

St. Helens Hall  
Delphic

St. Helens Hall  
Delphic

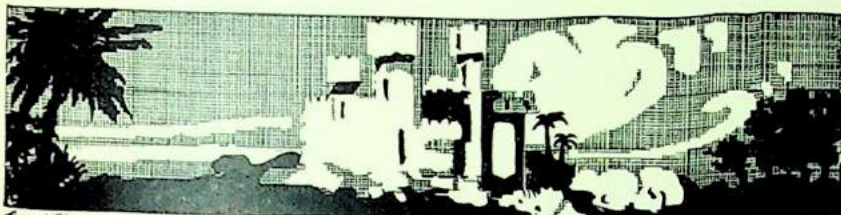


PRESS OF  
LANE-MILES STANDISH CO.  
PORTLAND, OREGON



## Delphic Staff

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	MARION FARRELL
<i>Literary Editor</i>	HELEN HOLMES
<i>Assistant Literary Editor</i>	CATHERINE OVERBECK
<i>Kalendar</i>	{ PHILIPPA SHERMAN } VIRGINIA EDWARDS
<i>Old Girl Notes</i>	VIRGINIA PITTOCK
<i>Art</i>	{ JANET GRIFFITH } ELIZABETH HOLBROOK
<i>Exchanges</i>	MARGARET BOYER
<i>Business Managers</i>	{ LEAH ESTELLE ROSE } MARGARET MCALISTER
<i>Advertising Managers</i>	{ FRANCES CORNELL } HELEN PARKER



Legend of White 112

# CONTENTS

	Page
Editorials .....	7
What's the Use .....	12
The Hole In the Wall .....	14
The Welsh Kitchen .....	15
Tartar of the Range .....	16
It Was Ever Thus .....	17
Sunset .....	18
Poetry Versus Football .....	20
Edwin Arlington Robinson .....	24
Among Us Students (Cartoon) .....	25
Kalendar .....	26
Idlers Notice .....	29
Old Girls' Notes .....	31
Exchanges .....	33

---

DELPHIC is published twice during the school year. Contributions are solicited from all the students.

Literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. Business letters and subscriptions to the Business Manager.

Subscription: \$1.00 a year.

---

VOL. 26

DECEMBER, 1921

No. 2

---



## Editorials

**A**T last to us of the class of Nineteen Twenty-two has been entrusted the management of the DELPHIC—our paper and your paper. During three long years, the magazine has played an important part in the lives of us all. Each one of us has read the DELPHIC, most of us have praised it, some few of us have criticized it, and the bravest of us have even contributed to it. Of course, we have looked forward to the time in which much of the responsibility should fall upon us; and, now that that time has arrived, it remains to be seen whether we have spent our days idly, in considering how fine a DELPHIC we should publish, or wisely, in considering how to publish a good DELPHIC. We look to the underclassmen for judgment, because the magazine is the property of the school. We are merely caring for it until it shall pass into other hands.

In his opening address, Bishop Sumner expressed the duty that every pupil should feel. She should consider herself in honor bound to do nothing that might in any way reflect on her school. Each girl is not merely a pupil here—she is a part of an institution that has stood the test of over a half century. These years have not all been prosperous. There have been years when the prospects for the future loomed up very darkly, indeed. But, through it all, St. Helen's Hall has not once lowered her standard of scholarship, even though it might have been at the cost of failure.

There are two links that connect us with the world at large, The Alumnae Association, which represents the glorious work of the school in the past, and our DELPHIC. The paper is the exponent of the girls' work at the present time. It shows the abilities of the girls both in literary affairs and in other activities of the school. It is here, too, that our school spirit must necessarily be reflected. Therefore, we the Senior class of '22, pledge ourselves to make this year's DELPHIC full of school spirit while not lacking in literary merit.

THE helpful speech is the one which touches a vein in every human heart, the one which can lend instruction and comfort to every listener, not merely to a few. Such were the addresses given the girls by Bishop Touret of Idaho and Dr. Micou, Secretary of the Board of Religious Education of the Episcopal Church; for no emotions are more universal than loyalty and reverence. What mind is there which does not at some time think upon reverence, what heart which does not beat with loyalty for at least one person or one ideal? Yet many are led astray either by a false standard of loyalty or by something not godlike yet called reverence. This happens when loyalty and reverence go not hand in hand, when the one is not a part of the other.

These two keynotes of human life and society, loyalty, and reverence, were the subjects for the two addresses. While the one dealt with reverence alone, and the other with loyalty and reverence combined, to me the two seemed as one. To be sure, there was no intention of similarity. The manner of delivery and the thoughts were altogether different in the two, yet in my mind they will ever be associated, Bishop Touret's speech as an introduction to Dr. Micou's, which, in its turn, was a subtle answer to the subtle question asked by the Bishop.

Bishop Touret spoke of the lack of reverence and of the excessive use of slang during the present day. He humorously declared that everyone must have a goat, but try as he might he could never see one; and, therefore, was continually searching for the goat so often mentioned. He touched upon the conceit of the day when he asked if we had had so much experience that we could "tell the world." He remarked that, wherever he might go he heard "I'll say so," "I'll tell the world!" However as enjoyable and helpful the Bishop's speech was, he had merely come to bring greetings from St. Margaret's school and to say a very few words; and he left the remaining time to Mr. Micou.

Mr. Micou spoke of two loyalties, the greater and the lesser. He spoke of loyalty as a wonderful and beautiful thing in life if one knew how to avoid conflicting loyalties, how to let the lesser give way before the greater. He mentioned the different kinds of loyalty, first with examples from everyday life, then with examples from the life of Christ in proof of the truth of his statements.

He spoke first of loyalty for friends and of what a wonderful thing it was. He declared, however, that where loyalty for one's friends conflicted with loyalty for one's school, the higher loyalty for school must

prevail over the lesser loyalty. He declared it no disgrace to report a schoolmate if she had done something that might reflect upon the school; and mentioned, for example, the policy of his own school, by which any person who cheated or lied was not a gentleman and therefor was not fit to associate with gentlemen.

He then spoke of the false loyalty; and, as an example from school life, he gave the stadium to be erected at Berkeley. In that case a comparatively few students compelled the whole student body to give money for years to come for a stadium when dormitories were needed. He also mentioned, as an example of false loyalty in the state, the few agitators who are trying to stir the people to a war with Japan. Then, as the greatest loyalty possible to people of this world, he mentioned the loyalty for the world at large shown in missionary work and in caring for the poor. He quoted the words of Polonius to his son, "To thine own self be true"; and remarked that to be loyal was to be true to oneself.

He spoke of the life of Christ as an example of the greatest loyalty possible. He remarked upon Christ's loyalty to His friends and quoted His words: "Greater love has no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." He declared, however, that He sacrificed His friends to His work. He mentioned His sacrifice of Judas, and recalled His answer when told that His mother and brothers awaited Him outside the temple in which He was preaching, "Who is my mother and who are my brothers?" Yet as Mr. Micou remarked, His last thoughts were of His mother, two of His last speeches from the cross concerning her. He prepared for her future safety amidst His own sufferings. The speaker then called to mind His loyalty to His ruler in His words "Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's, and unto God that which is God's." However, His loyalty for the world at large was His greatest loyalty, Mr. Micou declared; because He drove the Jews, His countrymen, from the court of the Gentiles when they were changing money there and preventing the Gentiles from listening to the word of God.

In conclusion, he declared that if we had true reverence in our hearts, every conflicting loyalty would straighten; the lesser giving way before the greater.

M. B. '22.

**W**AS there ever a Western girl who did not, at sometime in her scholastic career, secretly desire to finish her school-days at an Eastern college? Perhaps the wish was made at a moment when she received some test-paper bearing the much-coveted mark that is distinguished from all others by virtue of its altitude. Or—perchance the words of a speaker stirred her latent ambition.

The ambitions of St. Helens Hall girls stirred recently as Miss Morris, registrar of Mt. Holyoke College and member of the College Entrance Examination Board, talked to us and told some of the reasons why a Western girl should take her college course in an Eastern school.

Miss Morris first spoke of the value of tradition. The traditions of the lives and ideals of the men and women who founded the schools, permeate and influence the life and spirit of these institutions to-day. Miss Morris gave Mt. Holyoke as an example. Founded in 1837, by Mary Lyon, a New England school teacher, who believed in the importance of woman's education and contended that the girl should be as well educated as the boy, Mt. Holyoke still maintains the ideas of high education of her founder and her ideals of democracy, sincerity, simplicity and desire for service. Each year she sends from her halls women who are prepared, by their education, ideals and religion, to lay numerous gifts at the Altar of Service to Others.

The type of education offered by such a college, was said by the speaker, to make its curriculum especially desirable. The courses are purely cultural and allow no vocational work; thus they give the student a general foundation of learning, which, while it gives a knowledge of many things, prepares and fits for a specialized training. She further remarked that every day educators were coming to believe more thoroughly in the preparatory work of a cultural course.

Small classes, and the close individual contact of professors and students were mentioned as other advantages.

Miss Morris spoke particularly of the benefit of distance, and that it was worth while to go East to college because of the very fact that it took one away from home. The student might then acquire a broader viewpoint and avoid that aptness to become sectional. This fact has been appreciated in every part of the nation, for the enrollment lists of Western colleges have shown that an ever-increasing number of Eastern men and women have sought their college training in schools distant from their homes and accustomed environment.

It was pointed out that a woman's college presented opportunities for leadership and independence which the girl was denied in the university where the men were the leaders and held the chief offices.

But in order to preserve the standards of these schools, the student must have certain subjects and possess the ability to continue her work in deeper channels. Miss Morris stated that the College Entrance Examinations had fulfilled their purpose satisfactorily and nearly always a student who had the "content" and was able to express her knowledge, had been found capable of carrying college work.

In concluding, Miss Morris advised the girls not to think of the examinations as a barrier, but as a challenge to prove their fitness and ability to receive a higher education. She expressed the wish that some of St. Helen's girls might pass their college days in Eastern schools and might become imbued with a love of learning for its own sake; that some might investigate various branches of art, philosophy or science in search of Truth.

L. E. R. '22.

---

## Oregon

**O**REGON! To some that word means nothing. To others it conveys a vague idea of space—a state, far out on one side of the country, with no particular form or use, except that it always rains. To others, it means so much that it makes their hearts warm when they hear the word. To this chosen few, it represents a country, mild and fragrant. The memory of the scent of the fir-covered hills makes their nostrils tingle. The pungent odor of dewey grass seems to reach them, no matter how far away they are. Even the warm sun seems to penetrate them with its message of life.

In the heart of the state, at the joining of two navigable rivers, there is a city—a town once—a city now. There, friendship is a little truer and one can make friends without half trying. The sun is a little brighter and a fresher breeze is blowing. In spite of the much-exaggerated rain, the skies are a trifle bluer. In the heart of the city there is an atmosphere of work and strife, as in every other gathering of human beings, but there's more of giving and less of buying, more of reaping and less of sowing. Away from the bustle of the city in the residence sections, the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter. The restful hills and snow-peaked mountains guard and inspire every day.

This city is open to everyone, but may those who consider it their home, ask that none enter it criticizing. May the world be its guest in the future and may the people of the world learn to love it for its scenery and true worth. But may they not harm or hurt it in any way.

DOROTHY HARADON '23.



## LITERARY

### What's the Use?

**I**, JOHN MERCER, am leaving these trodden paths of men. At the end of the present month I shall be deep in the heart of Africa, where I may find relief. During my boyhood, I was almost normal in all respects. I participated in sports and enjoyed outdoor life, although scientific reading claimed much of my attention. In my second year of college I fell ardently in love with the daughter of one of my professors. She, however, gave no response as she seemed to prefer the frivolous chatter of my rivals to my serious and scientific discussions. My chief rival happened to be a commercial student who was preparing for an advertising agency and was very enthusiastic over his work. Much to my disgust, Matilda seemed to enjoy his lectures on the art of getting money through the "ad." I was frequently a pained spectator of his fascinating effect on the girl I loved, and as I watched the display of interest with which she listened to his silly chatter about pamphlets and posters, I grew to hate the mere thought of an advertisement.

The worst shock of my life came when my rival married Matilda, although I cannot say it was at all unexpected. It seemed to turn me against the world and I found my companionship in the musty old volumes of the school library. Here I spent most of my time reading anything of technical or educational turn, but taking the greatest interest in Ancient History. I mused upon the wonderful civilization of days long past that

compared so favorably with the sordid, narrow, money-grabbing races of today. The ancients were philosophers and poets while we are a race with one ideal—the gathering of the almighty dollar.

From this secluded life of college I was precipitated into the midst of the environment I so despised. My uncle died, leaving me an immense fortune, and a prosperous and growing business, which required my particular and immediate attention. Here I was confronted with the very phase of life I so hated. As it rested on a foundation built up by extensive advertising, I tried to swallow my foolish prejudice against commercial life and conduct the enterprise personally. It was useless. Whenever I read the proof of any of our numerous ads or placed my name on any new advertising program, I actually shuddered.

The climax came on a combined business and pleasure trip to the Pacific Northwest. I had long looked forward to a trip on the famous Columbia River Highway and my distress was almost unbearable to see this wonderful stretch of natural beauty discredited at regular intervals with enormous bill boards—yellow and red—extolling the virtues of the very brand of pickles I was manufacturing. It was the last straw! To think that I had so contaminated the beauty of nature by my commercialism.

I returned to the East, converted most of my fortune into stocks and bonds and attempted to lead the existence of a scholarly bachelor but without avail. I was completely surrounded by advertisements. My daily mail invariably carried inducements to invest in some oil drilling scheme, or carried literature on chewing gum and shaving cream. I tried traveling, but it was worse. There seemed to me no haven available from that sordid influence of commerce. My only enjoyment consisted of the study of the earlier races of man. How often I longed to live in those glorious years many centuries before Christ. In those days the scholars and the teachers were held in regard, and the business that existed was carried on in an orderly and neighborly fashion, as secondary to the arts. It is too much! I have decided to leave this country to make an extensive tour of the old world.

*Six months later.*—I sailed on an obscure and unadvertised line, which, however, was noted for its excellent service and appointments. On the first day names of modern hotels of Europe were flaunted before me in the smoking room. I dashed to my stateroom and appeared in public only at mealtime. England and France were the same. Even the ancient canals of Venice were lined with advertisements. All Europe appeared to me as one immense bill-board. In Thebes, there was no relief. Hurriedly I departed to the burial ground of the Kings—the Pyramids. Here, I thought, was a change, but on second glance I noticed a peculiar looking

object about five miles away—an oil driller. My last hope was almost gone. Dropping my eyes from the horrible sight I saw an odd looking stone by my feet. Picking it up I was delighted to see one side covered with ancient hieroglyphics. I hurried home to translate this message, in all probability some seer's dictum, some gem of knowledge that had lasted through the ages. Seizing my magnifying glass I deciphered the writing with which I happened to be familiar. Imagine my horror when I beheld:

"I, Murabi of Ur, maker of pottery, do proclaim the product of my wheel to be of superior quality and can be bought for a lesser number of rings of silver than the inferior products of my neighbors."

I sail for home on the next boat. What's the use of trying to get away from the eternal "ad"?

SUSABETH BRUCE '24.

## The Hole in the Wall

**ONE** day shortly after I had come to live on this earth, I was wandering down the road when I came to a high stone wall. I noticed a small opening, and upon looking through I was dazzled by the brilliancy inside. A great procession was passing slowly by, the most wonderful I had ever imagined.

I saw Ancient Greece and Rome at the height of their magnificence and splendor. Then again I saw them humble in their ruins. Peoples of many nations passed by during the centuries and I recognized them all, for the hole through which I looked was a magic hole sent by God for man's use. Long processions of proud kings and haughty queens, shrewd statesmen, crafty politicians, daring soldiers, learned writers, and famous inventors passed in review. I watched England and France and Spain fight their battles in all ages past. America came last, the youngest and the greatest. She appeared before my eyes, step by step, from the discovery by Columbus, to the Great World War, and I even caught a glimpse of her future greatness. Such men as America has produced the world will never see again, but others will arise to take their places.

The brilliant procession had almost passed on when I tried to rise, but I found that I was old. I had spent many years in trying to fathom the mysteries of the past. I had but partially succeeded. I saw a Spirit shrouded in shadows coming towards me, and he closed the hole, took

me by the hand, and pointed upward. Then I knew that only the Angel of Death could take away the one great thing in life, the hole which I had used—Education!

FLORENCE NILES '23.

## A Welsh Kitchen

THE kitchen in the home of a prosperous Welsh family had lately been the scene of bustle, but now it had settled into the peaceful quiet of the Sabbath morning. The windows were hung with simple, white curtains and in each a fuschia bloomed. The old grandfather clock in the corner slowly ticked the hours away. The red tile floor was decorated with stain made from the green leaves of the wild dock. Hung on the four walls, which were painted a delicate green, were four Sheffield dish covers of various sizes.

In one corner was a large cupboard on whose shelves were platters of blue willow ware. The table, chairs and three-legged stool had been scrubbed until their unpainted surfaces were snowy white. The fireplace was the most striking object in the room. Over the hearth was a large mantlepiece on which stood brass candle sticks, small copper kettles and pewter plates. The slate floor in front of the hearth had been darkened with soap and then decorated with scrolls done in white chalk. The grate had been shined with coal tar until it almost dazzled the eye. On either side of the grate was a stand for kettles or pots, and behind each stand stood an iron lamb. They had been polished until the wool on their iron sides shone like silk. In front of the grate was a large iron fender and the iron stool which stood beside the hearth had been scrubbed until it looked like steel. On one side was a set of fire irons.

The roast turning slowly on the jack sent forth the promise of a delicious dinner. The fire burned brightly and the flames leaped up as if they were trying to touch the jack, which stood about five feet from the floor. The old iron kettle sang cheerily on the hearth.

The noon day sun threw its slanting rays on the chimney corner where the big black and white manx cat sat blinking his sleepy eyes. From without could be heard the voices of the happy family returning home from church.

CATHERINE DEYETTE, '25.

## Tartar of the Range

**I**N the cold, white paradise of Oregon's majestic mountains lived the "Nomad," a wild sorrel horse who knew no master. Through his veins the sporting blood of his fathers perpetually coursed its grand circuit, whipping to foam his mad love for a race. This heritage had come down to him from his grandfather, "Happy-Go-Lucky," the undisputed King of Tartar Turfdom, who had gaily galloped to victory for many seasons.

Years before, the father of the Nomad, toiling over the old Oregon Trail, had broken the straps that bound him to man and civilization, and had come into the heritage of his predecessors, the unshod tartars of the range. Now in the heart of the Nomad, pulsed the hot, impetuous blood of the idol of Epsoms Downs, and the stars seemed to tell him of another world, a world that he had never known. As he paused in his grazing on the mountain slope, with his nostrils dilated to inhale the fragrance of the night air, he was not the Nomad, not a nameless horse, but Happy-Go-Lucky who stood there, Happy-Go-Lucky in the full glory of his youth and strength.

A strange thrill went through him, as the wind bore from out of the timber, a wailing howl, the cry of a wolf pack, gone mad in the dead of winter. He was free—free as the breeze that lifted his tangled mane. No bit was in his mouth, no shoes were on his hoofs. He was free to race. From the bluff on which he stood, he could see them running neck to neck, a snapping, snarling, howling mass of fur-clad fury, as they rushed into the natural moonlit arena below him.

There was a long drawn-out snarl, a snap, and the fangs of one wolf sank into the flesh of his running mate, and the demons of their hearts were loosened. The remainder of the pack circled around them. Into the ring of death, leaped the grandson of Happy-Go-Lucky! And so they fought—the snapping, snarling wolves and the wild, enraged stallion. Sharp fangs sank into the sorrel throat. He reared, then frantically broke for safety, and the race was on.

Never before had the old moon seen such a spectacle as the race of the Derby King's grandson and the mad wolves. Over the rooted aisles of the forest, thundered the unshod hoofs, with death in relentless pursuit. Then side by side they ran. With a burst of speed the Nomad gained an inch. Panting, he reached the edge of the cliff towards which they were racing, and with a proud toss of his head, he hurled his huge body into the vast obscurity of the abyss.

The baffled wolves peering into the lake beneath them saw a splash

of water. Only a streak of silver moonlight marked the path in which he swam. There was a gritting of snow and sand as he reached the opposite shore, and as he stood on the bank, wet and exhausted, he was Happy-Go-Lucky, the king.

CECILIE APPLGATH, '25.

## It Was Ever Thus

ALLEN MONROE fastened his coat more firmly about him and drew his warm, fur-lined gloves over his hands. They were beautiful hands, with the long, graceful fingers of an artist. Pulling his cap firmly down on his head, he stepped out into the storm, and turned towards the beach. It wasn't far—a distance of only two or three blocks. The wind was blowing quite hard from the south, but to Allen it was merely a friend challenging him to leave the comforts of the studio-cottage and come out and help fight with the world. The mist was coming down quite heavily. It was almost a rain. Upon reaching the beach, Monroe stopped a moment to ponder upon the course he should take, and after some hesitancy decided to go up the beach, south. How characteristic of him—to take the more difficult path, to battle against the wind rather than be pushed!

He had spent a trying day in the studio. Until last night, the weather had been ideal, and he had spent the time roaming about the woods, up and down the beach, sometimes sketching, sometimes really painting, sometimes just lying, watching fleecy summer clouds float across the blue heavens. He had many friends among the guests. He had been with the tiresome society girls all day, listening to their silly chatter and watching their flirtations with the other chaps. They disgusted him.

"Aren't there any sincere women in the world?" he asked himself, as he strode up the beach. "Do they all think of themselves only? Did all the real girls die with the last generation?"

Only the seagulls heard him, but they weren't polite enough to answer. Perhaps they didn't know. Out here on the beach with nothing around him but the great, angry, gray waves, the gray sky, the sand-dunes, it seemed as if there were only happiness and beauty in all the world! How great it was to be out in this expanse, alone! But—was he alone?

Something seemed to be moving down the beach, coming towards him. Surely, nobody else had come out on a day like this, as he had

done, just for recreation. Yes, somebody had—for the somebody was a vivacious looking girl, walking rapidly. The wind blew her skirts daintily about her. Her hair was a mass of curls. When she drew nearer, Monroe could see the soft, damp ringlets around her forehead. They had rebelliously blown out from under her bright red tam, and were peeking up at him. Around her was wrapped a long, gray cape which seemed to fade into the gray background.

"If only I could catch that on canvass," gasped Monroe. "What a picture! Those curls, the cloak, the sea, the sand; everything gray, broken only by the splash of bright red of her tam, her cheeks, and her lips! Here is a real girl!" thus he mused, as she approached. "What a relief! No nonsense here! I began to think there didn't live a girl like this except inside the covers of a story book—!"

He stopped in the middle of his meditation. Here she was beside him. Hastily, she drew out a hand from the folds of her dress. She held something which she dabbed over her face. Oh! how horrible! How disconcerting! A powder puff!

M. L. F. '22.

---

## Sunset

**D**EEP in the wooded valley of the Severn, lived a little Mercian maid with only her grandfather for a companion. Their home had been the dwelling of their ancestors, whose religion and customs the old man still revered. He had brought the girl up to be a heathen as well. However, there was something of beauty in the worship of these two for the sun and moon. They knew no higher diety, so following a natural tendency, they knelt each morn and eve to the glory of light. The old man loved to tell the stories of his people's power in the day of the great Penda, and his little grand-daughter, Aelia, patiently heard him. She granted his every wish, and endeavored with devotion to make him happy.

Her duties were many, and among them was the task of driving home the swine at dusk. One day she discovered two were missing, and while searching them out, she spied a man beside the river bank. He was kneeling in prayer and Aelia wondered at this. The sun was neither rising nor setting, so that the girl's curiosity prompted her to approach the stranger. He did not see her until he had risen. Then, as she drew back in fear, he extended his hand, and his kind face reassured her.

"And from where may you come, my little maid?" he asked in his quiet voice. Aelia, somewhat abashed answered that she had lost her swine.

"May I not help find them?" he offered. She timidly assented, and together they set out. Gradually, as Aelia's confidence returned, she began to ask questions. Why had he knelt there beside the river before sunset? The man then realized that she was a heathen, and began to explain very simply the one God of all.

"He is always watching over us e'en though the sun be set," said the man as he finished the story of Christ. Having found the lost swine, he bade her goodbye.

"I am Father Caedda," he said, "and I will come again soon." That night there was a new light for the mind of Aelia. She dreamed of Heaven and the angels about the "Throne on High."

As time went on, the priest and the girl became great friends, though she dared not tell her grandfather of it. One day, Caedda, whom we know as the blessed St. Chad, heard that the old man was very ill.

"Some one must go to him," he said and accompanied Aelia to her grandfather's bedside. Caedda saw that the man was very near the end, and lighting his darkness by reading to him "Our Lord's Prayer," the priest won his consent to be baptized. The rite was barely performed when he peacefully closed his eyes for the last time.

After a Christian burial of her grandfather, Aelia went with Caedda to his home. She became as his own child and grew up to beautiful womanhood.

Few, when they read of St. Chad and his removal from the North-umbrian see, remember the happy life of the good man in Mercia or his inspiration at sunset.

V. E. '22.

---

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!  
Rose plot,  
Fringed pool,  
Ferned grot—  
The veriest school  
Of peace; and yet the fool  
Contends that God is not—  
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool."

## Poetry versus Football

**I**T was a beautiful day in mid-October, and the Harvard campus was alive with boys coming from the athletic fields. Two, in particular, were noticeable from the greetings which they received on every side. However, Percival Rodney Philips, commonly known as "Rod," and his chum, Jim Banks, were not genial as usual. They were engaged in conversation.

"Well, Rod," remarked one of them, "What's the matter? Has the professor been digging into you?"

"Wait until you see the letter," was the only answer he received. They walked on in silence and made their way to the room they shared. Rodney took a letter from the desk and, handing it to his friend, dramatically remarked:

"Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

Jim Banks read the letter, then tossed it upon the table saying, "Can't understand much of it, but I guess it's alright."

"Alright," Rodney whistled, "What about me?"

Jim smiled, "I told you not to write all that trash about your poetry. Let this serve as an example unto you—"

"Well, what else could a fellow do? He wrote to me hoping that I was a—a—a—What was that phrase? Oh! I have it, 'A child of the muses, nourished by literature and art'."

Jim grinned. "Percival Philips is a very poetical name. I'm going to gym. Adieu." He bowed low and departed.

Left alone, Rodney re-read the letter.

"My dear Nephew Percival," it ran. "Your letter arrived bearing comfort to my troubled breast. Yea, my dear boy, my heart was heavy within me; for I feared me that, in my unconquerable zeal for contemplation and study, I had not taken sufficient thought concerning you. It brings sweet peace to my mind to know that you are beloved of the Muses and that you have a great distaste for that most vulgar of games, commonly known as football. Of course, its roughness would offend your sensitive and poetical soul. I desire—nay, I command that you send me one of the poems which you have composed. Farewell, my boy, may the Muses protect thee."

Rodney sighed. Since he had known anything, it had been Uncle Percival Rodney Philips this, and Uncle Percival Rodney Philips that. He had taken his first steps to the tune of it, he had worked and played

to the tune of it. For him, there had been no buga-boo man, no sand man, no Santa Claus; but merely Uncle Percival Rodney Philips. Rodney knew very little concerning this uncle except that he had spent his life in England, and had devoted himself to study. Rodney had been left in his care upon the death of his parents; but, heretofore, only the shadow of Uncle Percival had clouded his happiness. Everyone else had worried the boy with tales of his Uncle Percival Rodney Philips and his riches, but the uncle himself had not troubled him. He had merely sent him money, far too much money for a boy of his age. Now, he had taken it into his head that his nephew must be a poet, and, Rodney, the captain of the football team, knew absolutely nothing of poetry.

Rodney, however, was not the one to worry very long over anything (at least not until it was time to worry). Accordingly, he threw the letter upon the table and went to practice "that vulgar game commonly known as football."

Several days later as he rode to town, Rodney was accosted by a man of middle age whom he had seen about the campus.

"Well, boy," he remarked, "You are a good player. Keep it up and you will be captain next year, too."

Rodney shook his head. "No chance. That old crank of an uncle who is sending me here has taken it into his head that I've got to be a poet."

"You a poet!" the man laughed. "Write to him and tell him that you are not poetically inclined."

"That's just the trouble. I told him that I wrote poetry all the time,—thought it would please the old fellow. Now he wants me to send him one of my poems."

"Um," the man looked grave. Then his face lighted up. "I have it, I—er—I used to be somewhat of a poet myself. Suppose I give you one of my poems?"

Rodney looked at him incredulously.

"I mean it. You can send it to the old man and he'll never know the difference."

"That would be great. But suppose he wants a whole collection?"

"You have to take a chance. It's a fighting chance, at least."

Rodney hesitated. "If the old man weren't such a crank I wouldn't do it, but—O shucks, why shouldn't I?"

"No reason at all that you shouldn't. I'll bring you the poem in a couple of days."

The poem was delivered according to the promise. Rodney read it over. It seemed pretty good even to his unpracticed mind.

"It is pretty romantic," he confidently remarked to Jim. It begins like this,

"She dwelt among untrodden ways  
Beside the Springs of Dove"

and it ends like this:

"She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave and O!  
The difference is to me!"

It is the end that I am afraid of."

"Never mind," said Jim reassuringly. "Poets are always mushy. The professor will think that Lucy was your nurse or your Sunday school teacher."

Accordingly, the poem was mailed together with a letter which cost both Rodney and Jim one whole afternoon of genuine labor.

"The old man seems to have a pretty good opinion of my letters, anyway," Rodney remarked with a touch of pride. "He fell for the first one."

The following days were busy ones, and, in the excitement of the football rush, Rodney forgot Uncle Percival Rodney Philips for a time (only a time). That gentleman was speedily brought to his mind by the following cablegram:

"Dear Nephew Percival:

The poem which you sent me, as yours, is, as you doubtless know, one of Wordsworth's. I perceive that you are a liar; and, what is much worse, know nothing of the poets. I shall sail for America to-morrow."

Rodney was both angry and worried. "Nice little joke to play on a fellow," he told Jim. "That man is probably laughing about it yet. The professor will arrive just before the big game. I won't be able to play and we'll lose." (Rodney wasn't conceited, he was merely self-confident.)

However, the day of the big game dawned, and still no Uncle Percival. Rodney felt that it was his last game. If it had been a question of money alone, the boy would have told his uncle to mind his own affairs; but he realized that he owed the old gentleman everything he had, and he did not like to go against his wishes. Therefore, he played as he never had before; and won a great victory over the rival school.

The next day the summons came. He went to the hotel reluctantly; and, it must be confessed, a trifle fearfully. You can not blame him when you consider that, since his first steps had been taken, he had heard "Uncle Percival Rodney" from morning until night.

The man whom he met surprised him somewhat. He was distinguished, but not scholarly looking. Rodney's first thought was that he would have made an excellent quarterback.

"Well," said Uncle Percival, "What have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," answered Rodney looking into his eyes. "I did wrong, and I am sorry."

The old gentleman's eyes twinkled. "Well," he remarked putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, "if you always play football as well as you did yesterday, I suppose I will have to forgive you."

"Did—did you see the game?" faltered Rodney.

"I came to America for the sole purpose of witnessing that very game. Don't look so puzzled and I shall explain myself. My time in England has been spent in racing horses, not in studying. You wonder why I did not come right out and say so. My father wished me to be a man of letters. I went abroad to study, but went astray. My father died, and I never seemed to think it necessary to inform my relatives of my occupation. To be truthful, I disliked children; and I thought that it would be much easier to neglect you as a scholar than as a breeder of race horses. A short time ago, my conscience began to trouble me—rather late, I confess. I determined to find out what sort of boy you were. And I did. Oh, Rodney, that letter"—the gentleman laughed heartily. "It was so apparent that you knew nothing of poetry that I decided to play a bit of a joke on you."

"Then you had that man give me the poem," Rodney interrupted.

"Certainly not. Do you mean to tell me that you allowed someone to give you a poem?"

"I thought he composed it."

"It is very clear that you know more about football than poetry. However, I believe I know who gave you the poem. I met an old friend of mine here. He said that he had been watching you. He didn't mention the poem; but, if he has not changed a great deal since I last saw him, he was the one who did it."

Rodney smiled good naturedly. "Well, Uncle Percival," he began.

"Don't call me that," roared that gentleman. "To name a boy that was just another one of Dad's foolish notions. Call me Rod."

## Edwin Arlington Robinson

**E**DWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON is one of the foremost of the modern American poets. One cannot speak of his works in detail, as they are so numerous. He has published some seven volumes of poems in all. Robinson's poetry, unlike that of several other prominent American poets of today, shows throughout, the effects of a good education. His sketches of men are very true to life and all of his works are written in elegant verse. In short, Mr. Robinson is considered one of the most finished poets of today.

Throughout the first of Mr. Robinson's poems there was a decided pessimistic tone but in his later works he seems to have gotten away from this. Mr. Robinson has a power of terse imagery which not many people possess. Oftentimes only a line will draw a ghastly picture if we allow our imagination to wander. This gruesome tone, however, is merely a suggestion and not an explanation.

In "The Master", a character sketch of Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Robinson has excelled, for he seems to have come nearer to the man than in any of his character sketches. One almost believes he knew personally, the man whom he has pictured there. This cannot be said of his sketch of Napoleon or that of Theodore Roosevelt; the sketch of Napoleon is especially poor. Mr. Robinson does not seem to have understood the man at all as his sketch is not of the man about whom we have read so much in history.

In many of Mr. Robinson's poems there are references to his earlier life and to his home. They seem to have had quite a great influence on his work. His sketches too are said to have been written of people in his home town. The poem "Archibald and Isaac" in the collection called "Captain Craig" is said to be part of Mr. Robinson's autobiography.

Mr. Robinson is still a youngish man and many of his critics think that he will yet produce better poetry. He has tried his hand at plays but so far he has not been very successful along that line. However, his poetry is of the kind that will last, especially is this true of one or two of his better poems.

LUCY SPITTLE, '23.

# AMONG US STUDENTS

## THE LUNCH HOUR



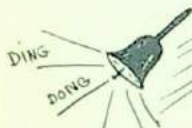
A BOARDER WITH HER THOUGHTS CONCENTRATED



OVER THREE GIRLS WHOSE NAMES I DONT KNOW, WENT OUT TO DINE IN A FINE AUTO.



O! A PIECE OF CHOCOLATE CAKE!



WONDER WHAT A LETTER THINKS ABOUT



WHAT'S THAT NOISE IT'S A BELL. LOOK AT ALL THE GYLS COME RUSHING

TOWARDS ME. MY BUT I'M POPULAR! THERE'S A HAND COMING AFTER ME, WELL GOOD-BY. I'M GONE.



THE BOBBED HAIR THREE, WHO? BLACK, BROWN, LIGHT HAIR.



THIS CHAIR IS TAKEN



T WAS EVER THUS



'LIKE GRASSHOPPERS ON THE WALL OF TROY.'



September 13—

Sing a song of school days;  
 For school has begun,  
 September's clear and cool days  
 Give promise of much fun.

But though we like the good times,  
 Our duty we'll not shirk,  
 (And as I do for these rhymes)  
 We'll get right in and work.

"Loyalty to friends"  
 The Bishop told us all,  
 "Is great, but greater even still,  
 Is loyalty to the Hall."

September 20—

A worthy lecture was delivered here,  
 To bring the long expected hope more near,  
 Of a cathedral, for a nation strong;  
 And pictures followed all the plans along.

September 27—

For Nina, Jane, and Kay,  
We did the honors gay.  
A birthday cake, of Becky's mold  
We trimmed in brown and gold.

October 6—

Short fluffy frocks, beribboned curls,  
Candies, crackers, baby girls,  
Fat Teddy Bears and good games, too,  
The Old Girls' party for the new.

October 13—

The boarders all went out,  
Oh! what a joyful shout!  
For Robin Hood, in line they stood,  
And worth their while it was.

October 17—

With reverence deep, we paid respect  
To our Beloved Father Breck.

Shades o' Pascal! What a fuss we made,  
O'er everything from map to weather vane.  
Our Physics class, one sunny day, had paid  
A visit to foretell the rain.

October 27—

Now Hallowe'en is near,  
A birthday, too, is here;  
With cats and rings, we combined two things—  
A party for to stew.

And honored guests we had,  
To make the witches mad—  
For not to see the aged three,  
Our Martha, Pearl, and Jean.

November 8—

A visitor from an Eastern school has come,  
And with her brought a message, bright for some—  
“The golden value of experience reapt  
From colleges in old tradition steeped.”

November 10—

For those who gave us all they had to give,  
That wars should cease, and peace forever live,  
A solemn service was held here today  
And trees, their memory shall ever stay.

November 14—

The quarter now is done  
The Seniors worked,  
They did not shirk,  
And the banner now they've won.

November 19—

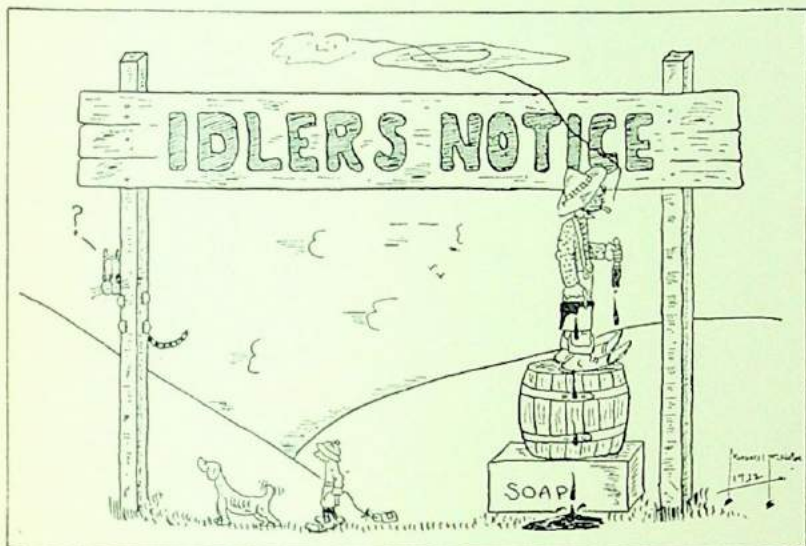
We find we have some rising critics among us. Margaret Boyer, Elizabeth St. Clair, and Barbara Clark won prizes in the book review contest held by J. K. Gill.

November 23—

Some girls packed their bags and left the town  
To see their folks and to eat turkey brown.

November 28—

During Music Week Mrs. Chapman presented Catherine Hay in a recital at Library Hall.



Halt, Ye Idlers, and notice!

That everyone seems glad to be back at school.

That the Senior class is larger than it has been for many years.

That we have some new teachers and pupils.

That we welcome them warmly, and hope they will learn to love the school as we do.

That we have a new bell for our fire signal.

That we all like to hear Kay laugh because she seems to enjoy it.

That all the Seniors are not perfect, and sometimes descend to the lower floor.

That studying seems to have singed the butterflies' wings.

That Laboratory Days for Physics are becoming very popular.

That we all find writing serial stories in English interesting.

That we have a real live composer of music here.

That a great many girls have been heard quoting Macbeth. What has come over them?

That our hocky players are fast becoming professionals.

That on Armistice Day, some new shrubs and trees were planted on our grounds.

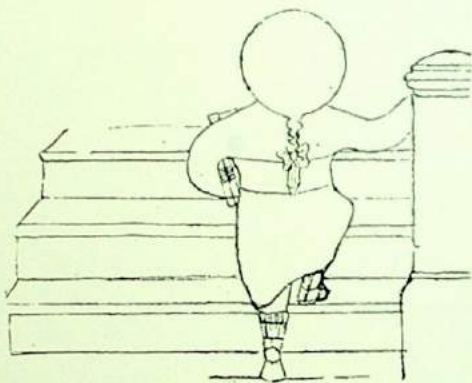
That the Seniors won the banner the first quarter. Congratulations, Seniors.

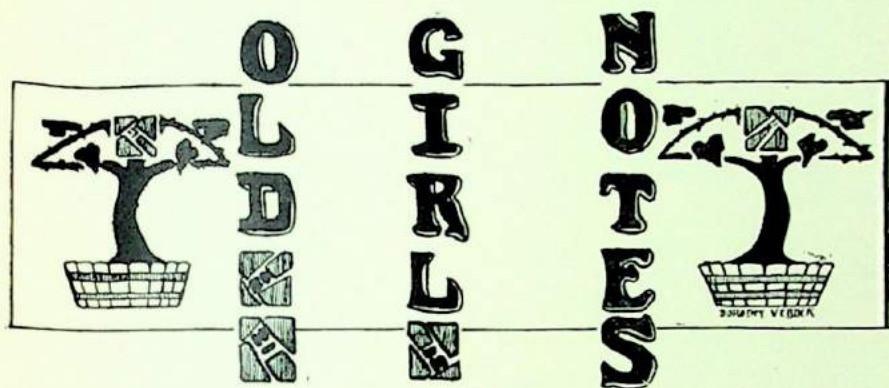
That Helen Holmes and Catherine Overbeck are very busy with the DELPHIC.

That all the girls enjoyed themselves at the "Baby Party."

That our board in the Study Hall has the appearance of being a lost and found column.

That we couldn't find any thread or cord strong enough for the tenth experiment.





Several of St. Helen's Hall graduates are enjoying college life at Reed this year. Among them we find Margaret Johnston '19, Jessie Smith '20, Janet House '21, and Elva Mervey '21.

Marion Jenkins '20, is teaching school at Coquille, Ore., and we hope she is enjoying the trials of a teacher's life.

Ruth Jenkins '20, is studying at the Oregon State Normal school at Monmouth this year.

Virginia Thatcher '20, and Evelyn Thatcher '21, are attending Pacific University at Forest Grove.

Eleanor Simpson '20, is planning to spend the winter in California with her mother.

Janice Parker '21, is attending Miss Kirk's school, preparatory for Bryn Mawr.

Mary Helen Spaulding '19, is at home this winter and is planning to spend much of her time on music.

Harriett Breyman '20, is back with us again as a P. G. Harriett certainly must be attached to the Hall.

Barendina Gardiner '19, and Martha Gardiner were visiting in Portland with their mother not long ago.

Inez Chambers '18, is spending some time abroad in England and France. Just at present she is studying the violin at the London Conservatory.

Hylah Fraley '20, is again enjoying the college life at Mills. Hylah is now in her Sophomore year.

Anna Barker '13, spent the summer in California.

Nadine Caswell '17, spent much of her time at the Portland Fruit and Flower Mission (Day Nursery) during the summer. This winter she is taking an extension course at the University of Oregon, and is also doing welfare work.

Ethel Waite '15, was recently married to Mr. Graham E. McConnell.

Jane Auterson '13, was married to Mr. Grady E. Bollinger, October 29.

Those who know Mrs. G. T. Paine (Ada Otten) of Berkley, Cal., who graduated from the Kindergarten Training class, will be pleased to hear that she has a little son.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dekum Gill (Amy Robinson) '15, are being congratulated on the arrival of a daughter, October 8.

Laura Reed '21, is studying at the Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, this year.

Dorothy Carpenter '21, Helen Winter '21, and Thyra St. Clair '21, are at the University of Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Heilman (Alice H. Collier '05), are being congratulated on the arrival of a daughter, Suzanne Elizabeth, born September 29.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ehricke (Jennet Hancock '17) have a little son, Herbert, Jr., born October 26.

Miss Roberta Powell was married to Mr. Charles A. Dwyer, October 26.

Hazel Fairservice '20, is attending the University of Washington. Hazel spent the week-end visiting the Hall not long ago.





## Exchanges

Many of our exchanges have not yet come to us, but, as it is early in the year, we hope to see them again and to include them in our next issue.

"*The Johannean*" from St. John's school is an excellent number, and especially commendable is the essay on Friendship. Your pictures are good, but why do you not have more stories?

"*The Academia*" from St. Mary's Academy contains a great deal of fine poetry. "An Old Timer's Tale" vividly depicts the spirit of the Indian.

"*Ogontz Mosaic*" from the Ogontz School has an abundance of good material. Your story, "Seaweed," is quaint, and your poetry is worthy of praise.

We acknowledge: "*The Academia*," St. Mary's Academy; "*The Johannean*," St. John's School; "*Ogontz Mosaic*," The Ogontz School; "*Oregon Churchman*," "O. A. C. Barometer."

We acknowledge communication from: The Year Book of Miss Ransom's School; The Wheel of St. Katherine's School.

## Calendar 1921-1922



Registration of Pupils, Sept. 9-10.

The Fifty-third Year begins Sept. 13.

Thanksgiving Day and Succeeding Friday,  
Nov. 24-25, Holidays.

Christmas Vacation, Dec. 16-Jan. 3.

Second Term begins Jan. 30.

Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, Holiday.

Easter Vacation, April 17-24.

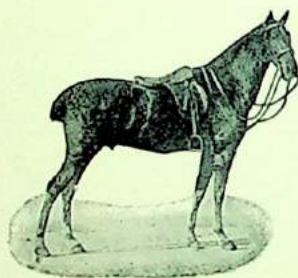
Decoration Day, May 30, Holiday.

Commencement, June 6.

*We Ask You  
To Patronize  
Our  
Advertisers*



# The Store For EVERYBODY



## PORTLAND RIDING ACADEMY

697 Johnson Street

Harry M. Kerron

Main 973

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

*Bushnell*  
*Fotografer*  
PORTLAND, ORE.

West Park and Washington Streets  
Portland, Oregon

who's your hosier?

Charles F. Berg  
Morrison Street  
Postoffice opposite



The Flynn  
Gift Shop

Seventh Floor Northwestern Bank Building  
Morrison Street — Opposite Portland Hotel

GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

THE  
**IRWIN-HODSON**  
COMPANY

**PRINTERS  
STATIONERS**

**Rubber Stamps**

387 WASHINGTON ST.  
Pittock Bldg.

*Clarke's*  
**FLOWERS**

Morrison Street  
Opposite Corbett Bldg.

**Fink Studio**

Character  
Portraiture  
PERSONALITY & EXPRESSION

**Fliedner Building**  
Washington Street at Tenth  
Broadway 1545

# **JONES' MARKET**

**FOURTH AND ALDER**

TELEPHONE—MARSHALL 1; AUTOMATIC 562-81

The Market of Cleanliness and Sanitary Surroundings

## **JONES' QUALITY MEATS**

**Fresh and Cured Fish in Season  
Milk-Fed Poultry**

ALSO

**That Famous Skamokawa Butter**

Cash or Credit

We Deliver

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

COMPLIMENTS OF  
**C. G. APPEGATH**



Established 1870

**EXCLUSIVE FURRIER**  
PORTLAND OREGON

Portland's  
Oldest  
Fur House

352 ALDER STREET  
Near Park  
Telephone Main 4061

---

## Quarter Million Dollar Jewelry Sale!

The entire stock with but few exceptions reduced  
**From 25% to 50%**

## F. Friedlander Co.

Established 1870

310-312 Washington Street  
Between Fifth & Sixth

---

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

At Your Service

## F. L. FREEBURG

Across the Way

LUNCHES  
FRUIT

CONFECTIONS  
STATIONERY

### Oregon Eilers Music House



Formerly  
**GRAVES MUSIC CO.**

Oldest established music house in Oregon  
A seven-story building for music and musicians

ENTRANCE

287 WASHINGTON STREET  
BELOW FIFTH STREET

Talking Machine  
Headquarters

### Lane-Miles Standish Co.

*Specialists in School Printing*

At the sign of



the Mayflower

309 Oak Street, Portland, Oregon

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Vocal and Dramatic Studios of

## GEORGE A. NATANSON

EIGHTEEN PUBLIC PERFORMANCES GIVEN BY PUPILS LAST SEASON.  
FIFTEEN YEARS OF EXPERIENCE WITH AMERICA'S  
LARGEST MANAGERMENTS.

Studios 706-5-4-3 Eilers Building

Director of Little Theatre, Season 1921

## THE BUSH PHARMACY

Corner Eleventh & Montgomery Streets

Phone Main 3322

PORTLAND

OREGON

Try our famous  
J. C. Chocolates

## COFFMAN'S

152 Broadway

Near Morrison

We make all our own candies

## WINK'S HARDWARE

14th & Washington Streets

Service and Quality

## PENDERGRASS MARKET

448 Washington St.

We Deliver

## BRING THIS AD

and you will get a  
10% reduction on  
any Jantzen Peter  
Pan Sweater at

## DODSON'S

146 Broadway

*"Say It With Flowers"*

## NIKLAS & SON

Florists

"The house of unexcelled  
floral service"

403 MORRISON ST.  
Phone Broadway 2876

## KEYSTONE

CONFECTIONERY  
& CREAM STORE

We carry a fine line of Candies,  
Ice Cream, Sodas, Bakery and  
Lunch Goods, Periodicals, Etc.

Phones Main 2916, A4831  
Cor. 23d and Washington Sts.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

# L. Mayer & Company

Staple and Fancy  
**GROCERIES**

Telephones:  
Main 9432—A-4432

166 FIFTH STREET  
Portland, Oregon

# Smith's Flower Shop

Thomas Luke, Proprietor

"*Your Florist*"

141½ Sixth

Main 7215

# The Breyman Leather Co.

LEATHER SHOE FINDINGS  
SHOE STORE SUPPLIES  
SHOE MACHINERY

Phone Main 7108

N. E. Cor. Second and Oak Sts.  
Portland, Oregon

# PIERCE

**A**T a time when the public demand has developed unmistakably for enclosed cars of new proportions and an even greater utility, the introduction of a complete line of Pierce Arrow and Wills-Sainte-Claire enclosed drive models constitutes a notable contribution.

## CHAS. C. FAGAN CO., INC.

Distributors

Pierce-Arrow and Wills-Sainte-Claire Motor Cars



PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

**Martin & Forbes  
Company**

**FLORISTS**

354 Washington Street  
Main 269; A 1269  
Portland, Ore.

**School Books**

Bought, Sold and Exchanged

**HYLAND'S  
BOOK STORE**

204 FOURTH STREET  
Between Taylor and Salmon  
Red Front



**SHEAFFER'S  
PEN-PENCIL**

A Complete Line at  
**Multnomah Photo Supply Co.**

131 Broadway

WE CUT STONES  
SPECTACLES SCIENTIFICALLY FITTED

**Staples**

Trade  
**THE**  
Mark

**Jeweler**



MANUFACTURING  
**JEWELER, WATCHMAKER  
AND OPTICIAN**

326 MORRISON STREET, PORTLAND, OREGON

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

## Parker's Market

Prime Meats Only

Main 989

169 Fourth St.

A Little Shop Means Little Rent  
Few in Help Means Little Spent  
Little Spent in Running a Store  
Means Attractive Prices Inside the Door  
—Roycrofters

## M. L. Smith

Jeweler—Watchmaker

Heilig Theatre Bldg. Main 1184

193 BROADWAY

Portland

Oregon

## HOOVER'S

Bakery and Lunch

454 Washington

## Garrigus

### Hat Shop

Main 2700

389 ALDER STREET

Near Tenth

Portland

Oregon

## IMPORTED DRESS ACCESSORIES

for

Young Women

Camel Hair Polo Coats.  
Burberry Coats for General Wear.  
Sweaters in Various Styles.  
Silk Scarfs and Wool Mufflers.  
Knitted Skirts.  
Umbrellas and Riding Crops.  
Box Cloth Spats.

**K. S. ERVIN & CO., Ltd.**

Established 1901

Second Floor Selling Bldg.

Sixth and Alder Streets

There is something very human about Oriental Rugs. Not machines but nimble fingers created them. Love of beauty and pride of workmanship guided their forming. Traditions and fancies are fixed in their colors and patterns. Students and home-makers are cordially invited to study and enjoy our display of Eastern weavings. Any information or service we may render is a pleasure.



**Cartozian Bros.**

393 WASHINGTON STREET

Portland, Oregon

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



## *what will you give?*

—below we suggest a few items that will be appreciated on December 25th.

### *books—*

the gift that draws a never-failing appreciation. There are many new novels that they haven't read.

### *fine stationery—*

in many unique and dignified styles.

### *art novelties—*

such as book-ends, polychrome candlesticks and lamp-stands, parchment shades, Pohlson and Rust-craft novelties, etc.

AND MANY OTHERS

## *The J. K. Gill Co.*

Third and Alder

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

BUESCHER  
BAND—ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS  
BACON BANJOS FINE VIOLINS

TRY US FOR SHEET MUSIC  
Large Selection—Classical, Popular  
VICTROLAS PIANOS

**SEIBERLING—LUCAS MUSIC CO.**

125 4th St.

Near Washington St.



**MARIE GAMMIE**

Russian School of Dancing

TOE DANCING  
A SPECIALTY

Private Instruction by Appointment

Studio, Fourth Floor Eilers Music Bldg.  
Telephone Main 8038

## FAILURE TO ENJOY STUDY

May be due to  
need for glasses.  
Examination  
of your eyes  
will determine  
the matter  
definitely and  
if you do not  
need them, we  
will frankly tell  
you so.

**COLUMBIAN  
Optical Company**

Floyd F. Brower, Mgr.  
145 Sixth

## Hazelwood Candy

Delicious Chocolates, Caramels  
and Homemade Specials

DAINTY GIFT PACKAGES  
in a variety of sizes and shapes

Sweet Grass Baskets  
Myrtle Wood Boxes  
Hand Painted Satin and  
Straw Baskets

When you buy "Hazelwood" you  
secure the best there is in candy

**HAZELWOOD**

Confectionery and Restaurant  
388 WASHINGTON ST.  
127 BROADWAY

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

# ERNST'S CANDIES

Are popular both in price and quality

SPECIAL SALES  
EVERY DAY

TRY OUR  
WEEK END  
SPECIALS

Fresh crisp Pea-  
nut Brittle,  
15c per lb.

Our regular 75c  
Chocolates,  
49c per lb.

Large Assortment  
of  
FILLED BOXES,  
BASKETS,  
ETC.

for the  
HOLIDAY  
TRADE

OH, HOW GOOD

Ernst's Fountain  
Drinks

Hot Sundaes and  
Many Other  
Delicious Dishes  
Served From  
Our Fountain

We specialize in  
our  
20c, 25c and 30c  
LUNCHEONS



*Ernst's*  
CONFECTIONS

Broadway & Washington  
Eleventh & Washington  
Factory, 64 & 66 N. 23rd St.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

## Rue de la Paix CHOCOLATES

### Now \$1.50 Pound

Delicious French Chocolates—as you like them—made in our own daylight candy kitchen of the purest of ingredients, and oh, how unusual! That's why we're telling you more about them—that is why people as far away as New York and Florida send to Lipman-Wolfe's for their candy. For while you and your girl chums ate them last year with much acclaim, you're going to enjoy them much more this year.

They're better than ever, and there are many more delicious pieces, all with intriguing centers. And besides, best of all, this year they're only \$1.50 pound.

SWEETS BOOTH, STREET FLOOR

*Lipman Wolfe & Co.*  
"Merchandise of Merit Only"

**Milk and Cream  
Butter and Eggs**

**PORTLAND  
DAMASCUS MILK CO.**  
Marshall 4000  
24TH & WASHINGTON STS.

**WALK OVERS**

You find Style, Comfort, and Quality in each and every pair of Walk Overs. Our shelves are full of the New Patterns that will appeal to you, including the new square toe Oxfords and Strap Pumps with prices within reach of all.

\$6.50 to \$10.00

**Walk Over Boot Shop**  
Broadway at Washington

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

