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In Memoriam

On the 17th day of October, 1920, our chaplain, the Rev. W. A. M. Breck, entered into rest. Our Lord himself said "There remaineth a rest for the people of God," and most assuredly our chaplain was a man of God. Many classes have been graduated from our school during his chaplaincy and all have been influenced by his gentle teachings, quiet dignity, and great sympathy. He was not only the spiritual advisor, but also the friend of all. He came from a distinguished family, many of whom were ministers before him, his father having established a seminary at Nashotah, where he was buried.

His whole life was devoted to missions; his one passion was the saving of souls. More than once in his early ministry he was offered the care of a larger parish, but he refused it, preferring labor in a smaller mission.

During his long ministry more baptisms were performed and more persons prepared for confirmation by him than ordinarily would be the work of two men in the same service.

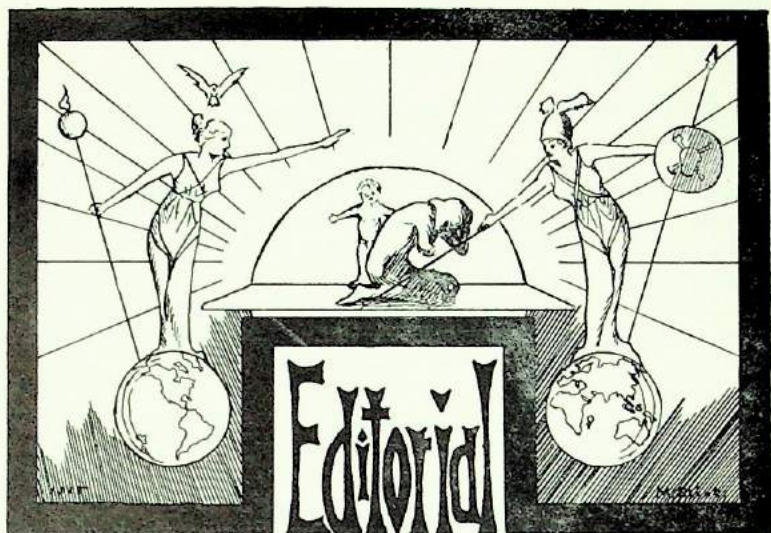
Father Breck was always ready to help wherever help was needed, attending cheerfully to his many duties and services daily at the Hall, coming through all kinds of weather, even when he was not in the best of health.

He was so reserved and quiet in his manner that few people knew his real character, but he was a great friend of children. On his way to school in the morning, he was frequently met by a number of the neighborhood children to whom he gave hazelnuts and chestnuts, to their great delight. Every summer, as long as he was able, Father Breck and one of his altar-boys of St. Matthew's used to ride their bicycles to Mt. Hood. He was better known by children than by many of his elder friends.

The whole school will greatly miss his fatherly presence every day in chapel, and his customary reading of the Lesson at Commencement.

The call of His Master came when he was preparing for Evensong, and in an instant his gentle spirit had taken its flight. Indeed, it was a most fitting death for so faithful a soldier of the Cross.

Our most sincere sympathy goes out to his sorrowing family. Grant him, O Lord, eternal Rest. May Light Perpetual shine upon him."



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No. 1

The scholastic standard of St. Helen's Hall is high. To prove the quality of our work not only to ourselves but to outsiders as well, we shall have educational investigators from various colleges to examine the classes of every department. The girls are prepared to enter any Eastern college. At St. Helen's Hall the classes are small in order that the teacher may have the time and opportunity to give individual instruction.

The religious atmosphere imparts to each girl a knowledge of truth and right that will help mould her character that she may be able to assume larger duties and wider responsibilities.

Sports are encouraged here: tennis, hockey, basket ball, and others, and these give to the girl a strong, healthy body which accompanies a keen mind.

So in this school the aim is to develop every side of a girl's character, not only the intellectual but the spiritual and physical as well.

Are We "Carrying On"?

There was a terrific noise. A band was playing; up the street came a war tank, which was used to advertise a dance for war veterans. A young man who had just come out of the nearby clubhouse looked to see what the cause of the noise was. When he saw the tank and its present use, he turned abruptly away. His eyes filled with tears. Had he been in France? Does his brother sleep in "Flander's Fields"?

There are many others who cannot forget what they have passed through; the memory of the trench filled with mud and water; the thoughts that came crowding into the minds of the men ordered to go "over the top."

We, here in America, were hardly touched by the war and so we do not realize the devastation and slaughter that has been going on in Europe. But is it possible that we have forgotten the Great War? Think of the many devastated homes in the lands of our allies, struggling and suffering still; think of the orphans to be cared for, and fields so damaged by gas that it will be a great undertaking to renew them! At times we seem too full of our own glory and selfishness to remember our duty in the eyes of other nations and towards humanity. Thousands die every day in Armenia. We see there one of the saddest results of the war. For them the war has not stopped. The Armenians must still fight against cold and hunger. Even a small sacrifice on our part such as denying ourselves a favorite sundae, or not seeing the latest cinema in order that we may send to those starving people the money saved would help them more than we know.

"I saw in a vision a nation stand
Glorious in power and might;
She was crowned with gifts and rich in land,
And her sons were heroes in fight.
By her gifts had kept the world alive,
Her crops the children had fed."

This reminds us how wonderfully America responded to every call of need during the war. The war is over, but the world still needs help.

Let us try to "carry on" and fulfill our part in bringing peace to the world and make real the words of the compact made by the Pilgrim Fathers in the Mayflower: "Each for all, and all for each."

E. B., '21.

En Avant Toujours

"En Avant Toujours" is the motto adopted by the class of '21."

One might suspect that some of the girls voted for this motto because of its sound rather than its meaning. How many realize that "En Avant Toujours" was the motto of the Knights Templars who lived three centuries ago during the reign of Richard The Lion Hearted, that great champion of Chivalry? The Knights who took the oath were renowned for their acts of humanity, gentleness and chivalry. It is this idealism which makes them so attractive to us. The question for us who have adopted their motto is how to make these ideals our own. If "En Avant Toujours" meant courtesy, friendliness, endurance and honor to them, what does it mean to us?

One does not need to be bright or talented in any subject to be courteous, nor does courtesy consist of mere outward manners. It comes from the heart and is really in other words thoughtfulness. Friendliness means sincerity and helpfulness to one's friends and fairness to one's enemies.

One of the first lessons a knight had to learn was endurance and it is one of the hardest tests for us. The sticking to a thing which we know is right, even though we are tired of it and everything is against us, is not exactly typical of us. We should learn to "stick to" things until they are finished.

But courtesy and endurance were, after all, only adornments of chivalry. The heart of the motto lay in their ideas of honor. Honor means daring to be true and doing one's duty. If the class of '21 could learn these two lessons they would need to feel no shame in owning their motto. Honesty is as good a policy now as it was in the middle ages. And straightforwardness is as good in school work as in keeping promises with pagan princes. We should remember like the Knights of old that when we cheat or do anything dishonorable, it not only reflects upon our own individual characters, but upon the class, and, in fact, upon the whole school of which we are all members.

So if we live up to the ideals of the Knights Templars we shall also be living up to our motto, "En Avant Toujours." In looking backward at the Knights of chivalry let us learn to go "Onward

L. R., '21.

The Early History of Portland

In the first directory of Portland, which was published in 1863, there was found an historical sketch which began as follows: "During the month of November, 1843, Honorable A. L. Lovejoy and a gentleman named Overton stepped ashore at this point from an Indian canoe while en route from Vancouver to Oregon City, and having examined the topography of the surrounding country, concluded at once that this was the most eligible position for a town site." The following winter Mr. Overton disposed of his interest to Mr. F. W. Pettygrove and he with Mr. Lovejoy had the land surveyed and boundaries made that summer. The country was covered with heavy timber and as soon as a portion of it could be cleared off the two men built a log cabin at the foot of what is now Washington street, on the banks of the river. There were two reasons why a settlement was needed and chosen at this certain site. First, the water was too shallow for boats to go up as far as Oregon City and, secondly, the land was extremely good for agriculture and, as the immigrants were coming down the Columbia in goodly numbers, there must be some place to settle. In all, "it was a site where commerce and agriculture met." The name of the town was given in a very informal way. Mr. Lovejoy, who was from Massachusetts, wished to name it Boston, and Mr. Pettygrove, coming from Portland, Maine, favored his home town. As they could not agree, one evening at dinner, Mr. Pettygrove, happening to have a copper coin, tossed it up and won the name of Portland twice out of three., Portland was not the first city in this vicinity, for Astoria, Vancouver and Oregon City had been settled early before, and were flourishing towns when Portland was granted her charter, in 1851, by the legislature of Oregon, with all legal privileges. One can hardly realize that in seventy years a settlement of one log cabin could have grown to a city of 257,000 population.

FRANCES E. SPAULDING, '22.



The Weeping Willow

All was stir and bustle in the palace of Zeus, mighty god of heavenly Olympus, when Apollo, driver of the sun chariot, fared forth in his journey across the sky. For, let it be known, a great issue was in progress for the day.

Tarius, the proud, was to do battle with Hades, king of the underworld; and it came about in this wise.

Willow, a beautiful nymph of a silvery forest stream, was in sore distress; for her father, heartless Neptune, ruler of the restless deep, had commanded her to marry the god of darkness, saying,

"For you have I chosen a husband, Hades, king of the dark underworld. Strong and powerful is he, and favored of Hera, the glittering Olympus' ox-eyed queen."

At this, Willow was sore afraid and rose up before her father's face saying,

"Father it cannot be that thou biddest me wed this god. Far above my station is he, and it is not meet for one so lowly to unite with one of such high degree. And besides, knowest thou not what great attraction I hold for Tarius? A goodly man, and one of many minds, is he, and wealthy, in that he rules over lands that stretch their lengthy miles from sea to sea; and all the people in them are his subjects; him would I marry."

When Willow ceased speaking, her father waxed angry and spoke with upbraiding:

"Verily I say unto thee, him have I chosen as thy mate and he shall it be. Methinks it beseemeth not one of thy years to dispute with one who is thine elder and a father to thee. True many have disobeyed my word, but blind were they as is the owl in the dazzling light of Apollo's flaming chariot when it appears over the eastern horizon; nor was my ill will lost of them."

So said he and left her to her self; and when he had departed, she summoned Rumor, swiftest of all messengers, and bade her fly to Tarius and inform him of her sorry plight and bid him hasten to her.

And forthwith went Rumor, the willing, swiftly to Tarius' palace and wakened him, saying,

"Is it right, thinkest thou, that sweet sleep should keep thine eyelids when one, even Willow of the sea green tresses, is in distress? It beseemeth not one that is a lover. Haste ye to her, therefore, and tarry not, lest ill come of it."

So spake she and departed. Then Tarius rose up swiftly and making himself ready, in purple and fine linens, hastened with all speed to Willow, who received him joyously and would have gone with him then, had not the crooked counsellor appeared, as a messenger of her father, saying,

"Thy father hath relented in part, he bade me to say unto thee that a day of battle shall be set and on that day, Hades, the Dark, shall do battle with Tarius, the proud, to see which is the better man; him shalt thou wed, whether or no."

So saying he left them and went forth, and when he had gone, Willow and Tarius bent their heads and were silent; and when the day drew nigh they rose up and went into the forest beside a deep river; there it was that the battle was destined to be fought.

And so on the day appointed, the twain met, even Tarius and dark Hades, and they were sore angry with one another; and the gods in their seats on glittering Olympus were joyous, and laughed at the mortal man and the god; except Hera, of the white arms; for she it was who had promised help to Hades, since she was beholden to him for a vessel of everlasting beauty that he had procured for her. And when Tarius, the strong, would have wounded Hades even to his death, Hera descended, swift and silent as a summer breeze and as little seen, and threw Tarius in the swollen river. And when she had gone, the grief of Willow was terrible to behold, as Hades stood up before her. Sore frightened was she, and would have cast herself down when father Zeus, the mighty god of the white tipped Olympus, and dweller in the palace of the bronze threshold, was grieved for her and sore angered at his wife of the oxen-eyes for being so meddling. So he bethought him how he might lessen Willow's griefs in part, and forthwith he made Willow's silvery feet to take

root in the ground and her body to become a smooth brown trunk. Then turned her hair to waving branches with feathery leaves. And there it is that she guards her lover's body with the soft waving plumes that droop in grief over him.

The wind, sighing in the forest, is weird and ghostlike as it sweeps through the trees, and Weeping Willow is forever given to her lamentations for her loved one.

LUCILE PFAFF, '24.

Extracts from the Diary of Jonathan David Charles Scott

Friday, Feb. 4.

This is goin to be my diary. I only learned just what a diary was the other day. Teacher sed that it would be nice for all us kids to rite one. You know all us kids like teacher. She's aful nice, and she's aful pretty to. I just asked Jane how to spell that, pretty, I mean. Jane's my sister. She's aful brite, she's in high-school. She told me how to spell diary too. Teacher sez a diary is what you rite what you do in. She sez she rites in one every nite so all us kids sed we would to. We like her fine. Say, but you cant fool her tho, she's wise. Dad sez she has to be with all us kids.

Pete Thompson sez he aint afraid of her, but he don't dare throw paper wods any more. He did and hit Susy Jones eye. She kept him after school and now hes aful good when shes looking. She caught me and Jim Newll drawin pictures today. Jim lives a little way from us. After school Jim and Joe, Jim's brother, and me went swimmin'. Well I ges I gotta quit ritin. Janes gettin mad cause I asked her how to spell so many words. Mabe I better say my names Jonathan David Charles Scott. The kids call me Johnnie tho my folks named me outa the Bible except the Charles part of it. I have an uncle called Charles.

Sunday, Feb. 6.

Today's Sunday. I havent ritten nothin since Friday cause yesterday was Saterdag an I had to get in some wood fer ma to bake with. Say it takes a lotta wood to bake. I got some cookies tho. After dinner us kids went fishin. I didnt ketch

nothin but Tom Rogers he fell in an got wet so then wile his close was dryin we all went in swimmin. Today I didnt do nothin but go to Sunday school an church. I gess I better stop.

Monday, Feb. 7.

Nothin much happened today, only I almost got in a fight. If it hadnt ben for teacher I would a. Me an Jim was goin to school when we met Clara. Clara means Clarence Percival Fitzgerald. His teachers pet him and thinks hes it. Hes scared to fight an he never plays hookey an never goes swimin. Hes a nawful sissy. He had some grass in his hand. We asked him what he had. He sed he had some four leaf clovers for teacher. He said they would make him lucky and make teacher like him. Jim an me sed we was goin to get some to. Clara sed we didnt know where to get em, we couldnt find em if we did. I sed we did. He sed we didnt. He stuck his tong at me an called me names. I got mad an lit in on him. Say, I was finishin him up fine an Jim was hollerin to beet the band when all at once somebody yelled, Jonathan Scott, stop that at once. Arent you ashamed of yourself. Why dont you fight with someone your own size. Then somebody yanked at me, an there was teacher. Say she looked aful mad an told me to go right strate to school. She stayed there pettin Clara an tellin him not to cry. Say I was sore. I coulda hit him again if she hadnt a been there. Well I got to school an she was sore all day. She was aful good to Clara even if the four leaf clovers was all tramped in the mud by our fight. He got her some more. Me an Jim are goin to get some an show sissy Clara that he aint the hole chese. Scuse my slang pleas. I know thats slang cause teacher sed it was. She dont like us to talk slang. I dont much.

Monday, Feb. 15.

I havent ritten in my diary for a hole week. I was too sore to rite. I wasnt never goin to rite in it agin cause I was sore at teacher but now I aint so mad. Me an Jim sed we was goin to git some four leaf clovers so next day we dassenet look near our house cause my ma or his ma could see us. So we went down by the crik were we fished. We couldnt find nothin so we went over to decon Dawsons back pastur. After we looked around a lot we seen some fine ones. I got a hole hanful, so did Jim. Say I never thot it took so long. Why when we got to school why it was noon time. We was kinda scared to go around then so we waited till the rest of the kids had all went in, then we went in to. I kinda wanted to slip in

my seet, but Jim sez wots eatin you now, aint you goin to give her your four leaf clovers? So he marches up first an I follows. I was thinkin how glad she would be to get all them four leaf clovers, but say she wasnt a bit glad. She got hoppin mad an looked glary at me an Jim. An she called out where had we bin? Jim sed we had been gettin four leaf clovers for her, an she sed we oughta of bin in school an for us to get to our seets an stay after school. After school she give me an Jim a lickin. I didnt care, that wasnt very hard but she made us do twenty rithmetic problems an we had to stay every day that week an doem. Say I hate rithmetic anyway an I cant get the hang of it. Say I was mad but that wasnt all. Dad herd about it an he was goin to give me another lickin but gramma she spoke up an sez as how I was a naughty boy an all that an I had already got my lickin from teacher. She sed Id learn not to give my luck away. I didnt know what she ment but say its good to have a gramma once in a while. I ges I'll have to stop. Jane sez I bother her askin so many questions. She mite want to know wat Im doin an she mite laf at me. Ges I'll rite some more tomorrow.

—Jonathan David Charles Scott.

E. M. C., '21.

After Vacation

As one that hath spent long hours of labor,
Who rests from toil alone at mid day,
Then starts afresh the day's endeavor
With freshened zeal in the new mown hay;
Or warrior resting from the light,
In all true manliness and courage
To go on bravely for the right,—
So are we willing, in this our age,
To hold on high our honor true,
So that our School may hold its place
Among those to whom our honor is due.
And may we remember in all life's pace,
No matter where, or why, or when,
That we were students of ST. HELEN'S HALL.

MEDORA HOWARD, '22.

Praeterita

A Paper for the Ruskinian Guild

John Ruskin, an eminent writer and art critic, was born in London, England, on the eighth of February, 1819, and died in Coniston, Lancashire, on the twentieth of January, 1900. The whole life of Ruskin is an interesting study, so different were his ideas from those entertained by other men of the day, so much superior, so much more lofty. But especially worthy of notice is his childhood because it was more restricted and more secluded than that of most boys. And what adds to this interest is the fact that in *Praeterita*, he set forth the advantages as well as the disadvantages of his early training, so we are able to see how such a life influenced that man, and might influence other men.

Ruskin's father, although a man of culture, left the early training of his son to the mother, who was a most learned and religious lady. Mrs. Ruskin, though a kind and loving mother, believed in hard study and strict discipline, and so at the age when most children are struggling through the primer, Ruskin could read and read well, could spell almost perfectly, knew a few of the principles of science, and had started Latin grammar.

Mrs. Ruskin arranged a schedule for the day, the morning was devoted to study, and the afternoon to recreation. She let nothing disturb either herself or her son during the morning hours, and if some friend chanced to be paying her a visit, she must either join the lesson, or find amusement for herself until the close. It was a great help to the boy to have the lessons free from disturbance or delay, for with nothing to divert his mind, he could put his whole attention to the study.

As soon as he could read at all, his mother started that daily reading from the Bible, which was continued until he went to Oxford. Together they read the Bible straight through, hard words included, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of Revelation; and if one day they finished Revelation, they began the very next at Genesis. With that firmness which ever characterized Mrs. Ruskin, she insisted that the boy pronounce each hard word correctly, and put the emphasis in the proper place. In "*Praeterita*," his autobiography, Ruskin said that he and his mother spent two weeks on one verse of the Scriptures because he refused to emphasize the proper word. However, she

neither lost her patience nor her determination, and at the end of the struggle, the boy read the verse to her satisfaction. Ruskin afterwards said that he had gained more from the Bible than from any other book, and that, to those daily lessons, he owed his general power of taking pains, and that from them he received the best part of his taste in literature, and also that he was prevented from writing formal and superficial English.

It was not until his tenth year that Ruskin began to study Homer, Scott, Defoe and Bunyan, his four great teachers, but even before that time he read books which were beneficial to him. He was fond of science as well as of literature, and once remarked that literary men condemned his works because there was in them a love of science, and scientific men because there was a love of literature. But what is most remarkable is the fact that when only seven years of age, he wrote a story entitled "The Adventures of Harry and Lucy," which was built upon scientific experiments found in Joyce's

The story is not remarkable because of its style, nor yet because of its originality, but because it shows that the boy had a fairly clear understanding of the scientific problem which it was written to illustrate.

It was Mrs. Ruskin's dearest wish that her son should become a minister; and so, after his tenth birthday, she gave him the works of Defoe and Bunyan for his Sabbath reading, that he might learn from them the love of the ministry. However, although a religious man, Ruskin did not wish to be a minister, and afterwards expressed joy that he had obtained from Bunyan and Defoe all the noble imaginative teachings without becoming a minister.

On week days he read Homer and Scott, and soon became, like his father before him, a violent Tory of the old school. The love of kings, and everything pertaining to the kingdom grew greater and greater as he grew older, and he once said that, although he had many times been enlisted to visit America, he did not believe he could tolerate a country which did not possess a single castle. Moreover, he did say that in the works of Homer and Scott he found the kings and men of importance doing work for the least recompense, while, as he much regretted to say, in his own age and country, the kings and men of importance seemed to do the least work for the most recompense.

Although Mrs. Ruskin insisted that the morning hours be devoted to study, nevertheless she was wise enough to realize that the afternoon must be free. Accordingly, in the afternoon he was at liberty to amuse himself as he chose, so long as he made very little noise, and disturbed no one. For, unlike the child of today, he was forced to seek his own amusement, — a ball and some blocks being his only toys. Because it was necessary for him to amuse himself, he became most imaginative and observant, and could find enjoyment in counting the squares in a carpet, or the bricks in a building. Indeed, Mrs. Ruskin must have thought many toys bad for children, for when one of Ruskin's aunts, who had pity on the child, brought him a Punch and Judy, she only let him have it until the lady had returned to her home, when she put it away and he never saw it again.

It seems to us rather too severe to punish a child for falling down stairs. However, whenever Ruskin tumbled, he was whipped. He was never allowed, when young, to dine with his parents,—he was always made to live upon the simplest diet imaginable. It was not until he learned to crack a nut neatly that he was permitted to appear at the dinner table, and then it was not to crack nuts for himself, but for others. But from abstinence he gained a good constitution, and became healthy and strong.

Thus far we have mentioned only the advantages of his early training, but as the faults are serious, we must not pass over them unheeded. It is true that he had learned obedience, and would obey the slightest nod of his parents; that he was able to enjoy simple pleasures and that because he had never seen his father or his mother angry at each other or at a servant, he knew perfect peace. His faith had never been broken, for he had never been promised anything which he had not received, nor told anything which was not true. However, when a child he knew nothing of love, for, although he would have been troubled had either of his parents gone out of his life, yet he looked upon them more as persons to be obeyed than to be loved. Neither did he love God, for he found the Book which the people called His Book, uninteresting, and the service which people said was due Him, unpleasant. He knew nothing of gratitude because he could see no reason why he should feel grateful to the cook for cooking, or the gardener for gardening, since the former could not give him so much as a biscuit without permission, and the latter

destroyed his ant hills. Lastly he had no sorrow nor trouble to bear, and so he was not able to practice self control.

But when one thinks upon the honest, learned, christian man which Ruskin became, he wonders whether the good in his early training did not conquer the evil; for all the bad was overcome in time; he knew love both for God and man; he knew gratitude, and he learned to bear sorrows with fortitude. Beauty was his religion, and he sought to remove the ugly factories from his country, saying the pictures and buildings were the outward visible sign of a country's inward and spiritual feeling. He was entirely unselfish, and remarked that an idiot was one who was completely concerned with his own affairs. He thought that there was no wealth but life, and that a country's treasure lay in its people. In connection with this he reminded his countrymen that the word "valuable" was derived from a word meaning strong or well, and so should be used only when speaking with something necessary to life. And so, though few points in his education were not praiseworthy, most of them were, and I think that if his ideas and teachings were followed, we should find the world a more desirable place in which to live.

M. B., '22.



Autocrat of the Breakfast Table

(I had quite determined upon going to a certain summer resort—no indeed, I am not going to say which one—to discontinue my autocratic ways; and to become a humble listener to the conversation of my superiors. But that mischiefmaker, Fate, who never fails to lay a snare for the unwary resolutionist, drew me into the conversation; and, of course, once in a while, I took command despite my resolutions. A large, important-looking lady, who was seated opposite me, started the mischief by remarking that I had probably read a great deal.)

—On the contrary—I replied—I regret to say that I have read very little.—

—What a pity—sighed the same lady—I, myself read a book a day. In fact, my motto is a novel a day keeps the cobwebs away—away from the brain you know, my dear,—she added confidentially.—

—All very well if you can do it—I remarked—However, I prefer to read a book slowly and thoughtfully, for I find the most pleasure in studying the author's opinions, and in observing his style. I am, it must be confessed, somewhat of an **exemplairian**, and am always rummaging. One profits more if he reads one book, carefully looking up each word or idea whose meaning is not clear to him, than if he reads many, neglecting this.

(A mental picture arises "**cerno animo**"—a figure is bent over a book, dictionary lies forgotten on the table, row of encyclopedias covered with dust—a slight twinge of conscience—Oh, well! Modesty and generosity demand that one speak little of oneself.)

—Yes, as I was saying, books should be read slowly and carefully. Which do we remember longer, the one which we read in the hours after midnight, or the one which we spent two or three weeks in digesting? Besides for what does the story count as compared with the way in which the ideas "**animis nostris provident.**" My friend, the authoress—certainly, I have a friend who writes—likens a story to a plant. The plot, she says is like the stem, a very useful and necessary part of the plant, yet of no beauty without the blossom.

—But this same stem, which you deem so unimportant, is green long after the flower has withered, and if the stem is not

beautiful without the flower neither can the flower live if broken from the stem—remonstrated my neighbor, the botany student.

—Aye, the flower withers while the stem is yet green, but it only grows more sweet as it dies away; and, if cherished by some loving hand, will flood a whole room with its beautiful perfume long after its colour has faded away. But when the stem is dead it is a useless thing, and is cast away while its flower is placed in a potpourri, My Roman Friend, for such thou art, though thou pursuest a study which should make you otherwise.

—I never read any but American authors—remarked the lady opposite, anxious to lead the conversation back within her comprehension—I find it such a waste of time; and I absolutely refuse to read a novel in which the hero dies, I am so fond of humor.—

—I see you think that if you can get a character safely past the end of the volume, he will be quite safe from Father Time and Mother Nature for evermore. It is the way with people nowadays; they enjoy being deceived, though I know not why. If an artist can end his book without placing his characters into circumstances which they are unable to overcome *c'est comme il faut*; but I do not admire an author who, for the sake of a pleasant ending for his novel, lets his characters act contrary to *ius natura*. Since reading "SENTIMENTAL TOMMY," I have cherished a great admiration for Barrie because he painted his character true to life. Most authors would have reformed Tommy, but Barrie realized that for such a character there is no reformation, and so made his readers love Tommy despite his faults. However, I myself am of no such easy faith, and just because the hero happens to be perfectly happy at the end of the novel I do not expect him to remain so for evermore.

But since you enjoy humor, and do not care to waste your time upon foreign authors, you have perhaps read Irving, Holmes, Howells or even Mark Twain.

—Dear no, those authors bore me beyond measure; it is the men of the present day who possess any sense of humor, replied La bas bleu.—

—I beg your pardon, but I think that it takes a great author to be humorous, even a greater one than it takes to be serious—not meaning, of course that every man whom I just mentioned is great.—My friend, the authoress—Yes, she is quite an intelligent and clever woman although she writes in porcella

temporis—declares that the produce of modern authors can be placed into two categories—that which is supposed to be “thrilling” and that which is supposed to be tragic. It makes me very sad when I realize that the word “thrill” has been misused until it has become ludicrous. It is now a word used to designate carnal pleasure, while it used to be reserved for a feeling of the soul, something almost akin to holiness. But the word is ruined through misuse, so if I ever know that delightful feeling of the soul, I shall call it by another name. As for modern tragedy, why, whenever I read one of the so-called tragic paragraphs, I laugh heartily—Ah, perhaps, I made a mistake in what I said about the humor—It depends upon the variety you desire.

—Benign smiles from across the table—quite right, quite right, always admit a mistake, and when you have read more—

—Aye, but it is a laugh mixed with scorn and with shame to think that people will read such trash, that they will let literature and art deliquesce while all else advances. No poet has equalled Homer—no artist Raphael, yet men claim that they have advanced through the ages. But I have blamed the people for reading; perhaps I should blame the authors for writing. Persons who have had little education seldom attempt a literary career—pardon me; my mind was wandering, what I meant to say was—as well never mind. I had best say nothing—You know the meaning of the words “Noblesse Oblige”?—also that saying about a word to the wise!—But I have no business to be conversing on these subjects at the breakfast table. I am becoming quite a criminator, and must go ashore while I may.—

—Pardon me—said a fluttering person on my right—but are you a pessimist?

—Somewhat inclined that way—I rejoined—However, I believe only in cheerful pessimism. My friend, the authoress, declares that she has no more use for the person who grumbles about his troubles than she has for the one who pretends that he is exempt from sorrow. Furthermore, she says, that only the right-minded person is the cheerful pessimist who expects sorrows to come, and is prepared to meet them bravely. Robert Louis Stevenson said practically the same thing in *res Triplex*—No, I do not believe he was thinking of optimists or pessimists—“As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man’s cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognize our precarious estate in life, and the first part of

courage to be not at all abashed before the fact." Take, for instance, two joints of a stove pipe about to come apart—the optimist who declares that it cannot fall stands under it while the pessimist, who knows that it will fall if not joined together, fixes it—Ahem, I always wondered why there were so many optimists in the world—

—I entirely disagree with you — blustered the lady opposite—

Very well, we shall name a famous optimist, and a famous pessimist, and let the company choose between them. The greatest pessimist was Shakespeare, and the greatest optimist was—

(The worthy lady across the table interrupted me here in order that she might say whom she thought to be the greatest optimist.—No, indeed, I am not going to tell you whom she named, you all know the person well enough. However I shall give you a hint, it is the leading character in one of her favorite novels. She remarked that she always read the book when out of sorts, and felt quite ashamed of herself when she had finished. I then whispered to the Botany student that I should think she might be, upon which he became very angry and left the table. I confess that at first I was somewhat surprised by his sudden anger, but I afterwards learned from one of the company that the author of the book in question was a friend of his. Although I could not commend him for his choice of friends, I admired the spirit with which he defended this one, and as I am ever loath to criticise the friend of another, I desired to make peace with the Botany student. Accordingly on the next morning I began a discourse upon friendship.

—There is nothing that I value more than true friendship—I began—nothing I like better than to see a person defend those whom he loves—Yes, indeed, I believe in that stubborn determination which never admits a friend in the wrong.—

Do you?—broke in the Botany student—I have always wanted to believe that one should be blind to the faults of a friend, but the same story which you mentioned yesterday has prevented me. I feel as though Grizell by acknowledging his faults rendered Tommy a greater service than Elsbeth by blinding herself to them—

—Ah, I did not mean to infer that one should not observe the faults of his friends, and try to correct them. You will per-

naps remember that Grizell only told Tommy himself his faults; she never admitted them to others. Yet, for all that, I have often thought that Tommy took more care not to hurt Elsbeth than Grizell. However Elsbeth was Tommy's sister, which makes a difference you know.—

—However, I do not mean that one must start unnecessary quarrels about one's friends—You know the old saying that the truth hurts—When one realizes that his friend is truly in the wrong—for as Ouida said, we must not expect him to be above humanity—one should strive to amend this fault by mentioning his virtues.

But we must use discretion in choosing friends as in everything else, for all that glitters is not gold! Test a person carefully before claiming him as a friend, and once you have acknowledged him a true friend let nothing turn you against him. People have abused the word friendship as they have all others, and now they are apt to call persons who are mere acquaintances their friends. We must save this very rigid friendship for those whom we love best, for it would lose its beauty if practiced without discrimination.

—Yes, it would have been most sad if Brutus had practiced love upon all his friends as he did upon Caesar—remarked a late arrival, a young fellow whom they call Archibald (no indeed I shall never again trust in a name)

But all that I have said has been said before—I resumed, paying no heed to the last remark—which only goes to illustrate that there are no new ideas in the world. I thought for some time that I had conceived a new idea on the subject, but upon looking through a little book I found that Stevenson, Ouida, Carlyle, Scott, and countless others, had said the same things only in better language.

Like Washington Irving, I admire that love for a friend which lasts even beyond the grave. However, I do not mean by this that a person should grieve outwardly, making himself and all around him miserable, for he that suffers silently suffers most. But the person whom I admire is the one who, after the first grief is over, fights life's battles, especially those with which the lost one had to contend, the harder. The truest way to show love or appreciation for a friend or relative is to overcome those faults which he disliked, and to cultivate those virtues which were his.

Also I might say—if I may do so without offending any of the company—that many have found relief after the death of some dear one in study and in good literature. Longfellow, after the death of his wife, sought and found comfort in translating *The Divine Comedy*, and a few days ago I was glancing through a volume written by a man after the death of his son in which he set forth the comfort found in literature.

I am afraid that I am again becoming too serious for the breakfast table, so shall close this discourse upon friendship with a sonnet which my friend, the authoress, sent me. No, indeed, she didn't write it herself; she found it among those of her grandmother's papers, and knowing how highly I value true friendship she sent it to me.

When in the twilight hour, coming night
Bears to me memories of days now past,
I think on each dear kindness which thou hast
Ever shown to one whose love was worthless quite
To thee; yet whom thou didst ever bless
With thy constant aid. And turning to that vast
Sea of thoughts whence true praise comes, at last
I find the winged words which will express
What thou hast done for me. As Athene
Didst plant the olive seed in the hard soil
Of Athens, and didst tender it with care;
So was the service thou didst render me,
For in my own heart thou didst strive in toil
To raise the seed which thou hadst planted there.

M. B., 22.



In Chapel

Slowly, calmly we enter there,
Speechless together, pair by pair,
To our places; then on our knees
Praying softly; we know He sees.

Many heads together are bowed,
Kind the wishes expressed aloud,
As our hearts to Him we raise,
Promising Faith, and Love, and Praise.

From the window the light streams in
Signifying remiss'n from sin;
Thus we know by the golden sun
That divine blessings have been won.

Slowly, more calmly, we descend the stair,
Heads held high, we descend the stair,
Happy to know it's this we choose,
Faith and Love. The chapel doors close.

F. P., '22.

Extracts from a Freshman's Diary

Wednesday, September the 15th: I can remember the first time I ever went to school. It was in this very building. It was the Portland Academy. I was about six years old and very much frightened. The building hasn't grown any, but the halls seemed very long to me then; now I am nine years older, and these halls look cosy and homey to me. There are plants and singing birds in the opened windows, the chairs and couches look very inviting. I should think that any girl might be very happy here.

As we marched into chapel I saw that it was very different from the last time I was there. The only familiar things were the windows, and the high ceiling; and there in these strange surroundings I recognized the beautiful bronze tablet which we helped to place on the wall after Doctor Johnson died in Florence. How different these rows of reverent blue veiled figures from the laughing boys and girls whom I have seen crowding in at these doors. Among them I see the faces of my sister, and her husband, my curly haired mischief of a brother, and demure little Hylah who was a student at both these schools.

I think that I shall like my studies. But it will all have to be studied.

Thursday, September 16: Can't wait for school to begin tomorrow. Several girls there I know. I hear we are going to have a gymnasium teacher. I know I shall like that. Hope she lets us play baseball. I like games better than grammar.

After school we went to get my sister and my little baby niece. It is a joy to have her with us. She tries to act like a big girl, and do everything I do. We were soon on our way to the country, riding past the fields of stubble and stacks where all summer we watched the growth of wheat and oats. After a while we came to our own greenhouse among the firs. We picked fruit for supper and then took the baby to see the animals. In the evening it rained.

Saturday, September 18: Played with our baby in the warm sunshine. She was happy picking up apples for "munner" and feeding corn to the cow. I put her on a big pumpkin and played that she was Cinderella. The kittens followed her about and the chickens watched her at her play and when night came we were on our way home. Later Daddy took me to see my favorite moving picture star in "What's Your Hurry."

Sunday, September the 19th: Went to church and Sunday school as usual. Glad to be there. I always miss Hylah more on Sunday than other days. Baby was there this afternoon. She played in her sand box on the porch and she says when she was at the beach that she didn't like little shovels, but that she dug clams with big shovels. When I was taking her coat off she said, "Careful don't pickle me" (she meant tickle). I left her alone for a minute and when I went to find her, she was in the pantry, her mouth and pockets full of lumps of sugar. When I said, "Oh, what are you doing?" she said, "I only ate four." When I was putting on her coat she hugged me hard and said with twinkling eyes "I'll love you to pieces." She was so funny I laughed until I cried. She noticed my tears and said, "There are tears on your face; wipe them away." Just as they were ready to start we had to hunt the baby and I found her on the table with the nut dish. She cried out in such an appealing way that I knocked a nut and knocked it and knocked it, until I knocked it down and then I unwrapped it. She isn't allowed to eat nuts either.

Saturday, October 1: In the afternoon we went for an auto ride out on the Sandy Boulevard; then we came to a spot where

we could see living pools of water which are parts of the Columbia Slough. Their glass-like surfaces are surrounded by rolling pastures, where cows feed. Reflected in their clear surfaces are trees of Autumn foliage which stand upon their borders. They are seen as in the mirrored floor of a brightly curtained room. These trees clothed in their autumn finery were golden maple, sober scrub oaks, and gay vine maple. As a background to these stood their somber fir tree sisters, dressed in their winter garments, pointing their slender fingers to the blue sky. Beyond one can catch glimpses of a shining river. As we gazed upon this peaceful scene, three cows moved to the edge of the water, where they were pictured, like a girl in the mirror of her dressing table. Over all, Apollo watched from his golden chariot making long shadows as he drove towards the west. A few hundred feet away a continual stream of black machines, like buzzing bees on a summer day, go flying past. And I hope all the people in the machines look at this beautiful reflection of Indian Summer Glory.

MARY REY FRALEY, '24.

“Flin’s Farmhouse”

Far across the river valley on a level with the eye is an old white farmhouse. The timber comes down to the very edge of a little clearing, as if it wished to consume away every inch it could. The house, dingy, and weather-worn, appears to rock a little in the wind, although it is as stable and sure-footed as any other house with a larger foundation. The only trees that have been left in the little clearing are placed like twin sisters on either side of the house. The sun, as it rises from behind Mount Pitt, makes reflections in the many otherwise black windows. The house, tall and narrower than an artist would like it, keeps guard over a much molested corn field. Only the cawing of some disturbed crow may be heard as a girl in a light blue frock runs lightly down the path between the sentinel stalks of corn. She pauses and gives one clear call and waits to hear an answering one before she runs back to the friendly yet ungainly door of the old white farmhouse. As if by some miracle, from those two clear calls, the whole world begins to buzz, and the work of the farm begins. The old house appears to settle back behind the two friendly trees as the farm hands pour out fresh from a warm breakfast.

THE ANSWERING CALLER, '22.

A Stream in Late Summer

All through the sultry afternoon a lazy little brook ran, gurgling and grumbling, to its destination.

The sun, filtering through the drooping leaves of a sorrowful willow, stole lazily across the dull little stream, and wondered why its erstwhile merry friend should now growl along like a morose cabman at twelve o'clock at night.

All sparkle and merriment had disappeared this hot August afternoon, and the creek meandered slowly along as if it were too much of an effort to drag itself over the stones.

A stupid old frog, lost in foolish meditation, sat gloomily on a broken piece of bark, dreaming of "days of auld lang syne," but a look of satisfaction crept over his dejected countenance as his great mouth closed upon a buzzing green fly that chanced to come too near, deceived by the drowsy appearance of the little stream.

JEAN MUIR, '24.

Love in Idleness

"Come, sweet Titania," said king Oberon, "give me your changeling boy, or I shall be angry with you."

"Anger yourself, my lord, but ne'er will I give up this boy," answered Titania.

"Go as you will," he retorted, "but I will soon put your love for me into idleness."

Before the morning had arrived, Titania had been struck with the love charm. A silly clown had passed her, with an ass's head; and our queen soon fell deeply in love.

Titania's four attendants, Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed, being sent on their errands, were much disgusted with their mistress and held a long counsel in the woods.

"What a foolish ass," said Cobweb, "to ask for a red bumble bee. I would not go one foot hence for that stupid creature, had it not been for my dear mistress."

"How now," said Mustard-seed, "why should I scratch the head of that beast?"

"Some way must be found to cure him of his foolishness or have our king take this charm from Titania," said Moth.

"I will dress myself as the changeling boy," said Pease-blossom, "and we'll go before king Oberon saying, 'I am the

changeling boy.' He will then take the charm from our queen and we shall be rid of this ass."

All fairies decided this was a wise plan; so Pease-blossom set out to do her deed. When she arrived at Oberon's favourite counselling table, she spoke, saying, "I am the changeling boy sent to you by your slave. I am at your service."

But the device did not succeed, for Oberon spoke sharply: "Be off, unfaithful Pease-blossom; Puck has told me of your frolics."

Pease-blossom, feeling much ashamed, returned to her comrades and told them the sad tale. Oberon, however, was soon troubled at the sight of Titania's trouble and removed the charm from her; and now her love for Oberon being out of idleness, she thanked her fairies for all their trouble.

MAYANNA SARGENT—'25.

Ulysses

Oh, he that wandered most, and fought
On Ilium's widened plain,
He wore the brooch Hephaestus wrought,
And honour, love, and fame.

He was wise and honored,
By men of olden times.
He, by his wisdom deed, and word,
Won Homer's glorious rhymes.

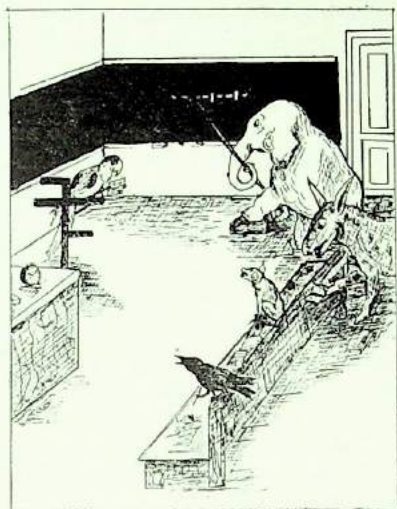
Ulysses great, the wise and brave,
Athena's love did win.

He braved the dangers of a cave,
All through the Cyclop's din.

He fought the suitors, for his wife,
He fought Hector, too;
He brought dangers on his life,
And ever adventures new.

Would that I were such an one
And could win the love and fame;
He was happy with his son;
He died, but lived again.

NANCY CHIPMAN, '26.
VIRGINIA ZAN, '26.



Scratches from a Raven's Claw

Like many popular adages, the old saying, "There is no fool so foolish as an old fool," is really quite absurd; for there is—(and I have seen enough of the world to know)—nothing quite so foolish as a young raven just hatched, with no more sense to his utterance than "caw," unless it be, indeed, the foolish "yips" of a gambling puppy, or the brazen "brays" of a donkey who is just becoming aware of his own straddling existence. I have recently had new and startling proof of the truth of my observations. In taking Lenore, my wee raven child, to school the other day, I chanced to meet the parent of just such a puppy as I have mentioned; and the contrast between the sober dignity of Dog and the foolish frolics of his child puppy—who, by the way, has since become excellent friends with my little Lenore—was most convincing. There was still another striking example of the truth of my observation, namely, a young donkey; and as I watched the three children who were now absorbed in a game of tag, I made to Dog and Donkey the same remark which I have made to you, my readers. For several moments Dog sat in silence as though he were much interested in watching the clumsy endeavors of young Donkey to catch the more nimble Puppy; then, suggesting that we indulge in a little serious con-

versation, he led the way to a quiet corner of the room. Having settled himself quite comfortably, Dog told me that he often had thoughts similar to mine, and that he had long wished to record them in enduring print; but, being a modest fellow, he had never been able to muster sufficient courage to make a beginning. Both Donkey and myself declared that it was the same with us, and Donkey added in a confiding tone that since the time he had read "**Black Beauty**" he had had literary aspirations. Dog further remarked that if he and Donkey and myself should establish a Scribblers' Club, we might encourage one another in literary pursuits, and, in that way, not only gratify our own desires, but also give the public the benefit of our priceless opinions.

Of course, no one has better right to claim literary talent than myself; for, as my readers must have guessed, I am the very raven who for so many years was the constant companion of the estimable Poe—(Yes, indeed, that was many years ago, and a feeling of sadness comes o'er me when I think of the days which shall come—nevermore).

However, when I mentioned my near relationship to Poe, Donkey curled up his lip in scorn, and remarked with Donkey-like dignity that he had traveled with Robert Louis Stevenson, whom all the world acknowledged to be greater than a dozen Poes. I had just ruffled up my feathers to make a suitable reply when Dog interrupted me by saying that while Stevenson and Poe were all right in their places, he had belonged to no less a being than the illustrious Theodore Roosevelt. At this Donkey threw back his ears in displeasure, and there would probably have been serious trouble had not the bell for school rung at that moment, and the children come in search of us.

I thought that our friendship had come to a sudden close; and I felt honestly sorry, for I had liked the appearance of both Donkey and Dog. Also I regretted that I, by my untimely remark, had started the quarrel; for my master was ever humble and thoughtful. However, when next I glanced at Dog, he gave me a profound wink; and when I looked at Donkey, I observed by his placid countenance that his temper was soon appeased. We, therefore, agreed to form ourselves into a Scribblers' Club, and to publish our thoughts for the benefit of the world. So with best wishes, I am, my dear readers,

Very truly yours,

RAVEN.

Remarks of a Vagabond Parrot on a Bright Afternoon, Not Long Ago

I was stalking gracefully down the lane and, old fowl that I am, I could not help being conscious of the colour scheme which I created as I carried my plumage through the leafy arches. But thoughts of self were soon forgotten as I chanced upon an industrious group beneath a tree. Even from the distance of the long lane, they interested me; and since this was the case, I strutted cavalierly toward them in the friendliest manner I could assume. Even as I hesitated to interrupt a circle so bent on deliberation as this seemed to be, I noticed that Dog, with the best of intentions, was writing very fast. Raven was chewing on his pencil in nervous despondency as if seeking "le mot exact." Donkey was screwing his ear about his hoof as an embarrassed child might toy with a curl until reminded of his manners. They all looked up at me, but Raven, somewhat indignantly, for disturbing them; but my intentions were the best and I calmly bade them "Good-morning" and asked in a sweet soprano voice what it was that kept them so interested on such a bright morning. I, for one, was disposed to wander about among my many friends, ancient and young, as well as among wise and foolish. For after all, I am a very sociable old bird and I like to be among people talking and listening about everything. Especially on a bright, sunny day, what could be more desirable than roving about? I told my new friends this as I perched myself on a small underbranch of the tree beside Donkey.

Dog, however, was the most communicative of this worthy group, and he informed me that they were a "Scribblers' Club." This was right in my line; so I hinted for an invitation to join them in the pleasing and tactful manner which is customary among my family.

"Of course, you understand," said Donkey, "we all come from the most honourable and ancient families. Why, I can trace my ancestry way back to——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Dog, "but we cannot discuss your ancient and honourable line of ancestors now. But who might you be?" turning to me after having sufficiently squelched Donkey, whose ancestors were evidently his hobby.

"I might be anyone, but it so happens I am only a humble

parrot with the best of intentions. I really do not know how to tell you, but I should like to join your Scribblers' Club. To be one of such a learned group—(profound bows from all greeted this statement)—has long been one of my highest ambitions. Now, what say?"

They looked at each other, rather taken back at my frank outburst, and then moved closely together and mumbled considerably. Then Raven, who seemed possessed with the art of being able to concentrate very deeply and with a good intellectual mind, addressed me and said:

"Friend Parrot, after deep thought and due consideration, we have decided to let your bright personage — (this was referring to my plumage, I fear, rather than to my mind)—grace our circle and . . ."

"Of course," interrupted Dog, "we understand your good intentions and will have the utmost patience with your mistakes. I think I speak the sentiments of us all?" turning to the others.

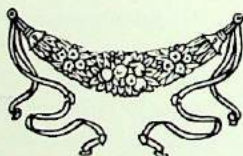
Yes, indeed," croaked Raven.

"Of course," brayed Donkey.

Thus they admitted me into the Scribblers' Club of which I am now a proud and thriving member. We have condescended to publish our articles, and if you should chance to see any of these productions, I hope you will enjoy them.

Very cordially yours,

PARROT.



Mr. Roosevelt's Dog Speaks

For many years it has been my great pleasure to be the friend and benefactor of the late Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, and now that this worthy gentleman is dead, I see no one but myself who is capable of carrying on his great work for humanity. It is for this reason that I now make my appearance before the public.

This would perhaps have been difficult had it not been for my timely meeting with one Donkey and one Raven, who are also bent on the enlightenment of mankind, and I wish to say right now that these animals are entirely qualified to carry out their noble calling. Had not the Raven the distinction of being called Poe's Raven? And was not the Donkey the honored confidant of Mr. Stevenson? They are also quite amiable and pleasant companions, though perhaps a little egotistical; but that can be overlooked. There is a more serious difficulty. This is Raven's daughter Lenore, with whom Xenophon, my little street puppy, insists on playing.

He has already fallen into bad habits. It was on this morning that I heard him trying to imitate the ugly "Caw" of little Lenore. Of course I straightway brought him out and gave him a lesson in the proper way to bay to the moon.

Here I wish to speak about the oddities of human nature. I had just come to the "F" scale in our lesson, and Xenophon was progressing very nicely, when the exercise was somewhat roughly interrupted by some missiles, viz.: boots, vases, ink-wells, and the like which were being hurled through the air, accompanied by a flow of violent language. I hurried my small charge away lest he might try to imitate these uncouth sounds, which, in the son of a great philosopher, would have been most shocking.

I greatly hope that the public will look forward to my articles with reverence and awe, and that they will obtain great benefit from the same.

I remain

Yours truly,

DOG.

Asoka, the White Elephant

O, Scribblers, if it chances to be your pleasure, lend ears unto my life-story, listen to the tale of Asoka, the White Elephant.

Do I hear you thinking Asoka too lovely a name for a mere White Elephant? True, indeed, the crimson flower of the Orient which brings good luck to young maidens who press foot upon its petalled fragrance, bears the same name. Ah, I shall tell you how the form of such a fair flower vanished, but how its soul still lived, and then you will know how the White Elephant happened to possess the name Asoka.

Far away and long ago there bloomed in the fields of India a delicate blossom, fair to look upon and of sweet perfume. To her was given the charm known as Asoka, whereby she was enabled to bring good fortune to whomsoever of young maidens that chanced to place foot on her petalled form. But she became dissatisfied with her divan of green and longed to be—so she thought—anything but the charm Asoka. One day she was sighing this desire to herself, and unknown to her, the queen of the elves heard the whisper and touching her gently, declared:

‘Thy wish is granted; hence thou art a White Elephant, unless genius cross thy path.’

If the queen of the elves were a cruel ruler, it would not have been strange that she should change the exquisite grace of a flower into the shuffle of an elephant; but she has ever been kindly and gracious; therefore, the mystery of her unusual act is not revealed.

At first the White Elephant wandered about in her own beautiful country. Happy, and again sorrowful were the adventures that befell her during her travels. In her own India she was, for a number of years, kept in the household of a Prince; and in his services she carried in processions of the great festivals, princesses as surprisingly beautiful as the houri; and kings she bore in magnificent howdahs. To her ears came the love songs of the youth, the intrigues of kings, and the wisdom of sages. Hers was a life of pleasure and honour, but as uncertain as the mirage of the desert that appears for a short time and then vanishes.

After a time, wild tribes from the mountains rushed down upon the province of the Prince, and the royal household was

compelled to flee. The White Elephant must be left behind; so she stood, a solitary figure on the sands, to meditate upon the cruel fate that had changed her form and rendered her unfit for the exigencies that accompany this uncertain life. Half unconsciously she compared her present life of chance to the delight and luxury and security of the green divans she once knew. But she was too wise to spend much time in mourning; so after a time, she set out to find a companion to share her solitude.

Years passed slowly until at last Destiny brought the White Elephant to the tent of Rudyard Kipling. Their acquaintance became friendship, and both were happy.

But alas, this good fortune, too, came to an end; for the time came when the poet-soldier must sail for England. Much as he wanted to take his friend, Asoka would still be a White Elephant on his hands. Thus again she was left behind, alone, though among a throng.

New adventures awaited her, however, in a new civilization. She was brought to America and placed in the New York zoo. At first the gay city held her bound as with a spell, so many and varied were its attractions. But as she grew wiser with advancing age, which was beginning to tell on her, the sophistication of the city wearied her. Broadway lost its spell and the endless promenade of Fifth Avenue bored her. She despised her own uselessness; and as she thought of the crimson flower of the Orient, she sighed to bring Love, if only to one fair maid. It seemed that she would never forget.

Finally she bade New York a sorrowful adieu and wandered westward. And now, my dear Scribblers, you know me. In your circle I place my last hope. If this literary atmosphere and lofty intellectual plane fill not the void in my heart, then I am indeed of all animals the most wretched. But if—Oh marvelous thought—if while amidst your group Genius should for one glimmering instant show her face before me, then might Asoka again become the crimson flower of the Orient, breathing fragrance like sweet incense, and bring something of good into the path of your Desire.

If I have wearied you, may the dusky shadows of sleep have enticed you within their garden walls ere this.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT

The Family Room

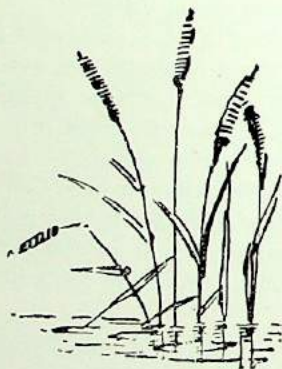
The stove talked to himself in his corner, while the humming of the sewing machine sang the dog to sleep on the couch. From the midst of a pile of books, boxes, and papers on the table, came the tickling of an old "Big Ben," whose same old tune had never ceased or changed in the past five years.

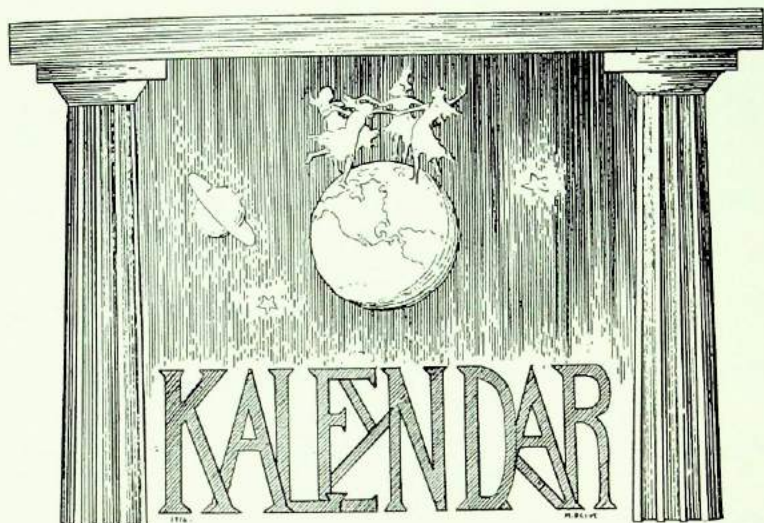
Some fashion books, from the time the clock was new up to the present, lay in piles on one end of the window seat. On the other end, every member of the family had dropped two or more pairs of stockings for mother to darn.

Brother's trousers hung on a hanger from the light fixture on the wall, while sister's partly made dresses lay on the floor, the table and the chair.

The pretty cretonne curtains tried very hard to cover up Wendles (the dog's) scratches on the window, and the dainty yellow walls tried to be bright enough to call your attention from the hundreds of little threads clinging to the carpet.

MARGARET SPENCER, '23.





- Sept. 15. The opening day comes again with its bustle and scurry of meeting the new friends and greeting the old. This year there is a large attendance.
- Sept. 29. Catherine Hay's birthday party. The table was effectively decorated with autumn leaves.
- Sept. 29. To-day the Bishop came and gave his opening address. After listening to the Bishop's talk, everyone of us felt inspired to do better than ever before and attempt to live up to the Bishop's mottoes, which were: "Education should be considered not as a question, but as a challenge," and "The Lord is my help and my salvation."
- Oct. 7. The Hard-times Party! given by the old girls for the new at the Kindergarten School on the Heights. Are those funny, pig-tailed "Sis Hopkins" the demure little school girls of a few hours ago?
- Oct. 29. Our membership in the Junior Red Cross was renewed and the money was sent for the care of the French orphans, adopted by the school.
- Nov. 2. Rosalie Jones' and Elva Mervy's birthday parties. Halloween decorations! And oh! That cake!!



Miss Marjory Campbell, '18, was married to Wilson B. Coffey on September 15th. Miss Lucille Hutton, '19, was one of her attendants.

Doris Henningsen, '20, Suzanne Caswell, '20, and Agnes Black are enjoying themselves immensely at Briarcliff, having midnight feasts.

Edith Marshall has gone to California and entered school at Castelleja.

We have news from Mary Helen Spaulding, '19, that Bishop's school at La Jolla, California, is attractive with beautiful and spacious grounds.

Miss Margaret Johnson, '19, Thelma Aaland, '20, and Vera Price are attending the University of Washington.

Ruth and Marion Jenkins, '20, are in the city going to Reed College. Their work has been so efficient during their attendance at the college that they are a credit to the Hall.

Miss Alice Dabney's engagement was announced to Kenneth Moores of Salem, Oregon. The wedding will take place some time in the Spring.

Miss Marguerite Berg, '17, was married to Mr. Raymond D. Nicholson July 14.

Miss Ethelwyn Harris, '07, was married Nov. 10th to Mr. Hemphill of Chicago.

Miss Gladys HcCart was married to Bruce Hay of Spokane December 9th. Katherine Hay was maid of honor at the wedding.

It seems good to have Hazel Fairservice, '20, and Harriette Breyman, 20, back with us as P. G.s.

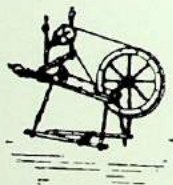
Hylah Fraley, 20, and Vernita Watts, 20, are room-mates at Mills. We have heard that Hylah has distinguished herself by writing an excellent Freshman essay.

Jessie Smith, '20, has gone East to school at Oaksmere and is enjoying the school life there very much.

Alice Prindle, '20, is at Pullman College and likes the place exceedingly.

Susan Green, '17, was married to Heinrich Schmidt of Aberdeen September 8.

THYRA ST. CLAIR, '21.





We are always glad to see St. Mary's Academy with us. Your articles and various departments are always interesting. "An experiment in Government" carries with it a good bit of humor under which is a rather ironic sentiment quite expressive of the times. "The Homecoming of Old Chad" is quite impressionistic, tho' perhaps it is a little over done. If you can write such good stories, why not have more of them? Your poetry is very good, and "My Oregon" is a gem.

Come again, Academia; you will be welcome.

St. Katherine's "Wheel" is a very interesting exchange. Your Alumnae letters show that the school has taken a firm hold upon the hearts of the old girls. We sincerely hope that your Guild Fair will be a success. Why don't you have some stories? Surely you must have some authors in your midst. We hope we will not be forgotten when you send out your next exchange.

The stories in the Ogontz Mosaic are very attractive. We agree with the "Argus," that your cover design is startling, and for that reason is one of the most distinctive that we have seen.

A new exchange like the "Oracle Renssalar" is always heartily welcomed by Delphic. "Fourteen" is a very humorous little story, as is "Dora's Drama." Your Class Notes are very well arranged. Haven't you some poets who could rouse the sleeping muse? Good luck, and come again, Oracle; may you have a successful career.

The Jefferson High School "Spectrum" is with us again with its many interesting articles and departments. "The Adventure at the Biltmore" is a spicy little summer story. "The Gondola" is very deserving of praise. We hope to see you again, "Spectrum."

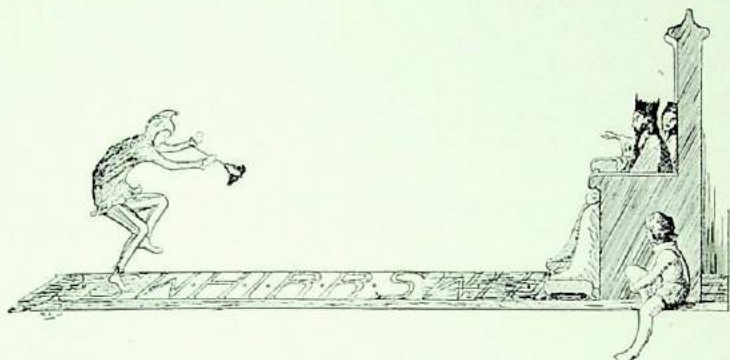
Johannean" is an exchange new to us. The story "What Was It?" is very good, but we would like to know what "it was." The little article on "Monday Morning" is, we are sad to say, very true. Your other stories and articles are interesting, and we hope you will come again.

We welcome

The Reed College Quest,
The O. A. C. Barometer,
The Cardinal,
The O. A. C. Beaver,
The Oregon Emerald,
The Oregon Churchman,
The Magpie,
The Satura.

Thank you.





Miss P.—Let us talk about Don Quixote.

Frances H.—Did you say 'donkey'? Is that what you call it in Spanish? I would say 'asno'.

Miss P.—What is on the other side of Greece?

E.—Which side?

Miss C. (asking for the meaning of 'sanguine')—What is the word I want, Hilda?

Hilda—Blood!

Why is Physics like the ocean?

Too deep for us.

Miss P.—The head is the heavier part of the body.

L. R.—Because there is so much density.

Miss P. (in Latin class)—What word is 'pelagus' (sea) found in?

E. M.—Pelican!

Miss P. (in Physics)—Does air have weight and what does the weight depend upon?

J. H.—It all depends on the air!

E. M.—Why Laura! you look perfectly wonderful tonight. I love that dress in the dark. (The darker the better. Sh!)

Calendar, 1920-1921

Registration of Pupils, Sept. 13, 14.

The Fifty-second Year begins Sept. 15.

Armistice Day, Nov. 11.

Thanksgiving Holidays, Nov. 25-29.

Christmas Holidays, Dec. 17-Jan. 3.

Mid-year Examinations, Jan. 24.

Washingtons' Birthday Holiday.

Easter Vacation, March 24-April 4.

Final Examinations, June 6.

Baccalaureate Sunday, June 12.

Commencement, June 14.

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