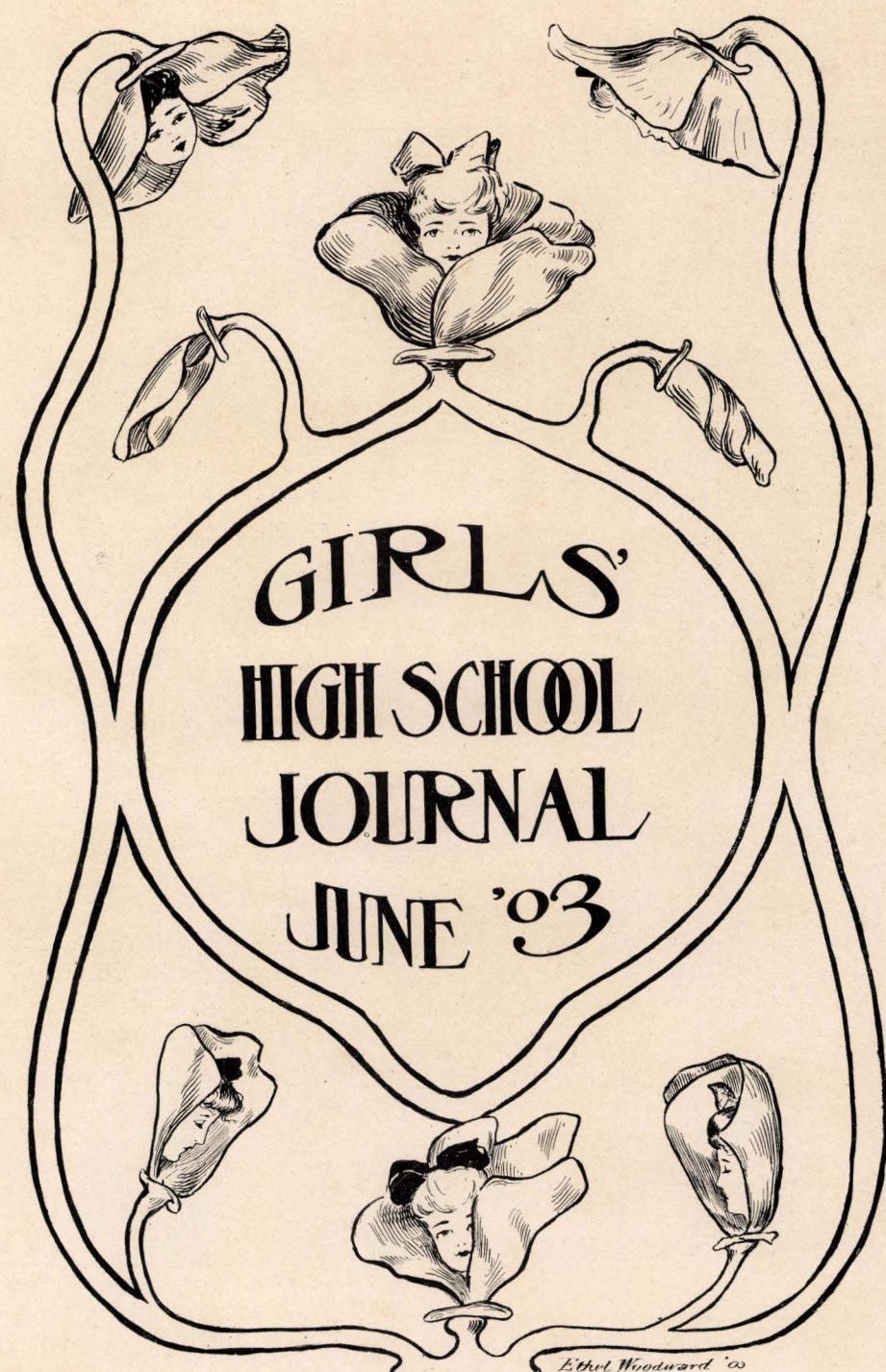


Flora French.

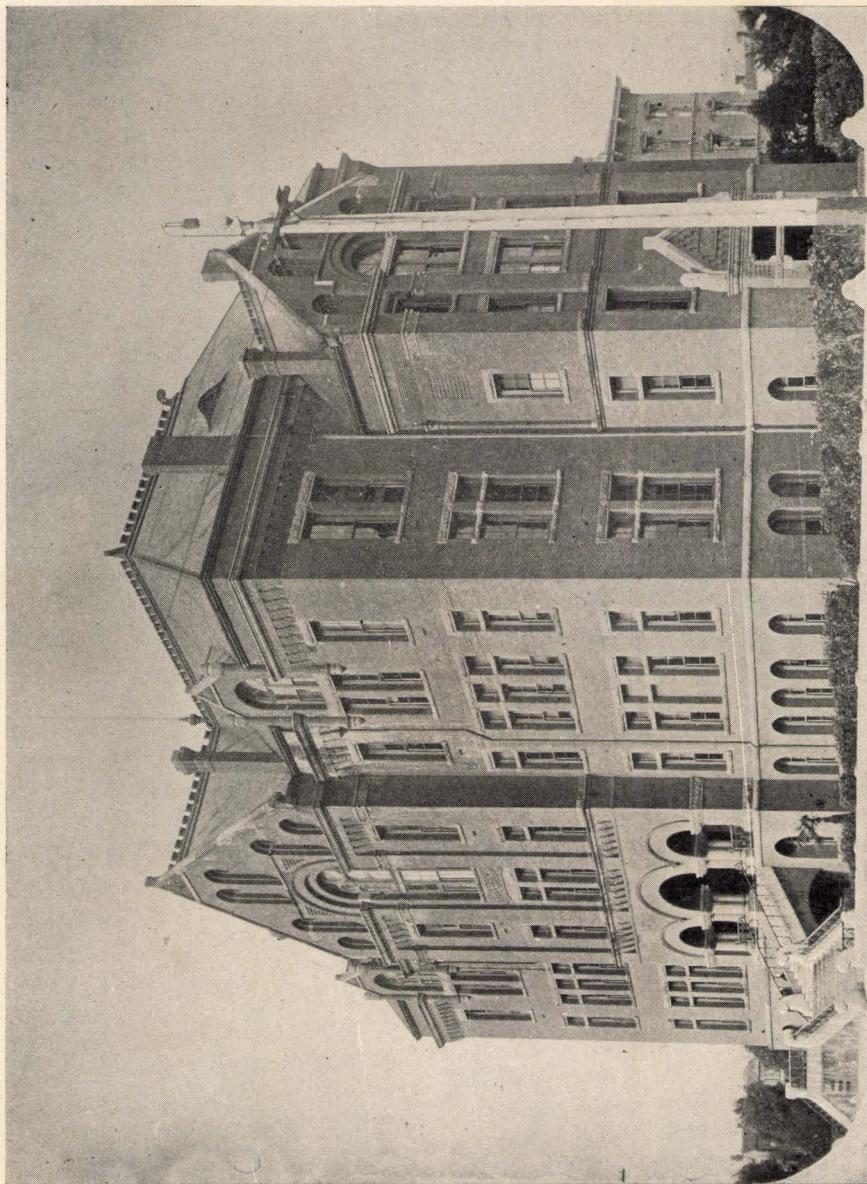
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Journal
June 3



GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL
JOURNAL
JUNE '93

Litho. Woodward '93



San Francisco Girls' High School. Scott Street, between Geary and O'Farrell Streets.

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Flora French 1607A

PRESS OF UPTON BROS.
17-19 FREMONT ST.
S. F.

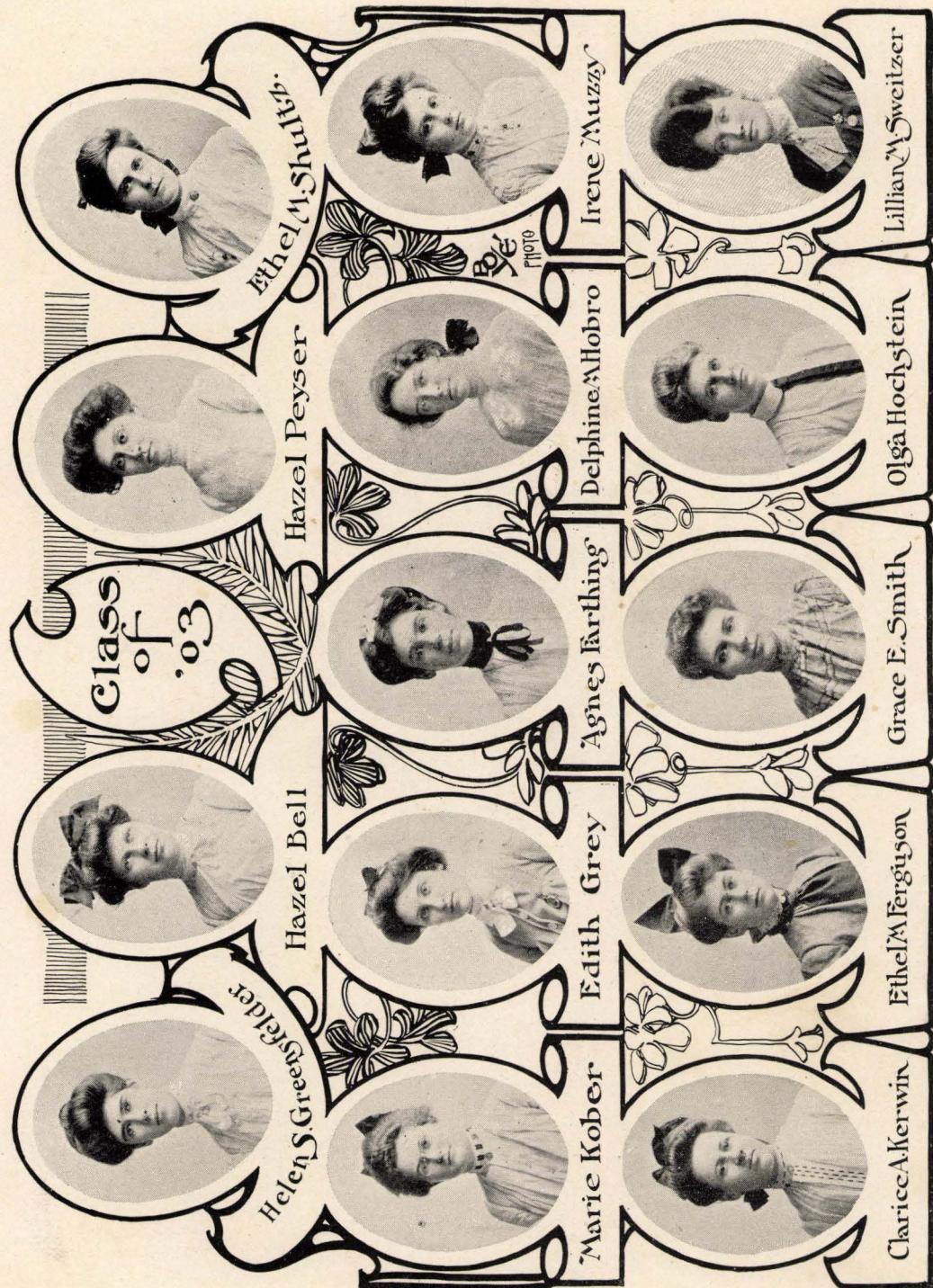
WE gratefully dedicate this number of the Students' Journal to the Faculty, who have all earnestly endeavored to aid us in our progress through the labyrinth of High School work. f f f f

FACULTY OF GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

ELISHA BROOKS	Principal
GEO. O. MITCHELL	Head of Department of Science
FIDELIA JEWETT	Head of Department of Mathematics
HELEN M. THOMPSON	Head of Department of English
MARY PRAG	Head of Department of History
CATHARINE E. WILSON	Head of Department of Classics
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MARY J. MAYBORN	Instructor in History
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SOPHIE A. HOBE	Instructor in Mathematics
BEATRICE REYNOLDS	Instructor in Latin and Greek
EDW. J. DUPUY	Instructor in French
WM. ZIMMERMAN	Instructor in German
MARIAN MICHENER	Instructor in Drawing

Ad summa nitor





Class
of
'03

Rachelle Voorhees



Sarah Fruchter



Theresa Summerfield



Jeannette M. Groeschel



Edith A. Friedenrich



Lelia Cohen



Viola P. Kowalsky



Bertha Romaine



Boe
Photo



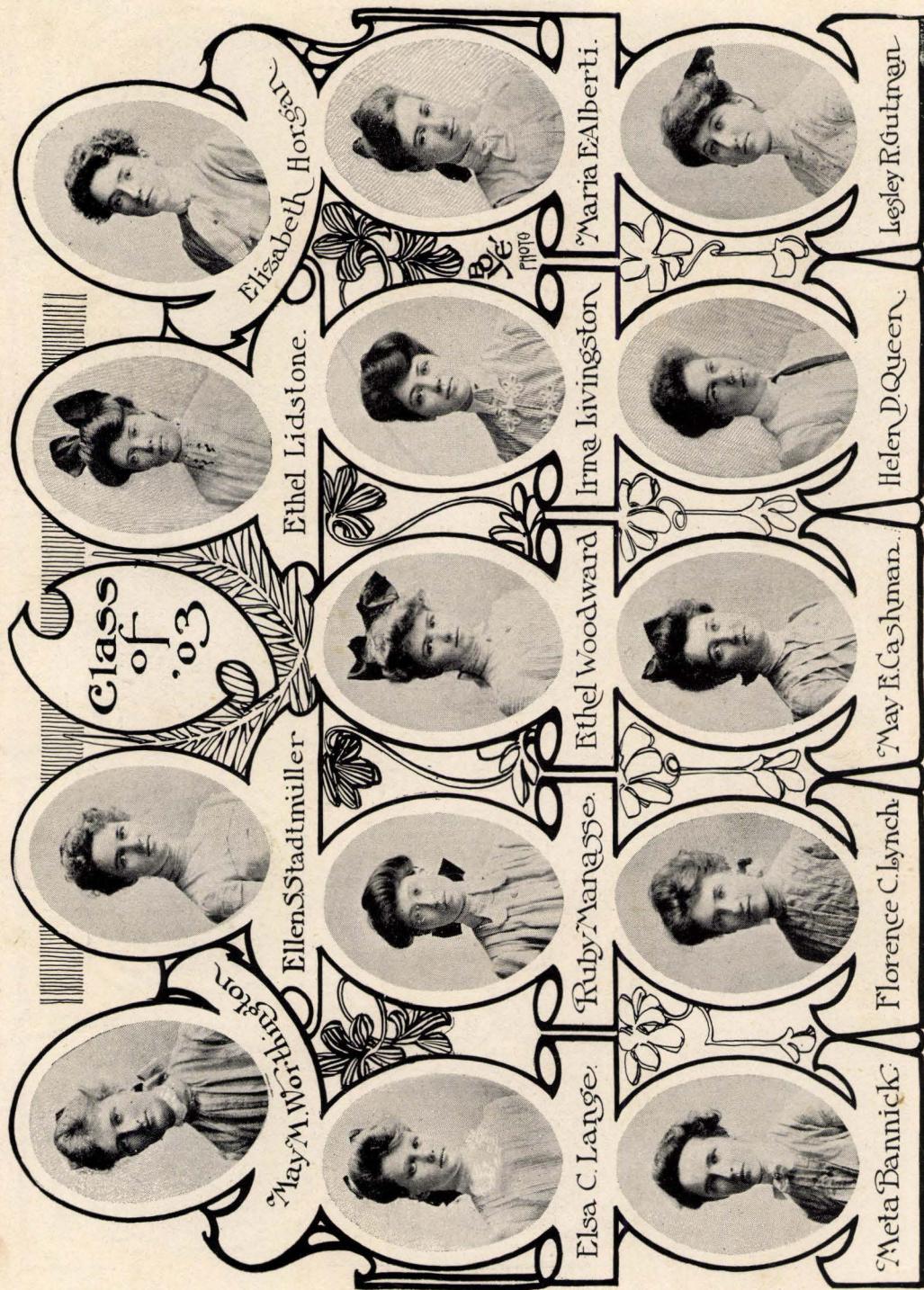
Stella Rosenberg

Junea Wangeman

Juliette Hyman

Julia Evans

Armor Deamer





The Messenger



Last night as sad I chanced to stray
Through forest dark and drear,
I listened to the rippling lay
Of tiny brooklets near.

In vain I sought to pierce the gloom
By tall, dark, oak trees spread;
The darkness covered like the tomb,
Save one dim light o'erhead.

In such a place the thoughts best love
To wander at their will,
And o'er the paths of mem'ry rove,
Bidding the tongue be still.

I thought of many years long fled
Since youth was mine to hold;
I thought of all the friends, long dead,
Whose words were more than gold.

In spite of glorious victory
That these dear friends had gained,
I thought of what they'd been to me,
And still my heart was pained.

By gentle breeze my face was fanned
Lo, peace for me was won;
I felt the bounty of God's hand,
And said, "Thy will be done."

Della Johnson, '06.



P.M. Brooks

John Champe—Deserter



IT was the 27th of September, 1780, a sultry summer day, whose only charm was the hope it gave of a refreshing shower. It was not, however, the weather that General Washington was so earnestly discussing with Major Lee that morning.

"I have received another letter from Sir Henry Clinton this morning," he was saying, "again most urgently asking for Andre's release."

"Would to God we could save Andre," Lee interrupted; "I believe with Colonel Tallmadge that he is innocent. It is that — — traitor Arnold!"

"There is but one way of saving Andre," said Washington, "and that is the capture of the real culprit. I have a plan," and he briefly outlined it to Lee. "It is a delicate and dangerous project," he added. "Much depends upon our finding an agent fit for such hazardous work. Have you such a man in your corps?"

"I have a number of brave men," said Lee, "but can think of only one whom I can recommend for such a duty as this. His name is John Champe—but there is one serious objection in the way—he must appear to desert, and I fear he has too high a sense of military honor for that."

"Try him," said Washington; "no time can be lost; he must proceed, if possible, to-night."

"I can try—I may succeed," said Lee.

* * * * *

While Washington and Lee were thus planning, John Champe sat in his tent reading a letter that the post-rider had brought that morning:

"NEW YORK, 25th Sept., 1780.

"My Dear, Dear Brother:

"O John, I'm in such trouble! You are so brave and Strong you can help me—and you *must*; But I must explaine for I Venture you are mighty Perplexed. There's so much to tell I scarce know where to begin. You have heard of Arnold's treason—how I Hate that man!—and you have heard too of Maj. Andre's capture—I scarce know how to tell you. but I'm engayged to Major Andre. 'Tis a monstrous surprize to you, I doubt not—I feared your displeasure, 'twould be a deal easier to *tell* you than to write, so I waited. I know you are vastly amazeed and shocked and say my name should be a Reprooch to me—but don't, deare, I love our Country and our Indeependeance—but I love Maj. Andre too. I met him at Betty Robinson's, whose father, you know, is a Tory. The Royal Fusileers were quartered at his house. One night the Ofisers gave some plays; Betty was most determined that I should see them, saying

that we could slip into a Darksome-like corner and never be seen. Father said I should go if I pleased, so we slipped in and Enjoyed it vastly, till one young Ofiser reade some Verces which he had made and which amuzed all vastly. But I was in a mighty rage for he made Most Monstrous fun of our Ofisers and Soldieres; when he called you 'That Yankee Rebel, Champe,' I stamped my foot mighty sharply and said 'Twas a monstrous pity that Brave Soldieres should be ridiculed by a British clowne.' Betty said I behaved most shockingly—that the young Ofiser was Maj. Andre and discoursed much of his Varieed and Grasefull talentes and his Engageing manners. I said I liked not such clownish manners but when he apologizeed in such a courtly way—I began to like him Marvellously well—and—that is all except that I'm engayged to him. And, O John, don't let Gen. Washington have him killed! He is not to blame, it is all Sir Henry Clinton and Benedict Arnold. He is as brave and good as Nathan Hale; You know what they did with him; don't let Maj. Andre be killed. Try to save him, John, for my sake try, *try*.

Your loving sister—

VIRGINIA CHAMPE."

He had scarcely finished reading this letter when an orderly appeared, telling him that Major Lee wished to see him. A more than usual gravity was the only visible sign of the letter's effect upon him, as he stood before Lee, and listened in silence to the plan to capture Arnold.

"Champe, you're the only man I can trust in this affair, will you do it?"

"No sir, I cannot."

"Why not?"

"My military honor, sir"—

"Zounds! hang it all man—will you let Andre go to the gallows—and Arnold—to the Devil, I suppose—"

"What has Arnold's capture to do with Andre's execution," quickly interrupted Champe.

"Zounds! Everything," answered Lee. "If we can get Arnold General Washington is willing to release Andre."

"I will go, sir," said Champe."

Major Lee was too astonished at this sudden change of decision to utter his favorite "zounds."

"I mean it, sir, I will go," repeated Champe.

Lee immediately gave him the necessary instructions and some letters to be delivered to two persons in New York who were in Washington's confidence and who would help him.

"That is as much as I can do," said Lee. "You will have to form your own plans and use your own judgment; and you must go to-night; no time can be lost, as Andre's execution is set for the 2nd of October."

* * * * *

The silent stars looked down that night upon the no less silent horseman as he hurried from the camp of the American army. "John Champe—deserter, John Champe—deserter," Betty's hoof beats seemed

to have set themselves to that tune. He dug his spurs into her sides, and she broke into a gallop, her hoofs now beating out the words, "Save him for my sake, John, try, try." He looked behind and his heart sank; the shower threatened all day had fallen at sunset washing away all previous hoof-marks, while those of Betty were plainly discernible in the wet earth. "John Champe, deserter," is leaving a plain track for his pursuers, Betty—but we *must* win, for "Dare's sake," and he urged his horse on as fast as possible.

By sunrise he had reached a low ridge a few miles from the village of Bergen; looking back he saw the pursuing party but half a mile distant; there was a short cut through the Bergen wood; he knew he should find a British galley in the bay, but could he make it?

"Betty, do your best, we've got half a mile the start, and we *can't* fail now." It would seem that the tired animal understood him, for she broke into a swift gallop and by the time those in pursuit had reached the top of the ridge, Champe had gained the edge of the wood. He looked back again; the pursuing party had divided; one division, taking the short cut, was rapidly gaining upon him; he could see the river now and the galley at anchor in the bay, but that marsh—could Betty get over that? A shot whizzed past him—they were gaining more rapidly—"My God,—am I going to fail now," he panted. Leaping from his horse, he drew his sword and ran over the marsh, reached the river, plunged in, shouting to the galley for help as he did so. The pursuing party reached the river just in time to see him taken into a boat sent out by the vessel in the bay.

* * * * *

"Daughter," said Mr. Champe, "I think I'll go up stairs now—I feel somewhat tired to-night."

"Shall I not read to you first, father, dear?" asked Virginia.

"If 'twould not be too tiresome for thee, child."

"What shall I read," she asked, as she brought out the old Bible and seated herself at her father's feet, resting the old book on his knee.

"The fourteenth chapter of John—'twill do us both a deal of good," said her father as he lovingly smoothed her hair. After she had finished reading they sat in silence for a few moments, then Virginia rose, lit a candle and brought it to her father.

"Good night, my child, and remember, 'Let not thy heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

"I understand, father dear; good night." She smiled bravely as she said it, but when the door had closed behind her father, the tears trickled down her cheeks despite her. "The 29th and he will be executed on the 2nd—O *why* doesn't John—"

A low rap sounded at the door; she hastily dashed her tears away, stood irresolute a moment, then unlatched the door.

"O John, John, I knew you'd come," she cried as she threw herself

into her brother's arms. "Is he safe? Has General Washington released him? Have you—John! that's a British uniform!"

"Yes, dear, I'm enlisted in Arnold's corps of loyalists and deserters."

"I—I—I'm afraid I don't understand," said Virginia.

He explained as briefly as he could General Washington's plan and his desertion.

"But that uniform," she interrupted.

"Yes, I'll explain that too," he answered. "When they took me aboard the galley, I told them I was a deserter, grown tired of the American service. I told Sir Henry Clinton the same story and he said I should enlist in Arnold's corps which I did, being the best way of getting communication with him. I have a plan for his capture that cannot fail, but one of the patriots who was to help me fell ill yesterday. I scarce know how to proceed now."

"Tell me, what is your plan; what was this man to do?"

"You know where Arnold is living; there is a garden at the back of the house that extends to the river. Every night before retiring he takes a few turns in the garden. To-morrow night he gives a dinner to the officers of his corps—it will be late before he takes his usual walk. Clark and I will conceal ourselves in the hedge and seize him as he passes. Parsons was to have a boat at the foot of the garden and row us across to Hoboken where Lee will await us in the woods, with horses to convey us to camp. But Parsons is ill—I know of no one whom I can trust—"

"I do, John, I do!" eagerly.

"Who?"

"Myself."

"You! Why little 'Dare,' you could not—"

"Yes, yes I could. I can row, you *know* I can. O John let me do it. You *must* save, John, Major Andre. Let me help you."

"No, Dare,—

But she interrupted him again—"I can and I *will*, its the only way. My dress—yes, yes, I know, but I'll attend to that; get me a military cloak; no one but you will ever know, and we *must* save him. It's the only way."

He knew it was "the only way" and reluctantly yielded. After carefully arranging their plan, John returned to the barracks of Arnold's corps.

* * * * *

The following night a little row boat stole softly under the sheltering trees a short distance from the garden of "No. 3 Broadway;" two men in British uniforms stepped out, leaving a third, or rather a lad, muffled in a military cloak, to take charge of the boat.

"Dare, my lad, keep your boat well under the trees till I whistle—so—then row quickly to the foot of the garden. You know the British pass-word should any one challenge you. Are you armed? Better

take this pistol," and stooping down to put the weapon in the lad's hands, he whispered, "You won't be afraid, Dare?"

"No, dear," she answered as she slipped her hand into her brother's, giving it a nervous little squeeze.

"Don't fall asleep, my lad," said Champe, as he and Clark silently made their way to the hedge.

Half an hour passed—an hour. "Dare" heard the watchman call the hour and his sing-song "All's well." "Yes, yes," she said to herself, nervously, "All's well, all's well." Another half hour, three quarters—she looked toward Hoboken and wondered if Major Lee was also waiting. If he should fail to have the horses! "All's well" again came to her ears as the watchman went on his rounds.

Another half hour—Arnold's guests must be late in departing; if anything should happen! Surely John had not given the signal; surely she could not have failed to hear it.

"One o'clock and all's well." Of course it was, she *knew* it, why need that watchman call it out to her? What made the oars make that rattling sound? Her hands were trembling—yes—she knew now why the stars twinkled so—it was watching for these long weary ages; here *she* was trembling and she had watched but a century, or was it only a year? She was not sure but it was so long, so long! Ah—the signal at last—no—only the whip-poor-will; why should they whip-poor-Will?

"Two o'clock; all's well; all's well." O that stupid watchman. If he were only dumb! Why were these—Hark, what was that—a frog? Why did he mimic the watchman, "All is well, all is well." It must be the frog that sang to the lad who sat for ages waiting—waiting—waiting.

At last—O thank God—a footstep. Yes it was John. She jumped from the boat and ran to him. "Did I fail to hear the signal? Where—where is he?"

He did not answer, but took the "lad" in his arms and pressed her to him in silence; she could feel his strong body trembling as hers had done; she was calm now though.

"John," she asked very slowly, "Did—did we fail, dear?"

"Dare—you—I—he has changed his quarters—Yes, darling, we have failed; don't look like that, Dare—"

"Don't worry, dear, I'm strong. See how calm I am; so calm—so ca—;" her head fell forward on her brother's breast; he lifted her in his arms and carried her to the boat, whispering brokenly—"Dare, my little one—I tried, I tried." And the stars still watched and twinkled as the boat shot out into the river, the oars moaning as they dipped in and out of the water—"Failed—Failed—Failed." R. A. R., '04.

“April First”



“Goin’ to fool some one sure,” said Tom, April first,
But after ‘tis did hope I don git de worst.”

This ragged young urchin, toes through and no collar,
Called, “cum alon’ fellers, if I runs youse foller”
Bright Tom saw a hydrant, and near it a sack
For methods of prankish jokes he did not lack.

Straightway a few sticks Bright Tom put inside
Then over the hydrant both sticks and sack tied.
With the aid of a hay rope he fastened it tight.
And knots, ends, and rope were kept safely from sight.

He tied up the top fast by means of much string,
Like a huge sack it looked, as if Tom would fling
It up on his back, and march along gaily.
“Now, fellers, look wise. Here comes Colonel Daly.”

In full dress regalia and very erect
Along strode the Colonel with lady select.
He beamed down upon her, and she up to him;
Nicely doffing his cap to their friends so trim.

But there stood our Tommy a tugging so hard
At his old gunny sack. “Say come along pard,
You’s a gentleman sure, come, give us a lift.”
“Excuse me,” said Daly, “his burden I’ll shift.”

“Come be quick my fellow, I’ve no time to loose.”
He pulled at the sack, gave it kicks with his shoes.
Then off came a clasp from his neatly gloved hand
And the Colonel almost on his head did land.

Up went a cheer from Tom’s nobly trained crew
In the head of the Colonel a tempest did brew
“Say, it’s April the first, and the next time, old pard,
When youse helpin’ a feller, don’t help him so hard.”

How many more “lifts” our young Tom got this day
We here will not tell of, *this* was best they say.

A VISIT TO THE CHINESE MISSION



I RANG the bell at the Chinese Mission on Sacramento Street, one morning a short time ago. Almost immediately I heard a key turn in the lock. Then the door swung open and Suey Leen appeared. "Who is Suey Leen?" you may ask. Suey Leen has an interesting history, although, perhaps, one could not read it in her impassive Oriental face.

We have all read and heard more or less about Chinese slave-traffic. The Chinese girl grows up with the idea that she is the property of father or husband. Even when she is sought in honorable marriage, her father receives a large sum of money. Many beautiful young women and children have been sold in China and brought to this Country for immoral purposes. They are forced to lead lives of drudgery and degradation.

The Mission on Sacramento Street has been in existence for twenty-five years and has given shelter to about one thousand slave girls. The present matron is Miss D. M. Cameron, a woman of charming personality and wonderful bravery. Whenever she hears of a child who is being held as a slave, accompanied by a policeman, she goes through the narrow alleys of Chinatown, whether it be day or night, and she usually brings away the object of her search.

Many of the slave girls do not wait to be rescued. They, themselves, try to escape from the life they hate. So it was with Suey Leen. She and another little girl, Dong Ho, were slaves of the same cruel mistress. Suey Leen had heard of the Mission, so she planned their escape. Dong Ho stole away first, and, after a whole day's search, found the Mission. Meanwhile, Suey Leen stayed behind, to face the storm that Dong Ho's flight had raised. But in a few days later, she, too, found an opportunity to join her comrade. She made rapid progress in her studies, learning very soon to speak and write English. We were standing together in Miss Cameron's sitting room, looking at some papers and she began to read, clearly and intelligently. I asked how she liked to live at the Mission, and she answered, "Very much. We are all very fond of Miss Cameron."

We went down to the school-room where there were about two dozen girls. One was Japanese and she wore American clothes, but the others were in native costume, except that the little ones wore American shoes. Several girls at a time came to one side of the room, for their recitation

which consisted of reading and spelling. Most of them read exceedingly well, but, "Dear me!" I thought, "They haven't yet reached the height of civilization. They don't say *'jist'*."

I walked down by the desks of two of the little girls who seemed to be writing very busily on their slates, but as I bent over to see what they were doing, down went two heads on two pair of chubby hands, as the owners looked shyly at me out of the corners of their almond-shaped eyes.

The most important personage in the room was the baby. She trotted around with the air of a Princess Royal. She ran against a circumstance, however, in the person of a pretty little Mongolian, who also had a will of her own. Each took hold of the coveted piece of paper, and each pulled and tugged with equal determination. "The baby will win," I thought, and, sure enough, the older one got up and marched disgustedly away, and the baby remained, perspiring but triumphant.

I could hardly imagine, while looking at the score of happy-faced, intelligent girls in the room, that they had undergone the most horrible experiences. But it is true. A pitiful story is that of Ah Young, a girl in this school. She was a slave in the family of a rich merchant in Chinatown. She was so cruelly abused that the matter was at length reported to the Mission.

This is an illustration of the treatment the average slave girl receives: Ah Young was sent out late one night on an errand. She was a little late in returning, and when she came in, her infuriated mistress picked up a meat-knife and threw it at the child, striking her in the back of the head. When found by Miss Cameron, Ah Young, wrapped in a ragged, dirty garment, was curled up on a shelf. Her head was severely cut, and the hair matted with blood. Several horrible-looking scars were found on her body. When asked what had caused them, Ah Young said that when her work was finished, she was obliged to sew at night. If she went to sleep over the work, her affectionate mistress pricked her with a hot iron.

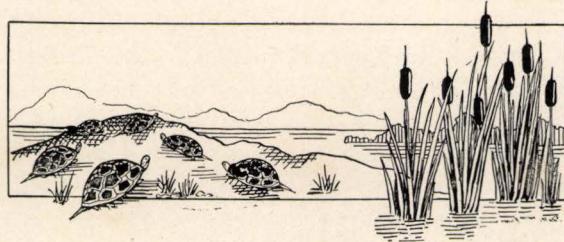
Woon Ho's experience is no less interesting. She was found by Miss Cameron, in a gambling den. When discovered, this little girl, then only six years old, sat on a table, rolling cigarettes for the gamblers. The men were taken by surprise, and before they realized what was happening, the rescuers were gone.

Perhaps some may remember of reading in the newspapers, a year or two ago, the story of Yuen Ho, a former inmate of the Mission. She was sold in San Francisco for \$2,750. After enduring six months of painful drudgery, she made her escape, with the aid of a young Chinaman, Gim, who had learned where Yuen Ho was kept, in Ma Fong Alley. She lived at the Mission for a while and then she and Gim were married. But one day they received warning from the society of highbinders, that if Yuen Ho's ransom was not paid, she and her husband would be killed. And so one day when Gim was coming through Chinatown, from his work, a highbinder shot him, but, luckily, the wound was not fatal, but as he is not even now, well enough to work, Yuen Ho provides for both.

When I came up from the school room, Suey Leen again opened the door for me. "Good-bye," I said. "Good-bye," replied Suey Leen, and I again heard the sound of the key in the lock.

I stood, for several minutes, thinking, and looking abstractedly at the car track on Sacramento Street, and it was some time before I realized that two cars couldn't possibly travel in opposite direction and on the same track. Then, smiling idiotically, I turned toward Clay Street, but, alas! I took a Jackson Street car after all.

BERTHA ROMAINE, '03.



JINGLES



The golden hours are flying past,
My time is growing short,—
I think I'd better write more fast
And get at least one thought.

What word is there that I can find
To make a perfect rhyme?
The sense of it you mustn't mind,
I have so little time.

I'm not a genius, (need I say?)
Nor even yet a poet;
I cannot write a single lay,—
But I suppose you know it.

Oh me! Oh my! What shall I do!
I've not a decent line,
The time draws near—fifteen past two!
My jingle is *so* fine!

I wonder if we'll have an ex
This period in Dutch,—
My teacher, I don't like to vex,
But still I don't know much.

What can these jingles do for us,
Of all things 'neath the sun;
They only make a lot of fuss,
And harass everyone.

Oh good! at last I've filled the sheet,
And now there goes the bell.
My writing may not seem too neat.—
But then I have (?) done well.

Edith Loewenthal, '04.



HOW A SENIOR DANCE WAS INTERRUPTED



IT was time for luncheon at the Girls' High School. A bevy of charming intellectual seniors had just begun their midday repast, consisting of such varieties as "Chicky a la Polonaise," "Sliced Mosquito Tongues," "Lowney's a la Hills," and sometimes "Chocolatje Wafferies and Solomons." One girl who was generously inclined opened her organ of benevolence, likewise her purse, to invest a whole nickel across the street in cinnamon bon bons. After that noble one had distributed the contents of the bag, save one lonely little morsel, she gazes at it with starved eyes, while a chorus of voices shouted, "Dive up, you stingy thing," and they got it———aber nit.

"Oh! that detestable cinnamon flavor. Girls its growing tame. We can go a cinnamon bear when he is in that state, but we can't bear cinnamon candy any longer. Little Lesley suggested that we adjourn to the auditorium and aid to digest the delicacies in which we had just indulged by engaging in the mystic whirl of a waltz.

On this particular day our orchestra, composed of a PIANO and a BABY JUNIOR, was pouring forth that ever popular melody, "Three Blind Mice." The theme naturally pictured those cunning little "critters" to us, when President Ellen with her four eyes spied a real, live, sleek, fat, well-fed rat, with a real, live, sleek, fat, well-fed tail, scampering toward the orchestra. One half of that body, bereft of her senses, jumped into the other half and securely fastened the lid. Ellen, screaming with fright, flew down the stairs to the janitress' room for salt to put on its tail.

Meanwhile, brave Muz had given the order "To Arms," and the Girls' High School Cadets, composed of Captain Newman, Lieutenant Alderson, Corporal Hobro and Private Summerfield, answered the call. With trembling knees and quivering lips those gallant cadets advanced toward the "enemy," who at this moment was inspecting Miss Sutherland's trilbys. These forces not proving sufficient, a call for volunteers was issued and immediately Lanky Lange and Ditto Voorsanger shouldered their brooms, and accompanied by their faithful mascot, "Jerry," guarded the door to prevent an escape. Of course that pesky rat made a bee line for those volunteers, who were stationed one half on either side. That "Ray" of sunshine must have been the attraction.

Oh! mama! what a commotion ensued. That terror of all women gave one terrific switch of its tail and felled poor Private Summerfield to the floor. She landed square on the unfortunate animal. In this terrible mix-up the volunteers became twisted up and tied together in a double bow-knot. The private lay there as if stunned when Captain Newman and Lieutenant Alderson hurried to the rescue. After several fruitless attempts at raising her, they were on the point of despairing, when, fortunately, Prof. Z. followed closely by the French professor (They having heard uncommon sounds), came upon the scene.

After a variation of acrobatic preliminaries and gesticulating remarks, such as "After you my dear Z," they decided to pull her up together.

At this moment Miss Groeschel came breathlessly hurrying in, crying "What it is? A rat? Ain't that just grand. Save it for my pom-podour."

At last, poor Tess was on her feet again, but alas, where was the rat? We will leave that problem for the reader to solve. At any rate, it is needless to say that Miss G's pom-podour is still flat and so is this story, so Ellen's salt may be used for this tale instead.

EDNA FALK, '03.



The Senior Play



ON Thursday evening, April the thirtieth, the Senior Class, '03, of the Girls' High School, presented "The Ladies of Cranford," a farce by Mary Bernard Horne, based upon Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." Miss Henrietta Stadtmüller very kindly coached the girls and the success of the evening is, in a large measure, due to her careful and untiring instruction.

The scene of the play is laid in Cranford, a quaint, old English town, and portrays many of the old-fashioned customs and prim manners of the Cranford society, in main part composed of old maids.

A clever little curtain raiser entitled "Good-Bye," a comedy of to-day, was very well adapted to set off the quaint gowns and manners of the Cranford time.

Between acts the school orchestra played many pretty and well-chosen selections.

CURTAIN RAISER—GOOD-BYE.

Alice Langley, the hostess	Ethel Woodward
Fanny Motley, her visitor	Ruby Reid

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

Miss Mathilda Jenkyns	Ellen S. Stadtmuller
Miss Mary Smith	Georgie Mel
Miss Jessie Brown	Ida Remington
Miss Pole	Marie Helen O'Brien
Mrs. Forrester	Florence Lynch
Miss Betty Barker	Nettie Duncan
The Hon. Mrs. Jamieson	Emma De Boom
Martha	Carrie Sutherland
Peggy	Bertha Romaine
Mrs. Purkis	Alma Tobin
Jennie	Lucile Haber
Susan	Helen Baker

Act I.—Miss Matty's Parlor. Afternoon Tea.

Act. II.—"Mathilda Jenkyns, licensed to sell tea."

Act. III.—Miss Barker's Parlor. A Card Party.

Thursday evening, April thirtieth, the night of the Senior Farce, will certainly be remembered as one of the most enjoyable occasions of the year.

The Girls' High School Orchestra rendered the musical part of the program, and the members deserve much credit for their share in the evening's entertainment. The humorous curtain raiser, "Good-Bye," in which Miss Ethel Woodward took the part of Alice Langley, the hostess, and Miss Ruby Reid that of Fanny Motley, her visitor, caused much merriment.

Following came the farce itself, "The Ladies of Cranford," and was a dainty, sweet little play, laid in the year 1840. The quaint costumes were appropriate to the time and were certainly very pretty and effective.

Altogether the evening was a great success and we hope and feel sure that a "Senior Farce" will be an annual event at the Girls' High School.





Scene from Act II of the Farce



Scene from the Curtain Raiser

Scenes from Act III of the Farce



Homeward Bound



Once upon a time, in a distant clime,
A ship at anchor lay;
With her cargo all stored, and her crew all aboard,
She was ready to sail away.

Then her master gave command, to his hardy little band,
"Let the anchor now be weighed;"
And no one shirked, but they sang as they worked,
So gladly they obeyed.

Now little we care, so the wind be fair,
To hasten our homeward trip;
Though it blow a very gale, we'll set every sail,
And work every spar on the ship.

There's a music in the gale; and the flapping of the sail
Has a sweet melodious sound;
And the creaking of the spars, is a concert for the tars,
Who know they're homeward bound.

There's a homeward bound for London Town,
There's a homeward bound for France;
And a homeward bound for any old town
Makes some hearts glad perchance.

But our hearts are thrilled, and our eyes are filled,
And all our work is play,
When we start for our state with the Golden Gate,
And we're homeward bound to-day.

Then heave away and haul away,
Let all work long and late;
And soon we'll land on our native strand,
At that glorious Golden Gate.

L. Harrison, '06.

A Glance at Journalism



TO the young girl who has just graduated from the high school or the university, no career appears to offer so many attractions as that of literature, or of journalism, considered as a career in itself, or as a prelude to literature.

Variety and unexpectedness found in no other profession, opportunities for fame and distinction, seem to be promised, and the enthusiastic young woman is ready to leap at the first invitation to enter the coveted field. Imagination quickly places her on the summit of George Eliot and Mrs. Browning.

After spending many years in the close and arduous pursuit of journalism, during which she has achieved what is called success, has made a little money, and gained a great deal of experience, the girl who began with these very high ideals, may turn back the leaves of her life, and find that she has had many of the alluring moments which she anticipated. But in the daily toil, she will not find them. The up-hill path of journalism takes as much courage and breath as the acquisition of mathematical knowledge or the study of law.

It does in fact deal with life and character rather than with abstractions, but for this reason, journalism is the more difficult. A thorough understanding of character comes only after a life-time of experience, and the first steps toward understanding one's fellow beings are sure to be profoundly discouraging.

The ideals of moral beauty and truth with which the girl begins life, will be brutally shattered by contact with the corrupt politicians, self-seeking public men, and shallow self-advertisers who form most of the material which the newspaper is forced to handle. She must learn to keep her own ideals pure, although every one of a hundred men who surround her, reveals himself as fatally corrupt. She must not despair, and think because so many are actuated only by greed and passion, that human nature is capable of moral elevation only in the pages of fiction.

The journalist comes in contact with three classes of people, chiefly: men and women who have distinguished themselves in some exceptional way, malefactors, and snobs. The first it is a privilege and education to meet. They are people who have won their position in life, generals, prima-donnas, presidents, governors, authors, painters, financiers and organizers. They form the real aristocracy of modern life, and the higher the position they occupy, the more nearly true is it that they deserve what they have attained.

Malefactors are a particularly ugly class to deal with. It is the duty of the newspaper, in the interests of the community, to make their offenses public. But even a murderer is sensitive and hates to see himself publicly criticised, so he turns against the newspaper in rage, and is apt to seek revenge against both the editor and the reporter.

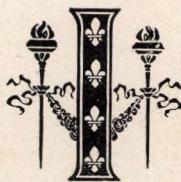
By far the largest class of people who seek to appear in the newspapers, or whose names fill up the columns in one way or another, are those who have done nothing great and nothing wicked, but whose aspirations to fame, power or social prestige are tremendous. Some of these deserve recognition in proportion to their worth or the importance of their interests, but a great many are merely vain self-seekers, looking for advertisement. The journalist comes to learn that vanity is the most persistent human failing, and the hardest to eradicate. To make allowance for this immense vanity and snobbishness, and still to retain one's belief in the ultimate beauty and loftiness of human nature, is the task that confronts the journalist, and all her education, all her training and all her ideals are in vain if she does not accomplish it, for there is no happiness in cynicism, and success is not born of it either.

The great moments of journalism are the rare ones, not the routine that makes up the profession. Even a writer so favored and honored as to be a war correspondent at the seat of an important conflict, or one who reports the proceedings of an important Congressional session or who criticises grand opera in its most nearly perfect form, reaches this dignity only after years of difficult ascent, and then holds it only at intervals. The repetitions of dry details, the routine of situations whose variance from each other is never so great as their similarity, is almost endless, and to draw from these, ever increasing stimulus, new thought and new hope, requires inexhaustible patience, courage and enthusiasm.

The man or the woman, but particularly the woman, who would be a success in journalism must have a respect for truth, amounting to a passion. Everybody is more or less of a self-deceiver, preferring a pleasant interpretation of circumstances and events to one that is strictly true. Women especially are born romancers, with a tendency to gild and color every fact of life. But the newspaper deals with hard reality; it is almost scientific in its adherence to the hard, unvarnished facts of life. There is no room for nonsense, no opportunity for rhapsody in the construction of the page of the daily newspaper. Truth sometimes hurts, so that the woman who is afraid to look the truth squarely and unflinchingly in the face, is the woman who will make a failure of journalism.

The paramount reward of journalism is not money, for the salaries are very low in comparison with the brain and industry required; not fame, for the most brilliant journalist does work that perishes the day it is born; but an increase in the sum of conscious life. Perpetually to add to one's knowledge of the world and of human nature, to see history in the making, to discover the aims, ambitions and motives of those whose work and thought determine the character of an era, to be surprised, di-

verted, interested and mentally enriched even with suffering as a price,—these are the rewards of a journalistic career. One who has not this thirst for the kind of knowledge that cannot be found in books, but which is in the very heart of life itself, should never come within miles of a newspaper office; one who has this longing will count it and its gratification the greatest possession in the world. ELINOR CROUDACE.



J o k e s



What was noted in the death of Seneca? He took a bath.

Why has the Senior Farce not been postponed until the arrival of President Roosevelt. Because designs on his life are treasonable offenses.

Miss W. (conducting a Latin recitation)—Miss Sw—' who was speaking in line—?

Miss Sw- -tz-r;—The watch dog, Ceribus, was barking.

Miss N-com-n (in history)—The soldiers threw up entrenchments and earthworks for ten days.

Mrs. P.—Miss Ray, give *us* the benefit of that remark.

Miss Ray Vo- -san-er—I was just saying they were a pretty sick crowd of men.

Miss Kow- -sky (in history)—Lincoln had a face.



Ellen Stadtmüller



Ethel Woodward

Viola P. Kowalsky



Ruby Reid

Bertha Romaine



Carrie C. Sutherland



Georgie Mel.



Marie H. O'Brien



Helen D. Queen.

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CARRIE SUTHERLAND. *Exchange*

THE SUTHERLAND, Exchange
ETHEL WOODWARD *Art*

Word comes to us from *The University Chronicle* that the number of regular intrants is steadily increasing, fifteen schools sending ten or more recommended graduates. In the order of representation the two schools in close proximity to the University, the Oakland High and the Berkeley High, come first, and the San Francisco Girls' High School stands third on the list, while our friend, the Lowell, is two numbers behind. In spite of the fact that the Girls' High School is accredited to the University of California, Stanford University, Chicago University, Vassar and Wellesley, it has been stated by friends of the Lowell that that school has a higher standing than this, and therefore we take pleasure in quoting the preceding statement from *The University Chronicle*.

The *Chronicle* adds: "The entering class of 1902 is not only the largest but also the best prepared that has ever entered the University of California." May the University be able to make the same boast of the Class of '03.

A daily of April 16 prints the following startling and remarkable announcement: "The girls of the Berkeley High School issued their thirty-two page special edition of the *Olla Podrida*, earning

the distinction of being the first board of girl editors in the State to successfully conduct both the editorial and managerial sides of a periodical." THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL has been published since '95, being edited and managed entirely by girls and we hope successfully. We do not wish to deprive our friends of the Berkeley High, of their well-earned laurels, but merely to correct a newspaper misprint.

The officers and members of the Class of 1903 wish to publicly thank Mr. O. H. Boye for his courtesy in the matter of the Class pictures. When approached Mr. Boye expressed his willingness to assist us in a most substantial manner, volunteering the free use of his studio and personal services. The result has been more than satisfactory; each photograph betrays the excellence and skill of the artist. We recommend a visit to Mr. Boye's studio; it will be well repaid.

One of the most important essentials of a truly successful class and one which the girls of '03 have been sadly in need of is school spirit.

The G. H. S. has often been spoken of as a school where social spirit is sadly lacking, but in the last few years, efforts have been made by the Senior classes to disprove this statement. The class of '02, especially, was very successful in their various enterprises, and although we have been compelled to struggle hard to keep up the record they left, we are very thankful to them for the great stride forward which they took.

To truthfully be able to say:—"My happiest days were those I spent in school"—one must have been fortunate in being in a class where social spirit was strongly felt, and it is greatly to be feared that many of the girls of '03 will be unable to say this.

The great lack in this class has been that of *unity*, the most important factor, also interest in the class affairs. Many explanations may be put forth in regard to this, but it is hard to decide where blame rests.

However, Class of '04, beware! take the advice of older, sadder, and possibly wiser girls than yourselves, and guard against this.

Nevertheless the class of '03 may have been judged too severely when the various obstacles which it has been forced to overcome are taken into consideration. Unity and interest might have been stronger, if the whole class had been allowed to act in unison on the matters of class importance, but the fatal eligible list interposed and exempted a number of the girls.

In conclusion we particularly wish to thank those girls, who although not on the eligible list and thus debarred from staff positions, worked as hard as many of the staff officers and contributed just as much to the success of the Journal.

A Leaf from A Little Boy's Diary



Mar. 9. Have decided to keep a diary and write in it every day. Had apple pie to day for lunch but not much of enything else. Saw my sister Nell kiss her beau to-day. Haven't anything more to say so guess I'll go to bed.

Mar. 10. Had a fight with Tommie Bangs today he gave me a black eye but I licked him enyway. The black eye was sore so stayed home from school. Ma gave me some candy and tarts.

Mar. 11. No news—Baked chicken and currant jelly for dinner.

Mar. 12. Apple fritters for dinner.

Mar. 13. Haven't et anything at hardly have been sick.

Mar. 14. Nell's beau brought her candy I had half the box.

Mar. 16. Had nothing good te eat.

Mar. 19. Hada lot of peanuts.

Mar. 30. Whipped Tom Bangs again.

April 9. Have dessided not to keep no diary. Its too much work.
Had coconut cake for dinner. JEANNETTE BUTCHER, '06.

Snooky's Sonnet



I

THE languid English class became all attention the moment Miss Thompson spoke of graduation. Marjorie Jones and Dorothy Morris discontinued a game of tit-tat-to, from which they had managed to extract some amusement,—strange how little it takes to amuse a High School girl at a quarter to three, and the rest of the girls ceased to stare vacantly ahead at the clock. Taking off her white apron, and carefully folding it, Miss Thompson continued, "There are one or two girls whose graduation actually depends on their standing in English. Systematic neglect is reaping the whirlwind of failure. I will give you a condition examination on the work, and, in addition to this, I am going to ask the whole class to write a sonnet.

"Take some famous sonnet as a model," she advised, "study its structure and rhyme scheme; notice how the poet generalizes in the first eight lines, and crystallizes in the last six—a synthesis. Be sure to have a definite thought before you begin to write. That's the trouble with you girls,—all words, words, words, and very little sense. A good many of you are going to the University and you must be well prepared in composition. There's the bell,—do the best you can, and the girls who know how insecure their standing is must put forth special effort. You may have several days in which to prepare it,—a week at any rate. Good night."

When "Bob" Willard and "Snooky" Sherman, her particular friend and "soror" (christened Elizabeth Henrietta, and called "Snooky" for "short") walked down-stairs with their books, they found Dorothy Morris sitting on the stone coping on the Geary-Street side, waiting for them. "It's absurd to ask anyone to express herself in thirteen lines," she complained. "Bob" smiled as the three started away. She was a thoughtful, rather delicate-looking girl. "Why,—does it *have* to be thirteen?" asked Snooky. "I thought they were just short spurts that filled up a page, when a story left off in the middle." "Oh, spare us, Snooky. After four months of sonnets she doesn't even know what they are yet," answered Dorothy. "That would be too easy. Heaven's only knows why they have to have thirteen lines; it seems very—hem." "Arbitrary," murmured Bob. "Uh-huh, arbitrary; you might get through in twelve or perhaps you might have enough stuff to stick on a fourteenth, but you mustn't, you've got to let it go at thirteen, don't you?" She appealed to Bob who looked dreamily down the street. Bob was often

guilty of writing verses for the *Overland* and even *Munsey* had accepted one of her efforts. "Oh, I shouldn't feel bound down to the unlucky number," she answered impartially. "I've seen lots of good sonnets with fourteen lines, several of the best ones have been written that way." "Well, I want mine to be keen," Dorothy declared. "I'm not going to run any risks. It's all right, I suppose for Wordsworth to add a postscript if he wants to, but its different with me. Have you thought of anything yet? What on earth are *you* going to do, Snooky," she asked. "Your diploma almost depends on this English, doesn't it?" "I'm afraid it does," the other answered lightly. Even now the rapidly approaching herald of failure at graduation did not seem to her particularly imminent. She was not brilliant and she knew it, but she had always managed to "scrape through" somehow. A terrible month with a coach just at the last had always been sufficient to give her the mediocre credit essential to remaining in her class. Even these occasional renunciations of her easy-going, happy existence were exceedingly trying to her, but they were less unendurable on the whole than would have been Bob's or even Dora's method of "plugging" a little every day and taking their "ex's" as a matter of course. There were always so many other things to do that bore immediate result. Systematic application to one's books in fine weather was almost like laboring for the benefit of posterity, the end seemed so far distant. "I suppose I'll have to scribble something," she groaned, "It isn't the sort of thing one can get a coach for and I have about as much idea of poetry as a cow has of playing golf." "Listen girls, do you know, I think I'll make mine about the death of Shelly," Dorothy declared with sudden ecstasy. "Read it in Syle, awfully dramatic thing, his death, and I can end it up—where you crystallize the generalities, the way Miss Thompson told us to do, by comparing the Bay of Spezzia (that's where he was drowned) to the—ah—the sea of life that cuts off so many promising buds. See what I mean, don't you? Hurrah! Shelly is dead, oh winds and waves lie down—How's that for a starter?" "I think I'll write of the ocean, it always has a curious effect on me, I feel more about the Pacific than I do about most things" murmured Bob.

II

Snooky climbed the broad stairs slowly, and went into her room. She had sat in the billiard room after dinner as long as there had been any one to sit with. It had been impossible to tear herself away from the pleasant dinner party with her father, mother, pretty young aunt, her beautiful sister, the five or six jolly fellows that her big brother had asked. First, the boys had all gone to the indefinite region "down town" and her sister had departed with her father and mother for the dance at the Presidio. Finally there was only Jack left and he had gone to his lessons. Elizabeth, when left alone, went to the front door, opened it and stood on the steps. A glorious night! Much too fine to be "stewed up" in the house, she thought. The odor of lilacs came to her from the

next yard and all the windows were lighted. "Hum," she grunted, "looks jolly at Lovell's, guess their having a function. There's Tom Morris, I declare, wonder if Dot's there. Guess not, though—has to go to school to-morrow. Thank goodness its nearly over."

Her room seemed warm after the delightful fresh air, and after turning on the electric light, she threw herself across the couch and leaned out of the window. There were several people in the Plaza opposite, some of whom Elizabeth felt sure she knew; one or two groups were waiting on the corner for the Jackson Street car to take them to the beach. There was every where a seductive whispering sound of footsteps of people, not one of whom expected to write a sonnet before morning, Elizabeth reflected. She became absorbed in watching the cable cars swing past. The occupation was scarcely exciting, but with the knowledge that in the room behind her a hot drop light on her desk was awaiting her with irritating patience, it assumed a factitious kind of importance. She would wait for an open car, and then—to work!

The open car came and went more swiftly than any she had ever before waited for in San Francisco, she almost fell out of the window as it flashed from view. Then with a yawn, she drew herself into the room and turned toward the desk.

That long neglected piece of furniture was, she found, but ill equipped for the pursuit of literature. There was in the bottom of the ink bottle, a thick, black paste and a collection of strange slimy substance, whose presence she was unable to account for. (It is hardly necessary to add that Elizabeth usually wrote her letters in the library or at school). In dredging for them and dissecting them on a bit of blotting paper under the light half an hour passed in this employment. She broke the solitary rusty pen she had discovered after a diligent search at the bottom of a drawer, containing useless fragments of objects whose entirety she could scarcely remember. Paper, she was for a long time unable to find at all. She was under the impression that she owned two or three notebooks, but she had not seen them for weeks. For the moment she thought seriously of walking down stairs and getting a pad from Jack, but appreciating with unusual perspicuity that the intention was the weakest excuse for further dawdling, she tore the fly leaf from Bryce's *American Commonwealth* and with an altogether uncomfortable silver pencil (Christmas present) between her fingers, sat down to manufacture a sonnet.

After violent mental effort for half an hour, she leaned despairingly back in her chair. "What to do?" If she failed in English, she would be unable to pass a condition examination and it meant six months longer at High School and graduation with a class that the "High Seniors" condescendingly looked down upon. Honolulu, Yokohama, Shanghai — — — her mind for the moment was filled with visions of alluring scenes that opened up delightfully before her. She leaned over her desk once more and painfully traced across the page: "The sun was setting in the orient sky," "Oh, bosh," "The moonlight drifted softly o'er the——" "Fiddlesticks." It was too idiotic. Exasperated by a mingled feeling of

defiance and defeat, she pushed away from the desk, grasped a big cloak and flung out of the room. Encountering Dobson, the pompous old butler in the hall below, she said: "Dobson, I'm going over to Mrs. Williard's for a few minutes." "Yes, Miss. Perhaps Marie had best go with you" answered the respectful old servant. "Entirely unnecessary. You need not call her. Its just around the corner, and I shall be gone only a short time," and she hurried out before the bewildered Dobson should have time to enter another remonstrance. Arrived at Willard's, the maid told her she would find "Miss Ruth" in her room. She knocked and going in found Bob with a writing pad in her hand, leaning back in a big arm chair. Snooky threw herself on the window seat. "I've been slaving all evening over my sonnet," she groaned. "How's it getting along?" Bob asked simply. "I've just finished mine," she said. "It isn't getting along at all," the other answered. "I'm no earthly good at that sort of thing." "Let's have a look at it" Bob urged. "I may be able to help you out in some way,—or did you bring it over?" Snooky laughed scornfully. "There wasn't anything to bring," she said, "I simply can't *write* a sonnet; I suppose I might have, if I'd spent the last week in stalking some kind of idea, and dressing it up until its own mother wouldn't recognize it" she added honestly, "although I'm not sure; I can't think of anything I wouldn't rather say right out, the way I'm talking now."

"Well, I wish I could help you," mused Bob. "Perhaps if I read you mine, it might suggest something," she ventured modestly. Snooky assented politely, but without enthusiasm, to the suggestion and listened to a sonnet on the ocean in a high wind. It was vastly more intelligible to her than any she had read. This fact and the manner in which Bob read it tended somewhat to soothe her ruffled temper. "I have another one here," Bob said, when she had finished reading; "it's about the President. I can't decide which to hand in. Which do you like best?" And she read a second sonnet. This one Snooky scarcely heard; she was pettishly wondering why Bob should have, with apparent facility, reeled off two of the wretched things, while she, Snooky, had been unable to grind out one. Then, as she sat staring at the ceiling, a reason insidiously suggested itself and she got up and crossed over to Bob. "I think I like the first one better," she said, for the sake of saying something. "Let's look at them." She took them to the light behind her and pretended to read. In reality she stared at the back of her friend's pretty hair and speculated on the best way to begin. "Yes, I think I like the first one best," she repeated, and as Bob made no reply, she asked indifferently, "Bobby, what are you going to do with the one you don't hand in?" She hoped the girl would see what she meant; there was something rather revolting in the possibility of having to ask for the verses outright, but Bobby, with maddening innocence, merely replied, "Oh, I don't know, nothing I suppose. I'll just keep it. I'm very doubtful about its not being better than the other. Everyone is thinking so much about McKinley now, especially in San Francisco. I know I felt almost the same as I did when Alec died. I've a drawer full of stuff I've scribbled since—Oh,

for the last two years." "I wish you'd give it to me," Snooky compelled herself to say. "Why, of course you can have it," the other declared, pleased that her thought had been appreciated. Snooky wavered an instant between telling Bob and not telling her that she intended to hand in the sonnet as her own. It came hard to tell her, but to leave in silence—she understood all at once what people meant when they asserted that the thought of having to do certain things nauseated them. "If you give it to me, I'll let Miss Thompson think I wrote it myself," she at last said boldly. It's a question of doing that or losing my diploma. Bob got up and looked at Snooky as if to make sure she was in earnest. Then she strolled silently up and down the room with her hands behind her until her wanderings brought her face to face with her friend. "It's comparatively easy to get back a diploma," she said slowly.

III.

To Dorothy, the week allotted for the writing of the sonnets had not been a period of unmixed delight. Her classmates would gravely accost her in the Auditorium, draw her aside and with a kindly arm around her shoulders, say hesitatingly, "I'm awfully sorry, girlie, I hate to have to tell anyone bad news, but did you know that Shelley was dead?" For five days her mail was numerous. Resolutions of sympathy and notes of condolence. But she wrote her sonnet, notwithstanding the discouragement she hourly suffered, and was inordinately pleased with it. She confessed to Snooky as they walked upstairs from Physics to their last English lesson that, considering her inexperience in such matters, it was a very remarkable bit of versification. "Miss Thompson will probably read it to the class," she declared. "You don't think she'll read any of them aloud, do you?" Snooky asked. She stopped abruptly in the hall and looked furtively at Dorothy, who laughed a complacent laugh. "Well, I don't think she will read many of them," Dorothy answered. "Hurry up, girls, don't stop to talk in the halls; walk right along Miss Sherman." "But, of course, she'll read the good ones."

The possibility of having the sonnet she had handed in read in class had not until then occurred to Snooky. She knew, of course, that Miss Thompson frequently had compositions read in class, but her—Snooky's—compositions had never been so honored and as she rarely listened to them, it had not made much impression on her. To-day, however, it worried her. Bob's works she knew had always found favor in Miss Thompson's eyes. What if she should?—the repulsion she had experienced in asking for the poem and in afterward copying it and signing her name to it was nothing in comparison to the thought of it—and it was a feeling, moreover, with which the fear of detection had nothing to do. There was no danger of being found out; it was not as if she had taken a sonnet, however obscure, from some book. No one but Bob knew who had written it, and Bob—Snooky's emotions were a mixture

of disgust at having handed in another girl's work, and satisfaction that the other girl was the quiet, kind-hearted Bob.

Snooky had never, during the four years she had spent at High School, listened so attentively as she did that afternoon. At first with a nervous eagerness to "get it over with," but as the end of the period drew nearer, she watched the clock with painful intensity. If Miss Thompson would only talk for eight more minutes there would be no time for the reading and comment. Miss Thompson here broke off in the middle of her sentence and said: "— but I suppose you girls are all anxious to get back to your sonnets. I'll read one or two, the worst and best examples for you to criticize. She went on to say that many were not sonnets at all; a very few were good sonnets, the rest of them were just—"sonnets." One or two girls in the class, especially one whose work had been very ordinary, had done well, surprisingly well. Snooky sat very still, staring straight in front. She could feel a slow hot red sensation creeping to the very roots of her hair. She did not listen to the first two Miss Thompson read, but was merely conscious that the class shouted at each of them. One of them on the death of Shelly was received by the class with the greatest merriment. It may have been partly owing to the simple way in which Miss Thompson read the next one, and partly that its subject had aroused first their interest by his presence in their city and second their emotions, but at any rate "The Death of President McKinley" was listened to in a silence that lasted a minute after Miss Thompson's voice died away, and then—with a burst of spontaneous applause, the girls called "Fine, fine; who wrote it? Read it again." Miss Thompson vigorously thumped the bell for silence. Snooky had lost control of her lips for a moment and when she opened her eyes she saw the room as through glass upon which the rain had blown. Miss Thompson was holding the sheet of paper as though she meant to continue her criticism, but when the room was once more silent, merely said: "Well, girls, any comments I intended to make have been expressed. Miss Sherman wrote the sonnet. Just then the bell rang and the girls' voices rose in a perfect babel—what, Snooky Sherman? Nonsense, there must be some mistake." "Of course, Snooky wrote it." "But, Oh, my, who'd a thought it." At the opposite end of the room Snooky escaped as quickly as possible before the girls had a chance to surround her, to question, congratulate, wonder and "guy." Fortunately they were nearly all at the desk getting their corrected poems. She seized her hat and jacket and sped down the stairs, two at a time, her only object to get out of the building as quickly as possible. There was a brisk wind blowing that almost carried her off her feet as she hurried along the pavement, but she welcomed it and braced her shoulders to resist each quick, powerful gust. She stood on the corner a moment, undecided whether to go home or not. She felt that she could not face any one just yet—it had been worse, much worse than she had imagined it could be. Asking Bob for the sonnet in the first place had been bad enough, but that somehow was her own private affair—had counted the cost and found herself willing to pay it. But the

scene in the class room and the torturing embarrassment were different; she had not counted on that at all.

Not noticing in what direction her meditation had taken her, Snooky found herself at the corner of Buchanan and Geary. She resolved to keep on down and walk out the avenue to the fort at the foot. She liked the feeling of the wind against her hot cheeks, and tramped sturdily up the hill. By the time she reached the fort she thought she had called up every aspect of the case and gradually persuaded herself into believing that, as there was no possibility of her being found out, she could meet the girls indifferently and bear their congratulations calmly. Arrived at the wharf, she purposely ignored the big white sign "Keep off this wharf," with its exceedingly personal ending, "This means you." Not a soul in sight—Snooky gathered up a few pebbles and sitting down on a wooden bench she slowly threw them into the water.

The sun gradually set in the Golden Gate and Snooky watched it aimlessly. The June days were long and she did not realize that it was getting very late, because the daylight was still fairly bright. At last, she slipped from the bench on her knees and resting her head on her arms broke into dry, tearless sobs. A warning whistle broke the stillness and she sprung up in alarm to find the lights of a launch swiftly approaching the land with a self-conscious, important little buffs and filled with jackies and officers; whom she could barely distinguish in the gathering gloom. Heavens, suppose there should be any one she knew at this hour, besides she was alone and her father and mother could not have the faintest idea where she was, but "everything was all right, everything was all right, all right," she repeated, hurriedly, as she fled like a frightened rabbit up the road. She hurried down Van Ness Avenue, almost running in her eagerness to cover the fifteen or twenty blocks between the fort and her destination. She stopped only once at a street lamp to look at her watch and, with anxiety at the lateness of the hour, seven o'clock, she hurried into a drug store and telephoned home. She asked for her brother Tom, her staunch ally and confidant. "Hello, Tom?" "Yes, hello." "Is mother having a duck fit? Oh, that's fine, but listen, dear, I'm not at Dora's at all. Well, wait a minute and I'll tell you. Yes, I'm perfectly safe, please don't call out the entire police force. Yes, all right, at the present moment I'm in a drug store on the avenue. Oh, of course, yes I'll be home in less than half an hour. Yes, please wait for me because I've something to tell you—Oh, you're a dear, awfully good of you to break your engagement. Yes, are mother and Marion going out? Oh, you don't say—well I'll hurry up—Yes, I know, listen, I'm going down to Miss Thompson's—Why no, of course not—Very well I'll remember—Oh, dearest, I'm so happy—all right—Oh, say Tom, Tom—yes hello!—when I come I'll ring two bells and you'll let me in won't you and we'll have one of our old jolly evenings together, just you and I. I don't want Dobson or anyone to see me at this unseemly hour.—Thank you, awfully sweet of you to say so; good bye, brother mine." And Snooky hurried out of the drug store and almost ran the remaining three blocks and up the steps of Miss

Thompson's flat. She rang the bell nervously and when it was opened, sprang quickly up the stairs and right past the little Japanese maid into the study.

Miss Thompson looked up in surprise, laid down the book she was reading and arose. The look of surprise deepened when she saw Snooky. "Why, Elizabeth, are you alone? Sit down child, I'm very glad to see you. I hadn't time yesterday to say all I wanted to about your poem—." Snooky went up to the table and let her fingers rest on the edge of it. She had not considered just how she would begin, but now that she was there it seemed easy enough—." "I've come to tell you that I did not write it," she said as her eyes met Miss Thompson's.

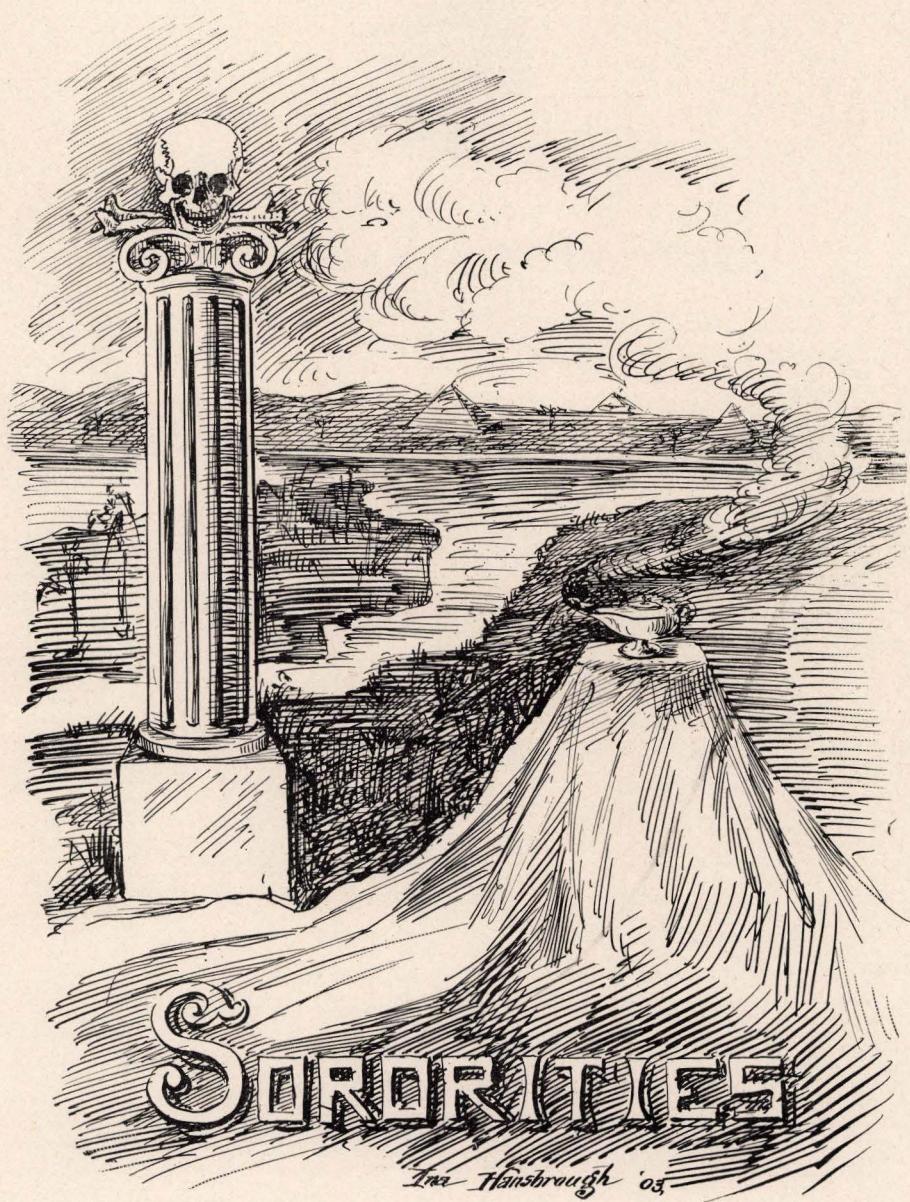


Pupil (speaking of Charlemagne)—"He was a patron of art and literature."

After adding to the recitation—"He was a patron of art and literature."

Mrs. M.—"Well you said that before."

Pupil—"No, I said 'patron.' "



SEEDLIES

Tom Hanstrough '05



BETA OF DELTA IOTA CHI

Chapter Roll

ALPHA	SAN JOSE
BETA	SAN FRANCISCO
GAMMA	LOS ANGELES
EPSILON	FRESNO
ZETA	SAN DIEGO
ETA	PORTLAND, ORE.
THETA	VENTURA
IOTA	SEATTLE

Active Members

EDITH ALDERSON	ETHEL PIPPY
EDITH BARRY	ELLEN PAGE
FLORENCE BOYD	CLARA RAWLINS
ALICE BRADY	FLORENCE ROCHAT
JESSIE BURNS	EMILY ROCHAT
ETHEL FERGUSON	MARGARET RUDDICK
ALICE GOWAN	CLARA SAWYER
EDITH GOWAN	ELOISE STROWBRIDGE
GENEVIEVE HUFFMAN	ELSIE ZEILE
ARLINE MEADE	MABEL ZEILE
MARGARET MOREY	IRENE MUZZY

CLAIR O'NEIL



GAMMA OF ALPHA SIGMA

Chapter Roll

ALPHA	OAKLAND HIGH SCHOOL
BETA	BERKELEY HIGH SCHOOL
GAMMA	GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
DELTA	LOWELL HIGH SCHOOL
EPSILON	SACRAMENTO HIGH SCHOOL
THETA	VISALIA HIGH SCHOOL
ETA	ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL

Active Members

MARY BUFFINGTON	JULIA LANGHORNE
MARJORIE BUFFINGTON	MABEL LUCE
EVELYN CLIFFORD	RHODA MILLS
ETHLYN DULIN	MAJORY MILLS
RUTH FOSTER	EMILY MARVIN
ELEANOR GRISSLER	MATTIE MILTON
JOSEPHINE HANNIGAN	EDITH TREANOR
ELSA HINZ	CLARA TICKNER
FLORIDE HUND	



BETA OF DELTA SIGMA THETA

Chapter Roll

ALPHA	BERKELEY HIGH SCHOOL
BETA	GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, S. F.

Active Members

EDNA DE WOLF	EDITH MEL
EDNA GRUBB	EDNA OSBORN
LULU HALL	GRETA VENTON
HAZEL LUTZ	ZANETTA WATROUS
GEORGIE MEL	CARRIE SUTHERLAND



ALPHA OF GAMMA DELTA GAMMA

Chapter Roll

ALPHA GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

Active Members

SARAH CONRAD ADAMS
NATALIE WELLINGTON BOWMAN
ARMOR DEAMER
FLORENCE McDONALD
GERALDINE ADELAIDE O'BRIEN
MARIE HELEN O'BRIEN
HELEN DUNCAN QUEEN
GRACE ADELAIDE WEBSTER
MABEL WEBSTER

The Vienna Letter



RECENTLY a letter was received through the Austrian Consul-General at San Francisco from the Public Girls' Grammar School of Vienna to the girls studying German in this city. The original letter was written in German, but has been translated as follows:

Dear Friends:

We, the undersigned, are pupils of the Second A Class of the Public Girls' Grammar School No. 4 Gumpendorfer Street, sixth ward in Vienna, and are about fourteen years of age. Besides many other things, the task has now been placed upon our class of learning to write letters.

Our circle of acquaintances is still very small, and hence we can communicate with our friends, for the most part, personally, so writing letters has no particular charm in this connection.

From books we learn that now-a-days the world is open to all people, and besides, we carry it about in our school atlas, hence the world is not entirely foreign to us. Therefore, we try in this way to place ourselves in communication with it.

It will surely interest you, in your far-away country to know all that a Vienna girl is expected to learn and do. At eight o'clock sharp in the morning, she has to be in school. Now we have winter and the shortest days, and that is not quite so easy to do, for bed has the greatest attraction for us in the morning.

In school, we have to bother ourselves with quite a range of studies, which have to find a place in our heads. We study religion, the German language, geography, history, natural history, arithmetic, geometry, free hand drawing, penmanship, singing, needlework of all kinds, gymnastics and French; added to these, many duties at home. We have to help in the house-hold too, and frequently in the kitchen. Many of us learn to play on the piano or some other instrument, and some of us carry one or two other foreign languages which likewise require much attention.

It would interest us very much to know whether the girls in California have to learn as much too, and whether they are likewise tormented with geometry and physics, with extracting square roots and drawing maps, with fancy writing, printing and the riddles of modern orthography.

You can imagine, dear friends, that we have no time left for pleasure, and still we are now having carnival, which is the season when the most balls and dances are held in our country.

Our native city, Vienna, has, at present, 1,670,000 inhabitants and is

divided into twenty districts. Vienna is a German city, yet all nations of the earth are represented here, and there are many of your own countrymen, some of whom we shall ask to translate your letters to us.

The most beautiful building of Vienna, and also time honored over all others is St. Stephen's Cathedral, with a steeple 138 meters high. In addition, the imperial castle, the University, the House of Parliament, and the City Hall, are to be found in the first district, the city proper and the oldest part of Vienna, which is enclosed by the beautiful "Ringstrasse."

Our ruler's name is Franz Josef I. He was born Aug. 18, 1830 and has reigned since the year 1848, fifty-five years. This is the longest reign, which any German ruler has enjoyed up to the present time.

We send to you, a two-farthing piece, a ten-farthing piece, a silver crown, and a twenty-crown gold piece, (the last one only imprinted on paper).

We close our letter, with which we send a thousand Vienna kisses and greetings, (hoping that it will not be too heavy on this account, so that additional postage will have to be paid on receipt of it), and wish it "God-speed" to the distant country, and a friendly reception.

Asking for your speedy reply, we are,

Your Vienna Friends,

(Following are the names of 42 girls.)

M. AND L. COTREL, '04.

An Ode to an Ex



Write it down carefully,
Scan it with a care,
Do not gaze prayerfully
Into the air.

Do not look askingly
At your girl friend,
And turn around maskingly,
Just to pretend.

Think clear and exactly,
Erect in your seat,
Answer compactly,
"Don't round the bush beat."

Of course, if neglectfully,
Studies you've treated,
You'll find intellectually,
Yourself you have cheated.

H. M., '06.



A Practical Lesson (Joke)



Place: Room 22, G. H. S.

Time: Mar. 30th, 1903.

(Enter two girls in a great hurry, flying to the dressing room.)

Miss M - z - y—Didn't we slide by her fine and dandy and it's 8:35 now. We're five minutes late.

Miss N - w - - n—You mean *you* are. It's a wonder you wouldn't learn to stop teasing poor Janie when Mrs. P. goes out of the room for you always have to pay for it. That back curl of hers is curly enough. I wasn't in your scrape this time and it doesn't make any difference to me whether I got here at 8:30 or not.

Miss M - z - y—Well, I was, honey, and I reckon it's about the same thing.

(Exit girls from dressing room to class room.)

Miss Gr - e - - hl—Look at that poor janitress! She can't light the fire and this room is full of smoke.

Ain't that just grand?

(Enter Mrs. P - - g.)

Mrs. P - - g—Goodness gracious, what's the matter with the stove? Miss G, run right down to Mr. B and tell him our fire won't start.

(Exit Gr - e - - hl's Special Delivery.)

(Enter Miss G - t - a n, in stunning new waist.)

Janitress—Mrs. P., this stove is filled up with old lunches which the girls have thrown away and I can't light the fire.

Mrs. P. (enraged)—Very well, Miss O. C., I shall settle this matter. *(Exit janitress.)* Who would have thought that senior girls would do this? No wonder I've been sick for two days! Think of the impure air we're breathing. It's disgraceful! Positively disgraceful. Now, will the young ladies, who have ever thrown anything into this stove, please stand? *(Eight girls slowly arise to the occasion.)* I'll teach these girls a lesson. It'll be better than a scolding. Now, all of you pass down stairs and bring up dust-pans and brushes and you'll clean every bit of that debris out.

(Exit single file of eight.)

(Enter Miss Gr - - hl, puffing.)

Miss G.—I can't find Mr. B., Mrs. P - - g.

Miss L - n - ge—Did you see L - s - - y's face when she had to trot down for a dust pan? She's crazy. Don't blame her in that "keen" *double e n* new waist.

Mrs. P. (smiling contentedly)—It'll be no extra work for them. They'll only undo what they've already done. Isn't that fair, girls? Why, just think, a hot spell might have come, this debris would have become putrid and we'd all have been ill.

(Enter single file with one dust pan.)—Now, go right to work, girls. Each one take a turn and undo your work and I want it done gracefully and graciously. I do not like the manner of one of the young ladies.

(Miss F - lk, with energy nearly knocks down the stove pipe in her eagerness (?) to help.)

Mrs. P - - g—O, Miss F., be careful, dear—don't do too much. Let the others help.

Miss K - r - - n, giggling—Who said L - s - - y was posing as the foreman?

Mrs. P - - g—Roll up your sleeves, girls. Now, Miss G - t - an, take your turn. Pick up the shovel and the poker and take a little out. Knowing how to do one's share in this world gracefully and graciously is more than *book knowledge*. Just like an aunt of yours I once had. That same characteristic. I can see her right before me now. Take a little more out, Miss G.

Miss N - w - - n—Get a microscope to see the piece of orange peel L fished out. She's good at holding the shovel and waste basket, but Julia and some others are a little more lively.

Mrs. P - - g (sarcastically)—Has any one a camera? Some people are too aristocratic.

Miss L - n - e—Isn't L. killing? Well, I don't blame her much. She really never threw any lunch in there, only some papers. I don't think her aristocratic either, for didn't she scrub that floor in Mrs. P's study when we gave that luncheon? It was filthy and she worked like a trooper. But she ought to change that expression.

Miss Q - e - - n—The janitress must have had an awful time trying to light that fire this morning.

Miss Gr - e - - h - l—Well, together with the lunch, things were pretty damp inside. Last Friday Miss ? put her lunch in there and then lighted a match to burn it up. Found to her dismay the fire was all prepared with wood and coal and it began to burn. Quick the alarm was rung in! She ran for the watering pot, depositing its contents mostly *on* the stove and herself. Isn't this killing though and L's countenance (peals of laughter).

Mrs. P - - g—I must leave the room for a minute. Finish that work, girls.

(Exit Mrs. P.)

(Chorus from orchestra)—Get busy—If mother could only see

them now—Nothing like going at things gracefully and prettily—O, look! Julia has a germ of typhoid on the shovel.—I'd like to see L's aunt. Bet she was a cracker-jack.—Wonder if her scrape had anything to do with a stove.

(Enter Herr Z. with a map, smiling knowingly.)

Herr Z.—Morninck!

Miss F - lk—Morninck!

Herr Z.—Put in or take out?

Miss F - lk—Well, you don't see any of us putting more in, do you? Bank's closed. The map goes here. Look out for that germ in the basket, L.

Herr Z.—How many of you had to clean out the stove?

Miss F - lk (counting)—Eins, zivei, dree, vier, finef.

Herr Z. (laughing at Miss F's German)—That's enough. Well, young ladies, I must leave you and correct my papers. Morninck!

Chorus—Morninck!

(Enter Mrs. P - -g, exit Herr Z.)

Mrs. P - - g—Finished? That's good. Have just discovered that other rooms have stoves in like conditions. One teacher had to tie hers. Nice doings in a high school, isn't it?

Miss ? (whispering to her neighbor)—I never threw mine in the stove. It was less trouble to put it in the waste basket.

Mrs. P. (not hearing this)—I certainly hope that no girl has ever so far forgotten herself as to make *my* waste basket her lunch receiver. No, that name is too aristocratic, I mean her ash barrel.

(Every one looks shocked. Lesson begins. Curtain falls.)

M. I. M., '03.

Who Says?



You haven't the correct *verb*.

Miss X, what means policitationibusque.

Sieves! sieves!! *sieves!!!*

Mary's little lamb!

You must be on the lookout for these things, bright, *business-like* girls, girls who are representatives of the best families in the city, should be *wide awake* and on the *alert*.

Good morneen.

And it says— And it says— And it says.

Sometimes a blind chicken finds also.

Well, *it seems* that—

If you think you can prove that bring it to me at some other time.

Chicken paddies.

Girls, do wake up. I wish you'd volunteer!!

Here are my leeches.

Hens Bones, Miss Alderson?

Full oft they laughed with counterfeited glee, at all his jokes, etc.

Talkee, talkee, talkee!!!

Roonesance and Gwiese.

Where are you?

I accept the invitation?

To whom am I indebted?

What, what shall I say!!!!

Through the cour—r—rtesy of Miss—?

Recent Publications



ONE of the best books of the season is "The Sound of the Bells" by our famous California authoress known by the name of Ethel Ferguson. Famous though this authoress has become through her former works namely her "Treatise on the Binomial Theorem," "Discourse on Hexaineter" and a book which is the result of her deep scientific research; she has far excelled all expectations raised by her former works, in her latest and best novel. We follow the heroine from her early rising at six a. m. till her hurried appearance in school at three minutes past nine. For sale at all book stores. Price \$5.00. (?)

A book which will have a wide sale in scientific circles this year is "Questioning as an Art" by the talented Oregon authoress Margaret Stewart. In this work Miss Stewart sets forth at length just how to put questions so as to keep up the argument between the questioner and the person asked, as long as possible. In the preface, the author informs us that she acquired this power of questioning in her high school days. Her power was particularly developed, she says, in the mathematics classes where, she says, she became able to use up almost the entire period in arguments with her teacher.

A book that has recently made quite a stir, is an adventure story of considerable length, entitled "Fifty Against One." It is handsomely bound and contains many illustrations besides the best of prints. It details the adventures of a photographer in his quest for photographs of different types of beauty and records the manner in which he procured these, defending himself solely with his camera against the onslaught of a whole Senior Class. Copies may be had at the High School.

"The Course of the Scholar Ship" is the title of one of the most thrilling pirate stories ever written. It is full of hairbreadth escapes and lucky capture. It narrates how the two authors, Jessie Summerfield and Julia McCarthy, obtained the ransom money from a desperate class of people. This fascinating tale was first published as a serial in monthly installments at ten cents per copy, but now it is published in book form, for sale at all dealers. Price \$1.00.

Another book which has attracted the attention of all readers and lovers of topography is a book by that marvelous young lady of the telescopic eyes, Maria Elvira Alberti. We get many bright glimpses of the wonderful knowledge of the fair writer, who in one volume sets forth for the edification of the scientific world that from the water parting of the Mississippi can be seen the broad stretches of the blue

Pacific and the majestic sails on the calm Mississippi. By profound reasoning she has come to the conclusion that if the Rappahanock flows into the Rapidan, surely the Rapidan empties into the Rappahanock. This book will by its great surprises attract much attention and as it is given to all donators of \$2.25 it is sure of a splendid sale.

We are indebted to Mildred Jones for elucidating Virgil's great epic poem in her latest work, "The True Story of *Æneas*," in seven volumes. In this she has shown deep original research among manuscripts and other sources that Virgil himself could not have dreamed of consulting. Battle and carnage are described with horrible vividness. Warriors fall, and the gods themselves take a hand in the combat. Echoes of the past awake. Long-hidden and startling facts are brought to light by this talented authoress, and we feel certain that future readers of the *Æneid* will find this book an indispensable commentary. Limited editions only. Price \$20.10.

A treatise on algebra has been brought to our notice. The book contains many of the so-called "speckled hens" and "black horses" problems. In his preface the author states "that life is too short" to prove these problems. We prophesy that students of this book in after years, will hear the familiar phrases, "Just because you say so," "Hurry, give the reason" and "I grant that it may be right, but I don't see how it applies in this case," which were so often on the lips of the author. Approved by all teachers of algebra. Price \$5.

A book which has already had a large sale is "On the Farm," by Lois Harvey and Irene Mervy. It is a dialect story and much as we usually disapprove of this kind of work we must admit that these authors are natural to life. The hen and rooster dialects are particularly good. One can imagine oneself in the poultry yard so cleverly is this book written. For sale everywhere. Price \$1.50.

One of the most characteristic books that has come to our notice has been "A Forced Recognition," by an unknown authoress who has also written "The Way to Manage." We feel sure that in this interesting tale the writer has given us glimpses of her real nature. It is not an emotional or melodramatic book, as the title would suggest, but purely a character study of a heroine with a peculiar personality. The girl has great executive ability, an aptness for talking and immense capacity for working, both herself and others. Her mother is very anxious that she should have the proper recognition and tries to force the hand of those with whom she comes in contact and the girl, though willing to take advantage of this, does not like to bear the reproach of pushing. The incidents, a trifle forced perhaps, but very clever in bringing out her real character, show her up to each other person in her true life. The book is well worth reading.

A book of very different character from the above is one entitled "Scrapes," by Miss Barkley, the author of "Teachers I Have Fought" and "Three Times and Out." Miss Barkley portrays with great clear-

ness thrilling adventures and makes us feel that we are really living in the atmosphere of battle and danger which is actually presented to her. Through all we feel her sturdiness and bravery which makes her face any danger with apparent recklessness.

"To Refuse," a brief and snappy collection of short stories, has just come to hand from the pen of the well-known English authority, Miss May Cashman. These stories are laid in different scenes and amid widely diverging interests, but each points to the moral that much trouble, labor and agitation may be spared by a well considered and firmly adhered to negative. The idea is well grounded and well carried out. Price \$1.25.



A Rare Experience



A *delib subjunctive* would be quite the partin
To find out what down in room (?) did happen.
We never can know all the outs and the ins,
But 'tis a great pleasure to know these few things;
We know that one day, in the coldest of weather,
When Lionie McC. and G. M. were together,
She thought of her chillblains, strange to relate
And asked the Professor what she ought to take.
He, a kind-hearted man, as we well can prove,
Thought he must see them 'fore making a move;—
And lo! when he saw them, he thought them a picture
And quickly prescribe the cool hypo mixture.
He rushed for the basin then lighted the gas,
Went out of the room, and left the poor lass.
Yet, when it was over, her joy was a picture—
The chillblains were gone, the "hypo" had fixed her.

Historical Facts



At first the Holenzollerns were a small family on the coast of Switzerland.

What is a filibuster? A person who talks a great deal.

Commodius was an Emperor of Room.

Madame de Stael had been blasted in her hopes of marriage, so she wrote a book, telling all the young girls how cruel it was to marry, and not to do it.

How do you spell *Dauphin* and what was it? D-o-l-p-h-i-n. It's a fish they have in France. The Kings used to keep them in the palace garden.

The President's Cabinet hasn't enlarged its powers in any way. In fact, quite the reverse, it has grown to be *an appendix* to the President.

Moses climbed Mt. Sanais to hear the Sermon on the Mount.

Madame Recamier kept a *saloon* to which all noted men of the time resorted.

France was *doomed* to recover from the blow that the wars of Louis XIV had given her.

McDoughnut fought a successful battle on Lake Champagne.

From the midst of an abstract—Oh, dear! Did the Roman women go *headless*?

“Now, Miss J-n-s, before you create a new office what must you do” (confidently expecting the word department).

Miss J.—“Create the man for the office.”

Mrs. P.—Oh, no! The Lord does that.”



Teacher—“Give the present indicative of ‘flee.’”

Pupil—

“I flee through the garden,
Thou flirtst through the garden,
And he flirts through the garden.”

(We wonder why Miss * * * * blushed.)

We Wonder



What Miss Thompson meant by calling Miss W. the Devil's Booth.

Why Miss Jones insisted, after having been questioned in English, that the "thread ran through" Miss Manasse. It seems almost cruel.

Why Mrs. P. said your lesson "is not up to the standard," when it was strictly up to *Standard*.

What significance in *the Bargain* has to Edith Alderson?

What * * * meant by speaking of Serious, the Goddess of Hay.

Who it is that always drops her books in Physics, and what she does it for.

Why is it that since R. C. turned scrubbing-woman all the girl's in M. J. M's room are so careful of their desks?

Why the German Glee Club girls (and some others for that matter) stand at the window facing the garden for minutes at a time. May be nature attracts them thither.

Why it is that one of Mrs. M-yb-ru's girls has such a dislike for both potatoes and radishes.

Why two girls of Miss Wilson's class giggle when they come to ETC.

Why E. L-e-e-th- -l objects to block letters.

What special significance "eighty cents" has to some '04 girls.



The Atlanta Club



THIS closes the fifth year since the organization of the Atlanta Club and never yet has it had such success and prosperity. We have derived considerable benefit and pleasure from our practice with the Lowell nine twice every week, under the excellent instruction of our coach, Miss Adelle Place, assistant teacher in the gymnasium of the University of California.

Of course, that to which every team looks forward with most pleasure, and for which it strives hardest, is the match games. We have been able to play quite a few this year and are proud and happy to be able to say that the Gold and White has held its own very well.

We have still a great pleasure in store for us—our trip to Petaluma to play a return game of the match played in our Auditorium on the second of May, when that team was our guest. For several years past we have played at Petaluma on the thirtieth of May and have had most delightful days. We hope the precedent will be preserved.

A very agreeable feature of the Atlanta Club is the long walks to the principal points of interest in the vicinity of San Francisco. We have thoroughly enjoyed many during the past year, which are made all the more pleasant by the delightful chaperonage of Miss Place.

We wish to state our deepest appreciation of the interest manifested in the Atlanta Club by Mr. Brooks and the Faculty, and to extend our heartiest thanks to all the teachers for their good will and valuable assistance, especially to Miss Owens and Mr. Mitchell.

Knowing its many benefits and pleasures from experience, we hope the Atlanta Club will continue to grow in the future as it has during the past year, and that when the time comes for the present officers to retire, zealous and enthusiastic members will not hesitate to take the management upon themselves, and, always remembering that "a girl can do anything that she wills to do," will do their very best to contribute to its prosperity.

H. M. O., President.



Miss O.—I am not in favor of football myself, the players get so dirty.



ATLANTA BASKET BALL TEAM

THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL SCHOLARSHIP ASSOCIATION



THE Girls' High School Scholarship Association has been organized for seven years, and the result for the past term has been very gratifying. The dues have been faithfully paid, thanks to the efforts of the Secretary, while the work of our Treasurer, Mrs. Mayborn, speaks for itself.

The Association now supports two scholarships of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year each, by means of which two of our number, of high standing in their school work, may continue their studies at the University of California.

The scholarship fund is supported entirely by the voluntary contributions of the students, who on entering the school cheerfully pledge themselves to five or ten cents a month from that time till the day of graduation, and the contributions of the teachers who pledge a like sum. By means of this systematic giving we are able to promptly pay the scholarship money, and to have frequently a surplus in the treasury.

We feel that the Scholarship Association is an organization of which the school should be proud, and we hope that all will take an active interest in the work, both now and in the future.

A. B., '03.



Any one who can give synonyms for the following "expressions" may be excused from senior English: "Nifty," "fierce," "piker," "scrum-bunctious," "hiker," "dinky," "boy-struck," "swell," "pincher," "keen" (did you ever hear that word before).

THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL CAMERA CLUB



FOR three years, our long-dreamt-of castle-in-the-air, the Girls' High School Camera Club, has been a delightful reality. Between its semi-annual meetings, the business of the club is conducted by the executive committee, composed of the officers, who this term are:

President, Hazel V. Bell.

Vice-President, Viola Kowalsky.

Secretary, Florence Hays.

Treasurer, Helen Green.

Among the many advantages enjoyed by the members of our Club is the use of its splendidly equipped developing and printing rooms, in which, on account of the convenience afforded, work is easy, economical and pleasant. Other advantages are the use of the fine portrait camera; the pleasures and instructions gained on the outings; the interesting illustrated lectures.

In March, under the auspices of this Club, the school was delightfully entertained by a fine illustrated lecture on Guatemala, by Dr. Gustav Eisen. This afforded us an opportunity to return the compliment extended by the Lowell Camera Club, when our representatives enjoyed the afternoon at their lecture on the Colorado Canyon, delivered by Mr. Kelly. May the fraternal spirit between the high schools be thus strengthened in the future by similar interchanges of courtesies.

Our delight and pride is our fine album containing many artistic views, which, contributed by the members, show the excellent quality of the work of some of our amateur artists.

Many thanks are due to Mr. George O. Mitchell, both for his kind assistance in our business matters, and for his instruction in developing and printing, as well as for the interesting knowledge gained from him concerning the chemical and physical phenomena of photography. And now let us hope that, in the years to come, when our places are filled by others, the Girls' High School Camera Club may afford even greater advantages and pleasures than at present. H. V. B., President.

A Girls' High School Mock Mock-Heroic

H

What dire result from naughty causes springs,
What monstrous lectures rise from little things,
I say. This verse to Catherine's girls is due,
Who in the stove their orange peelings threw.
Slight was the action, but not so her rage,
As she fastened her eyes on Cicero's page.

“Say, what strange motive, Marcus! could inflame
These well-bred girls to play at such a game?
O say, what stranger cause, fore-er unknown,
Could make these gentle belles the law disown?
Can things so grave by us ignored remain,
‘And law of room and school be made in vain?’

You in your lines, your mighty feelings gave,
And sealed the fate of those who misbehaved:—
‘Lest teachers, school, and rules to ruin fall,
These charming, reckless maids must perish all.’”

Then shot the blazing light from *both* her eyes,
As from these lines she raised them to the skies;
Not fiercer looks to trembling girls are cast,
When Latin lesson has been left till last,
Or when a blue-eyed *kissing bug* for “April Fool”
Has left its homeward way and flown to school

“Let wreaths of triumph now my temples-twine,”
The Latin teacher said; “the glorious day is mine.
While girls in pranks, or girls delight in tricks,
And in the stove put peels instead of sticks,
So long my honor, name and praise shall thrive,
For I will stand for *right* while I’m alive.”

M. & L. C., '04.

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



Hier et Aujourd'hui



QUELLE différence ! J'ai sous les yeux les petites gravures que ma bisaieule nous a laissées de San Francisco en 1849, et je regarde par ma fenêtre cette belle ville en ce printemps de 1924.

Autrefois, des montagnes de sable avec de petites maisons ça et là, très mal bâties, entourées d'une petite véranda de bois. On y voyait assises ou accroupies des Mexicaines avec leurs costumes pittoresques aux couleurs brillantes, et les enfants courir sans se soucier de la vie.

Puis cette ville commença, à grandir. Les rues s'allongèrent, et Van Ness fut ouverte, la première avenue. Tout changeait comme après le printemps, vient la belle saison, la vie de San Francisco semblait s'animer de plus en plus.

Aujourd'hui en regardant les bâties de 15 à 20 étages, en passant dans ce Union Square où la colonne Dewey est maintenant à l'ombre, couverte de mousse, je me demande, si votre belle ville, aux rues sillonnées de voitures et remplie de piétons n'est pas la perle du Pacifique, et ce ne serait pas trop exagérer que de dire qu'elle est devenue après Paris et Vienne la plus belle cité. Quand on pense que nos aieux ont foulé ce sol quasi-disent, qu'ils ont supporté les tribulations, on se laisse aller à rêver d'un avenir encore plus glorieux pour notre bel état californien et de plus grandes joies pour nos descendants. J'ai voulu aller voir l'école secondaire des filles, celle où ma grand-mère se rendait tous les jours. Elle en parlait avec tant de respect et d'affection. Elle disait que c'était une grande école, avec ses cinqcents élèves et ses vingt professeurs. Que dirait-elle à présent. Plus du double d'élèves, de même pour les maîtresses, et un bâtiment qui complète l'harmonie du coup d'œil en ajoutant au confort de ceux qui y viennent. Si elle voyait la belle bibliothèque, le jardin si soigné, la cour et le gymnase, elle serait émerveillée. Et ce progrès est dû au travail persévérant des maîtresses et des élèves qui ont voulu faire de la maison d'éducation une vraie ruche. Aussi je n'oublierai pas ce que ma grand-mère racontait et comme elle aimait son école, ainsi qu'elle l'appelait.

LOLITA.



THE principal aim in establishing an Exchange Department in our school papers is for mutual aid and benefit. We are glad to note most of our exchanges are willing to accept and use hints extended to them, for their advantage. This year we have received, among others, papers from Maine, New York and Pennsylvania, all of which have given us some new ideas.

Prominent among our California papers stands the Belmont *Cricket*, whose chirp we hear with great pleasure. This paper is to be complimented on having its date on the cover.

The *Aegis* is up to the usual standard, but the exchange column is rather brief.

The *Sphinx* from Palo Alto is a paper which we always welcome and enjoy from cover to cover.

Clear from Bridgeton, Maine, comes the *Corona*, which instead of a story has given us something original and interesting in the form of legends of Robin Hood. Our California papers may take a lesson from this.

Another paper in which we feel much interested is the *Pacific Pharos*. The Co-Ed number was particularly good. Still I think an art editor might make some improvement in the form.

The most interesting article in the March *Mission* was the criticism, from which the following extract was taken: "Without fear of challenge do I assert that no school can show a record for honest work that equals that of the Mission High." Don't you think that's putting it rather strong, Mission? Don't forget the old saying, "A fool praises himself, a wise man leaves that job to a friend."

The Fresno *Owl* is an excellent little paper, the Exchange column being particularly good.

We are always glad to welcome the *Bell*, which we read with much pleasure.

The *Olla Podrida* is always good and certainly deserving of all the praise we can bestow upon it. The joshes are especially commendable.

Do you think a page of ads inserted among your reading matter is an improvement, *Dictum Est*? We are sorry we do not agree. You might also improve the tone of your exchanges.

“The Enchanted Chair” in the April number of *Polytechnic Life* is certainly an innovation in stories for a school journal. It takes us back to our fairy-tale days. We think a new cover design for your paper would improve its appearance greatly.

The *Gleam* would be improved by the addition of a good story. “A Protest” in the February number deserves favorable mention.

We are glad to number the *Lyceum* on our exchange list. You have made a good beginning, keep it up.

The *Irving Echo* is a paper which would give pleasure to any school.

The *Prudence* is a well-gotten up paper.

The *Orange and Black* is much improved by the new cover.

“College Recollections” in the February *Gleaner* was a very interesting and amusing article.

DEAR FATHER:

Roses are red, violets are blue,
Send me fifty, I love you.

DEAR SON:

Some roses are red,
Others are pink,
Enclosed find fifty.
I don't think.

Ex.

Other papers we have received are: *Far Darter*, *Oriole*, *Omega*, *Junus*, *Redwood*, *Russ*, *Yuba Delta*, *Scribe*, *White and Gold*, *Red and White*.



Carrie C. Sutherland
Secretary.



Ellen Stadtmüller
President.



Marie Helen O'Brien
Vice President.



Edith Alderson
Treasurer.

CLASS OFFICERS

Class History



HERE have been several events of interest during the past six months, the first of them being the reception and dance given by the Christmas Class of '02, in place of regular graduation exercises. The Auditorium had been very prettily decorated with palms, greens and lanterns, and an engaging cozy corner was quite a feature of the evening. There was no set presentation of diplomas, the girls merely going up on the stage and getting them during the course of the evening. Several members of the Board of Education, as well as of the School Faculty, were present, seeming to find equal enjoyment with the four hundred young people, who just comfortably filled the floor. The Christmas Class deserves much credit for instituting the first Girls' High School dance, and we trust succeeding classes will continue the custom.

Then we have had exercises on several afternoons, the main feature of the first of which was a lecture on Egypt, by Judge Stephen G. Nye, who had just returned from an extensive visit to the far East. The manners, customs and primitive implements of the Egyptians were described for us in a most interesting manner. The German Glee Club, which has come to be counted one of the institutions of the school, also rendered a selection. Just preceding these exercises, Mrs. Prag's class gave a luncheon to the Principal, and the Heads of the various departments, and, incidentally themselves. The teachers' table was spread in the study, was prettily decorated with berries and greens, and served by white aproned waitresses, while the girls were served from a buffet in the adjoining class room.

Lincoln's Birthday was fittingly celebrated, after a piano solo and a selection by the German Glee Club, Mr. Brooks introduced the speaker of the afternoon, G. Darwin Gish, a rising young attorney, and the son of a veteran of the Civil War. Mr. Gish delivered an address on Lincoln, our "Great Commoner," comparing him with many noted historical characters, and also giving the estimate of Lincoln, the man, from a Southern standpoint. The old war song, "Tenting Tonight," closed the exercises appropriately.

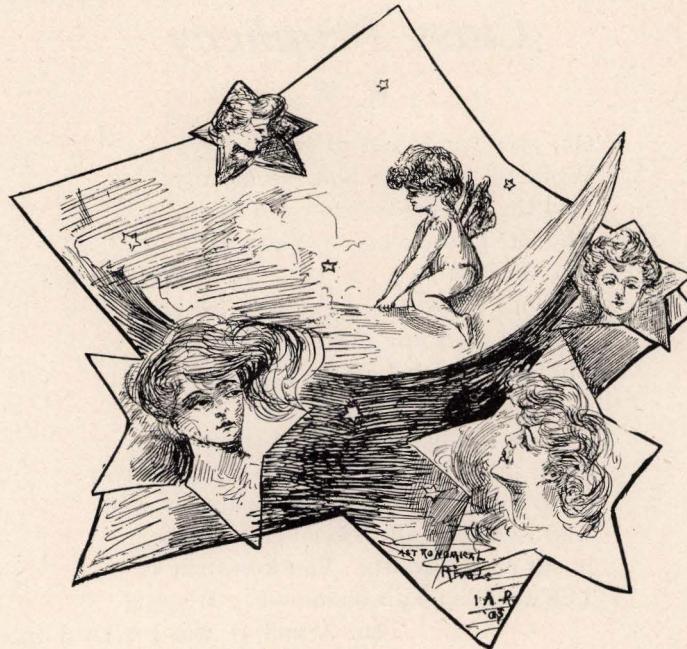
The Friday afternoon, just preceding the week's vacation, was an especially enjoyable occasion, the school having the pleasure, through the courtesy of the Camera Club of hearing Dr. Eison lecture on Guatemala. Dr. Eison is an archeologist of note, and a world authority on several scientific subjects. His lecture was illustrated with many fine stereoptican views, from pictures taken by him in his recent visit to the scene of the

late great earthquakes, made in the interest of the University of California.

The Senior Class was invited by the Alumnae of the school to be present at their meeting on April the eighteenth, and those of the girls who could attend enjoyed it very much. The different phases in the history of the High School were very cleverly given, and all the girls were delighted with the idea of becoming members of this pleasant association in the near future.

Unfortunately, this paper goes to press too early to admit of an account of "Jinks," that dearest of all happenings to the High School girl's heart, when the whole building is given over to mirth and jollity. It is our laughing goodbye to the school, to be followed by a more serious one on—Graduation night!

H. D. Q., '03.





Class Prophecy



"Oh, grey witch, tell to me, I pray,
While the cauldron boils up merrily,
And the owl hoots below the moon,
The fate of the class of Naughty Three."
The witch stirred the pot, "A wonderful class,
And one whose futures will varied be,
Just one more stir and I'll tell to you
The fates which I in the future see."

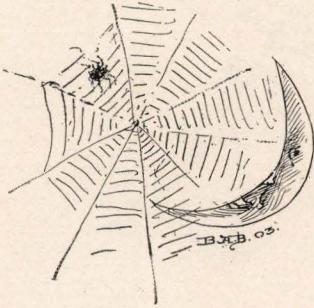
"There's Ida R, you remember her?
She's smashing hearts in her old sweet way,
With that old, coy, upward glance of woe.
And Ethel Schultz, every pleasant day
Is out on the court. You know she is
The world's tennis champion. It's said

That Armor D. was her rival once,
Before she met the man she wed.
Dear "Muz" has made the greatest leader
Society has known for years.
And Ethel N. has a family large,
Whose pranks do cause her many fears.
Oh, Anna Blake has married a lawyer,
A well-known statesman, who has risen
To the Presidency, the Government
Is said to be more hers than his'n.





And Bertha R. still writes. Her tales
Are "recommended for young girls,"
And Edna (otherwise "Sallie") Falk
Has graced the stage with her golden (?) curls.
Sweet strains of music seraphic
Float forth when Junea waves her hand,
It isn't magic,—only she's
The leader of a German Band.
E. Stadtmüller has finally succeeded
In meeting that man with the fine black eyes,
In amateur acting Ina H.
As leading lady takes the prize.
'Mid dusty Latin tomes at Rome
Marie is living her life, they say,
Her grammar's world-renowned, and used
By unfortunate pupils every day.
"Miss Hall's Select School!" at the name
The fame of other schools grow dim,
She has a musty classic course,
But freshened up with lots of "gym."
A great club woman is Edith A.,
Her assistance is sought incessantly.
For receipts for well-baked-shoes,
Money to burn (?) has Lesley G.
And Carrie S. of course has married—
Whether "Charlie" or not I do not know—
In vaudeville the comic songs
Of Delphine H. are "the whole show."
The Horgans—K. and Elizabeth—
In character studies have made a name,
As editor of a magazine
J. E. has gained full share of fame.
With her dusky prince, in her island home,
E. Grubb is living happily.





An artist of great name and fame
And fortune, now is Bessie B.
Ray Voorsanger, as stump speaker,
Has toured the country o'er and o'er.
G. Mel, great business manager,
Absconded—never heard of more.
A noted boarding-house landlady
E. Grey's become, and Mabel E.
Is agent for some prosy book,
She sells it most successfully."

The fire beneath the pot burned low,
In the east the faint dawn line showed white,
The old grey witch ceased stirring, and said,
"That's all that I can predict to-night."

H. D. Q., '03.



Salam Aleikum

(PEACE BE WITH YOU.)



OUR guest casually turned the conversation upon a rather unexpected subject, namely, his wife. We were sitting on the terrace, enjoying one of those matchless Egyptian evenings, which so often closes a day scorched by the Khamseen, or furnace-like heat, from the Sahara. Seated in Turkish fashion, on the low divan, Abdul-Satif-Bey puffed at his richly ornamented water-pipe, and as he watched the smoke curl into the air, grew strangely confidential; for the Oriental has a most extraordinary custom of considering himself insulted, if one allude to an inmate of his harem, it being permissible to inquire about the health of his house, as a whole. "I have but one wife," was his assertion, rather startling to American ears, "and while the Koran permits us four, I shall never take a second. When my parents first proposed my marriage, I desired to know something of her, whom they had selected for me. They answered, 'She is young, rich and beautiful, and the daughter of a pasha.' I, therefore, consented." Such are the paramount considerations in the selection of a bride, in the land, where, since the days of the Pharaohs, custom, dress and institutions have not changed one iota, except that the advanced Arabs have adopted the European dress, with only the "fez," to mark them, still, Mussulmans.

The only remarkable feature of these rich Arabian homes, in Cairo, is the lattice-balcony, or else a roof-garden, for the exclusive use of women, where they can see without being seen. Our entrance was followed by a loud cry of "ja sater," which meant that the women should veil themselves and disappear. "Why disappear, since I am veiled? The stranger cannot see my face," argued the sister of Mohammed, centuries before. "No," replied the great prophet, with equal logic, "but you can see the stranger."

The danger in our party, in the shape of man, was safely lodged in the "Salamlik," or greeting-room, on the ground floor. This is the same in every home, and is typically Oriental, with its brilliant colored divans, floor-cushions and Persian rugs, while the large brass tray, upon which the coffee is served, is always in the exact center. The harem is upstairs. It includes every female belonging to the house,—wives, servants and slaves. It is, after all, only a living-room, furnished like the Salamli, and the occupants are only women, who, alas, have permitted their flowing robes to give place to Parisian mode.

No sooner was I seated, than the inevitable Mocha was served, followed by the Arabian nectar, consisting of flavored syrups,—for the Moslem is pledged to total abstinence. It is proffered with considerable ceremony, the host standing on the right of his seated guest, and the hostess, on the left, each extending jeweled cups and trays, on gold-embroidered and perfumed cushions. After this, mine host, followed by his family and about a dozen curious women-servants, led the way through the house. The rooms were gorgeous in Oriental coloring, with many draperies, canopies, and coverings in heavy red velvet, elaborately embroidered and fringed with gold. The bey even named the price of each article,—the house-hold silver, his wife's diamonds, and her "engagement-dress,"—this was of flimsy white silk, the gift of her husband before marriage, according to Arabian custom,—and lastly, her wedding-gown, an elegant creation in white satin and gold brocade; "costing £6 a yard," adds my host, off hand. The wife was arrayed in this magnificence, when, at the wedding, her lord unveiled her, and they beheld each other for the first time;—his to say whether or not he would accept her as wife; hers, but to submit to his decision. But he could not have been disappointed, for she possessed a rare beauty, enhanced by those dark, languishing eyes, which belong to the far East. And these were the words which bartered beauty: "I gave my father-in-law £400 for his daughter,—the usual sum is £200,—but she was a pasha's daughter, hence the difference. However, my wife brought me, in silver-ware, to exceed that amount."

All of this finery is almost buried behind the harem walls, together with the human beings, who have no higher ambition than to be beautiful for their lords, and whose only diversion is, perhaps, driving out in coupes; nor are they, at any time, accompanied by their husbands, with whom, should they chance to meet on the public roads, not even a salutation is exchanged. The house-wife does not exist. A young girl is given a superficial education, devoting most of her time to English, French, music and embroidery, and while scarcely more than a child, she becomes the subject of much matrimonial discussion between anxious parents, who are looking about for a husband for her. It is no wonder that, in an Oriental family, the birth of a daughter is concealed, as something humiliating, while the advent of a son is the occasion of a great feast.

On our homeward way, as we passed the mosque, the Muezzin stepped out, on the topmost balcony of the minaret, and, toward the four cardinal points, cried out the summons to prayer, at the sunset hour. The wayfarer dismounts from his ass, throws his rug upon the ground, and prostrating himself upon it, with his face turned always toward Mecca, repeats the praise, "There is but one God, and He is Allah!" From the banks of the Nile, a chorus of unseen voices, responds, "Salam Aleikum."

ESTELLE FEUSIER PLINCH, '94.

On A Party Line



"Please give me the line, won't you?" pleaded a deep voice over the phone.

"No; I've told you a thousand times, no, I won't, so there!" replied a girlish treble.

A pause.

"See here, we've been arguing for the last ten minutes. Give me the line and I'll let you stay on."

"What's the good of that?"

"You can hear the whole conversation."

"Who are you going to ring up?"

"Edwin Dartling. Give me the line now?"

"Yes, but mind, I'll listen to every word."

"It's a go," he exclaimed, rattling the receiver. "Pine 3846, please."

Back came the well-known answer—"Line's busy, call again." A few minutes later the same number was called for. This time Central sang over the wire—"Nickel, please, drop your nickel, please."

"I did."

"Drop your nickel, please."

"There." The connection followed.

"Say, old man, been trying to get you since dinner. Been using the line?"

"No, not for the last half hour."

"Who've you been ringing up? Come, confess."

"The Brant girl," Dartling replied; "the pretty one. I want to ask you something—er—er—"

"Fire away," was the good natured interruption.

"Er— how in the deuce do you propose?"

Dartling's friend was not the only one who enjoyed his perplexity, but his was the only laugh heard over the line.

"You may think its a huge joke," broke in an angry growl, in contrast to the laughing accompaniment.

"If you are sure you love her, and she loves you—"

"There's the rub."

"See here, Ed, you manage your love affairs, and I'll manage mine. I haven't had one since last spring, so I'm out of practice."

"Hurry with the line, please," chimed the monotonous voice of Central. Neither feeling in the humor to defy the Queen of the Line, hung up.

* * * * *

Scene. A lovers' lane. A youth and a maiden. An evening stroll. Wind murmuring softly. The stars and moon shining. A little stream completing the picture. Conversation—the weather.

By this beginning one knows the end. The weather is always the first topic; the night, the next; and the third—well, wait 'till we come to it.

So Lucy Brant and Edwin Dartling strolled side by side. The weather subject exhausted, the stars praised for the last ten minutes, he, naturally, began on the third.

He told her of his love and pleaded for hers. As he bent down to receive the answer, she smiled and archly said, "So you have found out how to propose after all."

RUBY MANASSE, '03.



Besides certain sororities in the school there are two musical associations, the Girls' High School Orchestra and the German Glee Club. The orchestra consists of eight violins, a cello, a cornet and a piano, and its members kindly lend their services at school entertainments. The object of the German Glee Club is to sing German Folk-songs. There is, also, besides the regular drawing classes, an advanced art class, which goes out sketching on Wednesday afternoons, and the report of their enthusiasm and progress is flattering. We think the work of the Art Department speaks for itself, and reflects great credit on Mr. Franz Goldstein.

A GLIMPSE OF A CHINESE SCHOOL



Written by a Chinese Girl.

UNLIKE many civilized nations, China has very few public schools, for the Chinese government does not take much interest in educational matters, people do however, and in every village or town, schools are established and provided with masters. There are also many schools and colleges conducted by special teachers whose salaries are paid by the parents of the students.

Since, as a rule, the girls in China are not allowed to go out of doors, or to have instructors of learning, if you would know something of Chinese school life, you must follow a boy's work.

The school day begins about five in the morning, when the boy leaves home. He does not play on the way, as he knows that if he should indulge in this forbidden performance, he would be punished. Following him, you find yourself before a building of sun-burned brick, one story high, on the front of which, is hanging a large sign in gilt letters covered with glass. The entrance has great folding wooden doors with iron bars. The single room is about fifty feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty feet high, and is lighted by openings in the roof.

After arriving at the school, the boy either wanders in alone, without waiting for the ringing of the bell, or else enters with a few of his intimate friends. If the teacher is in the room, the pupil greets him with a pleasant "good-morning," followed by an obeisance, according to Chinese custom, though it may seem a little odd to Americans. Taking his seat, the student begins to study by the usual method of reading aloud. His voice is soon joined by small choruses, each trying to outdo the others. The result is a monotonous and deafening clamor. A native would easily locate the seat of learning without using as a guide, the sign which hangs outside.

On entering a class room, you no doubt will notice the exemplary behavior of each student and his respect for the teacher. As in American schools, the desks of the pupils are arranged in rows and the teacher sits in the front part of the room. The pupils' desks are four legged tables and they have folding chairs made of coarse cloth. The tables have large drawers and folding shelves in them. They belong to the individual pupil, and during the vacation, are to be removed.

When the instructor calls on a pupil to recite, the latter takes his

book up to the table at the front of the room, and turning his back to the instructor, repeats every word in the lesson which was taught on the previous day. Generally, each scholar uses up a good deal of time, as the lesson is long, usually from two to twelve pages with over two hundred words on a page.

If, unfortunately, the scholar makes more than one or two mistakes in his recitation, he receives blows administered by his master, with a flat stick. Fearing this, he is very painstaking in the preparation and delivery of his lessons. After finishing his recitation, he turns around and faces the teacher who criticises any home work, and at the end of the manuscript, places the date in red ink.

Next, a new lesson is gone over, the teacher reading each part of it from two to four times, the pupil repeating it at the same time. After this has been satisfactorily performed, the first student is excused and another comes to take his place. As soon as each one finishes his task, he goes to his seat and begins to write in a blank book, copying his new lesson and memorizing it. After three days of recitation, a written examination is given. Every third day is the hard day for the boys, and he who has the highest marks, receives a prize, such as a badge, a writing book, a writing brush or an ink stand.

In writing Chinese, one must know the direction in which it runs. Beginning at the right hand upper corner, the writing is read vertically instead of horizontally. The materials for writing, are: a slender brush fastened to a handle somewhat similar to our penholders, which, must be held perpendicularly or else the writer will receive a blow on the knuckles with a strap; a big piece of black ink cylindrical in shape, and about six inches long, and a shallow inkstand made of black stone on which the pupil grinds the ink before he writes. The blank book that he uses is made of tissue paper in order that, when a separate piece of quadrupled paper is to be placed under the page, its squares may show through the thin fabric. These squares are for the purpose of arranging the characters neatly, as each occupies one square.

When a pupil finishes his manuscript, he hands it to the teacher for correction and then he studies his new lesson. The teacher explains the use of different characters, words or phrases. After this, questions are asked, covering the whole ground gone over by the master.

As a rule, the pupils in Chinese schools have more study hours than students in American schools. After entering the school room, they study ten or fifteen minutes and then the recitations begin. The pupils are dismissed at nine o'clock to go home for breakfast. At ten, they return and a new lesson is assigned. At noon they have an hour to go home for lunch and from one o'clock, their time is given to writing. They go home for dinner at six o'clock, and, returning to the school, study until eleven. If a pupil goes out during school hours, he is given a small piece of oblong bamboo, about six inches long and two inches wide, with a few characters on it, written in red ink. These letters mean that, if he delays more than five minutes, in coming back to

the room, he will be punished. The teacher will draw red rings around the boy's eyes and mouth so that when he goes out of doors, people may know that he has been disobedient. The pupil is not allowed to rub or to wash off those red rings until the next day, when he apologizes to his master. The vacations are few, the longest being that of one month for New Year.

A boy begins his school life at six years of age. After ten years of training in reading and writing, he is permitted to choose his subjects of study. He seldom studies more than one subject at a time. If he is to be an artisan, he may leave school at any time; if a professional, he remains eight years in this first school, then two years in a higher school, receiving a gold medal. But he studies all his life, for none appreciate more than the Chinese, the necessity of deep and earnest work, of untiring effort and life-long endeavor.

FANNY LEE, Dec. '06.



Mrs. P.—Describe the Merrimac?

Pupil—The Confederacy put a house with guns on the hull with iron clad around, and there came a vessel down, which was going to attackted, but found them expecting the attackt, so they thought they would try a new way of attackting.

Does anybody recognize her recitation?

Dusk



Petals dropped from roses blowing,
Sun steeped, dew-fed blossoms sweet,
Sheep are bleating, cattle lowing,
Night descends on summer heat.

Now the busy day is over,
Slowly shadows cross the green;
Fragrant scent of blooming clover
Heralds dusk, the gentle queen.

All the sweet and dainty flowers
Gently droop their sleepy heads,
In their green and dew wet bowers,
Sink to rest on mossy beds.

Through the quiet, peaceful twilight
Comes the croaking of a frog,
Answered by the call of others
In the dark mysterious bog.

Then the chirping of the cricket,
As he sings his serenade,
Sounds in grass and leafy thicket,
In the field and in the glade.

Thus the day departs in splendor,
All the flowers are in a dream,
While the air is hushed and tender,
Peace and quiet reign supreme.

Alice McCord, '05.



Miss F-lk—"When you have finished your lunch put it in a little bag." We should say the connection was obvious. Why wait?

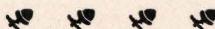
Results of an algebra problem—"Son's age, 18; father's age, 6. Class faints."

Alma S. thinks the word *caesural* from the expression *caesural pause* is derived from the Latin *Caesar*, but her Latin teacher does not think that Caesar is a pause.

CATALOGUE OF LATEST SONGS IN MISS WILSON'S CLASS



“Like a Lady,” sung by R-t- N-w-a-.
“Juno,” sung by C-r-i- W-n-e-.
“Just Washed My Wool,” sung by E-h-1 L-c--.
“Er,—You Know What I Mean,” sung by E-i-i- Z-b-l-ro.
“Eighty Cents,” sung by Chorus.
“Haven’t Looked at It,” sung by N-r- E-a-s.
“The Girl With the Piercing Shriek,” written for L-o-i- M-l-l-a-.
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EDITH LOEWENTHAL, Publisher.



OVERHEARD IN THE VARIOUS ROOMS



AN INCIDENT IN THE CIVIL WAR.

Bright Pupil—“In this battle the Confederates lost 7,000 men, while the loss on the *American* side was 3,000.

IN PHYSICS RECITATION.

Mr. M.-l.—“What name would you give to an object which is not influenced by H₂S hydrogen sulphid.”

Miss —— “I cannot conceive of any such object.”

Mr. M.—“What is a current of electricity?”

Miss M-z-y—“A shock.”

Mr. M.—“Well it is certainly something shocking.”



The Louisiana Purchase came under the commercial power of Congress, because we had to pay for it.

Miss M-r-i-l—A colossus is a statue at the Harbor of Rhodes with a foot on each side of its mouth.

Miss V--rs-ng-r—“Cyprus Field was another man of this time.”
Mrs. P.—“Who? Who?”

Miss V.—“Cyprus Field, no, Cyrus Field.”

Mrs. P.—“O, I thought perhaps you meant Cyprus Lawn.”

None but the Brave



A High School Episode.

(Enter room, two trembling Girls' High School maidens.)

First, in low whisper, accompanied by silvery chattering of teeth—"Helen," dramatically—"I *don't* know my lesson."

Helen, tragically—"Neither do I."

First maiden dashes madly to seat. Upsets fellow students regardlessly. Opens book with sundry deep sighs. Thrusts hand wildly through hair. Responds *very* gently to some inquiring and interested classmates.

(Enter teacher.)

Beams upon class. Briskly calls on number of girls.

"Miss N—, no, Miss L—, no, let me see. We will try Miss M—" (in tone of satisfaction)—"*You* may go to the board." With air of condescension, fully understanding honor she has conferred, sends Miss M— to the board, bestowing most difficult and lengthy topic in lesson on "first maiden."

Follow, number of frantic rubs on board.

Teacher (suggestively and apprehensively)—"Leave the board Miss M—."

Writes name—as rapidly erases. Obliging friend hands book.

Maiden grasps it—as drowning man a straw. Catches wrong side. Rush of multitude of papers to floor, with loud and striking crinkle. Seizes chalk bin for support.

Opens book stealthily. Prepares to write. Glances in book. Finds it to be algebra. Uprisal of hair. Glances at topic in desperation. Inspiration seizes her.

Grasps chalk. Writes unceasingly.

Covers boards, walls above, chalk bins, surrounding desks and maps.

Teacher recalls pupils to seats.

Miss M— beams patronizingly on less successful Helen, who occupies floor, book in hand.

"Miss M— will read her topic," from teacher in expressionless voice.

Miss M— starts up. Reads at rate of forty lines per second. Clock

stops. Rounds up topic in voice a Burke might have envied. Pauses triumphant and breathless.

“Miss M—” (Miss M—beams), “Miss M—,” from teacher in voice of unruffled serenity, “I haven’t heard a word you said.”

Collapse of Miss M—. Bell rings. Class saved from utter annihilation.

Moral—Discretion is the better part of haste, particularly at the board.



Miss D * * * * (reading)—“At the end of August, 1756, he invaded Saxony.—

Mrs. P.—“There’s a point you should have known.”

Miss D * * * * (continuing with emphasis)—*shut up* the army at Pirna, etc., etc.

My Experience in the Philippines



HOW many of us realize how hard our little brown brothers, in the distant Philippines, are struggling, in their efforts to adopt our language and our manners and customs. It has been said that it will take years and years of hard labor before the Philippino will be truly Americanized, but judging from the progress made by the children in the public schools, during the short time that they have been under the control of the Americans, it seems that the task is not such an arduous one as might at first be supposed.

Three years ago, I was teaching in Tondo, one of the outlying districts of the city of Manila. The school-house was an old, gloomy building with three poorly ventilated rooms into which were crowded 150 native children. Neither the children nor their parents objected to the lack of sufficient room in the school, for in many of the native huts, fifteen or twenty people live in two or three small rooms.

It is not easy to imagine the novelty of the sight when first entering the school. The room set aside for the English teacher had five benches and a few desks, but the other two had only benches without back-rests, where the little children sat from eight till ten in the morning, and from half past two till five in the afternoon work began to be encouraging. The children were bright, industrious and very anxious to learn.

The native teachers in this school receive an hour's instruction every day from ten till eleven o'clock, and it was wonderful how soon they learned to read, write and speak English, and how rapidly they adopted American methods of teaching. They carried out, conscientiously, every suggestion that was made to them, and as a result, the noisy school room with its babel of voices, became as quiet as ours are.

The following letters will show the progress made by the Philippinos, in English, after they had been studying only two months:

Tondo, 28, February, 1901.

MY TEACHER AND DEAR FRIEND!:! How so sorry I am now that we have, already other Teacher, that is not you!

Since the first moment that I had know you I have had sympathy to you.

All the other teachers who has been here, they all are good, but none had obtain our appraisement as much as to you.

You is very good, amiable and kindly and I cannot forguet to you.

Some one, I am glad that you not come more in this school because

this is very far for you and you tired much for to come, but I am sad that I can not to see you much time.

I shall are glad if you are good, what I want always. Compliments to father Mackinon and your other parientes and friends.

You may excuse me the faults of my letter, because I am very poor yet in the English language.

Your sincerely,

MANUELA AZAUZA.

Tondo, 28 Feb., 1901.

MY DEAR TEACHER: I shall gladly if to received of this is meet very good as wish.

We are very disconsolates for you. March in this, but that to do God had like so, and we have not other remedy more that follow to He.

Her scholars in this are always thought ful for you, and always speaken of the new teacher with these same words and to wit: 1. That no is pretty, 2. that no is kaind, 3. that no is patient; and for the last, that all the girls no like of her.

In but, the girls gone of bad in worse in Ingles, because no learn. I say same because if before. I have study little, now is more very little yet, because I do not like her method and I have probability that though I will run all the five parts of the world, and the principality in America, already no have meet other teacher as you.

Good-bye, my dear teacher and you command me always that like.

Your scholar,

PELAGIA CAVILES.

Postscript.

Felisa Cordera and Mater Feliz send you remembers interminable.

These letters with many more were sent to me shortly after I was transferred to the Normal School. Here the work was very fascinating. The students had a fair knowledge of English, which made the teaching less difficult than in the Tondo School. It was a pleasure to enter the class-room, the pupils were all so interested in their work and so eager to learn.

They had no trouble with Mathematics and Drawing, but Geography and History were very difficult for them, especially when they were obliged to use maps.

Many of these young Philippino boys and girls walked miles and miles to school every day, in the burning hot sun. Nothing but cholera could make them lose a day from school.

March 29, 1902.

MY DEAR TEACHER:

Possessed yet of sadness for your recent march to that happy country of North America, I write to you this letter to repeat my wishes that you will have a good journey and to arrive soon just of your dear family.

Your absence in school produce a great empty difficult to fill, and threw very much the gladness that characterize separate that we have lost a good and kind teacher.

The teacher Cecilia, Teodora and Miss Rendon, thy very often talk about you, specially Miss Teodora that seems very inconsolable for your absence, as her dear mother seeing her sadness talk her about feasts, theatres, balls, fashions and many other diversions which she wanted, but she said that if she was by your side, she could do everything she wanted but now she has a sick heart and cannot do anything — — — — —

As for me, I don't know myself what is the matter that I forget all my lessons, but I could not forget my dear teacher, and almost every night, I dream that I see her sweet face. We are passing a very unhappy time, and the minute seem to us like hours, the hours like days, the days like weeks, the weeks like months, and the months like years. So that seem to no that you are gone in America hundred years and of waiting so much time, Miss Teodora is something thin — — — — —

Alas! my dear teacher, I did not expect the tears that will flow from my eyes if you don't come back! What if I could only go to America and dilate you here to Philippines! — — — — —

I embrace you dear teacher, and I salute all your amiable family.

CONSUELLA AGRARA.

This from one of the bright and ambitious Philippino girls, who is studying hard so as to come to America to study medicine.

At all times, I found these natives genial, sociable and refined. They were selfrespecting, self-constrained and patient. The men are happy-go-lucky fellows and spend much of their time at cock fights and gambling. They are nearly all born musicians.

The Philippinos have hospitable homes. Even in the poorest huts, a traveller is welcomed most cordially. Most of the native houses are models of cleanliness.

From my experience in teaching in the Philippines, I think we have every reason to believe that the Philippinos appreciate and take advantage of every opportunity offered them, and it will not be long before the majority of the natives will become truly Americanized.

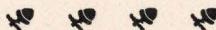
F. H. SOLLMAN, '96.

G. H. S. PROVERBS



Better never than late.
It's an ill wind that blows no credits.
Nothing bluffed, nothing gained.
There's many a slip 'twix Entrance Day and Graduation.
A credit in time saves a Condition Ex.
She who laughs most stays longest.
Don't count your S's 'till there on your card.
A diploma, a diploma, anything on the face of the earth for a diploma.
A soft answer turneth away wrath, but saucy words cause a suspension.

R. MANASSE, '03.



JOKE



"You said she dyed," snarled the hair.
"I did knot," said the hair brush, bristling up.
"I want to know who let it out," said the sewing machine.
"I let them in on it," admitted the door.
"I can picture your doing it," snapped the kodak.
"You're always slamming me," said the door, closing up.
"You're somewhat pointed," cut in the knife to the pencil.
"That didn't strike me before," sputtered the match.
"I'm on the look out," said the window.
"I'm up against it," said the stepladder.
"Don't flare up so," said the asbestos to the fire.
"At any rate, we were badly beaten," said the carpet.
"Yes," said the bed, spreading itself, "you always let people walk over you."
"Oh, wind up," struck in the clock.

Wanted



A mirror for Mrs. Prag's room. Does the school department think we can study when we don't know how our hair looks?

An alarm clock for the Misses * * Well I guess we'd not better start to enumerate.

A young man, with good references, to shovel nut shells in Room 19. Apply to J. G.

A "healthy, wealthy, royal Russian family" for Miss H-rr-s-n to marry into.

An explanation of the notice Lost! A Merchant of Venice. One would think that he'd be able to find his way about alone.



These Girls



Why could Edna never play the part of Little Red Riding Hood? Because she is "De Wolf."

How does it happen that at the Girls' High School there is a "Mann" in Mrs. M's class.

Do you think that Miss "Freese" has had anything to do with the cold weather?

We have in the senior class a "Groom" and "Hyman." All that seems necessary now is a bride, but perhaps "Wife" will supply that place.

Why is Elizabeth like the things Midas touched? She is "Golden."



"Portia champed under the bit of love and restraint."

Teacher (calling the roll)—"Now, if you're here don't say anything, but if you're not, say 'absent.'"

Miss Cr-y-l-nd (quoting from "Tam O'Shanter") "How do we know that these unfamiliar words are not complimentary to Tam?"

Pupil—"Because his wife said them!"

In Memoriam



Matilda Bauer

Died May 21, 1903



“She did the little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise,
For naught that sets one’s heart at ease,
Or giveth happiness or peace
Was low-esteeméd in her eyes.”

J. R. Lowell.



We shall always treasure the memory of our classmate whose cheerful, helpful disposition made her beloved by the teachers and fellow students with whom she came in contact. Her high standing as a pupil excited no jealous feelings but a loving pride in her success. We found her ever ready to help those less fortunate than herself. Her sweet personality will remain with us always as one of the fond recollections of our High School days.

Farewell



Lo! the hours are fled,
And the time is sped,
And the end is drawing near—
While we look our last
On the happy past,
And the school that has grown so dear.

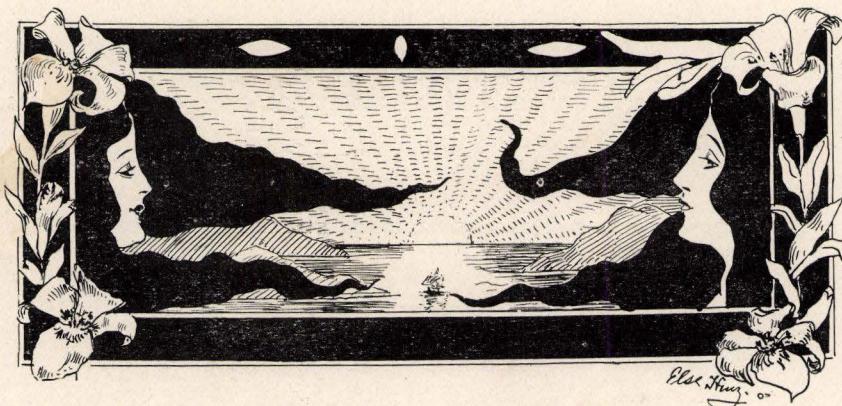
But our hearts are light
With the outlook bright,
For hope lives deep in the soul,—
And we trust and pray
That some future day
We will stand at our longed-for goal.

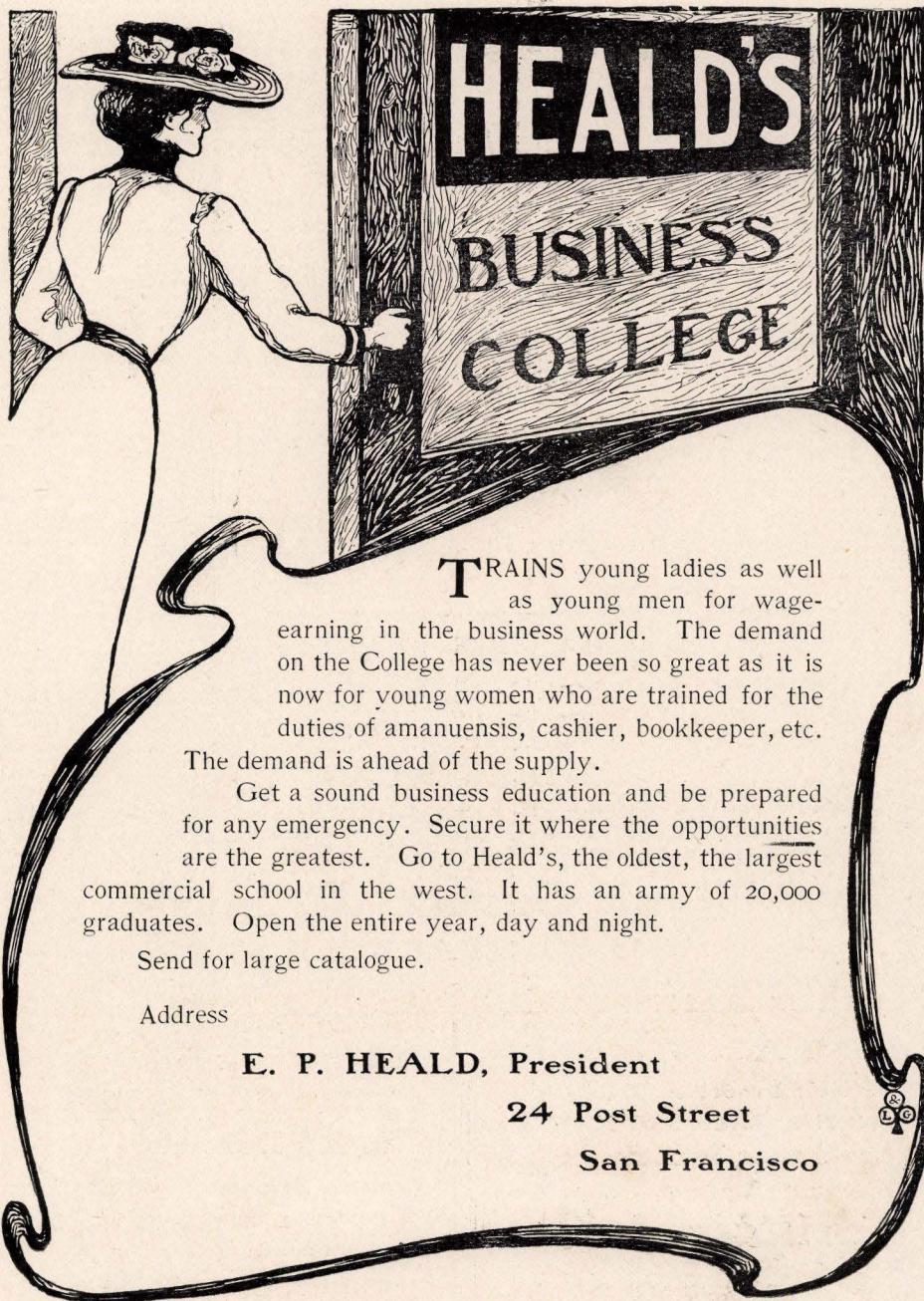
We have played and worked;
We have toiled and shirked;
We have laughed and have cried in turn;
But we'll strive for the best
And we'll hope for the rest
And the lessons of life try to learn.

Then a love that is true
We will leave with you,
Dear friends of our High School days,
With a clasp of the hand
As together we stand,
'Fore we pass on our several ways.

But the hours are fled,
And the time is sped,
And our High School days are o'er,
While we part with a sigh,
And a sad good-bye,
And a cheer for the class "Naught Four."

A. G. B., '03.





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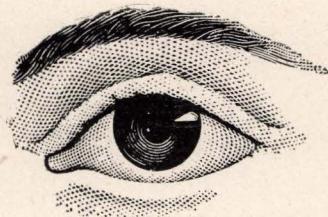
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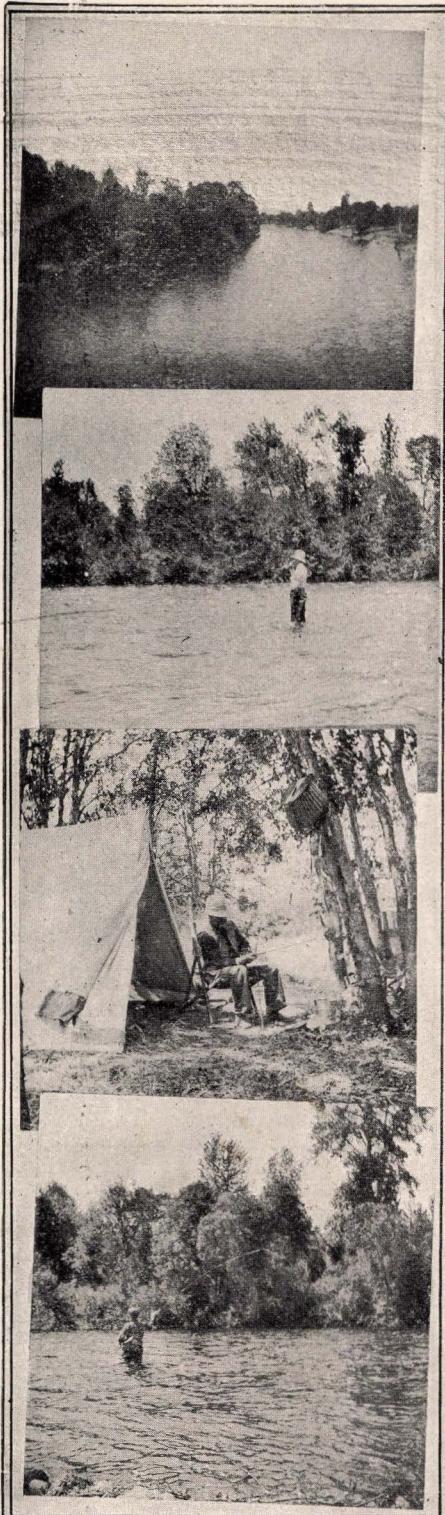
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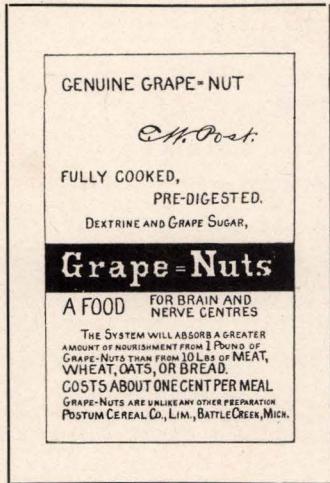
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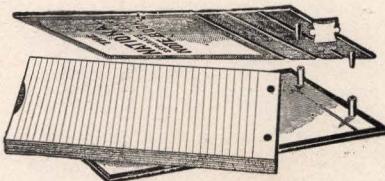


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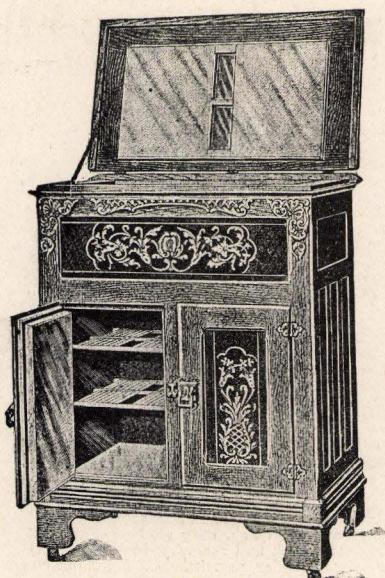
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In conformance with its usual custom the California Northwestern has made elaborate preparations for the glad vacation time, as is evidenced by the handsome hundred-page booklet that it has just issued. This publication, VACATION 1903, gives a long list of places that take summer boarders, tells of the special attractions of each place and gives the rates by the week.

Among the thousand places reached by the line mentioned or its connections are Mark West Springs, White Sulphur Springs, Agua Caliente Springs, Lyttons, Skaggs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell, Saratoga Springs of Lake County, Bartlett, Carlsbad, Soda Bay, The Geysers, Duncan's and Highland, numerous farms near Petaluma and Santa Rosa, in Bennett Valley; resorts at and near Sebastopol and Healdsburg, attractive places near Ukiah and Willits and a hundred charming spots in Lake County.

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The booklet contains much valuable information, and all who expect to make a vacation trip this summer will do well to supply themselves with a copy before making up their minds.

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Business Man—"What can you do?"

Girls' High Graduate—"I have studied Latin, French, geometry, literature, chemistry and physics. I am a graduate of the Girls' High School."

Business Man—"That is very good, but unfortunately we do not use any of these things in our business. If you could write shorthand and take our correspondence, or assist our bookkeepers, we could have good use for your services. We like to employ High School graduates when they have the proper training for our work, but this firm is not a business training school. Now, we would advise you to go to the California Business College and take a full business course, then come back and we will be very glad to employ you. Go up and talk it over with Mr. R. L. Durham, the President of the College, at 305 Larkin Street. We have employed a number of graduates from this College and have found them more thoroughly prepared for business than the students of any other college. Call and see me again in six or eight months, when you have finished your course. Good morning."

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