

Girls

San Francisco
California

Girls' High Journal
December, 1906

The Senior Class
of December, '06.

Lovingly Dedicates
This Number
To The Future
Girls' High School

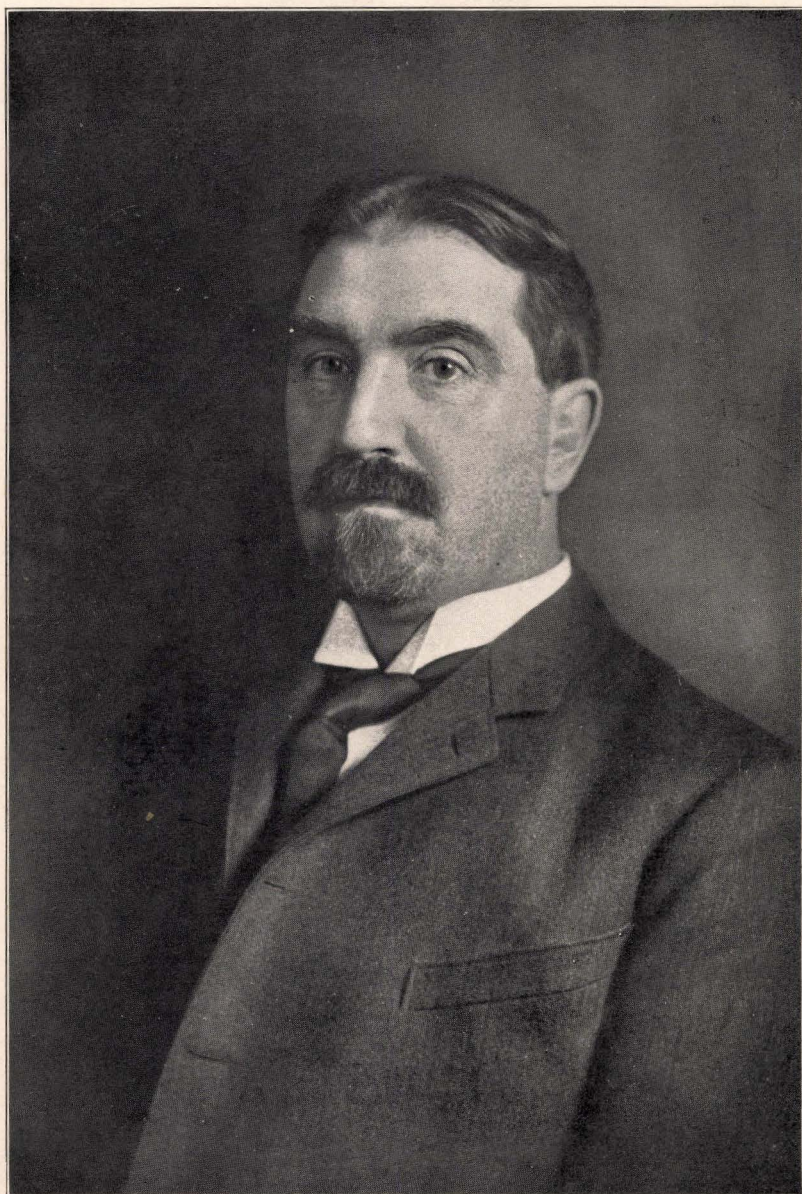
FACULTY

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MRS. MARY PRAG.....	Vice Principal and Head of Department of History
GEORGE O. MITCHELL.....	Head of Department of Science
*MISS FIDELIA JEWETT.....	Head of Department of Mathematics
*MISS HELEN M. THOMPSON.....	Head of Department of English
*GUY H. STOKES.....	Head of Department of Classics
FRANZ M. GOLDSTEIN.....	Head of Department of Drawing
EDWARD J. DUPUY.....	Head of Department of French
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MISS CAROLINE L. HUNT.....	Biology
MISS SOPHIA A. HOBE.....	Algebra
MISS LAURA DANIEL.....	Geometry and Chemistry
MISS ADELINE B. CROYLAND.....	Latin
MISS CLARA M. STARK.....	Latin and Greek
MISS NATHALIE ROTH.....	English
WILLIAM ZIMMERMAN.....	German
MISS BLANCHE LEVIELE.....	French, English and History

*On Leave of Absence.

10.00

VIC REYNA
PO BOX 715
NICASIO, CA 94946
COLLECTION



DR. A. W. SCOTT

CONTENTS

Dedication - - - - -	1
Faculty - - - - -	2
Class Song - - - - -	9
In the Aztec Land - - - - -	10
Ancient Ruins and Castles of Germany - - - - -	13
Un Jour dans La Classe de Francais de Seniors - - - - -	16
The Flute - - - - -	18
Class History - - - - -	21
Such Days as These - - - - -	22
A Wreath of Immortelles - - - - -	23
Dawn on the Russian River - - - - -	24
Funeral Customs in the Philippines - - - - -	25
Taking Things for Granted - - - - -	27
From Parnassus to the Ash Barrel - - - - -	28
Cause and Effect - - - - -	30
Acrostic - - - - -	31
Editorials - - - - -	33
A Letter From a Freshie to Her Mother - - - - -	36
School Activities - - - - -	40
Foreword - - - - -	43
The Class of June, '06 - - - - -	44
Merely a Knot-hole - - - - -	46
The Private Business of the Senior Class - - - - -	48
Alumnae - - - - -	52
Exchanges - - - - -	55
Joshes - - - - -	56



CLASS—DECEMBER 1906



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CLASS SONG

To the tune of "On the Road to Mandalay."

Florence Block, '06.

I.

Here's to you, dear, old, Girls' High School!
Here's a smile and here's a sigh
From the class of naughty-six, for we're about to say good-bye.
We have finished all our work, and we have finished all our play,
And the happy time has come at last, our Graduating Day.

Chorus.

Here's to all our Senior Class!
Here's to all our teachers, too!
And here's to you, our Principal, who helped to put us through!
We are going to leave you now,
And we're feeling rather blue,
When we think of all the happy days we've had right here with you.

II.

In the days when we were Freshmen we looked forward to this time,
And we thought when we were Seniors we would surely feel sublime,
Graduation seemed a day when we could never, never grieve,
Now we're finished, but we wonder if we really want to leave.

Repeat Chorus.

IN THE AZTEC LAND

Elizabeth Huyck, '06.

D



ECKER sat upon the two by four piazza of the quaint little posedo and smoked cigarettes, just for the sake of doing something. He had been here only three days, but already his heart yearned for home and mother. A large Eastern firm of manufacturers had considered the advisability of establishing a brand of their concern in Mexico and had hit upon the town of Chihuahua as the most likely place. It was not too large and was conveniently near the United States border; besides, one of their best customers, Don Rodrigo, was very prominent in the town and had promised to help them considerably. This problem solved, the firm then cast around for a young man who was willing to go on to Chihuahua and look over the grounds and report on the conditions. Mr. Geston, the senior partner, at length decided to send Bruce Decker, his wife's brother. He had just graduated from Harvard, was quite a dandy, and, also, was proficient in the Harvard walk and drawl. Since his graduation he had been taking a rest, as he explained, before plunging into the business world. Mr. Geston's offer did not appeal to Bruce, but he at length decided to try it. After a long, hot journey, he had reached his destination just three days before our story opens. Since arriving he had done nothing more strenuous than smoke and lounge upon the piazza. "What does the old boy expect me to do, anyway? If he wants to know my opinion of this place, why I'll tell him it's a beastly hole. Three whole days and nothing stirring!"

The landscape was neither interesting nor beautiful to Bruce. At the end of the long street could be caught a glimpse of great, brown, mountain ranges with seams and scars standing out boldly in the intense sunshine. Over to the east, silhouetted against the deep blue of the sky, was Cerro Blanco, the plateau where even at this moment, report said, Garcia and his insurgent band were camped. The houses along the narrow street were balconied, with awnings of brightly striped goods at each window. The heat sizzled up from the board walk before the hotel and for the time being, all life seemed suspended except the twanging of a guitar which came faintly from some where down the street.

Bruce, at length, threw away his half-smoked cigarette, and rolling up his immaculate white duck trousers a few more turns, sauntered down the steps. In the blazing sun, Bruce half changed his mind, but at last decided that he might as well

face the Don now as ever. He wondered idly what Don Rodrigo looked like as he picked his way down the hot street. The few inhabitants that he met stared curiously at him. They knew him to be the American senor who had been sent out to give his opinion of their town to a large Eastern firm. Bruce returned the stares of the gaudily attired natives, indolently, and after a good many twists and turns around corners, found himself in the plaza. This was deserted excepted for a few old women who were lazily basking in the sunshine, and gossiping. After a few more turns, Bruce came to Don Rodrigo's home, a rather pretentious house with a large garden. He marched up to the door and knocked loudly. A servant in a white uniform ushered him into a cool, dark hall, where he waited for the Don.

A handsome middle-aged Spaniard entered. This was Don Rodrigo, the banker of Chihuahua. He greeted Bruce affably and at once introduced the business which had brought the young fellow there. In college young Decker had considered Spanish a frightful bore, so it was with great relief that he discovered the Don spoke English, and with only a slight accent. After an hour of discussion, in which Bruce began to understand his mission in Chihuahua a little more clearly, Rodrigo became once more the hospitable host. An Indian servant brought in refreshments on a large silver tray. The Don explained that he was a widower with one daughter. The senorita was sent for and proved to be a most beautiful girl, a typical Spanish maiden. Her simple white dress but served to emphasize the duskiness of her hair and each movement seemed a poem in itself. After the introduction, Bruce began to forget the excessive heat, for the Senorita was witty as well as pretty. She told Bruce that she had been educated in a convent in California and encouraged him to talk of his life at Harvard. So interested did they become that they did not notice the lengthening shadows until the evening meal was announced. Don Rodrigo urged Bruce to stay, which he did. After a pleasant evening spent in listening to Mercedes sing languishing Spanish melodies in a rich contralto voice, while she accompanied herself on her guitar, Bruce departed with an invitation to call soon again.

From this evening Bruce had a new interest in the little town, he surprised Mr. Geston agreeably by the intelligent letters and telegrams which he sent East about the business. It did not matter now if the sun was boiling, Bruce felt he must visit Don Rodrigo, and incidentally his daughter, every day. He had never known how interesting business was, before.

One evening Mercedes had said to him during her conversation, "Oh, you American young men. You are so aimless, so indolent. You are satisfied to let others find your proper sphere for you." Bruce had remembered this and upon reaching

his room he sat up nearly all night, smoking, and trying to figure out just what he had to offer Mercedes except his bank account, which he had had no hand in making. When the sun was just peeping over Cerro Blanco he hurried down to the telegraph office and sent this message to Mr. Geston: "Start for home to-night. Explain later." After a hasty breakfast, he called on Don Rodrigo and Mercedes to say "gooy-bye." They were genuinely surprised and sorry to have him go, and the Don promised to lend all possible assistance to the new branch to be established at Chihuahua. Bruce allowed none of his true feelings toward Mercedes to show in his farewell to her, but he was encouraged by the sorrow she expressed at his departure. At half past five that evening, he transferred his suitcases to the stage which was to convey him to the next town, where he was to take the Eastern train, and was off.

A few days later he stood in the office of Mr. Geston and announced that he had come home to learn the business, if they had a place for him. The senior partner looked up in surprise. He had been very favorably impressed by the work of the young fellow at Chihuahua, but still it was a surprise to hear Bruce, the gentleman of leisure, say in a manly voice, minus the drawl, "I want to amount to something." From that day Bruce worked industriously at learning the ins and outs of the great business and pleased Mr. Geston greatly by his alertness and aptness.

A year has passed. The branch in Chihuahua is in fine working order. The former manager has resigned owing to ill health and a new manager is needed, some one capable of stepping right in and assuming his duties at once. Bruce Decker is appointed. All during this past year he has put the idea of Mercedes resolutely out of his head, and applied himself strictly to work, but now, he allows his thoughts to dwell upon her, as he travels over the many miles which separate her from him. After a long stage journey over a cactus-covered plain, he reaches Chihuahua and, at last, Don Rodrigo's home where he is to stay for the present. Mercedes greets him at the door and says laughingly, "So you have returned Senor. The prodigal son has come back." Taking her hand in his, Decker says meaningly, "and, of course, you must give him a feast. A wedding feast would be best. Don't you think so, too?"

ANCIENT RUINS AND CASTLES OF GERMANY

Elsa Dietrich, '06.



IF THE many things I saw while traveling through this country, I must say that nothing impressed me more than the sight of its renowned castles so picturesquely situated, as well as the ruins of others, concerning which, rich historical records have been handed down. Some of these ruins are so old that they leave a deep impression on the curious spectator, especially when the latter considers that they are the relics of the age when might was right, and every noble governed as he pleased, levying heavy tolls upon all who passed through his land, mostly at the point of the sword.

Many lordly castles, especially along the great rivers Rhine and Danube, are now in ruins. They only add to the picturesqueness of the scene. Nature has dealt kindly with them for massive trees grow through their walls and ivy clings to every crevice. If these walls could speak, what deeds of cruelty and what ancient feuds they would disclose!

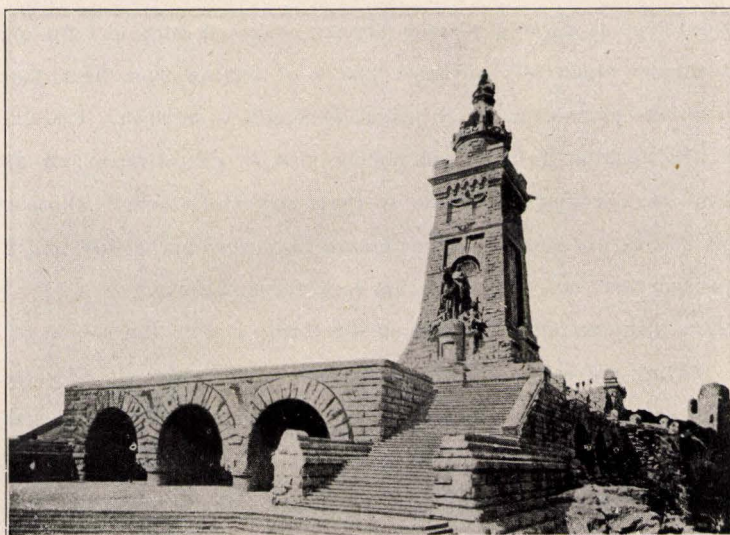
While staying in the Hartz mountains, my uncle and I would often go on long excursions together and whenever we came upon some old ruin, I would listen with the keenest interest as he told me the history connected with it. On one occasion we reached a spot which still revealed traces of having once been marked by a drawbridge, for the excavations of the moat were still to be seen. I could see in my imagination, the dashing knights and nobles, clad in glittering armor and bearing swords and lances, crossing the bridge on their powerful steeds. Those times were indeed heroic and full of romance even though they were barbarous, and I could not help wishing that there were more of this romance nowadays.

Then there was the famous Castle of Wartburg, also in the region of the Hartz mountains. To my regret, I only viewed it from a distance. It rises from a lofty height, and, in olden times, the minnesingers were wont to contend in its great hall for the prize of poetry. It was there, too, that Martin Luther, after the Diet of Worms, found a retreat given him by the great Kurfuerst Friedrich von Sachsen, his protector, and translated the Bible into the German language.

Before leaving the Hartz mountains, I must mention the Kyffhauser on which now stands a most wonderful monument erected in honor of Kaiser Wilhelm I. I shall never forget the day on which we made our trip to that mountain. We started out early in the morning and before noon had arrived, were overtaken by a dreadful

thunderstorm, the worst I have ever witnessed. The roar of the thunder was frightful, and one clap followed the other with almost no interval of time, the second resembling that of great masses of stone hurled down in cataracts. The rain poured down in sheets and I was afraid we would be obliged to give up the trip. Luckily the weather cleared up immediately afterward and we were able to drive up the mountain under a cloudless sky. Having reached the top we could see the little town of Kelbra nestled among the hills and we had a clear view over the rest of the surrounding country.

An interesting story is associated with the Kyffhauser. It was universally believed by the Germans that their king, Frederick Barbarossa, though reported dead when on his crusade to Jerusalem, was asleep with his knights in a cave in this mountain; that he would awake and restore Germany to its former greatness when the ravens ceased to fly around the mountain. A shepherd boy is said to have notified the king of the departure of the birds, whereupon he resumed his sceptre, impersonated by Kaiser Wilhelm I, the great restorer of Germany. The statues of both Frederick Barbarossa and Kaiser Wilhelm I are on the interesting monument. Wilhelm I appears foremost and is mounted on his horse, while Frederick is seen further below, seated beside a table through which his long red beard has grown.



KYFFHAUSER

I think you all have heard of the famous Sans Souci Castle, Kaiser Frederick's favorite retreat, in Potsdam, seventeen miles southwest of Berlin. It is reached after ascending innumerable steps which would be weary to climb did they not lead

through a most beautiful park ornamented with the finest statues. Before entering the castle I peered through the windows and my eyes were dazzled by the snowy whiteness of the marble. The rooms are kept just as Frederick the Great left them when he died, and even his clock was stopped at the moment of his death. A few yards from the castle may still be seen the old-fashioned windmill which gave so much comfort to the old Kaiser, and from which the castle derived its name.



SANS SOUCI CASTLE

The so-called New Palace is the favorite summer resort of the Royal Family. Of all its numerous rooms, none can be described as being more wonderful than the "Hall of Shells." Our guide had to point out to us the numerous things which the curious eye can scarcely take in at one glance. Rich and exquisite paintings adorn the ceilings. The walls are covered with precious stones and shells and the massive pillars, seen here and there, are studded with the same. Sparkling fountains play on the walls, lending an air of vividness to the whole. It is in this hall that the royal family celebrates Christmas each year, which is always the occasion of a happy reunion.

During my stay in Germany nothing gave me more thorough pleasure than these massive ruins, telling so forcibly of the life and customs of the Feudal Ages.

"UN JOUR DANS LA CLASSE DE FRANÇAIS DES SENIORS."

May Riley, Noël, '06.

Scène: Dans la salle dix, de l'Ecole Supérieure des Jeunes Filles.

Personnages:

Le Maître.

Les élèves, qui ont l'idée qu'elles savent le français.

Le Maître:—Allons! Silence, s'il vous plaît!

Mlle La Coquette, (bas):—Il ne me plaît pas.

Le Maître:—Silence! Commençons! Quelle est la leçon pour aujourd'hui, Mlle La Coquette.

Mlle La Coquette:—Rien.

Le Maître:—Comment! Rien? N'est-ce pas la même qu'hier?

Mlle La Coquette:—Oui. Mais nous n'avons pas de classe mardi.

Le Maître, (qui est accoutumé à de pareilles remarques, n'y fait pas attention):—Commencez à traduire, Mlle La Bavarde.

Mlle La Bavarde, (qui est au milieu d'une conversation avec sa voisine):—Er-r-r-Très bien!—L'écho retentit du bruit de leurs coups";—Elle continue jusqu'à "de leurs coups". Oh! r-r with their-r-hits.

Le Maître:—Comment! avec leurs HITS! Vous ne pouvez pas faire un "hit" Mlle? (Nous nous demandons encore: cette remarque contient-elle quelque chose de personnel)

Le Maître:—C'est assez, Mlle, pour aujourd'hui. Maintenant, je désire vous raconter quelque chose de la France. "En France....."

(Comme explication, il me faut dire qu'une certaine élève aime beaucoup ces discussions (?). C'est Mlle La Coquette. Dans le but d'être plus confortable, elle s'est tournée dans sa chaise, qui était cassée. Résultat: Un bruit terrible.)

Le Maître:—Comment! qui a fait ce bruit?

Mlle La Coquette:—La chaise.

Le Maître:—Très bien! Comme je disais, "En France, le gouvernement est une république, à la tête de laquelle se trouve le Président. Il remplit ces fonctions pendant sept ans. Parmi les plus célèbres des Présidents étaient M. Loubet, et aussi M. Grévy. Avez-vous quelque chose à me demander? Qu'est-ce qu'il y a, Mlle La Coquette?

Mlle La Coquette:—Quelle sorte de "gravy" était-il?

Le Maître:—Un autre mot et je vous ferai descendre au bureau, Mlle?

Mlle La Coquette:—Ça m'est égal.

Le Maître:—Ah! Ça me rappelle quelque chose:—Plusieurs jeunes gens que j'ai connus en France étaient très indifférents. Si l'un d'eux disait: "Que pensez-vous de tel ou tel," il répondait:—"Oh! ça m'est égal; et s'il".... Mlle La Caquet-bon-bec cessez de parler s'il vous plaît. Maintenant je n'ai pas l'intention d'ajouter un autre mot sur ce sujet. Là, que pensez-vous de ceci, Mlle La Caquet-bon-bec?

Mlle La Caquet-bon-bec:—Oh! Ça m'est égal.

Juste à ce moment le timbre sonne. Il y a un très grand bruit! Puis tout est silencieux. La Classe de Noël '06 a passé, et le maître reste seul à penser comment réformer la classe des seniors. Mais j'ai peur que cela ne lui fasse pas grand bien d'y penser:—La classe est au-delà de la rédemption.

Die Schreckenstag von San Franzisko.

Persönliche Erinnerungen.

Von Elsa Dietrich '06.

Die große Erschütterung, die die Einwohner eines großen Teils von Kalifornien am 18. April in aller Frühe aus dem Schlafe rüttelte, ist unbeschreiblich. Das damit verbundene Getöse war dem Rollen des Donners ähnlich und vermehrte die Furcht.

Wenn ich an diese Zeit zurückdenke, erscheint mir alles wie ein Traum. Und doch war alles Wirklichkeit. Ich konnte mir zuerst das Geklirr und Getöse gar nicht erklären, da mir bei den heftigen Stößen beinahe die Sinne schwanden. Bald war die Erklärung gefunden: Das Geschirr und andere zerbrechliche Gegenstände lagen in unzähligen Scherben auf dem Boden. In jedem Zimmer lag alles drunter und drüber. Kein ganzer Schornstein war auf den Dächern zu erblicken. Überall lagen die Trümmer umher.

Schon in aller Frühe bemerkten wir, daß Feuer in der unteren Stadt ausgebrochen war. Große, dicke Rauchsäulen stiegen empor. Das Feuer nahm rasch zu und kam näher. Ich machte mich mit meinen Geschwistern auf den Weg nach Buena Vista Heights, von wo aus wir das greuliche Schauspiel übersehen konnten. Flamme reihte sich an Flamme, bis der ganze brennende Stadtteil eine Glut war. Angesichts des großen Wassermangels war die Feuerwehr gänzlich ohnmächtig. Hatte doch das Erdbeben die ganze Wasserleitung zerstört, so daß wenig zu machen war.

Wir verließen die Höhe auf einige Zeit, kehrten aber bald wieder dahin zurück. Es erschien als unräthlich, im Hause zu verbleiben, denn von Zeit zu Zeit bebte die Erde und ließ die ohnehin geängstigten Menschen nicht zur Ruhe kommen. So beschloßen wir nebst andern, die Nacht unter freiem Himmel zuzubringen. Aber bald wurde es so empfindlich kühl, daß wir uns ins Haus wagten. Aber anstatt uns in unsern Schlazimmern zur Ruhe zu begeben, legten wir uns in den unteren Bohnräumen auf den Boden, um bei einer etwaigen Gefahr schneller das Haus verlassen zu können. Um 5 Uhr am nächsten Morgen waren die Straßen schon belebt. Von Schlafen war gewiß keine Rede und die Unruhe trieb manchen mit Tagesanbruch auf die Beine.

Mein erster Gedanke, als ich mich erhob, galt dem Feuer. Ich stürzte hinaus und sah ein Flammenmeer hinter ungeheuren Rauchmassen.

Am Freitag wurde uns mitgeteilt, daß unsere Gegend dem Untergang geweiht sei, da das Feuer unaufhaltsam fortschreite.

In aller Eile packten wir die notwendigsten Habseligkeiten ein, um sie mitzunehmen. Den ganzen Tag verbrachten wir in Angst und Sorge, bis endlich die Wut des Feuers nachließ und wir uns zu den glücklich Geretteten zählen konnten.

Da zu befürchten war, daß nun nach dieser großen Kalamität auch noch Krankheiten unsere geliebte Stadt heimsuchen würden, verließen wir dieselbe am 21. April, einem Sonntag. Am Anfang des neuen Schuljahres kehrten wir in unser Heim zurück und sind wieder im alten Geleise wie vor dem entsetzlichen Erdbeben.

THE FLUTE

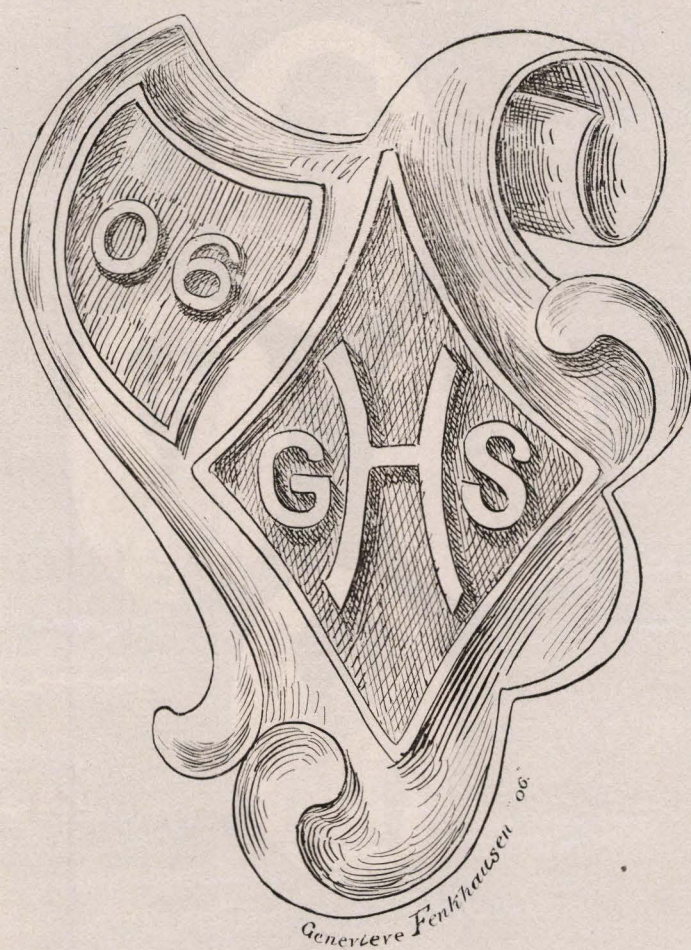
Elena Yparraguirre, '07.



IN A QUAIN bed in a room, artistic with Flemish furnishings, lay an old man, a very queer-looking old man he was, too. A pair of spectacles rested on his long, crooked nose. But such a look of peaceful quiet illumined his face! His small, piercing eyes did not glitter with brilliancy this night as was their usual habit, but they moved aimlessly about the room from one object to another, to the rare pictures, to the costly books, to all his art treasures that had grown to be a part of his very personality.

Beside the antique, brass lamp upon the old oak table at his bedside, lay his beloved flute. Taking it in his hands, his fingers wandering caressingly over it, he said: "Dear, old flute, you have been my life-companion. You have been my one joy and solace to the very end. Yes, I know it is the end, for I feel the peaceful calm of death slowly stealing over me. Do you remember after our college life was closed how we left our beloved Holland together many, long years ago? And how we went to the New Country beyond the sea to try our luck as so many others did? Do you recall the long, stormy voyage around Cape Horn and the landing in San Francisco, then the mining expedition to the mountains of California, the tedious search for gold and the discovery of the mine that yielded our modest little fortune and finally our return to the dear old mother country? That was an adventurous life, dear flute, followed by our happy years of rest and music together."

Carrying his beloved instrument to his mouth, as he had done many, many time before, his feeble fingers fondly pressed the keys, but only a few, low, sweet notes came forth. The exquisite harmonies re-echoed through the lonely room and to the dying man seemed the reveille to the new day in the new life awaiting him. The flute slipped from his hands and the faint words, "Adieu, dear, faithful friend," came from his lips, as he passed gently on to the blissful eternity.





Class Officers

CLASS HISTORY

Viola Bennett, '06.



IN JANUARY, nineteen hundred and three, about one hundred frightened babies entered the Girls' High School, at Scott and Geary Streets. We felt lost in the large building, and wondered at the number of girls in the school. The class was divided into two sections; one being composed of those who were to take the scientific course and the other the classical.

In the following November the Seniors gave us a reception, which was a very enjoyable affair. And so, our first year at High School passed, and we were no longer called babies.

In June, nineteen hundred and four, Mr. Brooks, having worked faithfully for twelve years as principal of the Girls' High School, resigned his position, and was succeeded by Dr. Scott, who came from the Alameda High, "the school across the bay."

We were organized into a Senior Class at the beginning of the year. Our class flower is the chrysanthemum and green is our class color. Our pin need not be described as its picture is sufficient.

A reception was given on the afternoon of February twenty-third, by the High and Low Seniors, in honor of the Freshmen. The auditorium of the school was artistically decorated with plants and greens for the occasion.

There have been many changes in the school since the Easter vacation. Although our building was shaken on the eighteenth of April, the loyalty to our school was not. At present we are visiting at the Lowell High School, but it is the wish of all the girls that we may be back in a building of our own as soon as possible.

There have also been several changes in the Faculty. Miss Leviele, formerly of the Los Angeles High School is now one of our French teachers. Miss Jewett is traveling in Europe. Miss Thompson, the head of the department of English, is in New Hampshire, and has been in Boston enjoying the literary atmosphere of the Hub. Our Latin teacher, Mr. Stokes, has been granted a leave of absence. Miss Byrne, a teacher of Mathematics, has left us also.

In spite of the crowding of five hours work into four hours, and many other discomforts, the work of the school is progressing admirably, and we are striving to uphold the high standing that students of former classes have won for our school.

SUCH DAYS AS THESE

Dagmar Games, '07.

The generous eucalyptus grove
Gives fragrance to the air;
The sun is bright and faithful,
And Earth is green and fair.

Such days as these are joy enough
If other joys were fled.
The flowers close the symphony
Of singing birds o'erhead.

Think of the Eastern Winter's rage
The storm and blizzards blast,
While we are picking oranges,
They're snowbound firm and fast

Yes, days like these are joy enough,
If other joys were fled.
What joy to wander through these fields,
Whose flowers are never dead!

A WREATH OF IMMORTELLES

Alma Meherin, '07.



HERE were just two, a boy and a girl, sitting among the daisies on the little slope below the great mansion, playing together. He, poorly clad, but a happy, healthy, manly little fellow; she, in her dainty dress, a sylph-like little maiden, gay and irresistible, played there with him, turning flowers into wreaths, telling vague child stories, and weaving golden futures, he the knight and she his lady-love. She speaks lightly, carelessly, but each girlish idea sinks deep in his boyish heart. They were very young and, as yet, riches and poverty meant nothing to them.

Time passes on, their paths are widening, she is a schoolgirl now, occupied with lessons and masters, he, true, is only a boy but then he has small sisters and brothers to care for and an aged father to help. The boy and the girl see little of one another but now and then they meet and renew their old friendship.

Soon she enters society, her beauty and her wealth attract numberless suitors. She is flattered by their attentions, and pleased with their admiration. At times she meets the adoring, little playfellow of her childhood grown to manhood, but he wears an old-style coat and a coat means much to her now. She cannot be a friend to one of her hirelings. With a curt nod she passes on and the man, too conscious of the change, smothers the bitter pain and devotes his whole time to his beloved garden, her garden by possession, his by loving care.

Then come stories of her marriage, of grand fetes and elegant banquets. The man hears them all, but no visible change takes place in him, save the fine eyes grow more sympathetic, as the loving son and brother becomes more kind and gentle. He is glad if she has found happiness, HE will be a silent worshipper at her shrine, the shrine he erected to the little girl years ago.

Years pass on, she has a family now, her husband is an old man, her children gay and frivolous. She now takes a renewed interest in the man's younger sisters and brothers. She showers many kindnesses upon them and as he thanks her for this, the hard lines disappear from the face of this worldly woman for an instant, and once again she is the little girl turning wreaths down in the meadow with him.

His love for the flowers and the trees, his unceasing attention and devotion to his life-work have placed him high among the leading horticulturists of the day. His opinion is sought, his knowledge respected and many honors accorded to him.

The woman has gone abroad, her life at home has become irksome to her. She had planned to take a long sea trip, alone, away from an apathetic husband and thoughtless children. From the depth of her heart comes the echo of a small voice and its refrain is ever "Failure." As she passes from city to city she reviews her life; her childhood, her school days, the gay young days before her marriage and then—the long, dull routine of her wedded life. Again her memory returns to her childhood and it lingers over the many sweet recollections that leave the sting of something she feels but cannot define. She has not found the rest she had anticipated in foreign travel. She starts for home.

The big liner is wrecked near the home port. Her body is recovered and brought home. Husband, society and family are shocked. Grief overpowers them but they erect a handsome monument above her grave and then things adjust themselves and they fall back into the old life.

But what of the man? A little wreath of immortelles that lay at the foot of the grave was all his offering. And yet, can the strong power of that pure life-long devotion be lost? Will it not overstep Death, reach the soul freed from its clay and find its reward in some distant age?

DAWN ON THE RUSSIAN RIVER

Anita D. Day, '07.

O'er the tops of the redwoods so tall
Rises the mist that with darkness did fall,
Deep still the shadows that border the bank,
Sombre the water, and thick willows dank
Quiet and still as the hosts of a dream
Flows on so softly the beautiful stream;
Solitude, silence, with Nature for mate,
Nature awakening, Nature elate,
Nature the youthful, with joy in her face
'Tis Nature's and God's, this wonderful place.
Dip not your oars in the river so still
'Tis profane that an echo this silence should fill.

Slowly, how slowly, the chill darkness lifts,
Slowly, more slowly, your boat onward drifts;
Now the ghost of a light rises up in the east,
Then, all at once, gaze! for the ray is increased.
The sun 'gins to peep through a gap in the hills
And quick ev'ry dew-drop with radiance fills.
A bird cries, "Awake," to the vast sleeping trees,
And then the whole strength of her piping voice frees.
"Awake, oh awake, for the day is begun,
"Awake, all ye creatures, and welcome the sun.
Then a faint breeze comes up, and it ripples the tide
Crying, "Wake, oh ye waters, and banks you beside."

"Joy, joy," sings the bird, and the stream answers back
With sparkles and dimples the length of its track.
Now! Pull on your oars, and sing as you row,
For Nature's awake and the day 'gins to grow.
And there's gladness and joy in the fresh, fragrant air
And there's life, and there's youth in the sunlight so fair;
Now old Sol reaches clear to the westernmost sight
And he kisses it softly, no lover more light;
And the rugged old hills seem to soften, and blush,
And the tall stately trees bend to welcome the flush,
And the fish leap and play, as the day is begun,
"All hail," cries the river, "all hail to the sun."

FUNERAL CUSTOMES OF THE PHILIPPINES

Annie F. Squier, '10.



NE AFTERNOON, while along Calle Cabildo, I heard a brass band playing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." The air attracted my attention, and, my curiosity being aroused, I determined to investigate further.

Upon nearing the San Domingo church I saw a large crowd coming through the broad, massive doorways. After much manouvering I succeeded in getting near the door, where a hearse was stationed. The hearse was drawn by six Filipino ponies, which are about three-fourths as large as an ordinary American horse.

They were heavily draped and at the head of each was a Filipino attired in a costume resembling the many pictures of George Washington. Maybe you can imagine how queer their brown faces looked, crowned with powdered wigs and three-cornered hats, while they were dressed in velvet suits ornamented with lace.

As the hearse moved away from the church they walked along sedately, leading the horses. There was no driver on the seat, but a large statue of an angel which was so arranged as to appear to be sailing through the air.

I followed them to the Paco Cemetery, which is enclosed by a large, outer, circular wall about six feet wide and from ten to fifteen feet in height. Within this outer wall are many semi-circular walls, while in the center of all is the chapel and just behind this chapel is the bone pile.

In each of these walls are rows of niches in the shape of a half circle. Some of them were sealed with inscriptions on them showing they were occupied, while others were empty.

The casket was removed from the hearse at the gate, and after a short service was carried to an empty niche into which it was placed and sealed. After staying to repeat their prayers and perform other religious ceremonies the mourners returned home. We were informed that after the funeral services are over the mourners started to return to their home and a reception is held which lasts for a week or more. During which time one would imagine there had been a marriage instead of a funeral.

This is the ceremony usually followed on the death of a wealthy Filipino in Manila. Those of the poorer class are merely wrapped in a mat and carried to the outskirts of the city where there is a small cemetery, and there buried. In many

cases no ceremony whatever is observed.

An interesting account of the belief of the natives of the southern islands is told by Dean C. Worcester in his history of the Philippine Islands. He says that in one of the southern provinces, Palawan, when a man dies, a certain time is set for his funeral. At the appointed hour, his house is torn down, and the body is carried to the woods where it is buried. Dishes and pottery belonging to him are thrown over the grave to mark it.

Of the future life these southern natives have a queer idea. They imagine that when they die they enter a cave which leads down into the earth. Here they meet a demon who asks them if they have been good or not during their life. If they have led an honorable life, they are allowed to pass on to the first heaven where the crops are always good and hunting is abundant. If they have led a wicked life they are burned to death by this demon.

If a man dies before his wife, he marries again at this first resting place, and the same way with his wife. But if both of them die at the same time they continue their journeys together. After a certain time disease and death overtake them again.

Thus they die seven times, each time going deeper into the earth. Each place is better than the one before. At the seventh and last resting place, everything is beautiful, and everyone is happy. A native was once asked why he did not think the soul went up to the sky when they died, and he replied that it was inaccessible.

One of the most interesting ceremonials held in Manila is for the decoration of the graves on Hallowe'en. We visited the large Paco cemetery one Hallowe'en. It was illuminated with tallow candles which presented a sombre and weird appearance. The niches were decorated with many expensive wreaths. These wreaths were rented by the hour, and at the expiration of the time they were removed to some other niche. This causes more excitement and bustle than is generally connected with a cemetery.

The relatives and friends squat in front of the niches containing the remains of their loved ones, and, as we passed along from one niche to the other, we heard a continual hum of voices as the mourners chatted noisily.

Around many of the niches were pieces of statuary, and near the children's section of the walls were the dolls and a few of the little trinkets they had played with. On some of the niches were pictures of the corpse in most grotesque poses.

We went to the cemetery again shortly after this. Upon entering the gate we heard a noise which sounded like bones knocking together. We followed the noise and upon looking up saw some men on the top of one of the inside walls handling a casket which had been removed. The relatives had stopped paying rent for the niche and the bones were being dumped into the bone yard. This practice has been prohibited however by the authorities, and the bone pile, as it was called, is now a thing of the past.

TAKING THINGS FOR GRANTED

Florence Block, '06.

I'm glad I'm in the Senior Class,
The class of Christmas, too,
It's true I lack some credits, but
I'm making up a few.

I'm glad we've such a Senior Class
Of course, when all is done,
I'm not quite sure I'll graduate.
But then, we have such fun:

I'm glad I'm on the Journal staff.
It makes it very nice,
It takes up lots of time, but then
I think it's worth the price.

I'm going to our Senior Dance,
I'm sure it will be fine,
But still if I don't graduate
Perhaps I'd best decline.

I'll take up my diploma
On graduation day,
And trying to bow sweetly,
I think I'd better say

"I thank you, Sir," then turning,
I'll say "farewell" and leave,
O' what is this I hear you say?
Now please don't make me grieve.

Well, yes, I know it's awfully late,
My studies aren't half done,
But though I may not graduate,
This planning's half the fun.

FROM PARNASSUS TO THE ASH BARREL

Alma Stein, '07.

In the glory of my prime I was eight inches in length, my color was a rich moss green, my eraser-head the best of Goodyear rubber, and I was a very aristocratic-appearing pencil, when first placed in the showcase of a stationery store on Van Ness Avenue, my home for a short time.

My fervent hope was that some literary person might be my master, and use me to convey his poetic thoughts into grand poems by which the whole world would be benefited, and humanity led upward to high ideals. I knew that would be a great eventful life for me to share, as noble a life as a pencil could have in this world.

My first owner, however, was a young man of fine face and good figure. I thought my long cherished wish was now to be gratified. Alas! judge not people by their looks, he was only a clerk. The first thing he required of me was to write to his best girl. It was, of course, a very interesting letter, full of loving words. He wrote quickly and I know I must have pleased him by the way he handled me. He finished the letter with "I send you all my love, answer soon. Your Will." I went to the store with him daily, recorded the sales of countless eggs, hams, crackers and pickles, and wrote many more tender love letters. I lived with him for some three months, when, unknown to him and tired of this humdrum life, I sprang out of his pocket, as he boarded a Sutter-street car going to the Ferry.

I was picked up by a middle-aged gentleman. He was not handsome, but he had a wise face. He put me behind his ear immediately, and I noticed he was reading something as he got on the car going West. Soon we came to Golden Gate Park, where my new master sat down on a bench near the Museum. To my joy, he was writing poetry. At last, thought I, I shall be famous! We scampered over the paper and very often my rubber eraser-head came in handy. The name of the poem he was composing was that of "Infinitude." It was beautiful, so broad in scope, and I felt every word I wrote, to the leaden core, of my poetic heart. The joy of living now began. When not in use, I was always perched comfortably behind his right ear, which position gave me many opportunities of studying people. But worldly happiness never lasts. One morning, while talking to the editor of the "Sunset" magazine at the corner of Gough and Sutter streets, my owner shook his head vigorously and, sad to relate, I rolled down on the pavement without attracting his attention.

A High School girl found me that noon. I don't wonder girls and boys hate

school, for, indeed, I found it far from poetic. I worked horrid, algebraic problems, wandered wearily over pages of Latin verbs, outlined countless English selections until my lead spine ached. But worst of all my tasks were the exams. for then my mistress used to bite me, hit me against her desk, and often, in sheer desperation, throw me from her. She sharpened me in a most horrible manner, cutting away my beautiful moss green coat unmercifully. I decreased rapidly in size, lost my wooden flesh as it were, and my eraser-head was worn away by constant use, until one fatal day it disappeared entirely. I was by this time a most deplorable sight. I went to and from school with my mistress until the strain of electric-car travel, the hurry to keep within coupon-ticket time, the hard usage and the hard work I underwent unnerved me completely. One day recently I fell on the floor in her home on Ashbury Heights, and was swept out by the maid, evidently being considered by her old and useless, and now here I am, lying near the open ash barrel, realizing that no one will ever need me again, that my life is drawing to its close.

But, after all, what interesting phases of life I have experienced. The commercial, the romantic, the literary, the High School worlds have been mine. Nothing else counts. Vale! The ashman has me in his clutches.



CAUSE AND EFFECT

Genevieve Fenkhausen, '06.

After much discussion in the bosom of the other family which whom we were going, the eight o'clock boat to Sausalito was decided upon. However, circumstances alter cases, and it was the quarter to two boat instead.

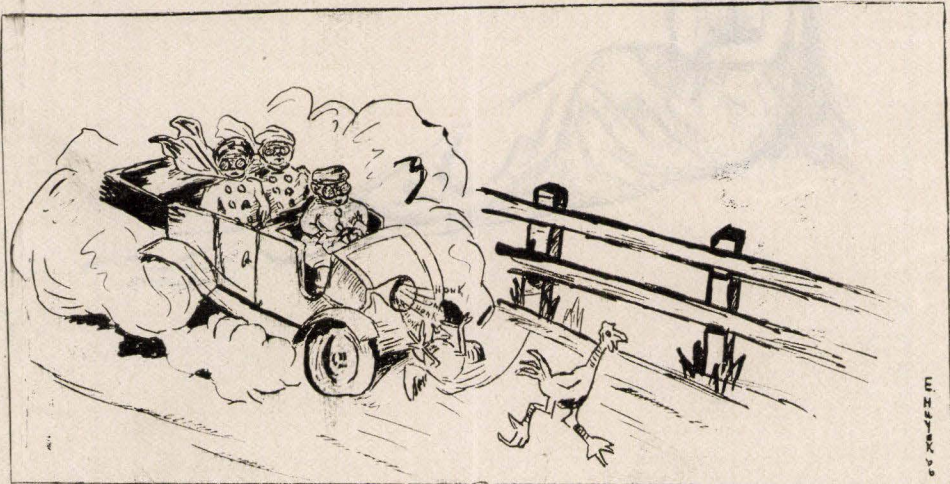
We went via Escalle and other equally famous and populous villages. Upon landing at the first of these, Sausalito, we immediately knew the inhabitants had seen an auto or two before. They made no fuss, but simply followed us with their optics until we were out of sight. At Escalle the people appeared, and apparently wondered what sort of infernal, death-dealing affair was coming.

The next few villages were passed through so quickly that the people could not get out quickly enough to see us. In consequence of their innate slowness all that they saw was the cloud of dust which the machine raised. Meanwhile all the chickens and geese tried to fly out of our path, and goose-like, only managed to get in it. Of course, dodging geese or other wanderers in the pastoral line puts one in an amiable mood.

The further north we went, the more aversion was stamped on each physiognomy. At the "honk, honk" of the machine, women would pull babies into doorways from the porches, and hold on to the tiny hands as if thinking we would come up the steps after them. Men driving horses so antiquated that only persistent beating could force them to move, would hold up a warning hand and shout, "Stop!" and then jump out and tug madly at the unoffending animals' heads. I am positive those horses scorned their fearful and cautious drivers. I am also positive that no idea is so strong in the minds of almost all country people as a persistent and deep dislike and suspicion toward modern contrivances.

Humanity and jack-rabbits were equally zealous in avoiding us, and the only creature that was not half-paralyzed by fear was a solitary cow which we encountered about two miles from Healdsburg. She calmly proceeded to get in our way, and could not be induced to step aside. She meandered thoughtfully ahead of us for nearly a mile, and we then managed to give her the go-by. I must add that all in the party really felt a great wonder and regard come over them as they considered how brave was that animal—the only one for miles that was not overcome by fear at the approach of that dreaded, modern invention, the automobile.

All due apologies to the country people, to whom no offense is meant, considering the auto is most familiar to them.



Acrostic

ELSIE NORTHRUP, '06.

G stands for Greatness, the goal we desire,

I for Intention, the better the higher,

R stands for Rule by which we abide,

L for the Life which we must decide,

S for the Sympathy which is our guide.

H stands for Height we'll attain without fear,

I stands for Interest one can notice this year,

G stands for Glory, the goal we affix,

H for the History of Nineteen Naught Six.



Bernice Lindgren
Art



Michel Wollenberg
Exchange



Elizabeth Jorgensen
Editor



Mabel H. Graham
Manager



Bessie Culley
Editor



Alma Summerfield
Alumnae



Amanda Jacobsen
Editor



Ellen Rasmussen
School Notes



Florence Blom
Editor

Editorial Staff



Senior Edition Girls' High Journal

PUBLISHED BY THE PUPILS OF THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Journal Staff

EDITOR IN CHIEF - - - - - BESSIE CULLEY, '06

Assistant Editors

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We wish all our readers a joyful Christmas and a Happy New Year.

It was with genuine regret that we were compelled to give up publishing our monthly this term. This was owing to the changed conditions. The practice of editing a monthly proved very successful in the Girls' High School and we sincerely hope that it may be continued next term. Students! Do you realize that the Journal is a part of the school? Every student can and should help the Journal. Help it by contributing material, by subscribing for it, by reading it, and by patronizing our advertisers. Every student has hopes of becoming a Senior some day. When you are a Senior you will expect the undergraduates to do exactly what we ask you to do. So, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Contributing material is not enough; it does not help the Journal financially. Each and every girl in the school should buy at least one copy of the journal. In addition, **Patronize Our Advertisers.** Business men do not advertise for the pleasure there is in it, but they do it to gain trade. If these men find that they gain no trade by advertising in our journal, they will not do it again and when YOU are editing the journal you will find that you will not be able to make it pay. This is the reason that we ask you to patronize our advertisers and in doing so, please mention the fact that you are from the Girls' High School.

We have been greatly handicapped by the loss of our building and also by the loss of many able pupils; but, our enrollment is still over five hundred and we sincerely hope that it will reach the seven hundred mark in the near future. Nevertheless we have lost a comparatively small percentage of pupils considering the decrease in San Francisco's population. We feel that in the name of the Faculty we can compliment the students of our school on the work done by them this term. Having our former six periods changed to five and those five crammed into four small hours seemed discouraging at first. Nevertheless, under these circumstances, our students have finished eight months work in five, done their work well, and fulfilled the University requirements.

This overcrowding of work has been felt as much, if not more, by the Faculty than by the Students. In the name of the Associated Student Body of the Girls' High School we thank them for their earnest work and kind help.

The high Senior Class wishes to express its appreciation of all that the members of the Faculty have done for them during the last four years.

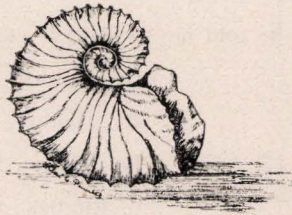
We wish to welcome all our new students, especially the Freshmen. Our new students number as many this year as any previous year. This fact proves that the Girls' High, although handicapped by unfavorable conditions, still holds its high standing in the estimation of the people. **NEW STUDENTS** The High Senior Class wishes to express its regret in not having been able to give the regular semi-annual reception to the Freshmen this term. This practice is a very pretty one and in the past has been held in the auditorium of our old building. But this term, as you doubtless know, we have had no auditorium, nor, in fact, any place in which we could give this reception. But, Girls! Pray that the Fates will look favorably upon us and that in the near future the Girls' High School will have a new and more beautiful auditorium, where not only belated receptions but also other good times may be had.

Editorials usually complain about school spirit, but we feel that the school spirit of the students of the Girls' High School must be commended. During these trying times our girls have shown great loyalty; **LOYALTY SCHOOL SPIRIT** is what makes school spirit. Our students have shown loyalty to the school, to the faculty, and to their fellow students. The very fact that not ONE of our students has left the school to go to another city high school having a morning session or to one which would be more convenient to her place of residence proves this.

Owing to the lack of a suitable meeting place we have been unable to come together but twice this term; once in the yard and once in the study hall. At both these meetings the school spirit was much in evidence. We feel that we must again compliment our girls on their strong school spirit.

The Journal Staff wishes to take this opportunity to thank every one, both Faculty and Students, who have labored to make this journal a success. We wish especially to thank Dr. Scott, our principal, who has been our **THANKS DUE** pilot in all our difficulties, our guide in all our undertakings. Among those who have helped us is Mr. Boye who is the official photographer of the Girls' High School. Mr. Boye is an artist in the true sense of the word and we heartily endorse a visit to his studio; we feel that it will be fully repaid.

We wish success to those who will edit the Girls' High Journal next term.



A LETTER FROM A FRESHIE TO HER MOTHER

6348 Fifth Ave., S. F., Aug. 12, 1906.

My dear Ma:—

Well, I've come to a great school where there is nothing but girls and girls and girls, and all sorts of girls. There are big girls and lots and lots of tiny girls in short dresses—I wore my red dress with the yellow ribbons today—who are called "scrubs" or "babies" by the big girls. A tall girl that someone called Hazel smiled at me in the hall and said, "Hurry up, baby!" as I passed her.

These big girls talk about lots of things that we don't understand, part is, I guess, of the lessons they must learn from the big books they lug around with them all the time, but most of what they're saying must be funny for they laugh when we pass by. The biggest and oldest of the girls wear their hair done up as Sister Mandy did after she was engaged. Perhaps they are engaged. They wear long dresses too, and I saw '06 on the big books they were carrying. I asked another "scrub" what it meant. She said, "Oh, that shows when they'll get out, but sometimes they don't get out."

When I entered today, I went into a big room filled with books, tables, pictures and a big clock. The Principal, such a nice man, said, "What high school did you say you came from, Alameda?" I answered that I had been three months in the Almeta Lone Pine Hill High School, State of Nevada. He seemed to regret that it wasn't the Alameda High School, I wonder why, and then he asked me so many questions about our family history, way back to the time of my great Uncle Reuben. He said that, owing to difference in plan of work, I'd have to enter the beginner's class, but as I looked strong he would let me take five subjects. He then gave me the following program, which he told me to observe closely:

SUSAN BROWN,	II, Latin, 1 ^a , C, 13 ³ (Draw.)
1a Class, 5 cr.	III, History, 1 ^a , L, 2 ¹
Miss Stark's Room, No. 15.	IV, Botany, 1 ^a , H, 1 ¹
I, Algebra, 2 ^B , H ^o , 4 ¹	V, English, 1 ^a , R, 11 ²

One of those '06 girls with her hair done up, a real pretty one, was directed to take me up stairs to my new teacher, and as we left the room I wondered whether that 1a class was A1 as Pa says of the mine when it pans out well for the year. With that mysterious slip of paper clutched firmly in my hand I went with that '06 up two long flights of stairs, full of hollows like gopher-holes. We seemed climbing to "finity" as Auntie Sarah used to say. She left me with a teacher with pretty eyes

and rosy cheeks who copied my name and gave me a seat. As I looked around I saw more girls in that one room than were in our whole school at Almeta Lone Pine Hill. Two things puzzled me, first, how some of the fat "babies" present managed to get through the narrow aisles, second, why the teacher liked to sit so that she looked at her pupils' ears instead of their eyes. I hadn't finished wondering about these when an awful noise made me jump, but the girl next to me said: "It's only the bell for roll-call" and I felt better. After calling a number of names, the teacher, as I thought, looked at me and said, "Miss Green," I answered "My name is Brown," but she replied, "There is a Green girl in my room," and then every one laughed.

Just then that awful noise came again and the class passed out into the great halls. I still clutched that program, but, Ma, I felt as though I was lost in our sage brush country. I was too forlorn to ask where Algebra 2B was taught, so I blindly followed a line of girls into the classroom of a teacher with a good, old Bible name, guess it was Job, for she was very patient with me, and stopped her lesson on carbonic and carbolic acid to put me in charge of a 3B girl who was to take me to the right room. She was a jolly girl, think I'll like the 3B's. She looked at my program, laughed, said Ho was not chemistry but a teacher, and left me in Room 41. I told why I was late, and the teacher said, "All right, can you do any of this work on the board?" You know Pa says I've his mathematical head, and I just got every example right.

The clang of those bells—my English teacher in the Almeta Lone Pine Hill High School said "clang" was a good example of an onomatopacia—sent me off again on my wanderings, and a mischievous girl with a long dress said, "II, Period Latin? Yes, here you are" and I entered a room and sat down in a corner seat. My success in algebra has encouraged me and I was intent upon what the teacher was saying when I heard—"I forgot this next word in English, but this is it in French." I raised my hand and told him my program was Latin, and he said, "Pass up to Room 13, this is too modern for you, you are booked for a dead language." I just hate that girl that made me make that mistake, she was awfully homely and I think she was cross-eyed.

As I passed out into the hall I met the girls from my 1a class, room 15, who said there was to be no Latin today, but we were to report for our drawing lesson. We met a very pleasant-looking teacher—the German master, I was told, who greeted us with, "Vell, guten-tag," and directed us to pass over a funny-looking bridge and we'd find the drawing room further on. We opened a door a little ways and then it stuck. We heard a masculine voice within say, "To all intents and

purposes, force is necessary," so we took his advice, gave an awful push and the door flew open. This room was full of '06 girls—physics class, some one said. I looked for the cross-eyed one, but couldn't find her. We were sent through to the next room, gave our names to the Drawing Master, who told us to sit anywhere, handed each of us a flower, pencil and paper and we then drew what we thought were fine sketches. When he saw mine he said: "The veins of those leaves look just like Van Ness Avenue." As this is the finest street in town I wonder if it was praise for my work?

When the bells rang this time I asked how they were rung and learned that the fine, big clock in the Principal's room was an electric one presented by a class of graduates, and it rang all the bells at the same moment. Instead of looking at my program as we moved through the halls, I saw maps on the walls of a room, heard some one ask, "Do you know your history?" and I entered. A solemn-looking teacher called out, "Every one study," and they did. I took my program up to her, and she said, "This room is not for A. W. 1 pupils, these girls don't get their lessons. Miss Blank take this little girl to Room 2." As we went down the bumpy stairs, the '06er told me she just longed for graduating day. The 1a history lesson for tomorrow is to be about Troy and the wooden horse. I'm not real homesick, but, how I'd like a good gallop on Brown Bess once more. Do you think she misses me?

Something new happened at the end of Period III. Such lots of good things to eat suddenly appeared. This school opens at 12:30 and closes at 4:30, so that a 11 o'clock lunch for those girls living a good ways off makes them hungry again at 3 o'clock. Lots of those '06 girls are too fat to be pretty. They eat too much.

I was getting used to that onomatopoeia, electric noise, and the next bell found this "scrub" in the Botany room, for I was beginning to understand my program better. The Botany and Zoology teacher is one, and we were told that as some shrimps had unexpectedly been sent in for study we would have a lesson with the "Zoo" class. When the shrimps were passed I took two, and ate one—I love 'em—but part of the shell stuck in my throat. I shan't take Zoology again, no, never! I don't like it.

The V Period was English, and I stepped from one gopher-hole to another as I climbed to the second floor. The teacher looked up in despair when I showed her my program, and I didn't wonder, for the room was packed full of "babies," some one said fifty-five were in the class. I was so glad when I heard that technical grammar was the lesson for tomorrow, and that today was to be spent with dear Ellen Douglas. The log house on the island made me think of you all. How is my garden getting on, are the tomatoes turning red, is that funny long-legged calf still wobbly on his feet? What do you suppose in the "Lady of the Lake" sent my mind back to Almeta Lone Pine Hill?

The next bell clang was dismissal and, when I passed into the hall, I ran after one of my new "scrub" friends but, "No running in the halls, Madam'sell" met my ears. It was the French teacher who had said I was booked for "a dead language." As I passed Room 8, a '06er came not saying, "They're all over the building," and before I could make out what was all over the building, she pointed at me, laughed, and said "Babies." At the door of Room 9 was a big girl telling a teacher that she must have something for the school journal. The teacher told her that she would probably find many good things in the editorial box in the Principal's office before the month was out. My new friend showed me that box, and I'm going to copy this and drop it in, for my English teacher in Almeta Lone Pine Hill High School gave me 95 per cent last month. Perhaps the '06ers will spend time enough to read it if it is put in the Journal and then will not play so many tricks on the poor "scrubs." If it is accepted for the '06 graduate number I'll send you a copy. It won't be "Tom Brown at Rugby," but your loving

SUSAN BROWN, at Girls' High School,
San Francisco.



Officers of Associated Student Body



"To what High School are you going?" asked a grammar graduate of another
 "Where? Why I don't know!"

How many of us have said the very same thing in our "baby" days. Why DID we come to Girls' High? Was it because our mothers were numbered among its first graduates; was it an abhorrence of all that was not feminine or was it because—well, because, that so often accommodating and abused word, BECAUSE.

What is there at our school which should attract these graduates? What have we to inspire school spirit amongst our own pupils, that spirit which is so necessary in any body of people? Let us see what there is at Girls' High School to attract them one and all. First and pre-eminently is:

The Associated Student Body.

For many years the Girls High School had been organized as the Scholarship Association. In the fall of 1904, Dr. Scott suggested the organizing of a Student Association which should control all school activities. This was done and the officers elected with full power to regulate the Scholarship Fund, and all Girls High Clubs or organizations.

To support this fund each girl gives monthly a voluntary contribution and thereby enables two or more girls to attend the University of California. The school is now supporting four scholarships at Berkeley, more than any other High school in the State is doing. The present holders thereof are: Miss Flora Hofers, Dec. '05; Miss Clara Haryett, '06; Miss Mildred Everett, '06; Miss Miriam Reeves, '06.

On October 22, 1906, a meeting of the Associated Student Body was called in the Assembly Hall, for the purpose of electing officers for the remainder of this term. Remarks were made by Miss Gladys Bowman in behalf of the Debating Society, Miss Elsie Northrup, Atalantas, and Miss Anita Day, Art Athenaeum. Remarks were also passed by several of the Faculty. The election for officers resulted

as follows: President, Miss Hazel Carrau, '06; First Vice President, Miss Lillian Hill, '07; Second Vice President, Miss Carmelita Woerner, '07; Third Vice President, Miss Guladys Adams, '08; Fourth Vice President, Miss Ursula Dietrich, '09; Secretary, Miss Gladys Bowman, '07; Treasurer, Miss Laura Daniel; Directors—Miss Hobe and Miss Roth.

The Atalanta Club.

This club has now been organized for several years, its object being to promote a desire for outdoor exercise and sports. Although the idea was to make both tennis and basket-ball equally prominent, still the latter has gained a decided headway. The difficulty in instituting tennis was that we had no outdoor court. Practice of basket-ball had been held regularly twice every week up to the Easter vacation. This term we have been unable to obtain any indoor court, but now have been promised the use of the Lick Court. We hope to resume practice in about one week.

The last game played was with Miss Horton's School of Oakland. The result was 6-2 in favor of Girls' High. The girls then composing our team were:

Goals—Leila Trewick, Jessie Clifford, Clara Haryett.

Guards—Lena Hauss, Florence Samuels, Sadie de Sousa, Cecil Levy.

Centers—Elsie Northrup, (captain); Irene Spadina, Gladys Bowman.

Several other games had been planned, the first of which was to have been with San Mateo High School, on the Saturday following the opening of school. Games with Santa Rosa, San Jose and Alameda High Schools were also being arranged. We soon hope to be in regular practice and again to hold our old place among the first and best teams of our State.

Election of officers for the remainder of the term was held on October 29. The result was as follows: President, Leila Trewick; Vice President, Irene Spadina; Treasurer, Cecil Levy; Secretary, Jessie Clifford; Business Manager, Sadie de Sousa; Captain, Elsie Northrup.

Debating.

Do you remember the famous Lowell vs. Girls' High Debate? Didn't we have a glorious time? What fun it was practicing our yells and songs, and getting ready for the fray with the Lowell! And then the decisive night! How pretty that compact body of our six hundred girls looked in their light dresses, waving yellow ribbons and chrysanthemums! When it was announced that Girls' High was the victor, what a pandemonium broke loose!!!

Girls, wouldn't you like to live it all over again? Well, we can. We'll reorganize our Debating Club and work with a dash, a vigor, and a vim.

First-Year Students, you should join one of the school activities, now that you are members of the Girls High. If your tastes are intellectually inclined, come into the Debating Club, and a hearty invitation to join it is hereby extended to each and every one of you. Not only will we guarantee to make you good, logical speakers, but we'll give you amusement of the best sort at each meeting.

Last term, Mr. Mitchell gave some stereopticon lectures that were intensely interesting. We had also literary meetings during which fine papers on some great poet, humorist, or author were read, and quotations from their works were given by members of the club. This year, we have some new features to introduce that will be highly entertaining.

The Second and Third Year Students have always been active debaters, and we urge them to continue the good work.

As Seniors, let us leave behind us something that our school will be proud of and will always remember us by. Let us, before we graduate, have another rousing debate that will show the people of our great city that Girls High is composed of energetic, able workers. Let us make our class renowned in the annals of our school history. Let us urge the Debating Club, one and all, to keep this idea in view,—to plan another glorious contest !

The Art Athenaeum.

The Art Athenaeum, though it has been handicapped by conditions in general, is still active in its ambition and is storing up enough energy in this time of enforced inaction, to last for a long time to come.

Since the abrupt closing of school we have been holding rather informal meetings at the homes of the different members. Owing to the lack of proper studio room and other reasons the club has not formally organized as yet. No officers have been elected for this term. No definite plan of work has been agreed upon, but a sketching trip or two are contemplated and the real work will begin just as soon as conditions allow it.

A cordial invitation is extended to the pupils of the school who care for drawing, to look into the requirements for membership to this club. The first year classes are urgently requested to post themselves in regard to this branch of our school activities.—The Art Athenaeum.

FOREWARD

Just a word to say that we are glad of this opportunity courteously extended to us by the Dec., '06 class, to express our gratitude to our school, to its principal and to the teachers whom we love to count among our friends, for their kindly aid in making our High School years, perhaps, the happiest of our lives, from which we were cut off on April 18, 1906, so abruptly, so regretfully.

We are proud to have been members of the Girls' High School, we are proud of its teachers, its Associated Student body and its Alumnae, and as we are unwilling to let our graduating class go out into the world, with no written expression from its inmost heart,—for the Class Journal always embodies this feeling, you will find in the succeeding pages a history, a story and a farewell, written in a spirit of affection and appreciation for the Girls' High School from the Martyred Class of 1906.

IRENE COFFIN,

Editor of the June, 1906, G. H. S. Class Journal.



THE CLASS OF JUNE '06

Jessica Laflin, June, '06.

Our commencement, the most glorious; our farce, the best ever; our Jinks, the most jolly, and our Journal, the most superior,—all blotted out of existence in forty-five seconds! Our class, perhaps not the most brilliant, but very best 'all round' class, our class, the Class of June, '06, has, however, a History.

It was in July, 1902, that we assembled at the Girls' High School, Scott and Geary, an excited, frightened, lonely lot. We stood trembling in Mr. Brook's office, in the ante-room, and in the hall. Those who knew, were talking learnedly of the High School work, while the uninitiated listened miserably, and wished for home and mother.

Presently, Mr. Brooks asked us to follow him and we went down to the Science Recitation Room. After a brief, kindly welcome from him there, he left us with the four teachers by whom our ranks were destined to be divided in classes. They patiently helped us fill out our registration blanks, and we were then classified, Misses Leszynsky, Croyland, Hunt and Daniels being our first class teachers.

The initial social event in our High School career was the reception to the "Babies," as we were fondly called. We had practiced the waltz and the two-step 2 weeks before the eventful day (in the corners of the Auditorium) and even then, I'll warrant, many a dignified Senior toe was crushed at that great function. The remainder of the year passed peacefully by, its close marked by the marriage of one of our Latin teachers, Miss Alice Marchebout.

In our second year we were divided into two classes and registered with Miss Croyland and Miss Leszynsky, our ranks having become much smaller. We were hardly launched upon this year's work when Miss Wilson, head of the Latin department followed Miss Marchebout's example. Miss Stark came to fill the vacancy. When, lo, within the fortnight, Miss Reynolds' desk was found one morning unoccupied. A note told the tale. She too had been "married and was already on her way to New York." The whole Latin department launched into matrimony at one fell swoop! Miss Stark, Miss Croyland and Miss Bowman succeeded these happy brides as our teachers.

During the summer vacation following our second year, there was much speculation as to the new Latin teacher, who was to come. Rumor had it that it would be a man. At the same time we were alternately dreading and wishing for the new principal, Dr. Scott, who was to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Mr. Brooks, whom we all felt sorry to lose. At last the new term opened, and we were introduced to the new head of the Latin department, Mr. Stokes, our class teacher, with whom we passed, perhaps, the most pleasant year of our High School life. We all heartily congratulated our Alma Mater on securing so able a man as Dr. Scott for its principal. During this year, Girls' High waved triumphantly her golden ban-

ners of victory after the splendid debate with Lowell's team. Only one thing marred the happiness of this third year, the death of Miss Elliott, who had resigned a short time before, and whom we all held in high esteem.

With joy and pride we launched into our Senior year, a year singularly busy but far from the expected grind. We all looked forward to graduation with beating hearts and were eagerly working on our Class Journal and arduously training for our Farce, but all these were destined to come to naught. Our only Senior Function was our reception to the "babies" of 1910. Ours were the toes to suffer, then.

After the fire frequent and merry meetings were held at the Emerson School, our own, dear, red-brick school house being a thing of the past. Our graduation in Golden Gate Park was unique, but far different from the graduation of our dreams. Our class picture, each one holds dear, a fit remembrance of the class of 1906. After a jolly luncheon, we climbed over the rocks, around the Tavern, up to the look-out and to the wireless station. The ride down the mountain, in the gravity car was much enjoyed, and we made the clear mountain air, ring with our songs. On July 22, we attended a very delightful luncheon of the G. H. S. Alumnae and we felt proud to be members of so noble an organization of San Francisco's women.

Our ranks are rather scattered now, though sixteen of us are at the University of California. Hilda Baily, Florence Brooks, Orla Both, Camilla Brouillard, Irene Coffin, Mildred Everett, May Fitzgerald, Clara Haryett, Lucy Harrison, Helen Hill, Elsie Howell, Jessie Laffin, Mary Redmond, Miriam Reeves, Nellie Trewick and Rosie Weiss.

Our class is not represented at Stanford, though Carrie Gordon is thinking of entering next August.

Adelaide Block, Mabel Doran, Ophelia Ertola, Loretta Herlihy, Louise Marks, Lillian Olson and Sadye Quinn are fitting for business careers.

Mildred Cameron, Nellie Eager, Hilda May and Florence Tillmann attend Normal I hear.

Evelyn Smith is taking a post graduate course at Girls' High and expects to enter the Normal in January.

Minnie Noe and Katherine Cross are in the east, Myrtle Little is visiting Canada and Corinne Reuck is in Los Angeles.

Genevieve Huffman attends a finishing school in Seattle, Washington.

The other girls are devoting themselves to home life, and in some cases Cupid in encouraging their efforts in this laudable direction. In fact Ethel Wood is our class bride, being married to Charles Woodruff.

Helen Green has announced her engagement to Arthur Hobart Halloran, a graduate of Stanford. Rumor has it that several others are engaged, but as the interesting details have not yet been announced, it is not for me to "give them away."

Those of us who are together at the University of California often talk of plans for the resurrection of our Farce and other class jollifications, and I hope this talk will not prove in vain for we must keep alive the spirit of the Class of June, '06, and in after years our lives will be the happier for the pleasures and good fellowship of our high school days.

MERELY A KNOT-HOLE

Mildred Everett, June, 1906.



HE POKED her fat little fore-finger through the coveted knot-hole and wagged it derisively at him.

"It's MY knot-hole!" she announced triumphantly.

"Tain't neither," retorted a shrill voice from the other side of the high board fence, "it's MINE."

"Well' it's on MY side, I guess," she declared indignantly.

"It's on MY side, too," was the disconcerting reply.

"It's—it's BIGGER on my side," she shrieked despairingly.

"Tain't neither," was the answering shriek, "and MINE'S got a big crack under it, so there."

"Well," said she, plainly defeated, but refusing to acknowledge it, "my mamma said for me not to play with knot-holes anyway."

"Huh. Knot-holes is nothin'," scoffed the valiant victor. "I played with a—a spider, once."

"My mama said for me never to play with spiders," said she loftily, "but"—brightening—"I played with a tame cattiepillar—er—once."

"Huh—a tame cattiepillar," cried he witheringly. "Why, once I played with a wild one."

Silence on the other side of the fence.

"I played with a AWFUL wild one. once," howled he a second time.

Deep silence.

"I killed it, too. I killed seven or eight, once."

Still no answer.

"Margwite," softly called this mighty slayer of wild caterpillars through the disputed knot-hole, "Margwite."

"Once," began Marguerite in a far away and quite impersonal tone of voice, "once a very bad, wicked boy went into the forest and killed a wild cattiepillar. Then he went home, but he couldn't sleep all night, 'couse"—sepulchrally—"when he shut his eyes he saw that cattiepillar lyin' cold and dead in the forest. The next day he went back, and there lay that poor, wild cattiepillar where he had slewn it, but,"—impressively—"the minute it saw that boy it jumped at him and bit him till he died." "And," she added slowly, "that boy's name was Tommy."

"Pooh," said Tommy contemptuously, "I know a worser story 'en THAT." "Once," he began bravely, then paused. "Once," said he again, racking his brain to think of some harrowing tale that would put that of Marguerite utterly in the shade.

"Tell it. Tell it." jeered Marguerite, once more poking her finger through the long-suffering knot-hole, and wagging it provokingly.

"Once," said Tommy brightly, struck by a brilliant inspiration, "once a very obstinate girl stuck her finger through a knot-hole in a fence, and the first thing SHE knew that knot-hole began to get littler and littler, and at last"—impressively—"it got so little that when she went to pull her finger out, it came right off," he concluded triumphantly. "And," he added slowly, "that girl's name was Marguerite."

"Why didn't she pull it out before the knot-hole got too little?" yelled Marguerite, at the same time hastily jerking her own small member from the aperture.

"Well,—er—I guess she forgot," said Tommy lamely.

Silence for a while.

"Tommy," cried Marguerite suddenly, "let's play king and queen."

"All right," replied Tommy, brightening up somewhat. "I'll be king."

"No," declared Marguerite emphatically, "I'LL be king."

"But GIRLS is never kings," protested Tommy feebly.

"Girls ARE," said Marguerite. "Once I read it in a book."

"What book did you read it in?" demanded Tommy suspiciously. "A hist'ry?"

"No," replied Marguerite, not having the vaguest idea as to the nature of a history, "I read it in a—er—in mama's cook-book, I guess," she ended weakly.

"Ha, ha," laughed Tommy. "Cook-books only has about thing to eat in 'em."

"Well, our cook-book has about kings and queens in it," declared Marguerite obstinately. "And, anyway," she continued, "I'M going to be king, and you'll HAVE to be queen, or we won't play, so there."

"All right," grumbled Tommy. Then—maliciously—"Queens have to be be-u-tiful, anyway."

Now this remark contained a dreadful insinuation, and Marguerite was not slow to take notice of and resent it.

"I AM be-u-tiful," cried she indignantly.

"Well, who said you weren't?" jeered Tommy.

"I think I'll be the queen after all, Tommy," said Marguerite, ignoring this last remark.

Tommy smiled covertly to himself. He was beginning at an early age to understand the vagaries of womankind.

"And, Tommy," continued Marguerite, "you'd better come 'round on this side of the fence. We can't play king and queen through a knot-hole."

"Though MY knot-hole, you mean," said Tommy with dignity.

"No, through MY knot-hole," replied Marguerite firmly.

Tommy forbore to answer, but hastened to obey the command of the imperious little lady. He had proceeded but a few steps, however, when he heard a shriek from the other side of the fence, followed by several more in rapid succession. He redoubled his speed and soon came in sight of Marguerite perched high upon a box with her little short skirts clutched tightly in her hands.

"Oh, Tommy," shrieked the evidently much frightened little girl.

"What is it?" asked Tommy breathlessly.

"There. There," wailed Marguerite.

"Where?" panted Tommy.

"Kill it Tommy," shrieked Marguerite. "It's coming closer."

"What is it? Where is it?" howled Tommy in desperation.

"There. By your foot. Oh! Oh!" and Marguerite waved her arms frantically in every direction except that of Tommy's foot.

Tommy looked down at his sturdy little feet, and there, about an inch from his right one, was a harmless little caterpillar, crawling slowly toward the box on which stood the frightened Marguerite.

"Kill it, Tommy," cried she. "It's almost here."

"Once," said Tommy, in a gravely meditative tone of voice, "once a very bad, wicked boy went into the forest—"

"Tommy, it's at the edge of the box. Oh, Tommy, dear, take it away," wailed Marguerite.

"— and killed a wild cattiepillar," continued Tommy, but he couldn't sleep all—"

Marguerite burst into tears.

"Tommy, it's crawling up the side," she sobbed. "Oh, dear, WHY doesn't some one help me."

Tommy, seeing that the little maid was really very much frightened, picked up the unoffending little caterpillar on the end of a stick, and, carrying it a few rods from the box on which Marguerite stood, deposited it gently on the ground.

When he returned, Marguerite jumped down from the box, and, running to him, slipped her warm little hand into his.

"You were VERY brave, Tommy," said she.

"Yes," said Tommy.

"Was it a wild one, Tommy?" she asked solemnly.

"Very wild," said Tommy.

Marguerite pressed his hand.

"Let's play king and queen," she suggested brightly. "YOU may be the king."

"All right," replied Tommy.

"And then let's look through the knot-hole," continued Marguerite.

"YOUR knot-hole," said Tommy gallantly.

"No," replied Marguerite gently, "OUR knot-hole, Tommy."

PRIVATE BUSINESS

NAME.	APPEARANCE.	ENDOWED WITH
Adele Badarous	Bored	Luck in Card Playing.
"Bennie" Bennet	Not so demure	A meek exterior in contrast with a ———. Never mind.
"Gretchen" Bannick	a la Bannick	A decidedly generous nature.
"Bunny" Block	"Cunning"	Alertness in Physics.
"Coz" Bredhoff	Willowy	Lots of nice things.
"Audrey" Carrau	Striking	Power to invent excuses.
"Beth" Clayton	Lengthy	A fine brain for formulating schemes
"Lucinda" Corbett	"Coquettish"	Unusual power of making people pay
"Ditto" Culley	Athletic	Business ability.
"Pick" Dalton	Pleasing	Faculty of always looking unruffled.
Glenna DeWitt	Senatorial	Argumental powers.
Elsa Dietrich	Bashful	An enormous amount of good luck in history.
"Pete" Fenkhausen	Prim	Power to produce melody (?) out of an "agony box."
"Pinky" Gorham	Businesslike	Power to drum up trade.
Ida Finney	Neat	Power to push other people through barbed wire fences.
"Mun" Gowan	Shy	A sweet way.
Lillian Hanson	Wise	Superabundance of uncommon dis- ease called studiousness.

OF THE SENIOR CLASS

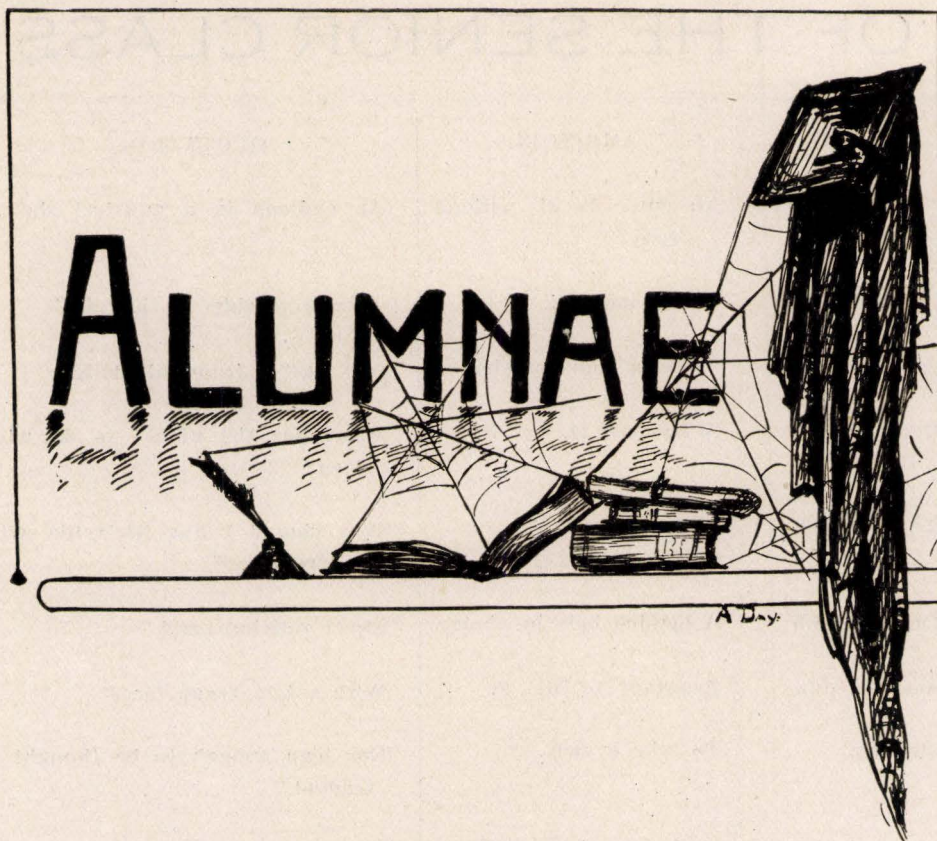
HOEBY.	AMBITION.	QUOTATION.
Doing Nothing.	To be longwaisted.	"In every gesture, dignity."
Club meetings	A coach in German.	"Oh, what may girl within her hide, Though angel on the outward side."
House keeping.	To keep house for two.	"Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair."
School songs.	To travel	"A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the best of men."
"My hair "	To spiel German.	"There is no royal road which leads to German."
Skating.	Instructor at the rink.	"To be merry, best becomes you."
A nurse's uniform	Getting there on time.	"Haste not—rest not."
College hats and overcoats.	To wield the birch and rule.	" 'Tis she, I knew the manner of her gait."
Tennis	To get a diploma.	"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew, That one small head could carry all she knew."
Boys	To get out of all the work she can.	"Black eyes with wondrous, witch- ing charm."
Politics	To be a curbstone orator.	"While words of learned length and thundering sound."
Travel	To be a linguist.	"Her modest looks, the cottage might adorn."
My own opinion	To be a yellow journalist.	"Man has his will, But woman has her way."
Going down hill gracefully	To be Mrs. Prag's "Un- derstudy."	"Nowhere so busy a girl as she there was, and yet she seemed busier than she was."
Caterpillars surveyors	To teach the new idea how to shoot.	"Little things can make a great noise."
Reading	The rest cure.	"ABSENCE makes the heart grow fonder."
Music	To be an infant phenom- enon.	"Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast."

PRIVATE BUSINESS

NAME.	APPEARANCE.	ENDOWED WITH.
"Jack" Huyck	Angelic	Power to persuade teacher not to bounce her.
"Lu" Jacobs	Sprightly	Enormous amount of hard luck.
"Mirandy" Jacobsen	Jovial	Extraordinary fluency.
"Hiddel" Lang	Satisfied	A number of escorts.
Grace Lloyd	Sedate	A "U. S. pin.
"Melia" Luchetti	Retiring	Cats, dogs, a polly, and a teapot.
"Belle" McGilvery	Slight	Love for her teahers (some in particular.)
"Dido" Millar	Merry	A dimple in her chin.
"El" Northrup	Intellectual	An interest in insurance companies.
"Snora" O'Connell	Diminutive	Power to look innocent at a moment's notice.
Corinne Plumbe	Quiet	A sweet, slow smile.
"Peck" Riley	Airy	A new case daily.
Anna Rourke	Hearty	Innocent of books.
"Tuts" Summerfield	Good natured	An enormous purse.
"Al" Sutcliffe	Commanding	Dreadful power of learning history.
"Bert" Trathen	Dreamy	Unhappy faculty of being "pinched."
"Mibs" Wollenberg	Serene.	School spirit.
Anita Fendeling	"Fuzzy "	Seriousness bordering on "Fairyl-land."

OF THE SENIOR CLASS

HOBBY.	AMBITION.	QUOTATION.
"Scrapes of all kinds	To enter U. C. without "rees."	"An endman in a minstrel show."
Cutting up	To get married.	"There's mischief in this girl."
Candy sales	To be a club president	"One vast substantial smile."
Moonlight Evenings.	A Raphael II.	"What has the night to do with sleep?"
Being absent.	The highest	"Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve?"
The quiet life.	A maiden lady by choice.	"Sweet retiring maid."
Hair-dressing.	Assistant to Mr. Z.	"With a fair, frank face."
Giggling.	To take it easy.	"Nor lean enough to be thought a student."
Basket ball.	To be versed in all things	"Nor is the whole world ignorant of her worth."
Joshing	To be a nun (I wonder?)	"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun, Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."
Engagements.	Something good.	"Gentle of speech."
Small boys.	"Cases."	"Your worst fault is to be in love."
Murmuring to herself.	To be a sweet girl graduate.	"The village all declared how much she knew."
Theater.	To be an anti-fat advertisement.	"Bright was her face with smiles."
Dancing.	To be a dancing teacher.	"A daughter of the gods divinely tall."
Building air castles.	A farmer's wife.	"Awake from your slumbers, Love!"
Managing affairs.	To be a boarding school miss.	"Oh, she sits high in all the people's heart."
Arriving at the last moment.	To be a missionary.	"Go forth and teach the ignorant."



Could anything have been more thoroughly enjoyable than the annual luncheon of the Alumnae Association of the Girls' High School held Saturday, July 21, '06, in the parlors of the Plymouth Congregational Church on Post Street? The great banqueting room with its glowing masses of golden streamers, G. H. S. and '06 banners in huge, gilt letters, the tables on which the flowers and song-books repeated the color scheme—that of the glorious gold of our California poppy—made a most delightful background for the program of an afternoon that will not soon be forgotten by those who were present. What a strenuous time the committee of arrangements had in providing the necessary cutlery and chinaware for the unexpectedly large attendance! Two hundred and twenty graduates reported promptly on time for the very excellent luncheon. How widespread the feeling of loyalty is to the dear, old school, was made manifest in many ways. In the presence of the white-haired graduate of 1860, sitting by her daughter who received her diploma in the 80's. In the happy, rollicking fun of the younger members of the Alumnae, the graduating class of 1906, who, forty in number, gathered around their long table, and, under the inspiring baton of their song and yell leader, Carrie Gordon, made the older members smilingly recall their own jolly school frolics of former years. Did any one present fail to enjoy with all her heart, the delightful, sweet ballads sung by Mrs. Maggie Cameron Pierce, who had been invited to be the vocalist of the day? What petitions assailed the president, Mrs. Kate Treat Child, that the beloved singer of this class, or of that class be called upon for some favorite musical selection, and how good each number was. Everyone agreed that the addresses were just right. No prosy platitudes bored listening ears. Mrs. Laura Bride Powers gave a rousing tribute to school spirit, and Dr. Scott spoke earnestly on the character of

high school work. Short, witty, impromptu speeches were made by various members of the association. The unanimous opinion of the participants in this happy function is that it was, beyond a doubt, the best, the most delightful alumnae meeting the Girls' High graduates had ever attended.

At the business meeting, held one week later, the following were elected officers for the coming year: President, Miss Rose Casassa; First Vice President, Mrs. A. P. Black; Second Vice President, Miss Evelyn Arner; Treasurer, Mrs. D. M. Kenfield; Secretary, Mrs. P. H. Ruddock; Directors—Mrs. J. T. Sullivan, Miss A. B. Croyland, Miss Mary O'Neal, Miss Florence Mixer, Mrs. Chas. Smith, Miss Florence Hays.

Cupid is casting his darts into the ranks of our alumnae as is very evident in the following engagement announcements:

Miss Ethel Newman, '03 and Mr. L. Landsberg, a prominent young business man of this city.

Miss Lanette Hocheimer, '01 and Mr. Lester Scheeline.

Miss Irene Enkle and Edward Bastheim.

Miss Adele Rehfish and Mr. Charles Raas.

Miss Iris Shinn and Hale Marsh of Mill Valley.

Hymen and his glowing torch have been doing service at the following festivities:

Miss Fannie Gettle, '05, has married lately and is now living at Long Beach.

Miss Evelyn K. Aronson, '96, was married on June 20, to Dr. Max L. Margolis, formerly Professor of Semitics at Berkeley, but now occupying a chair in the Union Hebrew College of Cincinnati.

Miss Ethel Northon, '04, is now Mrs. Berkely Flocton.

Miss Marian Burness, '00, was married to Mr. Will Foster of Willetts, and has been residing there since the early part of the summer.

The marriage of Miss Schnitzer and Mr. J. C. Scharff took place recently at the home of the bride's mother.

Miss Eva Nickelsburg was married two weeks ago, to Mr. Sanford Newbauer. Mrs. Palymyre Cahn Nickelsburg, her mother, is one of our graduates.

Miss Lucile Tucker was married just after the earthquake to Mr. Max Kuhl, a rising young attorney.

We congratulate the following who have had the means and leisure to cross the "Great Pond" or to journey to "foreign parts:"

Miss Leszynsky, assistant in mathematics, has been in Europe over a year and expects to meet Miss Jewett, head of the Mathematics Department of the Girls' High School, in Paris, where they will spend the winter together interesting themselves particularly in the study of art.

Miss Jean Beach is making a tour of Europe with her mother and having enjoyed the trip through England, Ireland and Scotland, is now devoting three months to Holland, Belgium and Northern Europe. Their letters to one of our Faculty are intensely interesting.

Mrs. E. J. K. Latham, one of our early graduates, who has been in Europe for a year with her two daughters, has just returned to San Francisco, after a most enjoyable trip.

Mrs. Elena Roeckel Smith has just returned from Europe, where she spent a year on her wedding trip, and is now visiting her father-in-law on his beautiful estate, Glencrook in Castleton, Vermont, before going to her new home in St. Louis.

Mrs. Sarah Samuels Stein has been visiting San Francisco since May, but has returned to Paris now, where she will make her future home. The many opportunities in that great art center will give her many advantages to perfect herself in painting and the study of the masterpieces of the great artists.

Mrs. Kate Treat Child, a graduate of Berkeley as well as of the Girls' High, is away on a most delightful trip to Tahiti and the South Sea Islands. We hope that on her return she will honor us with a talk on her trip. As our alumnae president Mrs. Child just closed her term of office.

Lucile Culver, who was with us six months previous to Christmas, is now making an extensive tour in the land of the Chrysanthemum.

Miss Elsa Hinz is still in Europe, but confesses that she is homesick, and will return home soon.

Misses Eliza and Marguerita Baum have returned after having spent many months abroad. They were at a theatre party in Berlin the night of our recent disaster and this news caused their immediate return to our city.

Miss Alice Kowalsky, '05, has gone to New York City to make her permanent home.

Miss Francetta Moose of the Christmas class of 1905, has just returned from a most enjoyable trip to Chicago and Eastern cities.

Miss Amy Kahn, '02, is going to Europe for a year when she finishes her course at Berkeley this December.

Miss Meta Bannick of the June class of '03, is now in Los Angeles.

Miss Ray Voorsanger of the class of 1903, accompanied her father, Rabbi Voorsanger, left for an extensive trip through Europe and the Orient. We have just learned that Mrs. Miriam Voorsanger Waxebaum of Mason, Georgia, is rejoicing over the birth of a son.

Among those attending the Metropolitan Business College of this city are Miss Lillian Hurtzig, '05, Miss Helen Crowley, '05, Miss Gertrude Hussey, '00, and Miss Flora Harris, '01.

Miss Emilia Zabaldano, '05, is going to join the order of the "Little Sisters of the Poor."

Miss Gertrude Gabbs, who lately has been writing for the Call, is now working in the Red Cross Bureau. Rumor hath it a wedding is pending in the coming spring.

Mrs. Jesse Hathaway Brann is living at present in Fruitvale, having lost all her belongings in the fire.

Miss Helen Prutzman, '98, visited us during the present term. She holds the position of English assistant in Gogswell Polytechnic College of this city.

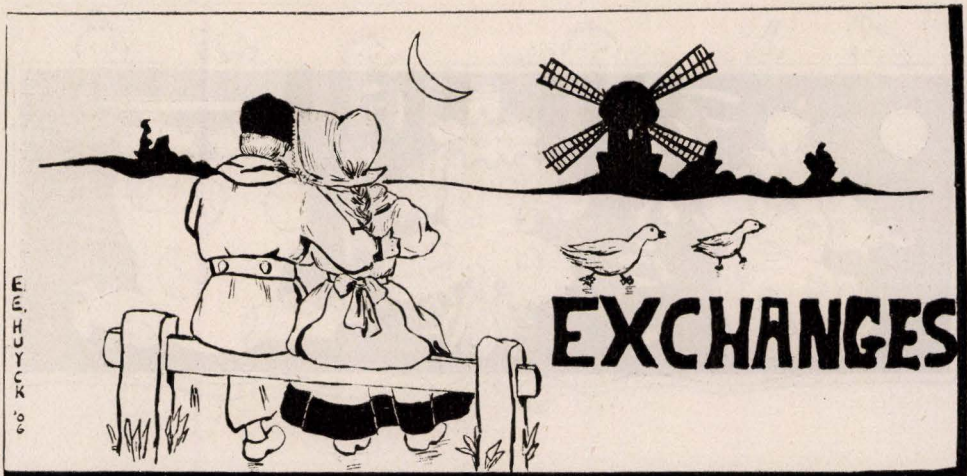
Miss Retta Haynes is now is now teacher at the Mt. Hamilton School at Lick Observatory.

Miss Elizabeth Ames is making a great success in the musical world. Her many successful concerts have shown her remarkable ability.

The Papyrus Club owes part of its delightful musical program to our brilliant pianist Fannie Yates Smith, who had charge of the accompaniments. Another of our graduates, Mrs. Louise Battles Cooper, rendered one of the most pleasing vocal selections. Mrs. Smith gave the alumnae association great delight by her music at the recent luncheon.

Mrs. Raymond Haskell Poore died recently in Berkeley. Mrs. Poore was one of the leading scholars of her class.

Miss Kathleen Roche, '05, died recently in Arizona. She went there hoping that the southern climate would benefit her.



We send forth a hearty welcome to all of our exchanges and wish to thank them for remembering us at our new address.

The old quotation tells us that "Neither praise nor blame is the object of true criticism. Justly to discriminate, firmly to establish, wisely to prescribe and honestly to award, these are the true aims and duties of criticism." It is this motto we have endeavored to follow in preparing our exchange column.

The "Item Annual" from Pasadena far surpasses the standard of most High School journals. In the story "The Hills of Greece," great literary ability is shown, the thread of interest is held throughout and the pathetic ending conveys to us the sadness of Demetrios' life. This well edited journal would be a credit to any school.

"The Brownies" performing on the trapeze and doing other tricks in general, in the Athletic cut of the "Manzanita" (Watsonville) Journal, is exceedingly clever. We hope your athletes are as sprightly as are your "Brownies."

We read in the Tocsin (Santa Clara High) a learned discourse on "How to preserve Husbands." We now anxiously await another article on how to obtain them.

The "Blue and White" (Sacred Heart College) shows its usual high standard and is a very fine journal. The earthquake-fire experiences are interesting; but why dwell on April the eighteenth? Other days have more pleasant associations.

"Normal Record"—the material of your journal is good, but have your artists gone on a strike? If so, we advise arbitration.

The "Washington Clarion" is the only night school paper we have received and, though it is not a large paper, we certainly admire the spirit with which it is edited. We hope to see it grow in the near future.

The Oakland "Tom Cat" differs from most High School papers, in that it makes no attempt to be serious, but is full of fun from beginning to end. We enjoyed reading you, "Tom Cat."

The "Lowell" is a very fine journal, but why don't you Lowellites pay court to the Muses?

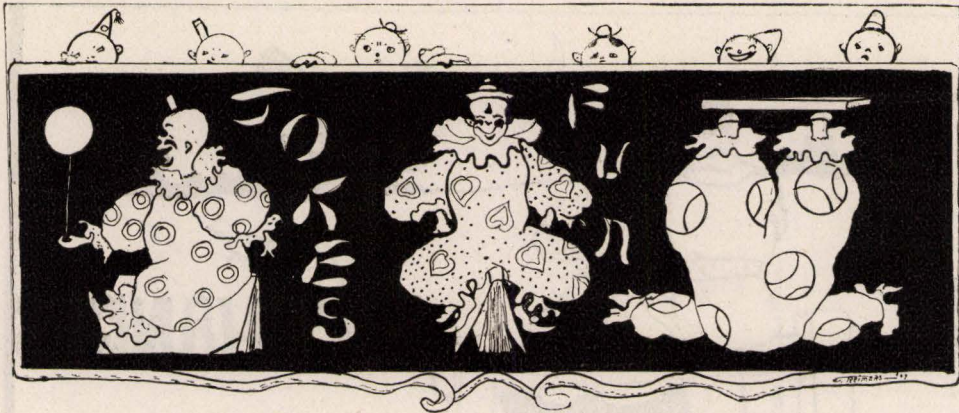
The stories in the "Flame" (Fruitvale) are written well, though the plot deals with rather youthful subjects for a High School paper.

The "Retina" (Toledo, Ohio) is good throughout, the stories are excellent and the jokes are the kind that makes you laugh.

The "Tooter" from Omaha, Nebraska, is brim full of school spirit, but as a paper it would be greatly improved if more time were spent on the stories.

We find no exchange column in the "Ollo Podrida" (Berkeley), though it has an exchange editor. Have you nothing to say about the various journals?

The stories in the "Owl" (Fresno High) have original plots and are very interesting. They certainly belong to the Romantic School.



Rock a bye, Seniors,
At the tree top!
If you don't study
Your school life will stop;
If you get "cinched,"
Your hopes will soon fall,
And back will stay Seniors
Diplomas and all!

Deep wisdom—swelled head,
Brain fever—she's dead; The Senior.
False loved one—hope fled,
Heart broken—she's dead; The Junior.
Went skating—'tis said,
Floor hit her—she's dead; The Sophomore.
Milk famine—not fed,
Starvation—she's dead; The Freshman.—Ex.

"Name for your diploma," the teacher did say,
To a girl in the high senior class one day,
"Catherine," she cried,
"How spelt?" was replied,
"Why, I'm not quite sure if it's a 'C' or a 'K'."
N. B.—Information desired on the subject by this brilliant graduate.

Miss D-l,—“Miss L-y, please run over Miss Ri-m--s figure, quickly.”

Mr. Mitchell—“The English official yard-stick was equal to the length of the sovereign's arm; but, during the London Fire the yard-stick was destroyed, now, Miss R-l-y, what would you do to restore the original measure?”

Miss R-l-y: “Oh! Why dig up the dead king and measure his arm.”

Mrs. M-y---n (in 2 a hist.) “Girls, what is a heretic?”

Pupil: “A misbeliever.”

Mrs. M-y---n: “If a Catholic was converted to the Hebrew religion, what would the Catholics call him?”

Pupil: “A lunatic.”

Miss Croyland (receiving metaphors): "You see, girls, there's not much connection between a house and a dog."

Clara L. (from front of room): "Unless it's a house-dog."

Ruth B. (from back of room): "Or a dog-house."

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW:—

Who fell off the stool at the photographers?

Who is a walking edition of "Montgomery?"

Who says "jist?"

Who is that business-like girl?

Who is not old enough to vote?

Who says "Gee whiz?"

EUROPEAN INCIDENTS

"Did you see all the works of art in the Uffizzi Gallery at Florence?" asked the lover of art.

Madame Nouveau Riche smiled in a self-satisfied manner and answered: "Oh, certainly, I went all through while my husband waited outside."

A lady from Seattle introduced a San Franciscan to an Italian gentleman in Rome. The conversation was in French.

"Are you an American?" asked the Roman.

"Oh, yes, I am from California."

"You see Mrs. ——— and I are from neighboring states," said the Washingtonian.

"Oh! is California ALSO in the United States?" inquired the Roman gentleman.

Gretchen was showing an American boy of about fifteen, the beauties of the Berlin Zoological Gardens. She could speak a little English, but he did not know a word of German.

Gretchen: "There is a new animal here, the only one of its kind in Berlin and I would like very much to know what you call it in English. It is "esel" in German. Don't you know?"

They traveled the length and breadth of the gardens and our American friend became very curious as to this rare animal. Finally they found it and he exclaimed disgustedly: "After all that chase, and its nothing but a jackass."

We have a professor in German,
Soon all tongues he'll exterminate,
When he takes off his specs
'Tis a sign we him vex,
And then we are in for a sermon.

While fixing the roof over the German room, the workmen let something fall shaking the room slightly.

Mr. Z——, thinking it an earthquake, calls out: "Sit still, girls! sit still."

General laughter while Mr. Z—— starts for his hat and the door.

TO OUR ADVERTISERS—

We can live without prose—

What is prose but a vanity?

We can live without verse—

What is verse but insanity?

We can live without fiction or science or fads—

But where is the journal that can live without ads?—Ex.

Teacher: "Explain this line,"—

"Every clod feels a stir of might,"

"What makes it feel the stir of might?"

First Section English pupil: "A worm!" What would James Russell Lowell thought of Miss Hart—we?

Dr. Scott: "Have you considered the cost of a caterer?"

Miss W--g—thinking of refreshments: "Yes, two dollars a gallon."

As recited by Miss B—— in 4B history:

"The southerners used negroes in the manufacture of tobacco."

N. B.—Put your gentlemen friends wise.

Mrs. Prag: "Who was Edward Everett Hale?"

Miss O'C—l: "A man without a country."

Miss L.—Pancoast—Speaking of the elements of the English language:

"Name one—you."

An attentive pupil—"Fog."

Teacher—"By whom was he authorized to do this?"

Miss J—n—"By George!" Everybody looks startled—"Washington." Order restored.

Miss C-l-y, reciting in 4B history: "A man by the name of Rufus-er-ah."

Miss H-y-k—in stage whisper, "Rastus Johnson Brown."

Mrs. Prag: "Come forward, Miss H,"—

But let us talk of something pleasant.

There was a tall maiden called "Ditto,"
Who as a skater made a great hit, oh!
But she tried "figure eights"
On some horrid old skates,
And on her sweet face she did lit, oh!

There was a young Senior named "Jack,"
Who geometry credits did lack,
When told "Maybe, you can't grad,"
She remarked "Not 'alf bad
For I don't mind at least coming back."

There was a small kidlet named "Ben,"
Who said as she took up her pen,
"A class history I'll write,
And puff up to a height
All the teachers. They'll pass me sure, then."

She: "Is skin grafting a recent discovery?"

Medic: "No, it is only a branch of a very old art; all grafting is a skin process."

Teacher: "How would you scan this line?"

Pupil: "I would put a foot in it."—Ex.

Several girls do not know how to have their names written on their diplomas.
Probably they are waiting for "Roosevelt's Rules of Spelling."

Mr. M: "Is dough elastic; does it ever return to its original position?"

Miss R: "No, very seldom."

Probably she spoke from experience.

Papa to Johnny, four years old: "Won't you have another piece of duck,
Johnny?"

Johnny: "Yeth, pa, I believe I will. Duck's my favorite chicken, 'cept turkey."

English—A beefsteak smothered in onions.

French—Un beefsteak pufloque avec des oignons.

Re-translated—A beefsteak suffocated by onions.

THINGS WE DREAM ABOUT

A New Building!!
 Nora knowing her history.
 Mandy looking serious.
 Bessie C. doing her Virgil translation!
 Elizabeth "hiking" to U. C.
 The EXCELLENT department of the fifth period Physics Class.
 Bertha saying "just."
 "Carhouse and Chutes."
 Bennie six foot two.
 Mr. Z's "archaic" expressions.
 Viola running over the Latin for the Editor.

Little lines of Latin.
 Little lines to scan,
 Make a mighty Virgil.
 But a crazy man.—Ex.

You can always tell a Freshie
 By her vacant stare
 And her mouth a-hanging open,
 Letting in the high school air.—Ex.
 Some dignified Seniors, 4 B's,

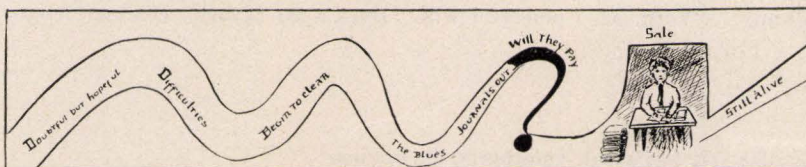
Gave a picnic over the seas;
 They were eating their lunch,
 When some fur in a bunch
 Fell on B, when fear the Seniors did seize

A German lady could not remember the name of the order of the "Knights of Pythias," so she told a friend that the way she managed to learn it was by repeatedly saying to herself, "The knights vat pity us."

Mrs. P: "Was William Garrison a big, broad man?" speaking of his views on slavery.

Pupil: "No, he was one-sided and narrow."

Sotto Voice, from somewhere in room: "Not my style!"



UPS AND DOWNS OF A BUSINESS MANAGER.

TOOT-TOOT

Lady: "How long does the train stop here?"

Brakeman: "Stop here? Four minutes. From two to two to two-two."

Lady—musingly: "I wonder if he thinks he's a whistle?"—Ex.

Teacher—Studying the "Prologue." "Miss C-r-e-t, what does the word 'berye' mean?"

Miss C.: "Beer." Then reads: "The horse was as brown as beer." Temperance part of class is generally shocked at the simile not meant by chances.

High school maiden, ere we part,
Give me back, no, not my heart,
But my class pin and that ring,
Football poster, everything,
That I fondly gave to you,
When our high school "case" was new.

No. 23.

Premium.

About 500 books and
a pony to pack them.

THE TRIED & TRUE INSURANCE CO.
OF
NAUGHTY SIX CLASS, G. H. S.

Incorporated, Dec., 1902—Charter Perpetual.

In consideration of the stipulations herein named and of about five hundred (500) Books and a Pony to pack them, as premium, Does insure all the girls of this school except Babies for the term of Three Years the Beginning of their Second Year at 12:30 P. M. against all direct loss of or damage to Credits, Candy, Hair-pins, Bows (ribbon), Pencils, Pins, by Scholars, Teachers, Lightning, or other dangerous elements, except as hereinafter provided, to an amount not exceeding Three Years Knowledge and One Year Bluffs to the above described property, while located and contained as described herein, and not elsewhere to wit: In the Building and Yard used by the Girls' High School, San Francisco, California.

This policy is made and accepted, by us, subject to the stipulation and condition printed below, which are hereby specially referred to and made part of this policy,

together with other such provisions or conditions as may be endowed hereon or added hereto.

BACCANY BOBBLEWINK, Pres.,
JIMMIE BLUFF, Sec.

Countersigned, Dec. 14, 1906.

BENJAMIN B. POPPINHANQUER,
TOODLES Q. TOMMINYOTT,

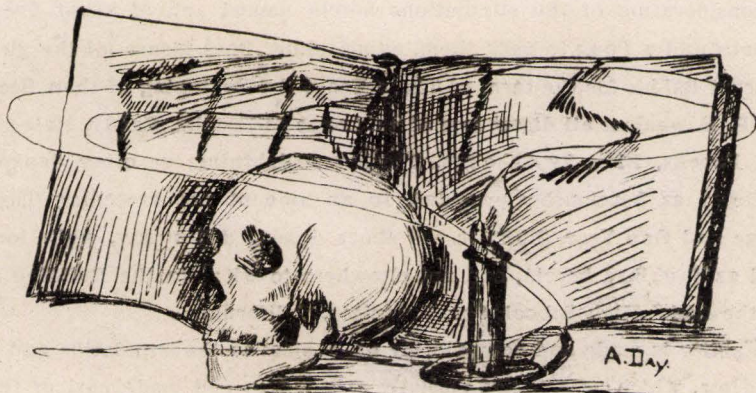
Agents.

Conditions Referred to in Body of Contract:—

1. This Company shall not be liable beyond the actual cash value of property lost at the time of its loss, which loss will be estimated by the Faculty with proper depreciation and shall not exceed Three Year's Knowledge and One Year Bluff, in any case.
2. All property destroyed by Earthquake shall receive no compensation. Special attention will be paid to Ponies, Abstract blank books, Geometry Note Books and long Pencils with Erasers on end.
3. Teachers must not expect too much study as bribe for paying the said insurance of Knowledge and Bluffs.
4. Any party giving more than a page of History, ten lines of Latin, or two definitions in Physics shall suffer the full penalty of the law.
5. Babies having an unusual amount of common sense may become policy holders by applying to the Secretary of the Company.
6. This policy does not go into effect until the present High Seniors relinquish all claims against Company.
7. If by any streak of good fortune the policy holders shall move from their present quarters within the next ten decades, to better or worse, as the case may be, and the sessions of specified policy holders commence at earlier hour, the policy goes into effect at 9 A. m. of the first day of second year of said policy holders.
8. All "hold over goods" may have an extension of policy by applying to Secretary.

BACCANY BOBBLEWINK, Pres.,
JIMMIE BLUFF, Sec.

Per E. N., '06.,
G. F., '06.



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Near Pine Furs
Waists

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Half Moon Bay

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Commercial, stenographic, academic branches. Managers of departments are business experts and hold university degrees.

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Mr. M.—“How do you measure the strength of your pull.” We wonder why he looked at two of our Seniors.



JAMES A. SORESEN.
PRES. AND TREAS.

SORENSON CO.

ESTABLISHED 1896

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22k, 18k and 14k Wedding Rings in Stock

There is But One Pianola.

ITS phenomenal success has inspired many imitators, who in some instances have represented their instruments as Pianolas. Some of these imitations are quite ingenious and clever in their way, but they wholly lack the artistic qualities that distinguish the Pianola from the vast field of automatic piano-players, and have obtained for it the enthusiastic endorsements of every musician of prominence in this country and Europe.

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visit the
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**Fastest and Smoothest Floor in America
Skating Daily from 10:30 a.m. to 10:30 p.m.
Music by Dreamland Class "A" Band
Commutation tickets on sale at Box Office**

DURING CAR STRIKE.

Mrs. P——: Why are you tardy Miss ——? (Stage whisper from a senior in rear of room), Cars were delayed.

SIG. STRAUSS
Formerly of Strauss & Strauss

GERALD SACHS

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Students studying lessons at night
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A Record to be Proud of

The Salvation Army Headquarters,
San Francisco, California, Sep. 15, '06.

The glasses you made for me recently are unquestionably the best I have ever worn; also the frame sets so snug and even that it is real pleasure to wear them, which cannot be said of glasses I have tried to wear in days gone by.

Respectfully yours,
GEORGE FRENCH, Colonel.

Geo. Mayerle, German Expert Optician, 1115 Golden Gate Ave., between Buchanan and Webster. Mayerle's eyewater 50c, by mail 65c. Mayerle's Antiseptic Eyeglass Wipers, to be used when glasses blur, tire or strain the eyes, two for 25c. Phone, West 3766

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"Well—now at the time of the earthquake and fire, Oakland was vaccinated to become a city, but —— it didn't take."

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Fine Art Portraits, Bromides, Platina, Crayon, Watercolor, and High-Class
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All work Absolutely guaranteed.

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8 AND 10 EAST STREET

OPPOSITE FERRY BUILDING

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Mr. Z—: Kindly translate "has he."
Pupil—"Hat er." (Hot air.)

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THE BONBONNIERE

FRENCH CANDIES

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Heald-Chestnutwood Business College and Normal School, Fresno, Calif.

Heald's Stockton Business College and Normal Institute, Stockton, Calif.

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Write to the College You Wish to Attend

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**Two Hundred and Seventy-Five Feet Long
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We wunder wi Lysab'th durent spel hur last nam Hik.

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Formerly under Occidental Hotel, S. E. Corner Bush and Montgomery Streets, are re-established and prepared in every detail for High Class Prescription Work.

New Stock Complete

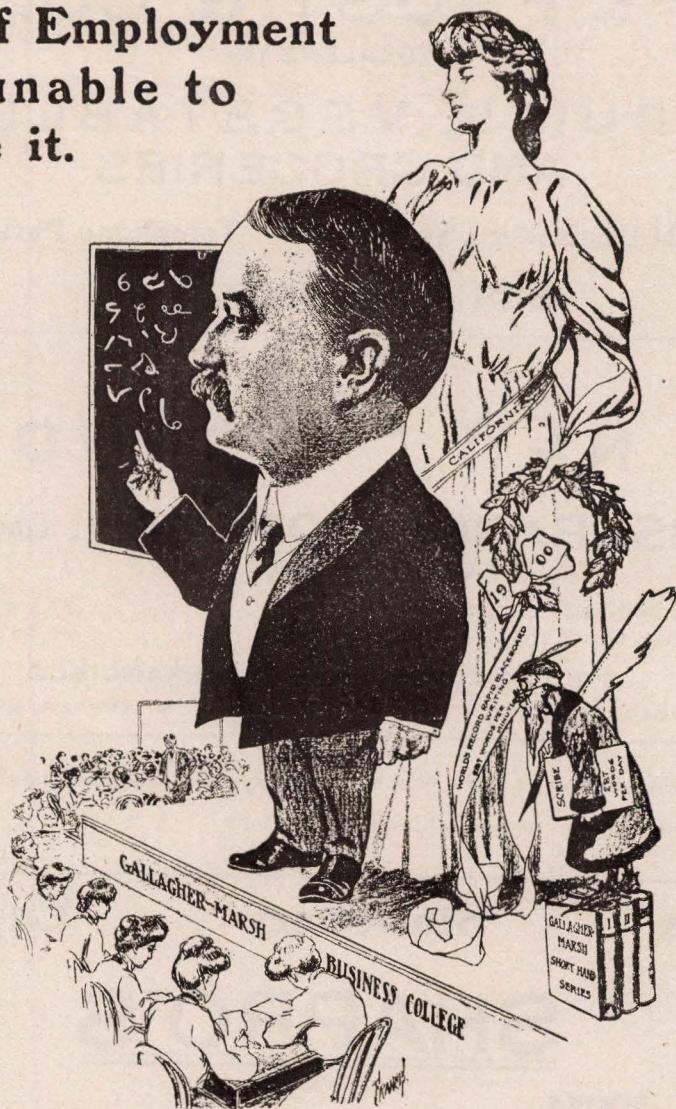
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Out of Employment
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ROBT. F. GALLAGHER, THE SAN FRANCISCAN, who established and now holds the world's record for rapid shorthand writing, by writing on the blackboard with a piece of chalk 286 words in a single minute.

The young people of this city and vicinity should qualify for first-class positions at Gallagher-Marsh Business College, conducted by Mr. Robt. F. Gallagher, who teaches shorthand just as he writes it. In no other city in the world have students a better opportunity of learning the kind of shorthand required for first-class positions.

SIX MONTHS' Combination Course, including Shorthand, Typing	\$50.00
Bookkeeping, Penmanship, English Branches, etc.	
Evening Classes, 7 Months	\$25.00 Per Month
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W. M. SPEYER, ASS'T MANAGER

According to one of our "brilliant" Seniors: "A simple pendulum is a body without weight at the end of a line without length."

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Between California & Sacramento Sts.
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Formerly 30 Post St.

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ADOLPH G. TREFZ

The Leading

Richmond Grocer

South East Corner
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This place will be opened as a high-class refreshment room for Ladies on Monday, September 17th.

Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Bullion, also Ice Cream, French Pastry, Oysters and Sandwiches will be served from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Between the noon hour and two and from four to six in the afternoon music will be in attendance.

Particular attention will be paid to orders for dinner parties, and the spacious room and splendid maple dancing floor will be admirably adapted for lectures and social functions.

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- - GROCER - -

DELICACIES AND DAIRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY

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WILL HELP
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Susie—"A pain in your leg."

J. MAGNIN & COMPANY

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Large Assortments as Usual
Quality Never Sacrificed for Price

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Has it ever occurred to you that you are **Burning Money?**
We will say for arguments sake, that a dirty 500 H. P. boiler will burn 15 tons of coal in 24 hours, and that you pay \$4.00 a ton for coal; this will amount to \$60 00 per day.

By Keeping Your Boilers Perfectly Clean From
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you will save at least **10 PER CENT** of your coal consumption, to say nothing of the
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For 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ c Per Hour
FOR 500 H. P. BOILER
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We have yearly contracts with several of the largest Steamship Companies of the United States operating on this basis. Won't you pick out your **DIRTIEST BOILERS** and give us an opportunity to demonstrate **THAT WE CAN SUBSTANTIATE THE ABOVE CLAIM, OR NO PAY?**

The Bird-Archer Company
209 WASHINGTON ST. NEW YORK

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FOR YOUR

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Excellent Lines in all Departments. CHIC STYLES, LOW PRICES, Reliable Qualities.
SHOPPING COMFORT AND COURTESY.

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Now at 1554-6 Van Ness Avenue

A Full Line of Toilet Articles and Family Medicines

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The William Little Estate Co.

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Contractors and Builders

SPECIALTIES

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BETWEEN VALENCIA AND MISSION

Phone Special 258

San Francisco

Our witty class president "Mirandy"

Thought more money would come in quite handy,

For our Senior ball,

So she rented a hall

And gave a big sale of stale candy.

THE GOLDEN GATE CAFE

Is the Most Popular Restaurant
In the City

Perfect Cooking, Pure Food
Polite Service, Popular Prices

634 GOLDEN GATE AVE.
BETWEEN VAN NESS & FRANKLIN

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