

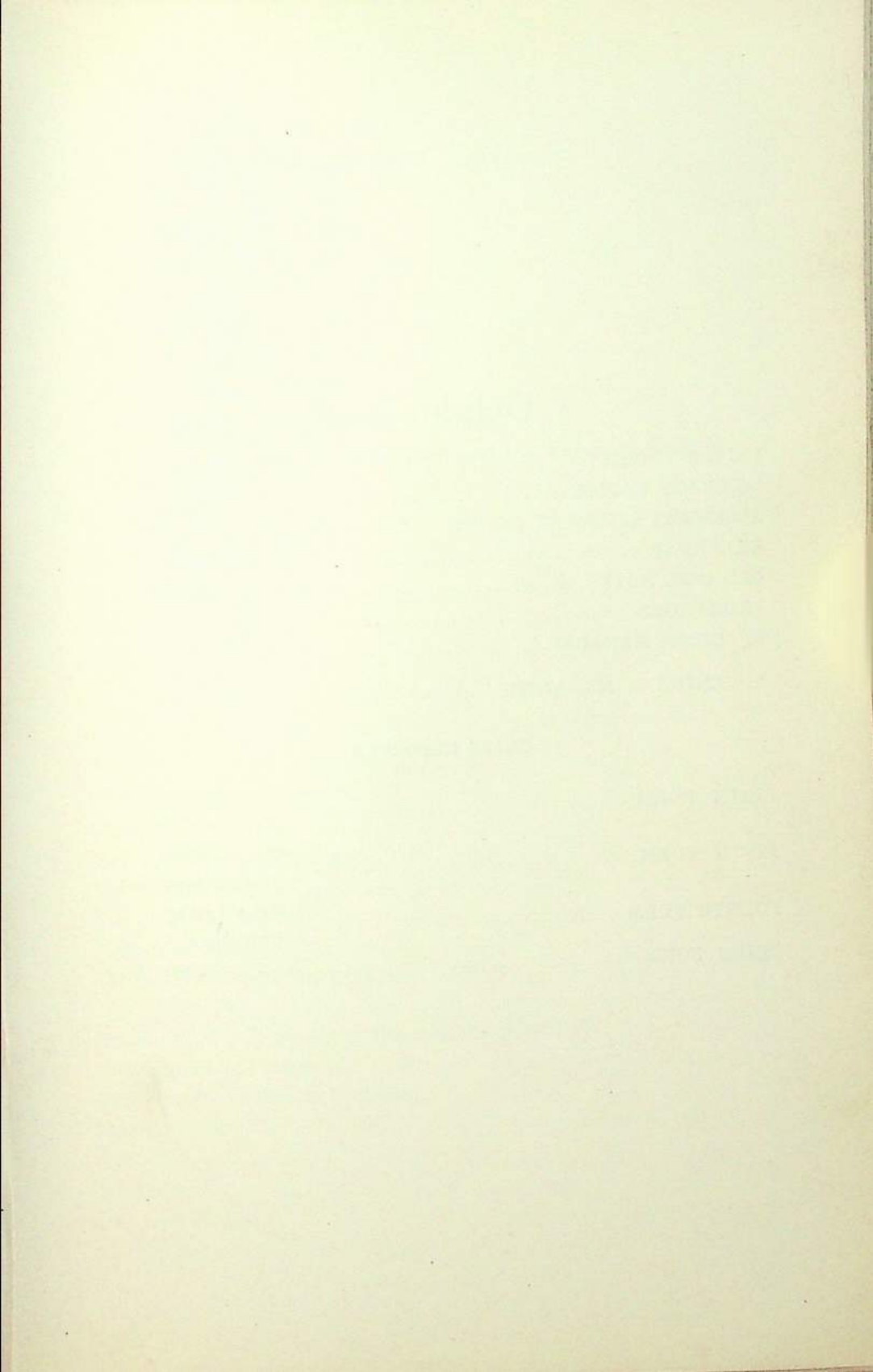
St. Helen's Hall

Delphic



Commencement
1921





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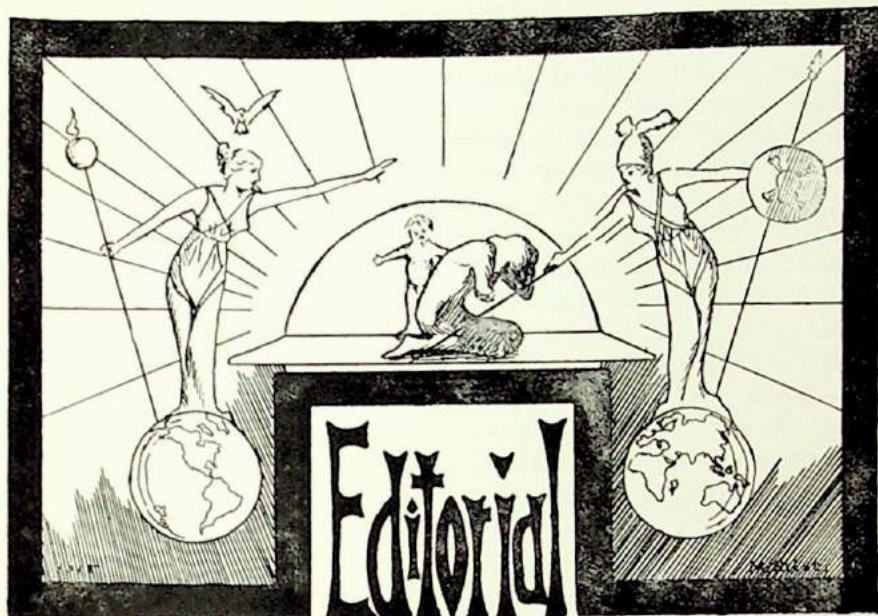
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No. 1

En Avant Toujours! Our class motto! What does that mean to us? Shall we think of it next month, next year, in all the years to come? Will our college life, home life, business life, or whatever life we shall choose, be moulded on "Onward Forever?"

This motto means much to us graduating this year. For when we chose it, we all agreed to make it our standard for building up our lives, characters, thoughts, deeds and actions. If we do this, then we shall be advancing. For to go onward means to progress with the times, not in the sense of being up to date, but in the sense of growing spiritually and intellectually keeping our minds alert and ourselves young.

We want to develop into thinking persons, not just women who accept things as a matter of fact and fall into the humdrum of everyday life. No! We want to keep our minds always thinking, our vision, always broadening, and looking ahead, and our enthusiasm always alive.

We have innumerable ways for mental advancement. For instance, we could resolve to read and study each year after we have finished school some different subject, think about it and form opinions. In doing so, we are keeping our intellects ever alert. Whenever we have an idea worth while for some club or organization, we should work it up into a definite plan which will be of some service to our community or college. To carry out these plans we must put forth all our vigor and strength and arouse the utmost enthusiasm in others. To advance spiritually, we must live up to our ideals and principles, always keeping them in mind. But should we cease for one day from our aim, then we would fall back, for there is no midway; we must either go forward or backward.

In going onward, we must not let our thoughts of advancement be purely for self, for then we would not be living up to the real meaning of the motto (the Knight Templars' motto), "Onward Forever" in service for others.

TENNIS.

Up to this year tennis has been played in the school merely for pleasure. But this spring the tournament has been formed, cups have been presented, and all the girls have become eagerly enthusiastic. Rivalry, without jealousy, has been aroused.

Tennis offers unlimited advantages to one, not only physically but mentally and morally as well. There is no better game for good, free exercise than tennis, which takes one into the open air, brings the whole body into swinging, graceful movement; which makes one alert, quick witted, and trains his eye for accuracy. Entire concentration is necessary to the successful tennis player. As in all clean athletics, one must be a good sportsman and ever engage in fair play. In our tennis tournaments there is no place for the selfish individual; he plays not for himself, but for the school, in the spirit of good fellowship and unity.



ON SEEMING WISE.

Whether it be true or not that the French, as a people, are wiser than they seem, and the Spanish seem wiser than they are, this distinction certainly is true among certain classes of men. There are people who have very little knowledge or judgment, and yet wish to pose as having great intellects. They take so much pains to seem wise and to impress others with their wisdom that they make themselves ridiculous. Some appear so reserved that they impress others with the idea that they know a great deal and yet are keeping back knowledge that they might express with regard to the subject under discussion.

Some by signs and gestures attempt to convey much that they could say if they would. A shrug of the shoulders or a contemptuous sneer often defeats the most carefully prepared arguments. Some by loud and noisy assertion, others by ridicule, and others still by dwelling on small and unimportant details win the reputation of being wise. Such men nearly always take the negative side, for it is much easier to deny than to prove an argument. These seemingly wise are like men heavily involved in debt, who make a great show of wealth in order that their poverty may not be discovered.

A SENIOR, '21.

TO MY MOTHER.

O, mother of mine, so fine and true,
 I want to live to be worthy of you.
 A life as good, as worth the while;
 You're all the world, dear; just your smile.

— I. M. J., '22.

TO OUR SENIORS

All Gracious! Grant to those who bear
 A Senior's part, the strength and light
 To help them lead their steps with care
 In ways of love, and truth, and right.

E. HOLBROOK, '22.

CLASS HISTORY, '21.

The present class of '21 was started in the seventh grade in 1916 with Edna Burton and Helen Winter. Then they little knew what a great class they had founded.

The next year they were joined by Evelyn Thatcher, Elva Mervy, Dorothy Carpenter and Edith Chandler, who at first spent most of their time trying not to break rules and getting used to things. Then, their greatest ambition was to be a Senior. Thyra St. Clair came at mid-year and our class grew in fame and in numbers. We were just becoming used to bowing before Seniors and upper class girls when school closed and we were Sophomores.

The next year the school celebrated its fiftieth anniversary and moved into the new building. Here we added Janice Parker, not yet laboring under the shadow of Bryn Mawr, and Laura Reed, whom we honored with the office of extorting class dues and other fees. At the same time Evelyn Thatcher was elected president of class '21. This year the whole school celebrated the fiftieth anniversary with a pageant telling the history of the school from the beginning, in which the Sophomore class played its part.

The following September we all returned with great dignity for were we not Juniors? More classmates were welcomed: Janet House, Florence Kuhn, and Adelyn Mayer, and Elva Mervy who had been away for a year, returned. By this time we had a large and promising class, and spent most of our time looking forward to the next year. By way of realizing that we were almost Seniors we gave the Senior class of '20 a fine send off with a luncheon which we Juniors considered one of the greatest and most important events of the year.

Our Senior year has been made eventful by the return of Elizabeth Patton to be graduated in our class; by the change of the Quarterly to the Delphic, which is now issued twice a year, for which we expect the Senior classes for years to come will thank us; by the choice of a wise Delphic staff; by the attainment of great Senior dignity; and by the fact that the fatal number thirteen has greatly added to the fame of the thirteen members of this illustrious class.

CLASS SCRIBE.



COMPARISON BETWEEN THE FLORENTINE AND VENETIAN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

The early paintings of the Venetian school differed little from the Florentine, save in color. But as art advanced, many differences became noticeable. There was slight study of the antique in the Venetian school. Nothing in the education of the Venetians called for the severe or intellectual. The Florentine treatment of the nude was always modelled after the Greeks and was of statuesque type, while the Venetian nudes were voluptuous. There was no revival of classic learning as in Florence. This revival of classicism was partly due to the intellectual and social influences of Florence, and partly to the classic trend of the painters.

There was a severity and austerity about the Florentine school, even when art was at its climax. It was never too sensual, as in the Venetian school, but rather exact and intellectual. Line and composition were thought by the Florentines to express abstract thought better than color. The Florentine colors are always cool and simple. The demand in the Venetian school was for rich colors. Line and form were not so well suited to them as color, the most sensuous of all mediums. Color prevailed through Venetian art from the very beginning, and was its chief characteristic. Venice derived this color-sense and much of her luxurious and material view of life from the Mohammedan East.

By the disposition of her people, Venice was not a devout or learned city. Religion, though the chief subject, was not the chief spirit of Venetian art. In Titian's (of the Venetian school) pictures we do not find the same effort to portray spiritual feeling as in the works of Raphael, and others of the Venetian school. The Venetian pictures seem conceived only to represent a group of noble, tranquil and magnificently dressed

people. In the Sistine Madonna of Raphael, we recognize a divine mother and child, and any one with a spirit of reverence would feel like falling on his knees before it; while in the Madonnas and church pictures of the Venetian school the beauty was of such a physical type that one sees only the beautiful models garbed as sacred characters, well drawn and easily painted, but with little devotional feeling about them.

In the Venetian school, landscape painting was practiced. The backgrounds of the pictures were wonderfully executed; sometimes they surpass the central subject. But in the Florentine school the backgrounds were only a means of bringing out the principal subject, and not much attention was paid them.

JOSEPHINE SMITH, '22.

DIMP'S PROBLEM

Dimp Clemens sat on his mother's back porch steps in quiet contemplation, which was a very unusual thing for Dimp.

His teachers never saw him motionless, and his mother could remember of two specific instances, other than when he was sleeping; once when their neighbor's little girl presented her dainty person, habited in a pink sunbonnet and apron, to ask Dimp to have luncheon with her, and, again, when he was caught in the act of putting a frog in the milk pan for the hired girl to find.

The explanation of this unwonted inactivity was at the foot of the steps in the person of a small, white terrier, who wagged his tail in approbation and looked up at Dimp with imploring, yet confident eyes. Occasionally the dog glanced away in the other direction. The wagging of the tail would almost cease. Then his eyes coming back to the figure on the steps, the tail would vigorously wag again.

Dimp was solving a question of some import. Mr. Clemens had decreed that all dogs, cats, and other animals brought home by his son, must be taken care of by that person, and also fed by him with his own money. Dimp estimated his allowance and the cost of meat; the allowance sank into insignificance. There was only one solution—work. Work wasn't so bad if it didn't take a fellow's baseball time. He visualized Bud Stevens pitching and fanning the fellows with squeals of the girls on the side lines—and himself home chopping wood and weeding the garden. Still, Saturday might be sacrificed. He could still give up Saturday and continue to enjoy life.

His elbows on his knees, Dimp held his chin in the cup of his hand and looked at the dog.

The white tail wagged faster; one ear came forward. The terrier turned his head sideways and regarded the boy's face seriously.

Presently Dimp leaned forward, took hold of the white terrier's fore paws and pulled him up on the step beside him.

The one of the imploring eyes gave a contented wiggle and settled down with an expression of satisfaction on his face. The dog was pleased with all things in general, and particularly with him who scratched his nose.

LEAH ESTELLE ROSE, '22.

THE FIREFLY

What is that in the pine grove?

A tiny, flickering light,
That shines and darts in the darkness
Of the softly gathering night.

A gleaming jewel of fire,
A sparkling, glittering gem;
Set in the folds of twilight
In a wondrous diadem.

Floating hither and thither,
With a start, a twirl, and a sway;
Like a star dropped down from the heavens
Trying to find its way.

'Tis a firefly with its lantern;
A fluttering, dancing fay,
Whose cheery light is a-twinkle
Just at the close of day.

Thank you, bright little fairy,
For teaching me now, this night,
Through the sorrow and grief of this planet
To always keep cheery and bright.

May I, when the days are dreary,
And the nights are without a moon,
Keep my little lantern shining
Out through the mist and the gloom.

PHILIPPA SHERMAN, '22.

A FUTURE STAR.

I am nearly seventeen. I have finished my Grammar and High School courses, so am fitted with the ordinary education. In two months I am going to start a career for which many girls will envy me. I envy myself in a little bit of a way. I am going into the "movies." I can't quite believe it. I have heard people say, "What a shock it must be to her proud family!" and many other things like that. But I do not mind. I have to earn some money and as I have had this offer, I am going to take it. Now, I am going to tell you how it came to me.

When I was told that because of financial trouble I would not be able to go to boarding school, as I had planned, I was for a moment disappointed. Then I commenced to wonder just what I was expected to do. Upon inquiry, I found a short course in a business college would be most advisable. I did not especially like the idea, but as I could see nothing else to do I immediately went to register. As I was entering the elevator of the building, I met an old friend of mine, who is a very fine photographer. He has taken my pictures for years and always with success. He stopped me, and said:

"Louise Haughton! Just the person I am looking for. I have been trying to reach you for days."

"You know we have sold our old home, and are living in an apartment now, so of course you couldn't reach me," I explained.

"Were you coming up to the studio?" he questioned. His studio happened to be in the same building as the business college.

"No, I am on my way to business college. Don't you think I'll make a model stenographer?" I asked, with a smile.

"Never. But come, I want to talk with you," he said, and with that we entered the elevator and went up to his studio.

Then he told me of how he had sent my pictures to a director of a movie company who was a friend of his in New York. The director had replied that I looked like a good subject and when he came to Los Angeles he would have an interview with me. It was quite a shock to me, but I stood it bravely, and went with Mr. Emerson to see the director, who had arrived a week ago.

The interview was very interesting, and so was the trial photographing. I was very thrilled when I saw myself on the screen. I signed a contract and then went home to break the

news. On the whole, everyone was very happy about it. My brother was delighted, of course, and so was mother. She had studied to be an actress, so she knew that since her own dream couldn't come true to herself, it could come to her through her daughter. Father and Laura, my sister, were a little harder to console.

"It's not an honest way of earning one's living!" exclaimed father.

"Any profession is honest, Daddy, if it is done honestly," I told him.

"To think of an ordinary movie actress in our family," moaned Laura. "It's shocking!"

"Forget it," I said, "I'm not ordinary, and as for an actress, she is just as respectable as anyone else, if she has any head at all. All she has to do is to behave herself and mind her own business, squelch anyone she doesn't want around and there you are."

"Oh, yes, it's very easy to talk, but wait until it comes to really doing it," replied Laura. "I don't see why you didn't go in a respectful business position."

I gave up talking to her and went to my room to talk with mother, who always understands everything.

"It will be very hard work, little girl," she commenced.

"Oh, Mother, I know, but think how interesting! I'll be all the different people I ever wanted to be in my life!"

"You must not forget your director, dear. You know, you will have to do just as exactly as he wishes—and that won't always be very pleasing to you," said mother.

"Yes, I know," I admitted. "That part won't be very pleasant, but then after I'm a real star, he won't do anything that displeases me as much as when I'm only taking minor parts."

"Perhaps not as much, but more than you expect," smiled mother, knowingly. "Directors will probably be the largest thorn in your bouquet of happiness."

"Yes, I know it; at least I think I do considering what I've heard other people have said about them. But I'm not going to think of them, now. There are so many nicer things to think about."

After we had talked it over backwards and forwards, mother went out and I settled down in a big arm chair to dream of my future, which was to be so different from the one I had planned.

MARION FARRELL, '22.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(Every year, on February 22, each girl is asked to write a theme on the life and character of George Washington. These compositions are read before the assembly as part of the patriotic celebration of Washington's birthday. The two themes printed below were considered worthy of a place in the Delphic. Many others were interesting and worth while, but space does not permit of their publication.)

The example of George Washington's life and character is our greatest inheritance. We owe him a debt of gratitude for the laws he made, the victories he won, and for the founding of our government. But the influence of his character on American youth can not be estimated.

He was a man of such a powerful and vivid character that we hardly know in what capacity to admire him most. We seldom think of him first as a soldier, in spite of his wonderful military career and its wonderful achievement; nor was he a statesman alone, but he seems to combine both of these characters, and even more.

His most marked characteristic was sound judgment and balance. He had great physical courage, and in the midst of battle he could give orders calmly. He also had moral courage. During the darkest hours of the war, with money gone and doubts on every side, his courage did not fail.

He was deeply religious. He never hesitated at the most difficult task, and was always guided by his strict sense of moral right.

The influence of his life has been felt through generations, and the reason that we celebrate his birthday, and write and read about him today, is that we may hand this wonderful influence down to posterity.

JEAN MUIR, '24.

In reading a true life of George Washington, we find that he was as human as the rest of us; he had his faults as well as his virtues, but these faults he overcame by his great strength of character. This character is an example of one in which religion played an extremely important part, and it was through the teachings of a devoted mother that religion had its influence on the life of Washington. As a boy, he was taught honesty, high morals, and respect and love for his elders; and throughout all his life his mother's instructions remained in his

mind to guide him, to strengthen him in doubt, and encourage him when disconsolate. His mother, the second wife of Augustine Washington, lived to see him become President, and it must have been with pride that she thought of her son. His father died when George was eleven.

The life of George Washington needs no detailed account. He was born at Westmoreland, Virginia, in 1732, and there he spent his boyhood days in which we find an indication of the type of man Washington would be. Early he showed tendencies to truthfulness, as shown by many little stories, and early he proved himself a leader, for his companions always followed him in play and sought his judgment in a dispute. He lived exactly like the usual Virginia boy,—always in the outdoors, attended school and studied well; but the education in those days was lacking, and, through no fault of his, he was somewhat deficient. For mathematics he showed a liking and taught himself a great deal in that subject.

Born of a military family, he desired to enter service; his half-brother, Lawrence, furthered this desire by procuring a position in the English navy. The boy George would have taken it, but here his love and obedience for his mother interfered when he realized that she would greatly miss him; so he gave up the idea and stayed with her.

The next few years were important ones in Washington's life, for in them the character of the man was moulded. At sixteen he set out to earn his own living. This he did by surveying the immense estate of Lord Fairfax. He made himself very skilled in that work. Next he devoted himself to negotiations with the Indians, and, having finished that, he turned to fighting them and the French. Then began his military life which lasted for several years. First he was appointed adjutant of Virginia troops; then later commander of the Northern military district by Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie. For some time he was engaged in driving away the French from Pennsylvania; soon he was made commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces. After successfully carrying out his work, he resigned the commission.

He passed the next twenty years in retirement at Mount Vernon, which had been left to him by the death of his brother, Lawrence, who was a great admirer of Admiral Vernon and named the place after him. In this period Washington married

a widow, — Martha Custis. Little is known of his marriage except that it was a very happy one. Like other Virginian planters, he attended the legislature, where he made himself quite important by his ability to manage affairs and shoulder responsibilities. When signs of war with England appeared, he was unanimously elected commander-in-chief of the entire American forces. His was the difficult task of disciplining the troops, but soon he had them ready for fighting. From history we know his next movements: his operation in the Jerseys, his attack at Trenton and Princeton, and Morristown, and finally the victory over Cornwallis. Through all we see his military genius and his perseverance against many trials.

With the war ended and affairs on a peaceful basis, he gave up his commission and retired to Mount Vernon, but the people would not let him rest. He was chosen presiding officer of the Federal convention, 1787, and after the Constitution had been drawn up, he was unanimously elected first President of the United States, and again in 1792 was re-elected. After fulfilling two terms of Presidency, he was offered the third term, but refused, and ever since all our Presidents have followed his example.

In 1797 he retired to Mount Vernon, where he passed the remainder of his days until 1799, when he died a peaceful death, much beloved by all who knew him.

A true American in every sense of the word was Washington. Every interest he had was for the new country, of which he might truly be called "the father." For so he was; he helped the new government through many trials, bringing it safely over many obstacles. Another man could never have done what Washington did. He was a born statesman, with a broad vision, keen perception, openness of mind, and a strong character of high morals established in his youth under his mother's care.

One of the greatest joys of the American people should be to visit Mt. Vernon and see the home of our George Washington. It is a beautiful place and overlooks the broad Potomac, which sweeps down majestically in front of it. Washington's tomb is there, and it is with awe that one stands near it and thinks of the great man whom this country had for its first President.

ELVA MERVY, '21.

CLASS WILL.

We, the Senior Class of St. Helen's Hall, do hereby will and bequeath our merits and good luck to the succeeding class, hoping they will have as good a time managing and securing material for our honorable school paper, the "Delphic." Our sobriety and serious mindedness we willingly donate to the sophomores. We sincerely hope that the freshmen class may not end with the calamity of thirteen, as was the fate of the Seniors.

Individual bequests:

I, Edna Burton, leave my quiet manners and senior-like dignity to Helen Holmes.

+ I, Thyra St. Clair, willingly bestow my "giggles" to Peggy Boyer.

— I, Elizabeth Patton, leave my numerous love affairs to Esther Benson.

+ I, Evelyn Thatcher, bequeath my dancing ability to Leah Rose.

+ I, Adalyn Mayer, leave my promptness in managing to get to chapel to Virginia Edwards.

— I, Laura Reed, wish that my last words be respected in reference to note books.

+ I, Florence Kuhn, honor Frances Ford with my "grammar."

I, Edith Chandler, leave my Caesar, Cicero, and Virgil to any pupil who can aspire to my fame.

+ I, Janet House, leave my fiery eyes to some good purpose.

+ I, Elva Mervy, bestow my excellent editorship to anyone who is brave enough to undertake the task.

+ I, Dorothy Carpenter, leave my Physics drawings to be framed in the Hall of Fame.

— I, Helen Winter, leave with regret my wide acquaintance to the envious.

+ I, Janice Parker, hand on my worries over Bryn Mawr exams to Catherine Overbeck.

We, the undersigned, do hereby set our hand and seal this 15th day of May, 1921.

THE CLASS OF '21.

Witnesses:

Janet House, '21.

Evelyn Thatcher, '21.

DELPHIC

AS YOU LIKE IT

Once a noble duke was banished
From his kingdom dear,
And went to live, so history says,
In a forest that was near.

He had a child named Rosalind,
Whose face was fair to see;
Her cousin Celia lovely was,
But not as fair as she.

These maidens loved each other dearly,
As e'er two cousins could;
They loved to walk together oft,
But never near the wood.

Then came Orlando to the court,
The wrestler Charles to fight;
And in a mighty combat there,
Felled him with all his might.

A nobler man you never saw,
And finely built was he;
He was in love with Rosalind,
As one could plainly see.

The duke banish'd Orlando then,
And poor Rosalind, also.
When Celia heard her coz had gone,
Then with her did she go.

They went into a forest near,
And bought a shepherd's house;
Rosalind as Ganymede,
And Aliena, his spouse.

Then did they see Orlando there;
He saw those shepherds fair;
A prettier pair you never spied
In woods so cold and bare.

Gan'mede saw it was her love,
And spoke to him straightway.
"Good sire, what wish you in these woods
On this, our wedding day?"

Then to the house the twain did go,
And talked as some folks may;
Then said Gan'mede to Orlando,
"Let us love sonnets say.

I will be your Rosalind,
Let us love songs repeat;
And I will cure you of this one,—
You'll learn to keep trees neat.

Orlando's brother Ol'ver came
Into these woods one day;
He had been saved from cruel death,
So do some people say.

Repenting of his cruelty,
Oliver asked his brother home.
Orlando's love for Rosalind
Caused him the woods to roam.

Then Ganymede did tell Orlando
That he would bring his love
Into the forest that next day
At the waking of the dove.

Now at this certain time of day
Ganymede appeared,
Without Orlando's fair Ros'lind,
And for the worst he feared.

Oliver loved fair Celia so;
Orlando, Rosalind, too.
Two other characters did wed,—
Cupid had much to do.

When happiness was at its height,
A herald from the king
Announced that Rosalind was queen;
Then did they dance and sing.

THE MISSION OF SANTA BARBARA.

From the bay, or crest of the range, the old Franciscan Mission of Santa Barbara at once attracts attention. Built of stone and adobe, painted white, it is outlined in bold relief against the neighboring hills, and commands a view of the entire valley. From every part of the town the twin towers and long wing are distinctly seen, while long after Santa Barbara itself is lost to view, as one follows up the valley, the walls of the church still remain in sight.

Time and man have dealt kindly with the Mission. It is scarred here and there, and some of its older attributes of interest have been lost. But the building presents essentially the same appearance that it did nearly a century ago. Standing beside the broad facade to which leads a flight of low stone steps, and listening to the noisy clanging of the trio of Spanish bells that are rung by Fathers dressed in the coarse woollen gowns of their order, one recalls the time when the church was a seat of power, and the Fathers were the temporal as well as spiritual rulers of the land. In early days their wealth was enormous and their power undisputed.

The foundation of the Mission Santa Barbara had been contemplated by Father Junipero in 1782. But by the death of that zealous missionary and other circumstances, its erection was delayed until 1786, when the corner-stone of an adobe church was laid by Father Antonio Paterna. The ceremonies, consisting of little more than the erection of a cross and celebration of Mass, took place on the 4th of December. The work of construction was at once begun, and in 1774 the building was completed.

It did not have the proportions of the present Mission, which was not finished until 1820. The first church was hastily built, and was constantly being added to and improved. In 1806 it was injured by an earthquake, and in 1812 was nearly destroyed by a similar visitation. But repairs were at once made, and the original plans of the designers were executed as rapidly as possible.

The work proceeded but slowly; for there were few skilled artisans, and the Indian builders had to be taught to cut the stone, burn the brick and lime, and make the mortar. The necessary stone was found in a neighboring canon, but the timber had to be brought from the mountains, forty miles away.

Nearly all the California Missions were built after the same plan, being arranged in the form of a square, with a courtyard in the center. The church formed one side of the enclosure, and a long corridor supported by stone pillars, and covered by a low, red-tiled roof, the other. The two remaining sides were made by the buildings used as dormitories and workshops, and by a high adobe wall. Near the Mission, and forming a village of considerable size, were the cabins of the neophytes, beyond which extended the farms, vineyards, and olive-groves.

The Indians were divided into squads of laborers. At sunrise the Angelus bell was sounded, and Mass held in the church. At its conclusion breakfast was had; after which the work of the day began. From eleven until two o'clock there was a recess, or siesta, during which dinner was served. The evening Angelus was rung an hour before sunset, when the Indians had supper and attended Mass; after which they amused themselves with dancing and games. The relation of the Fathers to the Indians was always paternal; they labored to develop within them the moral instinct, and taste for labor. In clear and forcible language they succeeded in making them comprehend some of the principles of the religion that was taught. To encourage faithful work in the fields the Fathers were accustomed to distribute gifts among the laborers when the season of gathering the crops was ended. Persuasion, rather than force, was generally used, and as a result the condition of the Indians was radically superior to that usually enjoyed by a conquered race.

To the refusal of a few of the Franciscans to obey the law for their expulsion is due the excellent preservation of the Santa Barbara Mission. It is in far better condition than any other of the numerous churches then built. The Padres never left it during all the years of their persecution. After their partial return to power they began at once to repair, as nearly as possible, whatever damage had been done. In late years the building has been still further restored, and is now presided over by a half-dozen Franciscans, who wear the coarse robes of the order, and conduct regular services for the benefit of the few worshippers who cling to the church of their ancestors. Restrained by the dicta of the Catholic Church, and limited in means, they pursue in quiet unobtrusiveness the dull routine of their daily life, and by their presence lend an additional picturesqueness to the

Mission which their predecessors worked so hard to build, and suffered so severely to protect. With shaven faces and closely cropped hair, sandalled and girded, they ring the Angelus from the towers, sleep in narrow cells, chant prayers at the altar, wander about their flower-grown garden, tend the few cattle they possess, and take solitary walks among the grass-grown orchards that were once the very models of neatness and of thrift.

The story that they suggest is one tinged with melancholy. The order they belong to, which was once rich, is now poor; the power that was great, today is gone. When the towers that still stand beside the ornamental facade were finished, and the work of years was ended, the Mission was surrounded by a village of devoted Indians. Near by was a garden filled with trees, bearing delicious fruits; beside it stretched a vineyard which gave the Fathers a rich supply of wine. In front of the church, was a series of stone fountains, with round, deep basins, and carven images from which spouted streams of water brought from the neighboring canyon. It flowed from fountain to fountain to the statue of a bear, and from the mouth of the animal fell into a reservoir of solid masonry, six feet wide and seventy long.

Above the church an aqueduct of stone reached to a mountain stream; in another direction was a tan-yard supplied with water that coursed along an aqueduct built on the crest of a high, thick wall. A little further up the hill was an adobe bath-house, from the facade of which projected a lion's head, whose open mouth gave forth a stream of crystal water; and not far away, again, was the Padres' grist-mill, near which was another reservoir, twenty feet deep by one hundred and twenty square. Ornamenting different parts of the Mission were statues of Saints and Apostles, while crowning the apex of the gable and the tops of the towers were huge wooden crosses, before which the Indians were taught to bow.

But the old perfection no longer exists. The village is in ruins, and only two of the many adobes now remain. Of all the fountains, only one is left. There is but a single reservoir, and that a small one; the aqueducts are replaced by a wooden flume; many of the walls have fallen; the gardens and orchards are dilapidated; a modern roof has replaced the ancient red-tiled one of the wing; the grist-mill and the statue of the bear have

disappeared, and those of the Saints and Apostles are chipped and scarred. The Indians, once so numerous, have all departed. Only the main building, with a few of its riches, remains as it was originally built.

And yet, the view of the valley and mountains, of the bay and islands, is as beautiful today as ever; and the church, suggestive of a time so different from this, still has much of its former glory, and all of its interest. A fresh layer of mortar has robbed the facade of its ancient look, and, worse than all, of the swallows' nests that used to fill every crevice among the stones; and a coat of red paint has somewhat changed the former appearance of the tower tapers. But these innovations were necessary, and the interior continues to retain its delightful mellowness.

The church is long and narrow. At one end of the nave is the altar, guarded by a wooden railing, and at the other is the choir. On either side are two small chapels, each with its shrine and ornaments. Midway between them and the altar is a narrow doorway, opening into the cemetery; and from the sacristy to the left of the altar, one passes to the Padres' garden. The nave is lighted by six small windows, set high above the well-worn floor. The walls are eight feet thick and forty feet high. The sacristy is a large room, and around the walls are queer old chests of drawers and cases containing a rich collection of vestments and the various paraphernalia belonging to the church. Adjoining the sacristy is a smaller room, in which are many of the articles made by the Indians who were employed in building the Mission.

The cemetery is limited in area, and occupies a space enclosed by the east side of the church and by the high stone wall that borders the road to Mission Canon. The doorway leading from it into the church is somewhat below the level of the ground, and is ornamented with three human skulls and cross-bones set in the solid masonry. On either side of the door are thick buttresses of stone, which support the walls and the sloping red-tiled roof of the church.

The ground is thickly covered with graves, and the surrounding walls are damp and green with moss. Tombs have been built along the side of the church, between the buttresses, and also in other parts of the cemetery. In former years the Indians were buried in a common trench, defined by walls six feet apart. When this was filled the skeletons were exhumed

and deposited in a little building occupying one corner of the premises. But few interments are now made, and the cemetery is overgrown and neglected, and an almost oppressive stillness lingers about the graves of the departed Fathers and the forgotten Indians. Vines have crept up and over the outer walls, and swallows and doves have built their nests in the quiet nooks beneath the overhanging eaves.

The garden of the Mission possesses charming originality of design and aspect. Wandering about the narrow paths that radiate from the center, where stands a splashing fountain, one is far away from what is modern America. It is filled with trees and flowering shrubs. Over the sides of the church and the high adobe walls grows the dark green ivy; far overhead rise the towers, with their clanging bells; near by is a corridor with open arches and red-tiled roof. Birds sing among the trees, doves flutter about the housetops; the air is laden with the perfume of roses and heliotrope, and, in midwinter, of orange, lemon and almond blossoms. The garden is sacred to man. No woman is allowed to enter it. It is the resting place of the Padres. In its shaded corners, the thick walls of their church sheltering them from the outside hurry of modern life, they are monks indeed, isolated from the cares of the world, dwelling in peace and quiet, kind, sedate, and in this prosaic century, picturesque and interesting.

VIRGINIA PITTOCK, '22.

THE FAIRIES IN OUR GARDEN

Our garden is just like fairyland. Along the stone wall are the hollyhocks and climbing roses, which seem to look down on the other flowers from their high seats of honor. I believe the black hollyhock is the king and the pink one the queen, for they are taller than the rest. The pansies in the large, round bed, directly in front of the wall, act as pages. They wear gay velvet-like suits just like those in fairy pictures. Standing erect and obediently, along the other sides of the wall, are the zinnias and French marigolds. These are the lords and ladies of the court. Everyone is watching the fairy primroses in their bright yellow dresses, as they dance gayly on the soft green carpet of grass.

F. E. S., '22.

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

Along the wide, dim, old church aisle
 They march in slow, unbroken file,
 And, as these pure white maids appear,
 Each type of girl is present here.

The quiet pensive miss demure,
 With downcast eyes and thoughts so pure,
 Will go thru life unseen, unheard,
 But many aid by deed and word.



The jolly lass with manner sly,
 And merry twinkle in her eye,
 Will cheer all with her happy way,
 And help to keep this old world gay.

The genius of the studious looks,
 Who's always delving deep in books,
 We'll soon find in the Hall of Fame,
 Where she will make herself a name.



The butterfly comes next in train,
 Is winsome, dainty, flighty, vain;
 But many hearts she'll surely win
 By her Eternal Feminine.

The suffragette with head held high,
 And firm, determined step and eye,
 Will be the women's champion,
 A rightly fighting Amazon.



And so they each start out in life
 To meet with joy and also strife,
 But whatso'er shall be her fate,
 She's now the Sweet Girl Graduate.

PHILIPPA SHERMAN, '22.

CLASS PROPHECY

The wind was moaning without and a dismal rain beat monotonously on the roof. Polly parrot was blinking sleepily, and my precious tabby cat was slumbering sweetly before the hearth. I had been thinking of my old classmates 'way back in '21. What happy days those had been! What had happened to the girls?

Suddenly—buzz! buzz! came from my pocket where I kept my mentograph which picked up thought waves and transmitted the messages. It was someone calling me. I answered and heard: "Ah, ha!" The person spoke with a British accent, and warned me to listen carefully lest she refuse to divulge what she knew of my old classmates.

Edna Burton she spoke of first, and went on to tell of her struggles to convert the savage Lilliputians of the Antarctic regions. Her latest effort, it seems, was to introduce Greek poetry into the kindergarten which she had established there.

Then came the name of Dorothy Carpenter, followed by some name I could not quite make out; something like Corporal, I think. She had had a sad story; her husband had died while they were still at college, and our gay old Dot became the college widow. She had spent the remainder of her college life cheering sad youths on their way. Now she was presiding over a house for "Hopeless Mechanical Drawing Artists," in memory of her beloved husband.

Edith Chandler was mentioned next. She was carrying out the brilliant promise of her school days. From a small hospital where she received her training as a nurse, she had gone to New York, where she became one of the most noted doctors, famous for her work among the poor.

The transmitter buzzed again and gave the name of Janet-ski Houseski, who was at the present time established, according to the latest reports, at Moscow, Russia. Her brilliant career as soapbox orator in New York had been followed by a trip to Russia, where her ardent supporters rallied around to welcome her. In gratitude for the services she had rendered them, they generously presented her with the royal title and office of "Chief Cheese Server" for Trotsky.

The receiver clicked impatiently and then gave the name of Florence Kuhn, the proprietress of the fashionable "La petite Boutique pour la Femme Fastidieuse." She designed her own

costumes and bonnets, and numbered the elite of society among her customers.

Here the transmitter stopped. I thought that it had finished its message for the time, but no. In a few moments I heard, "I'm sorry to be late, but please excuse me." Ah! Adalyn Mayer—made her advent. She was happily esconsed in a beautiful West Side home in Portland. Here she welcomed a tired business man every evening, worn out from tramping back and forth on the main floor of a great department store all day. After feeding him well and laying out his dress suit (the mentograph continued), the customary question arises, "Hubby, dear, where do we go tonight?" and the reply inevitably comes, "What, again? Well, where do you want to go?"

At this point the mentograph acted most strangely and transmitted queer words, which were most foreign to me. At last I managed to decipher the name of Elva Mervy, and then the unknown author of these communications went on to inform me that Elva had distinguished herself by introducing Esperanto, the new language, into a Western college, where she seems to have established herself after leaving our dear old Hall. Students came from far and wide to hear her talk and to converse with her in the new language.

The mentograph suddenly grew impatient,—someone else was trying to make a connection. Then Helen Winter made herself known. She had made the name of Winter famous by her ballet dancing in a cage of wild lions. While traveling in Africa she had discovered that she had a wonderful power over wild animals. So the idea came to her to turn this power into a money-making proposition. She had captured twelve lions and tigers that had been under her spell ever since. On arriving in the States, the greatest circus in the country had presented her with a contract to sign. She had been with the circus since

The receiver began to kangaroo hop and shake at this point, and I heard the name of Elizabeth Patton, the famous comedian, well known on the Orpheum circuit as "Jazzin' Liz." Her gallant strivings had made the heart of many a T. B. M. beat faster, and the eyes of many a little wife grow wide with fear, when her dear husband appeared too fascinated. Whoever would have thought of our quiet, saintly Elizabeth with her name in electric lights ten feet high on Broadway?

But, list! On we must go! From whom do we hear now? The voice of authority is speaking through the instrument. Reed, the governor of Oregon, speaks. It's really Lolly, our old Lolly, who now says what shall be done, and what shall not be done, in this State of Oregon. She has done many things to make school children ever grateful to her. One of these is the passing of a bill which declares that no school shall take up before ten o'clock, or let out later than twelve. Another bill is that no foreign languages shall be taught in the schools; and yet another, that no instructor should contradict a student.

Next followed Thyra St. Clair, to whom grateful housewives extend their blessings; for our old schoolmate has become market supervisor,—the one who drove the H. C. of L. far, far away. Every day she jaunts down to market and inspects every product offered, lest some poor, innocent be overcharged. It was while in pursuit of her duties that she became inspired with the idea from which grew her wonderful invention, "The Bargain Hunter's Friend."

Lastly, but by no means least, the far-famed name of Evelyn Thatcher Van de Culver was spoken. When traveling abroad with her parents she had met and married her famous husband. At the time he was representing his country at the great conference at Geneva, which had been called together to decide the weighty question of how the cost of the trans-Atlantic bridge should be divided among the nations. In the meantime Evelyn had been purchasing gowns in Paris, and the modiste from whom she wanted a particularly gorgeous gown being at Geneva on a vacation, she pursued him there. On her arrival she had lost her way, and taking the house of the conference for a designer's salon, had walked into a most embarrassing situation. However, the gallant Van de Culver had come to the rescue and the escapade resulted most happily. Here the unknown voice died away, thus signifying that the person who had so kindly picked up my thought waves had no more to say and I had to be satisfied with this meager information.



THE BABY'S FIRST AIRING

On my way home from school one day last fall, I saw a small object crossing the road. It was a mother squirrel carrying her baby. She was running on three legs, while with the third she held the little squirrel. The baby was a cunning little fuzzy thing with a beautiful fluffy tail. He had bright little black eyes that looked like buttons. The mother squirrel paused panting in the roadway and looked quickly around. She then scampered across the sidewalk and up the trunk of a large pine tree. She climbed to one of the higher limbs and there set the baby down so she could rest. The little one started to climb on up without his mother, and, oh, what a scolding he received! After a few seconds the mother squirrel picked up the baby again and went on her way. I held my breath at the daring leaps she made as she jumped from tree to tree, always alighting on the very tip end of the branches, causing them to sway up and down, and making me think that she would surely fall. I watched her doing this until she was lost to sight.

FRANCES LUCRETIA EFFINGER, '22.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Every morning an old man appears in the street with a hand-organ, a cup and a funny monkey. The monkey wears a red coat with brass buttons on it, and a green cap with many little bells on it. All day long the organ-grinder walks up and down the street, while the monkey performs to eager, excited children. The "organ man," as the children call him, wears as gaudy clothes as the monkey does. He has all of the characteristics of an Italian of low degree, broad forehead, swarthy complexion, black, wavy hair, a rather large nose, and pearly white teeth that gleam when he laughs. His upper lip is covered by a straggly mustache as black as his hair.

Although the children gather 'round dancing and laughing when he appears, he seems not to notice them. He is solely intent upon watching his monkey and grinding out the tune mechanically. His manner shows no great interest except to gain a few pennies to satisfy his small personal wants. His thoughts are apparently on the memories of his earlier years in sunny Italy.

FLORENCE NILES, '23.

THE BROKEN TEACUP

When you are going to give a perfectly respectable tea party for two young ladies and their dolls, it is very embarrassing not to have enough teacups to go around; and when you know they will be arriving soon, you feel like borrowing one of mother's big ones. You take a big wicker chair and stand on it, knowing that you are safe, because mother is out. You peer with wide-open eyes over the top shelf of the cupboard. You see one of mother's best gilded teacups. "That will be just the thing," you think. You have a hard time reaching it, and just reach your fingers around the handle and carefully lift it down. Oh, horrors! the cup slowly slips out of your grasp, and the first thing you know it falls to the floor with a crash and smashes to a thousand bits. The door bells rings; you jump to the floor and run to the door to take Madeline and Edith upstairs to the nursery. You tell them that you will be back in a minute. You rush downstairs and sweep up the broken pieces of china as best you can. Your only resource is to use a kitchen cup for yourself. You carefully carry the cocoa and cake upstairs, and apologize for keeping your company waiting.

"Excuse the kitchen cup, but—er—a—I haven't any more of the good ones. I will use it myself," you say, tremblingly.

"Why, of course," they answer agreeably.

The afternoon wears on. You know that your mother will be home at five, and then the horrible feeling of having to explain about the broken cup keeps on your mind. While the other girls dress their dolls and play house, you sit and think, getting more and more frightened every minute. You don't have the good time you had looked forward to having. At four forty-five the girls say that they will have to leave, and you go with them down to the door.

"Good-bye, Elizabeth; we had a very good time. You will come to see me tomorrow, won't you?" Edith says. You smile, and they leave. The time is drawing near. You sit down on the couch. Your heart beats rapidly. You hear your mother's footsteps on the porch. She enters the house smiling.

"Hello, dearie; did you have a good time this afternoon?"

"Y-e-s, mother," you stammer feebly. She notices that you are frightened.

"What's the matter, dear? Tell me." She looks rather worried.

"Oh, n-nothing; w-well, I b-broke a cup, and it was your b-best one," you falter.

You look up; mother is smiling.

"Why, dear, did you think mother would scold you for that? You know she does not care that much about a cup."

ELIZABETH DU MOND, '24.

A MYSTERIOUS BOX

One day when I was trudging home from the store at Oracle, Mr. Ladd asked me to ride home. The horse was a lazy, old fellow, and he ambled along like a tortoise; so when my friend asked me to hold the reins while he went in to get a box, I was not the least afraid. Soon he came out, carrying a great package, which seemed to be very heavy. He carried it so carefully that my curiosity was excited and I said, "that is a very nice box of apples you are carrying." He looked dubiously at it as he set it gingerly beneath the seat upon which I was sitting and replied: "No, they are not apples." As he volunteered no further information, I asked no other questions. I noticed, however, that he kept peering at the box in a most extraordinary manner.

Just then a jackrabbit scurried across the road. This startled the gentle nag, and rousing what energy he had left, forgetting his years and dignity, he pranced about like a young colt. I was not the least afraid and I was quite surprised to see that Mr. Ladd, who was usually so at home with horses, seemed excited and peered uneasily at the apple box, which rested under the bench.

When we got home I teased him about being afraid of the gentle horse, but what was my astonishment when he drawled, "Well, you see, it wasn't so much the horse; but there is dynamite in that box you were sitting on, and I was afraid it would go off if it was jolted."

JEAN MUIR, '24.



CONTRAST BETWEEN MACBETH AND HAMLET

Probably two of the greatest tragedies of Shakespeare which more vividly portray types of character than any other of his plays are Hamlet and Macbeth. Both reveal the inner lives of the principal characters and show how the desires and the ideals of these influence their outward actions. The ruling motives in the lives of the heroes are widely different, from whatever point of view we look at them. The ruling motive in Macbeth is ambition; in Hamlet it is the desire to avenge the wrong done to his father and at the same time to satisfy his own conscience.

Macbeth is a practical man and all his training and experience as a military man and as a leader in politics have given him the experience and power to bend everything to his will and desires. He is cold and heartless, although Lady Macbeth, in urging him on to the accomplishment of his plans, declares that she fears his nature "is too full of the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way." We see, however, few evidences of kindness according to our interpretation of the word in any of the acts of Macbeth. While he is strong and capable in planning, after the deed is committed in each case he becomes weak and despondent. Unlike Hamlet, he is not a student or a thinker and is always surprised at, and unable to meet, the results of his actions. He is easily swayed by the superstition of his age, and is constantly the victim of supernatural imaginings. His hair rises at times and he comments on a night shriek "that would cool the senses." He never doubts the reality of the supernatural appearances with which he comes in contact. The plan to assassinate Duncan and make himself king was already dimly outlined in his own mind, but the prediction of the witches, which he trusts implicitly, further roused his latent ambitions and are simply an outside expression of his own inner thoughts. Throughout the entire play the superstitious belief in witches, ghosts and other supernatural appearances forms a distinct characteristic of this otherwise practical man. To the very end, when defeat stares him in the face on every side, this same superstitious faith in the supernatural urges him to consult the witches and listen to the worst.

Much has been said of the affection shown between husband and wife in many of the scenes, but one looks in vain for the higher type of affection that is associated with a simple

trust and confidence in each other, and in the future that comes with devoted service for one's country which we see in the characters of some of the husbands and wives of Shakespeare. She was formerly his helpmate in his first crime, now she is entirely ignorant of later ones, for, seeing the encroaching weakness on her part, he forms his own designs and makes no confidant of his wife; but Macbeth to the last retains affection for her, and at least never reproaches her that she drove him on to his first crime. Both are impelled by one selfish purpose,—the desire for power.

The killing of Macbeth by Macduff was as purely an act of patriotism on the part of the Scottish chief as was the assassination of Caesar in the mind of Brutus and his fellow conspirators, and it freed Scotland from a rule far more tyrannical than Caesar would ever have imposed upon Rome.

The character of Hamlet is much more noble, and his ambition more unselfish, than that of Macbeth. Hamlet rarely acts for himself, but the one ambition of his life, to perform the duty of a faithful and loyal son, controls the man and furnishes a motive for every act. Unlike Macbeth, he is lacking in firmness, is impractical and apparently unmanly and cowardly at times. In meeting his uncle and accusing him of the crime, he shows a courage that we expect will bring results; but when the opportunity comes to perform what he believes is the sacred duty imposed on him by his father, he is weak and vacillating. Macbeth has been influenced by his wife, but no woman has the slightest power over the thoughts and actions of Hamlet. From the beginning to the end the commands of his father's ghost, to avenge the crime committed by the present king, control Hamlet; but otherwise throughout the play there is little to show that he is influenced by any outside or supernatural beliefs.

Both deaths are tragedies, but Hamlet's is very different from that of Macbeth. Hamlet has our sympathy throughout the entire play. We feel he has acted from noble motives and has only failed of accomplishing his purpose in full, and earlier because of his intense self distrust and fear of consequences. Macbeth met his end in true heroism, but a feeling of contentment follows in our minds, for a tyrant king has yielded his life before a true patriot.

E. T., '21.

THE RISING BELL

No one ever wonders how early "Becky," the ever-faithful mistress of the household, rises and enters upon her duties; but all boarders do know just when 6:40 comes. Down in the basement the mere touching of the "cowbell" sends forth a warning that "the worst is yet to come"; and as "Becky" climbs the trodden stairs to the slumbering inmates, the clanging becomes louder and louder and penetrates the ears of those who are inclined to sleep with their heads beneath the pillow or under the fat comforters. However, "Becky" leaves no doubt in their minds as to whether or not the bell has rung, for at each dormitory door she halts and sends forth the message of her morning serenade:

"Everybody up in here?"

A BOARDER, '22.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE IN OUR LUMBER CAMP

"Good-night, everyone!"

"Good-night!"

"Remember, first one to hit the water tomorrow gets the first plate of hot cakes!"

"Bon nuit!"

"Sleep tight!"

At last the little camp, which snuggled at the edge of the moonlight lake, lay quiet and dark under the giant protecting pines. All through the day it had been a scene of hustle and bustle, from the time breakfast was ready until the songs and twanging ukelele music floated out from the cheery circle of firelight when darkness fell. And with a long, hard hike up the Pan Handle Trail in the morning, and swimming and fishing that afternoon, we were all ready for a long, glorious, uninterrupted sleep.

A huge lemon-colored moon flared up from behind Lone Squaw Mountain, and with it came the myriad of cold, sparkling stars and an icy little breeze that rocked the pines back and forth, as if swaying them to sleep. Everything was just drifting into that dreamy, drowsy state, which steals over one just before sleep wraps one in her soft cloak.

Suddenly — this peace and calm was broken sharply by a shrill, piercing scream, which came from the region near our

camp, and which echoed and echoed over the silent lake and into the distant hills! Just once—and then silence! Everyone sat bolt upright in her cot reaching for her gun, and slipping hurriedly into a coat and slippers. A woman was being murdered, surely, our numbed senses told us. By the time we were outside, the guide was hastily throwing wood on the slowly dying fire, and making a torch. By the light of this we followed him a ways further into the pine grove, until, there in the darkness two flaming yellow eyes glared at us from—space. Then as our eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness, we saw with horror, the lean, crouching figure of a tawny wild cat. It was perched on the limb of a tree, not twenty feet from us! We all stood back in fright, and, if it hadn't been for our guide, I'm sure we would have all "took to our heels and run." But the latter person laughed outright in such a stupid fashion, we were all thoroughly disgusted with him and decided he must be a lunatic.

"Ho, ho! Just as I thought, only I was half asleep myself and didn't think much. Scared you-all nearly to death, didn't it? Wal, I reckon it won't harm you-all none, them things never do,—mostly cowards. They won't pick on no one 'less they're cornered, but seeing as how you-all's nervous I'll plug him, and then you-all ull feel safer, huh?"

Before our startled senses could return, a sharp report rang out in the air, and the cat fell limp and lifeless to the ground.

"There, that's wot you-all gits fer screeching so loud and scarrying nice young ladies out of their wits," said the brave guide, a hero now in our eyes, as he dragged the lifeless body into camp with the aid of his massive Airdale, "Hootch."

As you may imagine, it was quite a time before everyone was asleep again, and it was "high sun" before the first one "hit the water" the next morning. After a hearty breakfast, we felt just as ever, and the whole day was centered about the exciting adventure of last night.

The day wore on, however, and, as night fell, we all gathered around the fire to sing and play the miniature Victrola—very loud (for it helped to keep one's spirits up). Everyone seemed to dread going to bed, but, as the guide and Mrs. Curtess, the chaperone, informed us there was absolutely no danger, we all went to our tents and at last were snug in bed, although half the cots were empty and the other half harbored two frightened

girls instead of one. I was lucky in coaxing "Hootch" into my tent to sleep near the door, so I and my partner felt even safer.

Then again all was silent, and all through the night not a soul was disturbed from slightly troubled dreams.

As dawn, grey and misty, broke over the lake and the summer sun shot shafts of gold across the shimmering water, I awoke with a start. Something cold was against my face and sniffing at me. Slowly, with a sinking heart, I opened my eyes, and, in the dim light, could see a big, bulky, shadowy, tawny form standing at the side of my cot, licking my ashen face, cold with an icy perspiration. I lay still, not daring to move, thinking any moment my nose would be bitten off, when to my startled ears a coaxing whine broke forth from the supposed wild cat. I sat up in bed and then fell back in sheer surprise and joyful relief. I even threw my arms around the "wild cat's" neck, and half sobbed, half laughed, "Hootch, you surely gave me a thrill. Talk about seeing red snakes with champagne, I saw wild cats with plain old Hootch!"

Of course I told the gang about it later, but first I went down and "hit the water" and won the first plate of hot cakes, which I shared with Hootch.

PHILIPPA SHERMAN, 22.

"ADVENTURES IN FRIENDSHIP"—DAVID GRAYSON

This book is made up of a series of twelve short stories. The author, David Grayson, uses himself and his life as the background of the adventures in which he found many friends. All the characters are his neighbors, whom he meets in his adventures. One of the most interesting chapters is:

THE MOWING.

The mowing of his clover was an important and memorable day in the author's life. He hired young Dick Sheridan to come on Saturday, and Dick arrived bright and early with his scythe over his shoulder. It was cool working in the morning, and this coolness was helped along by a jug of cold water that rested in the grass under a shady tree at one end of the field. But near noon it got unbearably hot and soon they were about to decide on going to the house, when Harriet blew the horn for dinner. Dick and David answered that call joyfully, and how good it felt to let the cold water from the pump drizzle down their hot faces

and then quench their dry, parched throats with a glass of ice-cold water. They reposed under the shade of the spreading maple until Ann Spencer called them into dinner. And what a dinner they had! Oh, I hate to say it! Hot fried chicken,—Ann's specialty; brown beans with crispy strips of pork; baked potatoes with their snowy-white insides showing, and two towers of Harriet's famous bread, just out of the oven; tea and buttermilk; and, lastly, a great, big, red, juicy shortcake, with a mountain of raspberries heaped all over it. They ate their dinner out on the east porch, where it was cool and shady. A catbird sang sweetly from among a thicket of lilacs, and the honeysuckle vines smiled and nodded to them as they dined.

As Dick went down the long lane, David watched him with a pleasant, friendly feeling. They had worked together and were weary together. What a pleasant companionship this was. David had made another friend and was happy for this.

It is not the substance of what we say to one another that makes us friends, nor because we entertain the same views or respond to the same emotions. All these things may serve to bring us nearer together, but no one of them can in itself kindle the divine fire of friendship. A friend is one with whom we are fond of being when no business is afoot nor any entertainment contemplated. It is a miraculous fact that when a man's heart really opens to a friend he finds there room for two. And when he takes in the second, behold the world grows wider, and he finds there room for two more.

So let it be with our friendships!

BESS ALLEN, 23.

THE \$20,000 COFFROTH HANDICAP

On the border of Old Mexico lies the wide and fateful circle of Tia Juana's track, whose dusty course is hardening under the trampling hoofs of speed kings. And looking down on it from a great sand dome stands its paddock, beneath whose creaking roof rested Sailor, the uncrowned king of the trotting turf. Throughout America his name had sounded in triumph, and on him men staked their souls and dollars, and women their lives and hopes.

Oh! What a horse this Sailor was, with a coat like silk, hoofs like polished ivory, and a broad breast that inhaled the air

like bellows; but his nobleness outweighed even his speed and beauty. He was proud, but docile, and loving with all his spirit.

Beside him stood his rival, Be Frank, with the notorious, rough riding jockey, who valued the glory of the turf higher than life, and perhaps higher than money.

That night the rivals slept undaunted while all San Diego knew that the morning would see the race of races, in which were entered, Be Frank, War Mask, Sailor, Veteran, Wysewood, Peerless One, Ike Harvey, Riffle and Edwina, the temperamental but sturdy little Miss of the Hoge string, considered Be Frank's greatest competitor.

The day came and with it sportsmen from far and near, for the name of the little town of Tia Juana had echoed from coast to coast and back.

Quickly the crowds filled the grandstand, and among them an old man said, "This takes me back to the days of Thorton Stakes"; and then above the buzz and chatter the orchestra struck up its thrilling notes, and the horses, with their gaily costumed jockeys up, pranced in for better, or for worse, watched by those whose lives were dedicated to the Tartars of the Turf.

Slowly they formed for the race. Be Frank moved close to one side of the fence, while Riffle hugged the other. The music stopped. Followed by the stirring cry, "they're off!" the barrier was raised and the impatient speedsters sprang forward to battle for the crown.

Cheer upon cheer sweeled Tia Juana's dusty air, and with them blended the voice of a woman, all her hopes embodied in the cry, "Sailor! Sailor!"

Suddenly, Be Frank, with speed that would have put lightning to shame, if there had been lightening to see it, darted from his place at one side of the rail, while on the other side Riffle did the same. In the center of the road they struck head to head, forming a triangle. Into the triangle rushed a race-maddened horse. He stopped short and went down on his haunches, and Edwina, Be Frank's great competitor, pitched over the fallen horse, hurling her jockey into the inner field.

In a moment a third horse had gone down, and all three had risen with their knees cracked and bleeding; while two of the jockeys lay prostrate before the coming horses. Many a sportsman quaked, and screams of frightened women took the place of the cheers of the previous moment. Could the horses stop or would they rush on over the other riders? Lo! they stopped.

The horse in the lead of the crazed Tartars had valued the lives of men more than his glory and had slackened his speed, compelling those behind him to do likewise. What horse in that crazed band was so composed? It was Sailor, and now he was trying to regain his place. Far ahead, nearing the post, ran Be Frank, fast passing Riffle, and vainly Sailor tried to capture his lost place, but he didn't have it in his stout heart and fleet legs to cope with a horse so far ahead of him. So the best he could do was to extend his bloodshot nostrils beyond the nose of Veteran and come in a doubtful third.

Again the music struck up, and with the cheers and praises of the people, Be Frank, triumphant, returned to the judges' stand, and after him, with his head held high and a grand defiant gleam in his eyes, came Sailor. Unnoticed, he passed the judges' stand to the paddock. Sailor, the fallen kind, who had laid upon the altar of a horse's duty, the crown and glory of the turf.

CECILIE APPLGATH, '25.



ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.

A dream of my childhood
That heaven's gates opened
With pale purpling colors
That flowed from the windows

O'er chancel and font,
At entrance and exit,
The soft-colored glory
That colored our prayers.

May heaven's real entrance
Have the peace and the mercy
The clean, holy truth,
Majesty, as well.

The beauty of priesthood
The sweetness of goodness
Which flowed with the service
As Bishop Morris knelt.

B. Wistar Morris,
Thy soul ranks the highest,
Thy works dwell among
The holy on high.

Thy deeds we see blazoned
Heraldy peerless,
Gold-lettered on parchment
By saints in the sky.

Thy mercies manifold
Enfold thy diocese;
We still know the pride
And the glory of thee.

E. L. W., 1890.

THE GARDEN.

The shaded walk
 With its prim, square-cornered walls,
 High and thick, shutting off the world
 Of street and rushing train.
 While within were
 Bordering trees, apple trees,
 Dripping bloom,
 And always from the heat
 Of daily life to this retreat
 Came its lover, crooning
 Poetry, and even herself more fair
 Than blooming tree
 That sheltered beds of violets
 And iris boldly upright,
 With full grace was she,
 Miss Clementina,

E. L. W., 1890.

MR. SUTHERLAND.

Can you hear the shuffling still
 Down the hall, up the stairway,
 Hear the half-hour bell
 On the landing of the stairs?

 See old Sutherland, lame and bended
 Creeping down to mop up ink
 Or spade the violets
 With the dew of spring upon them.

 And the breath of earth still clinging
 As he finds among the leaves
 One first blossom, subtle augury,
 Of earth's heart beats pulsing through.

 In its lustre and its fragrance
 As his goodness pulses through
 All the simple duties, freely done
 For service to the world and God.

E. L. W., 1890.

MARY B. RODNEY.

Lift up a picture of her,
Let us all see;
The lines of her dignity,
The calm of her glance,
The charm of her smile,
Rare, quick to divine.

The gift of her hands,
Strong, yet rare molded.
The width of her brow,
The smoothness of skin
With the fairness of snow,
Health radiant on cheek.

Hair not yet faded,
Not graying or roughened.
The smooth-banded hair
Looped low to the ears.
The charm of her gestures,
The gracious, cool voice;

Oh, the gift of its praise!
And the bite of its blame.
The pride we knew glowing
Deep in our young hearts
When she flowed in smoothly
To her seat at the desk.

And knelt, meet yet lofty,
With dignity's bearing
To bow to her God.
Oh, Mary B. Rodney!
Sweet Justice you balanced
Herald your name!

E. L. W., 1890.

MISS LYDIA RODNEY.

Yours was not fineness of form
 But Fineness clasped your mind
When you were born.
 Belle lettres and Shakespeare,
Tragedy and comedy
 Excited wit and admiration
In your high spirit.

Yes, you were ever soundly sweet
 So born, so lived, so worked,
And at the end, unthanked by
 Most your pupils and forgotten
You did lonely die; but live
 Will ever in the lessons taught,
The truth wrought into finer lace
 In your quick fancy.

We read with you—yes, Shakespeare,
 The history of the church,
The poetry of moderns, and ancient lore,
 That dripped like honey from your lips
So full of richness of the ages you were
 And would pass on to others.

We laughed with you, loved your blush
 Which swept from throat to hair
Delicately at word or thought or jest
 Or any whimsery
You were a Rodney, born and bred,
 And lived it in your sweetness
And your gentle teaching spirit.

E. L. W., 1890.

DELPHIC

SUSAN.

Dear old Susan, busy Susan,
 Tiny, dutiful and old,
 Plain of feature, meek and lowly,
 Doing patiently the drudgery
 Duties, duties manifold.

Yet your memory stands out boldly
 Susan lowly, long grown aged,
 And now gathered to your fathers;
 Yet St. Helen's Hall's old boarders
 Fragile, weak, and strong, and bold,

Some were homesick, some were naughty,
 Some were stupid, some were cold,
 But old Susan knew them, each one,
 Each cajoled, and teased and sought her
 For a tidbit, for a respite,

For a cover when 'twas cold
 Dear old Susan, lost all other
 Name but Susan; where liest thou?
 If I could to thy grave wander
 I would deck with bloom thy brow.

E. L. W., 1890.

WISTERIA TOWER.

(Old St. Helen's Hall.)

Can't you see it, wreathing upward,
 Suppliant, graceful, ever upward,
 Wreathed with violet, fire of starlight,
 Misted with elusive sweet breath
 As from Heaven had come its clouding,
 Wisteria! Wisteria!

Wreathing, climbing, clothed the belfry,
 Beautiful and flashed afar;
 Breathing glory, Heaven's ecstasy,
 Spring-time bounty, and fall's lavish,
 Colorful and pendulous waving,
 Wisteria! Wisteria!

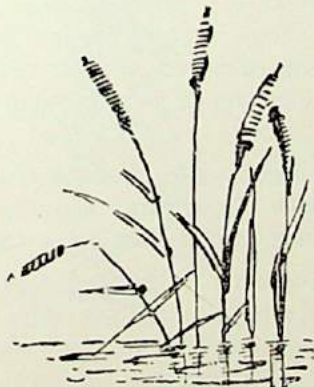
Who designed thee, massive climber?
Who thought out thy splendid mantle,
Who spent color, form and strength's fire
To erect thee to the stars?
Now thy heart glows, violet paling,
Wisteria! Wisteria!

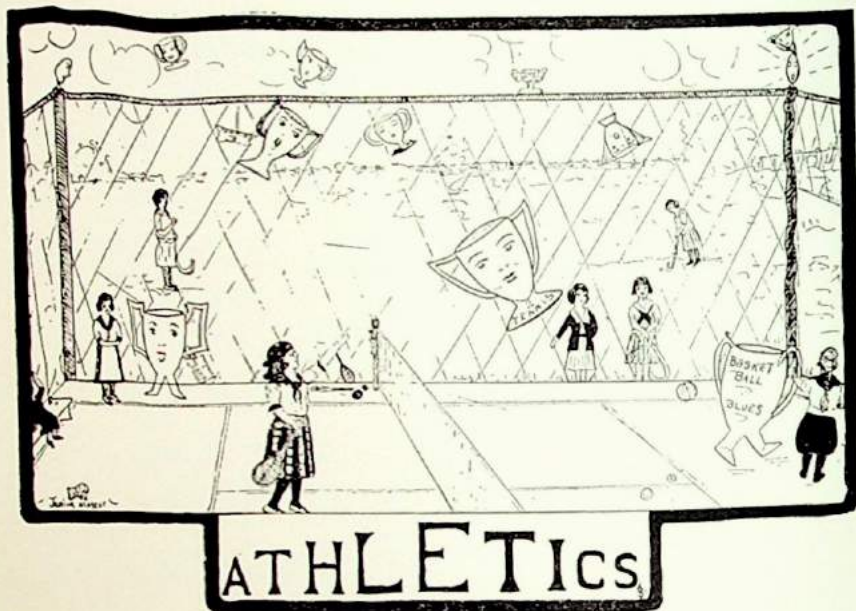
Violet, purpling to the deepest,
Who selected lavish tendrils,
Silk, elastic, till embracing
All the belfry, tall, majestic,
With the cloud of starlight blooming,
Wisteria! Wisteria!

Belfry summit, supreme crowning
Lifts a head above the rapture
Of the royal purple swathing,
With calm eye on Nature's love robe,
Nature's feast of splendor falling,
Wisteria! Wisteria!

Graceful, sweeping, clinging, climbing,
Purpling, deepening, radiant color,
Vine ethereal, vine of strong clasp,
Vine of symmetry, of broidery,
With the midnight feast upon it, linking
Wisteria! Wisteria!

E. L. W., 1890.





March 21.—A successful season of basket-ball, under the direction of Mrs. N. A. Knapp, closed today with a big championship game between the "Reds" and the "Blues." The "Blues" won by a score of 30 to 28, which in itself is proof of the hard work on the part of both teams. The winners were presented with the silver cup, which was played for from 1906 to 1914, when the old building on Vista avenue burned.

The girls playing on the "Blue" team were, Dorothy Gay, center; Florence Niles and Helen Lamar, forwards; Harriet Breyman and Ann Wentworth, guards. On the "Red" team were, Annabelle Batis, center; Margaret Spencer and Lillian Luders, forwards; Virginia Edwards and Frances Spaulding, guards.

April 10.—The tennis season opened with this month's first good weather, and both the ground court and gymnasium shed have been in use almost continually since then.

April 15.—The aesthetic dancing classes were organized this month, under Miss Kathrine Laidlaw, who has taught dancing here for some time now. There are two classes,—one of beginners, and the other of advanced dancers,—and each class is

learning an attractive dance to be given during commencement week.

May 3.—A croquet set arrived and has afforded a great deal of pleasure to the boarders. Helen Lamar has the honor of being the first to break a mallet.

May 25.—Today the Tennis Tournament filled the minds of all the girls. Those who did not wield the rackets were, outwardly at least, more excited than the players themselves.

Catherine Martin won two sets from Kathleen Bristow in one of the swiftest games of the tournament. Catherine is going to have a mighty serve some day. The Junior cup was presented to her.

In the doubles, Catherine Martin and Helen Lamar carried off the honors of the boarders by winning from Evelyn Thatcher and Helen Parker, who represented the Days. Despite the fact that Evelyn was out of practice, the Days put up a good fight.

The Beginners' match, between Jean Muir and Agnes Wilkinson, was played in good form. Jean won the tennis pin. Perhaps her arms are longer than our game little Britisher's.

The most doubtful match was between Janice Parker and Margaret Spencer. Their scores kept almost even until the last set, when Margaret came out ahead.

This tournament brought to a close the year's athletics, which have proved that our girls can make a success of sports.





February 5.—Mid-year's dance.

March 27.—Easter. Great day for the boarders, and especially for the "small fry" when we had the Easter egg hunt.

March 28.—The Lenten offering of dresses for Alaskan children was sent off last week.

March 28.—Lent is over!

April 4.—The return! Some late! All rested and ready for work?

April 28.—The birthdays of Hazel Fairservice, Irene Brix, and Edith Bain were celebrated at dinner last night. The color scheme was in pink and green, carried out by streamers of crepe paper extending from the center of the table, and by candles on the birthday cakes.

May 1.—Dean Young, of Reed College, visited the English classes today. We hope that she enjoyed visiting us as much as we enjoyed having her with us.

May 2.—Sister announced that school is to close on the 7th, instead of the 14th. It means work, girls; but it's worth it!

May 8.—The Seniors enjoyed "Reed Day" immensely, especially the canoe races, tennis tournament, the play, and the informal dance in the evening. They also enjoyed getting ac-

quainted with the Seniors from other high schools in Portland who were invited.

May 11.—Birthday celebrations at dinner for Laura Reed, Elizabeth Hawkinson, and Elizabeth Du Mond! Attractive decorations in blue and yellow were used on the tables and electric lights.

May 11.—After seeing the Bolm Ballet, at the Heilig, the boarders have been trying to develop "hidden talent," and we wonder that the house has held up.

May 13.—Several of the boarders went horseback riding today, for the first time this season. That explains why some young ladies were so fond of pillows.

May 14.—Dorothy Carpenter entertained the Seniors with a delightful luncheon, a day or two ago, at the Waverly Country Club. The table was beautifully decorated and, afterwards, Mrs. Carpenter chaperoned the party to a movie.

May 16.—Juniors! The praises of the luncheon you gave today at Waverly Club for the Senior class are heard on all sides. The attractive flowers and adorable place-cards, representing the "sweet girl graduate," cleverly decorated the table.

May 17, 18, 19, 20.—Debates have been held in Mrs. Collins' English class. Among the subjects for discussion have been: Resolved, That children should be taught to believe in Santa Claus; Resolved, That movies, in their present state, do more harm than good.

May 18.—This evening the Bishop called and wandered into our study hall. Result, no more study hall.

May 21.—Today Evelyn Thatcher entertained the Senior class with a charming luncheon at her home. We wonder that we could ever eat again after all those good things.

May 25.—Four girls,—Florence Pangle, Medora Howard, Catherine Martin, and Julia Cameron,—were confirmed this morning. They looked very sweet in their pretty white dresses and veils. The Bishop gave a short address on the "Seven Gifts."

May 26.—Everyone is sad and blue. Why? Examinations began today. The darkness will continue until June 3.

June 2.—The musicale and Spanish play came off today. The Spanish play, "Felicidad," under Miss Pierce's supervision, was unusually attractive. The costuming and stage setting were a true portrayal of romantic Spanish life. Susita (Elva Mervy), and Don Fernando (Hazel Fairservice) were true Spanish lovers.

June 4.—A few scenes from the comedy, "Les Precieuses Ridicules," by Moliere, was given today, under Mlle. Lancon's direction. The dancing, singing and music helped to make the play a success. Everyone enjoyed each girl's interpretation of her part.

Miss Laidlaw's classes in aesthetic dancing gave an exhibition. The advanced class as old-fashioned girls, danced among bright-colored blossoms in a flower bed formed by the beginners' class.

The Lower III, IV, V, and VI grades gave two little dances.

June 6.—Janice Parker feted the Seniors at a luncheon.

This evening came the gay Senior prom. About 125 people were present at the Portland Heights Club, where the dance was given.

"The Mouse Trap" was played by the II Uppers, and made us all laugh. The main characters were Julie Cameron, Catherine Martin, Kathryn Hennagin, and Mayanna Sargent, and were well supported by the rest of the cast.

The lower grades gave a very humorous little French play, "Lecon en Francaise." Leanna Faurote, Betty de Pencier, Rosalie Jones, Constance Fox, Rhoda Jane Gantenbein, Barbara Clark, Elsie Hackett, and Evelyn Hutchins showed promise of brilliant futures.

June 7.—The final rehearsal at church. The last preparation for the greatest event in thirteen girls' lives. Commencement! Are there any words to describe it? One hundred and fifty girls in their white dresses and veils, the trembling graduates, with their flowers, walking slowly up the aisle to the music of "Ancient of Days."



Miss Hazel Haines, '18, was married the last of April to Mr. Dorman Johnson Leonard. The young couple are now living in Portland.

Those of the old girls who knew Mrs. Chester Kennedy (Eleanor Cram, '18), were glad to see her again when she brought her baby daughter to visit the Hall not long ago.

Miss Consuelo McMillan, '17, will be graduated from Reed College in June. She has been an active and enthusiastic student at Reed during her whole college course.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Cornwall (Elizabeth Huber), who were recently married, have gone to make their home in New York City.

Miss Ethel Abbot was visiting in this city lately and saw many of her old friends from St. Helen's Hall.

Mrs. Garrel Swigert, '17 (Dorine Wyld), is living in her attractive home on Willamette Heights. We hope that she will bring baby Phyllis to call on us soon.

Dora N. Taylor, '87, who is a graduate of Vassar, was recently visiting Miss Foulkes.

We have heard from her fond aunt much of little Barbara Thomson, daughter of Mrs. Edward Thompson (Charlotte Breyman).

A little daughter has come to brighten the home of Mrs. Knowlton (nee Ruth Whitmore).

Helen Ballard, '18, is now in Salem. She has been appointed to a government position.

Miriam Flagler, '18, has returned from New York, where she has been taking a librarian course. She expects to remain at home for the present.

Philena Bartlett, '20, is the society reporter on an Astoria paper.

Mrs. Lowell Paget (Beatrice Thurston, '15), is living in Portland.

Mrs. Lester Wade (Lucille Brown, '17) is now the happy mother of a baby daughter. We hope this means a future St. Helen's Hall student.

Helen vom Cleff is now staying at her home in Vancouver.

Some of the girls of the class of '20 have returned from college and already have visited us during these last busy days at the Hall. We hope to see each last year girl as she returns to Portland from her respective school.



The Delphic finds many old friends and some new ones among her exchanges for this issue. We are very glad to see them and hope they will remember us next year.

"Echoes" from the Holy Angel High School is a very good number. "Shadows" is a pretty little poem and the "Moonlight Sonata" is most enjoyable.

From St. Margaret's School comes "The Magpie." "It Started in the Subway" is an amusing story, although in our opinion is a little over drawn. "What Shall I Do?" is clever and quite real.

For the first time this year we find "Cadet Days" from St. John's Military Academy in our mail box and we enjoyed it very much. Your Athletic Department is particularly well arranged. Why don't you have a table of contents?

The "Johannean" of St. John's School has an abundance of good material in the last issue. Your "Play Reviews" is a clever idea.

St. Katherine's "Wheel" is welcomed with interest. "St. Kit's Papers" with your idea of your school life is extremely clever.

The "Academia" of St. Mary's has its usual good collection of poems and articles. "Spring Blossoms" is certainly deserving of praise.

The Cardinal of Lincoln High School is full of pep and spirit as always.

The "Oracle" of Rensslear High School comes again to The Delphic. The "Coveted Accolade" is a very good piece of work. All through, your Literary Department is excellent. Why not have more poetry?

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the following contributions:

Jefferson High School "Spectrum."

Oregon "Emerald."

Reed College "Guest."

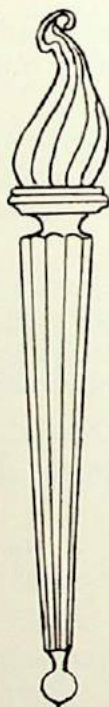
Camp "Idyle Wyld."

Oregon Churchman.

"Acorn" Oak Hall.

Rensslear "Poly."

Come again.



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.

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