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1924

The RAVEN



Jessie Darnavich

Given to

The Alumnae Association 1960

THE RAVEN

Published by the

Senior Class of 1924

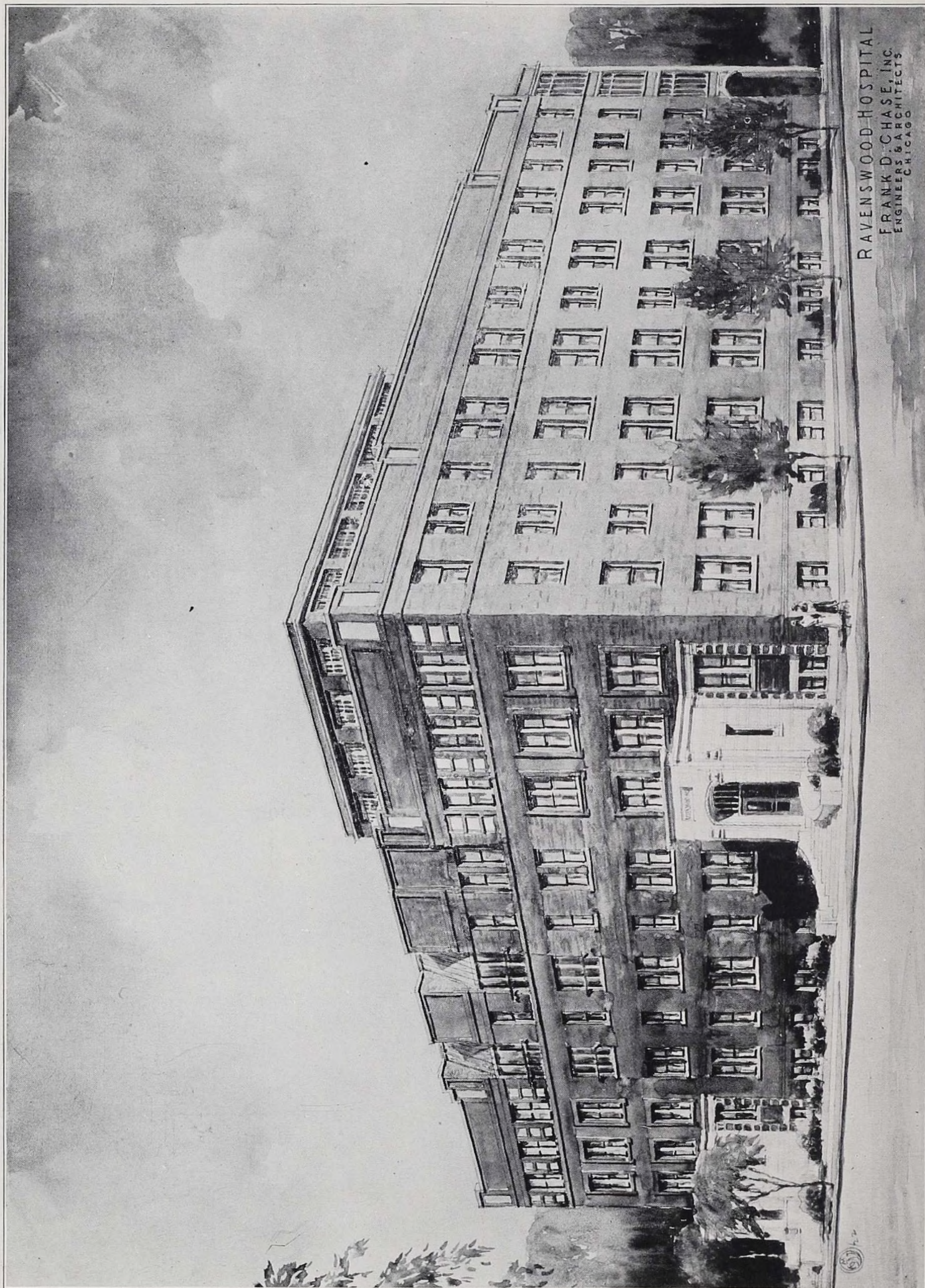
THE
RAVENSWOOD HOSPITAL
SCHOOL OF NURSING

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Class Officers

ELIZABETH HOFFMAN	-	-	-	President
MARGUERITE COLEMAN	-	-	-	Vice President
SARAH AUTEN	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer



RAVENSWOOD HOSPITAL
FRANK D. CHASE, INC.
ENGINEERS & ARCHITECTS
CHICAGO

THE RAVENSWOOD HOSPITAL



FOREWORD

It is with great pleasure that
These pages are compiled,
Relative to the many pleasant
Associations during our three
Years' Training at R. H. S. N.

In time to come, no doubt,
These pages will recall to our
Memory fond recollections
Of the many happy days and
Friendships formed during our Training.

In this Book, Dear Reader, it is
Our earnest desire to inform you of
The fact that this is our first
Attempt with such a publication,
And we hope to receive due consideration
And just criticism from those who
Turn its pages.

Respectfully,
THE EDITOR.



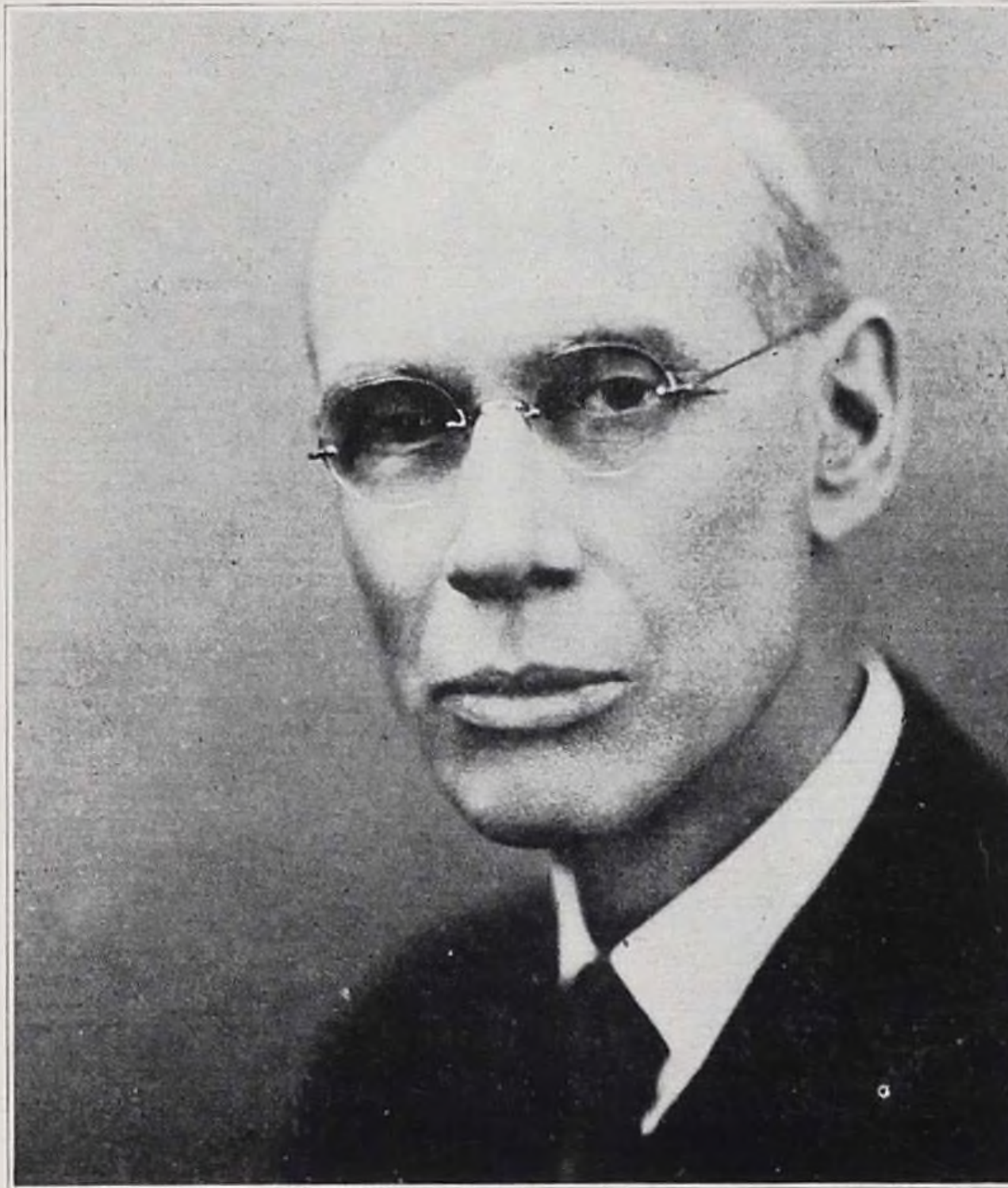
DEDICATION

TO

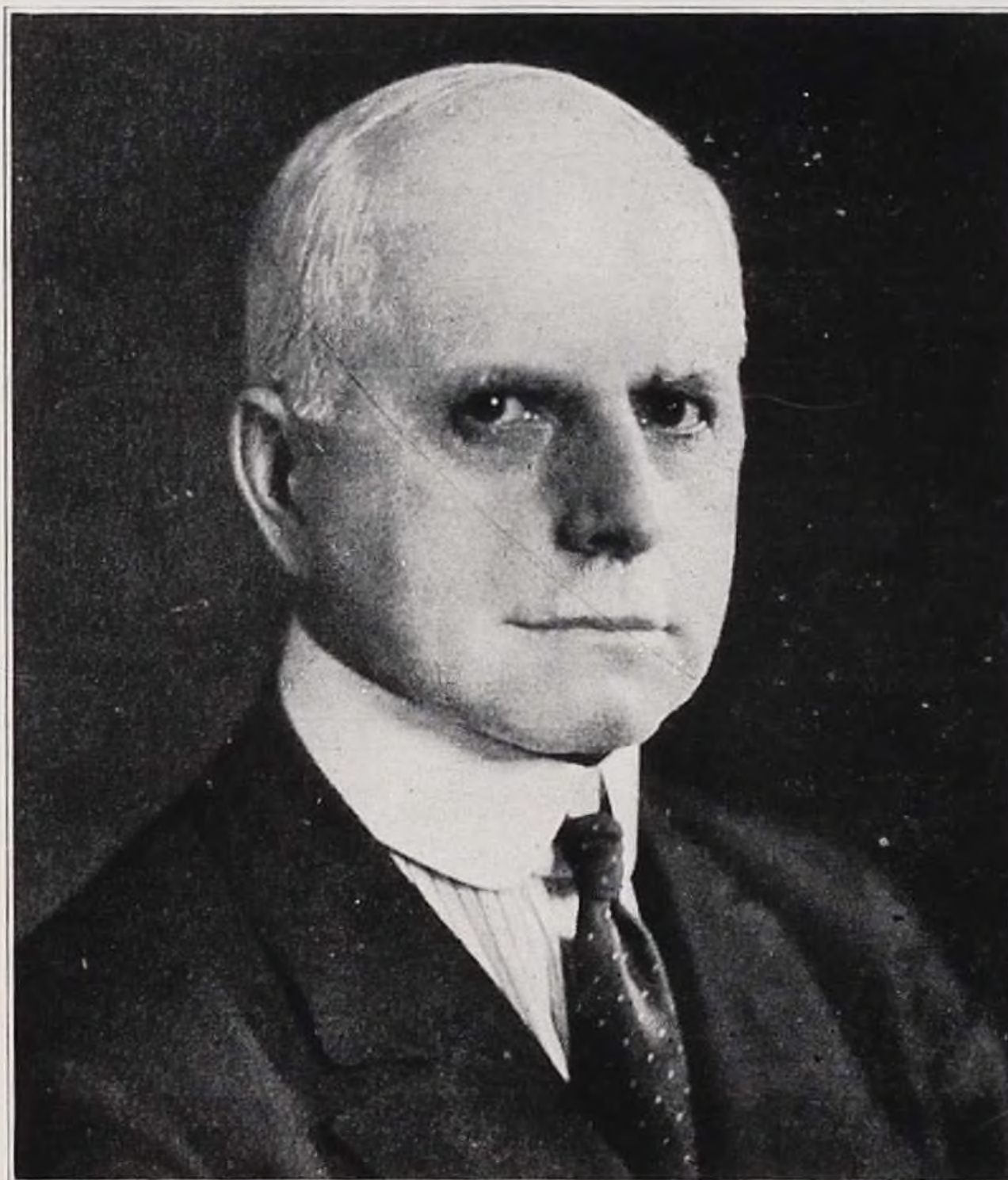
Dr. G. W. Green and Dr. G. N. Bussey

Whose many years of faithful
Services and untiring zeal
Have made this institution
The pride of the community,
We respectfully dedicate these pages
Of "The Raven."





DR. G. W. GREEN



DR. G. N. BUSSEY

Tribute to Dr. Green and Dr. Bussey

Standing on the threshold of our profession, whether it be of doctor or nurse, we look forward with much pleasure and expectation into the misty future, wondering what it has in store, and if we are sincere and earnest, hoping and praying that it may hold for us "faithful services" to humanity for many long years.

But, in spite of strong desires and careful preparation, Providence ordains that some reap their eternal reward after having sown for but a few years, and others, incapacitated by ill health or for other reasons, will shift their endeavors to other and less arduous labors.

Few, if any of us, shall be able to boast of "faithful services" equal to that exemplified by two of our celebrated Doctors, G. W. Green and G. N. Bussey, since the foundation of the Hospital in 1910 has been sending a steady stream of afflicted humanity to our doors.

After tending them with the most exacting care and skill, they send them on their way rejoicing.

Year in and year out, this stream passes in and out our doors. Age and ill health seem to have almost forgotten to touch them, so little have either interfered with their services.

We hope that the future for these beloved Doctors will be as **fruitful** as the past, and that at the end of their long and useful lives they may hear the voice of God saying: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Enter into the reward prepared for those who have served Me."

THE SENIORS, 1924.



Ravenswood Hospital's First Building in 1910

History of the Ravenswood Hospital

The thought of building the original Ravenswood Hospital was conceived and elaborated in the minds of Drs. George W. Green and George N. Bussey during the years 1904 and 1905.

On October 19, 1905, a statement was filed with the Secretary of State for the organization of the Hospital. This statement was duly signed by Drs. George W. Green, George N. Bussey and Ernest A. Fetherstone, as a result of which authority was granted to solicit pledges for stock. On October 26, 1905, there was also filed with the Secretary of State a list of seventeen persons who had subscribed for 1,346 shares of capital stock at \$25.00 per share. At a meeting of the stock holders, held at 604 (old number) Wilson Avenue, on November 6, 1905, Drs. George W. Green, George N. Bussey, George de Tarnowsky, E. A. Fetherstone and Chas. W. Behm were elected a building committee. The contract for the Hospital was let April 7, 1906. It was financed as follows: Stock sold, \$33,650.00; June 1, 1906, first mortgage loan, \$25,000.00 at 5½% interest; August 1, 1906, second mortgage loan, \$15,000.00 at 6% interest. This second mortgage loan was guaranteed by two officers of the Association.

The Hospital was opened January 10, 1907, and the first patient admitted on the same day.

Miss Matilda Hjelm, graduate of Augustana Hospital, took charge of the nursing service and the organization of the Nurses' Training School. She remained in that position until June 24, 1907, when she resigned and went to Europe. During the first year sixteen student nurses were admitted, their names

appearing elsewhere in this booklet. The valuable impetus she had given this work was then assumed by Miss Adelaide Lewis, graduate of the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, who perfected this initial organization of the training school and graduated fourteen nurses before resigning April 1, 1910.

On March 16, 1910, the Hospital was reorganized into a charitable institution, "not for pecuniary profit," and such a charter was granted the Ravenswood Hospital Association, as it was then named. The Board of Directors consisted of Messrs. Wm. E. Bletch, William Gibson, John E. Kavanaugh, and Drs. George W. Green, George N. Bussey, George Edwin Baxter, George de Tarnowsky. The first classification of the Hospital Staff occurring at this time was as follows: Surgeons-in-chief, G. W. Green and G. N. Bussey. Attending surgeons, G. de Tarnowsky, L. L. Gregory, A. G. Schroeder and C. A. Buswell. Attending physicians, G. E. Baxter, Alben Young, J. P. Houston and D. B. Pond. Attending obstetrician, Wallace F. Grosvenor. Attending oculist, E. F. Snyder. Attending dermatologist, J. F. Waugh. Pathologist, G. R. Henry.

After the resignation of Miss Lewis as principal of the Training School in 1910, Miss Sidney K. Appell, graduate of the Ravenswood Hospital, was appointed to fill her position, being termed Superintendent of the Training School and Directress of Nurses. This position she held for ten years, and during her term of office sixty-five nurses were graduated. Miss Appell achieved a great deal in the betterment of the Training

School and her resignation in 1920 was regretted by those whom she had so faithfully served.

During the year 1917, the Hospital was transferred from private to community ownership and the Board of Directors increased to twenty-four, namely:

Samuel H. Hutchinson, President	
Edwin F. Bellows	William W. Lill
William E. Bletch	Wilson Martin
Eugene A. Bower	C. S. Peterson
George N. Bussey, M. D.	James O'Shaughnessey
James R. Cardwell	William F. Quarrie
Chas. E. Carson	Peter Reinberg
Robert Christenson	William Schlake
Norman F. Fellows	C. E. Schlytern
William Gibson	Frank J. Seng
James H. Hanson	August H. Skoglund
John E. Kavanaugh	Gardner B. Van Ness
Edward Zipf	

At this time the Staff was re-classified and increased to twenty-eight members. Dr. George W. Green was duly elected President and presided from June, 1918 to June, 1919. Dr. C. A. Buswell served with him as secretary and succeeded him the next year as president, with Dr. Harold V. Gould as secretary (1919-1920). The latter has been elected secretary for each fiscal year since, which is sufficient commendation for his excellent services. The following have subsequently presided:

Dr. George Edwin Baxter.....	1920-1921.
Dr. George N. Bussey.....	1921-1923.
Dr. John J. Toeller.....	1922-1923.

Shortly after the transfer of ownership in 1917, the Board of Directors and the Staff concurred in the desire for a Women's Auxiliary and such a request was made. On December 4, 1917, a group of public spirited women met at the home of Mrs. Martin K. Northam. This group consisted of the wives of Directors and Staff members and other interested ladies. This was the nucleus from which sprung the Women's Auxiliary of the Ravenswood Hospital. Mrs. Martin K. Northam, the first president, was elected January 10, 1918, and succeeded herself in 1919. Her successors were as follows:

Mrs. Elwin Bellows.....	1920
Mrs. Martin K. Northam.....	1921
Mrs. Luther V. Rice.....	1922
Mrs. Luther V. Rice.....	1923
Mrs. Benjamin I. Harter is acting temporary president, Mrs. Rice having recently resigned.	

Too much credit cannot be given these ladies for their generous support and the splendid work done by them, such as their assistance in raising the building fund, also the equipment fund and the purchase of equipment, donation of linen, jellies, preserves, etc., not to omit the weekly meetings for the making of dressings and hospital supplies. Space forbids the citation of their many activities.

In June, 1918, a campaign was launched to raise money from the public for a much needed hospital addition. Daily meetings were held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel during the intensive period of this drive. The workers were composed of the board members, the staff, the Women's Auxiliary, the Nurses Alumnae, the student body and friends of the hospital, and though the World War was then in progress, \$135,000 was subscribed, of which approximately \$120,000 was collected. Six members of the staff who were serving with the Colors could not be present to assist. During the fall of 1919 excavation was started for this addition and the foundation laid of re-inforced concrete. This was destined to wait three years for the superstructure. During this period the cost of building material was excessively high and the plans called for a seven-story building too elaborate for the funds accumulated. Through the efforts of the present Board of

Directors, consisting of the thirteen whose names appear elsewhere in these pages, a complete revision of the plans was secured, resulting in a great reduction of material and building cost. Subsequently Mr. Wm. P. Reed, chairman of the building committee, gave freely of his time and energy day by day in personal supervision of the construction. One of the thirteen, Mr. Elmer E. Sanders was secured as superintendent and business manager of the hospital. He assumed these duties May 1, 1920. By reason of his executive ability and business acumen, departments have been brought in closer contact and co-ordination and running expenses have been markedly reduced commensurate with the best service to patients. During the same year the Ravenswood Hospital Association purchased the nurses home at 4611 N. Lincoln street. This was remodeled and redecorated, in which latter process the Women's Auxiliary took an active part.

Also during 1920, Miss Nettie Brock, graduate of Wesley Memorial Hospital, was appointed to fill the position vacated by Miss Appell. She assumed her duties June 8. She broadened the curriculum of the school and gave many valuable suggestions bearing upon the plans of the new hospital. She resigned August 21, 1923. During her period in office sixteen nurses were graduated.

In December, 1920, the board of directors, after careful deliberation concluded that more funds were necessary before building should be resumed. Therefore, a quiet solicitation for further funds was put on among themselves and the staff, each group agreeing to raise \$50,000. As a further financial safeguard a bond issue was floated through the Sheridan Trust and Savings Bank for \$250,000. These bonds are bearing six and one-half per cent interest. Of this issue the board of directors and the staff freely purchased. With these funds at hand, building was resumed August 28, 1922, the structure being completed early in October, 1923, and formally dedicated the evening of October 12. Immediately after occupation of the new building, reconstruction and renovation was commenced in the old building, special attention being given to the equipping of a modern clinical laboratory and the enlarging of the X-ray department.

A week prior to the dedication, Mrs. Nan H. Ewing, graduate of the City Hospital, St. Louis, was appointed the fifth superintendent of the training school, assuming charge October 10th. Under her able direction the school has shown steady progress and she has inaugurated several commendable additions to the three years' course. Her direction has also materially perfected the nursing service to patients and their doctors.

April 1, 1923, the first death in the staff occurred when our beloved and highly respected colleague, Dr. Alben Young passed away. His many years of capable, conscientious work in behalf of his patients is worthy of emulation.

The new Ravenswood Hospital constitutes the last word in hospital construction and equipment with a total capacity of 185 beds, including the nursery. The property is valued at approximately \$550,000. The American College of Surgeons has given it the maximum stamp of approval by placing it among the class "A" hospitals. This reflects credit not only upon the institution and its management but upon the staff and the many doctors who bring their patients here. To those members of the Board of Directors, and the staff who have donated liberally, and to all other donors, this structure should prove a source of satisfaction and a permanent monument to their generosity for the alleviation of suffering.

The undersigned desires to express his appreciation to Dr. George W. Green, who supplied much of the earlier history and to Mr. E. E. Sanders for additional data.

DARWIN B. POND, Chief of Staff.

Trustees



JAMES R. CARDWELL
President

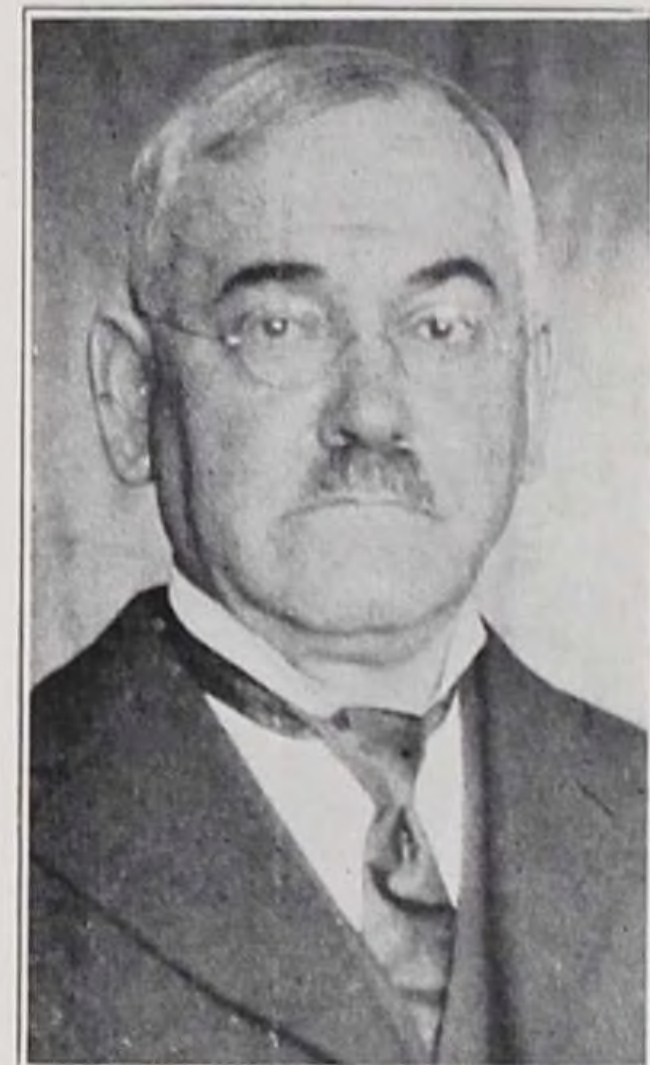


WILLIAM P. REED
Vice President

EDWIN BELLOWS
W. J. DILLON
WILLIAM GIBSON
L. W. HATHAWAY
W. J. KLINGENBERG
W. W. LILL
F. W. MORF
CHARLES E. SCHLYTERN
JAMES SURPLESS



E. E. SANDERS
Treasurer



WILLIAM E. BLETCH
Secretary

The Woman's Auxiliary Board

OFFICERS

MRS. BENJ. HARTER - - - President
MRS. JAMES SURPLESS - 1st Vice President
MRS. JOSEPH BUDLONG - 2d Vice President
MRS. GEORGE E. BAXTER, 3d Vice President
MRS. FRANKLIN HARDINGS, 4th V. President
MRS. CLARK A. BUSWELL - - - Treasurer
MRS. GEO. N. BUSSEY, Corresponding Secretary

DIRECTORS

Mrs. F. W. Morf	Mrs. W. J. Klingenberg
Mrs. J. J. Toeller	Mrs. G. E. Bangs
Mrs. E. W. Mueller	Mrs. F. K. Dermody
Mrs. W. P. Reed	Mrs. C. A. Jennings
Mrs. S. J. McNeill	

Medical Staff



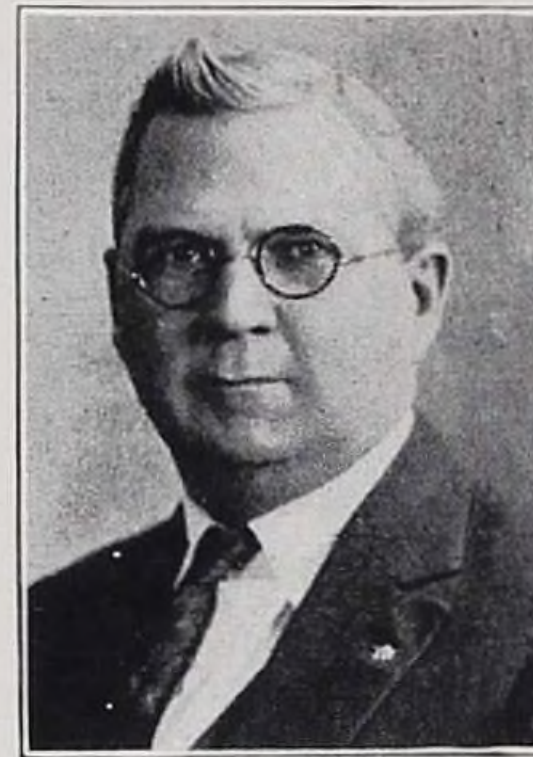
Dr. A. G. Schroeder



Dr. J. J. Toeller



Dr. G. De Tarnowsky



Dr. C. A. Buswell



Dr. R. F. Weissbrenner



Dr. E. W. Mueller



Dr. E. B. Williams



Dr. D. B. Pond



Dr. C. A. Rentfro



Dr. W. K. Yeakel



Dr. H. W. Gray



Dr. W. Grosvenor



Dr. H. V. Gould

Medical Staff



Dr. W. G. Lee



Dr. W. C. McKee



Dr. A. C. Hammett



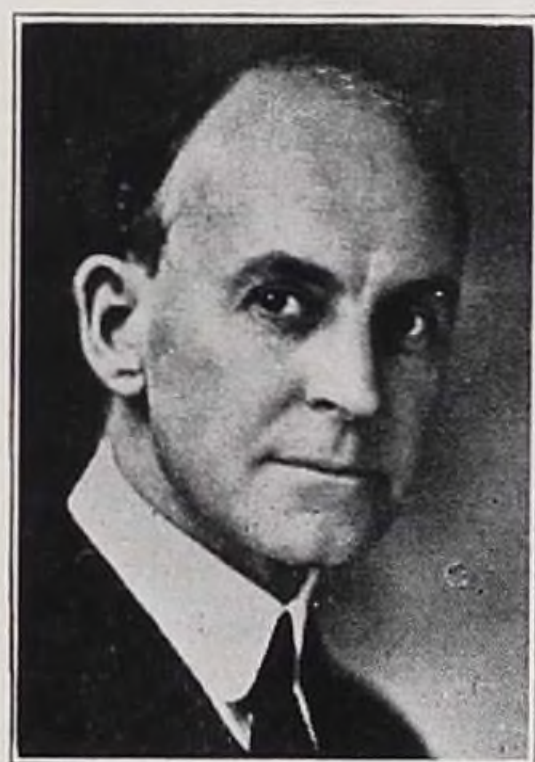
Dr. G. E. Baxter



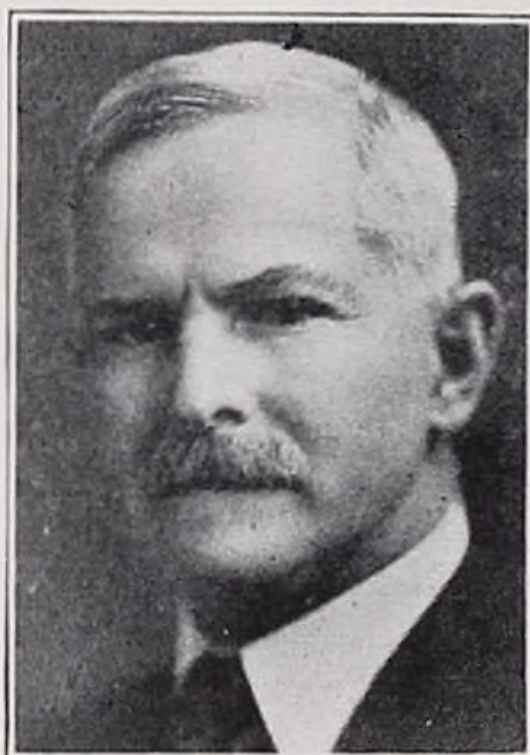
Dr. M. W. Field
Resident Physician



Dr. F. J. Cooper



Dr. N. N. Murray



Dr. T. W. Lewis



Dr. J. F. Waugh



Dr. J. J. Moore



Dr. G. E. Meyers



Dr. B. E. Bush



Dr. F. E. Senear

Superintendents of the Training School

PAST AND PRESENT



Matilda Hjelm, R. N.



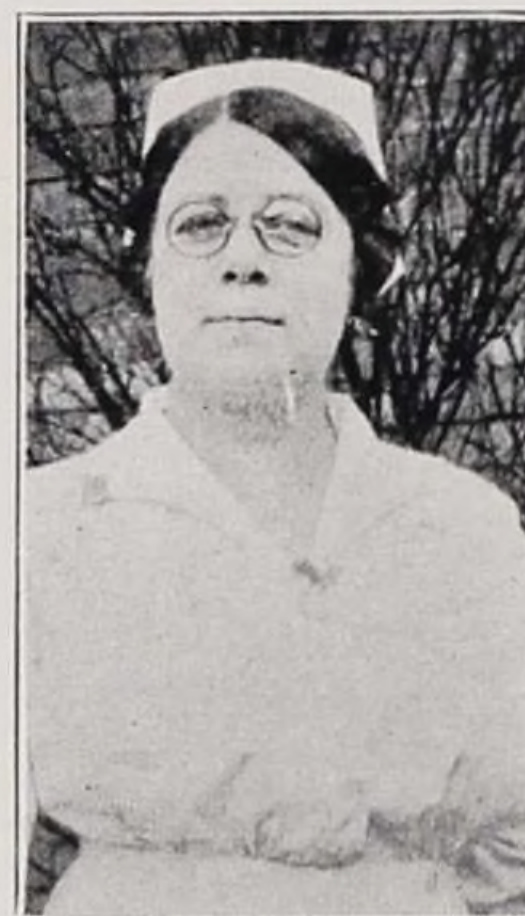
Adelaide M. Lewis, R. N.



Nan H. Ewing, R. N.



Sidney K. Appell, R. N.



Nettie E. Brock, R. N.

In Memoriam



BLANCH SMITH
Born September 11, 1886
Died December 19, 1921



ELIZABETH COLLINS
Born February 8, 1898
Died December 15, 1923



GRACE SEGKORA
Born April 22, 1899
Died November 15, 1918

HENRIETTA GOODMAN
Born June 23, 1879
Died September 12, 1915

PEARL WOODRUFF
Born April 20, 1893
Died September 23, 1920

BEDA BERGSTROM
Born January 21, 1886
Died December 22, 1920

ELSIE DELAINE
Born December 2, 1892
Died November 7, 1918

Their hands with gentle touch
Have soothed oft the bed of death;
Their prayers have comfort brought to many a soul at life's
last breath.
They loved their chosen work—
The future lay all bright before;
The sick and suffering knew their loving care—
They asked no more.
Quite peacefully and joyously for them the days passed by;
How little did their loved ones think that soon they, too,
must die!
For them death held no fear.
Why grieve for them who wait their loved ones where no
parting comes?
Who, free from earth's sorrows and its cares, they're safe
at Home!

Faculty



Mabel C. Josephson, R. N.



Mary Kadjan, R. N.



Esther Wick, R. N.



Hazel Swanson, R. N.



Linda Mae Roessler, R. N.



Nan H. Ewing, R. N.



Jessie I. MacGregor, R. N.



Viola White, R. N.



Mae B. Cameron, R. N.



Lessie Amonette, R. N.



Helen V. Tarbert, R. N.



Madge Sharpe, R. N.



Mary L. Sedgwick



Winnifred Jennings

Training School Committee



Mrs. J. J. Budlong, Chairman



Mrs. E. W. Mueller

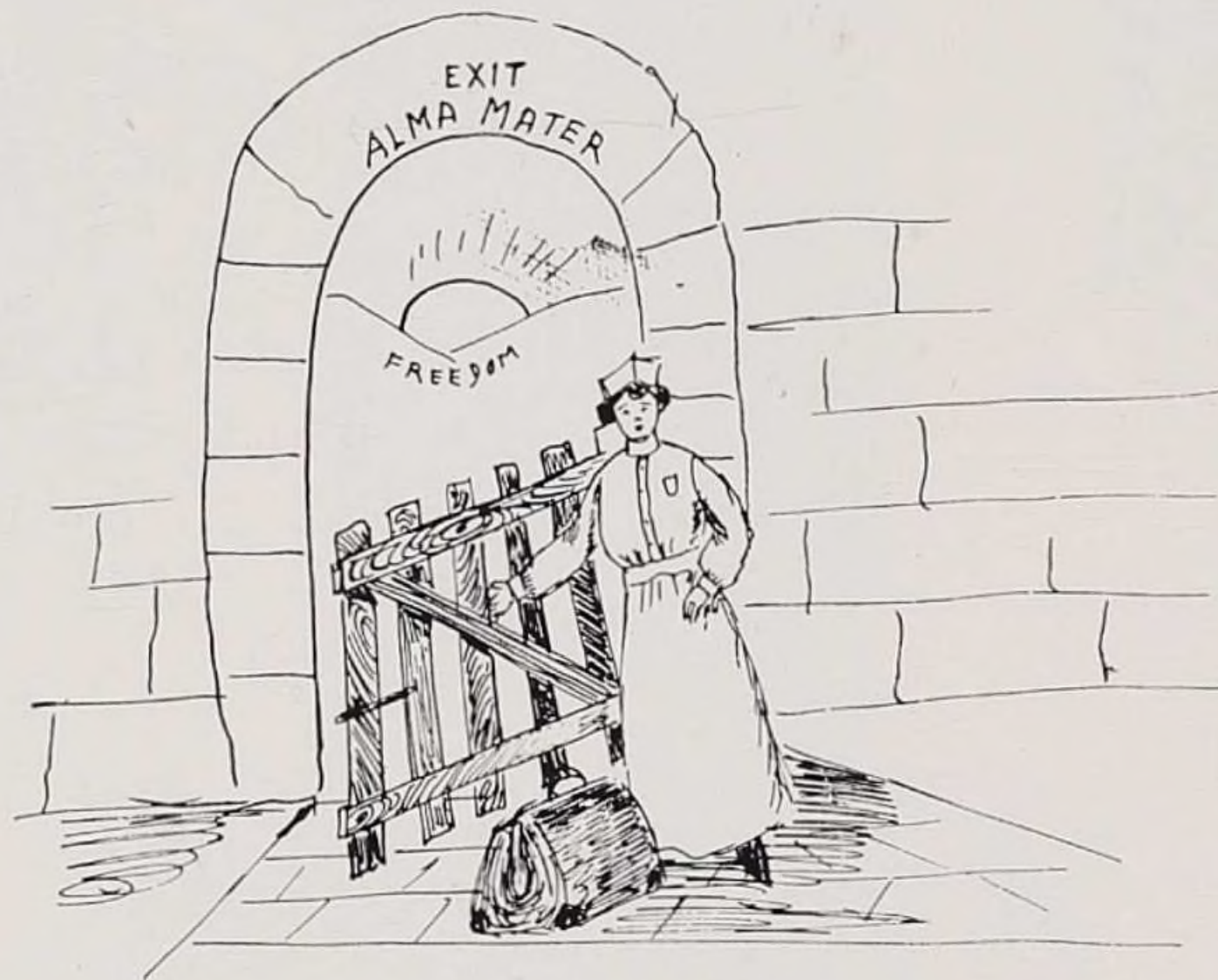
We have been stimulated by their tireless activity in the interest of our students. Truly, our School of Nursing feels grateful and proud of such friends.

It is a privilege to acknowledge our gratitude to our Training School Committee. They have given us an endowment of interest and understanding; we have been encouraged by their faith and loyalty.



Mrs. C. A. Jennings

SENIORS



Class History

On the first day of February, nineteen twenty-one,
Reluctantly left home, but decision won
A modest young lady with ambition high:
For a course at R. H. S. N. she endeavored to try.
She came from Chicago, her home not far away,
But in spite of her troubles decided to stay.
Her work and her pleasures were evenly shared.
When it came to giving attention, Marguerite Coleman was right there,
Her three year course completed, with very much glee
A well worth study of humanity.
One month later, in great beam,
A second pupil entered her name—Reta Dean,
A very quiet body from Magnolia, she came.
Magnolia is a town in Illinois, you know;
So back home she'll go, if things aren't tame.
She sought a career, but decided what not
Until, behold! a R. H. S. N. pamphlet she got,
Stamped her foot and said, I'll be game,
And game she was, and high she scored
The graduate nurse she highly adored.
In the comfortable heat of July, the same year,
Another bright student sure did appear.
To Lincoln street, bags and baggage galore,
The Princeville mark, the tags they bore,
Sarah Auten is the lady highly I speak of,
For ne'er to patients had she ever been gruff—
A soft soothing word, a few gentle touches,
So Sarah remained three years in our clutches.
Have you ever heard of "Lizzie?" (no, not a Ford).
She ran for three years, but still she scored
As a winner of patience from people, you see.
From Belleplaine, Wisconsin, jauntily arrives she—
You should hear tales from Hoffman,
Full of humor and wit.
Duty she feared not, but found it a pleasure—
The fourth entry, Beth Hoffman, sure was a treasure.
The eve of the day that Hoffman appeared,
Ann Colson left home with eyes full of tears.
An "L" train she'd take, if things looked not merry.
In Chicago she lives, so she will not tarry.
The "L" train she took, but only to visit,
For realized she, training to her was quite a requisite.
To those three years of pleasures she'll always look back,
For she packed up troubles in her old kit bag.
The last but not least to make up our seven—
Two sisters, the Seastroms, arrived at eleven.
From Geneva, Illinois, the train puffed away,
For these two probies were coming to stay.
Between Pearl and Edith affection ne'er was lost
And so among patients it was forever tossed.
Their work was a joy, their happiness untold;
Their three years' training sweet memories unfold.
Our Roll Call completed. Each to a port;
Which shall it be:
East, West, South or North?
R. N. to protect us, Diploma in hand,
Hoping nothing but success will aim at our band.

Class Prophecy

Almost ten o'clock! And I promised faithfully to tell you all the news! Well, 1924 Class of the Ravenswood Hospital has surely prospered!

Elizabeth Hoffman, Class President, contrary to her vow to "rest for three years," went speeding around her countryside as Community Visiting Nurse for just three years. Then she accepted an invitation to visit out west; had a wonderful trip through mountains and through olive and orange groves, and finally landed as Supervisor of a Men's Surgical Floor in a large Hospital on the Pacific Coast. She remained there three full years, then married an attending physician of great merit, and now writes that she and her half-dozen children will soon be coming east to prove to us the happiness of her home.

Marguerite Coleman, the Editor of the Class Annual, also went west to meet her fate. But first she spent some time on her own Ravenswood Hospital floors. Then in a Hospital of her own Church, was in charge of the Obstetrical Department. It was as companion for one of her patients that she first saw the Texas oil fields—on what was supposed to be a summer's vacation trip. But the man of wealth and happy home beckoned her, and she never returned.

Reta Dean, general all-round good scout, second of the class to graduate, was first to marry. Of course, she practiced her profession for a while, but not for long. A trip through the Yellowstone was her wedding tour. Then she settled down as a quiet, capable, little housewife—useful in her community, looked up to by the youth as an elder sister, training her little family in the way they should go.

Anna Colson, Advertising Manager for the Annual, spent a number of years in her chosen profession—first as doctor's assistant in an office, then as chief nurse in a large

dispensary, where her assurance and skill brought many an expression of thanks and appreciation. Finally, however, she, like the others of her class, had the desire for wandering, and, with an elderly lady of great means, is now touring the world. It is hoped by all who know Miss Colson that her fate is waiting for her, either at some unknown port, or here at home at her very door.

The Seastrom sisters, Edith and Pearl, after resting a few months at home, with occasionally a case of private nursing, went on with their nursing careers—Miss Edith taking a post-graduate course at the Chicago Lying-in Hospital, and Miss Pearl a course in Children's Hospitals in Boston and New York. Miss Edith gave efficient service then on the maternity floor of the Ravenswood Hospital until a lover came to carry her to a beautiful country home, and there she spends happily all her days, surrounded by children—her own and visiting orphans.

Miss Pearl started a medical course after her post-graduate Nurses' courses, but met "the man of all the world" and went with him to have charge of his home and interest in his Hospital—a Hospital for children. She shines there as Mother—radiantly happy.

And Sarah Auten? Yes, she took her post-graduate course, as planned, at the Chicago Lying-in, then returned to her native little village, where she will remain during the life-time of her parents. But she is very happy in doing all she can for others with the knowledge she has gained. Has her knapsack and saddlebags always packed, and her little "Arabian steed" always in good trim, and no night is too dark or too stormy for her to get out and race with the stork. She still persists that her fate is to be "Beloved by the children" and to die "an old maid" at the age of one hundred.

The roll is ended.



SENIORS

1924



MARGUERITE E. COLEMAN, Chicago, Ill.

"Colie" is our vice president,
And a good scout, too, by heck!
But before she got this book to press
She was a nervous wreck.

RETA M. DEAN, Magnolia, Ill.

"Dean" has those lovely big brown eyes
That attack most every boy;
She's a live magnolia blossom
From Magnolia, Illinois.



SARAH RUSSELL AUTEN, Princeville, Ill.

Miss Auten is the Treasurer,
And the Secretary, too;
Her gentle touch can soothe the sick,
And her words can cure the blues.



ELIZABETH HOFFMAN, Belleplaine, Wis.

"Hoffie" is our President—
She's a Belle from near Belleplaine;
Her talk keeps people laughing
Till their sides both ache and pain.

ANNA M. COLSON, Chicago.

Miss Colson is our heavy-weight,
With cunning, vampy ways;
As advertising manager
She's proved herself O. K.



PEARL SEASTROM, Geneva, Ill.

P. Seastrom is the youngest one
Of our graduation class.
If she gets back from C. M. H.
"Rue" may get her at last.



EDITH SEASTROM, Geneva, Ill.

E. Seastrom, unlike her young sister,
Very demure, precise and exacting,
Healer of pains and every little blister,
This skillful nurse has sympathy enacting.

Pals—Class 1924

If you want to be a real good Scout,
Don't dare to lose your pep.
If your pal has had a falling out,
Then you must save her "rep."
If a shadow falls upon her name,
Whatever be the cause,
Don't hesitate to share the blame
And clear away the flaws.
And when the blues have come to stay
And all looks dark and drear,
Prove there's no more night than day
 "In our Senior year."
Then hour by hour and day by day
Our time will all be spent.
We'll look around with some dismay
And wonder where it went.
So give your pal a cheering up;
That's what she really needs—
After a while we'll wish her luck
In all her kindly deeds.
In bright success you see her stand;
She's reached the doubtful goal,
The flag of victory in her hand
To fly it from its pole.
When training days are o'er and gone
Like roses of long ago,
And the winter of life approaches anon
With its silent night and snow,
We drift 'way back in memory
To haunts that brought us cheer,
And converse with her in fancy—
That pal of training years.

The Nurse's Heaven

When earth's last microbe has fainted;
When catgut lies twisted and dried;
When all carboefuchsin has faded
And the youngest patient has died,
We shall sleep and, faith, we shall need it!
Lie down for an annum or two,
Till the Master of all good nurses
Shall put us to work anew.

And we who were cross shall be happy,
Have plenty of sunshine and air,
And all the gauze that is needed,
With no one to watch or care.
We shall have real saints to work on—
Magdalen, Peter and Paul—
Who shall sleep through the night without "hypo"
And not have hysteria at all.

And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame.
And no one shall work for fame.
But each for the joy of working,
And each in his separate star
Shall see the Divine in his patients,
And love them just as they are.

D. L. B., R. N.

Snapshots



Our Mother



The Interested Attendants



The Bell in the Tower



Motherly Affection



Our Handy Man



Dad, Mother, Babe and Nurse



Out for a Spin



"A Dear Old Pal"



"The Sheik"

OUR HOSPITAL

We are proud of our fine new hospital;
Our Training School surely is great;
Our physicians and surgeons are good men;
In fact, they're the best in the state.

Dr. Green could take care of your trouble,
No matter how sick you might be;
He's practiced for quite a few years now,
And knows all things from A to Z.

His brain must have more convolutions
Than there are fish in the sea,
And I feel myself highly honored
When he stops to explain things to me.

Dr. Bussey's a busy old doctor
Each day of the week except one—
For six days he works for sick people,
And on Friday plays golf to keep young.

Dr. Pond is a most skillful surgeon,
And all of his work is done right,
But he stays away from O. B. work
For fear he'll be called in the night.

Dr. Rentfro can do almost anything,
But he likes O. B. work the best;
And if he gets called to come quickly
He'll rush over at midnight, half dressed.

Dr. Gould is a medical doctor,
He cures all the hearts and the lungs—
Maybe he is trying to atone for
The hearts he broke when he was young.

Now that's only a few of our doctors—
The others are equally good—
But being a nurse, not a poet,
I've written now more than I should.

O. A. F.

Probie (off on hours, reporting on duty late) walks up to head nurse: "Shall I take the fevers now?"

Nurse (showing visitors through the Hospital): This is one of our operating rooms.
Visitor to others (spying the gas machine): "Oh, I bet that's the radium!"

LITTLE MISS MARCEL WAVE

Miss C——, with the marcel wave,
Once had a patient under the rave.
She heard her say, "O, nurse so fair,
I wish I had such pretty hair."
But quickly nurse dear replied:
"There are plenty more like you outside."

FADS AND FANCIES

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Dr. Green dressing untidy?
Dr. Bussey without "so"?
Dr. Buswell without something to eat in his pockets?
Dr. Toeller's orders without "Phenolax" and vegetable soup Tid?
Dr. Pond being rude to outside doctors?
Dr. Rentfro losing his temper?
Dr. Schroeder being religious?
Dr. Barryte standing still ten minutes?
Dr. Von Nahoski scolding a student?
Dr. Gray with a new hat?
The doctors taking the students car riding?
Mrs. Ewing not collecting for charity?
Miss Coleman being too early for breakfast?
Miss Dean without "Judas Priest!"?
Miss Auten not being conscientious?
Miss Hoffman getting up without being called?
Miss Colson being overweight?
Miss E. Seastrom not in a hurry?
Miss P. Seastrom being a man-hater?
Miss Josephenson with her under under-skirt hanging?
Miss Roessler without a smile?
Miss MacGregor with her hair bobbed?
Miss Tarbert being undignified?
Miss White going to church?
Miss Kadjan without something to say?
Miss Swanson without pep?
Miss Wick being serious?
Miss Sedgwick without something good to eat?

IN SURGERY

Dr. Green: Miss Northrup, if you were out in the country and you needed an ice-cap, and there were no drug stores near by, what would you use in an emergency?

Miss N.: Well, a pig's bladder might do—
Dr. Green (over his "specs"): Well—yes—if there were any handy.

Miss Wagner, what are you laughing for?
Miss W.: Oh, nothing; it just seemed a little unusual.

Later:

Miss W. (after class): Northy, excuse me, but certainly you are a fool.

Doctor (to patient who was a dress-maker): Any special orders you wished carried out before you go to the operating room?

Patient: Yes; be sure and give me a fashionable cut.

Patient (to nurse): Do you like the refinement cases the best?

JUNIORS



Opal Frost, Robinson, Ill.; Amelia Jacobsen, Norway; Vaulda Richards, Harrisburg, Pa.; Alice Nelson, Galva, Ill.; Grace Snyder, Fremont, Neb.; Alice Hill, Ontario, Canada.

CLASS OFFICERS

OPAL FROST - - - - President
VAULDA RICHARDS, Secretary and Treasurer

We're the jolly Juniors,
And we know a lot
About things we should,
And about things we should not.
Sometimes we get mad, but just as quickly glad.
Anyway, we're all on our way
To make grand and glorious Seniors some day.

The Professional Smile

The world grows better day by day
Because some nurse in her little sphere
Puts on her apron and grins and sings,
And keeps on doing the same old things.
Taking the temperatures, giving the pills
To remedy mankind's numberless ills;
Feeding the body, answering bells,
Being polite with a heart that rebels.
Longing for home, and all the while
Wearing the same old professional smile;
Blessing the new born baby's first breath,
Closing the eyes that are still in death.
Taking the blame for the Doctor's mistake—
Oh, dear, what a lot of patience it takes.
Going off duty at seven o'clock—
Tired, discouraged, just ready to drop.
But called back on "special" at seven-fifteen,
With woe in her heart, but it must not be seen.
Morning and evening, noon and night,
Just doing it over, hoping it's right.
When we lay down caps and cross the bar,
Oh, Lord, will you give us just one little star
To wear on our crowns with the uniforms new
In that city above where the head nurse is you?

Inseparables

Dr. Mueller and his anatomy class.
Dr. McKee and his obstetrics.
Dr. Bergquist and his pipe.
Dr. Lewis and his tonsils.
Dr. Moore and his bugs.
Dr. Williams and his pocket handkerchief.

LOST—About the time we moved into the new building, a queer looking short coat, belonging to Dr. Rentfro. A reward will be offered, as Doctor can't work half so well without it.

Do You Remember ???

When our switchboard was always Bussey?
Our lawn was Green?
The front door bell didn't Buswell?
Some days were very Gray?
When Ravenswood was a Field?
When the lilies grew in a Pond?

OUR RESIDENT PHYSICIAN

Who do we call when emergencies come?
Dr. Field.
Who sees that treatments are properly done?
Dr. Field.
Who do we call when a patient has pain?
Who comes when someone has hemorrhage
again?
Who helps when someone is going insane?
Dr. Field.

Who do we call when an interne is late?
Dr. Field.
Who sleeps of mornings till half-past eight?
Dr. Field.
Who do we tell if anything's wrong?
Who do we depend on all day long?
Who visits the patients and cheers them
along?
Dr. Field.

Freshman



Ada Synnott

This nurse in the class you'll find,
Who is always there; yes, all the time;
From Sycamore, away out west,
Always trying to do her best.

Melba Lindstrom

A modest and shy little dame
Who from Varna, Illinois, came;
She's good-natured and small,
But she is still the favorite of all.

Florence Vilensky

Who is the tiniest of them all,
From Milwaukee came to answer a call.
There did she stay, and is here today;
We'll surely miss her when she's far away.

Myrtle Goldfisch

She's as sweet as the lily that grows;
We'll miss her some day,
As everyone knows,
When Milwaukee will steal her away.

ANY GIRL

A little home with a breakfast nook,
A snowy cloth, and a cookery book;
A parlor lamp in rose and blue,
An overstuffed lounge, and a baby shoe,
These are the things I want; don't you?
But whenever a soul's around to hear
I assert that I long for a career.

Preliminaries



Ruth Roeder
Dorothy Wilkinson

Elizabeth Hollerick
Helen Ferris

Sibyl Olson
Eva Josephine Jolly

One cold, stormy day of last January, the fifteenth, there came into Ravenswood Hospital Training School one of the largest classes that had ever marched through the doors of the training school in one group. There were six of us—big in size, and big in feeling.

No sooner had school taken up than things began to hum. The technic and art of giving a bath, and new studies under new teachers, and in entirely new surroundings, made life seem hardly worth the while of living at first, but we soon became accustomed to the routine and when we came to the place where we could laugh at one another's foolishness and greenness, existence—yes, existence—became more pleasant.

The Training School Committee entertained us at an informal dance on February 21, at Chase Hall. A very good time was had by all. We were very prettily entertained by the Ravenswood Y. M. C. A. boys on the night of March 21 with a "hard times" party. Hardly had we become acquainted than it was 11:30 and time for all nurses to be in bed.

Our probation days of 1924 will soon pass into history, but our members can always look back upon the first three months as the foundation for a sound and prosperous future.

Alumnae



M. ROWE EASTMAN
President



HELEN FLATLEY
Vice President



LEONE VENNE
Secretary



MILDRED PENN
Treasurer

History of Ravenswood Alumnae Association

The Ravenswood Hospital Alumnae Association was organized February 15, 1911. Its first meeting was held in the dining room of the old Hospital, or what is now termed the east wing of our new Hospital.

The members present were:

Miss Sidney K. Appell.

Miss Hildur Ekman.

Miss Mary Claus.

Miss Elizabeth Robinson.

Mrs. Emma Clark Ellis.

Mrs. Hilda Morgan Bartlett.

Mrs. Ruth Watson Risdon.

Mrs. Jesse Wolfendon Dannevik.

Mrs. Jesse Wolfendon Dannevik was elected as the first President.

At this meeting a Committee was appointed to compile the Constitution and By-laws to be submitted for adoption.

Although small in number, excellent results were obtained for the Alumnae both socially and financially.

In 1918, the Association joined the First District and State Association, which later made it necessary to revise the Constitution and By-laws and submit them to the First District for approval.

In the same year, 1918, the project of building the new Ravenswood Hospital was proposed. Membership having increased, at this time, the Alumnae Association felt it incumbent upon them to do greater things for the Hospital.

It was generally agreed upon by the Association to pledge a certain amount toward the building fund of the new Hospital.

This effort was greatly stimulated by

results obtained through a series of bazaars, a dance, and also by pledges made by members, which netted the Alumnae Association the sum of Seventeen Hundred (\$1,700.00) Dollars. This amount was eventually turned over to the building fund.

At the present time the Association is vitally interested in the building of a cottage at Naperville for Nurses who have contracted tuberculosis, to be comfortably situated and properly cared for. This cottage to be under the management of the Edwards Sanatorium at Naperville. The building of this cottage to begin this Spring. Our Alumnae has already given one hundred (\$100.00) dollars toward this building fund.

During the past few years we have felt great need for such nursing care among our nurses and the interest displayed for the completion of the proposed cottage is near the heart of each and every Alumnae member.

Now that the Hospital has grown to such proportions, it is natural that the Training School will grow accordingly, which will automatically increase our Alumnae membership, as each graduate Nurse has a vital interest in her Alumnae Association.

Let us continue to climb the ladder of Success, and may the object of our Association be carefully adhered to by each and every member.

MABEL ROWE EASTMAN,

President, 1924.



During Time in the Operating Room

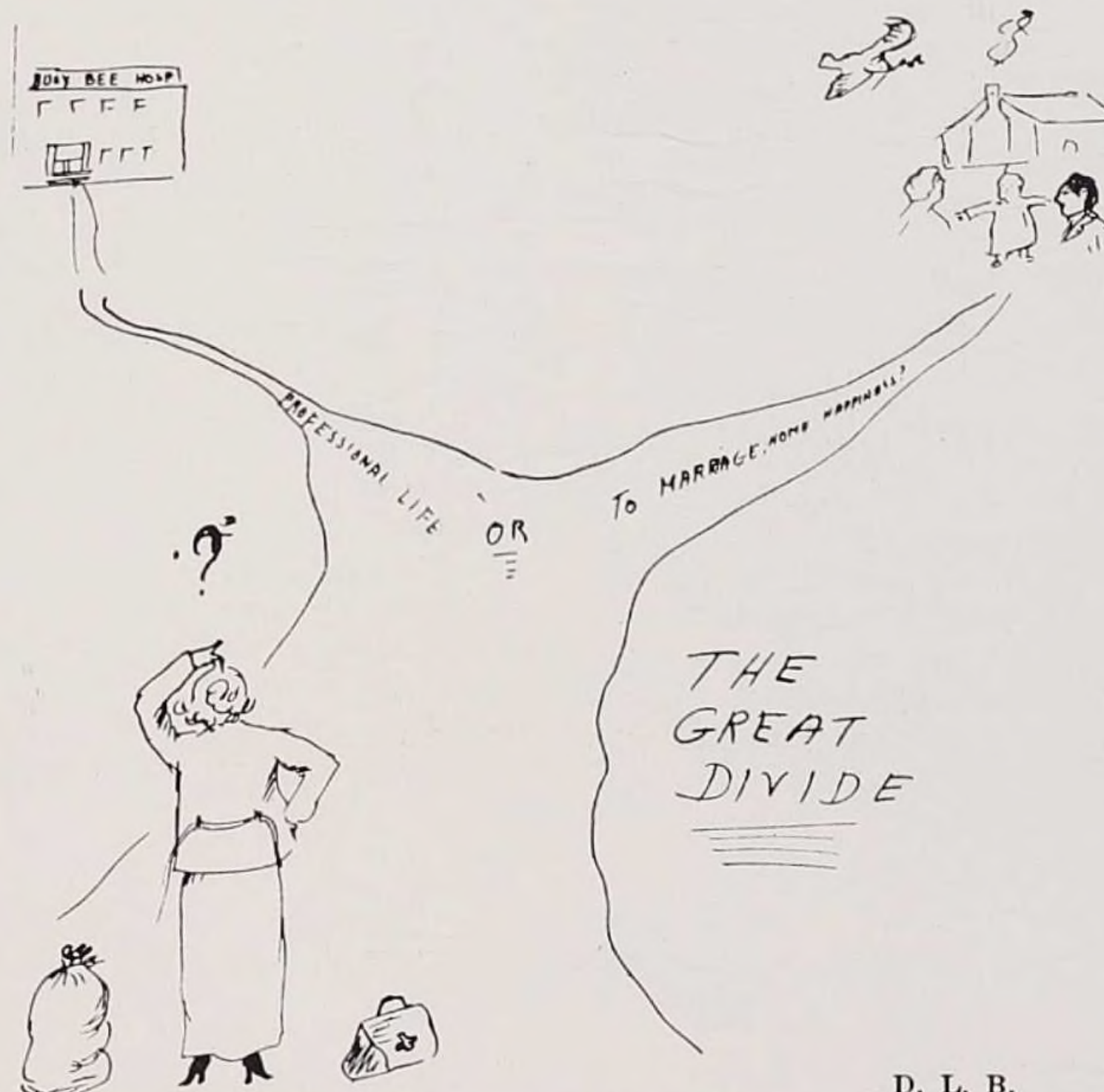
Jumping over beeswax jars,
Wading through the water,
Cleaning up the instruments, as we hadn't arter;
Squatting on the tile floor,
Fixing up the screen—
Bless me, it was fun for us back in '17!

Suddenly there comes a noise;
Cannot be suppressed—
Robber from police patrol,
Bullet in his chest.
Waggie took his coat and hat,
Topping took his vest;
So we just let Dr. Green take care of the rest.

It was just an incident,
But it goes to show
Why some nurses never get
Where they want to go.

Something happening all the time—
That's the way we learn.
No one here can safely say
Half-days weren't earned.
When we start to reminiscence
One those days gone by,
Somehow it wasn't half so hard
As we used to say.
All the trials forgotten now, all the memory keen,
So we worked our time out back in '17.

L. N. S.



D. L. B.

A Simple Sketch of a Wonderful Experience

When War was declared in 1914, I volunteered for service with the American Red Cross and received orders to leave Chicago, March 17, 1915 for Russia. Jessie B. Woolfenden, class 1909, volunteered at the same time but was not accepted on account of ill health. While in New York we had the pleasure of meeting Miss Jane A. Delano, then head of the American Red Cross Nursing Service. She assisted us in getting our uniforms and equipment and having our money exchanged for Russian money. We sailed on a neutral ship and had an uneventful trip until we were within a day of landing, when we were taken prisoners of war by the British and held at Kirkwall, in the Orkney Islands for eight days, while our cargo and passengers were examined. We landed at Bergen, Norway and went by rail to Christiana and Stockholm, and in due time arrived at Petrograd, where we visited the Czar's Winter Palace and other points of interest before proceeding to Kiev where the American Red Cross Hospital had been established in the Polytechnic Institute.

Our hospital staff consisted of ten doctors, eighteen nurses and about twelve Russian nurse's aids who served as interpreters. We were equipped to care for 800 Russian soldiers and received the wounded men from three to five days after the battle where they had had first aid. In most cases the wounds were badly infected and there were many cases of tetanus due to the fact that the Russians did not use anti-tetanus serum. These men proved to be wonderful patients and were most appreciative of any care. They could not speak English nor we Russian, but we worked out a language of our own which proved to be rather effective. That part of my service which stands out vividly was my two weeks of night duty when I was the only nurse with two orderlies for 400 patients, my only light being a small lantern. Fortunately those nights in June were only four hours long and, oh! how we welcomed the daylight.

In the Fall of 1915 the United States withdrew all of the Red Cross units excepting the one in Serbia. We left Kiev just in advance of the incoming enemies. From there we went to Moscow, spending a week visiting its wonderful cathedrals, art galleries and the Kremlin and enjoyed the Russian ballet. We returned home by the same route we went over and from the time we left Kiev until we arrived home our baggage had been searched seven times.

In 1917, when the United States entered the War and base hospital units were organized, I was assigned to Base Hospital Unit No. 13. In April, 1918, we were ordered into service and sailed for France on the S. S. "Leviathan", which also carried 14,000 troops. The regular routine of the trip was broken the last day of the sound of guns. We had run into a nest of submarines. Our ship fired twenty-six shots and an unofficial report a few days later stated that we had sunk two and captured three of the submarines.

After spending a few days at the Pontanazien Barracks near Brest, a camp formerly used by Napoleon, we proceeded to Limoges where our hospital was under construction. For two days we were not per-

mitted to leave the train and all of our food was canned goods. For a time we were stationed in a hospital fitted up in one of the Haviland china factories. From this hospital we assisted in the care of refugees. These unfortunate people were surely to be pitied.

Base Hospital No. 13 was ready for occupancy July 1 and then we were busy equipping the wards for patients. Headquarters were notified that we could care for 200 patients but in the first convoy came 584. You can imagine the scramble trying to get ready for that number. For six months I was head nurse of a surgical ward of 100 patients. Much of the time I had but one nurse and had it not been for the wonderful spirit and co-operation of the corps men and the patients themselves we could never have accomplished what we did. One of the boys who had lost an eye, his nose and one leg and who occupied the first bed in the ward, would always sit up when a convoy of new patients came in and would greet each one carried in, with, "Hello there Buddy, you have come to a damm good ward."

When we had the time we would have parties on the wards. Eggs were not served by the Army so they were a great treat. We would get them from the French market and many a time I have fried 100 eggs, one at a time, over an alcohol burner. Other times we would borrow the ice cream freezer from the canteen at the railroad station and make delicious ice cream with canned milk and jam. We made cakes at night in the nurses' mess hall.

In about two months after the opening of our hospital we were caring for 2,300 patients. The majority of them came from Chateau Thierry, Belleau Woods and the Argonne. The pull on the heart strings was much greater in France than in Russia for it was our own dear boys we were caring for. Whenever possible, the nurses attended the military funerals, marching two by two in the procession. We also kept flowers and green foliage on the graves in the American cemetery.

Armistice Day came, and after the first wonderful feeling that the war was over, came the thought and realization that soon we would all be separated, each to go his own way, with naught but memories of the days in service.

Then came the prisoners released from Germany, a sorry, sick looking lot of men, haggard and emaciated, but glad to be back with their own people.

Base Hospital No. 13 left for home early in 1919 but a few of us signed up for further service. I remained until July in other hospitals. During my service overseas I was fortunate to receive three furloughs; one was spent in Nice and Monte Carlo in Southern sunny France; one to visit the battle fields and Germany; the other in England, Ireland and Scotland. One of the athletic feats I performed while abroad was to kiss the Blarney Stone.

This is a very simple sketch of a wonderful experience, the memories of which will always remain and give me something of interest to think about when I am spending my reclining days in that "Old Ladies Home".

KATHRYN BARTLETT, Class of 1910.





Ex-Service Nurses From Our School

Kathryn Bartlett
Blanch Smith
Elizabeth Robinson
Aida Langley
Catherine Huff
Anna Stander
Margaret Kelly
Beda Bergstrom
Amanda Kruka
Ruth Ikerd
Elizabeth Duggan
Amelia Jacobson
Marian Eberhart
Agnes Brown
Edna Eipper
Phoebe Burlingame
Elsa Springer
Mabel Hall



Affiliations

The Children's Memorial Hospital

Chicago



JANE ALLAN, R. N.
Superintendent of Nurses

Of course, we all love C. M. H. If we ever become discouraged and disillusioned, what is better to revive our spirits than an experience with the very best children in the world? "Over There," Miss Allen is responsible for our most excellent pediatric training. And if there were nothing else, the four months would be worth while just to hear Dr. Baxter's famous lectures. And the friendships with nurse-comrades from many schools. Yes, we love our C. M. H. affiliation.

Affiliations

The Chicago Visiting Nurse Association

"Their convent must be the houses of the sick; their cell the chamber of suffering; their chapel the parish church; their cloister the streets of the city or the wards of the hospitals; in the place of the rule which binds nuns to one enclosure, there must be the general vow of obedience; the grating through which they speak must be the fear of God; the veil which shuts out the world must be holy modesty."

St. Vincent de Paul.



EDNA L. FOLEY, R. N.
Superintendent



Mabel W. Binner, R. N.

The School of Nursing of Ravenswood Hospital feels justly proud of its affiliation with the Chicago Visiting Nurse Association, which was secured in 1923.

Miss Edna L. Foley, the distinguished superintendent, is one of the foremost public health nurses in the country, and we are very fortunate to be in her organization.

Miss Mabel W. Binner, the supervisor in charge of the sub-station where Ravenswood students are assigned, is a most patient teacher, an ideal "visiting nurse," and a helpful friend.

We salute the Chicago Visiting Nurses.

Hospital Ramblings

*Written by John W. Roper while convalescing in the Ravenswood Hospital
after operation for appendicitis, April 6. 1923*

HOW WE BECAME FRIENDS

While on my cot quietly thinking
Of the morrow and all its care,
A sound, as of someone moving,
Assured me a neighbor was there.

Not a word was spoken by neighbor
Throughout all the long dreary night,
But his presence helped me muster
My courage and strength for the fight

So just as the day was dawning,
Filling the room with light and cheer,
I could not refrain from saying
"Good Morning" to the neighbor near.

At this cheery salutation,
My neighbor of only a day,
Began a short conversation
And we became friends in this way.

FAITHFUL NURSES

Happy and smiling nurses,
All attired in blue and white,
What would we do without them
When pain and sickness mar our life,
It's then they prove a blessing
In our world of woe and strife.
To soothe and ease our worries
Seems to be their chief delight,
From the light of early morn
Till the end of broad daylight
Giving all their strength and might.
When off or on some duty
They talk and laugh the while,
But what with all their chatter,
'Tis hard to prevent the smie
That helps you bear your trouble
And many long hours beguile.
That they never lag or tire
You very often wonder,
While for every urgent call,
Just out of sight they linger,
Watching the flash of the light,
Ready to serve, day or night.

BEFORE AND AFTER

Little white wagon and a midnight ride,
And Roper arrived where the doctors preside.
'Twas here, Miss Josephson, all spick an' span,
Tried to cheer me up as no one else can.

Then, after the long tiresome night had passed,
Came wifie and all about my pendix asked.
Two nurses, bravely performing their part,
Suggested a ride on their three-wheel cart.

Just then, Doctor Green, all muffled and gowned,
Appeared for the fray for which he's renowned.
Here a white-robed nurse, Dame Sleep to beguile,
Gave gas to the patient to breathe awhile.

No feeling or thought in the dark domain,
But, oh the pain when you awake again.
Your spine and stomach feel all out of whack,
And how they do ache as you lie on your back.

If they'd only give water for which you cry,
You would feel quite happy and willing to die.
Miss Seastrom helped throughout the dreary night
To soothe the sorely-troubled knight.

Miss Jacobson, in accents sweet and low,
Favors many on patient bestow.

Miss Nelson, in a very charming way,
Added her cheer to every passing day.

While sister Stouffer, with a smiling face,
Saw that nothing was ever out of place.

Nurse Fosse, she always seemed to understand,
And rendered service that was simply grand.

Miss Swanson had a most tempting array
Of extra fine dainties on every tray.

Miss Roessler kept guard for all on the floor
By patiently waiting just near the door.

Miss Brock, in her pleasant and kindly way,
Always came in and had something to say.

Last, but not least, in this hospital lay,
I thank all my friends for their flowers gay;
The return to health, for which they did pray,
The joy to which I'll remember away.



A PERFECT NURSE

If you can run an autoclave all summer
And freezt all winter in a fresh air ward,
If you can stand the yells of fifty infants
And "do" a district in a worn-out Ford—

If you have had a college education,
Have studied Greek, yet quite prefer De Lee's,
Know how to give a talk on elocution,
Yet rub old backs and make smooth beds with ease—

If you remember all that's told and taught you
Of Aikens, Kimball, Pope and Maxwell, too,
Forgetting, never, Blumy's hard solutions,
And in a tough emergency pull through—

If you can be a "probey" or a senior
And work as if both had been rolled in one
That you may fill each unforgiving minute
"With sixty seconds worth of distance run"—

If you can meet with doctor and with interne
And treat them with reserve and with respect
Not make your "calling" an excuse for "vamping"
Nor let the personal too much project—

Then you can pass the test of adaption
Can run a ward, a hospital; or worse,
Can join the ranks of full sophistication
And find yourself now "fit" to be a nurse!

CURES FOR VARIOUS ILLS

Inflammation of the tongue—

Stop talking for a week.

Ulcers of the mouth—

Pass sweet remarks about your neighbors for
three days.

Carious tooth—

Tie it to the door knob and walk back ten paces.

Vomiting—

Omit food for ten days.

A sore toe—Amputate it.

Tired feet—Elevate them eight hours.

Heart-ache—Stop feeling.

Homesickness—Go home.

It takes thirteen muscles to smile and sixty-five to
frown—so, why not smile?

IT TAKES NO EXTRA TIME

To say "Thank you!"

To think kindly of your associates;

To be orderly and neat;

To hold your tongue;

To smile when you meet your friends;

To take orders cheerfully;

To thank God for each day's blessing.

RECIPE FOR A PERFECT NURSE

Take an ounceful of energy,
A tablespoon of guile;

About a quart of innocence,
A little less of wile;

A pinch or two of naivette,
And a touch or so of verve;

A hamperful of courage,
And just twice as much of nerve;

A large amount of sweetness,
And a sprinkling of deceit;

And as much of human frailty
As will make both ends just meet;

A brookletful of passion,
And a riverful of love;

The wisdom of a serpent,
And the weakness of a dove;

Take a big chunk of thoughtfulness,
The same amount of care;

And as large a sense of humor
As the doctor says you dare;

A tiny bit of cussedness,
A good deal more of spice;

And just enough of goodness
So as not to be too nice;

Now mix these all together,
For better or for worse;

Take a bucketful at bedtime
And you'll be a perfect nurse.

IF ANYBODY HAS

Killed a fly in the O. R.—

Shot a hypo—

Borrowed a telephone nickel—

Got a new beau—

Made a speech—

Joined the orc hestra—

Robbed a trunk—

Bought silverware—

Sold all her animals—

Lost a wallet—

Gone fishing—for what?

Broke her watch—

Lost in Chi—

Caught a mouse—

Had a late permit—

Moved her bed—

Taken a vacation without permission—

Been in a fight—

Had no hours—

Made stools of ether cans—

Made fudge—

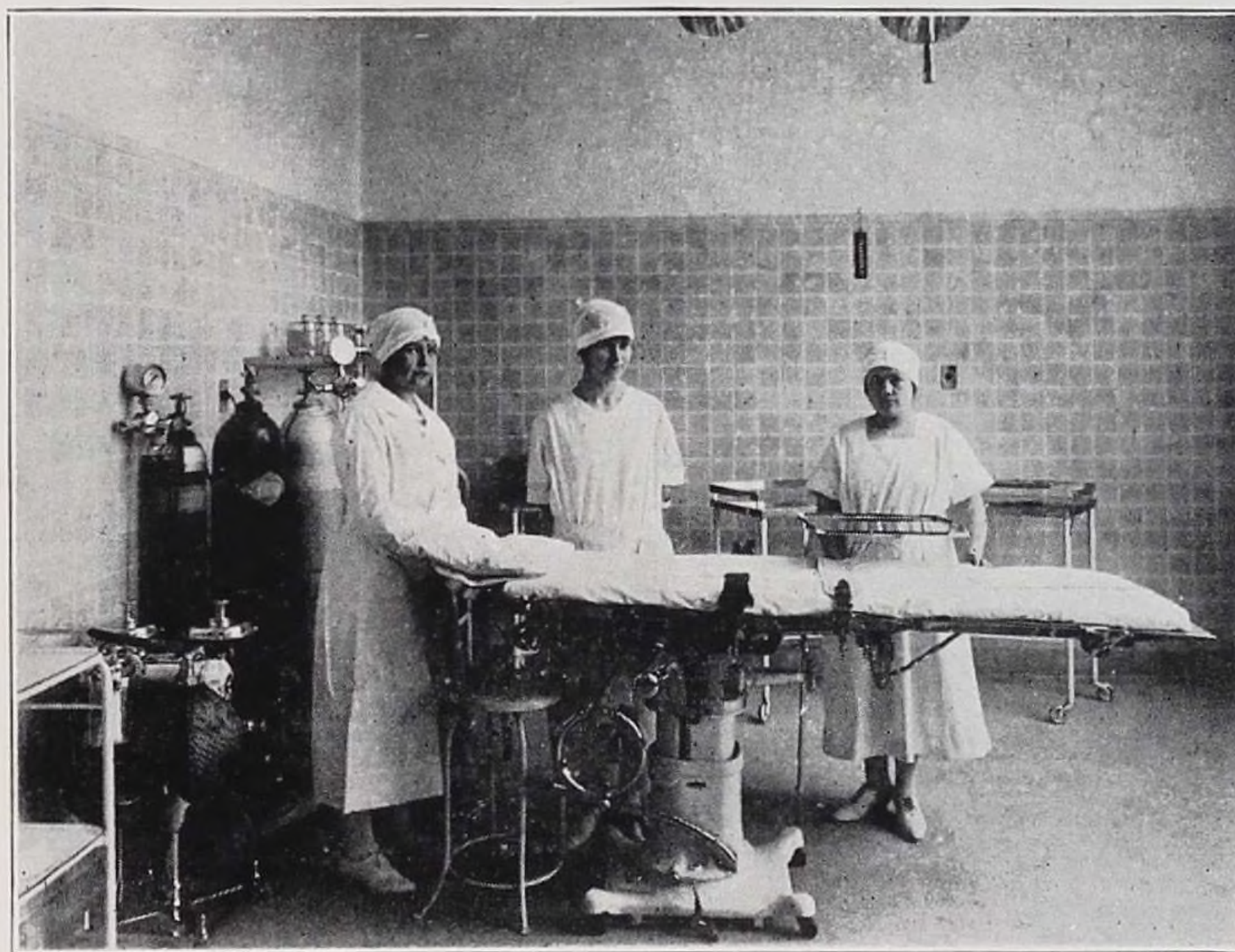
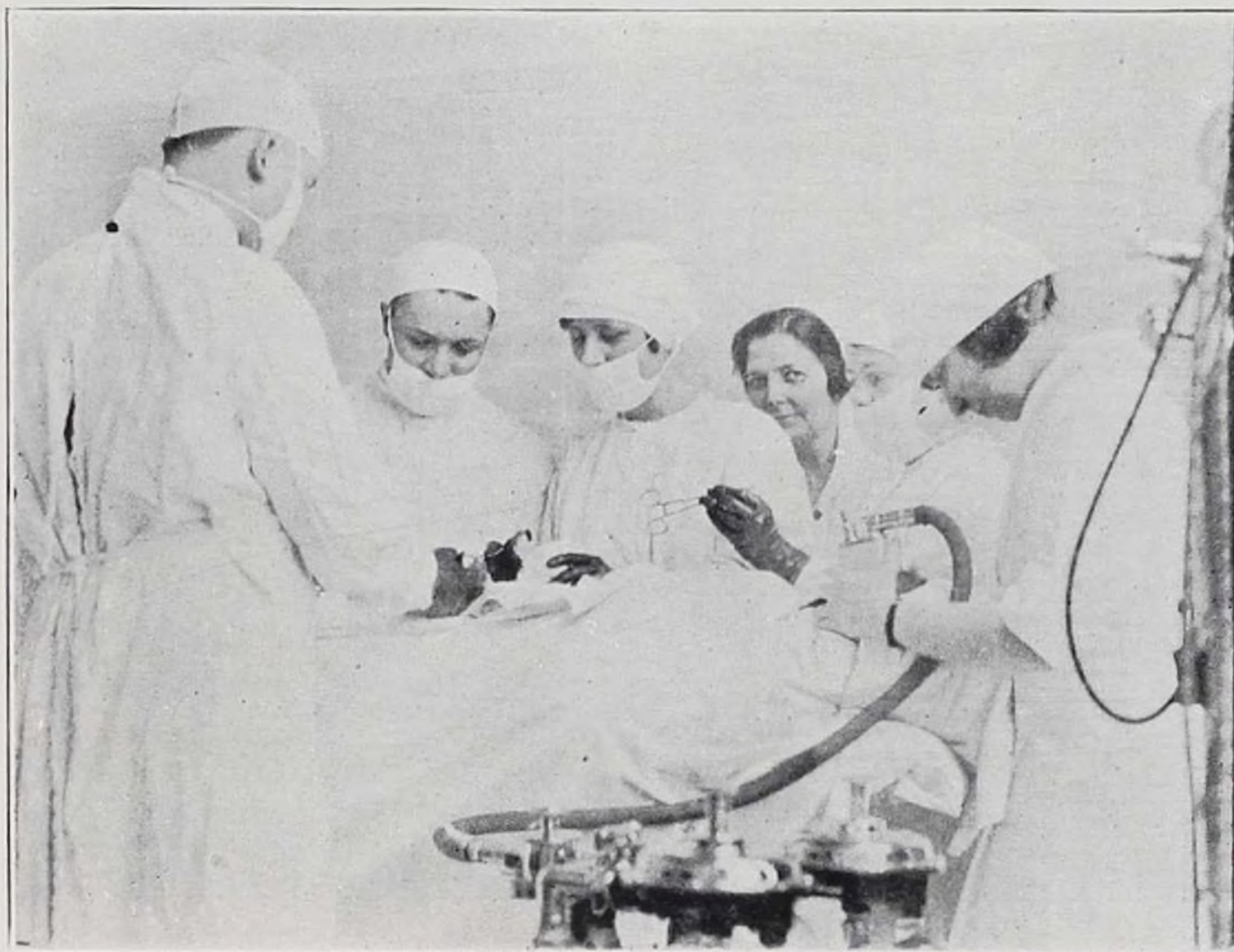
It's news—Send it to the Editor.



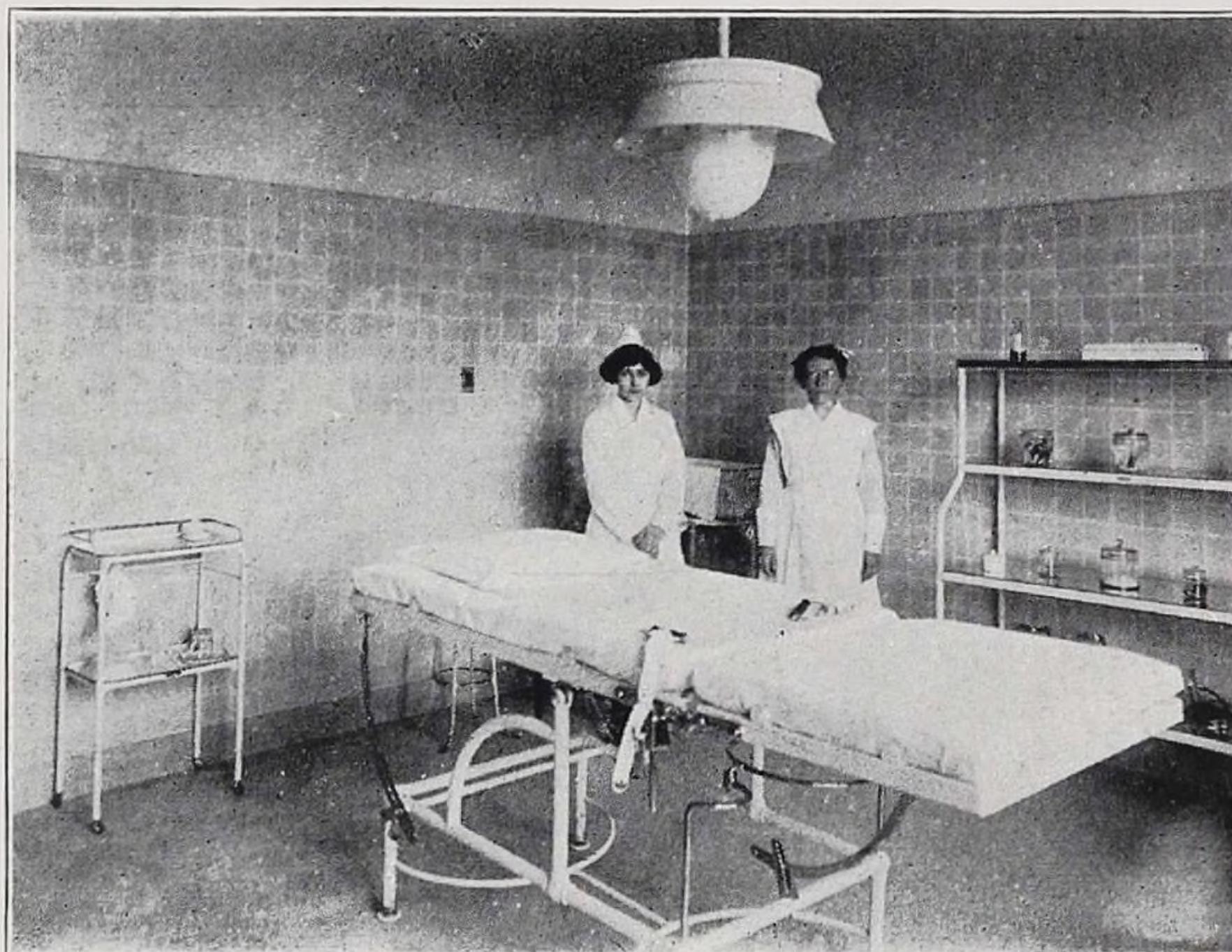
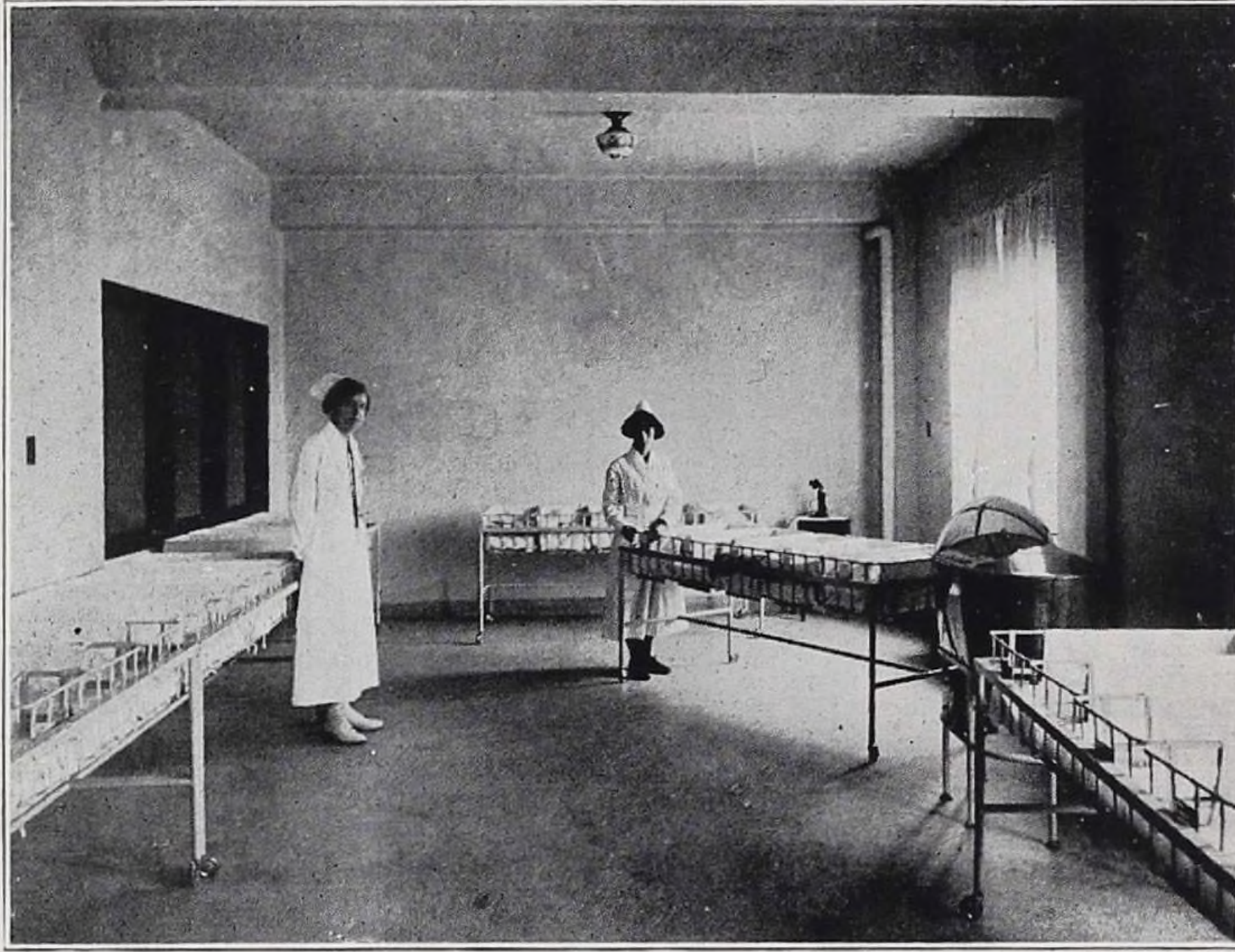
Unforeseen Legal Difficulties



Departments — Surgery



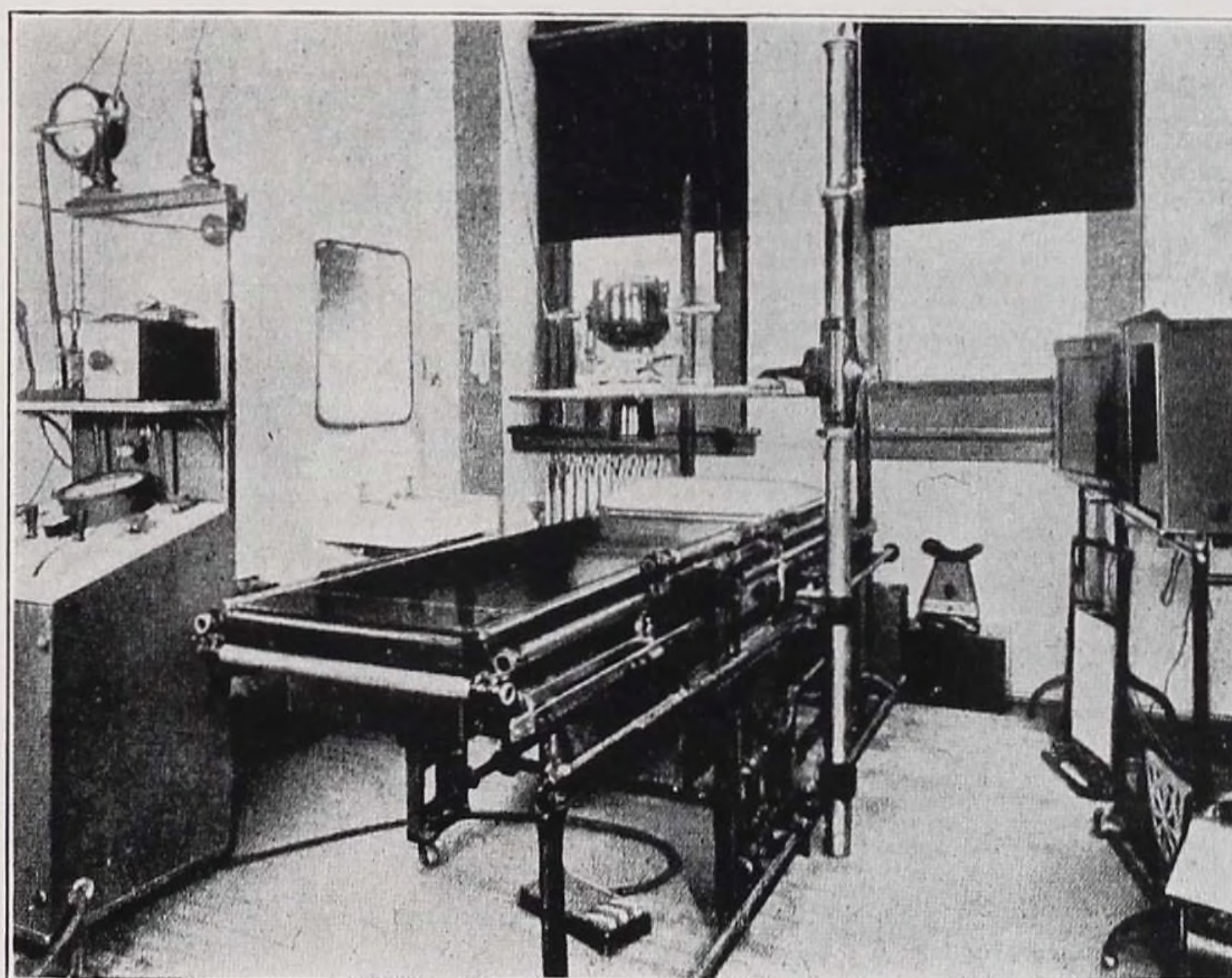
Nursery



BIRTH ROOM

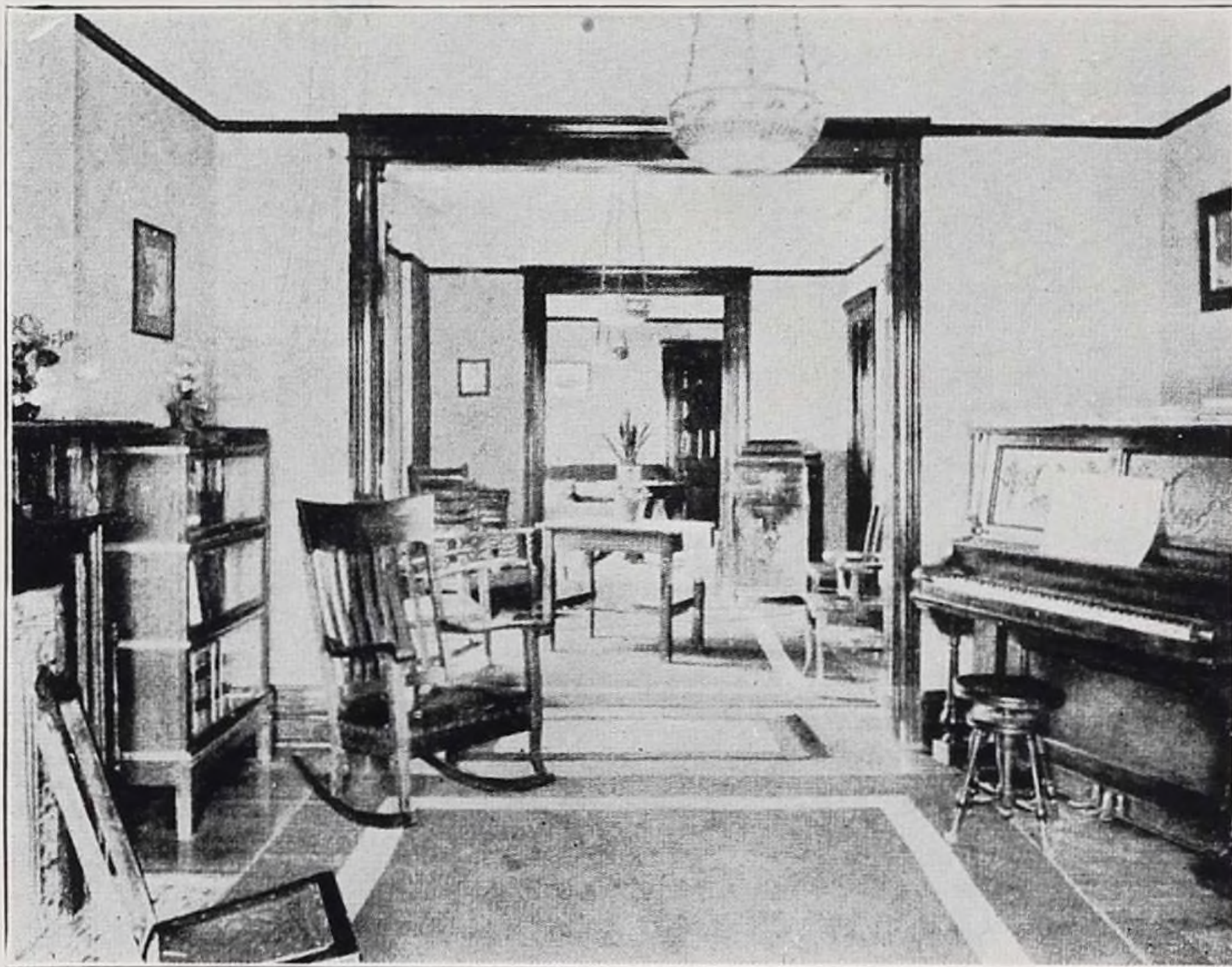


LABORATORY

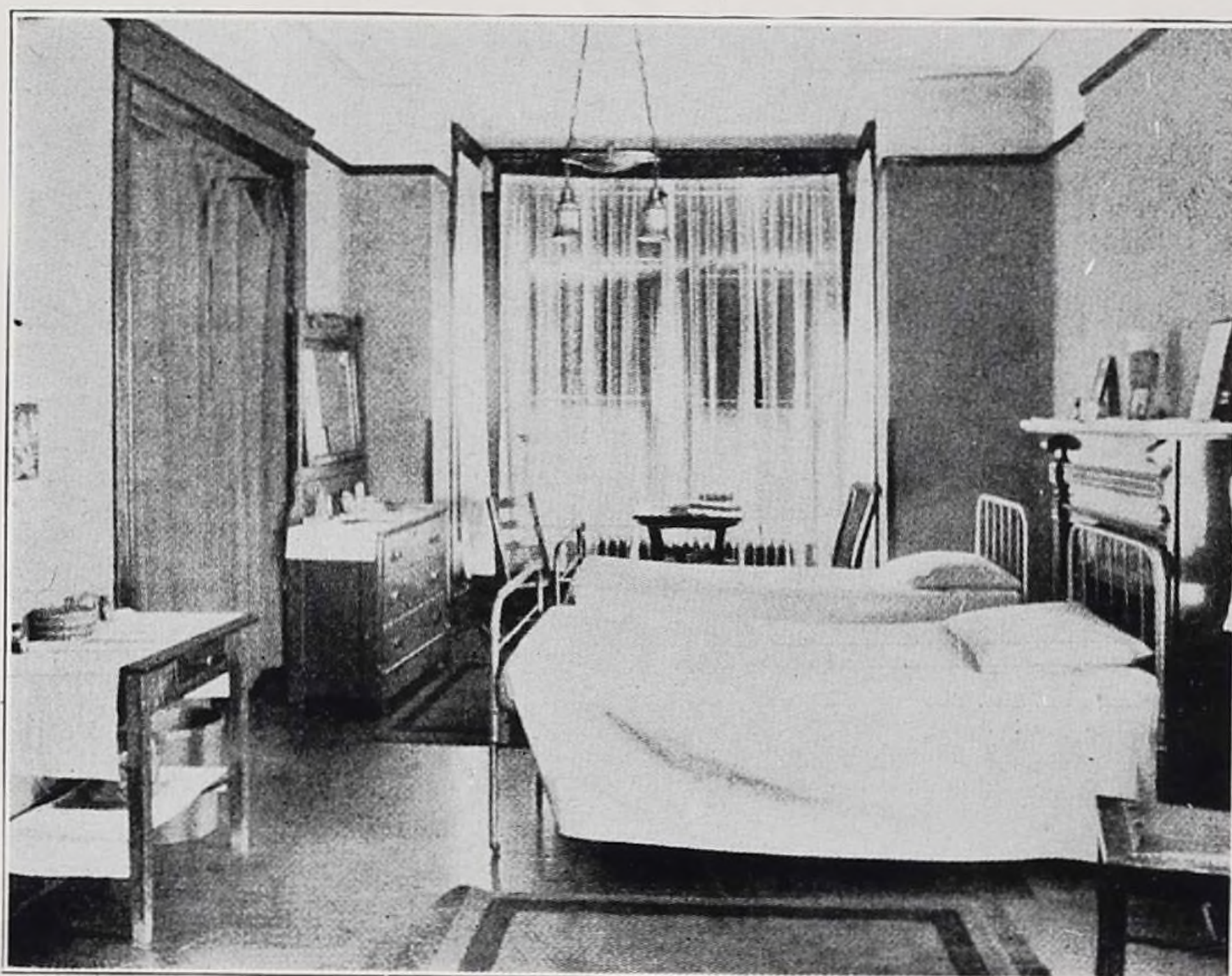


X-RAY

Nurses' Home



LIVING ROOM



BED ROOM

Maternity and Eternity

I've been asked to write an essay on a title no doubt fine. I suppose I should be happy, but happiness is not mine. It's a deep and tender subject, at least that seems to be the case in all the experience of the race. Most writers say M-aternity is beautiful to see; though artists seem to think the same, I'm sure I don't agree. My views may change; I hope they do as through the years I trot—I only hope E-ternity shall find me without "tot."

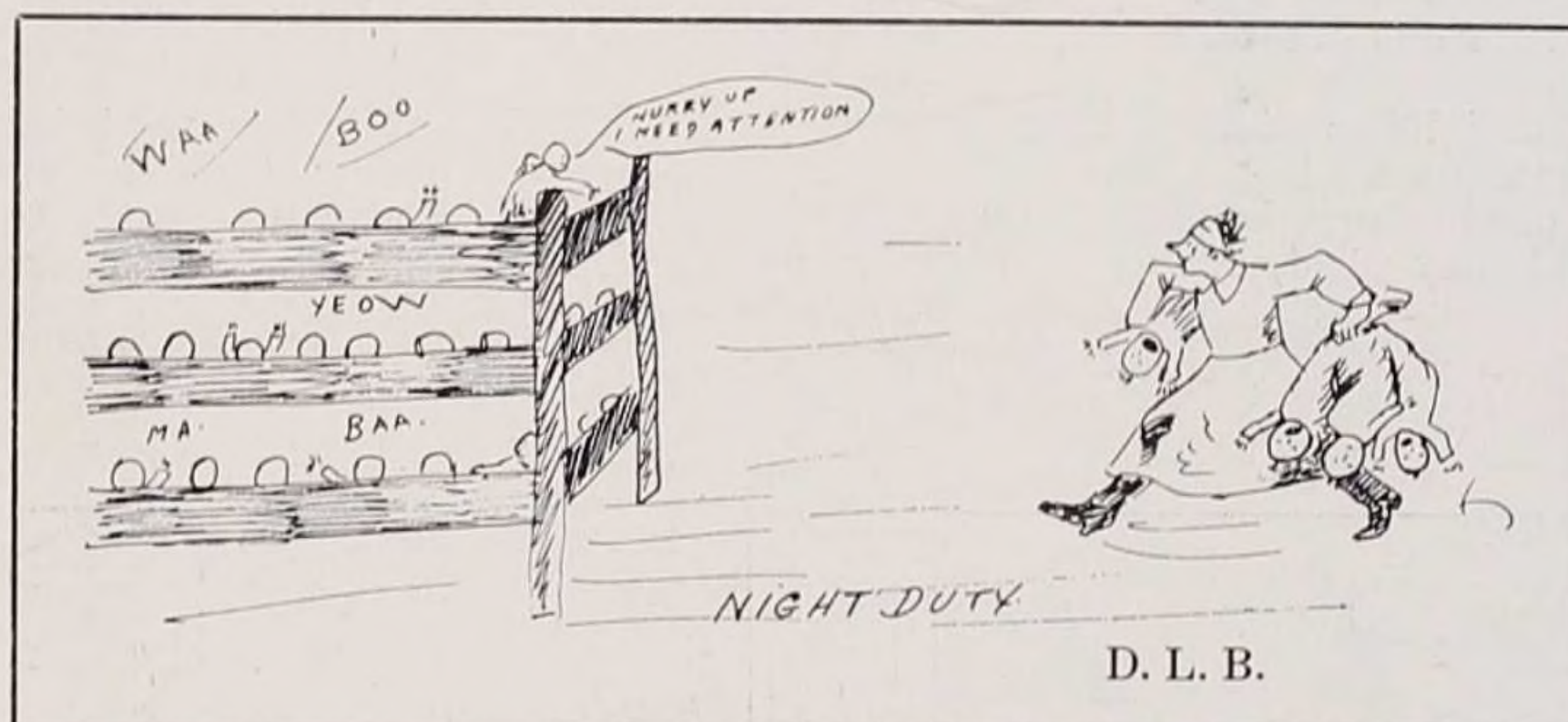
If children could come ready made and put on a sale in stores, I'm sure they'd do a booming "biz" and sell them by the scores. The stork would be without a job, the babies sent C. O. D.; no pre-natal trouble to mamas, no gold for doctors' fees.

I think if I could scrape enough mazuma for my wishes, I'd build a baby factory and sell 'em out like fishes. The wives of all the men in town, both little ones and great, would come and buy a baby small to add to their estate, and if this factory was too far away for them to come—they'd order them

by the U. S. mail. The post man'd have some fun delivering babies C. O. D., and some post-paid, of course. The hair would be made to order, so there'd be no loud remorse. The factory would be well equipped with pins and pants and binders. We'll hang the babies by the feet—one couldn't treat them kinder. We'd have the cows attached to hose to reach up to the "mites." 'Twould save a lot of energy and losing sleep o' nights. Washing bottles by the score is not my idea of fun. 'Tis only work for some poor soul whose luck is on the run.

Of course, each child would have a name, all stamped upon its "tummy." 'Twould save some trouble later on when we sold him to his "mummy." We'd have assorted colors, too, as brown, or black, or white—we'd have them medium, thin or fat, and tall or short of height. Thus I would still help on the cause known as M-aternity. 'Tis plain to see that mothers' pain and nurses are an E-ternity.

D. B., R. N.



A Conversation

Said the microbe to its serum
I've made you what you are,
Would you turn again and rend me,
Like a savage motor car?
Can't you feel a thrill of kinship,
You old, aseptic thing,
Then let me live and multiply,
And let me have my fling.

You can find me when you want me
For I am everywhere.
I live in food that's almost good,
In water and in air;
In Europe and America
And up the bloomin' Nile,
In men and birds and animals
And in the crocodile.

When the mosquito pokes his bill
Into your "bally" skin,
I'm clinging to his measley snout,
As deep he drives it in.
You'll find me an the dairy-farm,
In every kind of cheese,
In milk that's sipped, in cream that's whipped,
And in the cream you freeze.

I'm safe in Northern latitudes
Beneath the polar star,
In church the air is full of me
And at the hotel bar.
The Tropics are a daisy,
There I grow exceeding strong,
And in Heaven there may be microbes,
But in Hell they can't stay long.

For when the temperature is high,
And water turns to steam,
You can't expect to meet me,
Save in some delirious dream.

I am disease and life and death.
The crops on many a field
Grow by my power from hour to hour,
And many fold they yield,

And in the gasping breath of death
I glory, for I claim
Each dying mortal for my own,
By my scientific name.

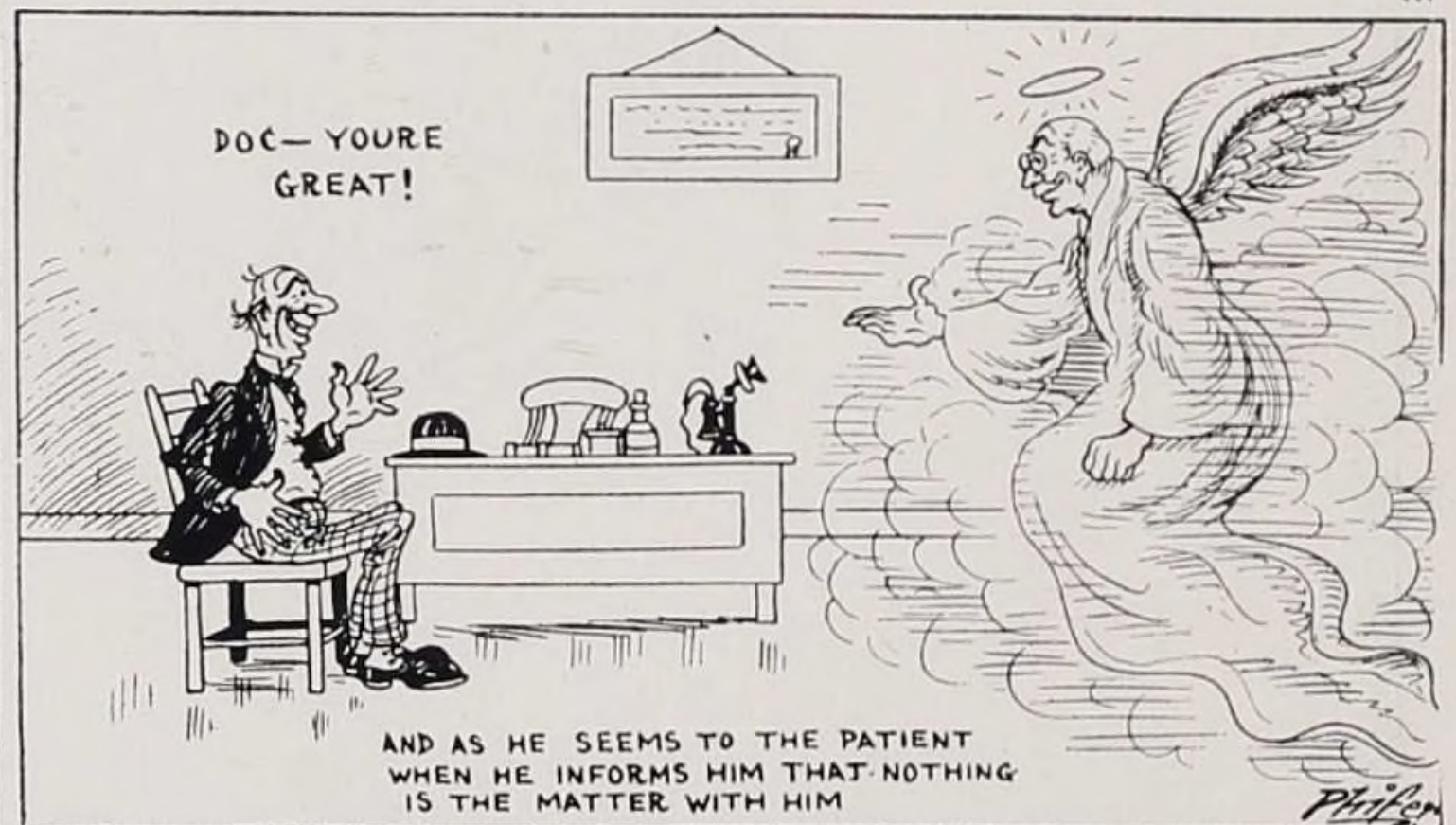
I'm vegetable and animal.
The dread Trypanosome,
The prattling Pneumococcus,
In your mouth that feels at home,
The double-hearted Dutchman,
Klebs-Loeffler, when you write,
The sportive Strepto coccus,
That's pus, all right, all right.

Why these be surely vegetables,
Like potatoes and green peas,
While ather germs are parasites,
And live on you at ease,
And where you'll never find them
There the active fellows go,
That give you smallpox, measles,
And the Scarlet Fever's glow.

Oh, the world is full of microbes,
We own it and are proud.
We flutter 'round the baby,
We cluster on the shroud,
But we dread an antiseptic,
We shun the burning sun,
And we perish when the surgeon
His work has wisely done.

But a time is surely coming
When a microbe will be born,
Who will circumvent his cunning
And hold him up to scorn;
When serums will be valueless
And laboratories close,
As the new and steel-clad microb
On his way, triumphant goes.

But at last a mightier admiral
With new, aseptic ships,
Sails o'er the serous Ocean
And the stuck-up microbe nips!



A Few Leaves from the Diary of a Stomach

10:00 A. M.—Oh, dear, another warm day! Wonder if I'll be abused as I was yesterday. If I am, I'm going to strike. Just disposed of a half chewed breakfast. We ran for a train, which meant I was so juggled about and so tired that it took me twice as long to do my work. Hope she gives me an hour or two of complete rest before anything more may come my way.

10:30 A. M.—Two glasses of ice water have just arrived. It will take all the energy I can pump up in the next hour to warm me up to normal again.

10:50 A. M.—Half chewed breakfast did not satisfy her, and she bought some peanuts and started eating them.

12:00 M.—Peanuts have dribbled along since last entry. Think she has finished them, though.

12:30 P. M.—Decided she was not very hungry and instead of a good solid dinner, sent me down a cold egg nog, heavy with chocolate. Could have managed it all right if it had not been so cold, but that makes it terribly hard to deal with.

1:10 P. M.—More ice water.

1:40 P. M.—Was mistaken about peanuts. She found another handful in the bottom of the bag, and now I have them to attend to.

2:05 P. M.—More ice water.

3:10 P. M.—She has been lifting some heavy books, and as usual used my muscles in-

stead of her arm muscles. Tired me more than digesting a six-course dinner.

3:20 P. M.—Someone has brought us a box of caramels, and she has started on that.

4:30 P. M.—Have received something like a half-pound of caramels since last entry. She just said, "Oh, dear, I don't feel a bit well; I know the milk in that egg nog must have been sour."

6:00 P. M.—We played a set of tennis before dinner, and here I am all tired out and a dinner to handle.

6:30 P. M.—We were invited out to have a soda before dinner. Had a lemon phosphate, and then ran for the train.

7:00 P. M.—Fried potatoes, cucumbers, veal and canned blue berries. What do you know about that?

7:45 P. M.—We are going down for a chocolate walnut college ice, rich with cream.

8:20 P. M.—Got home and found someone had made some lemonade. She drank two glasses. That, on top of the college ice, settles it. I strike.

8:30 P. M.—Have sent back the college ice and lemonade.

8:40 P. M.—Returned the blue berries.

8:50 P. M.—And the veal.

9:10 P. M.—She has sent for the doctor. Says that the college ice must have had something the matter with it. The mother says it is probably the weak stomach she inherited from her father.

9:30 P. M.—Doctor says it is just a little upset due to the weather. Good night.



DREAMS COME TRUE

Elihu Root said at a dinner:

"In the distant days when I was in general practice I often noticed how a railway accident brought out everybody's greed.

"I pleaded once for a chap who had been dreadfully injured in a rear-end collision. The poor fellow was rushed to the nearest hospital, and there all kinds of operations had to be performed on him.

"When the operations were over and he came to, he looked around the white, bare room and whispered:

" 'Where am I?'

" 'You are in a hospital, my poor fellow,' the surgeon said. 'You have been badly injured in a railway accident, but you're going to recover.'

"A hard glint came into the victim's eye.

" 'Going to recover how much, doc?' he gasped and fainted away."

* * *

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

* * *

THE GOOD OLD FASHIONED

For an hour the teacher had dwelt with painful repetition on the parts played by carbon-hydrates, proteins and fats in the building up and maintaining of the human body.

At the end of the lesson the usual test questions were put, among them:

"Can any girl tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?"

"Yes, teacher! Yer breakfast, yer dinner and yer supper."

* * *

THE EXCEPTIONS

"Do cucumbers distress all people, doctor?" "No, madam, only those who eat them."

PA OUGHT TO KNOW

Mother—"We must get a nurse for the baby."

New Pop—"A nurse?" What we need is a night watchman."

* * *

OLD-FASHIONED

An old physician was noted for his brusque manner and methods. A woman called him to treat her baby, who was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor oil. "But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor oil is such an old-fashioned remedy."

"Madam," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things."

* * *

LUCK

He went to see the Doctor
The picture of despair,
But came back smiling broadly—
The Doctor wasn't there.

* * *

AT LAST

The doctor coughed gravely. "I am sorry to tell you," he said, looking down at the man in the bed, "that there is no doubt you are suffering from smallpox."

The patient turned on his pillow and looked up at his wife.

"Julia," he said, in a faint voice, "if any of my creditors call, tell them that at last I am in a position to give them something."

* * *

Conversation heard in the elevator between Dr. Bussey and Henry:

Dr. Bussey—"Is that O. B. case of mine that just came in doing anything?"

Henry—"Vell, I don no, dat fella vot shot himself, he is dead."

* * *

Miss W, getting a patient ready for surgery, "Have some nice leggins for you."

Patient—"O, never mind, I brought my spats."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

(With Apologies to Helen Rowland)

Consider the golfer, my Brethren, for he is the son of joy, and the heart of his wife rejoiceth in him.

He requireth not to be awakened, but ariseth at dawn, and arouseth the whole house.

Mighty are his preparations, and there is much rushing about by the women to find his things, and he swalloweth his breakfast without complaint and fortifieth himself at the front within his locker.

Optimism is his middle name; and in his bright lexicon there is no such word as "rain."

The mind of his wife is at peace; for she knoweth where he is all day; and in the evenings he is weary, and goeth to sleep, after dinner.

Whatsoever his wanderings and however long his absence she feeleth no jealousy, but saith, "Thank Heaven he is safe."

His moods, his grouches and his temperamentism are known only to his God and his caddy and in the open, where it can do harm, he bloweth off the carbon of his brain storm.

The touch of liver knoweth him not and dyspepsia is a stranger unto him.

The sun lighteth up his countenance and his figure keepeth its beauty, the truth is not in him.

He is happy in his folly and weareth the smile that will not come off.

He preferreth a pleasant day unto a moonlight night and a beautiful course unto a beautiful woman.

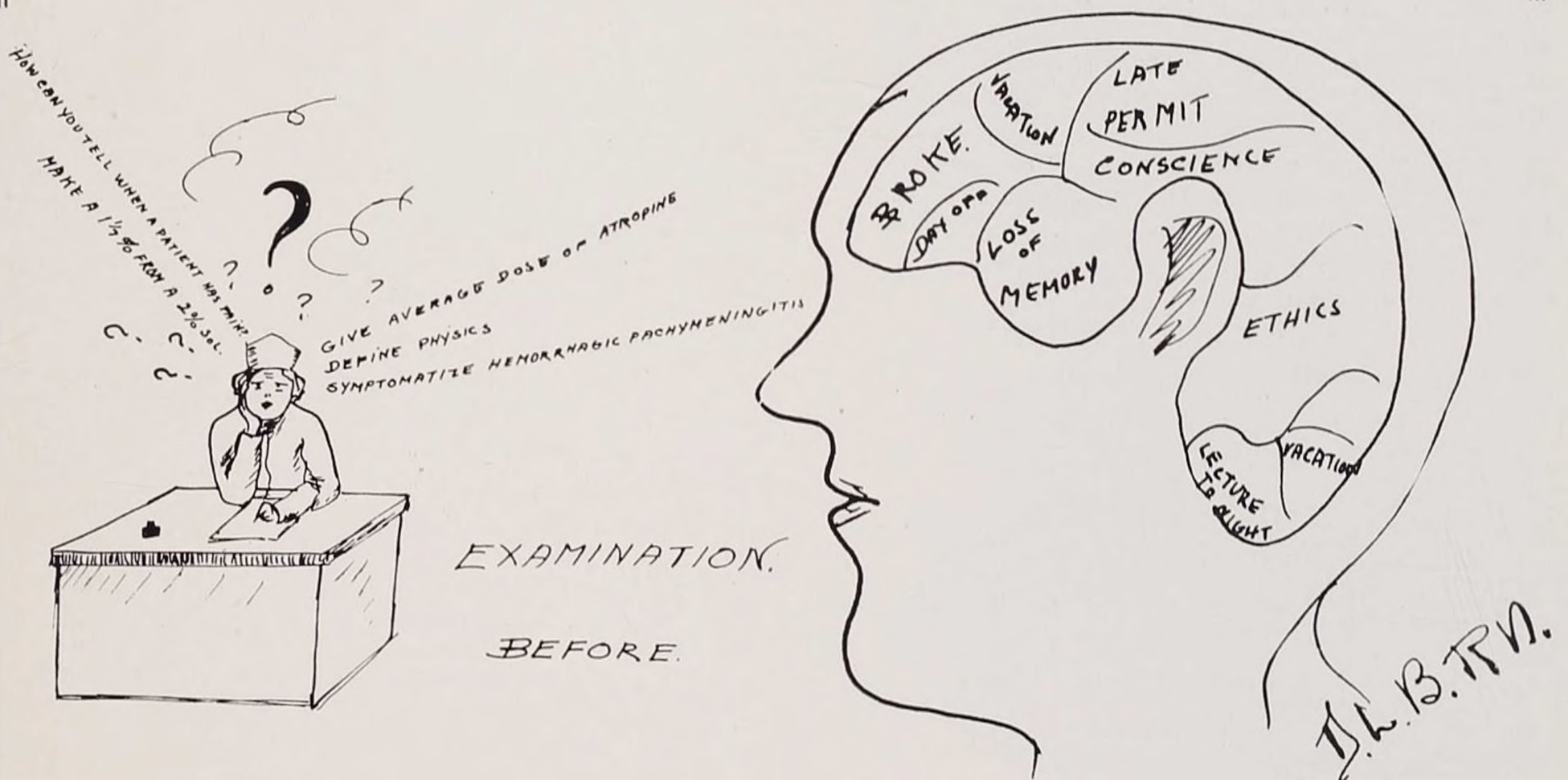
And—a smile of approval from his caddy, he findeth more thrilling than the smiles of blondes and of sirens.

Verily, verily, a little hobby is a wonderful thing.

For every man must have his folly whereon he worketh off the original sin within him.

And some choose wine, and some tobacco and some and some flirtation.

But golfer excludeth them all in his wisdom.



[This poem was written by one of our nurses who is out west. We have printed this without the permission of the poet and sent it in under her "Nom de Plume."]

I left my home in Chicago—
The place I love the best,
To seek my fortune elsewhere.
I chose the "Golden West."

So in wonderful Colorado
I've started to live once more;
But I long for the sight of faces
In that city on Michigan's shore.

As I sit on the banks of the Rio Grande
And watch her waters flow,
My thoughts are wandering backward
To the days of long ago.

I think of the poems that were written
"Out where the West begins."
But couldn't such poems be written
Of Chicago—the city that wins?

I wander through the mountains,
The work of a Master's hand;
But my thoughts are wandering backward
To Lake Michigan's shores of sand.

As I stand and gaze from the mountain
At the stars just beyond my reach,
My heart is pained with longing
For a glimpse of Wilson Beach.

In Denver—the city of the West—
There's pleasure in music and song,
But this cannot stop my loneliness
Where my heart does not belong.

The dancers trip so lightly
On the floor at Overland Park,
But the music is out of step with my feet,
For my heart is back at the "Arc."

Early on Sunday morning,
In church, I sit with the good,
But how can I hear what the pastor says
When I'm dreaming of Ravenswood?

I view the wonders of Estes Park,
That playground of the west,
Where people come from all the earth
To work, to play and rest.

The glaciers' vastness thrill me
With a feeling I cannot explain;
And the glorious Canyons fill me
With hope that I cannot name.

Midst all this wondrous glory
My heart does not flutter with joy,
For it dwells not here, but yonder
In that city in Illinois.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Thou shalt show respect for all thy seniors and be as courteous to them even as the knights of old were to their ladies.
2. Even as a clown sometimes wears a smile to hide a broken heart, so thou must sometimes wear a smile and hide a feeling of disgust.
3. Thou shalt keep thy room in perfect order, for it will save thee a trip off duty to straighten it up.
4. Thou shalt not get familiar with thy patients, for they that don't talk in their sleep might get an anesthetic later.
5. Thou shalt not wear bobbed hair, and if thy hair is bobbed, buy for thyself a switch and wear it on duty.
6. Thou shalt not paint thyself up with rouge as if thou were an Indian going on the war path.
7. Thou shalt not come in one minute after 10, or, if thou hast a late leave, one minute after 12, for lo the door is locked!
8. Thou shalt study for all thy classes like sixty, for behold the day when the State Board cometh.
9. Thou shalt not go to the Rosewood in uniform, for lo, thou shalt have an extra study hour.
10. Thou shalt be ever prompt for classes, and thou shalt not sitteth in the back row and slumber.

AN APPRECIATION

The Senior Class is gratefully indebted to all those who have contributed to this, the first attempt at an Annual.

BY THIS YE SHALL KNOW THEM

"Good mornng, girlie!"

"Your generosity is only exceeded by your better qualties."

"Well, ain't he good!"

"From the size of a split pea to a small coin size."

"I'll take her down a peg or two."

"Doctor, has the patient had a pre-anes-thetic?"

"What is the pre-operative diagnosis?"

"Is John here this morning?"

"Nurse, come here and pin this binder up."

"Be sure and put the patient on his face when you get him in bed."

"Is there any bulging?"

"Let's give it the benefit of the doubt."

"The top of a fine morning to you."

"I'm not curious; I am just interested."

"I'm humiliated to death."

"Castor oil 'Hup'."

"I feel like a million dollars."

"How are my babies this morning?"

"I am a woman of few words." (But she certainly overworks that few.)

"I am so nervous about that exam."

"Honestly, you never saw anything like it."

"I am sure."

"Oh, Judas Priest!"

"I was out to dinner with Rue last night."

"But still and ALL."

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
Or a key for the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy,
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head, what gems can be found?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his mouth,
The nails on the end of his toes.
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
If so, what did it do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'll be hanged if I know; do you?
Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hand,
Or beat on the drum of his ear?
Does the calf of his leg eat the corn on his toes?
If so, why not grow corn on the ear?



Mr. Peck (to doctor who has been attending his wife)—Say, Doc, you're in bad with th' wife—she wants another doctor now!

Dr. Dill—Why, what's up?

Mr. Peck—Well, she's been tryin' to have her face changed by a beauty doctor, an' you told her she would soon be looking her old self again!

TO THE NURSES AT RAVENSWOOD

There is some place for you to fill,
Some work for you to do,
That no one can, or ever will,
Do quite so well as you.
It may be close along your way—
Some little nursing duty
That only awaits your touch, your sway,
To blossom into beauty.

Or it may be the daily task
Of nursing cheerfully done,
Will lead to greater work that asks
For you, and you alone.
Be brave, whatever it may be,
The little or the great
To meet, and do it perfectly,
And you have conquered fate.

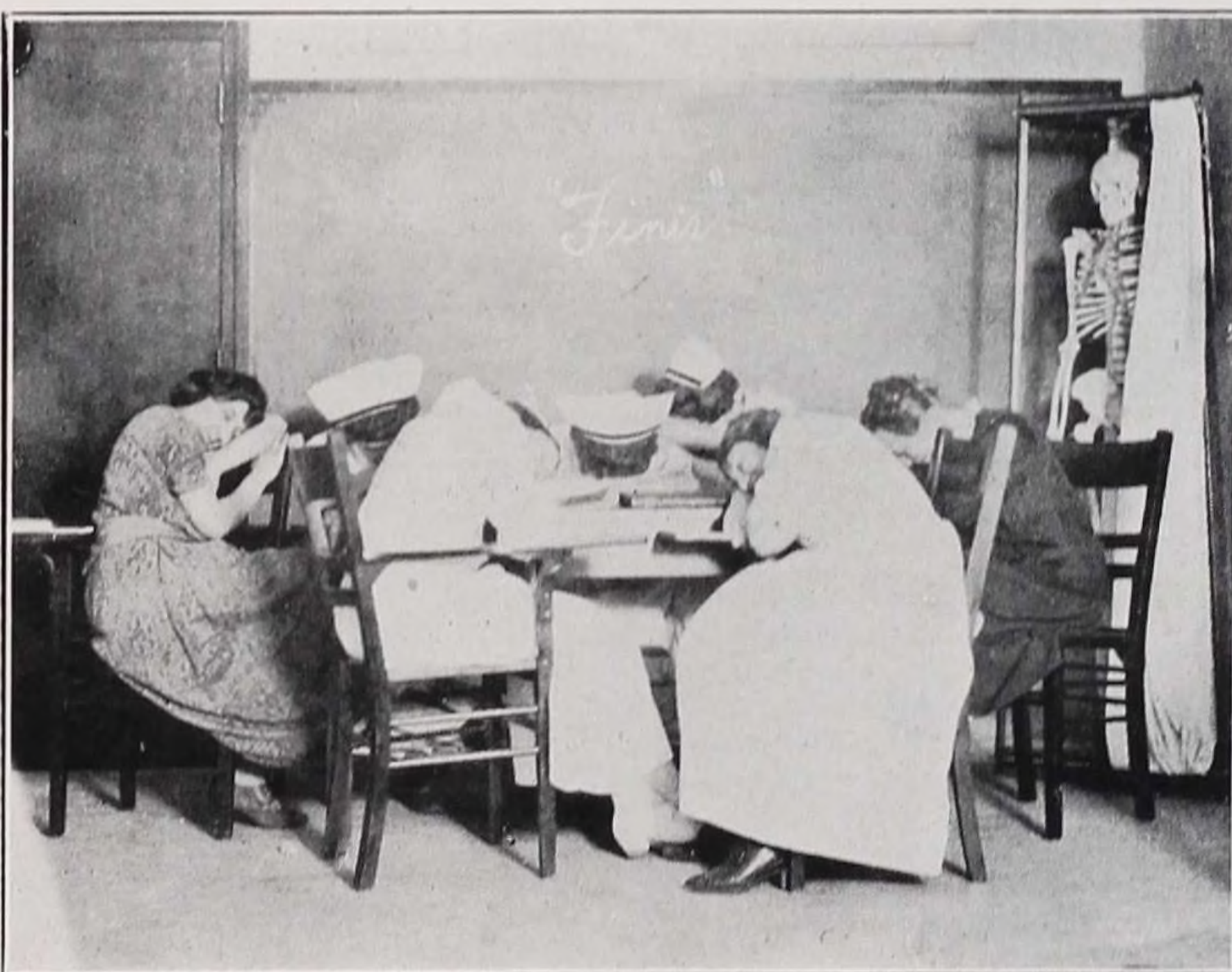
M. B. C., R. N.



TALK ABOUT A PRESIDENT RUNNING A NATION!
HOW ABOUT THIS NURSE BRINGING UP A NATION!

Now the time has come for parting
And the end of student days.
We are all now standing ready
To depart our separate ways.
We will always have in memory
Of Ravenswood dear to all,
And will always be in waiting
To hear her welcome call.

As we draw near the finish
And we bid our friends good-bye,
We regret to leave our faculty
Who through trials have stood by.
We will always love our faculty,
The supervisors and all,
And the days we spent in training
Are the happiest days of all.



Directory

Radiograms From Our Alumni

Our Radio Station, R. H. S. N., has been broadcasting distress signals to our Alumnae for past weeks. The good ship "Raven" needs your support on its floundering maiden voyage. Our receiving sets have been tuned in for all possible wave lengths day and night, and from many we have not heard a word. We hope that on the "Raven's" next voyage we will have radiograms from all of you.

Anderson, Winifred, San Francisco, Calif.
 Appell, Sidney K., 1902 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago.
 Bartlett, Kathryn, 6638 Glenwood Ave., Chicago.
 Barnard, Mae (Mrs. Cameron), 1912 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago.
 Bauman, Elsa (Mrs. Radway), 665 Roscoe St., Chicago.
 Bergstrom, Beda (Deceased).
 Biendarra, Irma, 923 Galt Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Brown, Agnes (Mrs. Flynn), Flint, Mich.
 Burlingame, Phoebe (Mrs. Scott), Marshall, Mich.
 Campbell, Moneta, 4453 N. Robey St., Chicago.
 Clark, Emma (Mrs. Ellis), Greenleaf, Wis.
 Claus, Mary, 1530 Grace St., Chicago.
 Collins, Elizabeth (Deceased).
 Crittendon, Libbie, Great Falls, Mont.
 Day, Ruby (Mrs. Owens), Bedford, Ind.
 Deets, Forence, 4333 No. Lincoln St., Chicago.
 Delaine, Elsie (Deceased).
 Denman, Icelle (Mrs. Gould), 5303 Magnolia Ave., Chicago.
 Donley, Florence, Big Rapids, Mich.
 Duggan, Elizabeth, Pekin, China (American Consulate).
 Eberhart, Marian (Mrs. Cross), Baltimore, Md.
 Eipper, Edna (Mrs. Baum), Norfolk, Va.
 Eklind, Herina, Swedish Hospital, Seattle, Wash.
 Ekman, Hildur, 5145 Washington Blvd., Chicago.
 English, Victoria (address unknown).
 Fike Maisie (Mrs. Plew), Claypool, Ind.
 Flatley, Helen, 4548 N. Paulina St., Chicago.
 Fuller, Catherine (Mrs. Cook), 3223 Polk St., Chicago.
 Fosick, Martha (Mrs. Hayward), 509 Packard Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Gay, Blanche, Paauhau, Hawaii.
 Goodman, Henrietta (Deceased).
 Greene, Helen, Cedar County Chapter American Red Cross, Tipton, Iowa.
 Griewich, Edna, 22 Ogden St., Providence, R. I.
 Griewich, Ruby, 923 Galt Ave., Chicago.
 Gross, Marie, 515 S. Union St., Los Angeles, Cal.
 Giroux, Louise (Mrs. Lehrman), 2030 Warner Ave., Chicago.
 Guthrie, Isabel (Mrs. Hines), 7207 Yates Ave., Chicago.
 Hall, Mabel, 4451½ N. Robey St., Chicago.
 Hall, Pearl, 4451½ N. Robey St., Chicago.
 Hamilton, Etta, 4411 N. Lincoln St., Chicago.
 Holmgren, Bernice (Mrs. Kraus), Desplaines, Ill.
 Harvey, Irene (Mrs. Mitchell), 735 Greenwood Ave., Glencoe, Ill.
 Harvey, Jessie, 4515 N. Lincoln St., Chicago.
 Hatfield, Edith (Mrs. Folley), 6506 Greenview Ave., Chicago.
 Heaton, Essie (Mrs. Ploesser), Buffalo, Wyo.
 Holombo, Anna, Calumet, Mich.
 Huff, Kathryn, New York.
 Ikerd, Ruth, 531 Walnut St., Bloomington, Ind.

Jacobson, Amelia, Visalia, Calif.
 Jessie, Helen, 4515 N. Lincoln St., Chicago.
 Jones, Harriet, Bloomington Hospital, Bloomington, Ind.
 Jones, Martha (Mrs. Strickland), Carrollton, Ill.
 Kadjan, Mary, 1930 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago.
 Kelly, Margaret, Fort Bayard, N. Mex.
 Kruka, Josephine, 1520 Ingold St., Hancock, Mich.
 Krumme, Josephine, 4513 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago.
 Langley, Aida, Rollo, N. Dak.
 Lund, Harriett, 1730 Leland Ave., Chicago.
 Lundgren, Nina, Varna, Ill.
 MacDonald, Kathryn (Mrs.), St. Charles, Ill.
 Mayer, Emma (Mrs. Jacobs), 4012 Cullom Ave., Chicago.
 Meyers, Ruby, Atlanta, Ga.
 Mitchell, Stella (Mrs. Delk), Valley Falls, Kans.
 Michel, Bessie, Portland, Ore.
 Morgan, Hilda (Mrs. Bartlett), Malta, Ill.
 Northup, Louise (Mrs. Schoenwald), 1661 Pratt Blvd., Chicago.
 Olson, Cora (Mrs. Raedeke), 5213 Lund Ave., Chicago.
 Olson, Clara (Mrs. Rogers), Detroit, Mich.
 Olsen, Rena, 4451½ N. Robey St., Chicago.
 Penn, Mildred, 4511 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago.
 Robinson, Elizabeth, 4411 N. Lincoln St., Chicago.
 Rowe, Mabel (Mrs. Eastman), 1901 Ainslie St., Chicago.
 Ruch, Lucy (Mrs. Buehl), Buffalo, Wyo.
 Roessler, L. Mae, 4453 N. Robey St., Chicago.
 Sears, Leah (Mrs. Batton), Maywood, Ill.
 Sharp, Elsie (Mrs. Hale), 13 N. Chester St., Baltimore, Md.
 Smith, Blanch (Deceased).
 Springer, Elsa, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Standen, Annie, 721 Brompton Place, Chicago.
 Tatchell, Anna (Mrs. Donohue), 4536 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago.
 Tolf, Lyda (Mrs. Nelson), Brookfield, Ill.
 Topping, Bertha (Mrs. Williams), 4024 Cullom Ave., Chicago.
 Townsend, Bertha (Mrs. McElroy), 325 Franklin St., San Francisco, Calif.
 Venne Leone, 4511 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago.
 Wagers, Violet, Willshire, Ohio.
 Wagner, Clara, 431 Pierce St., San Francisco, Cal.
 Watson, Ruth (Mrs. Risdon), 178 Belair Place, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Wick, Esther, 4515 N. Lincoln St., Chicago.
 Wirth, Alma (Mrs. Fogleli), 4424 Greenview Ave., Chicago.
 Wolfenden, Jessie (Mrs. Dannevik), 1912 Nevada St., Colorado Springs, Colo.
 Woodruff, Pearl (Deceased).
 Zeman, Bessie (Mrs. Feris), Seattle, Wash.

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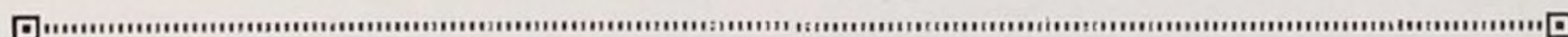
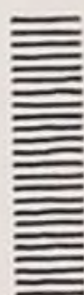
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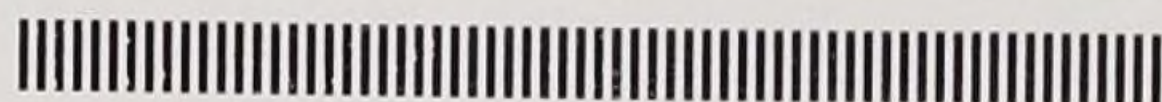
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