestors.

No bridge has ever been built from Table Mountain to Little Bald because, I suppose, the last member of the tribe of Multnomah has not yet passed on to the happy hunting grounds. The prophecy that came from the Tombs to Chief Multnomah promised, however, that some day a new and surpassingly beautiful wonder would span the Great River.

## The Bad Little Boy's Visit to the Land of Conscience

ONCE upon a time, there lived a little boy, who was cruel to animals. Every time he saw a dog or cat, he would throw stones at it, just to see it run. A lady came to visit this little boy's mother, and she brought with her, Thomas. Now Thomas was a little, fluffy, white kitten. Every time this bad little boy saw the kitten, he would tease it. He did everything he could to make Thomas miserable.

One day, his mother told him that if he pulled the kitten's tail again, he would be taken to the land of conscience, and severely punished.

The bad little boy said he didn't care. To prove it, he pulled the cat's tail.

At twelve o'clock that night, the witching hour, when Spooks and Goblins and Fairies appear, the little boy awoke. He heard something meowing; the sound of a cat walking up and down outside his room. The sound drew nearer and nearer. Peeping from under the covers, he saw Thomas, and beside him stood the queerest little man. He had big round eyes, a long pointed nose, and big hands dangled from little skinny arms. This little man was dressed all in black, and carried a stick much bigger than himself.

The little boy shivered and said, "What do you want?"

"You have been a bad little boy," said the queer little man, in a thin squeaky voice. "You have tormented this poor little kitten, and I have come to take you to the land of conscience."

The little boy looked at the tiny wee man and said, "You are much smaller than I. I'm not afraid."

"Hokus Pokus," said the little man and there appeared forty little men just like the first little man.

The little boy was terrified and screamed, "Don't touch me or I'll shriek and my mother and father will come and chase you away."

In spite of his entreaties, the little men flew away with the bad little boy to the land of conscience.

They flew for seven hours, and the little boy was very tired, for he had never flown before. At last they came to a gate, and on this gate, in large letters, was printed, "The Land of Conscience," and underneath were the words, "When people are not punished on earth as they should be, they are brought to the Land of Conscience, and here they are punished as little or as much as they deserve. Enter all ye wrong doers."

All around this gate stood little men. They opened the gate, and walked down a narrow lane. All of the little men followed the bad little boy and poked him, and pointed their fingers at him. When they came to the end of the lane, they entered a dark, gloomy cave. In it, on a huge black stone sat another little man. This little man had a long grey beard. It was wound in and out, and under and around, all the rocks, and sticks, and stones, in the cave. On each side of this little man was another little man holding a torch, which cast a spooky green light about the cave.

The little man sitting on a stone said, in a gruff voice, "What! another bad little boy? I'm so tired! There are so many bad little boys. Proceed with the case. What has this one been doing?"

The tiny wee man who had brought the little boy said, "Oh king and punisher of all bad little boys! He has been pulling the tail of this poor little white kitten. He throws stones at all the cats and dogs he sees, and once I saw him drown a little baby chicken."

The King's face turned a livid green, and he said, "What, a baby chicken? A chicken that could neither scratch or bark? Little boy, what have you to say for yourself?"

The little boy was so frightened by this time, that his knees were all wobbly. He said in a small, small voice, "Oh please sir, I'll be good!"

"Well," said the little man reluctantly, "as this is the first offense, I will deal leniently with you. But I warn you, take care! Punishment number twenty-six! You of the funny ears! Take charge of this little boy."

At this, a little, shriveled up, old man with huge flapping ears hobbled forward. He threw a ball of twine to another little man, and together they began wrapping it around the little boy. The bad little boy screamed, and cried, and kicked, but it did no good. When they had finished winding the twine around him, they carried the little boy to the gate and pushed him off into the darkness. The little boy fell, and fell and fell. He fell right past the moon, and the stars, and the house-tops; and he fell into his own little room and his own little bed!

Never again did that little boy pull a cat's tail, or throw stones at dogs. He didn't wish ever to return to the Land of Conscience.

## A Moonlit Garden

I had the pleasure of receiving an invitation to attend the annual reception of the Countesse De Sarlande, and felt greatly honored, as this was to be the social event of the season.

I may admit that I felt a bit conceited, when, at the appointed time, the Countesse thoughtfully sent Jacques, the butler, for me. Being driven directly to the front entrance by a span of beautiful horses, I alighted with a great deal of dignity. Jacques escorted me to the kitchen, where the chief caterer wished to ask my advice about the refreshments. Feeling rather overheated after the important ordeal, I asked Jacques to escort me to the balcony. He immediately fulfilled my desire, by escorting me to a marble veranda, where I remained for the rest of the evening.

Below me dreamed an old fashioned garden, carressed by the silvery splendour of the moon. Would that I might have seen the wonders beyond that tall brick wall, so completely hidden by merrily dancing hollyhocks.

The odor of violets told me that a tiny breeze had floated up, to pay me his respects. Clinging sweet-peas nodded their sleepy heads, as he lazily wandered by; and the stately lilies of the valley, almost hidden by moss covered rocks, tossed their heads as if to say, "We resent caresses."

How I envied those garden people, who could bathe themselves in the mellow warmth of the moon.

What was that? Out of a bush tumbled a small white kitten, completely covered with burrs! How playful and carefree she looked, tossing and scolding at those naughty clinging things.

A graceful willow bowed to it's own reflection in the bright ripples of the pond; only to have it's vanity rudely interrupted by a frog who jumped into the cool depths, to tell his playmates of the garden's loveliness.

Now, you needn't believe me if you don't want to, but I saw tiny elves dancing on emerald blades of grass, to the escaping strains of music.

What was that disturbing noise, that came to marr the beauty of the night? Oh! Jacques! Why haven't your shoes rubber soles? Must I go? Oh! wretched creature! How dare you so rudely break in upon my dreams.

But temper didn't remedy matters, and reluctantly I let him carry me away. He took me to the kitchen where I was washed and polished, as I had never been before or since.

Surely you are very stupid, if you haven't guessed that I am the most important person at all receptions of note, Mademoiselle Punch Glass.

MAYANNA SARGENT, '25.

## The Smugglers

IN Oricale, Arizona, the usual morning crowd lounged around the "Perry and Lawson, Post Office and General Merchandise." Mr. Perry, in his shirt sleeves, was looking over the mail, reading with care all the postal cards, and holding the letters up to the light, hoping to decipher their contents. Seated on the counter was Mr. Seaboth, arguing hotly with Stanley Wilson, the young forest ranger, upon the best way to cure a horse of balking, while an interested group of cow-boys lounged nearby. On the floor, behind the stove, several Mexicans were gambling, their eager faces strained forward.

A fresh arrival was heralded by the yapping of the numerous, hairless dogs, which lolled about the room. This new-comer was a large Mexican, with faintly curling mustache and a swaggering gait, who sauntered over to the group behind the stove, and was soon wrapped up in the game.

The forest ranger eyed him for some time, and finally asked, "Who is that fellow who just came in?"

"Oh that's Pedro Ruez. He drives a burro train to the mines near Phoenix with provisions," some cowboy volunteered.

"Where does he get all his money? If a pack train pays as well as that, I'll stop forest ranging poco beintot."

"Why he's as poor as Job's turkey. What made you think he was rich?"

"Well, look at him bet. He's got five hundred down now, and going strong. Is his the only pack train around here?"

"Yeah, but why so interested in Pedro all at once?"

"Oh, I thought you said he went to Phoenix, and every week from my cabin in the mountains, I see a pack train pass headed for Mexico."

"You're dreaming, Bo. There's only one pack train this side of Tuscon."

"Well, then it goes to Mex'co!"

"Nonsense," the cowboy laughed. "Hey Pedro, don't you drive to Phoenix every week?"

Pedro looked up quickly. "Si, Signor. But Signor wan' that I should bring him somethin' from there, with out doubt?" He smiled ingratiatingly.

"No, I was just wondering" the cow puncher answered, "Well Stanley, are you downed?"

"I wouldn't be apt to imagine a pack train you know," the ranger growled, with the umbrage one usually feels when worsted in an argument.

Just then the mail team from Tuscon arrived, and everyone rushed out to get the mail and hear the news. To-day the excitement was over the arrest of

a smuggler, who was caught taking ammunition to Mexico. However, the hubbub soon ceased, and the group scattered. Pedro whistled to his pup and swaggered down the dusty road, to his little adobe hut, and the ranger on his Indian pony loped off toward his cabin in the hills.

A few days after the conversation in the store, Stanley trudged over the plains in a very bad humor. A compulsory walk of twenty miles is unpleasant at any time, but particularly so after a long day's ride. Wilson had left his horse Chappo, standing, reins hanging, while he went to examine a cave nearby, and when he turned again, he had the pleasure of seeing the animal's tail disappear in the distance. A large rattlesnake had crossed Chappo's path, and forgetting in an instant his years of range training, he had headed for camp and safety, leaving the poor ranger to trudge wearily homeward. The sun had disappeared behind the Rincon Mountains, and it was growing cold and dark.

Even now it was so dusky, that he nearly walked into a cactus in his path.

Suddenly he heard someone singing not far away. Hurrying in the direction of the sound, he came to a camp-fire. Twenty pack burros were staked near-by, while a large Mexican sat by the fire, a dog, curled at his feet.

"Pedro Ruez," murmured Stanley, "Hum, I knew he went to Mexico. Anyway, I'm glad he does—I suppose he'll bunk me for the night."

The dog sensed his approach for he rushed out yapping, and Stanley only saved his shins by calling, "Hey, Pedro, call off this pesky pup of yours."

The Mexican started up with his hand on his gun, and a savage look on his face, then he hesitated a minute and suddenly whistled to his dog, as Stanley sauntered over and sat down by the fire.

Pedro seated himself near, and fixed his keen black eyes suspiciously upon his neighbor.

"Well," thought the ranger, "What are you so grumpy about?" and then aloud, "My horse walked off, so you don't mind company for the night do you?"

"No."

He volunteered no further answer, and as there seemed nothing else to be said, the two men sat in silence. The ranger gazed into the fire, but he was aware all the time of the calculating gaze of the Mexican sitting across the fire, his right hand in his pocket. In spite of himself, Wilson began to feel nervous and before long, he got up and remarked, "Well, old chap, I'm tired, so I guess I'll go to sleep."

Pedro motioned to a tent a few feet away, and still keeping his eye's upon the other man's face, growled: "Sleep there."

"Oh, all right, I'll take this along," and he reached for a blanket which covered the packs.

The Mexican gave a leap, catching his wrist, and Stanley dropped the cloth, but not *before* he had seen what was under it. Ammunition! Instantly there came to his mind the headlines of the paper. "Two men arrested for smuggling ammunition into Mexico."

He turned quickly and looked at Pedro, who returned his gaze, his beady eyes narrowed to mere slits. Without a word the ranger turned on his heels and walked toward the tent, while all the way he felt the gaze of the Mexican upon him.

Once inside the tent, Stanley stood for a moment irresolute, then sat down, leaning against the canvas. Once again he seemed to feel the evil gleam in the Mexican's eyes, his sinister face lighted by the glow of the fire, and in spite of himself, he felt a cold chill run up his back.

Suddenly, he seemed to feel a faint rustling sound, outside. He jumped to the middle of the tent.

"Well, anyway, a stiletto can't get me here," he murmured. "If I only had a pistol!"

For sometime he stood tensely, his ears strained to catch the slightest sound. The silence of death was all around, and even though he stood in utter darkness, he had the mysterious feeling of being watched. Again there was a rustling outside. A dog growled, and a muffled tone commanded him to be still.

Once more there was silence.

"I won't stand here to be shot, at the pleasure of that greasy Mexican," Wilson murmured. Pulling open the tent flap, he crawled out and stood still, his ears strained and every muscle tense.

The desert stretched for miles on either hand like a vast snowfield, while far away the dim outlines of the mountains rose like spectres against the star dotted sky. The weird howl of a pack of coyotes floated to his ears. Nearby, the fire still smouldered, throwing flickering shadows like witches on the sands, but Pedro and the dog were nowhere to be seen. His eye, following the sweep of the desert caught sight of a vague silhouette, of a man and a horse, moving slowly toward the Mexican border, and he recognized Pedro Ruez in the man crouched over the saddle.

"Well," murmured Stanley, "I guess the United States is rid of one smuggler for good and all."

JEAN MUIR, '23.

## Little Inspirations from the Lower School

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### HOW I BOUGHT A CANARY

When I lived in Des Moines, Iowa, my mother and I went down town, one day, to buy a canary. There were very many beautiful ones in the bird store. There were pretty cages, too.

I asked the man, "How much is this beautiful roller?"

He answered, "This is the finest singer I have, he is twenty dollars."

My mother said, "I think that Santa Claus will bring it to you."

Just then we heard the news boys calling on the streets outside the door. "Buy a paper! Camp Rodge to be abandoned!" It was true. We moved to camp Lewis and Santa Claus forgot my canary. Perhaps he will remember it in Portland.

---

### AMERICAN LAKE

When I was at American Lake  
I had lots of fun.  
I watched the squirrels—  
And fed the birds,  
When I lived at American Lake.  
I played in my swing—  
And in my sand-pile, too.  
And I watched the Snow Mountains.  
All day long.

MARY BURNETT—(Age 8, 1931)



THE first great event of the year in Athletics was the tennis tournament. Miss Catlin's School challenged the Hall. We put up two of our best players, Susabeth Bruce and Catherine Martin. Nancy Nicolai and Mary Ann Bishop represented Miss Catlin's, and after two wellplayed matches won the honors.

The Basketball teams were chosen amidst great excitement; the first team is composed of the following players, Catherine Martin, captain and center; Martha Hughes, side center; Lee Luders and Marjorie Pittock, forwards; Gertrude Ireland and Katheryn Hennagin, guards.

The second team is no less prominent than the first. The lineup is as follows: Hazelmery Price, captain and center; Doine Smith, side center; Helen Shearer and Betty Sewall, forwards; Mayanna Sargent and Florence Volstoff, guards.

On November the sixth, we played the first of a series of games with Catlin's. Both teams played brilliantly, and we came off victors after a hard struggle, the score being twenty to sixteen.

There has been no hockey so far this Fall on account of the delay in receiving the sticks, and because the weather has not been very favorable. We hope to organize the team early in the spring.



NOW I am not the kind of girl that talks, but, did you know: that keeping  
 order in the study hall has caused Bess Allen to lose her appetite,  
 that Hazelmery Price is trying to be a dignified senior,  
 that all the girls get a thrill out of Lee Luders,  
 that Willetha Ritter is really working this year,  
 that the English note-books have turned into motion picture magazines,  
 that Miss Beede had a hard time keeping her dances straight at the old  
 girl, new girl dance,  
 that there is an ambitious lawyer in the senior class,  
 that we can no longer tell who is bow-legged,  
 that Bess Edwards is a budding genius, when it comes to making cartoons,  
 that Anne Wentworth is able to be with us again,  
 that Katy Martin is still our all-star athlete,  
 that Dorothy Haradon is becoming a great philosopher,  
 that Consuelo Hamor has begun to display unusual dramatic ability,  
 that it seems to be the style to yawn during class,  
 that there is plenty of soap and water for all those who fall into a paint box  
 before they come to school,  
 that we hope all the guilty ones will take the above hint,  
 that there is still a great deal of bobbed hair,  
 that we have a very nice school this year,  
 that everyone seems to like it better than ever,  
 that this will be about all.



Don't get excited,  
it's only  
Lunch  
hour



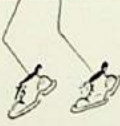
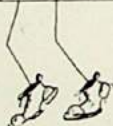
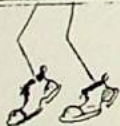
Wonder what the Lost and found board thinks about

Here comes that foolish  
Katie Hennagin to put  
a lost sign on me my  
but she's careless hardly  
a day passes but  
she loses a nutty  
old french book,  
on her gym shoes.  
Oh! well she's young  
and she'll learn

I just get cleaned and  
Maalburg comes a tick  
writes some foolish  
song on me. Phew!  
but girls are  
silly, always singing  
or doing something  
crazy. I'm glad  
I'm a nice sensible  
blackboard and not a girl

That notice Virgie put  
on me about her pen  
isn't going to do a  
bit of good, because  
no one can read the  
writing. She certainly  
ought to take some  
Parker method. Oh  
well, Gerie Took  
her pen so she'll  
never see it again.

Unh! Hum! Do they  
going to have senior  
council this noon?  
Poor victim! I wish  
they'd have it in  
here once in a  
while, so I could  
hear all the big mys-  
teries I surely like  
the seniors.





*September 12*

School opens to-day, and though we miss the graduates very much, we are glad to see there are a great many new girls with us.

*September*

During the convention this month, we had several noted churchmen speak to us in chapel. Among these were the Bishops of Alaska, Los Angeles and Jerusalem.

*September*

Among the boarders there were three birthdays celebrated this month, Lilly Thompson, Jane Knapp and Bernice Congleton.

*September 28*

The old girls entertained the new, with an advertising masquerade, given in the lower study hall. The room was appropriately decorated with Autumn leaves and Virginia Creeper. Three prizes were given, the first going to Donna Jean Trumbell, as Cream of Wheat, the second to Katheryn Martin and May Anne Sargent representing "The Gold Dust Twins," and the third prize going to Katheryn Hart, as Baker's Chocolate. Katheryn Hennagin, dressed as "Time to Retire," was presented with the booby prize.

*October 6*

The tennis tournament! Miss Catlin's School won both of the cups.

*October*

Donna Jean Trumbell, Isabel Johnson and Roberta Pittock, celebrated their birthdays this month.

*November 6*

The first game of basket-ball, in a series of three with Miss Catlin's School, was played to-day and we won! The score was 20 to 16. We hope that the next game will be as successful.

*November 8*

This week being music week an informal recital was held this evening in the lower study hall.

*November 10*

This morning at eleven, the annual celebration for Armistice Day was held. A play entitled "The Spirit of Democracy" was put on by the elocution and American History classes.





A great many of our old girls are attending various colleges throughout the country this Winter. Hazel Fairservice '20, Janice Parker '21, and Martha Youlden are at the University of Washington.

Thyra St. Clair '21, Frances Cornell '22, and Margaret Boyer '22 are at the University of Oregon.

Catherine Overbeck '22, Frances Spaulding '22, Helen Ernst '22, Virginia Pittock '22, Janet Griffith '22, and Hylah Fraley '20 are at Mills College. Catherine Overbeck has been elected secretary of the Freshman Class.

Jessie Smith '20, Elva Mervy '21, and Helen Van de Water '22, are at Reed.

Laura Reed '20, Medora Howard '22, and Esther Benson '22 are at O. A. C.

Phillippa Sherman '22 is at the University of California.

Virginia Edwards '22 is going to Dana Hall.

Marian Farrel '22 is attending Miss Spence's School.

Charlotte Malboeuf '22 is at Castillija.

Helen Holmes '22 is at Gaucher.

Conseulo McMillan '17 is teaching High School at Yacolt, Washington.

Muriel Withers '22 is teaching at Summer Lake.

Ruth Jenkins '20 is teaching at Salem, and Marian Jenkins '20 is taking a teaching course at Monmouth.

Vernita Watts '20 sailed for Honolulu a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Heinerick Schmidt, Susan Green '17, and baby daughter, Emily Louise, visited relatives in Portland, during September.

Among the volunteer workers at the Portland Free Dispensary are Mary Helen Spaulding '19, Janet House '21, and Susanne Caswell '20.

Edith Marshall is attending art school this Winter.

Mrs. Leonard, Hazel Haines '18, has returned to Portland for the winter.

Mrs. Lestes Wade, Lucille Brown '17, was in Portland for the summer.

Elizabeth DuMond, with her mother, Mrs. F. V. DuMond, has been in Paris for several months. They will spend the winter in Italy.

Mrs. William L. Wood, Elizabeth Lambert '90, is still in Arizona where she has been for the last year.

Mrs. Fred Strong and Miss Kate Holman are visiting in California.

Mrs. William Dudgeon, Martha B. MacLeay, of London, is being welcomed to Portland after many years absence.

Two weddings of great interest were those of Doris Henningsen '20 to Severen Harkson and Harriet Walters '22 to Nathan Thomas.

We extend the sincerest sympathy to Mrs. Evelyn Farrar Skinner upon the death of her husband, Harold Otis Skinner.

## Exchanges

THERE are a number of our exchanges which have not yet come to us, but, as it is early in the school year we hope to hear from them, and also, many new acquaintances, before the next issue.

The Delphic gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following publications:

THE GARRULOUS PINE, Miss Catlin's School.

A new paper to us. The short stories are especially commendable for their vivid descriptions. The abundance of verse shows that you have much talent in that line. We hope to hear from you again.

THE ACADEMIA, St. Mary's Academy.

Of the poems, "Peace Be Still," is most worthy of praise. We compliment you on your long exchange list.

THE SENTINEL, Harvard Military School, Los Angeles, California.

Your "school notes" are most interesting. The whole paper is brief and to the point. We hope you will come again.

SAINT KATHERINE'S WHEEL, Saint Katherine's School, Davenport, Iowa.

"My Life At Saint Katherine's," is an excellent theme. Your Calendar is also delightful.

THE OLYMPUS, Olympia High School, Olympia, Washington.

An ideal high school paper. You are new to us this year, but we hope to see you again.

THE LENS, Washington High School.

A good magazine with very fine editorials. Next time we hope to find an exchange department.

We acknowledge also: "THE CARDINAL," Lincoln High School; "THE EMERALD," University of Oregon; "THE OREGON CHURCHMAN."

## Gifts to the Hall

SHORTLY before the opening of school in September, a beautiful wrought iron cross of Flemish design, was erected on the cupola of the chapel wing, in memory of our late, beloved chaplain, the Reverend W. A. M. Breck. The cross is a copy of one brought from Coutrai in France, and is the gift of the students, a large share of the contribution coming from the class of 1922.

The Alumnae Association has recently given the Hall an excellent gasoline lawn-mower, thereby enabling our faithful Janitor to keep the large lawn, and the school campus in fine condition. In addition to this useful and practical gift, the Association has placed in the hands of the Sister Superior, a cheque for three-hundred dollars. This is to be used for a marquise to be placed over the front door. A handsome design in wrought iron and opaque glass has been submitted for approval and it is expected that the marquise will be in place before the first of the year.

Two pictures of unusual interest have been added to the many beautiful ones which already adorn our walls. One, "The Choristers," is the gift of Miss Mary Failing. It was presented years ago, to her mother by Bishop Scott, the first missionary bishop of the northwest, and hung for many years in the old Failing home. The other is a small but very beautiful photograph of a portrait of Miss Catherine Wolfe, painted by Sargent. It will be remembered that Miss Wolfe and her father gave the land on which the original St. Helen's Hall was built.

## School Honors

FOR the past two years, Bishop Sumner has offered an "Honorary Day Scholarship," for the pupil in the senior year who passes with the highest marks, in six points, in the College Board examinations in June. Gertrude Ireland won the scholarship this year.

The school also offers a prize of one hundred dollars to the Senior who passes highest in all the examinations required for entrance into a standard eastern college. This year the prize was won by Catherine Overbeck, who completed her preparation for Wellesley, passed creditably all the Entrance Board examinations, and received "Highest Rating" in English.

Roberta Douty exhibited several landscapes, done in pastel, at the Salem State Fair in October. One of these was awarded a blue ribbon, and one a red. Incidentally, Roberta's horse, "Romping Pea Vine" won a blue ribbon on the same occasion.

Anne Wentworth won the medal given by the "National Society of Colonial Daughters," for the best essay on a Patriotic subject. The Essay is printed below.

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## The Arms Conference

THE world war brought such ruin, want, and suffering that the people deemed it necessary to evolve some plan whereby future wars should be impossible. America was the first to act. Since she had not felt the blow of war as keenly as France and England she could more easily entertain. In the spring of nineteen twenty-one, President Harding sent an invitation to all nations to meet at the capitol of the United States on the twelfth of November. In his opening speech he said:

"Gentlemen of the Conference, the United States welcomes you with unselfish hands. We harbor no fears, we have no sordid ends to serve; we suspect no enemy; we contemplate or apprehend no conquest; content with what we

have we seek nothing that is anothers. We only want to do to you that finer, nobler thing which no nation can do alone."

Each nation was represented by some of her most able men. Among the most prominent delegates were: from England, the Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, Lord President of the Council. The most important of his many offices have been those of Secretary for Scotland, Chief Secretary for Ireland, Prime Minister, First Lord of the Admiralty. His philosophical temper makes him "calm in crisis and unfussed in victory."

Aristide Briand, Prime Minister, headed the French delegation. "No living politician has snatched so many victories from so many defeats." He has held the office of Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, Minister of Justice and Cults, President of the Council and Minister of the Interior.

Japan's delegation was headed by Prince Tokugawa who is President of the House of Peers, "a democrat in his views and actions, a member of no political party, and a student of international affairs."

It is an interesting fact that all the Chinese delegates were graduates of American Universities. Dr. R. V. Wellington Koo, former Chinese Minister, is a graduate of Columbia and during his student days served as editor of the Columbia "Spectator." He returned to China in nineteen eleven and was appointed Secretary to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

America's representation included Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, who presided, and represented the Administration; Mr. Cabot Lodge and Mr. Underwood represented the Senate and the two parties in it; Mr. Elihu Root represented the public.

It is unquestionable that men of such standing and ability can not agree to relieve the world from heavy taxes and constant fear of war.

To many, as President Harding made his first speech on the opening day, was made clear the significance of the two succeeding days—the burial of the "Unknown Soldier," who symbolized our grief over the sacrifices of the war just passed; and the opening of the Conference which symbolized our hope of making such sacrifices unnecessary.

The keynote of the whole Conference was sounded when Charles Evans Hughes, the American Secretary of State, said:

"If we are to disarm we must do it."

His suggestions were that the powers declare a ten year naval holiday in which no ships for war be built and offering to scrap a large number of our battle-ships completed and in the process of being built and that Great Britain and

Japan<sup>5</sup> do likewise, making the United States' and Great Britain's ratio five each to Japan's three.

¶ When news of this wonderful treaty was flashed to all parts of the earth, the whole world seemed to take on an entirely new view of life. The veterans felt that they and their dead comrades had not fought in vain and the world would not have to go through long years of depression again.

“One shall prevail there at the Conference,  
Where nations meet to draw the fangs of war;  
One shall prevail, but not by eloquence,  
For he is silent as the strong ones are.  
The mighty army of the sacred slain  
Would rise and roam the earth and cry  
‘Oh statesmen of the world, why did we die?  
Why lie we here—we who held life so dear?’  
This is the message that the ‘Unknown’ brings  
Back from the world from those behind the veil  
They will not dare ignore Earth’s honored one  
There at the Conference he shall prevail.”

## Calendar, 1922-1923

Registration of Pupils, September 8th and 9th.

The Fifty-fourth Year begins September 12th.

Thanksgiving Holidays, November 29th to December 3rd.

Christmas Vacation, December 15th to January 3rd.

Second term begins January 29th.

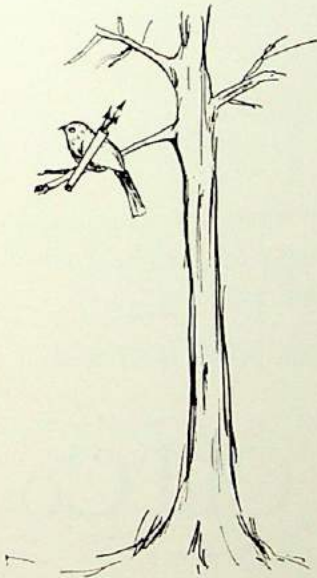
Washington's Birthday, February 22nd, holiday.

Easter Vacation, April 6th to 16th.

Final Examinations, May 28th to June 1st.

Commencement, June 5th.

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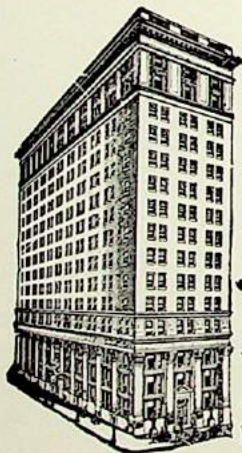
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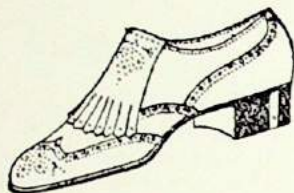
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