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June '06

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EPISCOPAL CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

The SPINSTER

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Troubles Many: and Betty.

WHAT adjective in our language is expressive enough to describe Betty? It would have to be of such a kind that would combine every other adjective in one, and then it wouldn't half describe, for she was, without doubt, the sweetest, daintiest, most irresistible little personage in the school. She had been condemned long ago as the Belle of the Academy, and there was no doubt whatever, after one saw her walk home with fairly a flock of

boys following. But then Betty had a temper, and oft times when standing to recite some boy or girl would take the words out of her mouth, she would fairly turn on them in a rage, and it wasn't often that the guilty one repeated his or her offence.

Betty leaned now in the gymnasium against the wall—it was the calm after the storm, for she was thinking very hard. Things had most certainly gone wrong in her dominion, and it would take all her thoughts to straighten them. She was interrupted in her meditations by a gentle voice saying:

“What's the matter, Betty; you look as if you had gotten out of the wrong side of the bed. Oh! you aren't crying, are you?” Helen, the newcomer and Betty's most confidential friend, threw herself down on the great mattress at Betty's feet and prepared herself for a stormy oration. “Well, I should say not!” flared up the curly-haired little individual, “if you ever catch me crying over Fred Morgan you have my full permission to slap me just as hard as you want to—Oh, how I hate him!”—with a long indrawn breath Betty told the fib, for she knew quite well as most everybody else did, that she liked Fred Morgan better than any of them.

“I might as well tell you what that horrid boy said: I was going past Prof. James' room and he and George Newcomb were in there talking. I guess George must be his best friend, for he seems to tell him everything that he shouldn't. Oh, if you knew, Helen, how I'd like to just punch him,”—Betty almost blushed at this, but curling upon the mattress she went on with her tale; “and just as I passed I heard my name, and Fred was saying that—well—well, that he cared a little about me, but would care much more if I would study and do

something else besides having a good time always. He said to George he would give anything to see me get a prize this coming June—isn't he just a horrid old thing, Helen; it's none of his business—old ambitious dig, anyway."

"To tell the truth, Betty. I think Fred is right; you, of course, are the most popular girl in the school, but still that won't do you any good, and at the rate you are studying you won't do much. Let me tell you a plan. Suppose you get to work now and do your best and then in June surprise Fred by carrying off the coveted English prize. You are certainly bright and when you want to study you can show the classes a thing or two in reciting," Helen advised. This plan seemed to take good root in Betty's brain, for really down in her heart she knew she was terribly lazy; anyway, wouldn't it "spite old Fred." For a long time the girls lay curled upon the mattress and talked—deciding everything, for it would so much more to Betty's graduation if she did get a prize—and with all her brains and heart she conscientiously set to work and the rest of that term Betty's recitations were certainly good, and the professors themselves were astonished at her unusual intelligence.

But in all of this busy time Betty did not quite forgive Fred—nor did he do anything that was so dreadful, either. Between classes when he came up to speak to her in the hall, she would answer in a freezing manner, and tilt her little chin up with a most crushing air. Fred couldn't imagine what had happened, for he had done his duty by her in inviting her to the party and every other thing that came along. Fred, the football captain, was certainly worried and it didn't lessen his discomfiture to see Betty sweetly smile on the crowd

around her. Football captains, handball champions, star runners evidently didn't make much difference with that little piece of "contrary humanity." And Fred wasn't the horrid old thing nor the "dig" either that Betty has so uncerimoniously dubbed him. The fellows virtually adored him, he was a member of every society and fraternity in the school it seemed, but he was going to Princeton, and as it was impossible to go there on the road of "Do Nothing," he passed "Castle Doubtful" and took the cross road "Do Something." Fred certainly was the dandiest boy in school and he liked Betty.

The weeks fairly flew past for Both Betty and Fred busy and now only a week remained of examinations and then commencement. Betty thought it all over as she prepared a pile of books to take home. She guessed she was a little ashamed of herself for being so snippy to Fred, but she would wait until after commencement and what it might bring forth for her and then she would tell him all about it. She knew though in what a fascinating beseeching manner she could plead her cause—if she only wanted to—no one ever could possibly withstand that. Betty passed with credit marks in almost every one of her examinations. Helen was so proud of her that when she came from the study hall Helen would swing her around and fairly kiss her to pieces in her ecstasy. And now amid the brain racking apprehensions, as Betty called them, the eventful night arrived. Everybody and everything seemed in such bounding spirits. The girls laughed and sang more happily, and the boys whistled unceasingly and as Betty made her way to the English room, to which she had been commanded, she even caught herself whistling and singing, not withstanding the thoughtful mood she was in.

"Miss Whitney I wanted to ask you if you had any thoughts concerning the English prize that is offered—you have been doing splendid work and I want to say that I most sincerely hope you will do the same kind of work in the next school you enter. The main object of my calling you here was just to tell you to take these books that you left here a day or so ago."

Betty was very much astonished that Profes James should mention the prize, for surely that was a sign that she had a fair chance. She talked with him a while then gathering up her book went home.



The great hall was crowded to its utmost. Flags and many kinds of pennants fluttered from every nook and post, and everybody was happy. The graduating class took their seats amid loud cheers and Betty with her beautiful little face certainly did make a picture. She was dressed all in white except for a bow of pale pink ribbon that tied up her dark hair. The order of the graduating exercises was just right, for Betty declared "that if she had to sit all night long in suspension she would die," but the speaking and prizes came in the middle together. Fred was going to read something, Betty hadn't the slightest idea what it was because she didn't want to know she declared and he certainly did look handsome as he stood on the platform amid the flowers and the lights of the decorations. But Beatrice the little witch woudn't admit that she had treated him cruelly—even if she had felt remorse she would cut off her finger before she would give him the satisfaction of knowing.

Finally the principal arose and stepped to the platform—(every one held their breath). Starting with a little speech stating the pur-

pose of the prizes, he read in a clear voice, Mathematics: first prize, Helen Morse. Such a wild cheering and handclapping as accompanied her to the platform, where she received the small piece of paper, which was the temporary acknowledgement. Then proceeding the principal continued, Science, Scholarship and first recitation prize: Fr  derick Bentley Morgan. And after the wild commotion had subsided he continued, First English prize and First History, Beatrice R. Whitney.

* * *

Betty and Fred the next evening went to the Fraternity barge party together, and, well I guess everybody else knows the rest too. Let us only add that contrary little Miss Whitney wasn't quite so haughty and Fred's smile was almost so big it almost covered his face.

E. W. 07.

Jack, the Lady-Killer.

BY CLARA BOOT.

COME, my children, and I will tell you the story of dashing and dapper young Jack, who won all the ladies' hearts and rid the country of Gay-en-esy of troublesome flirts. It was always his pleasure to assist and aid the ladies, who needed assistance or were in distress, and young and old loved him, particularly his mother, who gave him all the Panama hats and patent leather shoes he wanted.

It was a great sight to see the maidens of Gay-en-esy flock to the boulevard where Jack usually took his afternoon walk and watch their faces gladden at an unexpected word or an unusually gracious bow.

Now in the country of Gay-en-esy there lived some maidens who thought it great sport to pick out some earnest plodding youth and by

a thousand tricks win noble affections. The youth would no sooner consider himself the happiest of men, when he would find himself tossed aside; an embittered man with some heavy florist bills and the noble Jack made it his aim in life to punish all these frivolous triflers and he soon had an enormous practice. For when a maiden had won for herself the self-satisfying name of "heart-breaker" Jack would immediately single her out, load her with attention, and when her happiness seemed to eclipse the happiness of the world, for no woman had ever been known to resist his looks and honeyed words. She would find herself treated as she herself had treated many others.

Now it seems that Prince Block-hed, the only son of King Regent of Gay-en-esy had been cruelly treated by a certain. Yet the price was high and Jack resolved to try. As he sat down on stump to think about it, an old woman came near. Jack recognized to be a fairy in disguise, as he had seen that same facial expression on a cow that had passed by just a minute before (for fairies like to make themselves like animals as well as men do) and he knew his chance had come.

"Pray dear Madam, may I carry your faggots for you," he said stepping gallantly to her side. They had not walked many steps before the old woman said:

"Virtue has its reward, young man. 'Tis few old women that can repay such courtesy, but with me it is easy," and so saying she gave him a "Ring of Circumstance" which had the power of placing the wearer in any circumstance that he might choose, and the good fairy also threw in a flowered cravat and an Alice-blue tie.

Jack was very happy, and after telling the King that he was going to punish the playful Dreamie-ize and receiving that worthy gentleman's thanks, he set out for the home of Dreamie-ize.

The first circumstance that Jack wished for placed Dreamie-ize in the hands of two bandits, and Jack rushed out from a clump of trees and slew them both, and had the pleasure and fatigue of carrying to her home one hundred and eighty pounds of loveliness.

Dreamie-ize was very much impressed with the dashing Jack and after a number of hair-breadth escapes and gallant rescues which Jack produced by means of the magic ring, she found herself much in love with him.

Maiden, Dreamie-ize, who lived in a neighboring town. Her affection for him had amounted to nothing more than having the name of Prime Block-hed in her diary of proposals and when King Regent heard it, he was very angry and issued a proclamation offering a third of a kingdom to the one that could likewise treat her, as his son had been treated.

These striking head lines made Jack's heart jump and though he had never had any trouble before with ladies and he had dealt with the wise, the rich and the beautiful, he knew the task before him was not an easy one, for he had heard of Dreamie-ize and knew that she was more beautiful, twice as witty, three times as rich and four times more coquettish and perverse than any other maiden in the land.

When Jack discovered her feelings on the subject he knew it was time for him to play his part and fulfill his contract with the king but the circumstances had worked on his affection too and the thought of giving up Dreamie-ize made him shudder.

So they married, and though King Regent sued Jack for breach of promise, Dreamie-ize gladly paid the damages and they lived happily ever after.

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of
Nineteen Hundred and Six.

KNOWN BY ALL THESE PRESENT.

WHEREAS, we here bequeath to our worthy successors, the Juniors, the use of the front stairs, trusting they will tread them with all dignity and not slide down the banisters.

Also the Senior room, within whose walls we have endeavored to obtain an understanding of sound knowledge and useful lore. Keep your junior friends off the premises.

WHEREAS, the Seniors here bequeath to the class of 1907 the jolly good times they've had at Junior parties.

WHEREAS, Janet Gray leaves the Spinster with all the glory attend upon the publication of such a weighty periodical, to some cool headed intellectual person, with no nerves what ever, hoping she might invent some way to make the girls write.

WHEREAS, Elizabeth Armstrong does here leave behind to the most enthusiastic young basket ball player her love of the game and admiration for proficiency in the same, trusting if their progress is such they may win the cup, this ensuing year a reward for their valor.

WHEREAS, Kathleen Armstrong does here bequeath to some frolicsome Junior her love of laughter, which as a dignified Alumnae she must now forswear.

WHEREAS, Isabella Hughes does here endow a Senior Museum, and as a testimony of her good faith, does to a person legally appointed by her, leave a book bearing the title Geometry and a compass to both of which cling many memories of happy school days.

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WHEREAS, Gertrude Jones does here regret on account of a change in the course she is unable to will a Psychology to some poor unfortunate Junior.

WHEREAS, Arlene Davis does resign her place as the diminutive Hop o' my Thumb of the school to the smallest person able to fit into her place.

WHEREAS, Helena Hughes leaves to Evelyn Wilson, Virgil and Bennett's Latin Grammar. It is her wish that the said Evelyn Wilson be a diligent student and watchful caretaker of the same, that by their help she may ultimately enter a school of higher learning.

WHEREAS, Genevieve Sengstacken does hereby bequeath to the Junior most worthy of the trust, Jessie Hale, her dignity, hoping she will *maintain it with all due decorum*.

Sealed, signed, witnessed this first day of June, in the year of our Lord 1906.

JANET GRAY,
GENEVIEVE SENGSTACKEN,
ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG,
HELENA HUGHES,
GERTRUDE JONES,
IZABEL HUGHES,
KATHLEEN ARMSTRONG,
ARLINE DAVIS.

An Unreported Narration of a Basket Ball Game.

DEAR MIRANDA:

I have been in town just two days and never in my eighty years have I gone through or hope to go through what I did yesterday. I

was knitting upstairs in George's home, the first day I have been able to do a thing, so upset was I by that night on the train. When I heard some mighty shrieks' and a crowd of girls yelling and waving things and making the most terrible hurrah you ever did hear came romping down the street. I had noticed a large brick building in the neighborhood and for a moment I thought it was the asylum and the inmates had gotten loose, but folks were passing by us and not being alarmed so I guessed they wasn't crazy. But, Miranda, the screaming never stopped from the time they reached the field, where they all gathered until they went home, one crowd trying to shout louder than the other. While I was wondering how long they would keep it up ten more all dressed alike in unusually short dresses came down and then there was louder yelling than ever. Miranda, I wish you could have seen the girls fight over one ball. Backwards and forwards, tussling and pulling while the others kept on yelling till I thought it must be for the constable to come and stop them. Every once and a while they would seem as though they were going to stop and once I thought they had, and was just beginning to breathe easy when they were at it again, One woman that I noticed tried very hard to interfere and stop them and once she had the ball in her hand, but they soon got it away from her and were at the yelling and tugging again.

Miranda, it lasted all one hour. Every one seemed entirely worn out and then the woman stopped them. I was just congratulating myself that none of our folks were such heathens when one of them came running into the yard into the house and up into my room. Miranda, who do you think stood before me? George's oldest girl, Mary! Her hair was all over, and the dirt on her face so thick, that if she hadn't spoken, I wouldn't have told who she was.

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"Grandma," she said, "its the biggest match of the season, the Evens won and we've got the cup, Hurrah!"

Then Miranda, Mary explained to me that it was a game and that they had no intention of killing each other, but that they were trying to put the ball in a basket, which I was too near sighted to see I guess.

I don't see why George lets Mary play such a game in such an outlandish short dress, but everything here is new and strange and I guess, Miranda, I'll be home before the week's out.

From your loving sister,

ANN.

M. B. '08

I.

Another year has passed away,
 Another class must have its day.
 The class of classes nineteen six,
 The class that none on earth fix.

II.

Though 13 Seniors be its lot,
 We find it no unlucky plot.
 But joy and sunshine have always
 Followed our happy senior days.

III.

First in our midst there's Janet Gray,
 As happy as the length of day.
 Our worthy president is she
 And never could a better be.

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IV.

In future years we'll see our Jan
Still a lass without a man;
But joy of joys a pantry shelf
She'll have all to her little self.

V.

For sadly, sadly I do fear,
That eatables are very dear,
To her our no noble president
For cake crumbs make this evident.

VI.

Next to her comes our dear Gert,
Who is, I fear, the classes flirt,
But what on earth would our class be,
If we could not our Gertrude see.

VII.

In this class there's Helena yet,
Who played a game we'll not forget;
Bringing honors of Basket Ball
For nineteen six at Helen's Hall.

VIII.

Her sister too, sweet Isabelle,
Of her I'll not forget to tell,
Geometry her hobby is,
Oh, Isabelle, she is a wis.

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IX.

Then lightfoot Liz comes in that class
A very foxy little lass.
For tho' you think she is not bad,
You'll find she catches every lad.

X.

Our airy fairy is small Gen,
Who makes our senior room a den;
A sprightly little rough house is she,
Altho' a student too she be.

XI.

And in the class there's Arlene too,
Our little lass from Honolulu,
And when her senior days are o'er.
Back there she'll go with all her lore.

XII.

On Kathleen too I'll write a line,
Who over Spinster poems doth pine,
And tho' she works all night and day,
She still finds some time to play.

XIII.

And now all the other lasses
Not in academic classes,
They too diplomas are obtaining
For the Kindergarten training.

XIV.

And as teachers they will capture
Every little childish rapture,
Showing them all nature's features,
For they're Kindergarten teachers.

XV.

Thus we must our place as seniors
Leave to all the coming juniors.
Farewell our happy schoolgirl days,
Farewell our senior pranks and plays.

KATHLEEN ARMSTRONG '06.

The Building Fund.

The St. Helen's Hall Building Association and the Society of the Royal Banner have both done steady work during the winter for the increase of the Building Fund. The amounts stand thus:

Gymnasium Fund, \$884 72.

Chapel Fund, \$1828 72.

Locals.

The last business meeting of this term of the Society of the Royal Banner was held Friday afternoon, May 3rd. Besides the regular members present, there were 26 probationers. After the business meeting adjourned, tea and cake were served in the Alumnæ room, where the girls met the Mother Superior.

In the evening there was a special service of admission of the society. Those admitted were Helena Hughes, Maude Carlisle, Isabella Hughes, Clara Boot and Flora Davis.

The Mother Superior of the Community of St. John the Baptist spent three weeks at the Hall, April 2nd to May 11th, and saw something of our school life, visiting different classes and being present at a Musical, a Basket Ball Match and an Admission to the Society of the Royal Banner.

On Saturday, May 12th, the girls of the Delta Phi Sigma Society went for a trip on the Charles Spencer up the Columbia river. Every minute of the day was enjoyed by the girls, who spent their time singing school and society songs, telling stories and giving their cheers accompanied by much blowing of horns and flying of colours. In their honor a S. H. H. pennant floated all day on the boats flag pole. And in the dining room their table was loaded with good things, and decorated with flowers and society colours. The girls of the sorority have planned many other things of amusement for the near future, a theatre party, auto ride, etc.

On Thursday evening the Sister Superior entertained the entire senior class at dinner. The table was very prettily decorated in class colors—red and white. Jack roses, the class flower, made a very charming centre piece. The menu was one which could not have been added to and needless to say, the girls did it justice.

On Thursday evening of the 10th, a buzz was heard on the drive and an auto whizzed up to the door much to the disturbance of the peaceful study hour, for every one rushed to the window to see who is coming. It was no arrival, it was just the seniors going off for one of their good times, and they certainly had it.

Miss Parker came up to the Hall Thursday afternoon to umpire the very exciting game of basket ball played between the Evens and the Odds.

On Saturday, May 19, from 2 to 9 o'clock p. m. a sale was held at the hall for the benefit of the Building Fund. About \$130 was cleared. The booths and decorations were taken charge of by the various classes. The girls did their classes great credit by the artistic carrying out of class colours in the decorations of their booths. A great variety of things were sold, fancy articles, dolls, flowers, pictures, and all sorts of refreshments.

On Tuesday of Easter week the hall girls went for a picnic to MacCleay Park.

Miss Clarke has taken out several sketching parties this term.

Miss Disbrow, of New York is a visitor at the Hall.

A recital was given by the music pupils on May 10th, 1906. The program was as follows:

Frolics	Miss Matilda Zelig	Von Wilm
The Open Secret	Miss Dorothy Morrison	Woodman
Slumber Song	Miss Dolly Gilbert.	Schumann
a. Das Veilchen		Mozart
b. Polly Willis.	Miss Ada West.	Dr. Arne
Nocturne op. 9, No. 2	Miss Marguerite Crosby	Chopin
Mazurk, b fl	Miss Ethel Hackett	Paderewski

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Song of Sunshine	Thomas
Waltz, op. 34, No. 1	Chopin
Soaring	Schumann
Go, Pretty Rose	Marzials
Sonata—Allegro	Haydn

Miss Virginia Henderson
Miss Hazel Robb
Miss Maud Van Dusen
Miss Maud Van Dusen, Miss Dorothy Morrison
Miss Maude Carlisle

The program for Commencement Week is as follows:

1. Baccalaureate Sermon, Sunday, June 10th, 8 p. m., by Rev. A. A. Morrison, Ph. D.
2. Monday, 3 p. m., Commencement Exercises of Primary and Intermediate departments.
3. Tuesday, 3 p. m., Musical Recital, and at 8 p. m., Commencement Concert.
4. Wednesday, 8 p. m., Commencement Exercises.
5. Thursday, 8:30 p. m., Commencement Dance.

Old Girl Notes.

Miss Willetta Leezer (04) was married May 16th, at Heppner to Mr. Carl Homer Conser. Eva Bailey (05) acted as Maid of honor. They will make their home in Portland.

Hazel Ross is visiting in Portland.

The engagement of Miss Ruth Gray to Mr. Howard Streikler, of Manilla, P. I., is announced.

Maida Hart is at Cambridge Hall this year and expects to spend the summer in England.

Kathleen Gaffney has returned from Europe and is at her home in Seattle.

Among the old girls who expect to visit the Hall during Commencement Week are Gertrude Gray, Jessie Grimmett, Myra Lovelidge, Carrie Short and Eva Bailey.

Rena Kuhn (04) is traveling in Europe. Just at present she is in Dresden.

The engagement is announced of Miss Franklin Richet to Dr. Ralph Walker.

Ruth and Marion Gray will visit the Hall Commencement Week.

Katherine Arnold graduates from Mt. Holyoke this June with high honors. She is the only Western girl in the senior class.

Alice Collier has returned from Stanford.

Athletic.

Rah, Rah, Rah!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

Evens!

The basket ball season at St. Helens Hall ended on Friday, May 10th, with a Match game between the Odds and Evens.

At 3 o'clock the whistles blew and the ball went up. In the first half the Odds made no score, while the Evens succeeded in making two baskets. The second half proved more successful for the

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Odds, and for some time their score rose rapidly. But toward the end of the game their good luck left them, and the Evens score leaped ahead making the score 18 to 6. After the fouls had been thrown the scores stood 20 to 10 in favor of the Evens.

EVENS:

M. Boot, R. F.
E. Armstrong, (Captain), L. F.
K. Armstrong, Center
Helena Hughes, R. G.
Ione Lambert, L. G.

ODDS:

Dolly Gilbert,
Ethel Hackett,
Evelyn Wilson
Pearl Wilbur,
Dorothy Morrison.

The Evens are the first to have their name on the cup. Never mind Odds "Every dog has his day."

Oh, won't their eyes shine,
When we come down the line
With the cup ahead:
They can't say we're dead,
For we follow the white and the red.
Three cheers for the orange and greens!
They thought they could win, but it seems
That fate was our way
That eventful day
When the Odds and the Evens did play.

Exchanges.

This is the last issue of the SPINSTER under the present editors, and the last time they will officially praise, commend and criticize. We hope those who come after will benefit by our experience, If we have

been unjust to any, we hope they will make reparation; if we have given faulty criticism, we trust they will be true and unbiased in opinion. We'll miss the breezy papers of our sprightly contemporaries, and hope they will continue to grow in literary merit and live to a ripe and respectable old age.

You're real clever, White and Blue.

The Weekly Chemawa American, a regular visitor throughout the year, shows good school spirit and interest in school work.

The High School Item from Pasadena High School, California, is a neat little periodical. It is printed on good paper, has suitable cuts and contains interesting material.

"Die Deutsche Ecke" in the Capitoline is an enterprising departure from the ordinary contents of exchanges.

The Easter issue of Irving Echoes, Irving Institutes, San Francisco, edited by the Seniors, was the first one the Spinster has had the pleasure of reading. She thought the contents carefully compiled, and the general appearance of the whole paper very attractive, and regrets she did not make its acquaintance earlier in the year.

We always enjoy the interesting stories in the Harvard Monthly.

Two neat issues of the Quill have been received. We thought the poem entitled "Be Square" was excellent both in style and sentiment.

The Register, Boston, Latin School, in the April issue still maintains its standard of good stories and sensible articles, though we can't help but deplore the absence of an exchange column.

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Deceit, I loath, I always try
 To seem just what I am;
 I hate to hear the potash lye,
 Or *see the pillow sham*.—Ex.

ENGLISH AS SHE'S SPOKE.

O be she gone,
 And am she went,
 And are I left alone.
 O cruel fate,
 'Twas most unkind,
 To take her 'for
 And leave I hind.

— — — — —
 The evening falls,
 The morning breaks,
 'Tis one of na.
 Ture's big mistakes.

Personals.

Spring is here,
 The school year
 Is almost ended,
 Our thoughts with June are blended.

Cast books aside and over examinations ride,
 Fun within us rages as we meet the silent gazes
 Of the teachers stern looks.

In corners most forlorn
Are found our hated books
And to our classes born.

It will soon be over for one class (o6)
But for the rest alas.
School is no easy matter,
When your few brains scatter,
But three months rest will do us good,
And next year we'll come back
And behave as we should.

A. R.: "How you spell Berwick?"

Ethel: "I don't know, but I can spell Woods for you."

Who's Hazel K. crazy about?" Herself.

M. Crosby (in English): Samuel Johnson married a woman of eight hundred lbs.

A. Ralston: "Oh, it is so hot, I am just famished in here!"

Miss Nash: "What was the style of poetry of the eighteenth century?"

June Sterling: "All prose."

J. Gray: "Oh, Oh! I have broken a liniment in my arm!"

"Why don't you build a house, Flora? You have the Shingles.

Miss N. (Reading a selection in English poetry): "That's really a gem."

Practical Janet; "Yes, a pop over?"

THE SPINSTER

Gen.: "Oh look at Mt. Hood! It looks like the paintings of it."

M. Carlisle: "Yes, it doesn't like itself."

M. Crosby: "Oh yes, they moved that pennant over here, cause it harmonized so terribly."

There was once a little girl,
And her name was Pearl,
She started for a walk one day,
A board flew off the pathway;
Pearl made a pretty touch down,
Now she mends her ball gown.

Maude to Si (Hazel Robb) just in from the farm): "How is your alfalpie?"

Si: "Oh, he's is not very well."

Teacher: Do you have cuckoo's here?"

Ethel H.: "In clocks."

Madam Frost: "When it's young, it's a lamb, and when it's old, etc."

C. L.: "A mutton."

TO NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIX FROM NINETEEN.
HUNDRED AND EIGHT.

Naughty six! Naughty six! You have done your best,
We wish you life of joy and rest,
Of us you have taken good care,
And we would your kindness share.
We hope we've been loyal to your class,
As we shall not forget the past,
We'll now leave our class to its lovable fate,
Farewell '06 from naughty eight.

From Editor's Lonely Tower.

This is the last issue of the Spinster for which the senior class is responsible, so naturally our thoughts stray back over the school year so nearly ended. It has been a happy year to which in coming years we will look back with happy recollections. It will be hard to leave Portland, particularly at this time when the school is most beautiful with the roses and first beauties of summer.

The Spinster work has been pleasant but hard, hard, because it has not had sufficient co-operation from the school. There has been this year a great awaking in school spirit, but it seems to, however, been limited to basket ball. Next year let the Spinster get some it, so that the editor won't have to run up and down the halls begging for material.

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