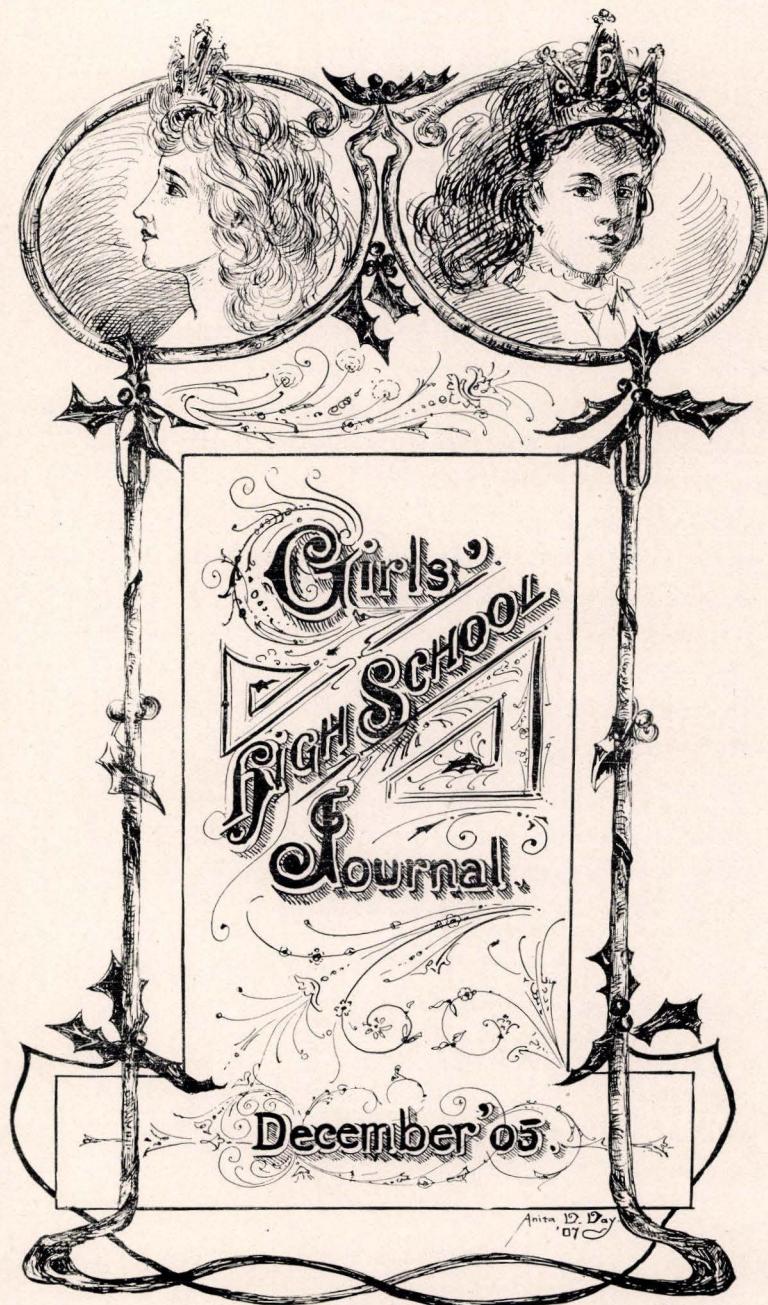




Class Journal
December 1905



IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Elizabeth Fleischman Ascheim acquired the reputation of being the most expert radiographer of the world, and her death was caused from injuries received in the pursuit of her profession. For nine years she had been operating with the X-ray, and during that time her work attracted the attention of the leading scientists. During the late war with Spain, the army physicians, who rated her work as the best known, found her indispensable. Many of the former soldiers owe their lives to her, for when the transports came into this harbor with whole regiments of wounded soldiers she located the bullets and the physicians were then able to perform successful operations. In her death the scientific world loses one of its most enthusiastic workers.

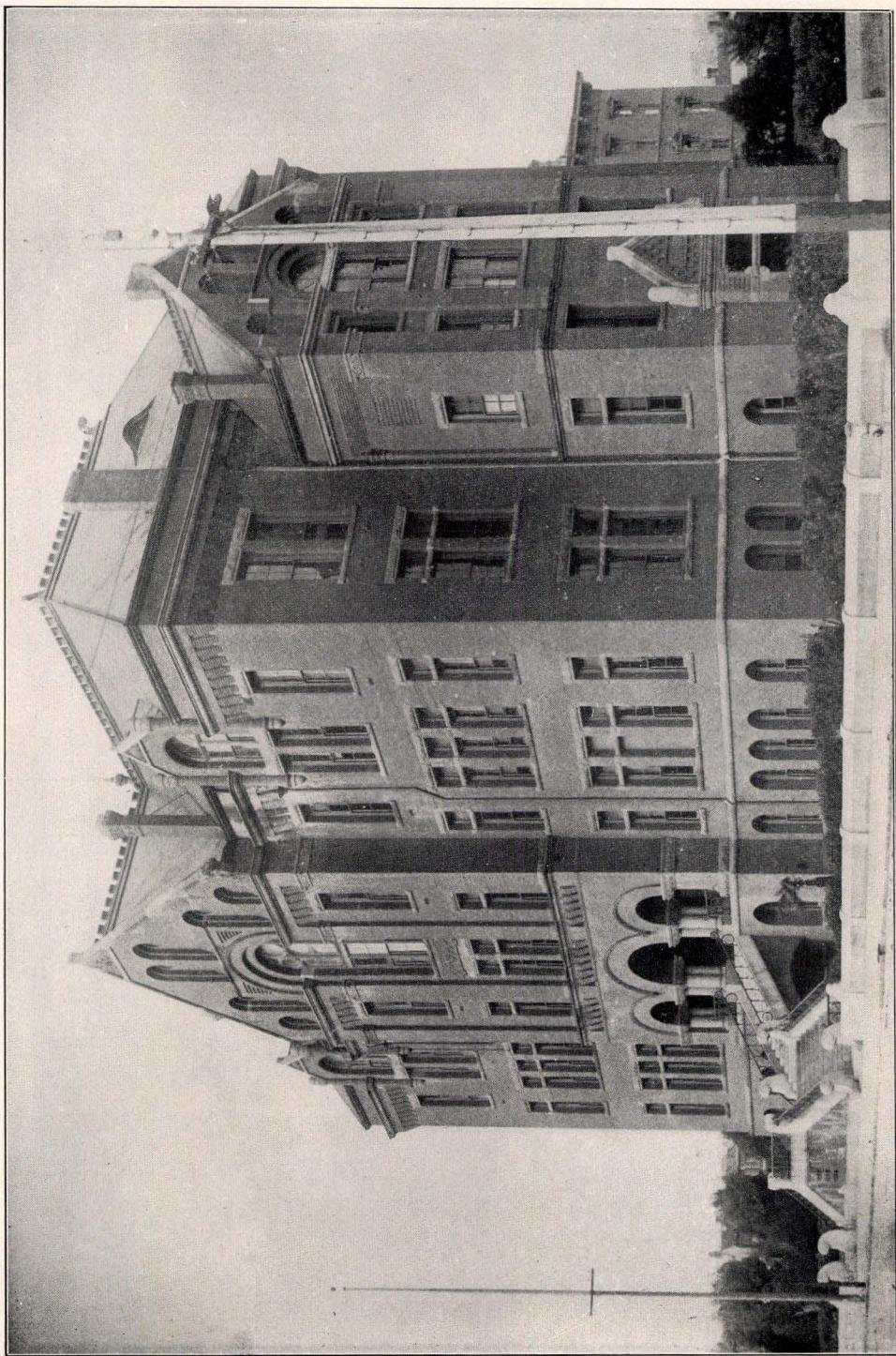
Miss Helen M. Conlan who taught in the public school department, passed away during the past month. While in our school she endeared herself to every one on account of her sweet and lovely character.

It is our sad duty to record the deaths of Miss Ritta Kahn and Miss Maybelle Curran.

Miss Lola McFeeley, principal of the Pixley Kindergarten, died recently. Miss McFeeley was a very conscientious worker, and her career as principal was a most successful one.

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FACULTY

OF THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

Dr. A. W. Scott,	- - - - -	Principal
George O. Mitchell,	- - - - -	Head of Dept. of Science
Fidelia Jewett,	- - - - -	Head of Dept. of Mathematics
Helen M. Thompson,	- - - - -	Head of Dept. of English
Mary Prag,	- - - - -	Head of Dept. of History
Guy H. Stokes,	- - - - -	Head of Dept. of Classics
Franz M. Goldstein,	- - - - -	Head of Dept. of Drawing
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Caroline L. Hunt,	- - - - -	Instructor in Biology
Eleanor M. Owens,	- - - - -	Instructor in English
Mary J. Mayborn,	- - - - -	Instructor in History
† Hattie L. Leszynsky,	- - - - -	Instructor in Mathematics
Laura Daniel,	- - - - -	Instructor in Chemistry and Botany
Adeline B. Croyland,	- - - - -	Instructor in English
Sophie A. Hobe,	- - - - -	Instructor in History
Clara M. Stark,	- - - - -	Instructor in Classics
William Zimmerman,	- - - - -	Instructor in German
Nathalie E. Roth,	- - - - -	Instructor in English
Blanche Leviele,	- - - - -	Instructor in French
* Henrietta Byrne,	- - - - -	Instructor in Mathematics

† ON LEAVE OF ABSENCE

* SUBSTITUTE



DR. A. W. SCOTT

Dedicated
to
Miss Eleanor M. Owens
as a
Token of Appreciation and Esteem
by the
Class of December
1905



DECEMBER, '05



DECEMBER, '05



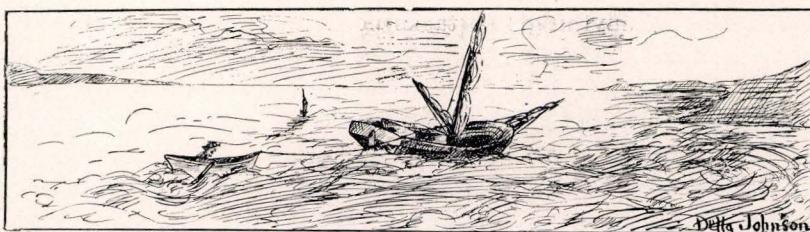
DECEMBER, '05



DECEMBER, '05



DECEMBER, '05



The Cruise of the Mary Jane

HE white sunshine glinted on the top of each sparkling wave, and made a bright path across the waters of San Francisco bay, straight to the "Mary Jane." This trim little yacht seemed to be saying to herself, "What's in a name anyhow?" as she saucily bounced on her way from her pier through the small fishing smacks for certainly the staid and sober appellation of "Mary Jane" in no way described the jaunty manner in which she, with gunwale under water, daringly darted in front of the yellow Key Route ferry boat, to right herself at a little distance. What a beauty she was! Every inch of spotless white canvas, shining paint, and perfect outline, bespoke a challenge to the laughing, sparkling waves.

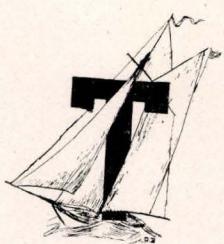
With one exception the trio on board seemed to bear out the gay aspect of the vessel in many a jolly laugh and gay sally. This exception, a quaint, old-fashioned lady, sat near the stern, clutching the gunwale firmly in both hands, despair written in every feature, while she nervously watched the Ferry tower and the low, long wharves resolve themselves into the perspective. At last she spoke—

"Benjamin, I ain't what ye might call a coward, but I allays did say as it was foolhardy to fly in the face of Providence. I ain't sorry yet cause you persuaded on me to sail in your new boat, but ye can't tell me as it ain't risky to go bobbin' around in this mite of a tub. I didn't jist sense what I was gettin' into or I nev—" but here prudence ended in a veritable squeal of apprehension as the Mary Jane shook herself in the face of a slight breeze, then rose on her beam end. The old lady certainly did not look quite as fresh as she had before, being sprinkled freely with salt spray.

The two young men exchanged looks of amusement.

"That's all right, Aunt 'Liza. We're just tacking, you know.

"Tackin'! Tackin'! Benjamin Walters, it's dang'rous! Think of the time when I lost my thumb-nail puttin' down the new carpet



in the spare room. I said then tackin' was dang'rous, but I'd never even dreamt of anything like tacks being driven in water. Don't you do it again. Oh! we're going to the bottom, sure's fate.

Benjamin's face took on an abnormally anxious expression.

"Do you really think so?" he asked with an assumed worried air. Then turning to his chum,

"I say, Slivers, do you think we can pull through to-day?"

"I dunno, Jammle, (a favorite abbreviation of Benjamin). It's pretty rough and there's lots of rocks and snags in this part of the bay. Have you heard about Willis?"

"Why, yes. He got caught in a squall off Fort Mason last week, and was upset. Poor old Willis. I always told him he'd ought to learn to swim."

"Oh no, that was Robinson. Willis tried to run down one of the P. M.'s ocean liners. They say he got afoul of her and lost all his paint, in addition to incurring the captain's everlasting anger. That was before Jackson ran his boat aground at Belvedere, wasn't it?"

With fascinated horror, Aunt Eliza then listened to tale after tale of ship-wrecks, collisions, and all conceivable kinds of disasters on the water. At last she rose with a determined air and shaking form.

"Benjamin Elwood Walters, I want we should return imme—,"

A warning cry of "Look out for the boom," came too late to save Elizabeth Cartwood's best black bonnet, and, as it flew overboard, only the prompt assistance of her nephew prevented her from following it.

"Merciful Heavens!" she gasped. "Has the thing got away from ye, Ben? "Don't be afeard to tell me, 'cause I'm prepared for most anything now."

The combined efforts of Slivers and Jammle failed to make clear to her the philosophy of booms, and all that she understood was that they must be strenuously avoided. This, at least, was clear, and Aunt Eliza sat huddled up in one corner with her head tied up in a big blue and white handkerchief, while her eyes followed regretfully the gyrations of a flock of sea-gulls, who were inspecting a curious dark object with trailing back ribbons, floating on the water.

"It does seem kinder extravergant to lose my best bonnet, even if I didn't set out to do it. Miss Pinkely made it this summer, and it cost—."

Just how much Miss Pinkely charged will never be known, for at that moment the speaker looked ahead. What she saw was certainly imposing. High above them, to Aunt Eliza's exaggerated vision, it appeared miles above, towered an immense full-rigged schooner, apparently bearing down upon them with malice afore-

thought. Nearer it came, nearer yet; already they could hear shouts from those on board, and a stentorian voice floated down with an exasperated, "Confound these small yachts anyhow." Aunt Eliza shut her eyes tight, and waited in an agony of suspense for the crash. Strange to say, it did not come, and when she opened them, the big sailing-vessel was off at a safe distance.

An interval of smooth sailing followed upon this incident, so that the beautiful panorama slowly unfolding itself on either side awakened a mild interest in their surroundings, and even Aunt Eliza could not deny that the pretty white villas nestled among the trees in the hollows of the wooded hillside of Belvedere looked "offul pretty, and real kind of home-like," while the buildings on Alcatraz somehow had, as they flew by, reminded her of something she had once learned in the little red school-house about a "stern and rock-bound coast."

The Mary Jane was now carefully making her way through Racoon Straits, wind-tossed, as usual. Being too full of terror for utterance, our heroine wisely said nothing, but privately assured herself that nothing, no, nothing, would ever induce her to put foot again in any such tossing cork of a boat, or be a party to such foolish disregard of life.

Rounding the old fumigating frigate at the quarantine station, Twin Rocks loomed in sight, and they ran behind Angel Island near California City.

"Guess you'd better haul in the sheet now, Slivers, and we'll chew."

His aunt's eyes grew big with amazement and she looked about her with interest.

"Well, fer the land's sake, where is the sheet? Do you boys mean to say you ever sleep out here? Why, I sh'd think you'd find it awful cold. Are you sure you have plenty of covers?"

Slivers, whose other name was Stanley Davis, looked uncomprehendingly from his chum to his chum's aunt, and then a light broke in upon him and he gravely explained to her the position and uses of the sheet. Nevertheless, while they were opening the hampers of lunch, the lady was still shaking her head over the wastefulness of using a sheet for a sail.

After the baskets had been quickly emptied of their miscellaneous assortment of sandwiches, salad, fruit and cake, they drifted and fed the gulls flapping about them, lazily watching the changing lights and shadows on the water, and they saw through the hazy distance the passing Vallejo and Stockton boats.

The rest of that day Aunt Eliza never forgot, for when the sheet and jib-boom were let out again, the breeze freshened until the white caps began to appear. The boys had now all they could do

to manage their small craft. They never forgot, however, to name the passing points of interest to Aunt Eliza as the staunch little boat skimmed up San Pablo Bay, and ever after the words Red Rock and San Quentin called up to the mind of the martyr a vision of herself in a deep, deep canyon. On one side, rose a high wall of water, ready to fall in upon her, and the other side consisted of a sheer perpendicular expanse of wooden deck. The only thing that saved her, she always affirmed, was the gunwale of the yacht, and to this she clung with the clutch of despair, first on one side and then on the other. All the beauties of the upper bay were lost in the profound longing for something firm underfoot, and Aunt Eliza looked with unseeing eyes on what was visible of Port Costa, Vallejo, Mare Island and the navy yard.

One member of the party noticed at last with the most unbounded feelings of delight that they were homeward bound. The evening shadows were lengthening considerably, and the great, red sun was just ready to dip into the Golden Gate as they came under the lee of Telegraph Hill. Suddenly the breeze sank down, and with it went all the gay vivacity of the Mary Jane. At last, even the stray wisps of hair escaping from under the blue and white handkerchief ceased to try Aunt Eliza's patience by perversely getting into her eyes, and now the young men looked at each other with dismay, for the yacht had stopped, refusing to go another inch.

In vain they coaxed and cajoled, but the sails obstinately flopped to the motion of the swell. The Mary Jane was evidently bored with the whole proceedings, and intended to remain where she was, listlessly rising and falling with the swish of the waves. A half hour made no change in the situation.

"Oh, well, let's wait awhile. Maybe she'll freshen up pretty soon," Slivers remarked tentatively.

"Wait! What else have we got to do, I'd like to know. Wait! Oh, yes, let's wait." Jammle was wrathful.

"What's the row? Anything on to-night?"

"Junior hop. I've simply got to be back in time."

Shivers whistled. "Oh, I see. You don't usually take in those affairs, do you? But then if she's going to be there, of course it's different." Then suddenly, "You don't mean to say you're going to take her, do you?"

Jammle nodded dismally and looked at the expanse of water lying between him and the landing pier.

"Well, I guess there's nothing for it but the oars. This calm can't last very long, anyhow."

But here Slivers was mistaken. It not only could, but did, and meanwhile Aunt Eliza was enjoying herself for the first time that day. Wrapped up in warm shawls, she calmly sat and surveyed

the scene. The sun had now disappeared and the shadows were gradually settling down over the water. One by one the stars came out to light up the scene, and the cities about the bay began to wink at them with hundreds of tiny lights. The Oakland passed close by, sending broad streams of light upon the Mary Jane.

In the meanwhile Slivers was taking his turn in the small boat towing them, bending closer over the oars and breathing hard. Aunt Eliza, on the yacht, took a deep breath of the fresh air and thought to be magnanimous.

"Well, now, I'm free to confess this is real nice after all." A grunt which might mean anything was the only answer to this.

"If it had been like this all day, now," she continued, "why, I believe I'd have liked it fine." Jammie let go the tiller for a moment to examine two well-developed blisters, and another which was just starting, but said nothing.

"I'm a'most glad I come. Your uncle Will'um is allays tellin' about when he came around Cape Horn in a boat. He said 'at it was kinder rough and the boat rocked consider'ble, but I guess it couldn't a been anything like what we was in to-day. He'll be somewhat surprised when he hears how I was all but in a real shipwreck. You boys seemed to like it," she went on sociably. "I like things kinder restful like myself. Don't you think this is more reposeful?"

This was the last straw, and Benjamin let out an exasperated, "Oh, for Heaven's sake, Aunt Eliza, don't rub it in."

She paused to consider what this might mean, but finally laid it aside with the other meaningless things he had learned to say at college, things to be ignored and passed over by sensible people.

Presently she noticed his coatless condition, and when he began to shed his vest, she was filled with consternation.

"Bennie, you put that coat right back on. I don't know how much your friend down there in the row boat kin stand, but you got a delikit constertution, and this night air will give ye a pnoomony or chill or somethin.' I know, cause I had the tendin' of ye when ye was a baby, though I don't know as you remember. You put it right back on," emphatically.

Remonstrances, and denials of the "delickiey" were alike unavailing until Benjamin, perspiring in every pore, and hotter than he had ever been at foot-ball practice under a broiling sun, desperately asserted that "he'd go overboard and drown himself if she said any more about it, and then come back and haunt her."

Aunt Eliza shook her head reprovingly.

"My, Benjamin, you got a awful temper. Just like your father.

Why, I remember—.” And thereupon she proceeded to regale her hearer with a series of family reminiscences extending from early childhood down to the present time, while the Mary Jane slowly and unwillingly moved on toward the twinkling myriads of lights that make beautiful the city at the Golden Gate.

It was not quite ten o'clock when two “wharf rats” curled up in an old dry-goods box on the wharf, were roused by the splashing of oars. Peering out from the rubbish they could just distinguish the outline of a boat in the darkness.

“Woddy ye call it, Jimmie, one o' them dago fishers?”

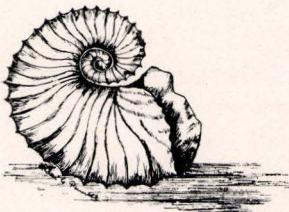
“Aw, gwan, where's yer 'rithmetic,” contemptuously. “Wot 'ud they be doin' round here this time o' night?” Then, looking closer, “Betcher it's them two coves with the old woman, who left early this morning. They're awful quiet, though. They was makin' noise enough when they lit out.”

An unbroken silence, however, prevailed on board the Mary Jane. Silently she was moored, and silently the trio of pleasure-seekers disembarked. Only, the “wharf rats,” listening, heard distinctly as the party moved away in the darkness, the words,

“Well, take it all in all, it ain't been so bad, only I wisht I'd wore my other bonnet.”

Della Johnson, '05.

Curious Shell Lore



An intensely interesting subject, one from which much pleasure may be obtained, is conchology. From a popular, rather than a scientific point of view, we have learned to cultivate an interest in this subject. We were first interested, perhaps, when we read the "Chambered Nautilus" of Holmes, and then again when,

in the Classic Myths, we read that poets and sculptors called the giant-clam, "the cradle of the sea-goddess." We find that from the days of Aristotle, the beauty and variety of shells created much interest and enthusiasm. Their study often became a fad, and extravagant sums of money were paid for a single, rare specimen. The colors in the different families vary from black to the most delicate shades of lavender, orange and other exquisite hues; some having many marks on the exterior. Besides being very beautiful, they are also useful, serving in some cases as basins, lamps, or other objects.

The cowry, known especially for its beauty in color, though widely distributed, is more often found in tropical seas. New Zealanders polish these shells until they become very brilliant, and use them as ornaments. In some cases they have been worn as charms, and among the Friendly Islanders they are worn as marks of chieftainship. What is known as the money-cowry is found in the Pacific and eastern seas. Many tons of these are sent to Western Africa annually, where the native tribes use them for money. Cowries are known in England as counters in games of chance. In 1848, sixty tons of money-cowries were imported into Liverpool. Collections have been made of rare cowries, and as much as £50 has been paid for a single shell. Another fine shell of this class, is the brown cowry. This shell is of a reddish brown, striped with violet, and very glossy.

The chambered nautilus is a remarkable shell. It differs from other shells in being chambered. The animal lives in the outermost chamber, and all the others save this are filled with air. A thin layer covers the external part of the shell, beneath which there is a porcelain stratum with bands of color, while internally it has the usual mother-of-pearl appearance. It is due to this fact that it has gained the name of pearly nautilus. This shell is rare, and its rarity is probably because the animal lived in very deep water. It is a beautiful shell and the sound of the sea can always be heard in it. Holmes says:

"From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreath'd horn.

* * * * *

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell."

One of the most valuable shells because of the treasure within is the oyster. The pearl oyster is found in Madagascar, Ceylon and Panama. A large proportion is taken to Manila, where they are worth from £2 to £4 per cwt. There are three great families, the silver-lipped, the black-lipped, and the mother of pearl. The largest pearl known is said to be two inches in length, four inches round and weighs one thousand, eight hundred grains. Pearls were usually found in the old and deformed shells. The pearl fishery at Ceylon is under government supervision, and work is allowed only at short intervals. Pearls vary greatly in size and color, the largest, of course, being the most valuable. The very small ones, which are called seed-pearls, are sent to China, where they are said to be used in Chinese pharmacy. The ancient Romans were exceedingly fond of this jewel, and the single pearl which Cleopatra is said to have dissolved and swallowed was valued at £81,000. Earrings of pearls of similar high value were placed in the ears of the statue of Venus in the Pantheon at Rome.

An artistic method of using shells, and one which has rendered them very valuable, is in making cameos. The conch shells used for this purpose are those having layers of different colors, the middle layer, which is usually white, forming the body of the figure in bas-relief. The ground is formed from outer layers, which are nearly always dark. Of the many different shells used in cameo-cutting, the black-helmet is the best and most valued. A single shell of this kind is usually large enough to furnish material for six or seven brooches. There is one such shell in this country, owned by a Neapolitan, and upon this two years of labor were spent to perfect it. The cameo is valuable because of the purity of the material, permitting delicacy of design to be brought out. Cameo-cutting has declined as an art, but there are still several skilled cutters, who compete with sculptors in the beauty of this art.

There are many other shells worthy of attention, such as the abalone, the limpet, the roaring-buckie, the scallop-pecten, the chank-shell, and the murex. The abalone shells, which on account of their abundance in California, have made us somewhat neglect them, are extremely beautiful and useful. These shells are exported to Europe in large quantities, and are there made into buttons or used for inlaid patterns. The most familiar shells gathered on rock coasts are the limpets, which the children call the bonnet or

sauce shells. The roaring-buckie is a shell so called, because the sound of the sea is loudest in it. In the Zetland cottages, it is used as a lamp, being suspended horizontally by the ends, the cavity containing the oil and the canal, the wick. The scallop-pecten, which means a comb, is a bright orange-colored shell, used formerly as a drinking-cup, but afterwards it received the name of St. James shell, because it was worn by the pilgrims to the Holy Land and so became the badge of several orders of knights. Chank-shells are found principally in Ceylon and India and form a considerable article of trade in Calcutta. They are extensively worn as ornaments by the Hindu women. A chank shell opening to the right is rarely found, but for such a shell £50 or even £100 would be paid. The ancients obtained their purple dye from a shell called the murex, and even at this day, piles of broken murex shells may be seen on the Tyrian shore.

How many curious things meet us as we study more closely into this very interesting subject, but the artistic, the beautiful, appeals to us the most strongly. Many of us have held to the ear the beautifully colored shell, which sang to us the song of the sea.

“I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence, hushed his very soul
Listened intensely and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy, for from within were heard
Murmurings whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with his native sea.”—Wordsworth

NORMA V. SCALMANINI, '05.

What the Camera Does.

The ancients had the lens because in the British museum at the present time one may be seen that was found among the ruins of the city of Nineveh, destroyed more than a thousand years before the birth of Christ, but the art of photography was unknown to them, and it was not until the last century that the camera was invented.

Today the perfection of the camera may well be ranked as one of the greatest achievements of modern times. It is famous for its work in art, in science, in studying the habits of wild animals, in illustrated lectures, in architecture, in sculpture, in civil engineering, in studying the types of people of different countries, and as an important factor in the work of the war correspondent.

Everyone is familiar with the camera from an artistic stand-point, but here most of us stop and do not consider the other fields of its usefulness just mentioned.

Seton Thompson says in his "Studies of Wild Animals," that he has been most successful in taking their pictures in their native haunts where they present a far different aspect from the poor caged creatures out at the Chutes. The jungles of Africa and their inmates have been photographed for us by men who have lived temporarily in the tree-tops for days to obtain snapshots of savage, tropical animals, as they really appear in their natural state.

Most people find the greatest pleasure of all in the photos of their travels, which keep ever before them the magnificent buildings of foreign lands, the masterpieces of the world's sculpture, the perfect reproduction of famous paintings and the varying types of the different races of the globe, and does it not give a life-long pleasure to have before one a photograph of the Venus de Milo, or the Taj-Mahal, of the Sistine Madonna or the Venus de Milo?

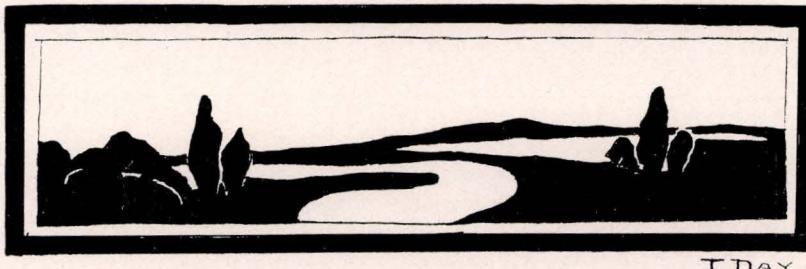
But there is something deeper than this appeal to the artistic. What would we have done in the recent war between Japan and Russia without the spirited representation of the great naval and land battles by the war correspondent? The lecture given by Mr. Emerson at the monthly exhibition of the California Camera Club was made doubly interesting by the wonderful array of photos thrown upon the screen. They were thrilling scenes, whose like may never again be seen on the earth. What a wonderful wealth of war photographs we have had in the recent magazines.

The great universities of the world acknowledge today that the camera is one of their greatest teachers. The students in the Civil Engineering and Coast Survey work, snap off every square rod of terri-

tory, every rocky pass, every harbor entrance that may enable them to understand thoroughly the country over which they travel for the purpose of making observations and measurements. The medical department throws upon the screen in the lecture room magnified pictures of each organ of the body, perfect in every detail, presenting to the student most accurate scientific knowledge. In a recent lecture, given in this city before one of the women's clubs, one of our practicing physicians gave a most instructive talk upon the human eye, which was illustrated by over one hundred pictures.

What a variety of subjects is seen in the popular, illustrated lectures presented before audiences in this great city! Every science, every art, every part of the world is brought before them. The mind of each one present is charmed with the photographs that show most beautiful colorings, moonlight effects and every aspect of nature. The highest degree of excellence is the moving pictures as shown by Burton Holmes and others, where rushing rivers and smoking railroad trains scurry across the screen. The camera is indeed, a great benefactor, a great instructor.

FLORENCE HAYS, '05. *SN*



The Ancient Church*

Pure is the air, and sweet with its burden of fragrance,
 Wafted from mile upon mile of pinon and spruce trees;
 Warm is the sun as it smiles down benignly upon it,
 Bright'ning the sober brown of the Mexican houses,
 Diffusing all with an aspect of drowsy contentment.

Quaint are its streets but quainter still when on week days,
 Crowded with venders of wood which, stacked on the burros
 Almost obscures them from view, yet they bear it with patience,
 Blinking their meek, dark eyes, and hastening not
 At the goadings and cries of the Mexicans.
 On Sundays is seen a more striking and beautiful spectacle,
 When, at the peal of the bell in the ancient cathedral
 Dark-eyed señoritas in long, fringed shawls of fine texture
 Throng through the streets toward the church, while come with them,
 Gay señoritas and nenas in bright-colored dresses,
 Liv'ning the picture with flashes of brilliancy pleasing.
 Full is this city of romance and legends historical;
 Monuments, many and various, uplift with an air magisterial
 Ramparts and venerable towers of age marked adobe:
 Some having stories to tell of fierce battles with Indians,
 While in their crumbling walls tiny arrow and spear heads
 Still may be found, with edges as sharp and as pointed
 As when they sped on their errand of death toward the battlements.

One of the noblest and grandest of these ancient monuments,
 Stands on a small plot of ground upon one of the side streets,
 Shaded by locust and purpled in summer with iris
 Whose heavy fragrance surrounds it like incense, the altar,
 Crumbled and seared by age, yet still nobly rearing
 Its white, wooden cross with its message of love and of heaven,
 The same to humanity now that it whispered in past generations.

Now, as the silvery haired sexton, in answer to summons,
 Softly the wide, wooden doors at the entrance uncloses,
 Gently the spirit is touched by a feeling of wonder,
 Awe at its atmosphere sacred, and solemn and holy.

*Editor's Note:—San Miguel church, the oldest church standing upon American soil, is one of the many objects of historical interest in Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, a city which in quaintness and artistic beauty is said to rival the cities of Egypt. Green are the hills that encircle the city of Santa Fe.

White are the walls as the purest of snow with their covering of
yeso,

Small are the windows of glass, plain and white, and the sunshine
Barely creeps in, but a light, as of evening approaching,
Softly the sanctum prevades, and softly touches the paintings,
Pictures of all of the Saints, and of Christ and of Mary.

Simple the benches of wood, and even more simple the altar,
Lighted with long, waxen tapers and white, while upon it
Stands a large crucifix bearing its suffering figure,
Seeming to breathe forth, as all in this quaintest of buildings,
Hallowed with age and with history, a sermon impressive,
Silently stealing from out the dim vista of ages.

Hark! Overhead strains of heavenly music are sounding,
Breathless we listen and wonder, awaiting the miracle.
Trembling we gaze and with fancy enkindled, expectant,
See a bright halo encircle the head of the crucified,
Shine there an instant with fiery and dazzling brilliancy,
Spread until all of the figure seems glowing with golden light,
Closing our eyes with its radiance holy and glorious.

Marveling, half doubting, our gaze turns once more toward the
erucifix.

Gone is the halo, and twilight again hovers over it.
Shadows again drape the altar, yet out of a window high
Creeps a stray sunbeam, in fright at its own daring playfulness.

High in the tower, the great ancient bell peals its history,
How it was brought here the first in the land of Columbia,
Carried from Spain in the time of our fair country's infancy,
Borne here with suffering intense, both from thirst and from famine,
Borne to San Miguel's across the wide plains, and in mule teams,
Costing the lives of so many who labored to save it,
Martyr-like deaths by the savages cruel and inhuman.

Slowly the spirit returns to the paths of reality,
Issues again from the twilit church into sunshine,
Soft'ning and dark'ning now with the shadows of evening.
Mutely returns the last fragrant farewell, breathed by the locust
and iris.
Silently echoes with infinite sadness, the last dying peal of the
church bell.

KATHRINE CROSS, '06.

L'Enfant Perdu

C'était un après-midi en juin, très agréable, et le soleil brillait dans toute sa gloire. Ses chauds et brillants rayons pénétraient le feuillage dense des hauts pins et des eucalyptus, et frappaient la terre au-dessous. Cette place sous ces arbres était plus fraîche que toutes les autres plus ouvertes. Ces arbres s'étendaient à une grande distance et au-dessous courait un petit ruisseau babillard.

Le chemin, hors du bois, était couvert de poussière, comme le sont ordinairement tous les chemins dans la campagne, mais cela ne troublait pas notre voyageur. En effet, à quelque distance plus bas sur le chemin, on apercevait un petit enfant âgé d'à peu près cinq ans, marchant lentement, sans se soucier d'aucune chose autour de lui. Ses habits étaient sales, son visage et ses mains étaient malpropres et ses pieds sans souliers. Ainsi avec des jambes brûlées par le soleil, il parcourut la poussière chaude du chemin, jusqu'à ce qu'il ait trouvé la place décrite.

Immédiatement il dirigea ses petits pas vers cet endroit, et s'assit du côté du ruisseau. Toutseul, mais ça ne faisait pas de différence. Comme un enfant, il pataugea dans l'eau, jouant avec les pierres et le sable le long du cours d'eau, écoutant les chansons des oiseaux dans les branches au dessus de sa petite tête.

Le soir approchait, l'obscurité apparut, et le pauvre enfant solitaire continua à jouer. Enfin, se sentant fatigué, il se coucha et s'endormit bientôt.

A la maison, les heures s'étaient écoulées l'une après l'autre; huit heures avaient sonné et l'enfant n'était pas de retour. Ses parents commencèrent à s'effrayer, son père prit une lanterne et se mit en route afin de chercher son enfant. Il s'informa auprès des garçons du voisinage où il pourrait retrouver son fils; on lui dit qu'on l'avait vu de bonne heure, ce jour-là, suivre la grande route dans la campagne.

Son père, fort inquiet, suivit ce chemin jusqu'à l'endroit où croissaient les grands arbres. Maintenant les rayons de la lune remplaçaient, pâles et blanches, ceux du soleil. Tout à coup la lumière de sa lanterne brilla sur une petite forme étendue à terre, immobile. S'approchant doucement il découvrit que c'était son enfant endormi, ne sachant rien de l'inquiétude et de la frayeur de ses parents. Il prit le petit voyageur dans ses bras, le porta à la maison, et le remit à la mère qui fondit en larmes, heureuse d'avoir retrouvé son fils.

May Van Gulpen, '05.

Where We Get Our Fish



Do you realize that it is not necessary to cross oceans and foreign lands in search of the unique and picturesque? Do you realize that here in our own city we can find these delightful conditions? One afternoon, as we were in search of these very things, we bounded a Kearny street car, and after a ride of twenty minutes, got off near the famous, old Meigg's wharf at North Beach. Turning to the left, we made our way between piles of lumber, over pieces of wood and, finally, going in back of an Italian boathouse, then through a hole in a fence, we found ourselves on the celebrated Fisherman's wharf.

The wharf encloses a rectangular area of water which serves as a safe refuge for numerous fishing-smacks and gasoline launches. If it had not been for Alcatraz Island and Mt. Tamalpais looming up

off in the distance, we might have thought ourselves in a foreign land. The queer looking fishing-smacks with their great lateen sails furled, the long wharves lined with nets which were drying over the railings, the quantities of fish, and the Italian fishermen talking in their native tongue, singing snatches of their native songs, dressed in high boots, bright colored shirts, with bandanas tied about their necks and Tam O'Shanters perched saucily on their dark, curly hair, all tended to make us feel far away from San Francisco.

And then the long array of nets drying on the rails! We had never seen so many nets before in our lives. There were gill nets with fine mesh used for catching smelt and herring, the three-mesh nets and the seine nets. These seine nets were of very fine mesh and made of coarse, dark strands. We were told by a picturesque, dark-eyed son of Italy, in his broken English, that these were used for small, white-fish and sardines. Some of the gill nets were tremendously large, being four hundred twenty-five feet long and seventy-two feet wide. The poor fish certainly haven't much chance when they run up against such nets as these!

What immense numbers of fish are caught! We have dreamed of them every night since. One can imagine what quantities there were when four or five hundred pounds is considered a good catch.

in one of those large nets. There were big fish, little fish, fat fish, and thin fish. Huge salmon with their slate-blue backs and silvery under sides shining in the sun. Black bass and striped bass, mackerel, soles and flounders with their queer eyes on the upper sides of their body, and then there were loads and loads of sardines; the smallest of these are used as bait for crabs. You can't imagine, unless you've been there, what beautiful colorings the fish, fresh from the water, present to the eye—blue, black, brown, yellow and green tintings, but the silvery metallic colorings were by far the most prevalent.

When we asked one of the sturdy Italians about the different fish, he pointed out the salmon, and told us what wonderful fish



they were, how at the first high-water in the spring, they go up the various rivers to deposit their eggs, how they can jump as high as fourteen feet out of the water, and even describe a curve of twenty feet to surmount a cascade. He told us of the striped bass, their habit also of entering fresh water streams to breed, or, as the case might be, to catch smelt for their food. He pointed out the herring and told how they came south every year from their homes in the Arctic sea for the purpose of depositing their eggs.

One of the most interesting sights that we noticed was the baiting of the crab-nets. In one of the bright-green fishing-smacks just below the wharf where we stood were seven swarthy fishermen, each busily baiting a net with hundreds of tiny, shining sardines. The tops of the nets were circular in shape, with many hooks attached to a round hoop. On these hooks were fastened these sardines as bait for the unsuspecting crab. These round nets are then lowered with their crown of glittering sardines, and prove most attractive decoys.

This strange and interesting visit to the place where the daily

haul of fish for our large retail markets is brought from the interior rivers and the Pacific ocean was followed by thoughtful reflections on the character of the hard and dangerous work done by the brave men who go out in fog and rain, in rough weather as well as calm,

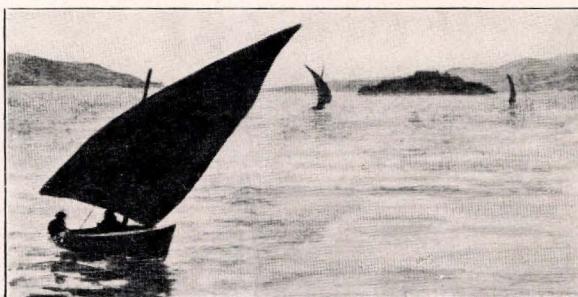


in the middle of the night, if the tide requires it, to keep our tables regularly supplied with salmon, smelt, bass or sole that may be served at the St. Francis Hotel or at some tiny cottage in our suburbs.

Gladys Hoagland, '05.

“The copper-sailed feluccas
Are out upon the bay,
Past Alcatraz a-skimming
Like sea-gulls on their way.
Yo-ho, you swarthy fisherfolk,
A-tacking in the strait,

May luck attend your fishing nets
Beyond the Golden Gate;
And may a shining harvest
Be yours, my friends, to weigh
Your copper-sailed feluccas
A-tilt upon the bay.”



The "Great Spirit's" Gift

Once at the bottom of a huge rock in the high Sierras, a mysterious stream had its source. It was none other than the great river Lethe, and as it glided on its way, it passed by a great, dark cave where the Great Spirit of slumber was said to dwell. Everything was quiet and hushed except the slow and monotonous flow of the river, and no bird or beast intruded on the spot. The very air was seldom stirred by any breeze strong enough to disturb the beautiful, golden poppies growing in front of the cave, or cause them to nod their sleepy heads.

Not far from this vast cave, two inimical tribes, the Mono and Wahsatchi, had set up their tepees or wigwams, two peoples, opposed in all else, but united in their fear of the unknown spirit who, by his charms, would make one forget all he held dearest to him.

In order to appease this great power, all manner of sacrifices were made and one tribe tried to outdo the other in their offerings.

Now, it was said that the interior of the cave was filled with gold, and of this the Mono and Wahsatchi tribes thought with longing, and many a time had sent out braves who eagerly went in quest of the wealth. But they had always been met by the baneful influence of the golden poppies in front of the cave, so that their senses were taken from them and they became as though dead.

And thus things went on for a number of centuries, until one day it came to pass that the Great Spirit came in person to an old Medicine man living by himself on the top of a mountain and said that if each of the tribes would give up their most beautiful and valuable possession, he would take back all unfriendly feeling he might entertain for them, nay, even more than that, he would reward them, he would cover the earth with gold.

Now, indeed, were the old chiefs delighted, and each hastened to bring forth his loveliest blankets and beads and baskets, and lay them before the cave, but the gold appeared not, and no sign was received from the Spirit. At length the chief of the Mono tribe thought of his daughter, "Rippling Brook;" she was beautiful, and her graceful willowy form was greatly respected by her tribe.

Although he loved her, still the desire for gold outweighed his affection for his daughter. And so, calling her to him one day, told her that the honor of the tribe depended upon her, for she was the only possession of great value left in their camp. She must give herself up to the Great Spirit. "Rippling Brook," her head bowed down, did not stir; could her father really mean to sacrifice her, to

give her up to the dreaded Spirit? No, it could not be. But the stern voice of her father banished all hope, and in a low, trembling voice replied that his will should be done. Great consternation was felt among the tribe, but they, like their chief, had nothing but the thought of riches in their hearts.

The day drew near when Rippling Brook should deliver herself up to the Great Spirit. There was great happiness in the camp of the Mono's at the thought of the coming wealth, and the news of the sacrifice soon spread to the neighboring tribes.

But there was one among the Wahsatchi tribe, who, when he heard the news, felt sick and faint at heart, for he loved the chieftain's beautiful daughter, had loved her in his childhood when their tribes had been friendly, and still loved her in his youth.

He could not bear to think of her dying, dying such a cruel death. No, he would not let her die alone, he would go to her, he would help her, he would die with her.

'Twas the day of the sacrifice, and great excitement reigned in the camp of the Monos. Towards evening a long procession could be seen slowly winding its way towards the cave of the Great Spirit. When they drew near the destined cave, they took leave of Rippling Brook, leaving her to her sad fate. Weeping bitterly, Rippling Brook slowly approached the yawning jaws of the cave which were ready to close upon her. Hardly had she reached the mouth of the cave, when a young warrior, lithe and strongly built, sprang towards her. Oh, the hope, the comfort, and the strength that he brought with him, for it was the young Wahsatchi warrior, and with him by her, Rippling Brook had no fear.

So together they entered the great, dark cave which slowly closed over them and thus they were lost to the world.

The next morning the Mono tribe rose early, eager to reap the reward of the sacrifice.

Great was their wonder, for the Spirit had indeed fulfilled his promise and the earth was covered with gold. With one wild yell, they ran forward to seize the gold, but, alas, it was not the gold that touched their eager hands, but soft, golden flowers, the golden poppies that slept at the door of the cave of the Great Spirit of slumber.

And thus it was that the great fields of golden poppies, the Californian poppies, sent forth their greetings to the Padres who came to this land of gold.

RITA M. BYRNE, '05.

In Sunny Italy

The most interesting things in Italy are the churches, art galleries, museums, Roman ruins, and the poorer class of people. I was greatly amused by the manners and customs of the Italian peasants, so I will dwell on this subject.

As Italy is about one-half as large as California, and has twenty-one times as many inhabitants, the whole country is very thickly populated. Most of the people own only small pieces of land and are very poor. The peasant women work just as hard, or even harder than the men. They rake hay, cultivate the soil, and work in the rice fields, having the hot Italian sun beating upon them the whole day long.

Every city, town, or village has its one or more public squares where, on certain days, the people from the surrounding country bring their products to sell. This is called the market-place, and



here is where one sees all the funniest types of people imaginable. The whole square is alive with the buzz and stir of those who are buying and selling. It is well known that foreigners have a great habit of gesticulating, and here one can understand what the man is saying just by watching his excited and exaggerated motions.

The flower market in Turin is most interesting and picturesque. Some people admire the flower venders at Kearny and Market streets, but those of Turin surpass them by far. Under large, brightly colored parasols, the Italian women stand surrounded by

hundreds of flower-pots filled with fragrant flowers of every kind and hue. I was surprised to find some that we never see in California, but I missed a great many of our own flowers.

Many people come to the market-place riding on donkeys, or in old carts drawn by mules. Both the mule and its rider have plenty of time, so they never hurry onward as do the people in New York city or in Paris. Very often the driver falls asleep, but the mule creeps on its way.

One day when I was in Foggia, which is in the southeastern part of Italy, I saw some women riding on donkeys, wearing many colored dresses and gay bandanas. They were coming home from a hard day's work in the hay-fields. As they passed near me, I ran up to one and asked her in Italian, to stop a moment so that I could take her picture. She looked at me with a very puzzled expression and when I pointed the kodak at her, she became frightened and hurried away. The people in my party thought that it was a great joke that she could not understand my Italian, but afterwards I found out that those peasants only speak the dialect of that province.

Mostly all the houses in Italy, especially those of the poor people, are very old, dating back over one hundred years. Consequently, the plumbing is not up to date, and no water runs through pipes to the eighth or even the first story. Baths have to be taken either in a bathing house, or in the rivers.

Wash-day, which in some places comes once every two, three, or even six months, is a day of great excitement, especially in the small



towns where water is very scarce. Then, everybody in the family has to help, and it takes three or four days to finish the work. In some cities, there are public fountains where the people may wash their clothes. The public fountain in the picture above, is situated in a medieval village that was built for an exposition held in Turin. Even in Paris, our modern system of laundering is unknown and the laundresses wash in the Siene River. In many of the narrow streets of Genoa, clothes lines are drawn from one house to one opposite. If you should happen to pass there on a wash day you would see a great many brightly-colored handkerchiefs, towels, and other articles resembling pennants and flags which would make you stop to think whether it was not some great feast or holiday.

Italy is the place for beggars. One never visits a church or walks a short distance in the street without being confronted by six or eight persistent beggars who hold out their hands and say, "Segniorina,

un soldo," until you are forced to give a cent to each in order to have peace. This is a sort of toll that strangers have to pay when they visit Italy. In Naples, children will dive into the bay in order to find a coin that is thrown into the water by some tourist. Once a little boy ran after our carriage for over a block when, seeing that we did not notice him, he began to turn summersaults until we felt so sorry for him that we threw him some coins. Just as soon as the other children saw that, they began to follow us and ask for



money, but our driver threatened to use his whip on them so they ran away.

In Rome, one meets a great many men, women, and children who offer all sorts of things for sale. If you should buy any of those articles, you must be very careful or you will pay three times their value for them. Even in respectable shops, Italians generally ask strangers more for their goods than what they are worth and it is

necessary to bargain a great deal in order to get them at their proper prices.

Italy is a country of art, not only in her pictures, statues, and architecture, but also in the costumes and manners of the people. They are very fond of bright colors and pretty effects. Even when they hang up tomatoes and cabbages in front of their shops, they arrange them as tastefully as if they were decorating a little stage for an exhibition.

Naples is the most populous city of Italy and it is one of the noisiest and loveliest cities in the world. The people are very fond of out-of-door life and stay in the streets all day and nearly all night. The shoemaker brings his bench out on the side-walk and sits there merrily mending his shoes. Women come out in front of their houses, sew, take care of their babies, and often make their bread and cook their dinners in the open street. One sees all sorts and



conditions of men, women, and children, working, playing, buying, selling, walking, talking, singing or crying, as he is driving through the streets of Naples. At one corner he will find a flock of goats in charge of their keeper walking leisurely along and stopping once in a while to supply some person with a glass or pitcher of pure, warm milk. It is not necessary to have inspectors for milk there, nor is our modern milk-wagon known to those people.

The donkeys in Naples are smaller than our shetland ponies and one is astonished to see the heavy loads that they have to carry. Some are covered with great piles of vegetables or freshly cut grass so that nothing but their heads and feet are seen.

As the factories in Italy are not very large and the climate is so warm, the people dry their maccaroni out in the streets. They place it on long, narrow, horizontal sticks supported by upright poles and when it is dry it is put in boxes and sent to Amer-



ica. In Naples one eats the best maccaroni that he has ever tasted because the Neapolitans have a certain way of cooking it that makes it delicious.

I will close my article by trying to describe to you how I spent an evening at an Italian gentleman's home. It was a very warm evening and we started from our house thinking that we knew the way. To our great dismay, we could not find his residence. At last, after going through the whole neighborhood several times, we found the place. This house was five stories high, but, happily, the people lived on the second floor so that we did not have to climb the one hundred steps in order to get to the top. Of course, we were late for dinner but our friends overlooked that and treated us royally. In Turin the people eat bread that is about one yard long, and an inch in circumference. These long breads are called gresini, and are very good. My liking for them was quite evident by the number I ate that night. For dessert we had some of that world-renowned Neapolitan ice-cream that the Italians make so well. It is entirely different from the kind that we get down town at Maskey's or Gruenhagen's.

After dinner we sat on the balcony facing the street to enjoy the beautiful night. All at once a boy passed with his hand organ, and, seeing us, stopped to play some tunes. He gave us some selections

from the operas and other Italian pieces, and we threw down some coppers so that he would continue. All the people in the block who had not given anything came out to listen. It was most delightful to hear that sweet music coming up to us on that still, warm, summer's night, and my thoughts turned back to San Francisco and I wished that all the girls in the Girls' High could be there with me to enjoy those lovely Italian airs.

EMILY ZABALDANO, 05.

The Catastrophe and the Aftermath

The "Ranch" was situated some twenty miles from Hollister, and Farmer Dick, grandma, little Jimmie and Pat were the sole occupants of that quarter-section. Pat was the hired man, a worthy fellow, possessed of a shock of red hair, a stupendous mouth, and a most inordinate sense of the ludicrous.

The long and short of it was—Pat, laughing uproariously at one of Farmer Dick's jokes, found his jaws "going on a strike," and he had to ride twenty miles to Hollister with his mouth agape in a most precarious fashion in order to have someone coax the side joints back into place.

Farmer Dick came on, like a squire of old, behind Sir Patrick, and the two riders made an odd picture "sprinting" into Hollister. Pat was galloping as fast as his horse could go, supporting his rein-hand on the pommel of the saddle, the other one taking care of his dislocated jaws, feeling every jolt as an electric shock to his deranged dental anatomy. His hair was flying in the wind, his voluminous facial orifice rapidly acquiring a thick layer of anything but appetizing dust and sand. Farmer Dick, the cause of the awful catastrophe followed in a pitiful state of mental and physical anguish, occasioned by the sad predicament and the extraordinary horsemanship of his speeding companion. He was rent by a fierce desire to laugh, but, at the same time, feared to think what the consequences might be.

On their arrival at Hollister, they found the doctor out of town, so Pat called on the blacksmith, who by the strength of "his large and sinewy arms" succeeded in bringing the unruly jaws to time. They came to with a snap and Pat was himself again.

* * * *

Now little, nine-year-old Jimmie, out at the ranch knew of Pat's adventure and his ride to town. It was eight o'clock when he went to bed very much excited over the accident. Pat and Brother Dick hadn't returned, just grandma and he were alone in the house. But even though the house was a spooky, old place and they had never been alone at night before, Jimmie never would have been so scared if he hadn't heard that very day about the way old farmer Jones had been murdered three nights before.

The night was a very dark one, and Jimmie's thoughts, as he lay in bed were leading him a lively dance through the horrors of the most blood-curdling experiences with robbers, thieves and murder-

ers. He could not go to sleep, and occasionally he heard his grandmother moving around downstairs. He trembled from head to foot in dread and fear that some awful thing might befall them alone in the house while Brother Dick and Pat were away.

In the midst of all these terrorizing thoughts Jimmie heard the clattering hoofs of approaching horses and the low murmur of men's voices coming nearer and nearer, but so suppressed in tone that he could not recognize them. It was entirely too early, he thought, for Brother Dick and Pat to be returning home. They had a good forty-mile ride to Hollister and back.

He heard the horses stop, the men jump to the ground and walk up on the porch and enter the door. They walked softly about downstairs and spoke in subdued undertones. Could it be possible that those murderers were still in the neighborhood? Where was grandma? Could they have done away with her so noiselessly?

Jimmie felt in the marrow of his bones, that his last hour had come as some one came cautiously along the hall and up the stairs. His teeth were chattering, his knees were knocking together and his heart was beating like a steam-hammer. The footsteps sounded just outside his door and then the door-hinge squeaked slightly and he knew some one was in the room. He shut his eyes as tightly as he could, held his breath and was just in the act of "ducking" his head under the bedclothes when he felt a hand upon him and grandma's familiar, soft voice said: "I have come to get my knitting, dear, I left it on your bed today. Brother Dick and Pat have just come home and the broken jaw is set all right again."

MAY MURRAY, '05.



CLASS OFFICERS, DECEMBER, '05



Wailing of the Class Ghost

The clock strikes twelve, the wind is high,
The watch dog howls, the bare trees sigh,
The cypress mourns, the willows weep,
But I my silent watch must keep,
For I must roam far, far away,
Nor can I rest till break of day.
But with my utmost power must strive
To learn the fate of "naughty five."
"Tis this I've learned without a doubt.
(It may be long but hear me out.)

R. Byrne and E. Golden are writing a book,
Although for high school girls it's not how to cook,
But the subject is this, as you all may divine,
'Tis "How to reach school by a quarter past nine."

G. J. at astronomy's won a great name,
For planets discovered, wide-spread is her fame;
To study the stars, she would oft sit up late,
'Till on Mt. Hamilton she at last met her fate.

Kathryn Krone's on the road as a tragedy queen,
And her name on the bill-boards is everywhere seen.
F. Moose as her manager surely is fine,
For you know advertising is right in her line.

Next comes dear, old Zab, expert basket-ball coach,
The work of whose team none can ever reproach.
Nellie S. (now I know that this news is not strange)
For I've recently found that her name she'll soon change.

As a gay prima donna, H. Montgomery now scores,
And fills all the theaters up to the doors.
As a whistler, May Murray is quite a success,
But of L. Hurtzig's fate, I know you can't guess.

She now is the queen of a great Zulu chief,
And society leader on a drear, coral reef.
A demure, maiden lady is Ernestine G.,
And keeping her comp'ny is prim Helen P.

'Tis surprising, I know, to hear that T. Barnes
At Alviso is one of the best of school-marms.
In the country D. Johnson gave lessons in art;
But, alas! to a farmer she soon lost her heart.

And, next on the list, is our dear Florence Hays
Who to suitors unnumbered has said many nays.
As society matron, she's now soaring high,
And is chief chaperone for C. C. P. Phi Chi.

Woman's rights are upheld by Rose Silver, I'm told.
She can talk even faster than in days of old.
And right here let me state, spite of all law and precedent,
Bessie Eddy is destined to be the next president.

"How to keep out of trouble," by May H. Van G.,
 The most popular book of the day soon will be,
 While F. Hofers, the wife of a staid missionary,
 Now lives in a country discovered by Perry.

A noted clubwoman is sweet Mabel Z.,
 And a young soubrette gay is Miss Lillie O'C.
 It makes me quite sad to relate that L. Hoots
 Is a song and dance artist right out at the Chutes.

From an airship for two, Norman S. views the world,
 For that troubles one less than when sails must be furled.
 Gladys H. is enjoying her third wedding tour.
 She is now in the land where "good morning's" "bon jour."

Here lies Helen H., a prim maiden, antique,
 Whose voice ever would end in an agonized squeak.
 Thirteen years did she serve on the "Milpitas Times,"
 As headquarters for gossip and grinding out rhymes.

This last, I read on tombstone gray,
 In a country church-yard far away.
 But, now, the pale-faced moon is low,
 And very soon the cock will crow.
 So I must up and homeward hie,
 For night is gone and dawn is nigh.

Class Ghost, '05.



Class History

“Whither go they, and whence come they?
What are these of whom ye tell?”

One cloudy January morning in 1901, when the principal and teachers were standing gloomily about discussing the beginning of the new term, a dazzling light broke upon their view. What caused this great transformation of the gloomy scene? A band of juniors, baby juniors as they were opprobiously called, entered the portals, with shining eyes, with such highly intellectual faces, such determined force of character as made that group of teachers start back in amazement. Now, indeed, will our school shine forth with glory and honor was the thought in each teacher's mind. Nor were they disappointed. Problems that had been a dark mystery to other classes were clear as a crystal to our quickly comprehending minds, classic myths were fairy stories to us. Latin! Oh my! after the first month there were no girls among us, they were all puellae; even the poor old school cat was rechristened Dumnorix, What artists! as our drawing teacher often exclaimed, then in a vein of playful pleasantry would add, “Miss C., the stems of the flowers look too much like shoe strings.”

The Senior reception to this class! How different from others. Instead of being over-awed by their superiority as other baby juniors had been, we felt that we must be of more importance than they, for were we not to be before the public eye for three more years? while they would soon be a memory, pleasant or otherwise, as the case might be.

“Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?”

And now we enter the second year, no more baby attached to our names. Some of our gallant band had fallen in the din of battle but the rest marched bravely on.

The pitfalls of Geometry daunted us not. No angle so obtuse we could not find its point, no circle so round we could not straighten it into a square.

Bravely we had to stand our ground lest our glory be wrested from us by the outgoing Seniors or incoming Juniors.

This was our last year with Mr. Brooks who had worked so wisely and faithfully for the good of all the school.

"On we march then, we the workers, and the rumors that ye hear
Are the blended sound of battle and the deliverance drawing near."

Our third year began sadly, with a farewell reception to Mr. Brooks, but our hearts were cheered when we found that Dr. Scott would take his place, for we knew that he would take up the work and carry it on as wisely as his predecessor.

This year was made notable by the introduction of the gymnasium. What grace of movement, what beauty of form was developed.

By this time we could write abstracts by instinct. Name us but the name of a noted man, and we could write you his history, birth-place, parentage, character, work done, and all that one would ever want to know about him with the ease of a Macaulay.

"Our band is few but true and tried
Our leader frank and bold."

And now we are seniors with all the burden and care as well as the dignity and honor of the last year resting upon us. No one dare fail now for there is no future year to make up in. We gave our reception to the juniors, poor, little, silly, baby Juniors, how could they ever hope to become our equals in wisdom and knowledge. We really felt sorry for them as they gazed upon us with awe and wonder and a look of hopeless despair at the thought of ever reaching the dizzy height whereon we stood.

After a sharp skirmish the class pin and color were selected.

We shall bid farewell to the Girls' High December 8, '05, with glad hearts that our work is done, and with regret at leaving our principal and teachers who have so patiently aided us in our work.

And now the history of our school life is finished, and because our numbers are so few, we are denied the public plaudits of admiring parents and friends, yet we know the excellence of these few have been appreciated by all.

"When can their glory fade?
Oh the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered."

Leona Hoots, '05.



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The time is fast approaching when we, the members of the first, regular Christmas, graduating class, will bid farewell to our Alma Mater.

We are not leaving our High School course with loud exclamations of joy and sighs of relief because the end is drawing near, as we used to think we would, but, on the contrary, it is with sighs of regret that we bid farewell to our High School life.

Whether we continue our studies at University or Normal, whether we stay at home or journey abroad, may we uphold the honor of our school as it has been upheld by members of graduating classes before us. We must remember the high standard which the Girls' High School has always maintained and this knowledge will help us to strive earnestly for the highest ends, that it may not be the work of the first December class, to drag it down.

Although we will no longer be enrolled as students of the Girls' High School, nothing hinders us from becoming members of its alumnae or from remaining loyal and true to it. We can shout just as lustily for the victory of its basketball team and sing just as heartily to cheer on its debators as we have done in the past.

We must now bid farewell to our fellow-students and to the kind and persevering faculty whom we have learned to appreciate and esteem during our four years under their jurisdiction. May they forget our faults and keep a soft spot in their hearts for the "Class of December, '05."



OFFICERS STUDENT BODY

How Big Was Alexander? Oh, No!

By a future Freshie and her Ma.

How big was Gladys Bowman, Ma,
That Girl's High calls her great?
Was she like old Goliah, tall
Her spear a hundred weight?
Was she so large that she could stand
Like some tall steeple high,
And while her feet were on the ground,
Her hands could touch the sky?

Oh no, my child, about as large
As I or sister Mame,
'Twas not her stature made her great
But the greatness of her name.
She was the one, who, on that night
Began the great debate
'Twas on October twenty-eighth
We'll ne'er forget the date.
She stood upon our stage, the first,
Defiance in her eye.
And there was written on her face
We'll conquer or we'll die.

How smart was Lillian Hurtzig, Ma,
In scholarship the best?
Was she in all her class work, then
The leader of the rest?
Could she in history shine out
An ever brilliant star,
Or was't in mathematics, she
Was famed both near and far?

Not so, my child, she gained renown
On that same glorious night
Upholding our fair honors in
The Lowell-Girl's High fight.
She strove to show her hearers, clear
With all her maiden grace,
'Tis wrong from suffrage to exclude
The striving, negro race.

This modest, maiden orator
With voice, so sweet in tone
Her words like liquid honey fell
To rival Nestor's own.
Pray, who was dear Gwen Powers, Ma?
So oft, we hear her name.
Did strength in basket ball secure
Her zabaldanian fame?
Did she make goals when first we played
The Alameda team?
Where, prowess did this lass display
To win such marked esteem.

'Twas not, my love, in basket ball
Gwen Powers vict'ry won,
Debating 'gainst the Lowell's, dear
Her wondrous work was done.
Her eloquence, persuasiveness
Thrilled many a heart with pride
As one inspired, there she stood
To hurl defeat aside.
Cheer after cheer then rent the air
For Girl's High's powers, great
Tumultuous, exultation ours
We'd won our first debate.

Was Hazel Carrau, then, my ma,
A great debater, too?
Why is her name remembered, now
Among the honored few?

Oh no, my child, her task was this,
To lead our golden throng
That we should make the hall, resound
With our triumphant song.
Tall, fair, and graceful, there she strove
With energy and vim
And all the vigor of her youth
To help our Girl's High win.



The First Public Debate of the Girls' High

When "Lowell threw the gauntlet at our feet," inviting us to take part in a public debate, we accepted their challenge with great delight. We had been working in our home club for just one year, and we were anxious to enter the arena and see if we could win our spurs in "our maiden effort." Having no regular debating team, we held several tryouts which resulted in the selection of Gladys Bowman, Lillian Hurtzig and Gwendolyn Powers as the first team, and of Jessica Laffin, May Murray and Nellie Trewick as the second team. Great enthusiasm was aroused throughout the school for we were to inaugurate a new line of work. As Mr. Stokes, who had been the leading spirit in school club, could give no time for outlining the team work, Mr. Leon Martin was secured as coach.

The question for debate was: "Resolved, that the suffrage should be taken from the negroes in the United States, provided that such action can be legally and constitutionally taken by the revision of the fifteenth amendment, or otherwise." The date chosen was Saturday evening, October 29, in the Auditorium of the Girls' High School, and the gentlemen who kindly consented to act as judges were Judge Kerrigan, Judge Sloss and Col. Edwards. The gathering of the clans was most interesting. The Lowellites were given one section of the large hall, some of their boys in the front rows of the gallery, while the Girls' High students filled another section. The

colors of each school, the red of the Lowell, and the gold of the Girls' High, making their respective sections very brilliant and attractive. The school spirit on each side was very much in evidence. The Girls' High had written a number of very sanguine songs to well-known airs, and under the inspiring leadership of Miss Hazel Carrau, as song and yell-leader, they were sung with a vim. The Lick School of Mechanical Arts helped us out, as some of their boys lent their deeper tones to our school yells, for which we are duly grateful and take this opportunity of thanking them. The Lowell High held its own splendidly in yells, and most enthusiastic announcements that theirs was the winning team without a doubt. As we felt exactly the same, neither side was at any disadvantage. With these spirited songs, rousing yells, waving red and gold ribbons, sudden blossoming of huge golden chrysanthemums above the heads of the Girls' High students, the first part of the program closed.

The program proper was opened by Leslie B. Henry of the Lowell High School assuming charge of the debate as chairman, and announcing that Miss Edna Owens of the Lowell, and Miss May Murray of the Girls' High would act as time-keepers. On the left of the stage was seated the Lowell team consisting of Miss Ruth Lewis, Miss Elizabeth Worley and Miss Mary Ada Pence. On the right was the Girls' High team consisting of Miss Gladys Bowman, Miss Lillian Hurtzig and Miss Gwendolyn Powers. The Lowell team put forth a well-prepared and carefully made-up debate which they delivered with exceptional skill, but they were in for a hard struggle as they were against girls from the Girls' High, and the judges decided unanimously in favor of our school.

Well! didn't we have an enthusiastic school rally in the auditorium on Monday morning! Speeches were made by the faculty and the Team. Songs that had added so much to the enjoyment of the evening were sung again, made, as before, more enjoyable by the magnetic and vigorous guidance of Miss Hazel Carrau keeping us on the right track. Most cordial and spontaneous praise was given to our team which couldn't lose, as was said, because it was led by our best Bowman, our Hurtzig (hearts) were in it, and it ended with all our Powers.

It was the universal sentiment of the school assembled, that the magnificent work done during the year by Mr. Stokes in showing us what is required in debate work, and the everlasting debt we owe to Mr. Martin for his conscientious efforts as a coach, in outlining and perfecting the team's final, led us on to our grand victory.

* * * *

One year ago this August the Debating and Literary Society was

organized and since then it has been one of the most active of the school organizations.

The enrollment is now over sixty and it is rapidly on the increase. The meetings are held every Thursday, one week being devoted to debates by the members of the club, while the alternate one is spent in literary exercises.

Although some of the girls have been very regular in their attendance, there is plenty of room for improvement among the members and they are urged to be more prompt in the future.

A number of very interesting debates have been held this last term, and these, together with the records of the society, show the great growth it has made in the past six months.

The teachers of the school have shown their interest in the club by acting as willing judges in the numerous debates, and we wish to thank them for their kindness and interest. The society wishes also to extend a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. Stokes, who has been the "guardian angel of the club." It was through his energy that this organization was started and kept alive. He coached us in our small debates, offered suggestions and has aided us in every way, throughout the entire year.

Air--"It Was the Dutch"

We have the best debaters of this great progressive age,
 And they did quickly win the day here on the Girls' High stage;
 They did defeat the Lowell team, defeat them sure and fair,
 So that they must acknowledge they were beaten on the square.

—Chorus—

Here's to our team!
 Here's to our team!
 Did the Lowellites defeat 'em? Well it did not seem.
 Here's to our team!
 Here's to our team!
 Did the Lowellites defeat 'em ever? No.

They threw the gauntlet at our feet, we couldn't let it rest;
 In that our maiden effort, we just did our level best.
 In other fields we've gained renown, we're always in the van,
 So there that night our team we knew would win, 'ere they began.

—Chorus—

Air--"Heidelberg"

Better than riches or worldly wealth
 And things that are worth relating,
 Is the team that did stand on our stage that night,
 And beat Lowell High debating;
 For then there was only a little time
 Ere we knew who would be the winners
 So, come, let us sing, and let voices ring
 With a cheer for the team of Girls' High.

—Chorus—

Here's to the school we love so well,
 Here's to its colors true,
 Here's to its team of debaters, three
 Here's to their victory.
 Here's to the coach who helped us through,
 Here's to the Doctor, too,
 Here's to the Judges that they may deem,
 The winners, the Girls' High team.

So friends of us all, for such you are,
 Who came to our school that night,
 To hear, in debate, two rival teams,
 Each bound to win out in the fight,
 The days of yore will come no more,
 But still in after years
 When thoughts relate to our first debate,
 With pride we will often sing,

—Chorus—

Air---“Clementine”

Yes we beat them, did defeat them,
 Girls' High always did surpass
 Any one that tries her mettle,
 Of whatever school or class.

—Chorus—

Oh, debaters, Oh, debaters,
 In you lay our hopes and fears,
 You surpassed them and outclassed them
 And we'll love you all our years.

Girls' High ever, through endeavor,
 Yes, we win, though boys did rage,
 Why they e'en sent girls to fight us,
 That shows this is woman's age.

—Chorus—

They attack'd us, at our fortress,
 In our building strong and high,
 But they soon went back lamenting,
 None can ever wax Girls' High.

—Chorus—

Air---“Funiculi, Funicula”

Some thought the Girls' High team would win the debate
 And so did I;
 And so did I;
 Some thought that victory was fast approaching,
 Was drawing nigh;
 Was drawing nigh;

And we were there to see our girls beat Lowell,
 With all their might;
 With all their might;
 And then with loudest voice you heard us all yell,
 That they're all right;
 That they're all right.

—Chorus—

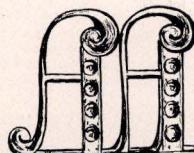
Girls High, Girls' High, That's the team we love,
 Girls' High, Girls' High, One that ranks above,
 Funiculi, funicula, funiculi, funicula !
 How we sang for their success, our girls of G. H. S.

Some thought it was wrong to set our school debating
 But not so I;
 But not so I;
 Some thought they'd not the slightest chance of winning,
 From Lowell High;
 From Lowell High;
 But we were proud of our brave team of Girls' High,
 For they did well;
 For they did well;
 And there did surely come a fair division,
 And that will do;
 And that will do.

—Chorus—

Our team was never given up to sighing,
 Or all the rest;
 Or all the rest;
 For they had never ceased to keep on trying,
 Their very best;
 Their very best;
 And how with laugh and song the time soon passes,
 It wasn't long;
 It wasn't long;
 Ere we with rousing praise for our three lassies,
 Did cheer them on;
 Did cheer them on.

—Chorus—



The Art Athenaeum

Two years ago the Sketch Club disbanded and reorganized as the Art Athenaeum of the Girls' High School, and now it is one of the principal school activities. The members are working hard to finish the drawings they have started, and have been working on this term by Christmas, so that we will have something to show for the hours we have spent in the studio since the summer vacation.

Miss Della Johnson and Miss Bessie Eddy graduate with the Christmas class of '05. We regret very much losing them as active members of our club. Miss Johnson was one of the organizers of the Art Athenaeum, and has always been a prominent member on account of her excellent artistic talent. Miss Eddy, though only a new member, has shown herself efficient in water color work

The Girls' High School Camera Club

The Camera Club has always been a source of great pleasure to its members since it was first organized over six years ago. But owing to lack of space, the club's work has been discontinued for the past six months. The rooms devoted to the use of its members were needed for other purposes. The club, however, still exists and has officers, although no work is being done at present. The officers for this term are—

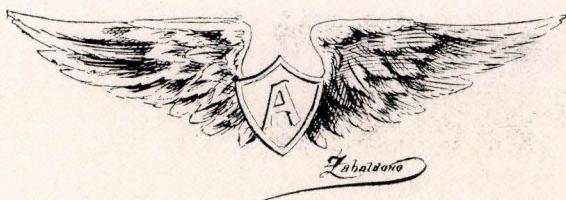
May Van Gulpen	President
Lillie O'Connor	Vice-President
Gladys Cameron	Secretary
Lottie Kellenbeck	Treasurer

In the near future space will again be provided and the club will resume its work. When it is opened to new members, we sincerely hope that a large number of the younger scholars as well as the older ones will join this pleasure deriving club.



ATLANTA BASKET BALL TEAM

Lela Trewick, Goad; Lillian Hurtig, Touch; Florence Samuels, Guard; Clara Hayrett, Goal; Francetta Moose, Goal. Gladys Bowman, Side Center; Hazel Sobe, Side Center; May Cristal, Captain; Lena Hause, Guard; Emily Zabaldano, Guard.



Athletics

On Monday, October the 30th, the Atalantas played a practice game with Lowell, the score resulting 5-3 in our favor. It happened to fall on the same day that our rally was held and the enthusiasm and school spirit of our girls was evident by the large number present in the audience.

On the Wednesday of that same week a game between the Atalantas and Alameda was played in a sand court belonging to one of the Alameda Grammar Schools. The score was 2-2, but it might have been much higher if we had played in a hall, especially when about two hundred Girls' High girls went all the way from San Francisco to urge on and encourage their team by their yells and songs. Really, girls, you outdid those twenty Alameda rooters by far.

Saturday, the 4th of November, was an exciting day for the Atalantas. The team and its two chaperons, Miss Jewett and Mrs. Christal, met at the Third and Townsend depot at a few minutes before eight. With the exception of the forgetting of the ball by one of the girls and the missing of the train by Miss Gompertz, who was delayed on account of the thick fog on the bay, the trip down to San Jose was most delightful. We were met by some of the San Jose girls who took us to the Normal School grounds. Their court is out of doors and is made of hard ground. The day was very warm and the hot sun shining down upon the girls added greatly to their disadvantage. The game was a very good one, Girls' High standing 5-2 at the end of the first half. Miss Francetta Moose made a very pretty field throw, thereby scoring two points. Miss May Christal gave proof of her excellent aim by making several goals from the foul line. At the end of the second half the score stood 8-7 in San Jose's favor. Every girl on the team did some fine team work and passing, and our school can feel proud of the Atalantas, even though they were defeated. Miss Estes, who substituted for Miss Gompertz, did her part as umpire very well. It is quite evident that if Dr. Scott wants us to beat every team that we play against he must try to

secure an out of door court in our school, so that the girls can become accustomed to the sun, and the ground.

After the game the girls were treated to a fine luncheon, which satisfied their enormous appetites and gave them strength enough to go to Santa Clara and see the football game between the San Jose and Santa Clara High Schools. As the game lasted until 5 o'clock we took the 5:50 train and arrived home at 8:15 o'clock ready to enjoy a good night's sleep.

We hope to play with some more schools before this present team will be broken up by the graduating of some of the players. Many thanks are due to Miss Gompertz who has taken a great deal of interest in the club.

Dr. Scott and Mr. Mitchell, you have done so much for us during the last six months that words cannot express the deep gratitude we feel towards you.

Girls of the Atalanta club, all that I can wish you is, that during your membership in this school activity, you will derive as much pleasure and benefit out of basket ball as I have during the past four years. May this sport be the source of some of the best reminiscences of your high school life



It is most interesting to us to know that, one of our former graduates, Miss Alice Colman, made a most successful operatic debut as Carmen, in this city, during the past month. Miss Colman received her artistic training and some experience on the operatic stage in Paris, and her friends hope that she will become a famous prima donna for she certainly is the possessor of a clear, velvety voice of sympathetic timbre.

The edge of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona, was the scene of a picturesque and unique wedding in which Miss Anna Alberger, '07 became the bride of Mr. Roy Dunann. After remaining a week at the Grand Canyon, Mr. and Mrs. Dunann returned to this city, which they will make their home. *52 W*

Miss Hazel Wood, president of the class of Dec. '02, is at present, visiting in this city, having recently completed a course at Vassar College, where she attained a very high standing. Miss Wood contemplates going to New York in the near future where she will take up teaching as a profession.

Miss Ella J. Morton, vice-principal of the Hamilton Grammar School, has been seriously ill for the past month, but we are glad to note that she is now regaining her health.

△ *11* Miss Ethel Pippy, '05, is at present traveling in Mexico, and upon her return will probably resume her studies at the Normal.

The engagement of Miss Juia Christensen to Mr. Brown of Rio Vista is announced.

Miss Rue Clifford, '05, writes the Alumnae editress a few welcome lines of her new life at University of California: "I find that the greatest number of students here is entered in the College of Social Sciences. The English History course given by Prof. Henry Morse Stephens is the favorite, for he has the largest class in the University.

It takes but a short time to imbibe college spirit, for after one has gone to two or three rallies, he or she is a thorough U. C. student. These college rallies give to the whole student-body a united purpose, an impetus in any one direction. While one gets the greatest good out of college life by living in Berkeley, yet those who cross the bay every day enjoy the trip morning and evening. The ride on the boat is pleasant and restful, and one meets a great many of the college friends."

Miss Alice Hart, '05, confers the same favor by telling her impressions of the Normal School of this city: "My first thought when I entered the Normal and saw its busy workers, was that I could never be one of them, could never teach fifty children, never assert my personality before classmates and the Normal supervisors. I was filled with inward tremors as I handed in my credentials, but my timidity changed to pleasant relief when we were greeted by smiles and gracious words. My ideas of a teacher's duties have undergone a complete change. I formerly thought she had nothing to do but to sit at a desk, to give out some pages for study and to hear pupils recite. In just one week at the Normal I was disillusioned. I find that she studies and plans her work, studies the characters of her pupils, and works hard to get some progress from them. The High School and the Normal are widely different in every way. From the first, we are here thrown upon our own resources, and while everyone is kind and always willing to help the new-comer with timely and thoughtful suggestions, still she must find out many things for herself. However, we ten, '05 girls of the G. H. S. are enjoying every bit of the work and will be ready to give the coming class from our dear, old Girls' High as cordial and as delightful a welcome as was extended to us."

Mrs. Elena Roeckel Smith, '03, and her husband, have been abroad for the last year traveling through many of the European countries. They spend this winter in either Paris or Brussels.

Miss Gertrude Gabbs, since her withdrawal from the Girls' High has given her entire time to her work as Sunday supplement writer for the Bulletin of this city, and her contributions are always good. Miss Gabbs should do something in the way of dramatic composition. She has power along that line.

Miss Adriani Spadoni, '99, has just published a very unique article on "Chinese Orphanage" in the Chronicle. It is written in a manner that shows close research and admirable diction.

Mrs. Ethel Woodward Glenn, '03, who, since her marriage, has made her home on the Glenn ranch, in Glenn county, has now returned to San Francisco, probably to remain permanently. She has been the guest of honor at several pleasant gatherings recently.

Mrs. Clara Dolliver Burtchaell read a very interesting paper before the Society of the Daughters of the Pioneers during the last month. The subject matter was based upon the sight-seeing she and her husband enjoyed during their journey through India, China and Japan a year ago. Mrs. Burtchaell gave her impressions of the five cities of the Orient she liked the best. She has promised to let her Alma Mater have the pleasure of hearing this paper in the near future.

Miss Nellie Lamont, '96, and her brother, are having a royal good time doing the great cities of Europe, and no one could enjoy better the world of art and music than they.

Miss Jennie Hillman, vice-principal of the Horace Mann Grammar is making a record for excellent eighth grade composition work. Miss Thompson recalls with great pleasure, the excellent work Miss Hillman did in English during her High School course.

Mrs. Hettie Perkins Hobbs, '70, is in Seoul, Corea. Perhaps it is because Asia has been the center of interest in many ways for the last five years that a number of our great school family have been enjoying its quaint customs, and odd people.

Miss Amelia Goldstein entertained some friends recently in a very acceptable manner by permitting them to see her collection of European photos, gathered during her trip of last year. Misses Selma and Lutie Goldstein, who had gone abroad some five years before, added their quota to hers and the evening proved one long to be remembered by the fortunate ones present. Girls' High graduates, and the three hostesses are among them, have a fondness for travel, they know what to see, and they make in this manner many happy hours for the less fortunate ones.

Miss Frances Gray, '93, has been teaching for three and a half years at Batangas, on the Island of Luzon, ninety miles south of Manila. Miss Gray was the first American teacher in that city. Her sister, Mrs. Sarah Gray Warnecke, withdrew from the Girls' High in order to take the course for trained nurses at the Children's Hospital, from which she received a diploma and followed her profession until her marriage. Mrs. Warnecke and her husband have just returned from a two years' residence at Batangas. She describes that city as a very pretty seaport, and that an elegant high school of stone and native hard woods is being erected. Fifty American pupils are in the public schools out of a population of 40,000 composed of Filipinos and Spanish mainly.

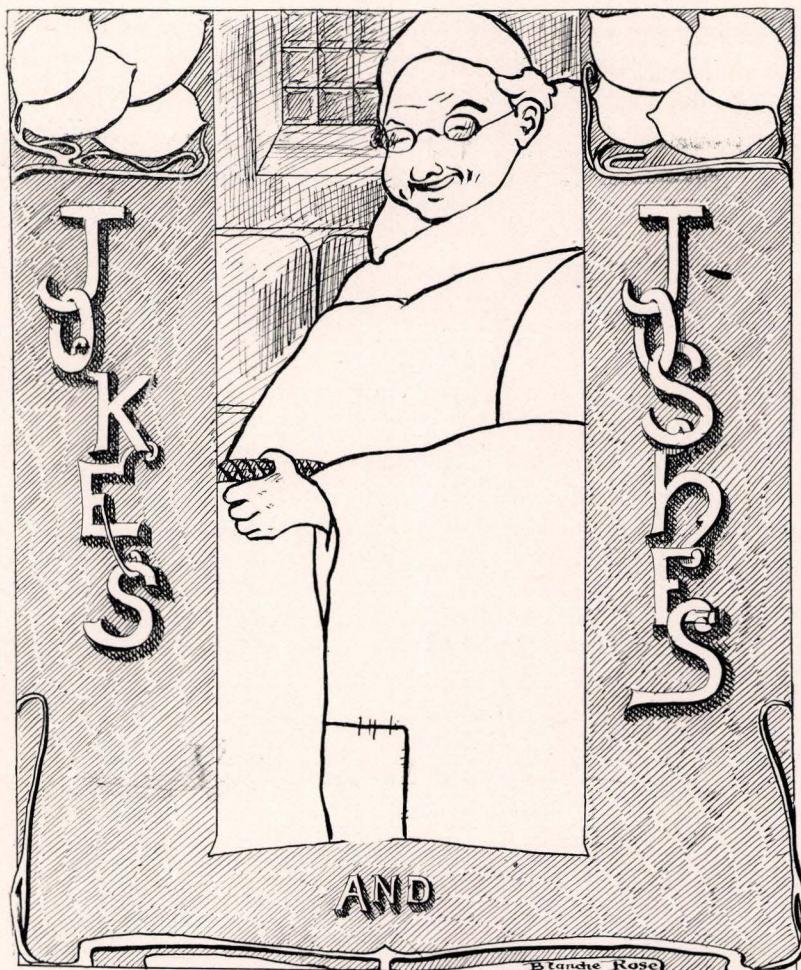
Mrs. Daisy Fitzgerald O'Brien, '93, whose husband, in the interest of the tin mining company with which he is associated, was obliged to live in the dense tropical jungle of the Malay states brought back with her, as a quaint trophy, a python skin, sixteen

feet long and sixteen inches wide. This enormous snake was killed right in their servants' quarters in the Malay forest.

Miss Hattie Leszynsky, a graduate of the G. H. S., now one of its Faculty, is enjoying a vacation trip abroad and has just reached Berlin, where she purposed giving some time to visiting the great University in that German city.

A great question is now before us. At the close of the term, what is to become of the twenty-five graduates of the December, '05, class. Some will continue their studies, others travel. Many have not as yet formulated any plans, but no doubt we will be scattered far and near, but wherever we are, we will turn with fond recollection to our Alma Mater.

Among those who intend entering the University are the Misses Eddy, Hofers and Van Gulpen. The Normal will claim the Misses Byrne, Hoagland, Hurtzig and Hamilton.



"Of all the words that lips can speak
The worst are these, 'I flunked last week.' "

Rejected suitor: "Well, I may be poor now, but I once rode around in a carriage."

Unsympathetic girl: "Yes, when your mother pushed it."—Ex.

Miss S. (in Greek): "Miss B., can you translate the review?"

Miss B. (beginning correctly): "No, by the gods."

No wonder the class looked startled.

Little Elmer: "Say, Uncle Bob, what makes you walk lame?"

Uncle Bob: "There was a street car accident to-day, and I got caught in the jam."

Little Elmer: "Well, I know how that is; Mama caught me in the jam one time, and I walked lame for a week."—Ex.

Miss R. "What did Charybdis do to the ships that came within its reach?"

Miss B.: "She swallowed them up."

Miss R.: "Swallowed them 'up' or 'down?'"

Miss B.: "Well, neither; 'she' just 'took them in.' "

Mamie: "I am dreaming of my youth."

The Brute: "I thought you had a far away look in your eye."—Ex.

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said,

As he aimed at a tack, and

Missed the head

—! — !! — !!! — !!! — ?

—Ex.

Directions in a meat market:

Butcher: "Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. William's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in a basket for him."

John (briskly): "All right, sir, just as soon as I have sawed off Mr. Murphy's leg."—Ex.

Teacher: "Miss F., decline 'horseman.' "

Miss F.: "But I can't, he hasn't proposed yet."

Willie: "Mamma, don't you ever beat eggs when they're bad?"

Mamma: "No, Willie."

Willie: "Then I wish I were an egg."

Mrs. Pragg: "What finally happened to Henry II?"

Brilliant Girl: "He died."

Why spicemen are not millionaires,
I think it is quite funny,
For they have thyme galore, you know,
And time, they say, is money.

—Ex.

No wonder one of our debaters could "spiel" so well. Her Dutch neighbor complained, "I tink dere must be someone 'seek,' next door, they're a preachin' and a prayin' in dere all day and all night."

Yes, they are.
Generally speaking, women are—
Are what?
Generally speaking.

Since when has the House of Hapsburg "hailed" from Denmark?

Professor: "What are you doing? Learning anything?"

Student: "No, sir, listening to you."—Ex.

A boy's idea of a reception—Giggle, gabble, gobble, git.

Miss Roth: "Where did Paris go after he was wounded?"

Miss F. (hesitatingly): "To his wife, Miss Roth."

Teacher: "What position did the women hold in Greece?"

A Pupil: "They reclined on couches."

Pat (at the telephone): "Is this the feed store?"

Voice: "Yes."

Pat: "Well, thin, sind me up a bushel of oats and a bale of hay."

Voice: "Who is it for?"

Pat: "Oh, now, don't get gay, it's for the horse."—Ex.

What did Miss L. mean when she asked a girl to run up the curtain string?

A bald-headed man said that he was self-made.

A bystander asked him why he didn't put more hair on his head.

Teacher: "What did Rome occupy in history?"

Miss H.: "The seven hills."

"Where's the man who keeps this restaurant," said the disgruntled customer.

"He's gone out to lunch," replied the cashier.

Mrs. P.; "What act was now passed by parliament?" (expecting answer: "Molasses Act.")

Pupil: "A-er-um, I've forgotten."

Mrs. P.: "Goodness that ought to stick to you."

What's the difference between a church bell and a politician?
One peals from the steeple and the other steals from the people.

Teacher: "Define narrative."

Small boy: "It's a tale."

Teacher: "Correct, now put it in a sentence."

Kid: "The dog wagged his narrative."—Ex.

Colomba improvisa, suivant l'usage du pays, une ballata devant le cadaire de son pere en presence de ses amis assembles.

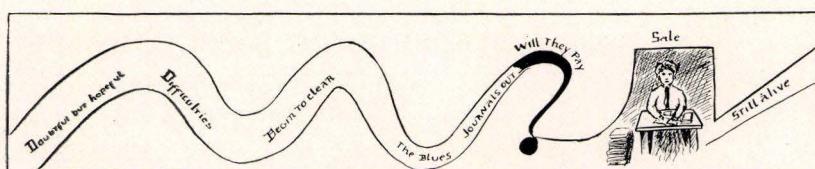
Miss H. (translating): Colomba, according to the custom of the country, improvised a ballet for the skeleton of her father in the presence of his assembled friends."

Teacher (pointing to T): "What letter is that, Jimmy?"

Jimmy (densely): "Dunno."

Teacher: "Well, what do your papa and mama drink at supper?"

Jimmy: "Beer."



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Of all sad words of lad or lass,
The saddest are these, "I might have passed."

Perhaps these jokes are old,
And should be on a shelf,
If you can do it better,
Send in a few yourself.

—Ex.

A Living Question Mark

Father had finished his supper and picked up the daily paper, when Willie, who is a living question mark, commenced in a drawling monotone, showing that he was thinking and that something heavy was weighing on his mind and needed parental enlightenment.

"Papa, oh, papa."

"Well, what is it, son?" the father answered.

"Do they make whalebones out of whales?"

"Yes, son," said he, glad at once that he could answer one of Willie's questions.

"Then, do they make sealing wax out of seals?"

Father did not think this question even worthy of reply.

"Papa, are people of Greece greasers?"

No answer.

"Then, I reckon, that people of Cork are corkers."

The paper was particularly interesting.

Willie was silent for nearly five minutes and then asked: "I read in a book to-day that a man was a flower, does that make me a sunflower?"

Willie was discouraged to think that his questions should go unanswered and then turned to his mother:

"Mama, do squaws wear war hoops?"

Father was getting tired of these questions and turned to Willie and said: "William it is time for you to go bed."

Willie started, but at the stair door turned and asked innocently, "Is my little trundle bed a boycott?"—The Monitor.

Wanted--Information on the Following

Why Beauty Shinney and Zorelda Baldoche remain absent from Hygiene? Miss Gompertz

Where I can get something to eat? Lillian Hurtzig

How to get up early in the morning E. Golden

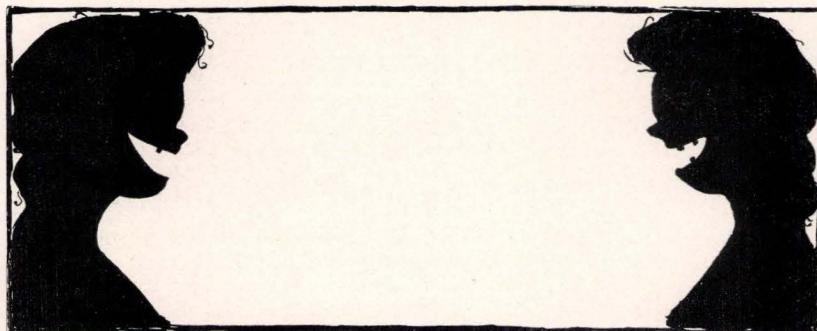
Why Mr. M. calls me a "distracting element?" F. Hays

How the mint can make money out of soup? (bullion)—..... G. Hoagland.
 How to drink lemonade through a straw?..... 4 B Physics Class
 Why the girls looked at me doubtfully when Mr. M. said 1 c. c.
 of silver weighs 12 grams..... R. Silver
 What Mr. G. means by "Wolumnous?"..... Drawing Class
 Why Miss C. calls Hector "Nectar?"..... Miss Roth
 What Grace J. meant by saying, "the cows were laying".....
 Miss Thompson
 Did Miss Frost and Miss Freeze "hail" from Chili?.. We, Us & Co.

 ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Who is Miss Thomp—son
 When does Irma Gie—sting?
 When was Mrs. May born?
 Why is Helen Green?
 Who did Lillian Hurt? Zig.
 Why is Marguerite Able?
 How does Miss Henne—see?
 Why isn't Enid Rooted?
 To whom does Miss Kehlen—beck?
 Will Relda Ford the Rubicon?
 Where did Bessie Huyck to?
 Who is Lillian? John's friend?
 Whom does Katherine Dodge?
 Who saw Rita Byrne?
 What does Emily Zabalda—no?
 We want to know who Leona Hoots at.
 Whom did Grace John—stone?

 ? ? ? ? ? ? ?



—Gladys Hoagland.



Before giving the list of our exchanges we wish to congratulate our friends upon their worthy publications, and thank them for the regularity with which they arrive. Some of our exchanges seem to have forgotten us. We hope to hear from them next year. We trust that our journal will give as much pleasure to them as theirs has given to us.

Acorn Alameda High School Alameda, Cal.
 Aegis Oakland High School Oakland, Cal.
 Blue and White Sacred Heart College. San Francisco, Cal.
 Janus Hanford Union High Hanford, Cal.
 Lowell Lowell High School. San Francisco, Cal.
 Manzanita Watsonville High School Watsonville, Cal.
 Mission Mission High School. San Francisco, Cal.
 Olla Podrida Berkeley High School. Berkeley, Cal.
 Polytechnic Throop Institute Pasadena, Cal.
 Porcupine Santa Rosa High School. Santa Rosa, Cal.
 Tooter South Omaha High. South Omaha, Neb.
 The Arrow Mastick Grammar School. Alameda, Cal.
 The Bell San Jose High School San Jose, Cal.
 The Cardinal Covina High School Covina, Cal.
 The Cricket Belmont School Belmont, Cal.
 The Bulletin Phillips Exeter Academy. Exeter, N. H.
 The Item Pasadena High School Pasadena, Cal.
 The Normal Pennant San Jose Normal San Jose, Cal.
 The Oracle Kern County High School, Bakersfield, Cal.
 The Record Sioux City High School, Sioux City, Iowa
 The Retina Toledo High School Toledo, Ohio
 The Russ San Diego High School. San Diego, Cal.
 The Skirmisher St. Matthew's School. San Mateo, Cal.
 The Tahoma Tacoma High School. Tacoma, Wash.
 The White and Gold Mill's College. Alameda Co., Cal.
 Whims Seattle High School. Seattle, Wash.
 Yuba Detla Marysville High School, Marysville, Cal.
 Zephyr Gilroy High School Gilroy, Cal.

The Tacoma High School sends the "Tahoma" which we welcomely receive. The stories are well written but we are sorry to mention its lack of poetry. You compare our poetry with Shakespeare, "Tahoma." We wonder whether to take it as praise or irony, but will accept it as the former, for the work of George Ade has recently been associated with Shakespeare.

The "Cricket" from Belmont School is essentially a good journal and we feel the manly atmosphere throughout it.

The cover of the "Polytechnic" from Pasadena is unusually artistic. Your material is good but why the lack of poetry. Surely, you have not lost your poetic nature "Polytechnic?"

The "Whims" from Seattle comes to us with rather a brief exchange column. All the pages of your journal seem to be devoted to school interests. Surely, you could find room for one or two stories. However, the drawings are good.

We thank the "Blue and White" for the regularity with which your exchange comes. Both the quality and quantity of your work is good.

The "Cardinal" from Covina High School, devotes the greater part of the journal to the personals. It would certainly be improved by a few longer stories. Don't be afraid of quantity, "Cardinal." You are always welcome.

The "Yuba Delta" from Marysville comes with a number of good stories. The poem, "The Witch," deserves much credit and carries with it a good moral. The Joshes are very good and there are plenty of them.

The "White and Gold" from Mills' College is an excellent journal, of which the school may be proud. There are many good stories and the poems are cleverly written.

The October number of the "Bell," from San Jose, rings out many good things, and is not wanting for good stories. The journal is well designed and abounds in school spirit.

The "Zephyr," from Gilroy, was received. The stories and poetry are good, but a few more drawings might add to the appearance of your journal.

The cover design of the "Normal Pennant" from San Jose is most artistic. The stories are well written and the cut heading the exchange column is very appropriate.

From Bakersfield, comes the "Oracle," which is a good journal, although a few more cuts might add greatly to it.

The "Mission" from Mission High School is a paper brimful of school spirit. The stories are written cleverly, and the josh column is good.

We are glad to receive the "Item" from Pasadena High School. We congratulate you on the arrangement of your paper and would suggest that other papers take it for an example.

While the Annual Bulletin of the famous Phillips Exeter Academy is not a school journal we were interested in it because of the excellent article on Mr. Ira G. Hoitt, formerly principal of Hoitt's school, whose worthy journal, the "Owl," has been noticed in previous issues of our school journal. We thank them for the exchange.



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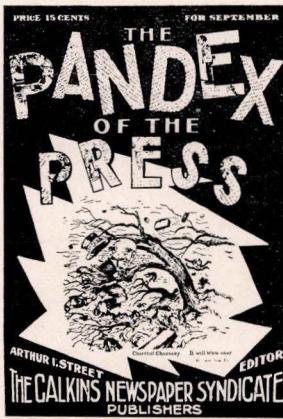
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