

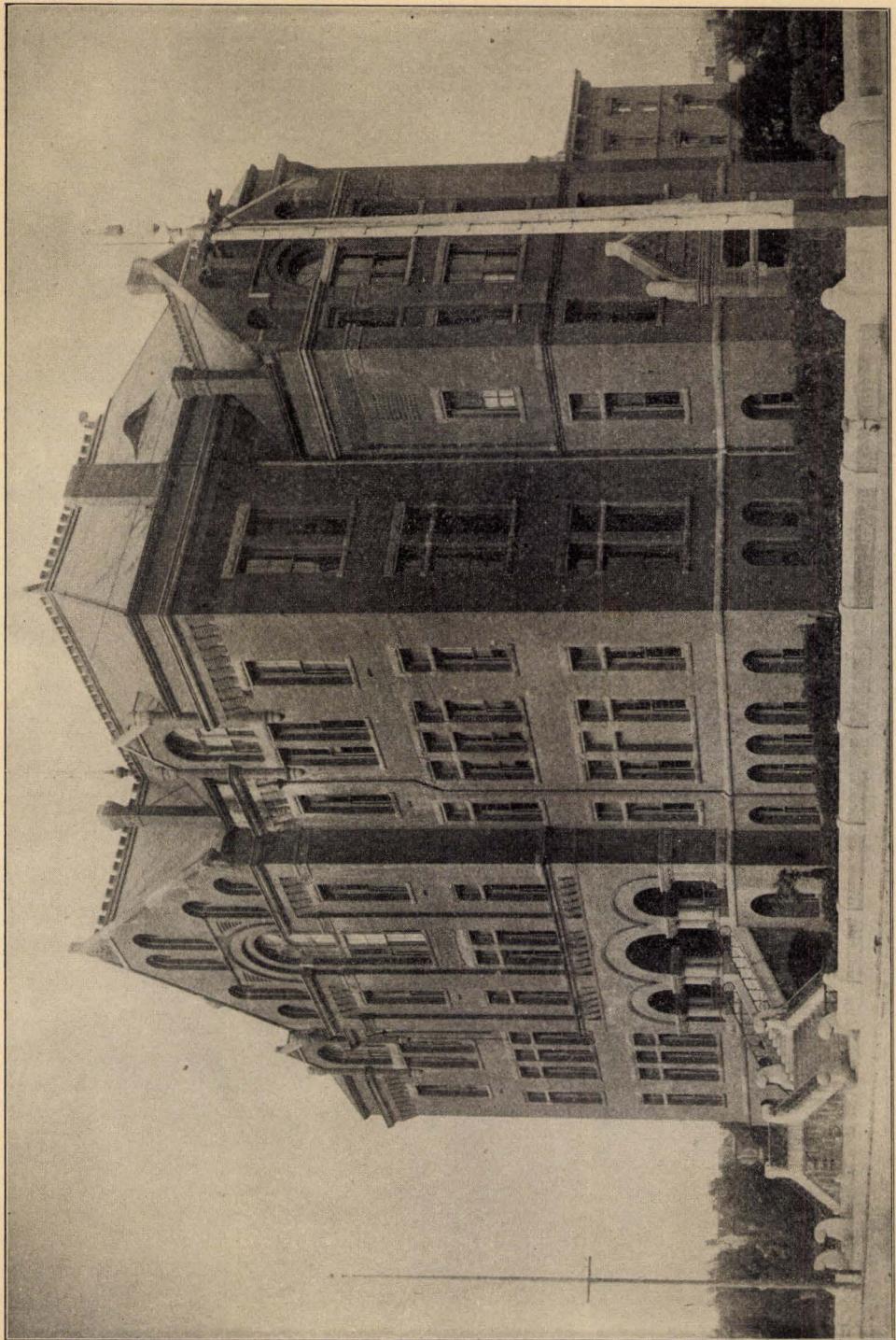
GIRL'S HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL



May 1904.

Viola Ahlers. '04.

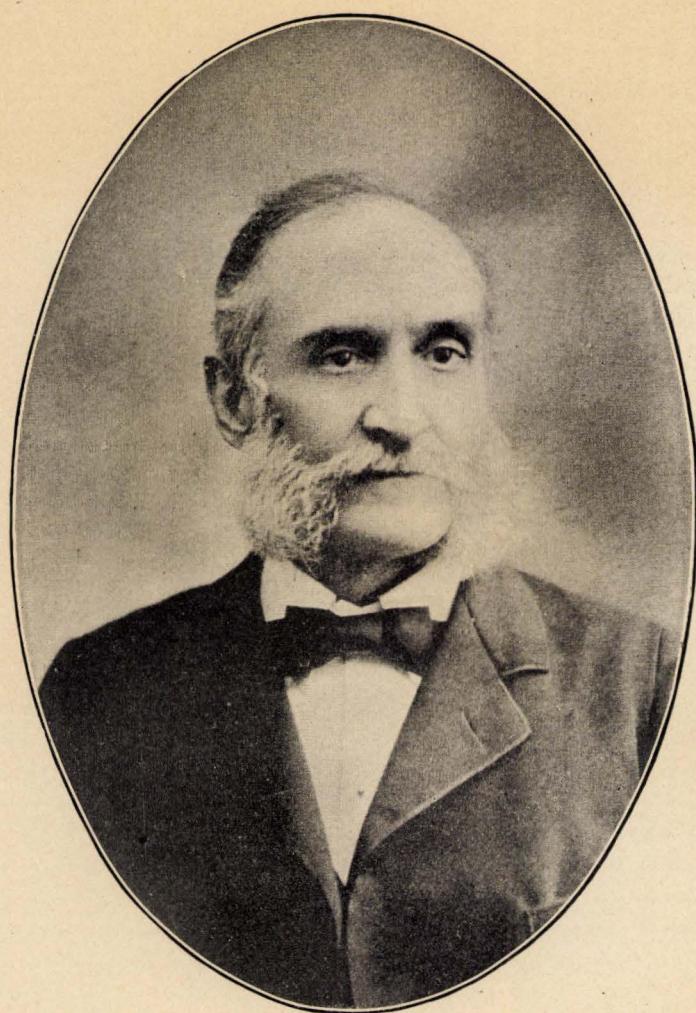
To Our Principal



SAN FRANCISCO GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

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ELISHA BROOKS, Principal of the San Francisco Girls' High School

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

**FACULTY OF THE GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL**

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CLASS

of '04



Mayora Buffington



Edith E. Hale



Jessie Danner



Jessie Hale



Carrie M. Winter



Alma Blanche John



Alma Korpke



Ethel Lucy



Elizabeth Fitzgibbon

CLASS

of '04



Marian F. Crael



Ethel Norton



Lillian B. Collier



Marguerite Tappert



Anna W. Ellingsberg



Dorothy Wolfe



Lillian A. Maslow



Ada Coulis



Stillie J. Harman



Carrie L. Parsons

CLASS

of '04



Edith M. Snell



Anita Rose



Emma De Bottom



Sadie G. Marsh



Granna S. Merrell



Nova Evans.



Viola Ellers



Charlotte E. Lee



Estelle Carroll



Clarisse Duckett

CLASS
of
'04



Edith Lawenthal



Ethel L. Harris



Hattie McPhun



Ethel Dowling



Julia McCarthy



Lorraine Murphy



Ellie Flynn



C. Courault



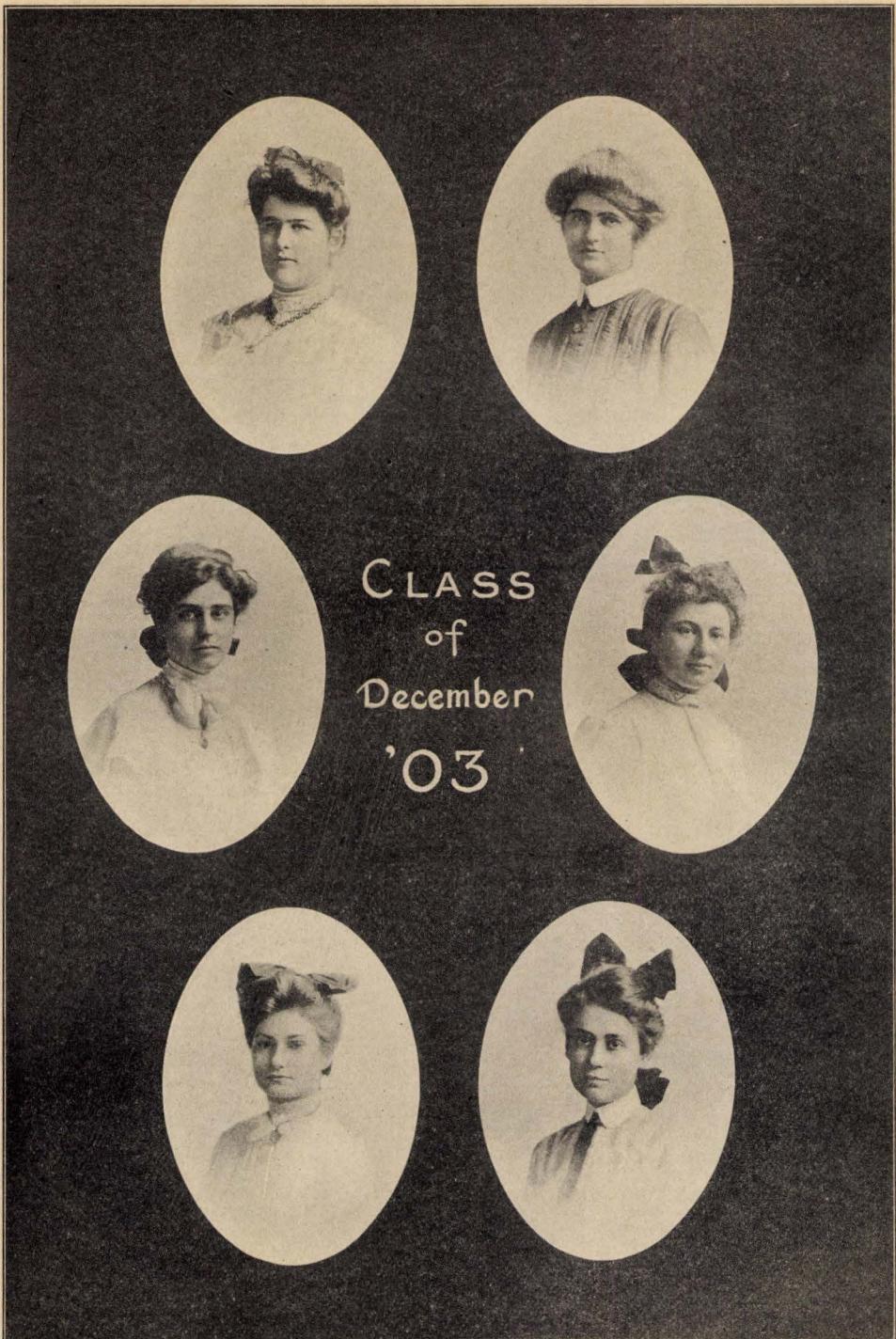
Rosamond Dill



Monte Dennis Webb



Grace Williams



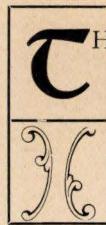
LUCY GILL
ETHEL HOLMES
LAURA SWITZER

MILDRED JONES
EDNA FALK
CHARLOTTE WOOLL

Girls' High School Journal

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MAY, 1904

A SKETCH OF OUR PRINCIPAL'S LIFE



THE close of our High School life brings with it that feeling of bitter-sweet when the joyous anticipations of the future are mingled with the regrets for the broken associations of the past four years that have become dear to each of us. This year that regret is especially keen for Dame Rumor has of late been circulating a piece of very unwelcome news—unwelcome both to teachers and students of the Girls' High School—the resignation of Mr. Brooks. It is with no little sorrow that we have heard that rumor, for his departure from us would be a loss not easily remedied.

We are justly proud of our school and appreciate the fact that its high standard is due very largely to our honored principal; it has been the lot of few High Schools to have a man of such sterling worth at its head.

Besides the "many cherished memories," Mr. Brooks will carry with him, not only the love of the students for their principal, but what is better, perhaps, a most thorough and sincere respect for the *man* whose life struggle, during the pioneer days of our State, was so pre-eminently successful.

At our persistent entreaties the modest array of facts first given to us has been expanded into the following sketch of his life, re-written, however, under protest by him, because of the personal pronoun being necessarily much in evidence.

Editor of the Girls' High School Journal: In compliance with your request, I submit the following outline:

I was born in the back-woods of Michigan where my first eleven years were spent as "the boy on the farm." I attended school there in the little log school-house for about three months in the year, from the age of eight to eleven years, and reached the third reader stage of development.

With my mother and brothers, I then crossed the Plains at the age of eleven to re-join my father in California, driving an ox-team a great part of the way. The first eleven years in California were spent in the mines of Butte County, in the vicinity of Bidwell's Bar. During the first five years of this period, I was engaged in the milk business and in herding cattle, rising at three o'clock in the morning and retiring at nine o'clock at night, doing part of my sleeping on horse-back. Exposure to all the storms that raged in those long waking hours, was exceedingly trying at times.

A SKETCH OF OUR PRINCIPAL'S LIFE

At the age of seventeen I began to realize my savagery and ignorance, and asked permission to attend a school just started in Oroville, ten miles distant. Being given my freedom to shift for myself, I managed, by mining, chopping wood, and teaming, to get together enough money to carry me through a six months' term. I kept "bach" (that is, did my own cooking and house-keeping, in miner's style) in a little cabin at Oroville while attending school, and helped out my meager finances by hunting game night and morning, and by gathering bouquets of wild flowers which I sold in the shops.

At the close of the term I returned to the mines, where, by similar work, I made in the next six months enough money to give me another half-year term under the same teacher, Mr. Burlingame. During this period the teacher, my brother and I "bached" together, and I was able to complete the grammar school course, studying in addition, in my leisure hours, astronomy, botany and physics.

In the next six months my brother and I succeeded in laying by the goodly sum of eighty-two dollars, with which we paid our passage to Healdsburg and supported ourselves, with the help of odd jobs, through a half-year course at the Healdsburg Academy.

In this Academy the students were going at the usual easy pace in classes and by grades; but as time with me meant money, and money was extremely limited, I was given free rein. So by keeping early hours, rising at four in the morning, I "went through" algebra, including Davie's Bourdon, plane and solid geometry, and trigonometry, two books of Harkness' Latin, Quackenbos' Philosophy, and the required course in history and English literature.

At the close of this term we had five dollars and twenty-five cents left, and were two hundred and fifty miles from home. One of our school-mates, just starting with a team for Washoe, in Nevada, carried our box of books to Sacramento for two dollars and a half, while we took to the woods, living on the game we shot on the way, and sleeping at night in the lee of some rock or tree.

On arriving at Sacramento we were hungry for bread, and bought a loaf for twenty-five cents, which furnished our supper and breakfast, while a hay-loft served as our bed through the kindness of the stable-man where our school-mate put up his team.

The next morning we took the river boat for Marysville, paying two dollars and a half, our last cent, for our passage. This was a bit of extravagance that we should have avoided by walking, but we had no other way of getting our books home.

At noon my brother was looking with longing eyes into the cook's galley, when he was offered a job of wood-chopping for his dinner. The offer was promptly accepted, and he said that dinner was the best he had ever eaten. When he had finished it the cook told him to bring me in, for I looked hungry. The temptation to sell my independence for a mess of pottage never came so near overpowering me as it did when I heard that dinner described, but with a mighty effort I said "No, I had not earned it," and declined with thanks. How I did wish before night that I had not been so proud, because that butterless bread had tasted

A SKETCH OF OUR PRINCIPAL'S LIFE

so dry, and that loaf had not been built for two such wolfish creatures as we were at that time.

By great good fortune, we met an acquaintance at the landing at Marysville, from the vicinity of our home, who forced a loan of fifty cents upon us and took our box of books in his wagon to the end of our journey. How this debt weighed on our consciences until it was paid, for it was our first! One-half of this loan was spent for my supper—and it was great—while the other half was spent for a second loaf of bread that furnished our breakfast and dinner next day. Our bed was again a hay-mow, and a forty-mile tramp on the morrow found us at home again, weary and foot-sore, but glad.

I was very anxious to go to college, but there was none west of the Rocky Mountains, and it would cost a thousand dollars to reach Harvard or Yale on the Atlantic coast by water, or a three thousand mile tramp by land, as no railroads spanned the continent in those days. I might as well reach for the moon as for a thousand dollars—and to retrace my steps across those plains and deserts, and through the civilized East, with only my gun and salt to provide my living—this alternative made me pause. The memory of the perils and hardships of that journey, eight years before, was too fresh to let this thought beguile me; though I confess that it did haunt me for some years. A boy of sterner stuff might have made the trip, but the chances are that he would have perished by the way; and he would probably have found the college doors in those days closed against him as a penniless adventurer, should he even be so fortunate as to reach them.

I now realized that these three terms of schooling had brought me only to the shore of a vast sea of knowledge, unvexed by any oar of mine, and since the Eastern colleges with their culture were beyond my reach, I spent all my spare money in books over which I burned—not the “midnight oil,” because I had none—but pine knots or pine cones for a light in the watches of the night, while my daylight hours were devoted to hunting the wherewithal.

After two years of teaching the district school of our neighborhood, I felt impelled to back up my brave words in behalf of our bleeding country in the throes of a civil war, by shouldering a musket and marching out to her defence.

At the close of the war I re-entered the ranks of the profession of teaching, and took up as my life-work the preparation of others for the colleges whose doors the Fates had closed against myself. Seven and a half years were devoted to this work in the Urban Academy of San Francisco, and for the last twenty-nine years I have been associated with the public schools of this city, with the rare fortune of not having a single day's absence recorded against me in that time.

In resigning my position in the Girls' High School, I shall carry with me many cherished memories of the twelve busy and happy years that I have spent here as your Principal, and the welfare and progress of this school shall ever be of supreme interest to me in my retirement.

The care-free days of my youth have ever been beckoning me back to the wilds, calling to me from the mountains and the forest retreats, and in answer to this call I expect soon to retire “from the madding crowd” to a quiet nook where I can spend my declining years “near to Nature's heart.”

ELISHA BROOKS.

CLASS SONG

Tune, "Heidelberg"

Better than riches or worldly wealth
Is a head that is filled with knowledge,
Stored full of English, History, and Latin
And plenty of "Math" for College.
Better than copying a single line
Is to learn it well, and verbatim;
So, come, let us sing, and let our voice ring
With a cheer for the class of naught four.

Chorus:

Here's to the school we love so well,
Here's to its colors true,
Here's to its teachers, the best on earth, ,
Here's to its pupils, too.
The naughty fours are, of course the best,
And you must acknowledge it's true.
Though we can answer for the rest,
For they are its pupils, too. (Repeat.)

So friends of all, take our advice,
And come to this school of lore
If you would be as wise as we,
The class of naughty four.
Those days of yore will come no more,
But still, in after years,
We'll think of you, our own dear school,
And the class of naughty four.
We'll think of you, our own dear school,
And the class of naughty four.

ALMA BLANCHE TOBIN, '04.

THE LITTLE BROWN SLIPPER

CHIRSTMAS day had been an exceedingly dark and dreary one in the year 1776. The snow had fallen all day, and the Delaware, stretching far and wide, was thickly coated with large blocks of ice. The sky had been overcast all the afternoon, and the evening was now enveloped in an almost impenetrable darkness. Far in the distance the lights from the barracks at Trenton glimmered cheerfully in the cold and stormy night, suggesting the warmth and good-cheer that prevailed within. For, in one of the rooms, a small supper had been laid, and jests and laughter now



and then rang out into the quiet night, heard only by the lonely sentinel pacing to and fro on his nightly beat.

"Do you know, Rahl," Hunt was saying, "I think you ought to keep a more vigorous watch; imagine the predicament you would be in if the Yankees gave you a surprise one of these fine nights."

"Oh, bah! What could a handful of Americans do?" interrupted an officer at the end of the table.

"Ha! ha! a handful of Americans," cried Rahl scornfully. "Why, man, you don't know what you are talking about," he said sharply, turning around to Hunt.

"Oh, yes, I do," replied Hunt easily. "But frankly, gentlemen, I do not think we had better discuss that subject now; it will only lead to hard feelings. Yet," he

THE LITTLE BROWN SLIPPER

said, pausing impressively, "there is one thing I should like you to bear in mind, and that is, 'An American never gives up without a struggle.' "

"Well, now, just suppose they should come," said Mayor Green boastfully, "do you know what would happen, gentlemen? Why, in five minutes there wouldn't be one of those d—— Americans in sight."

"Bravo! Green," they cried, and, now that the meal was concluded, each with a goblet in his hand, gave a toast to old King George, and heartily joined in the well-known strains of "God Save the King."

While they were thus merrymaking, a small skiff was with difficulty picking its way over the ice-clad Delaware. In this two men were huddled together, their long capes completely concealing their uniforms, but now and then, as the wind flapped them open, a gleam of red appeared, showing them to be British officers.

"Look out for that piece of ice, Hollis," cried one warningly to the other, who, catching his warning in time, skilfully maneuvered the boat in another direction from the piece of ice bearing down upon them.

"You think we shall be successful, Jean," said Hollis thoughtfully, turning toward his companion.

"Why shouldn't we?" answered the other, with a slight French accent. "Surely it is time for the tables to be turned, at least in my estimation," he added emphatically.

And now a silence ensued, each intent on safely buffeting the storm. At last with grateful hearts they felt the boat strike bottom, and, silently leaping out, they quickly concealed the little boat, then, gravely shaking hands and wishing each other God's speed, they parted company, each to do the duty which lay before him.

Lieutenants Hollis and Du Barry had been sent as spies to Rahl's headquarters to see how matters stood. "Give Rahl a wrong impression of the American army," Washington had said as he gravely shook their hands in farewell, "and above all things, convince him of our inability to strike a blow at the present time." Each assented eagerly, and, attired in British uniforms, with the captured papers and reports of a British spy secure in their pockets, they were prepared for any emergency.

Hollis was to play the principal part, and Du Barry, fearful of betraying himself by his French accent, was merely to corroborate his tale, if necessary. But his first duty was to get word immediately to Colonel Miles, an officer in whom Washington had the greatest confidence, concerning the plan on foot for that night. "Miles, with a small scouting party, is now scouring the country for supplies, and you will probably find him around Bordentown," Washington had said, glancing down at the map he held in his hand. "I believe a horse will be furnished you at the cross-roads. Is that not so?" he said, turning questioningly to Hollis, who answered in the affirmative, saying that he had succeeded in getting word to his brother, George, and that he would be on hand without fail.

So now, as Jean neared the point of his destination, he saw with thankfulness the outline of a dark figure restlessly pacing to and fro beside a horse, holding a lantern in one hand. "Who goes?" he cried, as Jean appeared. "Ah! you are

THE LITTLE BROWN SLIPPER

Du Barry," he exclaimed, with evident relief, as Jean gave the signal agreed on. "I am—George," he said hesitatingly. "It is very late, what detained you?" Jean quickly explained the condition of the river which had caused them considerable delay, and then with a puzzled expression on his face, suddenly said, "Why I thought I was going to find a small boy in George. How is that?" turning inquiringly to George. "I am sure, yes positive, that William said his younger brother was around the age of fourteen."

"You are probably thinking of James," said the other, keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the ground. "But come, time flies," he added impatiently, "and your mission is very urgent," and, placing his hand on the bridle of the horse, said softly, but still loud enough for Jean to hear, "Now, Jane, be good, and mind your new master."

Jean now looked decidedly puzzled, for he could have sworn he had heard a woman's voice, and just then his eyes, wandering over the uniform of the other, rested a moment on a pair of small, brown feet which could be seen below the long cape covering the form of the youth opposite him. In an instant the truth dawned upon him. "What a fool I am," he said regretfully to himself. "Of course that is not George. Why—it must be Janet," for William had often described his twin sister to Jean, and had expressed the wish that they two might meet some time.

"Yes, it must be Janet. There was no doubt about it," and, turning to Janet, said quietly, "You are Miss Janet, are you not? How is it you came tonight instead of George?"

"George had a bad fall yesterday," Janet answered simply, "and there was no one left but me to go. I had to wear this old uniform of William's; otherwise it would have been too dangerous to have ventured out," she continued smilingly. "I thought I could pass off as George, but I fear I should never do to be a man," she added sadly. "Oh, dear! What a botch I have made of it."

"Not at all," Jean asserted emphatically. "But how far is it to your home?" he said, suddenly changing the subject. "Oh, about a mile," Janet replied carelessly. "And you are going to walk home in those slippers?" Jean asked incredulously. "I don't see why I shouldn't," Janet said challengingly, "I shall change them the very minute I get home. I was in such a hurry that I didn't stop to think of boots," she added, mischievously glancing up at Jean.

"It would never do in the world," said Jean gravely, and before Janet could remonstrate, he had quickly taken off his boots, and, turning to Janet, laughingly said, "A fair exchange is no robbery."

"What do you intend to do?" asked Janet, bewildered.

"I wish you to wear these home," Jean said firmly. "Maybe at the close of the war I shall come back and reclaim them, but for the present I only ask for a small favor," he added, glancing down at one of the brown slippers.

Janet demurred for an instant, then, glancing at the determined face of the man opposite her, slowly slipped on the boots, and with a quick "good-bye" left a small slipper in his hand. And now Jean began his journey in earnest, oblivious of the cold and snow, deeply absorbed in his thoughts in which the little brown slipper persisted in playing an important part.

THE LITTLE BROWN SLIPPER

The years of that great war drew slowly to a close, the Americans proving themselves to be invincible, as was shown on that memorable Christmas night of '76. Meanwhile, Janet never failed to regard the pair of boots with ever-increasing interest, and to wonder what fate had befallen the brown slipper. Every now and then she heard glowing accounts of Du Barry in her brother's letters, how he had been raised to the captaincy for gallant behavior at Monmouth, and how he had gradually risen in the ranks, until now, at the close of the war, he was a colonel in the army, and the trusted aid of Washington.

It was with considerable disappointment that she learned of Jean's departure for France, for she had been in hopes that he would return for the boots, and she did wish—oh, she did wish to know what had become of that brown slipper.

But, at length she received a small package, postmarked France and much battered by its long travels. With a great deal of wondering and surmising on her part, she quickly untied it—and there was a miniature bronze slipper, and stuffed in its tiny toe she found a proposal. For Jean had already discovered that the little slipper had slipped in and stolen his heart, and that his happiness would never be complete without Janet.

During the cold winter evenings, long years ago, the grand-children used to climb about the knees of an old, white-haired gentleman and eagerly ask for the story of the little, brown slipper, which somehow the old gentleman never seemed tired of relating. When the story was ended, and bed-time came, they would quietly say "good-night," and creep off to bed, and then would dream, oh, such delightful dreams of that dear, old brown slipper.

STELLA HARMAN, '04.



THE DECLEMISION OF A KISS

"You may please decline 'kiss,'" said a teacher one day,
To a miss of sixteen who was pretty and sweet.
"Why, I hardly know how, but I'll try anyway,"
She replied with a smile bewitchingly sweet.
"It's a noun that's quite common, and when it's desired,
It may be quite proper, I'm happy to say.
Its gender is common, second person required,
And it's plural in form in a singular way.
Its case is objective, you plainly can see,
Because it's an object so ardently sought.
It agrees, in most cases, with you and with me,
But according to no rule by schoolmasters taught.
I've made a mistake, very likely, somewhere—
If I have, I assure you it's no fault of mine,
For I think that to ask me was not very fair
When you know that a kiss is hard to decline." —Exchange.

THE SEASONS

THE SEASONS

The soft breeze wanders o'er the lea,
The flowers bloom, and bird and bee
Join together in one glad song,

“Tis springtime.”

The sun beats down with golden gleam,
The schoolboy sleeps beside the stream,
And all nature whispers low,

“Tis summer.”

Leaves lit down from off the tree,
Jack Frost has painted them, you see,
And with a voice quite chill, he says,
“Tis autumn.”

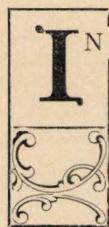
Snow lies deep upon the ground,
Children's merry voices sound,
Silv'ry sleighbells sweetly sing,

“Tis winter.”

HELEN HAMILTON.

AN ORIGINAL MYTH

The Music of the Spheres



THE vast eternity when only heaven and chaos existed, as has been often explained, a wonderful world was created, which was suspended from the imperial abode of the gods by an exquisitely wrought chain of purest gold. Now, this creation had been the cause of a great deal of discussion by the gods and goddesses. They did not know what they should do about this marvelous place. Some suggested that they should people it with angels of the same form and nature as themselves, but others said there should be but two persons, and they must be the essence of perfection, each god to endow them with the highest attribute which he possessed. When this difference arose, Zeus decided that they should make it a cause for a musical test. There were in the kingdom a great number of very renowned players on the lyre. But, only two of these were chosen, one a god and the other a goddess. The god was to represent the whole nation of beings which should people the earth; the goddess, merely the two perfect ones, and Apollo was to decide the issue.

First the god played, he being the higher in rank. The gods stood around enraptured by the exquisitely sweet strains, and those on his side were absolutely certain that no one could possibly surpass him.

Then the goddess was brought in. She was noted for her beauty of soul, and was strong where they were weak, for her love was pure and holy. She took her instrument in her hands and began softly tuning it. Then, catching the sound she wanted, she began. At first she played softly, sweetly, becoming gradually more and more absorbed in her playing. Forgetting all around her, she played the poem of her love. As it grew, the sound encompassed all space. Nothing more sublime had ever been heard—the exquisite longing, the joy intermingled with pain—laughed and sobbed from the instrument; but, when she came to the sacredness of her love, the gods shook and turned pale. She was playing but one note, and, while so doing, the beautiful chain, so carefully wrought, joining heaven and earth, began to quiver, and then gradually to open, one link at a time, until the bond between heaven and earth was broken. She was

“Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.”

But still more wonderful, as the sound increased the world began to move, slowly at first, and then more quickly, until little specks of its surface were thrown out into space. These gleamed and twinkled as they moved and assumed different positions, but all revolving about one which was the center. This, the brightest of them all, seemed like a great monarch, keeping perfect harmony in a myriad host.

AN ORIGINAL MYTH

Thus the gods, not believing their eyes, and not daring to stop the miraculous player, saw the universe created. But then, when they tried to stop her, they saw that she had ceased playing, but the newly created worlds were making the music, and so the gods beheld a universe created by the spirit of love through the power of music. They needed no more musicians, for this universe kept itself in motion by that force only, and, since the sounds were transmitted from the lyre to the chain, and thence to the earth, it sent it on to all the others, keeping perpetual motion, and the most divine music. None asked about a decision, when the gods had partially awakened from their bewilderment, for they had seen a power higher than their own. But the two divine creatures were put on the earth, with all the godly attributes according to promise.

ROSA DIEHL, '04.



**BRIGHT PROSPECTS FOR A
HIGH SCHOOL**

In a certain grammar school in this city, a question was asked in an examination: "Compare five."

Some of the good answers were:

"Five, fifth, fifthus."

"Five, six, seven."

"Five, more five, most five."

Teacher—"What tense of the verb do I use when I say, 'I was beautiful'?"

Pupil—"I should say, remote past."

FLASHLIGHTS FROM THE ATALANTAS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Miss Place—Basket Ball Coach.

Atalanta Girls (15)—Becomingly (?) dressed in blouses and bloomers.

Young Man—Nameless and harmless.

SCENE I.—AUDITORIUM, G. H. S.

Time—Any Wednesday afternoon, 4 P. M.

Miss Place—Line up for exercise, girls. Show that you had "Force" for breakfast.

Girls (Pleadingly in chorus)—Aw! Can't we cut it out?

Miss Place (Counting)—Left—right—left—right, etc.

(The girls slowly fall in line and gracefully chase themselves around the room.)

Miss Place—Halt! I think you are warmed up now. You may begin to play.
(Fun begins.)

(Ball thrown up in center, is caught by Captain S-h-g and passed on.)

Miss Z-b-l-a-o (Excited)—Oh, great Scott! Back E-t-s, back! Stick to your man! Guard! Jump! Block that kick! Ha! ha!

(Sudden noise—floor shakes—no ball in sight.)

Miss S-y-e-1 (On top of ball)—Hey! Get up Sammy; that's the second time you've sat on me; be more "careless."

Gen'l. Exclamations—Get off my foot! That's my side-comb!

(Ball in play again.)

Miss S-h-g (An advocate of "Sunny Jim"—Seizes it, and with a good aim at the basket, sends it crashing through the window.)

Miss L-f-n (Donning rubber coat)—I'll chase it! (Goes down to street and finds it in possession of boys, who take it for a football. After a rough game, brings it to safe quarters.)

(Game proceeds.)

(Scrimmage between Miss C-r-s-1 and Miss M-rt-n, whose sight suddenly becomes obscured by her falling pompadour; she loses her balance, and falls over the line, making a "dead foul.")

(Four carried out in convulsions.)

Miss Place (Aside)—I don't blame you for laughing, girls.

(Enter young man of prepossessing appearance, seeking studio.)

Miss L-ng—Oh, girls! A Man!

(Girls with pale faces and shocked countenances, make a wild rush for the stairs.)

(Curtain.)

FLASHLIGHTS FROM THE ATALANTAS

SCENE II.—ATALANTA DRESSING-ROOM.

Time—Same day, 5:30 P. M.

(Enter straggling line of girls, with dirty faces and hair dishevelled.)

First Girl—I'm so hot! Sure. I'll catch my death of dampness—but it's great practice.

Second Girl—Oh! I'm dead tired! Wasn't that fellow a swell looking guy?

Miss Sp-r-y—Oh, Hazel! and did you see the positions we were in?

Miss D-W-l-e (Enters limping)—Oh, my knee! Zab, the medicine, quick!

Miss Z-b-l-a-o (Taking down arnica)—Well, Ted, I've told you a hundred times to wear pads.

Miss H-l—O, dear! I must have fallen in a nest of splinters, and we forgot to tell Mr. M. about the tweezers.

Miss B-w-an—Goodness, it's a quarter to six! Who's run off with my feet?

(Search follows—girls bustle about, overturning waste-basket and chairs.)

Miss S-m-e-s (Rises to join in search and the missing article is found affectionately attached to her belt.)

(General shout is heard, and in the confusion the light is put out.)

Miss C-r-s-l—Glory be! There's not a match left!

Miss H-r-e-t—Some one run down to Mr. M., quick!

(General giggling and groping about in the dark.)

Miss S-y-e-l (Returning, breathlessly)—Mr. M. has gone, and the halls are as dark as pitch.

Miss D-W-l-e (Slightly alarmed)—Thank goodness, we're nearly all dressed! Is every one ready now? All right, lets take hands. Wait until I lock the door.

Miss N-rt-n (A distant (?) relative of "Billy Bounce")—I'll go first, and tell you how many stairs there are before the landing.

(Terrible noise—stairs tremble—girls stand still clutching one another.)

Miss N-rt-n (Feeling for scattered books)—Don't be afraid, girls. I only fell down five stairs.

Girls (In chorus; reaching the door)—At last! Thank heavens, we're out of *that* dungeon!!

(Grand finale!!!)

(Curtain.)

CHARLOTTE V. ESTES, '04.

WHY WE SHOULD GIVE OUR GIRLS AND BOYS A COL- LEGE EDUCATION

IN CONSIDERING the reasons for sending our boys and girls to college, it would, perhaps, be well to first determine what is a true and comprehensive definition of education. It is, of course, in the first place, the gaining of a store of useful facts, ready, with the aid of a good memory, for instant service; but more important than this is the fine development of the constructive powers, helping us to create, to work over old results and obtain new combinations that will suit our present need, to make new discoveries for ourselves, thus making *education a fitting of the individual for action in life*. Such a fitting is best acquired in a university. I do not mean that it cannot be acquired in any other way, but usually the process of self-education is long and laborious, as much valuable time is lost in individual discovery of facts already known.

Every one knows the absolute necessity for a college training in the *professions*. For many years no physician has practiced without a diploma from some reputed university or medical college; no lawyer passed up to the bar without the necessary preparation.

Thus a college education is today a foregone conclusion for any professional man in order to reach his standard, but there are, on the other hand, cases where the necessity of a higher education is not quite so apparent at first glance. For instance, the *farmer*, the backbone of the Nation. A few years ago the idea of a farmer's going to college in order to increase his ability to raise a good corn crop, to know how to treat the blight that visits his orchard, or where to plant and where to plow, would have been considered highly unnecessary. "Don't send the boys to college if you want to keep them on the farm," used to be the maxim, but now it has changed to, "Send the boys to college if you want good, prosperous farmers. Teach them how to make the most of their broad acres, how to take advantage of the market and all the newest facilities and discoveries."

While the need of a college education has been felt less in past time by the farming class, the *commercial* world has long argued this question, now for, now against it. "Experience" is the great cry of commerce. You hear it argued: "Did not many of our finest merchants and business men begin life as office boys who have never looked into a college hall, and are yet successful?" This is true enough, but ask one of these same successful business men his candid opinion of the matter, and, nine cases out of ten, he will speak in regret that he never had the good fortune to obtain a university education, and will, in all probability, tell you that he has always felt himself handicapped, and that he has determined that his sons and daughters shall never feel the lack of a broad education. Or, stating simple facts, as they come under our daily observation, of two applicants for the same position,

WHY WE SHOULD GIVE OUR GIRLS AND BOYS A COLLEGE EDUCATION

the college graduate will always receive the preference, for every-one knows that the college-bred man and woman, who have been taught how to attack new problems, how to face difficulties that at first seemed insurmountable, how to think quickly and accurately, that they are most likely to be successful in anything to which they apply themselves. Their college gives them the laws of economics, the rules governing trade, the history of commerce, and thus warns them of the probable outcome of their undertaking; and, more important than all these, it teaches them self-activity.

All this refers to both men and women, as nearly all the fields of profession and business are today open to men and women alike.

The most obvious and readily conceded advantage of college life is the one from a *social* standpoint. Of course, every college graduate by no means carries with him the requirements of a truly socially educated human being. It lies entirely with the individual whether he or she will show much progress along these lines, but as a general rule, college life, college interests and activities, serve as a strong promoter of all fine social instincts. The contact with fellow-students will wear off the sharp angles, so that instead of being hurt at just criticism, narrow in his social relations, afraid to meet his fellows, or too bold in meeting them, he will become tolerant, straightforward, just, broad-minded, a man or woman whom the world delights to meet and hold.

One strong objection that one very often hears from various sides against the higher education of women is the assertion that it unfits woman for her natural and most useful sphere of family life. Instead of long pages of controversy about this question, we would advise the rather one-sided adherents of this stand-point to take a careful and convincing glimpse into the thousands and thousands of American homes where the college-bred woman is the loving, sensible, sympathetic helpmate of the husband, with a fine understanding of all his business enterprises and social responsibilities; an ideal mother to her children, watching, from earliest childhood, over their bodily health and development, knowing well all the principal laws of hygiene, helping them with their studies as she is well able out of her own fine store of knowledge, concentrating in her home, with her cultivated sense of refinement, all that is best and truly admirable—thus rendering her country the greatest service possible: the bringing up of good men and women.

MARGUERITE POPERT, '04.

A PARTICIPANT'S TALE OF THE XMAS, '03, LUNCHEON



AVE you heard the latest," said I, as I rushed up to a group of Xmas graduates standing in the hall. "The latest?" they all cried. "Yes, the latest," said I. "What do you mean? Is something exciting actually going to happen?" said Ethel Holmes, seizing hold of my arm. "Yes, something very exciting will happen if you don't loosen that grip on my arm," said I. "But listen, the class of '04 is going to give *us* a luncheon." "A luncheon, a luncheon!" cried they in chorus. "Yes, a luncheon," I answered, repeating it several times under my breath, endeavoring to make myself believe I was speaking the truth.

"Sally, (they always called me Sally, a nickname that has stayed with me since) are you speaking the truth, or are you joshing as usual?" queried Laura, gazing squarely into my Nile green eyes.

"Believe me, Mike, for once I speak the truth. Can't you take my word?"

Just at this exciting moment President Leale came marching down the line, with her usual smile extending from ear to ear. "Howdy, girls," says she, in saluting us. "Edith," cried Mildred, "can it be or is it not? Are you girls going to give us a luncheon? A square meal in view? Oh! this is too good to be true." Edith, for an answer, extended her grin beyond her ears instead of just to them.

"Come, girls," said I, "sit ye down beside me on these steps, and let's talk our good fortune over."

"Am I dreaming," asked Merryle, with her hand on her forehead. "If so, don't awaken me."

"I need a square meal if anyone does," moaned Lucy Gill. "For three long weeks an abscess has been forming on my brain on account of algebra ex's and I've not tasted a morsel of food."

"You don't look it," suggested I, for, mind you, our Lucy weighs a good two hundred, more or less. (For those of you who aren't acquainted with "Yours Truly," I hereby add this statement: I weigh two hundred and fifty myself; therefore I take the liberty to speak of Lucy.)

At last the long-looked-for day came. The last day of our school career, Friday, December 13, '03. The library was being decorated beautifully by the '04 Seniors. How those Seniors worked!

Carrie Winter, and the fair Paula, plus Marjory Buffington, besides stacks of others, positively almost killed themselves. "It's harder than Algebra," sighed Marjory. "Not on your life," answered Paula. That sounds pretty "slangy" for Paula, doesn't it?

Luncheon was to be at twelve. At ten thirty, already, Laura and I were promenading past the library, anxious to get a glimpse of the beautifully decorated table, not to mention the articles upon it.

A PARTICIPANT'S TALE OF THE XMAS, '03, LUNCHEON

Ethel and Lucy, after a history recitation, went home to don their "bestest togs" but soon returned, Ethel in light blue, abbreviated at the neck and sleeves, and Lucy in a brand new brown frock. Merryle did not make her appearance until the appointed hour.

"Luncheon is served," called out President Leale, turning and honoring me by offering her arm to escort me to my place designated by a brown plaque graciously presented to each guest by Laura. Sweet of her, wasn't it? In a jiffy we were seated. Such a jolly, congenial crowd! What was on the menu I'll sum up in one word, i. e. everything.

I forgot to mention that it was raining without, but I can assure you it was sunshine within. Some one suggested singing. "All right, let's sing," said I, "I'm game." Every song was included in our repertoire, from "Bedelia" to "Way Down Upon the Swanee River." From one corner came "Please Go Way and Let Me Sleep," while from the opposite direction came, "Take Me Down Where the Wurtzburger Flows." I'm ashamed to tell you who wished that.

Suddenly, when the noise was at its greatest, Mr. Brooks entered. There was a sudden lull, for in his hands we spied large sheets of white paper—our diplomas.

Mildred, in a very appropriate speech (I heard it took her hours of hard work daily for a week to write and memorize it), presented to Mr. Brooks a picture from the Xmas class of '03. Mr. Brooks in return presented to us our "Educations" on paper. I had been practicing for a week before a looking glass, how I was going to smile and say, "Thank you," to Mr. Brooks when he gave me mine. When the time came I had forgotten entirely. I had the funniest sensation. A chill rushed up my spinal vertebrae; my corn ached as it never ached before. I could feel my heart slowly surging from its usual place to my throat where it remained for fully thirty minutes, choking me whenever I endeavored to speak. Zip! went another chill, but this one went *down* my spinal column. All I could do was to grin foolishly.

I read and re-read that manuscript, until I couldn't detect one letter from the other.

The next fifteen minutes we spent in kissing ourselves and each other. I found myself kissing girls I didn't know, and forgetting those I did know. The bell rang. It was all over. Shall I ever forget that day? Indeed not, and I think I can safely say the same for the remainder of the Xmas class '03. One problem, however, remains unsolved in my mind. How can we ever thank the class of '04?

P. S.—I have something to add, with your permission: As I was standing near the table with my diploma rolled in my hand, a hollyberry rolled out of that diploma. Was that the first fruits of my education? "SAL," Xmas, '03.

CLASS OF XMAS, '03

LAURA SWITZER.

Whole-souled and good-hearted,
The kind we admire;
A most talented coach
In what e'er you desire.
With her pony real handy,
She was in Latin quite bright,
With her "answer book" beside her,
Her genius came to light.

EDNA FALK.

With the binomial theorem
She was a wonder;
She juggled exponents,
And ne'er made a blunder.
For a model of neatness
Her algebra's best;
With her long (?) compositions
She puts shame to the rest.

ETHEL HOLMES.

Brilliant and bright in botany—
Writes six topics while you wait.
At 7:30 she gets here,
Endeavoring not to be late.
Exceptionally smart in history,
Learns it in ten minutes, straight.
Recites like a bird in a flutter,
And, "0" then is her fate.

LUCY GILL.

Bright lights in geometry
Are scarcities still,
But in this class we have one
Produced in Miss Gill.
In history she always
Was of renown.
Her "correct verb" in this class
Could never be found.

CLASS OF XMAS, '03

MILDRED JONES.

E'en with twenty alarm clocks
She ne'er was in time.
Shuffled in late to Latin,
Not knowing a line.
With history teachers
She always agreed (?)
In jokes, riots, and rough-houses
She often would lead.

CHARLOTTE WOOLL.

True, she is last, but not least,
And, do what she will,
E'en to baffling Frenchmen,
We shall love her still.
Did she win any medals?
Really—Je ne sais pas—
She deserved one in French,
That's sure. Certainement.

E. K. S., '04



THE SENIOR PLAY



EVERYONE enjoyed Saturday evening, May the fourteenth. Six of the graduates took part in a little play, "The Man in the Case," and they did remarkably well. The whole Senior class, as well as the girls in the farce, feel very grateful to Mr. Goldstein, whose unceasing efforts to help each girl did much to add to the success of the evening.

The play, a comedy written by Winthrop Packard, was originally produced by the Emmanuel Club of Radcliffe College, an annex to Harvard. It is very cleverly written, and the audience fully appreciated it.

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Montressor	Miss Elsie Zeile
Enid	Miss Ethel Lucy
Doris	Miss Carrie Parsons
Gladys	Miss Rosa Diehl
Madame Bogusky	Miss Emma DeBoom
Aline Roquet	Miss Edith Standart

Act. I. The drawing-room of Mrs. Montressor.

Act. II. The drawing-room of Mrs. Montressor.

Act. III. The room belonging to Gladys, at Radcliffe, gotten up to represent the room of a Harvard Senior.

Doris, Mrs. Montressor's niece, has become very melancholy, because her lover, Jack Williams, is not permitted to enter her aunt's house, with whom she lives, being an orphan. Mrs. Montressor is very wealthy, though not to the manner born, and lays great stress on lineage and learning. Mr. Williams' father made his money in pork-packing, which is horrifying to Mrs. Montressor. Moreover, Mr. Williams knows nothing of the classics, and has *never* heard of Browning.

Doris's aunt not knowing the cause, and wishing to cure her of this melancholia, calls in Madame Bogusky, "a Lesser Lama of the Inner Cult of Theosophists," who she thinks knows everything, and can undoubtedly cure her niece.

Aline, Mrs. Montressor's maid, is in love with the coachman, Jack, and thinks Miss Doris's Jack is the coachman. Through this, many funny incidents arise. It might be stated here, that Mrs. Montressor does not appreciate the Hibernianisms of her French maid.

Enid is Mrs. Montressor's daughter, and Gladys is a Radcliffe Senior, very bright and up to the times. These two also try to cure Doris of her melancholia. They write a letter to her, signing it "Jack Williams," asking Doris to go to his room at Harvard with Gladys. She thinks she is doing this, but in reality goes to Gladys's own room at Radcliffe, gotten up to represent Jack's, at Harvard. Aline finds Doris's letter and follows her to Radcliffe, thinking she is going to meet the

THE SENIOR PLAY

coachman. Mrs. Montressor finds the letter, too, and she also follows with Madame Bogusky to prevent Doris's elopement. They all go disguised in caps and gowns. Finally, when they are all together, they discover the joke, and Aline gives Mrs. Montressor a letter from the real Jack Williams, asking for Doris's hand. Her aunt consents to the marriage, as Jack has studied the classics, and his family are prominent people in Boston. Everything turns out happily, and Madame Bogusky claims to have done it all through the power of Theosophy.

Mrs. Montressor is a very amusing character, and Miss Elsie Zeile deserves great credit for her good acting. Miss Edith Standart did splendidly as the funny French Maid, Aline. The part of Madame Bogusky is not easy, and Miss Emma DeBoom acted it well. Miss Ethel Lucy, Miss Carrie Parsons and Miss Rosa Diehl were very pleasing as the young ladies of the play.

The auditorium was crowded, which was very gratifying. Every one of the girls received pretty flowers from their many friends. The orchestra played several selections, which added to the enjoyment of the evening, as music always does.

Miss Ada Conlin (chairman), Miss Charlotte Estes and Miss Alma Tobin were the Committee on Finance, and Miss Hannah Wollenberg on Properties. The scenery and costumes were effective and appropriate.

A number of the Seniors, those among the highest, were ushers, and it was pretty to see them in their light dresses.

On the whole, the affair was delightful.



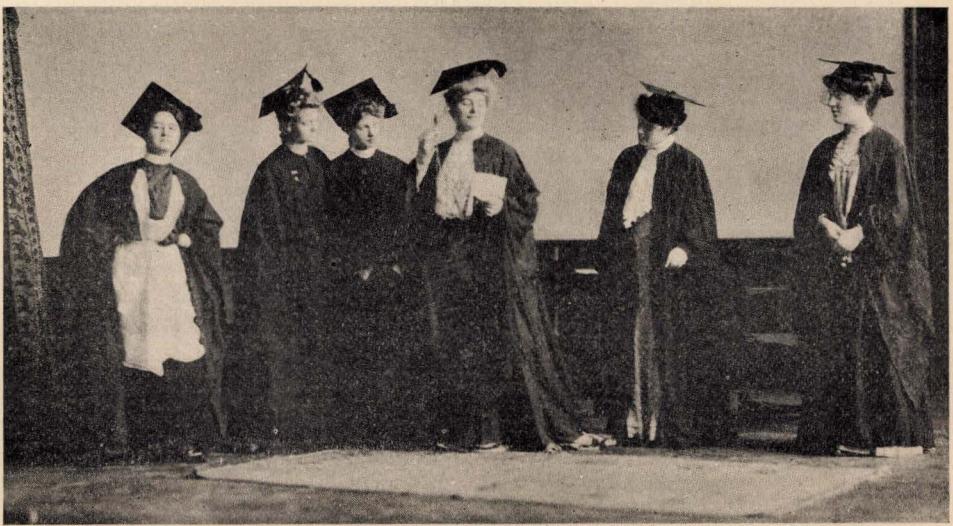
SCENE FROM ACT I.—“Oh, Howly Mother! The bogey, the bogey!”



SCENE FROM ACT II.—“What a delightful romancer you are.”



SCENE FROM ACT II.—“The villain must be outwitted at once.”



SCENE FROM ACT III.—The Letter from Jack.

"TEDDY'S" AVERSION

TEDDY" gratefully sank into one of the corner seats on the Cloverdale train. Outside all was bustle and excitement. "Ukiah! Guerneville! Cloverdale!" resounded on all sides. Amid the terrific din, which invariably accompanies the incoming and outgoing of trains, happy travelers were pushing their way to their respective trains. "Teddy" enjoyed all this from her comfortable point of vantage, for she felt delightfully free and easy. Why shouldn't she be? The college semester was over, and she had three whole months' vacation—three months in which to breathe in the country air and to enjoy all nature. Helen, her roommate and chum, was already in Cloverdale, and she, why she would be with her in half a day. You see she had been forced to spend a week and a half getting new clothes, new hats, and packing all her belongings. It had been a week and a half of fuss and worry, and she was glad it was over.

Meanwhile the train had been filling steadily, and just as it was about to start, a handsome athletic-looking fellow of about twenty-two swung himself aboard and entered the car in which "Teddy" was seated. He glanced around and saw that every seat was occupied by two persons, save that which "Teddy" had appropriated.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "but is this seat occupied?"

She looked up with a start for her thoughts had been far away, and the voice sounded strangely familiar. "No," answered she icily, recognizing him at once. Of all people under the sun, would she never be able to escape him? It seemed not, for he settled himself comfortably in the seat and began to read a magazine article.

She had taken an aversion to this young six-footer, Jack Clyde, a year ago, when he had won a debate at college and snatched the prize from her brother, "Bob." Since then he had become the captain of the football team and an all-round favorite with both the girls and boys.

"Teddy," however, had gone out of her way to avoid meeting him, a rather difficult thing to do, since both were Seniors at Berkeley. So far she had been successful, yet here she was sitting side by side with him on the Cloverdale train. It was positively laughable.

He, on his part, had recognized her the moment he entered the car, as one Edna Summers, known to her friends as "Teddy," and a charming girl. Her icy demeanor had surprised him, and he felt himself strangely drawn to her. Such is fate!

Finding the scenery rather uninteresting, "Teddy" turned her attention to her fellow travelers instead. One young couple caught her eye at once; they seemed to be so oblivious of everything save themselves. "A young married couple of a few months," "Teddy" decided, but no, a telltale bit of rice gleamed on the girl's dark traveling coat. "Bride and groom, evidently." "Teddy's" heart went out to them.

“TEDDY'S” AVERSION

But just then that hateful college boy looked up from his magazine and followed the direction of her eyes. He smiled, and “Teddy,” in utter desperation, found the scenery without quite to her taste.

So the trip wore on until Cloverdale was reached. A crowd of people greeted the incoming train, and in that throng “Teddy” lost sight of Jack Clyde, to her great relief. Finding no conveyance from Clayton's awaiting her, she determined to inquire at the hotel. But the bride and groom were ahead of her, for she arrived just in time to hear the inn-keeper tell the young husband that he could procure no conveyance to Clayton's Farm until late in the afternoon, but if he desired to walk, it was only one mile. They concluded to wait, notwithstanding, and went into the hotel to refresh themselves. Evidently the young couple wished to pass their honeymoon in the quiet and peace of a country farm. People's tastes are so different.

“Teddy” thought she would walk, however, and obtaining the necessary directions, started on her way. It was a beautiful road, well shaded on either side by tall trees, and the country air was invigorating. But as luck would have it, she had hardly gone half the way, when in some inconceivable manner she sprained her ankle. She leaned against a tree for support, and after a few minutes of anxious waiting, hallooed for help. Her cry was answered by no one more or less than her aversion, who, finding no conveyance, had gone on ahead of her, and who now appeared from the bend in the road.

“I beg your pardon,” said he courteously, raising his hat, “but did you halloo for help, Miss Summers?”

“I think,” answered she weakly, “I have sprained my ankle, and I don't see how I am ever going to reach Clayton's Farm.” Instantly he was all sympathy and attention, perhaps rather to rebuke her for her cool conduct on the train. “I think,” said he cheerily, “if you will take my arm, we may be able to reach Clayton's in fifteen minutes. Evidently you and I are bound for the same place.”

“Teddy” tried to walk a few steps alone, but the pain was so intense, and he looked so masterful and strong that she accepted his arm gratefully.

“I have been looking forward to meeting you for a long time, Miss Summers, but somehow or other,” he added laughingly, “we always eluded each other.”

“Teddy” reflected a moment, and then decided that frankness would answer the purpose best of all, so she said, “The fact is I never liked you after you won the medal, and ‘Bob’ was left out in the cold, and so—so I never wanted to meet you.”

“But, you see,” he replied quickly, “I didn't win the medal just to deprive ‘Bob’ of it, but because I tried my best, as did the other boys; and they happened to award it to me. And, do you know,” said he, turning the subject, “I was positively homesick for a college face, and when I saw you on the train this morning I was delighted, but your icy tone completely chilled me, and I took refuge behind that magazine.”

By this time “Teddy” had decided that she liked him very much, and that far from being the horrid boy she had imagined, he was perfectly charming. “I know I was horrid,” she replied regretfully, “and I suppose I did take a

"TEDDY'S" AVERSION

prejudiced view of the situation, but if you are willing to let the past bury its past, I don't see why I shouldn't."

"And I don't see why we shouldn't be good friends," he added, "do you?"

So interested were they in each other's company that they failed to notice that they had reached the farm-house, peaceful and serene in the sunlight. But suddenly the windows of this restful haven opened, and a great shower of rice descended, completely enveloping them, and then more and more, and more. "The bride and groom!" gasped she, "They've mistaken us," but that horrid college boy didn't seem to mind one bit, for in some way or other he took possession of both her hands, and whispered in a tone hardly audible, "Teddy."

DOROTHY WOLFE, '04.



Miss Thompson—"What is the most elastic part of our body?"

Miss Fowler—"The neck."

Anxious Parent—"Are the Faculty pleased with your work?"

Daughter—"Yes, indeed! They have encored my Junior year."



FAILED, FAILED, FAILED

(With all due apologies to Tennyson)

“Failed, failed, failed,
In that Latin ex,” said she,
“And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.”

“O, well for the ‘digs’ and smart ones,
That they boastingly laugh with glee,
O, well for the girls with ponies
And their papers pinned on their knee.”

“And declensions and verbs filed on
To their blank space on my paper.
But, O, for the joy of a vanquished S
And my hopes gone off like vapor.”

“Failed, failed, failed,
In the very front seat,” said she,
“But the memory of an ex that is dead
Will never come back to me.”

E. K. S., '04.

GESPENSTERSPUCK



URCH die schweren Brokat-Gardinen schimmert das helle Mondlicht und zeichnet die Spitzen der Vorhänge auf dem glatten Parquetboden ab. Die schrägen gelblichen Strahlen beleuchten den Salon eines gräflichen Schlosses eines alten Geschlechtes; denn in dem fahlen Lichte treten die Ahnenbilder ziemlich deutlich hervor. Links in der Ecke ein Ritterbild,—soeben bricht sich ein neugieriger Strahl an dem Brustharnisch—dann ein Ordensritter, mit dem weissen Mantel und dem länglichen roten Kreuze eines Templers; hier eine Ordensschwester; nach rechts im vornehmen, reichen Kleide eine Äbtessin. Neben dem marmornen Kamin das Bild eines verwegenen Reiterhauptmanns, der vielleicht eine Schwadron unter Tillys oder Wallensteins Bannern führte; neben ihm ein Diplomat im schwarzen Samtwams, mit hohem, steifen, spanischen Kragen und Halskrause aus feinen weissen Spitzen—treten andere Bilder späterer Zeiten hervor: Hier ein Höfling in der prunkenden Kleidung der Zeit der prachtliebenden Bourbonen, dort eine in Samt und Seide gekleidete Rokokodame, mit weisser Perücke, tief ausgeschnittener Wespentaille und dem koquetten Schönheitspflästerchen am schwarzen Auge. Hier Schäfer und Schäferin, dort ein Offizier in prunkender, betresster Uniform, daneben eine Hofdame in weitgebauschem Reifrock.

In den Nischen zwischen den hohen Fenstern stehen auf zierlichen vergoldeten Tischchen allerlei Nippssachen, feine Meissener Porzellanfigürchen, Statuetten aus Marmor, auch indische und chinesische Bronzefigürchen, vielköpfige Götzenbilder der Brahmanen.

Die Stutzuhr auf dem Kaminsims schlägt in silbernen Tönen die Mitternachtsstunde. Wie mit einem Zauberschlage verändert sich das so friedliche und ruhige Bild. Die Gesichter in den Gemälden nehmen lebende Farben an; die starren Glieder regen sich; die Augen glänzen in natürlichem Lichte; Bewegung weicht der starren, toten Ruhe, die soeben im Saale geherrscht. Geistermusik fängt an in überirdischen Melodien zu spielen—and der Zauber löst alle Bände. Wie aus verborgenen Wandtüren steigen all die bunten Figuren aus den vergoldeten Rahmen herab; lauter wird die Musik, und nun dreht sich alles in tollem Kreise im grossen Saale herum. Hier wird die fromme Stiftsdame vom Reiterhauptmann in wilden Tanz gedreht, dort hat der Templer sich des kleinen, zierlichen Rokokodämmchens bemächtigt, und allen Gelübden zum Trotz, presst er sie an sich zum tollen Tanze; der Schäfer sucht den übermütigen Mund seiner Schäferin zu küssen, der stolze, steife, spanische Grande, mit langem Degen, macht der Dame im Reifrock den Hof; die Marquise macht einen tiefen Knicks und ermuntert mit schelmischem, koquettem Augenaufschlag den schwerfälligen Ritter zu keckerem Minnedienst. Der Taumel hat auch die Porzellan- und Bronzefigürchen ergriffen: Hier macht sich der Mandarin mit der gläsernen Prinzessin zu tun; das Brahmanische Götzenbild rollt die Augen, streckt die Zungen heraus, bewegt seine sieben Arme und dreht sich zuletzt im Kreise;—dort hascht die Najade nach dem Waldgott, das Bergmännchen nach dem Elfschen, und zu allem tönt die durchdringende überirdische Geistermusik—bald tönt's wie Zigeunerweisen, bald wirbelt es wie mit Kriegstrommeln und Hirtenschalmeien—hinreissend, sinnberückend und zauberhaft.

Der wilde Tanz wird zum tollen Taumel, schneller und schneller wirbeln sich die ungleichen Paare im Kreise—heisser fliegt der Atem, leidenschaftlicher werden die Blicke, enger und enger umschlingen sich die Tänzer—da—

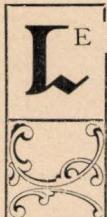
Silberhell durch den Saal ertönt der Schlag der kleinen, vergoldeten Stutzuhr, und wie von Zauberhand weggeschaut ist das tolle Treiben, verstummt die Musik, regungslos, leblos und kalt sehen die alten Familienbilder aus den Goldrahmen herab, und das huschende Mondlicht beleuchtet die Porzellanfigürchen und Nippss—Wie leises Seufzen und gläsernes Klingen ziehts durch den Saal.

Die Gespensterstunde ist vorbei; vorüber der Mitternachtsspuck.

HELEN HAAS.

LA CLASSE BRILLANTE

Scène dans une Salle de Classe de l'Ecole Supérieure des Filles.
Personnages: M. le Maître, Mmes. les Elèves.



LE MAÎTRE (qui agite la sonnette pour apaiser la conversation tumultueuse des jeunes filles): Allons, allons, un peu de silence! Commençons tout de suite. Mademoiselle Savoir-Tout, pardon si je vous distrais, mais voulez-vous nous dire quelle est la leçon pour aujourd'hui.

Mademoiselle Savoir-Tout (arrêtée au milieu d'un rire): Er-oh-oui! nous avons la traduction. Je n'ai pas fait la mienne, parce que j'avais si mal à la tête. (bas, à sa voisine): Vous ai-je dit que j'étais au théâtre hier soir avec Gaston? Vous le connaissez, n'est-ce pas? Un gentil garçon! Que je me suis amusée, moi!

Maître (ne montrant pas de sympathie pour Mademoiselle). Mademoiselle, ce n'est pas la première fois que vous me donnez une pareille excuse. Vous aurez le plaisir de venir me voir à trois heures. (Cris de compassion de toute la classe: Maintenant elle va l'attraper, etc., etc.)

Maître: Mademoiselle La Sagesse, commencez à lire.

Mademoiselle La Sagesse: En français?

Maître (sèchement): Comment! Si vous pouvez mieux lire l'arabe, nous aurons grand plaisir à vous écouter.

Elève (lisant): Que je voudrais encore avoir faim (prononcé femme) dit la fille qui———(Les mains qui s'agitent en l'air annoncent à Mademoiselle La Sagesse que tout n'est pas comme il faut.)

Maître (enragé): Bête! Mademoiselle, combien de fois vous ai-je dit la différence entre faim et femme? Vous m'exaspérez. Je suis à bout de patience. (Il fait quelques marques dans son registre, et toute la classe tend le cou comme de vrais cygnes pour voir ce que c'est, pour la centième fois sans succès.)

Maître (qui ne se doute pas de l'inquiétude causée par son cahier): Voyons! Maintenant, je veux avoir de l'ordre. La première fille que je verrai parler aura un verbe à écrire.

Mademoiselle Babillard: J'aurai soin que Monsieur ne me voie pas quand je parle.

Maître (l'apercevant): Mademoiselle, vous m'apporterez demain "je suis un caquet-bon-bec qui caquette" dans tous les temps simples. Vous pouvez traduire maintenant. Nous avons perdu assez de temps avec vos bêtises. (Pendant quelques minutes tout marche tranquillement, jusqu'à ce que Mademoiselle à L'Esprit Vif commence à traduire.)

Mademoiselle à L'Esprit Vif: (à part à son amie.) Qu'est-ce que cela veut dire: "M. Perrichon était un drôle de corps?" oh, je le sais! (Elle traduit): Mr. Perrichon was a rogue of a corpse.

Les Elèves (montrant comme toujours, leur appréciation): C'est bien tourné, ça! Ça doit être quelque chose de nouveau: un gai fantôme!

Maître (en colère) Par exemple! Il va sans dire, Mademoiselle, que votre leçon est bien préparée. Probablement vous la saurez mieux à l'avenir, si je vous donne un morceau de poésie pour vous aider à l'apprendre. (La classe, terrifiée à la pensée d'une telle punition épouvantable, se mit à travailler, et enfin on finit la leçon).

Maître: Dépêchons nous, et je crois que nous avons juste le temps pour une dictée. (Souspirs de toutes les demoiselles, mais le Maître est inflexible.)

Maître (commençant à dicter): "Apprenez à bien parler, mais non pour faire rire, comme le perroquet qui parle sans rien dire."

Les Elèves (parlant toutes ensemble): C'est bon! Mais nous, nous n'avons pas besoin de cet avis. Ce n'est pas pour nous, sûr.

Maître: Attention! Attention! Je vais vous———.

A ce moment on entend le timbre et La Classe Brillante, qui ferme les livres avec au tant de bruit possible, en faisant claquer les sièges ne perd pas de temps à sortir.

CORINNE GRADWOHL, '04.



CARRIE M. WINTER
Editor-in-Chief

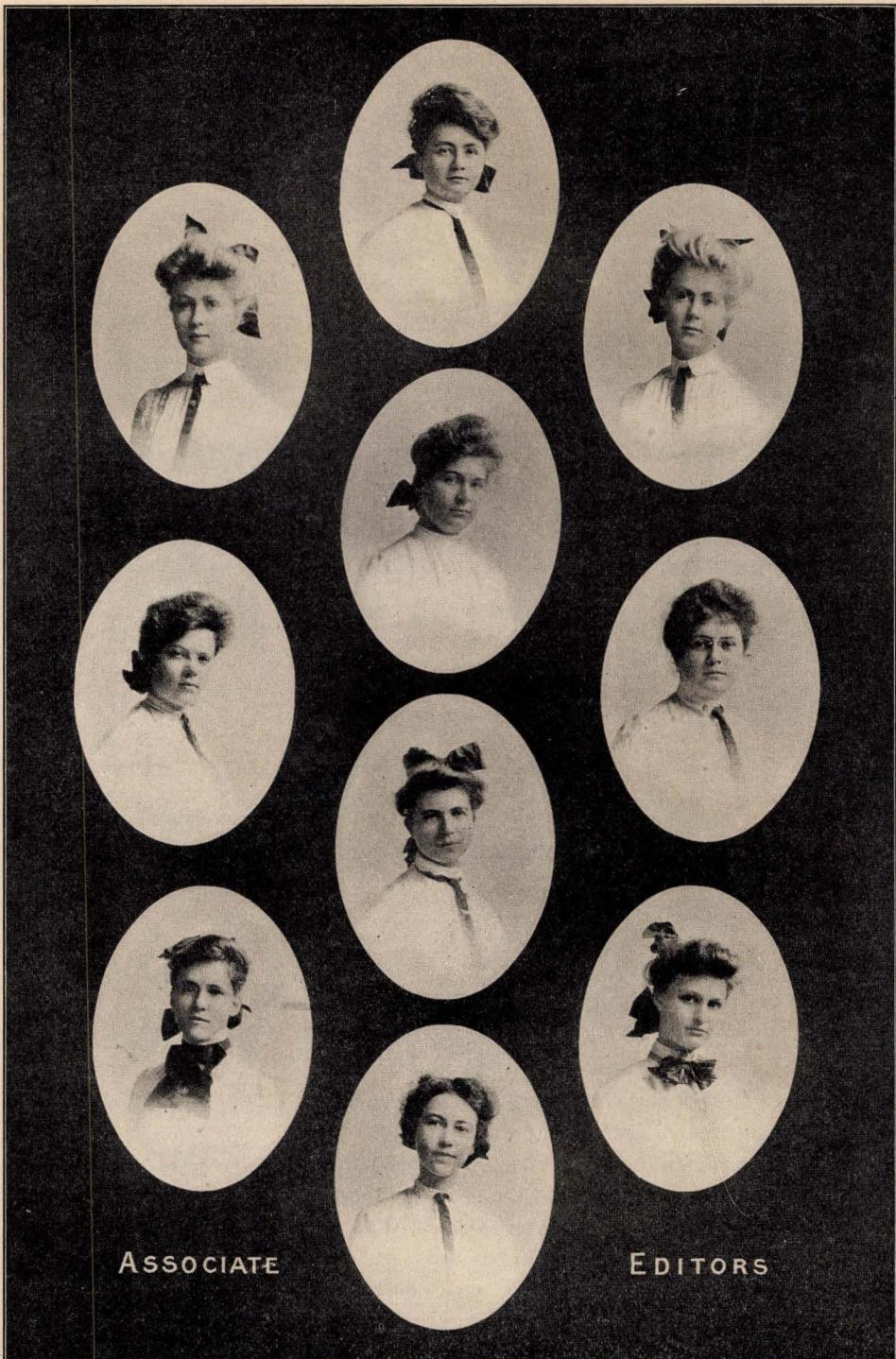


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GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

EDITED YEARLY UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRADUATING CLASS

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ELSIE ZEILE

San Francisco, Cal., May, 1904

OUR LIBRARY

"This is the temple of learning whose doors, opened with the golden key of toil and thought, swing on silent hinges."

For many years the Girls' High School has taken much pride in its library, which has been of such great value to its students.

One of the advantages of having a library so close at hand is that many things, which would otherwise be beyond the reach of the girls, can be quickly and easily attained. The writing of abstracts is greatly benefited by the large amount of history books, which exceed in number those of all other departments.

When the Girls' High School burned, on that memorable rainy Sunday night in January, 1889, only a few books remained, with which to begin a new library.

Being deprived of their means of reference, the girls endeavored to awaken interest in this project by giving an entertainment, which was greatly aided by the talent of this city. The sum of three hundred and eighty-six dollars was realized, and, with this money, books were bought with which to make a favorable start.

EDITORIAL

We are especially indebted to James D. Phelan, our former Mayor, who so kindly contributed one thousand dollars to the worthy cause. The great benefit which these books have been to us can not be over-estimated, helping the girls in every department of learning—history, English, French, German, etc.

It has gradually become the custom of the graduating classes to give an entertainment for the benefit of this fund, the profits derived therefrom being devoted to the contribution of books.

The books, though not numerous, are well chosen, and there is every reason to hope that in a few years to come we shall have an excellent library.

In a few weeks we, the girls of the class '04, will leave this school where we have passed three of the most pleasant years of our lives. Many of us will pursue our studies further, some will attend University, others Normal, and still others Business Colleges. But to a few, the remaining weeks at High School will be the last days of our school lives.

Whenever trials and tribulations will come to us in after years, we will always look back to these happy times, which will help to brighten the cloudy days. Perhaps to some of us, many of our school days seemed cloudy at the time, but now as we look back we smile at our foolish fears.

May these years spent at High School be of great assistance to us, whatever path we may traverse.

What would a School Journal be without fun? This need not be answered for we think that the unanimous reply would be, "not much." No "harm" can be done by a bit of "harmless" fun. But nevertheless there is great necessity of being careful, and we have allowed nothing to enter the Journal which has any idea of malice in it. A Journal is not merely a means of showing our abilities, but an attempt to break the monotony of every day school life. For this reason is it advisable to thrust out the joshes and retain all the essays? This would perhaps please ambitious teachers and parents, but the result would not be so satisfactory to the girls. Therefore where no offense is meant let no offense be taken.

An attempt has also been made to represent each class in the school, and also to have an equal interest taken in every department. We hope to have attained the desired intention.

Many thanks are due to the class '03 for guiding us to Mr. O. H. Boye's studio, and more especially to Mr. Boye himself for his willingness to assist us in a financial way. He offered his services free of charge, and the result has been most satisfactory, for he has spared no pains in making the pictures a perfect success in every detail. We think that the best way for the girls to show their appreciation of his kindness and courtesy would be by patronizing Mr. Boye in the future, and we sincerely hope that they will take advantage of this.

Allow us also to extend our hearty and sincere thanks to both teachers and pupils for their hearty coöperation, especially those who have contributed to this Journal. May the class '05 have the help we have appreciated.

THE MESSAGE OF SUNSET

Sad by the side of the calm, blue sea
I wandered at even'ng time,
Waiting for messages brought to me
Borne from another clime.

Down on the sun-formed pathway
That whispers to earth "good night,"
Flitting so gently on fading ray,
Come angels in shining white.

Singing of hope and a trust in Him,
The Savior of all mankind,
Who, in His love, from eyes that are dim
Wipes tears that sorrow doth find.

Fainter and fainter the sweet refrain
Is wafted from heav'n to me;
Softer, yet softer, the sunbeams rain
The colors on changing sea.

Lighter, ah lighter, my heart hath grown
As night and her beauty come;
Sweet, oh, sweet, was the message sown
By sunset when day was done. CLARA HARYETT, '06.

WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH SALLY BROWN?

IT WAS an eventful day for the school-children of the little village of Fernbrook, for one of the examiners from the "big" school in the city was coming to test the aptitude and knowledge of the nine young children who daily endured, like martyrs, five hours of imprisonment in the venerable, old school-house. The terrible day had come at last, the day for which they had been preparing for the last two weeks, for Miss Perkins, the teacher, had received word of Mr. Stowe's coming, and, during the two weeks following, she had taxed all her energy to open to these young minds the mysteries of arithmetic, grammar and geography. Day after day, Miss Perkins had gone on instilling facts, only to find, on the following day, that they had all drained through, as *through sieves*, with the exception of a few facts, which had been made so very emphatic that they remained stationary.

Miss Perkins had been teaching only a short time. She was very young, scarcely nineteen, and had the most lovable nature imaginable. She was patient and sweet-tempered, and this, together with a great love for children and a keen sympathy in their affairs, had immediately won her a place in the heart of every one of her pupils.

On this eventful morning, as Miss Perkins sat at her desk in the little, old school-room, she looked particularly pretty. There was a faint flush of excitement on her cheek, for this was a momentous day even for her. She was a particular friend of Mr. Stowe. He had always been a welcome guest at her father's home, and, being a great deal her senior in years, he had taken a sort of paternal interest in her affairs. She had not seen him for more than a year, that is, since she had left school and taken up teaching. It was through his influence that she had obtained her position, and it was her darling wish that on this, his first visit, she should prove to him her ability, and show him what success she had had in her first year at teaching.

As she looked at the rows of bright, shining, hopeful faces, she took heart and hoped for the best. There was one pupil of whom she felt sure of success, and that was Sally Brown, the never-erring Sally, who always knew her lessons, who could read without stammering over the "big" words, and whose hand was always triumphantly flourished before Miss Perkins' face, no matter what her question might be. She was never known to be disorderly in school. Indeed, many a young vagrant had spoken of her with scorn, as "the goody-goody," and many a pair of envious eyes turned to the "No. 1" seat that morning. Yes, there she sat with an air of haughty wisdom, her black pig-tail sticking out in a most defiant manner.

Tick-tick! The hands of the spiteful, old clock traveled on, slowly, slowly, until, at last, the dreaded moment came. There was a knock at the door, and a

WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH SALLY BROWN?

well-dressed gentleman of thirty or thereabouts entered. After he had shaken hands with her and greeted her in the most cordial manner, Miss Perkins said in a clear voice, "Children, this is Mr. Stowe, who has come to examine you." Then came the piping chorus, "Good morn-ing, Mis-ter Stowe," in a shrill, high treble, with swinging, sing-song cadence. Then followed a short, whispered conversation between Miss Perkins and Mr. Stowe, and the examination began. First came the geography, which went off fairly well, until Miss Perkins called on Jennie Diggs to give some demonstrations at the map. Jennie (whose mental machinery served her but poorly, and who had a most wonderful facility for getting things turned topsy-turvy, or any way but the right way) marched to the map with a serene faith in her own wisdom, and promptly startled everyone present by a series of geographical phenomena such as cause the Rhine river to flow through France, and the Rhone through Germany, and make the Antarctic ocean suddenly jump up to the north pole and the Arctic to the south as though they were playing a game of Puss in the Corner. At this juncture, Miss Perkins very wisely proposed that they change the subject. Mr. Stowe agreed, and the grammar lesson was begun. Conjugations and declensions had been recklessly stumbled through for some time, when Miss Perkins called on Johnnie Peck to give the subjunctive present of some verb. Johnny sat directly in front of Miss Perkins' desk and across from him sat Sally Brown. And now, a most extraordinary thing happened. A sudden inspiration flashed over Sally's face, and she actually, in full view of Mr. Stowe and of every one else present, leaned across the aisle and whispered something to Johnny, who promptly began:

"If I love,
If thou lovest,
If he *loves*."

Miss Perkins shot a quick glance of reproach at Sally. Prompting was a thing she had never allowed, and had never been heard in the little school-room before. Consequently she was astounded and particularly so because it came from that model of perfection, Sally Brown. She was mortified beyond endurance. Mr. Stowe had seen it; of course, he had. What must he think of the manner in which she had trained her pupils?

Then, as Johnny began reciting, the terrible meaning of his words suddenly flashed upon her. The quick color mounted to her cheeks, while Mr. Stowe became deeply absorbed in something on the opposite board. Johnny glibly recited the singular; then he paused. There was a moment of dreadful silence, and suddenly a loud, un-suppressed giggle issued from Sally. Yes, it was unmistakable. All eyes were turned toward her, "and still they gazed, and still the wonder grew." What could be the matter with Sally? But Sally continued laughing, and soon all her school-mates began laughing, too, not having the slightest idea why they were laughing, but simply because, if Sally laughed it must be funny. Miss Perkins tried her best to bring them to order, but in vain. She was by this time almost overcome with shame, and rage, and disappointment. Her lips quivered, and two

WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH SALLY BROWN?

great tears threatened to roll down her cheeks at any moment. This, then, was the result of all her hard labor. All the little hopes and anxieties, the anticipation of success and triumphs to come, all were now things of the past and everything had been a total failure. What must he think of her? But Mr. Stowe was thinking of something very different at that moment, from what Miss Perkins had ever dreamed of. He glanced at her, and, in that one, swift glance, he seemed to have read her thoughts, for, in an instant, it flashed upon him what she must be enduring at that moment. His great, manly heart rose up in pity for her. It seemed to him that she looked more beautiful just then than he had ever seen her, and, for the first time, it dawned upon him that the feeling which he entertained for her was more than that of a friend. He politely rose to take his leave, saying that he would have the pleasure of seeing her the next day, as he meant to spend a week with his aunt who lived in the vicinity.

After school was out that day there was one question which hovered on the lips of every one of the children, and that was: "What was the matter with Sally Brown?" The fact was that Sally's mother was a great gossip, and on the previous night Sally had overheard her mother talking with a neighbor about Mr. Stowe and Miss Perkins. Sally's mother had said that *she* was of the opinion that Mr. Stowe's coming to examine the school-children was only a sham, and that he had come expressly to see Miss Perkins. Thereupon the neighbor had proclaimed that it was her own secret opinion that his aunt had it all planned that he should marry Emily Perkins. "Well, I dunno," responded Mrs. Brown, "I dunno as she'd care to be a'leavin' off teachin' so soon, but there's no tellin' what gals won't do. But if she's got her heart set on him (as I really b'lieve she has) and if *he loves her*, things mayn't be so bad after all."

Sally had caught only snatches of this conversation, but she had grasped the whole situation in an instant, with most dire results, as we have seen.

As the inquisitive sun peeped through the sweet-briar that almost hid the little windows of the school-house, on that lovely May morning, three months afterward, he was perhaps a little astonished to find, instead of the round, rosy faces which he usually saw there, only the grim old desks standing cold and forlorn in contrast with the flood of life and happiness outside. What did it mean? It surely was not vacation-time yet? Could he, the Sun, be behind the time? Ah! foolish, old Sun, you are not quite so wise as you think yourself, or you surely would have discovered by this time what was the whole talk of the village, that on this day Emily Perkins was to leave Fernbrook for her home in the city, where her wedding was soon to take place. To the infinite delight of the children, the new teacher had not yet arrived, and consequently they were given a vacation until she did. So there was much rejoicing among the younger set in Fernbrook. And Miss Perkins? What made her so happy that morning? Surely it was not all due to the little package which had arrived a few moments before! It was only a little brown ginger-bread man who presented a very woeful aspect, his body being

WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH SALLY BROWN?

twisted into the strangest contortions, and one of his little white eyes having been lost on the way. This wretched culprit was, in addition to his other miseries, doomed to wear forever across the upper portion of his body the letters, "Remember Me," in pink sugar, which the sender proudly assured Miss Perkins were traced by her own hands, and those hands proved to belong to none other than our Sally Brown. Miss Perkins tucked the little man safely away in a drawer among her other keep-sakes, where he was kept as one of her dearest treasures until the sugar melted and ran all over his face, whereupon he presented an even more mournful aspect than before.

But it is safe to say that Miss Perkins never forgot that examination-day in the Fernbrook school-room, the day which seemed the turning-point of her life, and never did that day come to her mind, but along with it came the old question, "What was the matter with Sally Brown?"

A. WARNHOLZ, '05.



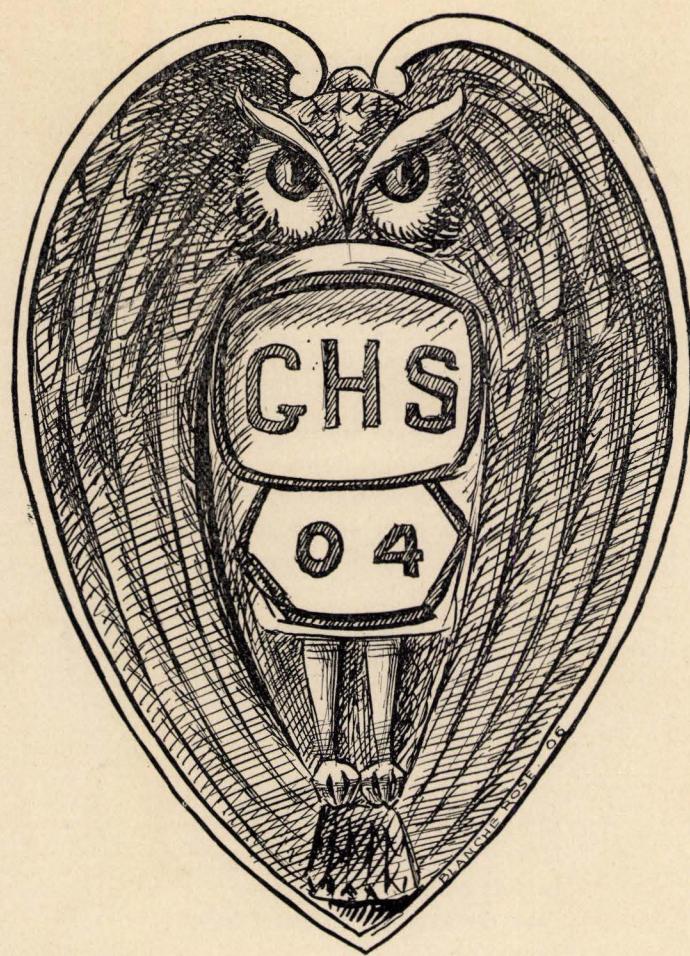
JINGLE

Sing a song of Juniors,
Prancing up and down
Through the halls and stairways—
Ne'er a care nor frown;
Laughing, dancing, shouting,
In all their happy glee,
Without thought of ceasing
While the time doth flee.

Sing a song of Seniors,
Walking up and down,
Pacing halls and stairways—
Have they care or frown?
Cramming, ramming, jamming
In sad perplexity,
Count the time betiding
Till sweet June they see.

Merry, mirthful Junior,
Little do you know
Of the trouble coming—
But you'll find it so!
Here's success to you, then,
In labor that's in store—
And the best of all good luck
To the class of '04.

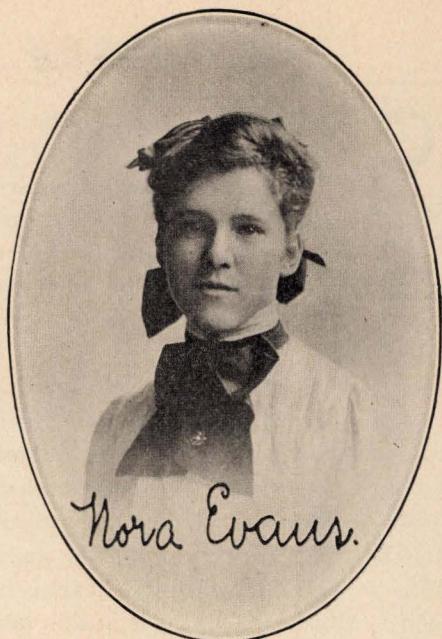
CLARISSÉ DUCKETT, '04.





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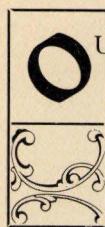


Stella J. Harman.

Treasurer

CLASS OFFICERS

CLASS HISTORY



UR class, that will be graduated this June, entered in December, nineteen hundred, and so we will have had three and a half years in the High School, being neither under the old nor the new system. We took some studies that did not come under the old schedule, but not all that the four years' one requires. Very nearly a hundred girls entered in nineteen hundred, but many of them have either left school or decided to take a four years' course. Consequently we have only forty-two high Seniors.

There have been several changes in the Faculty during the last year or so. All our Latin teachers, who were here when we came, have left us; Miss Wilson, Miss Marchebout and Miss Reynolds, all having been married. For a while we had the pleasure of being taught by Mr. Smith, but he was obliged to return to Santa Clara when the High School there opened after its summer vacation. Miss Stark and Miss Bowman are now our Latin and Greek teachers. Our French teacher, too, has gone. Mrs. Howard now teaches in the Polytechnic, and their former French teacher, Monsieur Dupuy, is in this school.

Our class of naughty four is the first one to have adopted a class flower. We thought it would be nice to have some flower as our emblem, and so we chose the red rose. Red is our class color, too. I need not speak about our pin, as its picture shows what it is.

The first event of interest during the past year was the luncheon given by Miss Thompson's class, on November twenty-fifth, to the members of the Faculty, who teach Senior subjects. The girls decorated Miss Thompson's study, where the luncheon was given, very artistically with greens and flowers. The prevailing colors were red, for our class, and yellow, for the school. The affair turned out to be a great success.

The next event was a dance, which the "Chronicle" spoke of in the following article :

"A delightful Thanksgiving dance was given on the afternoon of November twenty-fifth by the Senior class of the Girls' High School, welcoming the Juniors. The auditorium was decorated with potted plants and greens from the conservatory and garden of the school. One of the prettiest features was a grand march in which one hundred Seniors, with their Junior partners, passed through an arch of greens intermingled with red berries, and upheld by the Senior "twins." Miss Leale, the class president, was aided by the Executive Committee: Miss Lilian B. Cotrel (chairman), Miss Corinne Gradwohl, Miss Anita Rose, Miss Ethel Norton, Miss Lucy Jourdon, Miss Charlotte Estes, and Miss Marian F. Cotrel, and the Reception Committee: Miss Paula Wright and Miss Marjorie Buffington."

The last Friday before the Christmas vacation, the Sub-Seniors gave a luncheon to the Christmas graduates. Afterwards, Miss Peixotto spoke to all the

CLASS HISTORY

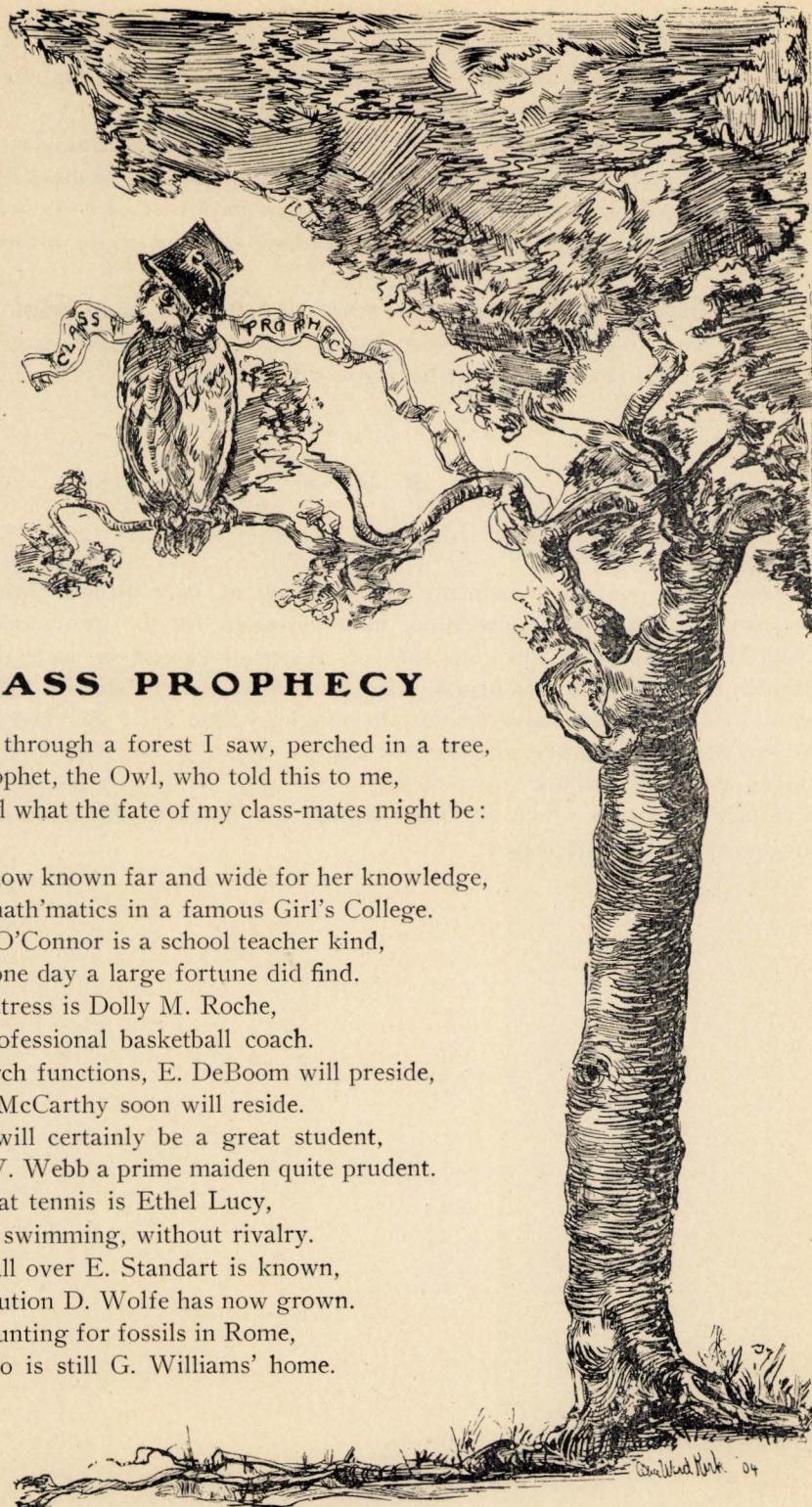
pupils of the school on Russia. The lecture was illustrated by fine stereopticon views. It is needless to say everyone enjoyed the afternoon.

On February twelfth, the school assembled in the auditorium to celebrate Lincoln's birthday. The girls sang patriotic songs, and Mr. Samuel Shortridge delivered an address on the life and character of Lincoln. Every-one was moved by his speech, and we felt greatly honored to have such an orator present at our exercises.

Unfortunately, our Jinks take place after this Journal is published; so the most interesting feature of our Senior year can not be described in this article. Then comes our graduation, at which we hope you will all be present. N. E., '04.



One of the several monuments that the class of '04 will leave behind it is the permanent stage arrangement in our auditorium for the graduation forces. It was at the request of our class that the Board of Education made this great addition; but, much to our surprise, they have fitted it with electric lights. Yet even more—the design above the curtain mingles within itself the class emblems. The shield of our country supports the golden ribbon of the school, and is surrounded with sprays of the chosen flower of our class, the rose. And perched upon the banner is the owl, which the class, hoping to be imbued with its reputed wisdom, has chosen for its leader.



CLASS PROPHECY

As I walked through a forest I saw, perched in a tree,
Our good prophet, the Owl, who told this to me,
When I asked what the fate of my class-mates might be:

“C. Winter, now known far and wide for her knowledge,
Is teaching math’matics in a famous Girl’s College.
They say B. O’Connor is a school teacher kind,
E. Dowling one day a large fortune did find.
A favorite actress is Dolly M. Roche,
C. Estes—professional basketball coach.
Over all church functions, E. DeBoom will preside,
In Chico, J. McCarthy soon will reside.
L. Maskow will certainly be a great student,
And Monte V. Webb a prime maiden quite prudent.
A champion at tennis is Ethel Lucy,
C. P., one at swimming, without rivalry.
In Journals all over E. Standart is known,
To teach elocution D. Wolfe has now grown.
A. Tobin is hunting for fossils in Rome,
San Francisco is still G. Williams’ home.

Carl W. Runk. '04

CLASS PROPHECY

C. Gradwohl is married to a Frenchman in Paris,
An artistic milliner is Ethel E. Harris.
The Cotrels, L. and M., are still always together,
And known as the "heavenly twins," forever and ever.
And there's Sadie Karsky, a miner quite wise,
G. M. captures all with her big, brown eyes.
A star as a singer is Rosa Diehl,
A prominent club-woman is Edith E. Leale.
M. B., in the suburbs, is a very great belle,
In Inverness you'll find Edith Snell.
I hear, Stella Harman to a minister's married,
C. Conradt is single—too long she tarried.
E. L., as we hoped, is now famed for her poetry,
E. N., as we thought, is now known for her coquetry.
In Spain, Ellen Flynn's to spend all her life,
E. Carew, in Georgia's a satisfied wife.
Oh, yes—C. D. has a boarding-house small,
But Gertrude M. does nothing at all.
E. F. has no specially interesting fate—
Just as usual she's always late.
A. Rose and M. P.—each a skillful stenographer,
Hannah Wollenberg is a noted biographer.
A. C., as a cellist, gains great fame,
V. Ahlers, as artist, has made a good name.
Hattie McPhun is a young lady gay,
And "Freddie" is happy with his wife, Alma K.
A generous matron is Elsie M. Z.,
And I need not tell you, the fate of N. E.

Then he stopped his tale of the class of naught four—
He'd told what he knew—and he knew nothing more.

N. E., '04.

JACK KEENE

I.

The boy above I introduce,
(Be careful, girls, he plays the deuce).
As a lady-killer, he has renown,
His weapon—two big eyes of brown.

II.

He makes the cutest goo-goo eyes—
Which is the latest thing in lies—
He makes them “nice,” the ladies say,
And flirts—but then he runs away.

III.

He knows the nicest “fairy” tales,
(He’s like the rest of all the males),
He whispers them within your ear,
And ends them with, “I love you, dear.”

IV.

He tells you wonderful stories of love,
And swears they are true, “By heaven above.”
But here is a secret; now list what I say:
He tells them by night and forgets them by day.

V.

So a warning, girls, take heed, take heed!
He’s a very naughty boy, indeed,
He tells us all the “same old thing,”
And keeps us on the “same old string.”

VI.

So, beware of the boy with the big, brown eyes,
Who tells us girls so many lies.
Revenge on him we all must take,
My plan is this—“Give him the shake.”

MARION FALK, '04.





GAMMA OF ALPHA SIGMA

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY, 1895

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

MARIE BREWER	JULIA LANGHORNE
RUTH BROOKS	MYRTLE LITTLE
MARJORIE BUFFINGTON	MABEL LUCE
EVELYN CLIFFORD	EMILY MARVIN
ETHELYN DULIN	MARJORIE MILLS
RUTH FOSTER	MATTIE MILTON
JOSEPHINE HANNIGAN	MIRIAM REEVES
ELSE HINZ	EDITH TREANOR
FLORIDE HUNT	CLARISSE STEPHENS

ELEANORE GEISSLER



BETA OF DELTA IOTA CHI

ESTABLISHED APRIL 13, 1896

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA	-	-	-	-	-	San Jose
BETA	-	-	-	-	-	San Francisco
GAMMA	-	-	-	-	-	Los Angeles
EPSILON	-	-	-	-	-	Fresno
ZETA	-	-	-	-	-	San Diego
ETA	-	-	-	-	-	Portland, Ore.
THETA	-	-	-	-	-	Ventura
IOTA	-	-	-	-	-	Seattle
KAPPA	-	-	-	-	-	Riverside
LAMBDA	-	-	-	-	-	Spokane

ACTIVE MEMBERS

EDITH ALDERSON	ELLEN PAGE
MARGARET ALDERSON ^o	ETHEL PIPPY
MAUD ARNOLD	EMILY ROCHAT
IRMA GIESTING	FLORENCE ROCHAT
ALICE GOWAN	MARGARET RUDDICK
MARGARET GOWAN	CLARA SAWYER
AILEEN GUNDELFINGER ^o	MARGARET STEWART
MARGUERITE HINDS	ELOISE STROBRIDGE*
GENEVIEVE HUFFMAN	ELsie ZEILE
ARLINE MEADE*	MABEL ZEILE
IRENE MUZZY*	RUTH ADAMS ^o

* Leave of absence.

^o Pledged.

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL



ALPHA OF GAMMA DELTA GAMMA

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY 14, 1901

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA - - - - - Girls' High School

ACTIVE MEMBERS

SARAH CONRAD ADAMS	GERALDINE ADELAIDE O'BRIEN
NATALIE WELLINGTON BOWMAN	AILEEN MARY O'BRIEN
ARMOR JEAN DEAMER	HELEN DUNCAN QUEEN
BESSIE ALBERTA NORTON	MAUD DOROTHY SANDERSON
MARIE HELEN O'BRIEN	MABEL AGNES WEBSTER
GRACE ADELAIDE WEBSTER	

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL



BETA OF DELTA SIGMA THETA

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 2, 1903

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA	-	-	-	-	Berkeley High School
BETA	-	-	-	-	Girls' High School
GAMMA	-	-	-	-	San Jose High School

ACTIVE MEMBERS

EDNA DEWOLFE	EDNA OSBORN
EDNA GRUBB	HARRIET SHINN
LULU HALL	IRIS SHINN
HAZEL LUTZ	LORENA SHINN
CARRIE MCLEAN	CARRIE SUTHERLAND
EDITH MEL	GRETNA VENTON
GEORGIE MEL	ZANETTA WATROUS
HAZEL METCALF	FANNIETA WRIGHT

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL



GAMMA OF PHI ALPHA SIGMA

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1903

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA	Lowell High School
BETA	Vacaville High School
GAMMA	Girls' High School

ACTIVE MEMBERS

EDITHA CAREW	VERNA RAY
HELEN CROWLEY	GRACE SLATER
MABEL DUFFEY	GRACE STOREY
ELSA MAUCH	BESSIE WALTHALL
ANITA ROBLETS	



GAMMA BETA OF OMEGA NU

ESTABLISHED MAY 20, 1903

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA	-	-	-	-	-	San Jose High School
RHO ETA	-	-	-	-	-	Stockton High School
THETA CHI	-	-	-	-	-	Mission High School
ZETA PSI	-	-	-	-	-	Portland High School
SIGMA ALPHA	-	-	-	-	-	Santa Cruz High School
GAMMA BETA	-	-	-	-	-	Girls' High School
EPSILON	-	-	-	-	-	Seattle High School

ACTIVE MEMBERS

ANNA ALBERGER	RUTH HEPPNER
RUTH BRADFORD	HELEN LEES
MARIAN CURTIS	MARJORIE MARTINSTEIN
ESSAE DALTON	ALICE MCCORD
ELIZABETH FITZGIBBON	FLORENCE METZNER
FLORENCE FOX	MAY METZNER
MAYBELLE HARMON	ETOILE MILLAR
FLORENCE HAYS	HELEN PENNELL
PAULA WRIGHT	

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL



BETA OF PHI EPSILON

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 13, 1903

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA	-	-	-	-	Berkeley High School
BETA	-	-	-	-	Girls' High School
GAMMA	-	-	-	-	Eureka High School

ACTIVE MEMBERS

HILDA BAILY	ISABEL MURPHY
THALATTA BARNES	GERALDINE STRICKLAND
MADELINE BURT	EDNA WHITE
HAZEL CARRAU	ESTHER WIST
RElda FORD	FLORENCE WOODALL
ANTOINETTE MIKLAU	MARGUERITE WORCESTER

A TRIP TO THE HEART OF SWITZERLAND



UCERNE! What a magic name thou hast for me, fair city on the blue lake! Undoubtedly others love thee, too, and often call thee Nature's most favored and most beautiful town in the whole world! I stood near the square before the station, and I was absorbed in the lovely and mighty spectacle which lay before me. On my left stately Pilatus stood with outlines beautifully drawn against the clear, blue sky. The sun shone in all his glory. In the water, boats were rocked by the soft, rolling waves, and little steamers cut the dark blue mirror of the lake, leaving behind a silvery trace.

On the left shore were palatial hotels with beautiful gardens and avenues, from which one can view the lake. In the background rose the mountains of Unterwalden.

In a grotto on the north side of the town is the Lion monument, modeled by Thorwaldson, marking one of the many incidents in Swiss history of which the citizens of that liberty-loving country will always be proud. It is dedicated to the memory of that valiant Swiss Guard, defending to its last breath the palace of the King against the infuriated and blood-thirsty mob of Paris. A grand subject for a Thorwaldson, and masterfully carried out! There lies the mighty lion on some broken halberds and battle-axes, death agony on the brow, a broken shaft of the death-dealing spear protruding from the noble flank, still in his fall guarding with powerful paw the fleur-de-lis, escutcheon of the Bourbons—true in death.

Lucerne is the great center for the tourists of the world, and in the many shops quaint souvenirs invite the purchaser. Wood-carving is the sole industry of several smaller villages, and one can buy fac similes of the Lion of Lucerne, the Bear of Berne, Swiss cottages, doll-babies, saints, etc., in endless variety.

The old, covered, wooden bridge, built hundreds of years ago, that spans the river Reuss, also forms an attraction to the tourists. In its niches are quaint pictures with legends of saints, dating from the time when the city was still under the protection of a powerful monastery.

After spending a few hours sight-seeing, in this most cosmopolitan of tourist centers with its mediaevalism, side by side with the most modern hotels, I took the "Uri," a neat little steamer, for Vitznau, a hotel lying at the foot of the Rigi. That part of the lake was most beautiful, on one side hemmed in by high, dark mountains, on the other by sunny meadows and light green hills, dotted with villas and the shady parks of the rich. The lake reflects both shores in its limpid waters, and each silvery little cloud is mirrored on its calm surface.

In about an hour we landed at Vitznau. The place is, if anything, more cosmopolitan than Lucerne, her older sister, and here one sees the stiff, conventional Englishman, the smart American, the dandyish Frenchman, the dark

A TRIP TO THE HEART OF SWITZERLAND

Italian, the proud Spaniard, and the noisy German—a babel of voices, and a regular conglomeration of nationalities.

The next morning our party ascended the Rigi. What numberless accounts have been written of the incomparably grand view from Rigi Kulm—the panorama for which hundreds of thousands of visitors yearly come to my beautiful country! I shall not attempt to name the many snow-clad peaks of the Bernese Alps, which lie there in all their majesty as they have lain for ages, and if the Briton can sing of the sea as being the bulwarks of his country, so can we claim these rugged giants as our natural battlements.

Shall I attempt to describe the glorious sunrise I witnessed, or the disappointed faces of those who missed it? The one theme would be as beautiful as the other would be instructive, but to my idea, a sunrise must be seen, not described, especially a sunrise as viewed from Rigi Kulm.

HELEN E. HAAS.



THE BASHFULNESS OF MR. BRUCE



AM a teacher by vocation, preferably a teacher of the higher mathematics. I have always been regarded as phenomenal, not only in solving difficult problems in algebra and geometry, but also in other things. Only one of all deep questions puzzled me; that greatest of all enigmas—woman. Perhaps one reason that I never have solved the conundrum of the opposite sex is that I have the most peculiar sensation when with one of them. My face turns a deep and distressing red, my tongue seems tied, and I perspire profusely.

I am not afraid of any man living, but the merest glance from a feminine eye causes me the greatest embarrassment imaginable.

Now to continue my tale: As I first remarked, I am an instructor of mathematics. With a view to my overwhelming affliction, I had managed to secure a position where my dealings should be entirely with the male sex, even one pupil of the other gender causing me great confusion. But one pay-day I received notice that my services were no longer needed, due to a notable decrease in the number of pupils attending school.

I was not much upset as my abilities had heretofore always secured a suitable place for me, but to my dismay, I found that all situations at the Boys' High Schools were filled, and a position only in a co-educational High School was obtainable.

Resolving never to accept this, I was idle for some time, but when sundry bills came in, and my purse was absolutely empty, I found that I must take up my work again with *both* boys and girls as pupils.

In fear and trembling I reached the office of the principal, only to be confronted by a number of young ladies, who stared at me until my face must have been a deep maroon color.

At last the principal made his appearance, and I turned in despair to him. He evidently saw my embarrassment and motioned the young ladies to retire, with the assurance that he would see them later.

With a sigh of relief, I saw the last disappear, and as I turned again to my future chief, my face had almost resumed its natural color. Without any preliminary formalities he began to speak, and, within five minutes I knew he had a strong hobby.

"Now," said he, "I want you to understand my system. It is this. First, my teachers do not instruct singly. In each study there are two teachers at the same time, one to do the explaining and main teaching, the other to help the backward ones and keep order. Don't you think it is a good plan?" And the old man beamed with enthusiasm.

"Oh," thought I, "may I have the good luck to have a masculine assistant. A woman would kill me."

THE BASHFULNESS OF MR. BRUCE

The principal went on without waiting for an answer to his question. "I have looked over all my lists of teachers, but can find only one whom I can let you have as an assistant. The young lady (my heart sank) is a Miss Davenport. Her parents being dead, she undertook the only thing she had any talent for, teaching. She is inexperienced, but I trust to you to help her along a little."

"Come, I'll show you your room and assign a class to you for the next period;" and with this last remark, he led me into a school-room of ordinary appearance. There seemed to be no one in the room, which made me breathe easier. Nevertheless, walking with my head down, musing upon the difficulties of my position, I nearly collided with a young lady dressed in an immaculate grey tailor-suit and looking as cool and comfortable as I felt warm and embarrassed.

So much I noticed at the time, then stammering apologies, I turned to escape, but only encountered the amused gaze of the principal, who seized my arm and literally dragged me to an introduction with my future assistant.

"Mr. Bashful—oh! pardon me—Mr. Bruce, Miss Davenport," said he, then, like a villain, left me alone to mutter words of recognition, while my companion said with an embarrassed gusto:

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Bruce. Mr. Warren, that's the principal, you know, has told me all about you."

"Why! what is the matter, Mr. Bruce? Are you ill? Do let me go for Mr. Warren." (For my face had taken on its most awful hue.)

"Oh! no, mum-mum-mum," I murmured, "I'm not at all sick. Where may I hang my hat?" (This last with a tolerable degree of composure.)

"Oh! excuse me, Mr. Bruce, in the dressing room, right out there. If you will stay here a little while, I'll go and ask Mr. Warren what class we are to have first."

With that she disappeared, and I dropped into one of the chairs at the desk, with my head in my hands, and waited.

At last she returned and informed me that in ten minutes my first class would arrive. The clock all too quickly marked off the time, and the class filed in, the girls in front, making a most formidable array.

With suppressed giggling the pupils took their seats and waited for me to begin. I was absolutely at sea. Compassionately, Miss Davenport came to my rescue. She called the class to order, called the roll, and gave them some problems to solve, thus giving me a short breathing space.

Thus that hour and others passed, while I sat like a dummy at my desk, Miss Davenport doing triple her duty.

On my way home I bought a blank-book for a diary. The best way to continue this narrative will be to give some extracts from it, beginning with the 20th of November, the memorable day when I first entered upon my new work.

Nov. 21st.—Had the same maddening experience at school today with my pupils and bashfulness. Miss D. was most kind. She is a wonderful help, and not nearly so embarrassing as most of her sex. She has very small feet, and wears

THE BASHFULNESS OF MR. BRUCE

dainty shoes. I look at them most of the time, as I am too bashful to look at her face.

Nov. 24th.—Girls were especially exasperating today, but Miss D. quieted them. She is very kind to me. I raised my eyes to her waist today. It is as small and shapely as her feet. I glanced at her hands, too; they are very white.

Dec. 1st.—It is easier at school for me now than it was. I am slowly getting over my bashfulness. Miss D. is my best friend. She seems able to manage the young men as well as the girls. I noticed her face some time ago. It is unquestionably pretty. Today is the first time I have summoned courage to look at it for any length of time.

Dec. 18th.—Today ends school for a time. I am glad to have rest for a while, but I feel sorry to leave Miss D. for so long.

Jan. 8th.—Back at school again. Mr. Warren offered me a masculine assistant for this term. Strange to say, I refused. Six months ago, I would have jumped at the chance, but now it is much different. Strange things happen in this old world of ours. It is very peculiar. When I saw her today an indescribable sensation came over me. Altogether, it was not one of embarrassment.

Feb. 8th.—I have analyzed my condition thoroughly. I am in love with Miss D. I think she likes me, but I hardly dare to think she will marry so bashful a man as I.

Feb. 9th.—After much thought, I have decided I must have her. My shyness will not allow me to propose in the legitimate way, so I have formed an entirely new plan. I shall go to the city hall, procure a marriage license, write, "Will you be my valentine?" on the back, and send it to her. She will understand. St. Valentine's day is only one day distant, and I shall soon know my fate.

I shall leave my diary here and go on with my story. On the evening of the 13th I posted my valentine and waited for the morrow.

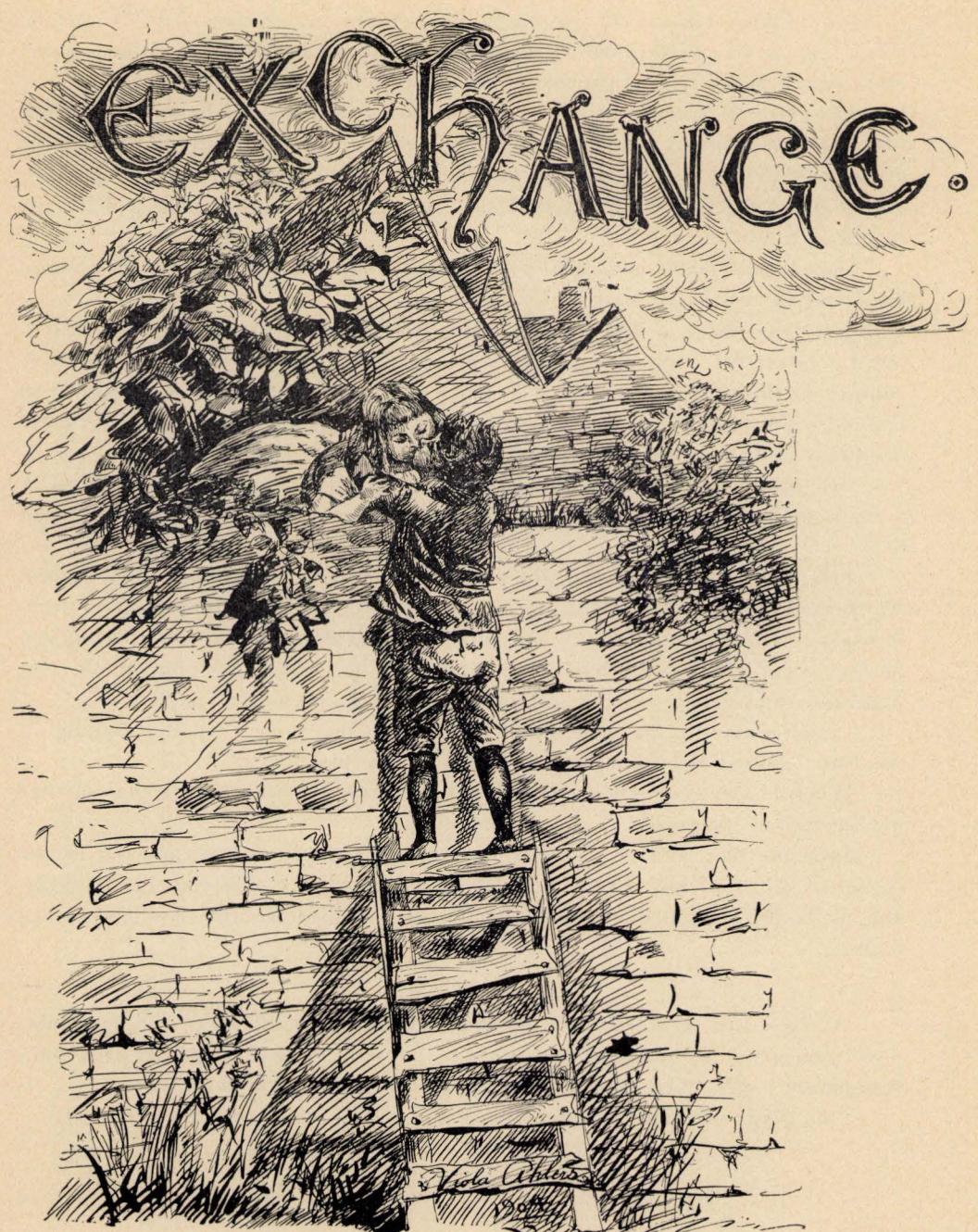
When I arrived at school next morning, I knew by her greeting that she had not received my proposal.

Soon the mail arrived, for I had addressed it to the school, and out of the corner of my eye, I saw her open my envelope, draw out its contents, blush deeply, and, as the bell rang at that moment for recess, she dismissed the class, and turned to me.

We have just returned from our honey-moon. Mrs. Bruce (I call her Mabel now) has given up teaching and gone to house-keeping. Upon Mr. Warren's resignation I was called upon to take his place, which I did with alacrity.

I am glad to say that my bashfulness has disappeared in a large degree.

ANITA D. DAY, '07.



EXCHANGES



BEFORE giving a full list of our exchanges, we wish to thank our friends for the regularity with which their exchanges arrive, and to heartily congratulate them for the improvement which most of them show. We hope our Journal of the class of '04 will be as acceptable to them as theirs have been in the past to us. The following are our exchanges up to date:

Cogswell Petit Courier	-	-	-	Cogswell Publishing Company
The Lycéum	-	-	-	Colusa High School
The Mission	-	-	-	Mission High School
The Sphinx	-	-	-	Palo Alto High School
The Marguerite	-	-	-	St. Margaret's School
The Corona	-	-	-	Bridgton High School
Houston Crimson	-	-	-	Houston School
The Scribe	-	-	-	Oakland Polytechnic High School
The Cricket	-	-	-	Belmont School
The White and Gold	-	-	-	Mills College
Polytechnic Life	-	-	-	Cogswell Publishing Company
The Spectator	-	-	-	Hyde Park School
The Gleaner	-	-	-	National Farm School
The Tocsin	-	-	-	Santa Clara High School
The Pruderie	-	-	-	St. Paul's School
Orange and Black	-	-	-	Spokane High School
The High School Bell	-	-	-	San Jose High School
The Argus	-	-	-	Ottumwa High School
Pacific Pharos	-	-	-	University of the Pacific
The Redwood	-	-	-	Santa Clara College
The Janus	-	-	-	Hanford Union High School
The Evergreen	-	-	-	Agricultural College
The Skirmisher	-	-	-	St. Matthew's School
Oroville High School Nugget	-	-	-	Oroville Union High School
Dictum Est	-	-	-	Red Bluff High School
The Lowell	-	-	-	Lowell High School
The Tiger	-	-	-	California School Mechanical Arts
The Blotter	-	-	-	Searles High School
The Yuba Delta	-	-	-	Marysville High School
Purple and White	-	-	-	Shasta County High School
The School Echo	-	-	-	Academy of the Immaculate Conception
The Polytechnic	-	-	-	The Throop Institute
The Patriot	-	-	-	Seymour, Indiana
The Clarion	-	-	-	Freeport, Maine
The Tattler	-	-	-	Ithica High School
The Acorn	-	-	-	Alameda High School
The High School Record	-	-	-	Evansville, Indiana
The Western Journal of Education	-	-	-	San Francisco
The Cardinal	-	-	-	Covina, California
The Stentorian	-	-	-	Anaheim, California

EXCHANGES

The Owl	- - - - -	Hoitt's School, Menlo Park, California
Sage Brush Echoes	- - - - -	Nevada
The <i>Ægis</i>	- - - - -	Oakland High School
The Tooter	- - - - -	South Omaha High School
Olla Podrida	- - - - -	Berkeley High School
The Russ	- - - - -	San Diego High School
Red and White	- - - - -	Vallejo High School
The Polytechnic	- - - - -	Polytechnic High School
Irving Echoes	- - - - -	Irving Institute, San Francisco
Donnybrook	- - - - -	Hillsborough County High School

The "Irving" is one of our most regular exchanges as well as one of the best and cleverest. We congratulate you, "Irving," on the many poets you have among you. As poets are born, and not made, you are particularly lucky. The little play, "Murr, the Inquisitive Cat," was delightfully original.

The "Cricket" is a first class paper, typical of real boyish life. "The New Right Half," in the football number, is a cleverly written story.

The "Lowell" is remarkably good for a monthly, showing school spirit and literary ability. The Art Supplement is a good idea and might be adopted with good results by some of the other papers, notably by the "Orange and Black."

The "Orange and Black" needs a few more cuts. The art geniuses are evidently hiding their light under a bushel-basket. What has become of the Exchange Column? Wake up, editor. Do your duty like a man.

The "White and Gold," from Mills College, contains a fine article on literary criticism. We would recommend it to the attention of all our exchanges. A very dainty little poem is "And Love Passed By."

We note with appreciation the improvement in our only Grammar School exchange. This is the "Arrow," published by the Mastick Grammar School of Alameda. The material is good, in fact, much better than that of many of our "esteemed contemporaries." But couldn't you keep the advertisements separate, "Arrow"?

The "Yuba Delta," from Marysville, well illustrates the familiar saying, "Good things do not always come in large packages." It is a breezy, little paper with an exceptionally good Exchange Column. The continued story is a good idea, but the material does not keep pace with the idea.

The "Red and White" has well kept its New Year resolution "to make the 'Red and White' a welcome visitor in exchange." Josh Column is very good.

The "Tiger" is a paper brimful of school spirit. The Athletic Department is admirably well conducted.

The "Olla Podrida" is one of the best of our exchanges. We would suggest, however, that the "Bits of Interest" be left to the Sunday newspapers, which do their duty in that line nobly.

The cover of the "Owl" is dainty and pretty. The editorials show a praiseworthy knowledge of current events.

The suggestion in the "School Echo" of giving a full list of exchanges is worthy of thought.

EXCHANGES

The editorials of the "Dictum Est," from Red Bluff, are finely written. We quote one of the choicest bits: "A school paper is a great institution—the editor gets the blame, the manager the experience, and the printer the money, if there is any." Although this is so very obvious, especially the last statement, why not keep it to ourselves, "Dictum Est"? The Josh Column is very well conducted.

Thank you, "Purple and White," for the regularity of your exchange. We are glad to see the advancement you are making in all departments of your paper, and sincerely hope that the paper may not again be dropped. The article on Mt. Shasta displayed an appreciation of nature, which we all admire.

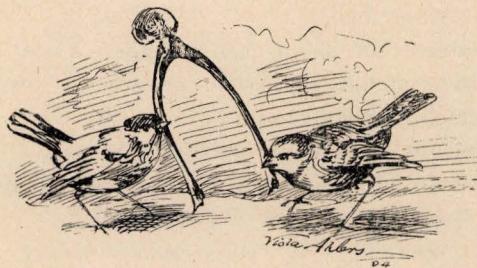
The "Sphinx" would be improved by a few longer stories. Don't be afraid of quantity, "Sphinx."

We heartily congratulate the girls of the "Lowell" on their co-ed edition. It is finely gotten up, and will certainly make the boys look to their laurels. The cover design was dainty and original.

The "Redwood" might be more attractive edited in smaller form. The reading matter is, however, good, and the editorials show thought and a firm grasp of the subjects.

We would suggest that the "Pharos" start an Exchange Column. Surely such a fine paper deserves to see and be seen by others.

The "Polytechnic Life" is throughout an excellent paper. It is especially to be praised for being brimful of school spirit and the equal interest taken in all departments.



THE TRANSACTION OF BUSINESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES

A Farce in One Act

Scene—Study of Room 4, overlooking Hamilton yard, in which Lowell Track Team practices weekly, for future glory.

Time—3:10, a Thursday afternoon.

(Enter, one by one, several Seniors with dignity befitting members of the Staff of the Girls' High School Journal. Unaccountable force of attraction draws all eyes toward the window.)

(Editor-in-Chief gravely takes her seat and calls the meeting to order according to Parliamentary law.)

Ed.-in-Chief.—We have weighty business to transact today, girls. What's to be the color of the cover?

Ed. Poetry Dept. (Changes seat to get a better view of window.) (Under her breath)—Yes, I'm sure the one in black will win, he runs beautifully. (Aloud, without looking)—Oh, yes, that's just the right shade, will do finely.

Business Manager (tentatively)—We can be expelled for looking at the track team.

Grand Chorus (indignantly)—Why, the idea! We're not looking at them; we're *admiring* them. There! he missed that throw.

Heard above the noise—Yes, and she said she *never* sat alone with a young man. Her mother always sat in the room and if she said, "Eleanor, drop that young man," she dropped him like a hot pancake.

Chorus (sadly)—All of them?

(Business is resumed, for about five minutes. Class historian breaks the threatened monotony by scratching a match on a neat boot—purpose unknown, probably to find out how much friction it required.)

(General scramble for matches by members of staff. A period of quiet in which is heard murmurs of "he loves me, loves me not," and finally a series of "O's," varying from the joyful to that of utter despair.)

Ed.-in-Chief (sarcastically)—If you've quite finished, girls, we'll proceed. Any Alumnae notes?

(None being forthcoming, Ed. of Wit and Humor volunteers)—I'm going to Oakland next week to spend a few days. Might put that in.

Class Historian (cheerfully)—Miss J. Ev-ns spent the vacation at Redlands, and while there became engaged to a farm hand, it being leap year.

(Medley of "Deo gratias," "Gott sei gelobt," etc.—intelligible only to the initiated.)

Ed.-in-chief (in despair bordering on distraction)—Don't giggle so much, girls.

THE TRANSACTION OF BUSINESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Ed. of Fiction Dept. (in a piercing whisper)—Yes, he brought her a bunch of violets, and asked her to give him one.

Chorus (rising inflection)—Did she, did she?

Voice (falling inflection)—She did *not*.

(Disappointed silence, broken by a noise at the door, as of vigorous kicks).

“Who’s that?”

“Guess it’s Charlotte practicing her basketball.”

(Door opens, and Miss K. appears with a map, the lucky recipient of whom seizes it with joy and a murmur of “must get home before the sun goes down, must get home before the sun goes down.”)

Impromptu Chorus—“Just as the sun goes down.”

Voice from the gallery—Look at those gentlemen in evening dress. Evidently they differ with Miss J.’s. ideas in regard to showing their a—a—a

Horrified Chorus—Don’t say it.

Voice (ending calmly)—Their skirts.

Emma D. B.—Why, it’s half after four, girls.

Ed.-in-Chief—Meeting is adjourned. (Cheerfully)—We’ve accomplished a great deal, haven’t we, girls?

(All solemnly file out, each taking a parting glance at window.)

(Apply to Mr. M. as to why and wherefore of irresistible attraction.)

E. A. N., '04.



JUNIOR JOKELETS

Miss Cook (In English class, after having asked a number of questions on different subjects)—“Mrs. Mayborne, what is a talking machine made of?”

Mrs. Mayborne (sighing)—“Well, the first one was made out of a rib.”

Why need Miss Michener’s class never go hungry? Because there are both a “Cook” and a “Baker” in the class.

Miss Stark (in 1. B. Latin class)—“Miss N-rt-n, you may translate ‘Ego non possum currere.’”

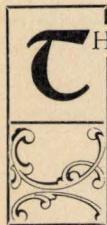
Miss N-rt-n (rising and translating)—“I am not able to stand.”

Miss Stark (in despair)—“Sit down!”

What would happen if Miss Cook should stop asking questions?

Why does Miss McGrath insist upon saying that she hates “frats”?

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL SCHOLARSHIP ASSOCIATION



THE Girls' High School Scholarship Association was founded in 1896, and during the past eight years has been voluntarily supported by the pupils of the school, who, upon entering, promise to give the sum of five or ten cents a month. We have just cause to be proud of this organization, as each one of us helps some worthy girl to obtain a college education. Our school was the pioneer in this line, and we are glad to see that other schools have since followed in our foot-steps.

When first organized, the Association gave one scholarship, but due to the earnest efforts of both pupils and teachers, we are now able to support two scholarships a year, of one hundred and twenty-five dollars each, and, besides this, there is also a surplus in the treasury.

The business between the semi-annual meetings is conducted by the Executive Board, the members of which are:

CARRIE WINTER	- - - - -	<i>President</i>
NORA EVANS	- - - - -	<i>First Vice-President</i>
GERTRUDE WARREN	- - - - -	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
LORINA SHINN	- - - - -	<i>Third Vice-President</i>
MAUDE ARNOLD	- - - - -	<i>Fourth Vice-President</i>
ETHEL NORTON	- - - - -	<i>Secretary</i>
LAURA DANIELS	- - - - -	<i>Treasurer</i>

Board of Directors:

HELEN THOMPSON
ELEANOR OWENS

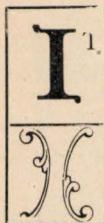
ADELINE CROYLAND
CLARA STARK

We wish to give our hearty thanks to Mr. Brooks, and the Faculty in appreciation of their valuable assistance, and also to the pupils, whose interest in the Association has made this year's report most satisfactory.

May the organization continue to grow and may the interest in it increase as rapidly in the future as it has done in the past.

CARRIE WINTER.

**GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
CAMERA CLUB**



IS four years since the Girls' High School Camera Club was organized. At present, it occupies a prominent position among the numerous splendid features of the school. Some of the many advantages of the Club are the use of developing and printing rooms, and all the acids needed in the work, the enlarging of pictures, the learning to take portraits with the large camera, the pleasures and instruction gained on the outings, and the interesting illustrated lectures.

The business of the Club is carried on principally by the Executive Board, which at present is composed of the following students:

FLORENCE HAYES	President
RUBY RAMDOHR	Vice-President
EMILIA ZABALDANO	Secretary
MAY VAN GULPEN	Treasurer

Many thanks are due to Mr. G. O. Mitchell for his instructions in developing, printing, and enlarging pictures. Let us hope that in the years to come, when other girls will have taken our places, the Camera Club will afford even greater advantages and pleasures than at the present time.

FLORENCE HAYES.

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL ART ATHENÆUM CLUB



THE Art Athenæum is a club which was formed six months ago for the purpose of giving those who are fond of art a chance to practice the different branches taught in the club. The spare study hours of those who belong can be spent in the studio very pleasantly, working and improving themselves in the line of art. All post-graduates who have belonged to our club, and who have many spare hours, we hope will still come and be one of us as before.

The presiding officers are as follows:

ADAH LITA SMITH	- - - - -	<i>President</i>
DELLA JOHNSON	- - - - -	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELSIE ZEILE	- - - - -	<i>Secretary</i>
ALICE KIRK	- - - - -	<i>Treasurer</i>

We have one of the best equipped studios, and consequently through this great advantage our work is easy and pleasant.

In March, under the joint auspices of this club and the Camera Club, a most enjoyable entertainment and dance was held in the auditorium. Both clubs had a very fine display of work. Many such pleasant evenings are anticipated by us.

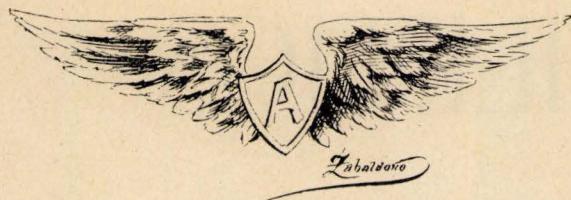
All are invited to join who have had a past satisfactory record in drawing. We are taught pencil, ink, charcoal, and water-color painting, and also burning wood and leather.

We have the great advantage of Mr. Franz M. Goldstein's instructions, outside of school hours. Many thanks are due to him for the great trouble and pains he takes in our behalf.

Some who belonged to the club years ago, under the name of the Sketch Club, are winning great honors in higher schools of art. ADAH L. SMITH, '05.

ATHLETICS





THE ATALANTA CLUB

fIVE years ago, the Girls' High School supported no kind of athletic club, although a number of girls wished for one, so some of the students who were fond of exercise founded a club, called the Atalanta Club. Since that time it has steadily grown, especially during the last year. When the present officers were elected, the club was in good running order, and has increased from a mere handful of girls to an enrollment of over fifty members. Our practice with the Lowell Team has greatly benefitted our basketball, and our Tennis Club steadily increases. Much of our success is due to the hearty coöperation of the Faculty.

On December 19, 1903, the Atalanta Club held its Jinks with the Lowell Basketball girls. An enjoyable program was rendered by the members of both clubs, after which a basketball game was given. Refreshments were then served and dancing closed the most successful Jinks ever held by the Atalantas. Our coach, Miss Place, is still with us, and is an indispensable help and friend of the club. We hope to take a great many Atalanta walks this summer, under her chaperonage.

It is our wish to have the Atalanta Club keep up its good work and helpful influence in the future.

EDNA DEWOLFE.



THE ATALANTAS



THE GERMAN GLEE CLUB

SINCE August, 1902, The Girls' High School has had a feature rarely to be found in other schools—a German Glee Club. Its object is to acquaint the students of German with the beautiful folk-songs of the Vaterland. Every year a number of poems are read and explained in the different German classes and then memorized by each pupil. The students who wish to learn the melodies belonging to these poems, assemble every Monday afternoon from three to four o'clock in the auditorium of the school, where the two-part songs are carefully studied and practiced. In this way each member of the Club is enabled to learn, in the course of about two years, from fifteen to twenty of the best popular songs of Germany.

There are at present about twenty-five active members. The officers for the ensuing year are:

LILIAN AND MARIAN COTREL	- - - - -	<i>Presidents</i>
KATHRYNE HEINZ	- - - - -	<i>Vice-President</i>
EMMA PRICHARD	- - - - -	<i>Secretary</i>
ELSA SCHMIEDER	- - - - -	<i>Treasurer</i>
ESTHER HOOD	- - - - -	<i>Librarian</i>
MR. WM. ZIMMERMANN	- - - - -	<i>Leader</i>

The Club members, with a few invited guests, have in the past arranged several successful picnic excursions to the park, Presidio, and beach. On these occasions, the fine luncheons served were not the least attractive feature.

There was also an afternoon musicale, with dance following, last January, in the rooms of the Verein Arion, attended by fifty young ladies and several chaperons. Sumptuous refreshments were served by the Committee of Arrangements. After a number of the two-part German songs were sung, the president, in behalf of the Club, presented a large, framed art photograph to their teacher, Mr. Zimmermann, as a token of their appreciation of the great interest which he has taken in the affairs of the Club.

L. AND M. COTREL.



CONSTITUTION OF THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, SAN FRANCISCO



E, the class of '04, of the Girls' High School, in order to form a more happy-go-lucky union, establish joy, insure domestic rough-house, provide for the common onslaught of the Faculty, promote the general heart-felt desires, and secure the blessings of absolute freedom to ourselves and future students, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the Girls' High School of San Francisco:

CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I.

SEC. I.

1. All legislative powers shall be vested in a Congress of the G. H. S., which shall consist of "ineligible" girls.
2. No girl shall be a member of Congress who shall be under ten years of age, three years in the High School, and who wears her dresses to her shoe-tops, and dresses her hair according to Mme. Leale's Parisian fashions.

SEC. II.

1. Congress shall have general power of legislation:
2. To borrow money on the credit of the teachers.
3. To provide for the raising and disbursement of class dues.
4. To coin excuses and regulate the value thereof.
5. To raise and support "seconds" in times of dispute, but no money for this support shall be for a period of more than two weeks.
6. To provide for a regular attendant for Mrs. Prag's stove.
7. To raise the temperature in the Science recitation-room.
8. To exercise exclusive jurisdiction over the reports.
9. To admit late pupils to their classes.
10. To provide for the raising of scholarship dues.
11. To regulate the time for correcting compositions.
12. To regulate and maintain the forgetting of quotations on Miss Jewett's board.
13. To prolong life by commanding girls to fail on thought questions.
14. To notify girls to study only when their cards are on top.
15. To set the clocks ahead.
16. To provide for gossips during study-periods.
17. To allow all memory work to be read off the book.
18. To make up original quotations for English.

CONSTITUTION OF THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, SAN FRANCISCO

ARTICLE II.

SEC. I.

1. No teacher shall enter into an alliance, emit notes of deficiency, make anything but five credits a tender in payment of answers.
2. No teacher shall try to introduce the pronunciation of Italian or Russian words before we have mastered our mother tongue.

SEC. II.

1. No girl shall waste her vitality by learning French poems.
2. No girl shall do more work than is actually compelled of her to do.
3. No girl shall learn her Physics lesson from her text book.
4. No girl shall come to school before 8:59 A. M. for recitations.

AMENDMENT.

1. The rights of G. H. S. students to talk at any time or on any occasion, shall not be denied or abridged by any of the Faculty.



**A LITTLE MATHEMATICS
ALL OUR OWN**

Miss J.—“Now, Miss Loewenthal—er—again. What is it which we have here?” (pointing to the q'th root of a number).

Miss L. (in a whisper)—“What did she say?”

The “Standard” (prompting Miss L.)—“The answer is the tooth root.”

Miss L. (aloud from her seat in the rear of the room)—“The tooth root.”

Miss J.—“Yes. Good, Miss L.! The q'th root.”

Miss J.—“—— will leave Miss Flynn under the radical sign?” (In a questioning tone.)

Miss J.—“Did any girl ever have such a case?” (If Miss J. would only define her case!)

M. M. E. LEALE
HAIR DRESSING PARLOR - ROOM 21, G. H. S. BLDG.
CHARGES ONLY FOR USE OF GLASS. RATS USED
ALL STYLES CAREFULLY AND TASTEFULLY EXAGGERATED
(N. B. THE PRESENT STYLES)



THE EYES ARE ALWAYS CONSIDERED



MUCH HAIR REQUIRED



ANY NUMBER OF BOWS USED



THE PRESENT STYLE



POM PADOUR'S BECUMINGLY HIGH



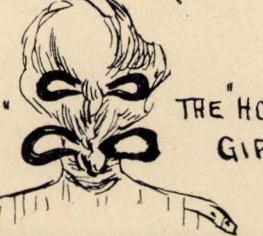
THE STANDARD



JUNIORS



"ACCOMMODATED"



THE "HORNED" GIRL

A LITTLE HISTORY ALL OUR OWN

Mrs. P.—“What must the Emperor of Germany do before a bill can become a law?” (expecting, of course, “Give it its enacting clause,” as an answer.)

Miss Merell—“Veto it.”

Bright Pupil—“Among the parties represented at the Legislative Assembly in France were the Grid-irons.”

Mrs. P.—“There must have been some broiling done there.”

An “Over-smart” Girl.—“They took Louis XVI. to the “Tulares.”

Mrs. P.—“Any strikingly new features?”

Miss Popert—“Yes. The Board of Public Works votes by eyes and nose.”
(i. e., every member has three votes.)

Mrs. P.—“What is your authority?”

Miss R.—“A history of California.”

Mrs. P.—“Whose?”

Miss R.—“Yes, Hoose.”

Mrs. P.—“Whose ? ? ? ?”

Miss R.—“Hoose.”

Mrs. P.—“How do you spell it, Miss R.?”

Miss R.—“H-oo-s-e.”

Mrs. P.—“Well, Miss R., I am always glad to hear of new authorities. Just *show* me the book.” (Miss R. looks for the book in vain. I wonder why?)

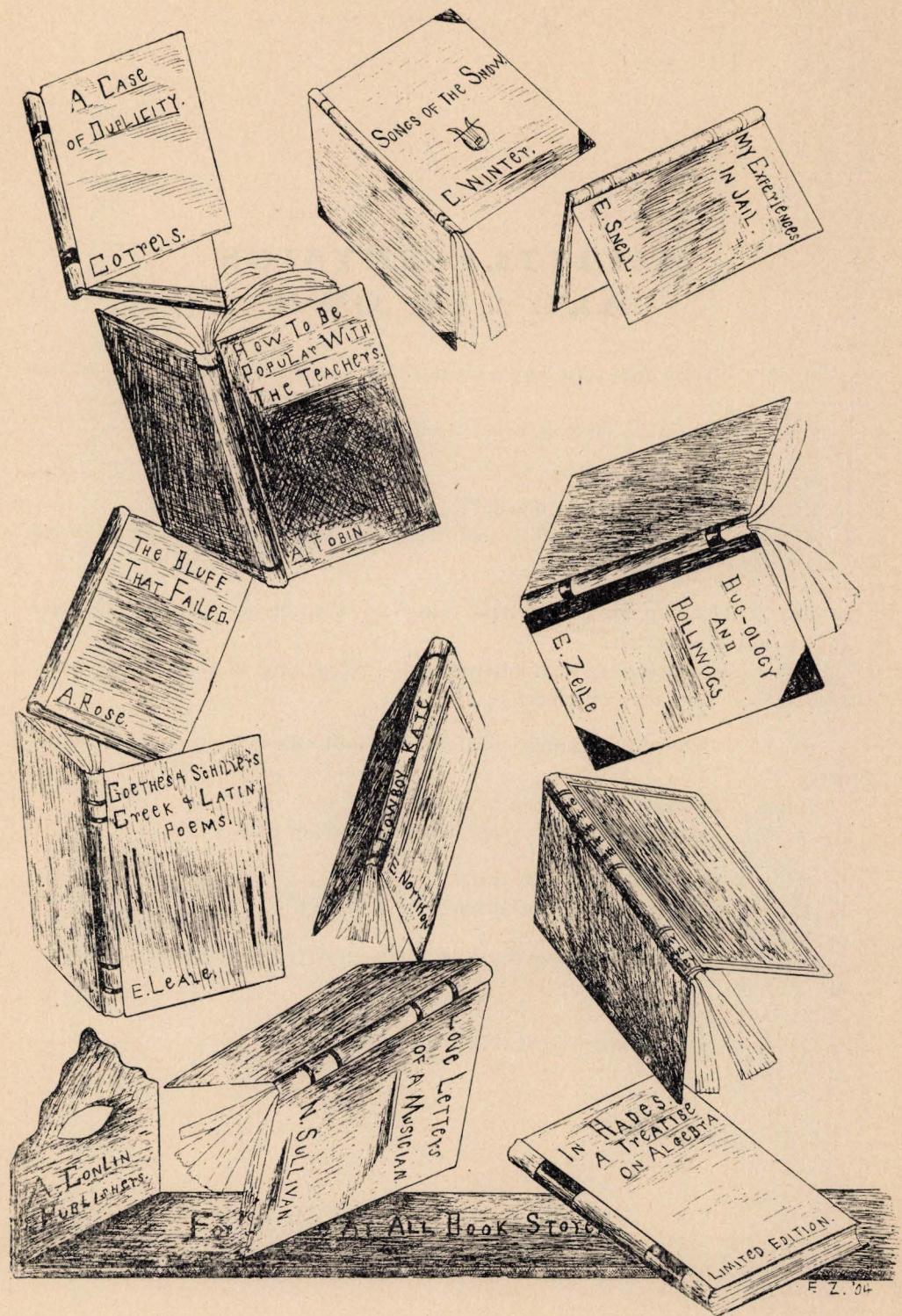
Miss Popert—“They celebrated Jefferson’s death by a banquet.”

An Historical Fact

Miss C—1—“Rum is made of tobacco.”

SWEET REFRAINS

We've Never Discovered Him Yet	-	-	-	-	<i>Grand Chorus</i>
Over the Garden Wall	-	-	{	Duet	{
There's a Sweet Face at the Window	-	-	{		-
We Have Lived and Loved Together	-	-	-	-	<i>The Twins</i>
I'll Do or Die	-	-	-	-	<i>Miss Owens</i>
Too Late	-	-	-	-	<i>Metzner Sisters</i>
Message of the Violet	-	-	-	-	<i>Miss Stark</i>
I Hates to Get Up Early in the Morn	-	-	-	-	<i>Elsie Zeile</i>
Why?	-	-	-	-	<i>Miss Jewett</i>
If You Haven't Got No Money, You Needn't Come Around	-	-	-	-	<i>Ethel Northon</i>
Oh ! The Girls, the Lovely Girls	-	-	-	-	<i>The Faculty</i>
You and I Together, Love	-	-	-	-	<i>Edith and Marjorie</i>
When You at Last Are Mine	-	-	-	-	<i>Alma Tobin to her Diploma</i>
I'm Happy When I'm at My Baby's Side	-	-	-	-	<i>Mrs. Prag</i>
I Wants to be an Actor Lady	-	-	-	-	<i>Dorothy Wolfe</i>
I've Got My Eyes on You	-	{	-	-	<i>Mr. Mitchell</i>
He Didn't Know Exactly What to Do	-	{	-	-	
Bring Back My "Bonnie" to Me	-	-	-	-	<i>Essae Dalton</i>
I Wants to be the Leading Lady	-	-	-	-	<i>Mrs. Prag</i>
She's Not My Style	-	-	-	-	<i>Carrie Parsons</i>



A LITTLE PHYSICS ALL OUR OWN

Mr. M.—“Why does your hair stream or float out when it is hanging and you run?”

Miss Leale—“Well, because it is not attached to our heads.”

Mr. M.—“What is man?”

Miss Smith—“A wingless biped.”

Mr. M. (hesitatingly)—“No, that definition wouldn’t do, because we all expect to have wings some day.”

Mr. M. (looking for second-hand watch)—“Let me see, Miss Leale, have you a second-hand watch?”

Miss Leale (speechless with amazement)—“W-w-why, how could you guess it? Why, yes; I got it at a fire sale.”

Mr. M.—“Now Miss Emma, what do you understand by the term complement?”

Emma—“A swap.”

Mr. M.—“You must be very fond of c-o-m-p-l-i-m-e-n-t-s.”

Mr. M.—“Of what use is the collar bone?”

Brilliant Miss M-t-n-r—“To button your collar on.”

Mr. M.—“What other name do we apply to gravity?” (expecting, of course, as the answer, “acceleration.”)

Pupil—“Pull.”

Mr. M.—“Just at the present time here in the city, yes.”

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT BUT—WE WONDER

What walls the pictures of "Moses," "Frederick the Great" and "Napoleon," from Mrs. P's. room are now adorning.

What charms the name "Lottie" holds for Mr. M. when the girl's real name is Charlotte.

Why two of the teachers refused their pictures for the Journal.

In what zoölogical garden Miss Evans found the "lion covered with wool."

What sad event Miss Harris had on her mind when she said that a certain figure of speech was a "Transferred Epitaph."

Why the class laughed when Miss Thompson said, "Will some tall girl kindly open the transoms?" and Miss Standart immediately opened them.

Why a giggle arose, when Miss Thompson said, "All girls having cold feet, come this way," and she started toward the stove.

Why Corinne waits in the halls when the Ex's. are printed.

Where all the coral and opal rings come from that are seen in the French class.

Whom Miss Smith had in mind when she gave "his" qualifications thus: "He must be no more than thirty-five years of age."

What became of the foolscap paper when Miss Stark was about to give the Greek Ex.



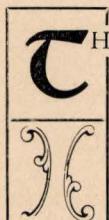
When Louise begins her tooting,
And Ada scrapes the 'cello,
When Nellie bangs the ivories,
And the violin sounds *so* mellow (?)

THEN

The audience begins to leave the hall,
The dancers lose their merriment.
Oh! Wise the man who knowing said,
That distance lends enchantment.

E. K. S., '04.

ALUMNÆ AND CLASS NOTES



HE following is an account of the meeting of the Girls' High School Alumnæ Association, as edited by the San Francisco Chronicle:

"Girls of many years ago, and girls of today exchanged school-day reminiscences Saturday afternoon, April twenty-third, when the Girls' High School Alumnæ Association held its annual reunion in the auditorium of that institute, at Geary and Scott streets. The pleasant affair

began with a luncheon, where covers were laid for two hundred. Miss Mamie Voorsanger, the president, welcomed the alumnæ and introduced Mrs. A. E. Morrison as toastmistress. The toasts were cleverly and interestingly responded to, Mrs. Julius Kahn speaking to "Our Alma Mater," Miss Elsie Leale to "Our Teachers," Miss Caroline Hunt of the teachers corps to "The Ideal High School," and Mrs. F. G. Sanborn to "San Francisco." Miss Eliza D. Keith and Mrs. Sara Treat Childs gave short talks.

When the tables had been removed, a literary programme was presented. Miss Voorsanger spoke a second welcome, for after the luncheon about three hundred more attended the meeting. Speeches were made by Elisha Brooks, principal of the school, bidding farewell to his duties; by Dr. Senger, of the University of California; by Dr. Annie G. Lyle, on "Woman in the Professions," and Mrs. J. W. Orr on the "Status of Woman." Miss M. Gertrude Judd whistled, Mrs. May Cameron Madden sang, and four members of the Harmony Quintet also gave songs. At the program's close, there was a half hour's social chat.

Francis B. Vail has just been heard from at Smyrna. She and her cousin, Miss Brittain, enjoyed unusual opportunities in going on the special steamer of the London Archeological Society for a six weeks' cruise among the islands of the Aegean Sea. They are now en route for Athens and Constantinople.

Louise Levy, Xmas '04, was in Washington, D. C., recently, after a delightful trip through the South. She sails soon for several months in Europe.

Dr. Rachel Ash and Dr. Annie Lyle have returned from their clinical studies abroad of several years and are practicing in this city.

Miss Mattie Spencer is pursuing her studies at Vassar.

The engagement has been announced of Jessie Burns, '02, and Horatio Stoll, of Sacramento.

Mrs. Albertin Randall Whelan and Mrs. Bertha Stringer Lee exhibited many of their dainty sketches at the Press Club, which were greatly admired.

Gertrude Wheeler, '96, will go abroad soon to have her voice trained for oratorio.

Miss Bessie Bunner, who has been in Paris for fifteen years, has recently returned to Oakland. Miss Bunner is very well known in the literary circles of New York City.

ALUMNÆ AND CLASS NOTES

Dr. Carrie Rosenberg is interne at the Children's Hospital.

A very pretty wedding was that of Rosamond Meherin, '99, and Thomas Fallon, which took place in January.

Elsie Herman is at present teaching in Red Bluff.

Miss Sollman, who has been teaching in Manila for two years, gave a very interesting account of her experiences in the Philippines.

Among others who have been married during the past year are Pearl Haas and Annie Coulter.

Antoinette Guerney, '01, is still at Wellesley College.

Mrs. Messer, formerly Louise Holiday, daughter of Samuel Holiday, whose home is in London, is at present visiting in San Francisco.

Jeanette Groeschel, '03, has announced her engagement to Albert Meyerfeld.

Edna Perkins, '01, is still in Honolulu, and very enthusiastic over the beauties of Hawaii.

The engagement of Clara Sawyer to Edward Bishop was announced Easter Sunday.

Irene Muzzy, '03, is studying at a French school in Geneva.

Gertrude Gabbs' delightful articles in the Sunday Chronicle during the past winter were greatly admired.

Mrs. Shute, formerly Hattie Hodgdon, is at present in Athens.

Another recent engagement is that of Helen Bennett, '02, and Chester Smith.

Natalie Bowman, who was one of our own class, is now studying to be a trained nurse at the Children's Hospital.

Evelyn Hackett, '02, was married to William Beach during the past year.

Miss Esther Rosencrantz, '04, will complete her medical studies at the highest medical college in the land—Johns Hopkins.

Anna Blake, '03, is very much interested in the study of journalism.

Alma Bergland was recently married to George Winchester.

Emilia Zabaldano, '05, will sail for a summer tour through Europe, in May.

Rose Drucker, '03, is at present training at Mt. Zion Hospital.

Linda Bachman, '02, is still in Paris.

FAULT OF THE BOSS

HELLO, Jack, old fellow. You seem in a terrible hurry. Never saw you rush along so in all my life. If ever there was a genuine slow-poke, you were it."

"Jolly glad to see you, Ned. Yes, I am in a hurry. You see there's an object in view, and that object is a girl. Going to the Ferry?"

"Yes. Over to Oakland on business. My old boss—"

"Oh, hang the boss. Never was so far from a business mood in my life. We'll go across together. But get a move on. We have exactly ten minutes before the boat goes," consulting his watch, an immense "turnip."

"Goodness! What's up? And here you are all spruced up with a carnation in your button-hole. So early, too! Come, tell us what it all means. How's Nell?"

"Nell's fine. But here comes my interesting tale. Sis received word from Zelda Comstock that she would arrive here from the East this morning, and to be sure and meet her, for she has never been out here. You know, Nell can't go because of mother's illness. She sent word that some one would meet her, so the good luck is all mine."

"Well, you might call it good luck. I don't. Suppose she is shy and homely. You are so very fond of homely girls," sarcastically. "But how'll you know her? You haven't ever seen her."

"Know her? Why, even you could pick her out in a thousand. According to Nell she is stunning, tall and slender, and really very handsome. She said she would wear a brown suit, and French sailor hat. Besides, on her suit-case is 'Z. E. C.' Could anyone ever miss her?"

"No. Nothing like that. And, say, you are somewhat in luck. I've changed my mind. Here's success to your adventure, and if I can, I'll hurry up the boss' affairs and catch the train at Sixteenth street, so that I can come home watching the fun. Good bye, old man. Here's my train," and Ned was off with a rush.

Jack soliloquizes, looking at the train bulletin: "Here is the train, two hours late. I can't go away for fear it will make time and come in ahead. No one to talk to, and Ned off hurrying up to see the fun. Well, such is luck! All I can do is to w-a-i-t, wait," and he went off whistling toward the S. P. Restaurant, just like a man who can find no other amusement.

At the same time Ned finished his business, "talked every-one of them over to my side," as he put it, and arrived at the station in time to catch the late Overland at 11:30. "By George, this is luck," he exclaimed. "Now I'll just invest in a carnation, and try my hand at some fun," and off he hurried to a near flower-stand. He also patronized a neighboring boot-black's, so as to remove some of the Oakland real estate. In a few moments the train came, and he jumped aboard. "There she is," he thought. "No, it can't be; she isn't good-looking enough. That one

FAULT OF THE BOSS

couldn't dazzle a fellow. There—no—no suit case. Oh, there she is. However could I have thought those common-place girls were this queen. This is certainly one on Jack. Just see that gracious smile. It is the pink."

"Good morning. Pardon me, but isn't this Miss Comstock?" he said, gracefully lifting his hat.

"Yes, it is. This is Mr. Dumont, I believe? I thought so, as soon as I saw the pink."

"I knew it," thought Ned. Then aloud: "You must have received Nell's letter?" in a questioning tone.

"I did, and I am so sorry to hear of your mother's illness. Poor Nell! It confines her to the house a great deal, doesn't it? But it is a great pleasure, I am sure, to have you meet me. ("Oh, yes," thought Ned, "if you only knew!") Neil has told me so much about you. I consider myself very fortunate, indeed."

"Did you enjoy your trip?"

"To the fullest extent. I met a number of charming people. Some young men also. See them over there. That portly fellow has a letter of introduction to a friend of Nell's whom she has told me about. I'm so anxious to see him. A Mister—I forget—anyhow, Nell calls him Ned. Of course you know him?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. No! I don't either."

"How funny."

"Here we are at the Ferry," he said, taking her suit-case, and assisting her from the train on the right side.

"What is the matter with you?" she exclaimed, "If you could only see yourself with that silly smile on your face, and your neck turned three ways looking for Sunday. You had better pay attention to where you are going, and not usher me up these stairs instead of where the crowd is going, through those gates!" with a rippling laugh.

"Oh—pardon me," he humbly said. "I thought I saw a friend of mine, and a familiar pair of feet flying over the platform of the first coach."

"If the sight of a friend distracts your head like that, I hope to goodness you see no more friends while with me." Then, in good humor, they went aboard the ferry.

Jack filled himself full of—well, never mind—and met the train in due time. "Hey, there, porter! This train B. Overland?" despairingly called Jack to a husky darkey.

"Suah, suh. Dis de one. De Oberlan' passengers come off de lef' han' side, suh. Jus' jump dis platform, suh," replied the jovial porter.

"Thanks, awfully," called Jack as he ran in a manner reminding one of "bucking the line" in football instead of jumping a hurdle in the shape of an Overland platform. "Where is she? Good land, they are all off. My! What a business. I must have missed her." Then to the porter, "Any more on board?"

"No, suh. All off."

FAULT OF THE BOSS

"Now, what shall I do? She won't know where to go." So off he ran, made the boat in two jumps, and went searching all over the decks. No Zelda.

"But, after a faithful search, he heard a familiar voice saying: "Oh, the folks will wait. You must be hungry; so, with your consent, we will lunch down-town and then go home, or to your destination."

There on the outside of the boat sat Ned, and, "My senses—can it be Miss Comstock?" thought Jack. "Impossible! Ned has no pink in his buttonhole, and where's the case? But she has a pink on, and that wasn't in the bargain. She wasn't to wear one. There's the case by him. I'll go and make myself known. He does not see me. But wait! We are landing," he thought, looking away—then turned to go to them.

But Fate was unkind to him. Ned and the Fairy had disappeared in the crowd. "Well, I'm done for. I'll report to Nell that her colleague is happy on the way."

Ned and his chaperon were getting on famously. "Seems to me you're just full of pretty speeches," she exclaimed.

"How can I help it. You lead them out. A fellow can't say such things truthfully to a San Franciscan native daughter. Of course, there are exceptions, but that is, as a rule. Come, we'll take the elevator here," he said as they entered a spacious building.

But, of all the unheard-of things! The elevator stopped, crossed its legs, and refused to go either up or down, mid-way between the ninth and tenth floors. The elevator boy did not mind. He heard an amusing conversation, one which began with jokes, then grew serious; then animated; and then loud, when finally he burst forth:

"Wait till we get home, then I'll tell you. Please do."

"No. I want to know now, this very minute."

"Well, all right. But, really, it wasn't my fault. I wanted a little diversion, and if the boss hadn't sent me, why—"

"That same old boss!" Then she laughed, "It is good there is some one to blame, so I'll forgive you."

Then Ned's hopes went up—and so did the elevator.

E. K. S., '04.



FAREWELL

This day we bid a fond farewell,
Our ship to which no ill befell,
Which sailed through school-days, calm and clear,
At end of term, lies anchored here.

Our voyage passed through placid deep,
And in the store-rooms we did heap
A goodly lot of ancient lore,
Dug from the depths of every shore.

Our numbers lost, we've suffered none,
Our crew shows duties ably done,
And our report with pride we tell—
Our captain answers, "All is well."

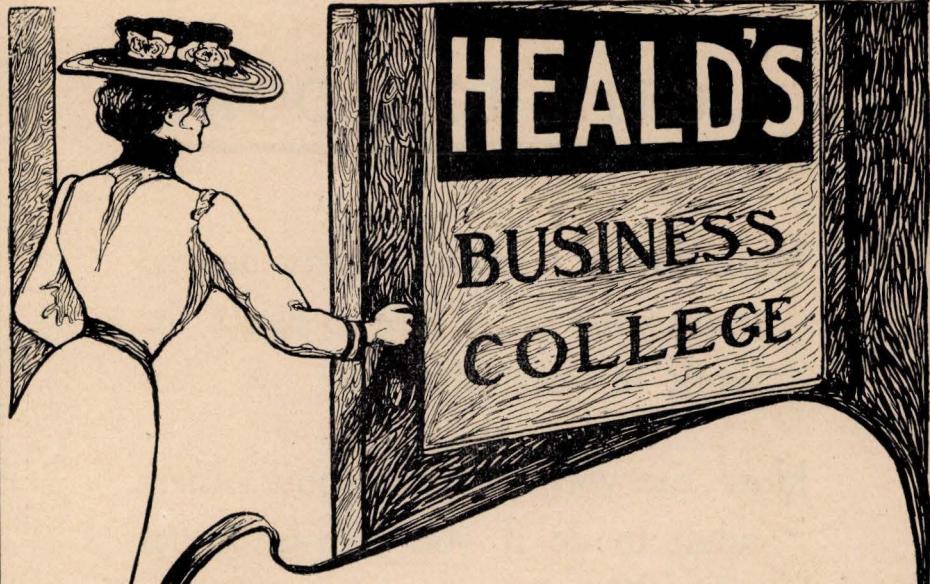
And now the pilot at the helm
Will lead us through a broader realm,
To enter on life's greater oceans,
With higher aims, to new emotions.

Our anchor must again be weighed.
Life's pressing needs can ne'er be stayed,
And, even though with shattered mast,
We'll face the gale, ride out the blast.

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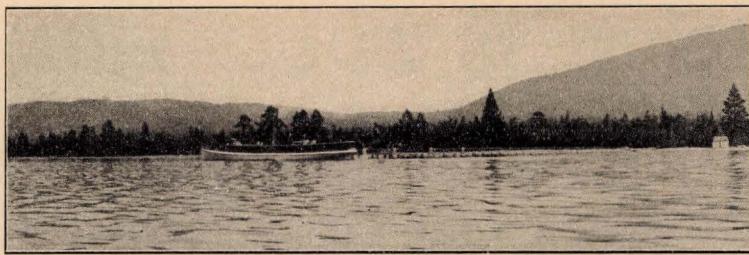
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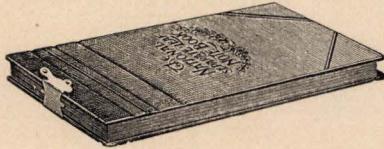
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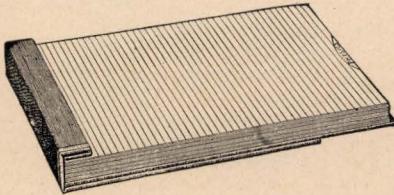
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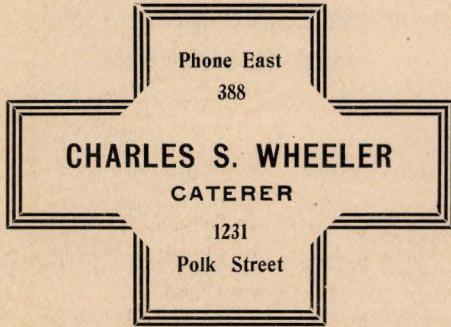
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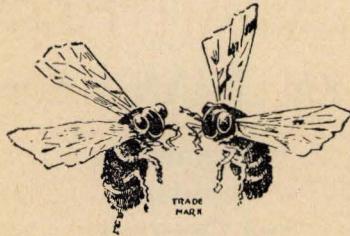
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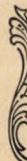
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