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Dedication

To Miss Fidelia Jewett,

in grateful appreciation of all that she has done for us,

this journal is dedicated by the

December Class, '07.

Faculty of the Girls' High School

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*On leave of absence.



A. W. Scott

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Class Song

Air—"Brown October Ale."

Come all ye naughty sevens, dear,
And we will raise a song,
The one we always love to hear—
Our loyalty is strong.
This naughty class of Christmastide,
Our hearts to you do turn.
When we're no longer side by side
For all these days we'll yearn.

Chorus—So laugh, girls,
And chaff, girls,
The time has come at last—
For all our days,
We'll sing the praise,
Of this dear old Christmas class.—(*Repeat*)

Here's to our Alma Mater dear,
The greatest one we know,
For when the leaves are growing sear
Our thoughts to you will go.
And tho' Commencement Day is near
We feel a little blue,
With all the joys that life may bear
We'll still have thoughts for you.

BY FLORENCE E. EVELETH, '07.



GRADUATES—XMAS '07

Regina Ryerson

Alma Miller

Carmelita Woerner

Florence Friedman

Genevieve White

Class History

Look over the pages of history and you find the chronicle of the momentous events begun in the commonplace phrase "in the year" thus and so.

In the year, then, of nineteen hundred and four, on the 2d day of January, an epoch began in the annals of the Girls' High School. How well we remember the day! How joyously we dressed in gala attire, how happy we left home, but how straggling and with what trepidation we entered the lower hall!

Dear colleague, do you remember the feeling of helpless misery when, bereft of friends, you found yourself adrift in the hall? Seniors were to the right of us—Seniors were to the left of us, with Psyche knots and trailing gowns, and the four high school years seemed to stretch into eternity, and we almost desided to turn and run.

But enough of the prodigal self-pity! We were mustered together and marshaled into a class, and the four years' work commenced in earnest. How quickly the first year passed with new tasks and new friendships each day, and how well acquainted we were by the second term, when the days were full of routine but were not tedious! The labor of one day, perhaps, resembled that of another, but the quota of capers was ever different.

We had been together two years, were approaching a third term, and our lively imaginations made us think we were scholars of great importance, when, on the afternoon of April 13th, with a flighty good-bye to one another, with no backward look at the building, the class of '07 left the Girls' High School for the last time. Several days later, April 18th, a trembling of the earth sounded the doom of the splendid school. The brick walls gave way with crashing, and the havoc within was complete.

Oh, the regrets of retrospection! With inexpressible fondness we recall the classmates separated from us by the changed conditions, and the dear old dance floor worn uneven by giddy two-steps. We conjure up a thousand pleas and episodes and sigh often for the beloved old home.

Variety of good fortune, however, we have had during the perturbed four years. Mr. Brooks, our loved teacher, marshaled us in the beginning. Miss Jewett came to our rescue near the end, and Dr. Scott will give his blessing as we leave.

A jinks, a luncheon, and then the reign of the Seniors is over. The longed-for fourth year passed, the envied parchment won, we shall have played our part in the drama of the school. There have been mirth in the production and keen enjoyment too; and with sorrow, the performers see the curtain slowly falling on the Christmas Class of '07.

BY CARMELITA WOERNER, '07.



Gaze! For the book of Fate awaits your eye.
 Look once, then, see no more, the chance gone by,
 If you would see the future written here;
 For it lies open,—yet it does not lie.

The mystic hour cometh on apace,
 And once arrived departeth into space.
 Quick! See it written here, the fate of all—
 Yet 'tis not written; each a pictured face.

Green laurels crown the brow and curly hair
 Of raven blackness, soul with ne'er a care,
 Save for poetic muse (and some one else).
 Yes! 'tis Elena, dark—and yet how fair!

Next Pearl—a pearl, indeed, so great of price
 That people hesitate, then in a trice,
 Pay up, and rush with all their speed to hear
 This lawyer, with her wisdom and advice.

Three Florences, how different far in fate!
 The one called Friedman, now, with heart elate
 Is running half a dozen monstrous firms.
 Her name is one to conjure with of late.

The basketball devotees wear a frown
 And now a sigh is heard, a head cast down,
 For Florence Eveleth has left them quite—
 She's managing a football team in town.



GRADUATES—XMAS '07

Linda tum Suden
Lavinia McMurdo

Pearl Cook
Elena Yparriguirre
Mildred Tonn

Lillian Carty
Irma Giesting

The other Florence proved a poet great.
She'd write and rhyme from early morn till late,
Until at last she met her Waterloo—
For rhymes to "month" and "orange" she must wait.

Ah, lovely May! Those gentle eyes so deep,
That face from which a stray shy smile might creep,
A light to guide a friend from out the dark,
Now, broods above a tiny May, asleep.

And Alma Miller, gentle as of old,
A hundred tiny youngsters in her fold—
Beloved by ev'ry faithful little heart—
Is teaching kindergarten, we are told.

Our Lita made a most decided hit—
At dancing Spanish dances she was "It."
If she'd but twirl her skirts and strike a pose,
The playhouse would resound from roof to pit.

Then here comes one arrayed in dazzling white
With train of maids attending. Blaze of light,
And Lohengrin forth from the organ peals,
For Irma changes name and state to-night.

And Frances Kelley sits in awful state,
Rejecting and accepting small and great,
For of a leading magazine she's editor,
And naught but "copy" fills her mind of late.

An artist, smiling gently at the praise
Of cheering thousands, down her palate lays,
And gazing with two dreamy eyes of blue,
Claims to be Ella of our high-school days.

There's Ada, too, that goes on ev'ry tour
That Ella takes, and it's no sinecure
To keep that artist out of trouble's way,
And turn out essays, poems, and tales galore.

A clipping from the paper, headlines great,
A picture of a victor borne in state
Upon the shoulders of a cheering crowd,
Reads "Constance Womble Swims the Golden Gate."

And who comes here, of proud and haughty mien,
With tread so stately that she seems a queen,
With eyes that flash forth fire at ev'ry glance?
And Jennie, a tragedienne, is seen.

Jeanette was troubled. Could not find her sphere,
She'd work at this and that, but 'twas not clear
Just what she could do best, and so at last
She gave it up and married, so I hear.

And Alma, of the learned mind so clear,
Need never lack of fame nor fortune fear,
For from her fertile pen she has brought forth
One of the six best sellers of the year.

Teresa! Ne'er her roundness would decline,
Though long for stately slenderness she'd pine.
At last she gave it up with cheerful heart—
She's posing for an "after-taking" sign.

You ask for Helen. Yes, her fortune's here,
And glowing fortune is it too, 'tis clear,
'Twas with a giggling song she made a hit,
Now, music-loving folks comes miles to hear.

A crown of golden hair that's all the rage,
The clustered curls each passing sunbeam cage,
A figure round yet svelte, a queenly air—
Our Lilian is starring on the stage.

Look! On a monument of sculptured stone
A figure draped in bloomers stands, alone,
And on a basketball is writ this line—
"To Jessie Clifford, coach excelled by none."

Then with her case of saws and scalpels, keen,
Doctor McMurdo hurrying past is seen,
She has no time to rest or loiter now,
And of a surgeons' college she is dean.

Mildred and Linda formed a vaudeville team,
And turned out skits and playlets by the ream.
They made their great success as Kolb and Dill.
To own and run a theater is their dream.



GRADUATES—XMAS '07

Ella Riemers

Ada Koepke

Maye Hosmer

Florence Dowling

Constance Womble

Jeanette More

Florence Eveleth

Regina wed a youth of high degree.
Her beauty's fame was wafted 'cross the sea.
He came like prince of old, lured by her eyes,
And she gave in, so fervent was his plea.

"G. White," now reads a most resplendent sign—
"Insurance, real estate, in any line.
We've anything, from castles grand in Spain,
"To sunny lots in any good coal mine."

Poor Nita! Lanky now, and hollow-eyed,
Is looking for a model, far and wide.
The one she had looked at a sketch she'd made,
The shock was far too great—the poor thing died!

And now the page grows blank, the tale is done,
The book of fate is closed, now sets the sun.
Fair fates for all, a smiling future waits—
And now good-bye. The hourglass is run.

ANITA DAY, '07.



A Christmas Present

The shrill whistle echoed through the quiet camp on the evening of December 23, 18—, as two hundred miners came out into the daylight after their hard day's work. It was growing dusk and the air was cold and piercing, but the wreathing smoke issuing from the primitive little chimneys spoke of the warmth and cheer awaiting the tired men.

In a cottage in this little mining camp of Dixê, sat a woman and her children. The little ones were stringing popcorn for the Christmas tree—just two nights to wait—they were so happy. The mother was busily knitting, finishing her last present, a pair of slippers for Jack, and smiling as she thought of his loving remarks about her usual Christmas gift. "Isn't papa late to-night?" piped one of the children. "Possibly he is work—"

A heavy step sounded on the porch. Mrs. Fay quickly dropped the slippers into a basket, for, of course, Jack mustn't know about his present.

The children bounded forward ready to greet their tired father, but, as they threw open the door, their eager eyes were upon a stranger. His presence meant little to them, but to their mother—too well was known the message he bore. The superintendent of the mine could mean but one thing.

"Mrs. Fay, there has been an accident in the mine," he began.

"My husband—"

"No! O, no, Mr. Fay was not killed. He is still in the mine but the men are already at work and will soon have him out."

Mrs. Fay stood motionless, unable to speak, for well she knew the danger stated so lightly. The superintendent turned to leave.

"When did it happen—why didn't you tell me sooner?" she managed to mutter.

"Fifteen minutes after five. Shortly after the men had quit work Mr. Fay went into the mine to get the timber work ready for to-morrow. Several men were standing at the face of the mine, when we heard a terrible crash and instantly knew what had happened. The timbers had given away. We can fix that up soon, though. We have a gang of men at work already. So don't worry, Mrs. Fay—there isn't much danger. I just thought I would stop in and tell you," and with a "good-night" the superintendent left the house.

The first impulse of the wife was to rush to the scene of the trouble, but soon the cries of her babies told her wherein her duty lay.

How different then the scene within! The weary night dragged on as the anxious little group waited for word from the men in the mine.



GRADUATES—XMAS '07

Theresa Harrison
Jennie Hoy

Frances Kelley
Anita Day
Helen Schweitzer

Jessie Clifford
Alma Meherin

When the slow hours of the morning crept in upon them, they were still in a grief-stricken state, although sympathy had not been lacking, for many kind-hearted neighbors had stepped in to say a few words of encouragement.

A gleam of hope came at last when word was sent that there had been some success in locating the man, and that a larger crew had been dispatched to remove the debris. How willingly these men had accepted this difficult and dangerous task, for Jack Fay was a popular "timber boss," and all the camp was in a fever of excitement.

From time to time all day came encouraging word, and hope was growing stronger. Then came the news, whispered at first but soon known by everybody—even if the men were successful in reaching the place where the poor fellow was imprisoned they might be too late, for no longer could they hear the moans, which all through the day had directed their work.

Night drew on. The intensity of feeling increased with each hour. Old men shook their heads wisely and murmured, "Poor Jack." The night was bitter cold, but few realized it as they stood on the street forgetful of their warm hearths. In the houses each mother was, in a half-hearted way, trying to make the little ones enjoy their Christmas-tree.

In Jack Fay's home sat a mother and her little tots. She was silent and thoughtful. Suddenly the striking of a clock startled her. Half after eleven! Soon it would be Christmas. This was the night the children had looked forward to with such joy and longing for the many presents that they expected Santa Claus to bring them. Now, their thoughts were far from Christmas joy. One gift was all they desired. Would they get it? Would Santa Claus call on them that night? The clock ticked on, and crept nearer to midnight—nearer to the Great Feast. The woman jumped to her feet—surely the noise in the street was growing louder. She waited breathlessly—was it hours? The noise increased, and soon a crowd of men burst into the little room bearing the half-conscious body of Jack Fay.

The clock strikes twelve. The Great Feast is on. Jack Fay's loving wife and little children have received their present. Santa Claus did not forget.

BY FRANCES KELLEY, '07.



Oh, Hear the Joy!

O, hear the joy in Pan's sweet lay,
As thru these sylvan haunts we stray!
The wild azalea wider blows,
The flashing river slower flows,
For his wood-notes are glad and gay.

In these wild haunts Youth's fount doth play.
Eternal Youth! Eternal May!
In those grand trees feel what repose—
O, hear the joy!

Ah, that I could dwell here for aye;
Then Pan might teach me how to play,
For in these trackless woods, who knows
That I e'er guessed that life held woes.
Oh, then I might become a fay!
O, hear the joy!

BY DAGMAR GAMES, '08.

"A-Dreaming"

The man lying in the shadow of the water-tank stirred uneasily and sat up, blinking furtively at the surrounding glare and at the gleaming tracks lying like huge serpents stretched in the sun. At the movement the shabby gray-green coat fell open at the neck, barring for a moment the soiled striped shirt and hairy breast beneath. He clutched at the collar convulsively and, shuddering, drew closer into the shadow of the tank.

The sun was beating down on the solitary station-house and on the seared, brown fields, stretching interminably on either side of the railroad. Suddenly from the open windows of a house beyond the tracks came the sound of a woman's voice, singing. It was a sweet voice and the song—somehow, the song sounded familiar.

"Once from the heavenly gates ajar,
A-gleaming, A-gleaming—
Love flew forth to the earth afar
A-dreaming, A-dreaming!"

Gradually the tense position relaxed, the strained, hunted look faded from his face, the eyes closed—and then—

It was Springtime. The air was heavy with the odor of wistaria. The bees droned lazily among the vines, and the late sunshine, flitting

through the lattice screen, covered the porch with broken bars of gold. A sweet-faced woman sat in the doorway, stroking the tousled yellow curls of the sobbing little man in her lap; and over all was the crooning, lilting lullaby—

“Love flew forth to the earth afar
A-dreaming, A-dreaming!”

He stretched out his arms—and woke. The singing had ceased and from the distance came the rattle and roar of a passing freight. Furtively he put up a grimy hand, and wiped away the tears of his dream, smiling bitterly at the momentary weakness.

The sweet-faced woman—thank God!—was dead; and the yellow-haired boy—

Involuntarily he passed his hand over the stubbled growth on his head. The yellow-haired boy!

It was the old story—drink and the card-table, and then one night, a blind thrust at a mocking face through the red mist of hate before his eyes—the prison walls—and this! Ah, well, it would be over soon! Night and a passing freight would carry him beyond their reach, and then perhaps in the new lands he could begin again, and try to live up to the promise of manhood, once held by the yellow-haired boy.

Suddenly he started from his reverie, and crouched lower, the old hunted look on his face.

Footsteps and the sound of voices in loud discussion rose from beyond the chaparral that screened the road, and presently two men, in the blue-coated garb of the law, passed the tank, and, utterly oblivious of the crouching figure, entered the station-house. The fugitive lay still closer to the shelter with muscles tense and straining bloodshot eyes. There was a distant rumble, a puff of smoke—a train had rounded the curve, and was bearing down on the station with a warning blast and—*what was this?*

A child—a little fellow with sunny hair—had clambered over the rails, and now, unseen by the men in the doorway, stood in the center of the track, gazing in blue-eyed wonder at the approaching monster.

The man by the tank sat up with working face and nails digging at the hard-baked ground.

“Boy!” he whispered softly—“Boy!” Ah, God! Would no one come? Must *he* go forth—must all these hours of suffering be for naught? Those walls—those walls! Must he then go back—

From the house beyond the track the sweet voice rose again in song, and the melody beat itself against his brain. Panting, he clenched his hands, till the blood started from the hardened palms.

“Once from the heavenly gates ajar
A-gleaming, A-gleaming—”

No! no! a few hours more, and then freedom—

“Love flew forth to the earth afar

A-dreaming—”

No—

A-dreaming!”

With the wail and the spring of a wild thing he reached the tracks. The child was swept from the rails, there was a shock—a cry—and oblivion.

The little group drew back from the huddled form on the ground. The bloodshot eyes were smiling, and the blue-coated official bent down to catch the words. The parched, black lips moved, and with a last tired sigh came the sobbing refrain,

“A-dreaming—A-dreaming!”

BY VIRGINIA SULLIVAN. '10.

ON THE CARS ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL.

She wished she stood within his shoes,
Because he had a seat,
But since that was impossible,
She stood upon his feet.

Lives there a scholar who hath not said,
“To-morrow I get out of bed
At six o'clock and get things done
Before the setting of the sun”?
Lives there a scholar who hath not said
At six o'clock, “How good this bed
Does feel,” and sleeps till eight.
Then wonders why he slept so late?

A Message

To begin with, I was written for a purpose. But first it would be better to tell you what I am. I am a letter written by a girl to a man. They had been boy and girl sweethearts, had had a slight quarrel, and he had gone away. In the days following, the scene was seldom out of his mind and finally he wrote, asking to see her.

She answered his letter and thus I came to live and bear the message that meant the future of two lives. When she sent me on my way, the postmaster officially gave me my date of entrance, August 24, 1904, into the duties of life, and I left Toledo, Ohio.

The man to whom I was going was a traveling man, moving from place to place, as I soon found out, much to my cost. First I followed him to Mobile, Alabama, a delightful little town. Being south, it was warm, but as I was thin, I didn't mind the heat. You have all heard of southern hospitality, and I assure you the stories are true. Why, they entertained me in a pigeon-hole in Mobile for nearly three months. But I found this warm welcome somewhat overpowering, and somewhat tiresome, as my companions were nearly all of a business turn and to me uncongenial.

Finally the postmaster looked me up one day and said, "I think we'd better send you on, as Mr. Sanford must be in Peoria by this time." And so I took leave of Mobile on November 18, 1904. I went blithely on my way, but I was obliged to travel in the baggage-car—by the way, did you ever ride in a baggage-car? The first thing you know you are slung into the car, yanked across and dropped in a corner. Then, when the train starts someone probably sits on you, and makes you feel really comfortable.

My destination was Hotel Rawson, and here I suffered. I was placed on the rack and as age came on I was dropped farther and farther back, and finally stored away. But summer climes called me, so one warm and balmy day the clerk rescued me and started me on to Pueblo, Colorado. I shall never forget this date, May 10, 1905—so well did he impress it upon me.

But my journey was in vain. Mr. Sanford was ever ahead of me, elusive as a morning shadow. I rushed madly after him. First to Evansville, Indiana, to be delayed for two months, then on to Olympia, Washington, but arrived there before he did, and as they promised me that he would come back, I waited patiently. Patience now became my watchword, for after answering a call to Colorado, I settled down for six months. And then since hope had fled, and life seemed empty, I submitted quietly to be borne to that haven, the Dead Letter Office.

There they must believe in resuscitation, for first they wound me in red tape—yards of it—and then what a charming nurse gained from me my message, for I opened my heart to her. "Your work is not yet

done," she said. "Take no heed of your travel-stained outer garments, but make a last effort to reach your home." And so, as my fair lady had told me of Mr. Sanford's brother, I came again to Toledo, to his brother. He looked at me and said, "Oh, John Sanford? Why he is in San Francisco." And once again I started on my quest.

Finally one day I was taken into a room, where a man was sitting by the table. He glanced at me carelessly, then looked me up and down, and was evidently thinking of my poor and shabby appearance. But suddenly all this was changed. I gave my message and then a hopeless expression overspread his face and I saw him draw a newspaper clipping from his pocket. All I could see were the words, "The wedding of Miss," and there the paper was bent back. His head dropped and I knew that my journey had been too long and that I had come too late.

The Lure of the Mountains

Always the voice of the mountains is calling,
Luring me back, my spirit entralling
With a feeling of awe and mystery blent,
Casting a spell o'er my soul discontent.

Oh! To be back on those dizzying heights
Where the eagle finds rest after perilous flights,
And the cloud and the breeze are calling to me
And my glad spirit answers—happy and free.

Oh, how I hear that voice still alluring,
Wonderful, low, and ever-assuring!
'Tis the same answer my heart ever speaks—
"Yes again I'll be soon among those grand peaks."

BY ELENA YPARRIGUIRRE, '07.

A Vacation in the Andes Mountains

Just as the gray dawn was streaked with yellow, we climbed into the diligencia, an old styled stage, drawn by six mules, and started down the cobbled streets of Guatemala City toward the southern gate. We were on our way for a short visit to an estate, which was some



A STREET SCENE IN GUATEMALA

twenty miles distant from the capital and lay on the crest of one of the central ranges of the Andes.

The ill-kept animals lumbered along over the rough streets jostling us about in the vehicle with a more enlivening effect than is usually experienced in an automobile ride over the streets of San Francisco. We soon passed the *Rio de Las Vacas* which flows through a deep barranca, or ravine, adjacent to the city, and then we began to climb the toilsome inclines leading up the mountains toward the east.

About half way up we had our *almuerzo en la fonda*, (breakfast at the wayside inn), and were met by several men with mules sent from the *finca*, (farm), to take us on, as the stage could not continue further on account of the narrow dangerous roads yet to come.

The adjusting of the baggage consumed considerable time by reason of the necessity of distributing the burden equally on each side of the



A BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF GUATEMALA CITY

mule, the load being strapped on in a most systematic manner with thongs of rawhide. Once in readiness we mounted our mules, and pursued our journey over narrow paths bordering high precipices, along deep chasms, and through rocky gorges. From the luxuriant vegetation, which abounded everywhere, burst forth the songs of birds, sounds of rippling brooks and plunging waterfalls.

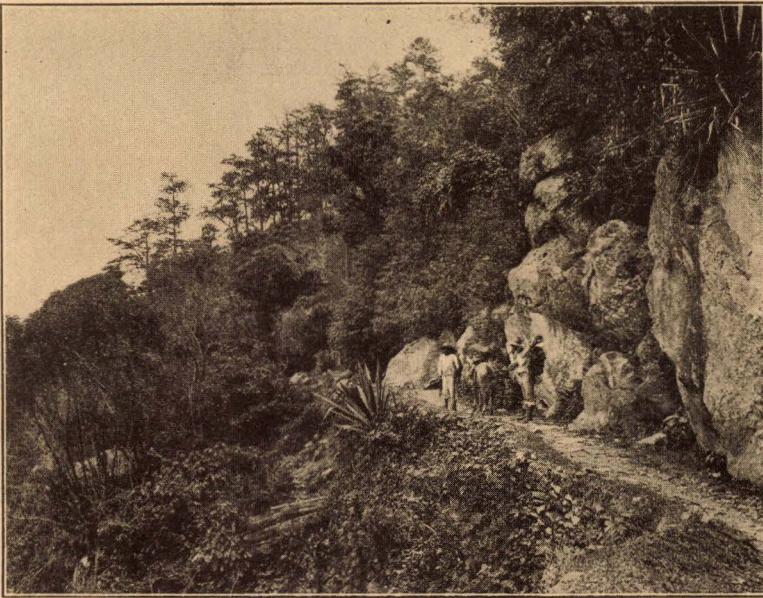
As we rose higher up on the incline the great white city of Guatemala lay stretched out in the plains beneath us with pinacles and church turrets glimmering in the sunlight, while in the distance beyond rose in towering grandeur the peaks of the four greatest volcanoes of Guatemala, Agua, Fuego, (always smoking), Pacaya and Acatenango. As the tropical sun reached its zenith we arrived at our destination, the *finca*.

The *finca* is a community in itself, its government is as strict as the rule of an army. The officers usually consist of an *Administrador*, or general manager, assisted by a bookkeeper, a *Majordomo*, or foreman, and

the *Mozos*, or Indian laborers, who are bound to give strict obedience to their superiors.

The first sight we witnessed was the branding of cattle, during which they showed the agony by loudly bellowing. We next saw the milking of goats and sampled some of the milk which we found delicious and refreshing. After resting at the *hacienda*, house on the finca, we took a short trip to the summit, resting among the clouds, hence the name of the estate, "*Las Nubes*," (the clouds). Returning to the *hacienda*, we were served with a repast consisting of *tortillas*, (flat corncakes made by patting between the hands and baking), *frijoles*, or black beans, cheese from goat's milk, together with other viands imported from the city.

In the evening we were serenaded by the Indians who played the *marimba*, the national musical instrument. It consists of a series of



ONE OF THE MOUNTAIN PASSES

resonant wooden boxes of different lengths and thickness, ranging from a few inches to about two feet in length. These are securely fixed on a frame so that the top side of the boxes forms a table, on which the performers beat with balls fastened to the end of little sticks. The instrument requires four performers, each of whom handles four sticks, and they do this with wonderful skill playing any kind of music.

As we listened to the serenade we soon fell into deep slumbers, dreaming of *diligencias*, mules, goats, Indians, *marimbas*, and tropical scenes, which I still see as I fancy I hear the strains of music floating on the breeze of "Las Nubes."

GERTRUDIS IDDIGS, '10.



A MARIMBA



Latest Songs of G. H. S. Senior Girls

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"Tell Me, Am I Late?" By Jennie Hoy.

"Dues, Dues, Dues." By Pearl Cook.

"I'm the Candy Kid." By Anita Day.

"Making Eyes." By Leta Woerner.

"Have I Made an Impression?" By Alma Meherin.

"Take a Trip with Me to Germany." By L. McMurdo.

"The Heavenly Pear." By E. Reimers and A. Koepke.

Edited by Helen Schweitzer.

The Star That Lit Her Quest

In front of her wigwam stood Neola, the Indian girl. She was leaning against a high birch pole and gazing far off into the distance, dreaming vague, wonderful dreams. Before her lay the great Tomales Bay, calm and placid in the hot sunlight. Behind her stretched long yellow fields, dull and monotonous in their endless sameness.

The afternoon was hot and sultry and none stirred in the little Indian village. A tiny canoe paddled its way to the shore and a young man jumped out and fastened it to the pole. Then, there alighted from it three strange looking men, clad in long black robes with curious crosses hanging around their waists.

They were missionaries, who had come to teach the Indians the new faith. Trinkets and pretty beads they brought to the women and queerly carved pipes and bright red blankets for the men. It was not long until they had built the small adobe church and gathered the red men about them.

The young man who came with them was a Spaniard, a gay and debonair gallant. He was a handsome fellow, with a merry laugh and a bright song. To Neola, he became the hero of all her day-dreams, and with the fervor of his race, he poured many a love-tale into her ears.

How happy they were as they sat together in the moonlight dreaming of the future. The good padres had already sanctioned the marriage, but the old Indian father stoutly refused to hear of it. His little dove must not forget the glories of her forefathers. A great chieftain from over the mountains would come and claim her some day—she must wait. So Neola sent away her lover, and they parted with many a vow between them. She stood in front of her wigwam, saw him mount his rat-tailed mule, wave her a fond adieu, and ride off into the hills.

Then the old man fell sick, and for months he lay between life and death, suffering intense pain, and the girl cared for him, tenderly, until the end came. The night after the funeral, when the medicine-men sat in the tent and prayed the Evil Spirit to let their friend reach the heavenly shore, Neola stole from their midst and hastened quickly across the fields. She had paid her debt to her father—she was going to her lover, beyond the hills.

It was such a night as when she used to sit in the moonlight with Uloh, her lover. The air was cool and a fresh breeze was blowing. The sky was heavy with masses of white clouds racing headlong onward. The moon, a great yellow ball, beamed a seeming benediction on the girl as she hurried along. Down a narrow footpath she raced, a thin scarf

wound about her neck and her light dress blowing in the wind. She reached the corral where her little mare stood—ready, saddled. With one leap she mounted and they were off. Through glen and valley they galloped on, stopping only now and then for the little horse to get a breath, then onward faster than ever. All next day the race continued and in the evening she came to the little village where Uloh lived.

It was a still, queer night. One moment the heavens were lined with stars, the next obscured by massy clouds. She hurried on, recklessly cutting down the flowers with her whip and walking over them, laughing silently to herself, or softly singing an old love ditty which Uloh had taught her. She came upon a little straggly street, with a narrow wooden sidewalk, where bunches of grass and weeds peeped up through the cracks.

At the corner a tiny stone church stood with doors wide open, and she could see the long, white candles blinking in the gloom. Aimlessly she entered and knelt in one of the far pews. Two or three old women prayed before the altar, but Neola was too happy—she could not pray. The church was filled with flowers—sweet white roses, dark, thoughtful pansies, and shy little violets filled every vacant space.

Then an old man began to play in a far-off corner and Neola watched some young girls, all in white, come in and stand before the altar—something was going to take place; she would wait and watch it. The priest came into the church followed by a young man and woman in bridal attire.

A pleasurable thrill of excitement and curiosity impelled the lonely Indian girl, and she leaned forward to see the happy pair. The light from a hundred candles fell full upon the central group. As the man turned toward his sweet little Indian bride, Neola gazed in speechless terror at the terribly familiar face.

Uloh was plighting his eternal vow to another woman. She put out her hand, to ward off the blow, to shut out the spectacle. A sudden hopelessness stunned her for a second, then just as the padre beamed his benediction, and as the melody heaved into a final swell, the girl felt her way out of the little church, creeping along by the wall and crouching in the darkness.

The little horse still stood where she had left her and she sank down in the darkness. For hours she sat there, desperately trying to collect her scattered thoughts. The little horse whinnied at her elbow and she rose again. She stumbled along until she came to a high cliff and then she stopped.

Far below the Russian River bounded along to meet the ocean and she could hear the surge and dash of the waves as they beat on the cliff. A little higher up there was a mossy seat and she tried to reach it, but

her foot slipped and she sank down, down, into the dark river, and her body was carried along, out into the great Pacific.

But to this day they tell of the poor Indian girl and her faithless lover, and at times still may she be heard calling, calling ever for revenge, and the great river, in its effort to satisfy her, claims each year more and more lives.

BY ALMA MEHERIN, '07.

Ode to Geometry

Blessings on Geometry,
And its joys unbounded, free,
Solved by any brilliant brain
Without study, ache or strain.
Cherished for its definitions,
Fascinating propositions.
Ranking last among its worries
Are the pleasing corollaries.
If we all were Archimedes,
And theorems were as A, B, C, D's.
Or like most enchanting Euclid
Relaxation for the stupid,
You might prove to be a joy,
Ne'er would trouble, ne'er annoy,
May you always fostered be,
Most revered Geometry.

BY ADELE HENRY, '08.

A green little student in a green little way
A green little melon downed one day,
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave
On the green little student's green little grave.—(Ex.)

Les Troubles Du Maître

C'était le jour de la distribution des cartes de rapports. En passant devant la classe de français, je fus attirée par un grand vacarme de voix perçantes qui protestaient ensemble contre les notes que le professeur leur avait données. L'une disait, "J'ai bien étudié ce mois-ci, et je n'ai pas ce que je mérite"; l'autre criait, "Je devrais avoir 'un' ce mois-ci"; et encore une autre répétait, "Après tous mes efforts je ne suis pas récompensée," et à une autre qui pleurait, sa voisine affirmait que le professeur était "mean" et ainsi de suite.

Au milieu de cette foule d'élèves, le pauvre professeur ne savait pas à qui répondre. Il avait l'air effrayé de toutes ces réclamations et il s'écria, "Mais, il faudra pour sortir d'ici que je prenne l'échelle du feu et me sauver."

Mais au lieu de le faire il sortit par la porte de la classe, très calme sachant qu'il avait fait son devoir.

Comme je m'en allais, j'ai remarqué que ces élèves qui faisaient tant de bruit ne semblaient pas très tristes, même si le professeur s'était sauvé, avec les pans de sa jaquette qui flottaient au vent, et avait refusé d'écouter leurs plaintes. Elles se consolaient à l'idée qu'elles le rattraperaient un jour, et lui feraient payer cher ces mauvaises notes.

BY ELENA YPARRIGUIRRE, '07.

Hither, dear Muse, I pray, and with thee bear
 Inspiring verse or sonnet rich and rare.
 Be what it may, 'twill surely be, to me
 The sweetest sound e'er heard in minstrelsy,
 For of all tasks so hard there is none worse
 Than writing, when not in the mood, a verse.
 So come to me with helping hand, I pray,
 Bring to my pen the proper word to say.
 The credit thine, O Muse, and gladly too
 I'll give it thee, if thou'll but help me through.

BY MARION L. MEL, '09.

Ein Ausflug nach West Point auf dem Tamalpais.

An einem Sonntag Morgen im Juli des vergangenen Jahres beschloß ich in Gesellschaft einiger Freunde und Verwandten, einen Ausflug auf den Tamalpais zu machen. Wir sahen zwar, daß dicker Nebel über der Stadt schwebte, nahmen uns aber nichtsdestoweniger vor, unsern Plan auszuführen, und beeilten uns, so früh wie möglich in Mill Valley anzulangen, von wo aus wir den Berg erklettern wollten. Der Nebel war hier nicht so dicht wie in der Stadt, aber der Gipfel des Berges war nicht zu sehen.

Unser Weg führte durch die Kaskaden-Schlucht bergan, und etwa eine Stunde später standen wir auf einer kleinen Brücke über dem Geleise der neuen Redwood Canyon-Bahn. Tief unter uns lag das großartige Sequoia-Canyon mit seinen prachtvollen Riesenbäumen und den vielen kleinen versteckten Pfaden und Schluchten. Auf dem Wege hinauf hatten wir bemerkt, daß der Nebel immer höher und höher stieg, bis der ganze untere Teil des Berges allmählich klar vor uns lag. Als wir nun auf der Brücke standen, sahen wir, wie der Nebel sich immer weiter hob und wie dann erst West Point und bald darauf der Gipfel des Berges zum Vorschein kamen.

Nachdem wir etwa eine Viertelstunde lang dieses interessante Schauspiel beobachtet hatten, schritten wir weiter, und nach einer tüchtigen Mettereier kamen wir um die Mittagszeit am West Point an, etwas müde und dabei sehr hungrig.

Die liebenswürdige Schweizer Wirtin des West Point Inn setzte uns eine prächtige Mahlzeit vor, und nachdem wir uns gestärkt hatten, verbrachten wir den Nachmittag auf der Veranda des Hauses und erfreuten uns an dem herrlichen Landschaftsbild, das sich zu unseren Füßen ausbreitete. In der Ferne lag die Stadt, auf einer Seite derselben unsere schöne Bai, auf der andern das Stille Meer, tief unter uns Sequoia Canyon, und über uns der Gipfel des Berges, zu dem das Geleise der Bergbahn in Schlangenwindungen emporführt. West Point Inn ist das beliebte Absteigequartier der sogenannten „Tramper“ des Berges, und während des Nachmittags kamen viele dieser Bergkletterer an, manche recht dicke Herren, keuchend und schweißtriefend, andere im Lauffschritt, aber alle merkwürdig durstig.

Die von Touristen besetzten Bergzüge fuhren, von Mill Valley kommend, an uns vorbei, hinauf nach dem Tabern of Tamalpais. Als es dunkel wurde, konnte man die Lichter von Mill Valley und Sausalito deutlich sehen, und San Francisco mit seinen Tausenden von elektrischen Lichtern erschien in der Ferne wie ein Feenland. Wir wurden aber allmählich recht müde und sehnten uns nach der wohlverdienten Ruhe. Am nächsten Morgen verabschiedeten wir uns von unsern liebenswürdigen Wirten und stiegen den Berg wieder hinab, um eine schöne Erinnerung reicher.

Helene Brunn '08.

'Twixt the optimist and pessimist
The difference is droll—
The optimist sees the doughnut
The pessimist the hole.

The Chameleon

Sept. 4.—This afternoon while down town I saw a man standing on a corner with a tray full of brown things. My curiosity was immediately aroused and I therefore stepped up to the man to inquire about the objects he had for sale. To my astonishment "the objects" were alive. "They're chameleons from Madagascar, Miss, and if you keep them warm they'll live for a month or six weeks. Are you taking one?" I hesitated, then remembered that my water turtle had died, and I must have an animal study, so I purchased a chameleon. The man started to pin it on my dress, but I declined with thanks and carried it home in my hand instead. Mother said I might let it live on the rubber plant in the library, so Billy is there now, on the trunk of the rubber tree, and just the color of the bark.

Sept. 5—The first thing I did this morning after breakfast was to visit my chameleon. He isn't very large—about five inches long—but his tail is the same length as his body. His feet are like those of a parrot, and he can grasp the branches of the plants so firmly that I can scarcely lift him off without hurting him. I notice that Billy is lazy. He sits for hours in the same place. I wonder what he must eat.

Sept. 7—To-day I was simply determined to find out what it was that Billy ate, and after a long watch my curiosity was satisfied. He eats insects but he waits for them to come to him. I was finally relieved when I saw a tiny, tiny bug crawling near him. Out went his tongue as quick as a flash. Poor little insect! But I'm sure that Billy was hungry.

Sept. 10—I have been so busy with geometry and other lessons that I have hardly seen poor Billy at all. He does not seem to change much—but alas! the children discovered him. To-day I could not find him anywhere, and I made myself late for school as I spent so much time searching for him. At last I saw him, brown as could be, hiding—sensible creature—on the window-sill under the lock, trying to keep warm, at the same time. But oh! the poor little thing hadn't any tail. I'm simply in despair for I'm afraid he's spoiled. Katherine has just told me that they cut it off.

Sept. 12—My chameleon became so frightened by his experience of the other day that now it is rather difficult to grow very intimate with him. He is on guard always, and his eyes are a very great help to him. They are covered with a thin, transparent membrane. Exactly in the center is a hole, and this is where the seeing eye is. The eyeball is very prominent, being more than half out of the head, thus enabling him to see in more than one direction at the same time, each eye moving independently.

Sept. 16—For four days I have not noted a single change in the chameleon, but to-day a strange thing happened. Billy seemed to be having a fit, but was only trying to get rid of his skin. He opened his mouth wide, placed one of his hind feet inside it, then he pulled, and



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Alma Meherin,
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Elena Yparriguirre,
Vice-President

Pearl Cook,
Treasurer

off came his little claws, and then the skin of his whole hind leg. He repeated this process for all four legs. After that he had a hard time because he couldn't seem to get a grasp of his stubby tail. He finally succeeded in taking and keeping a firm hold, and then wiggled and squirmed out of his old skin, and appeared in a beautiful green coat.

Sept. 18—I noticed for the first time, to-day, that Billy drinks. I had never before seen him take into his mouth any liquid food; but to-day I watered the plant while he was on one of the stems. He actually hurried down the trunk of the rubber plant and sucked up the water into his mouth.

Sept. 21—I think Billy's tail is growing. It is at least one segment longer.

Sept. 23—I wished to see if it were true that the chameleon changes its coloring. When Billy was on the rubber plant he was dark green, but when he was on the window-sill he became brown with red spots. I placed him on a red mat, and he kept only an indistinct dark shade, but when I transferred him to the curtain-drape he turned a very bright color. I then tried him on a chrysanthemum and he changed to an indistinct light tone.

Sept. 30—Alas! it has grown too cold for Billy to live, and to-day I found him under the rubber plant perfectly cold and stiff. Poor Billy!

BY HAZEL ROYER, '08.

Disappointment

I.

What a splendid man was Caesar,
We always did declare,
But lately we've discovered
He hadn't any hair!

II.

What a model youth was Cicero
We used to shout with joy,
But lately we have found him
A most atrocious boy!

III.

And what a lasting comfort
We thought our Virgil dear,
Until by chance we ascertained
He was a little queer!

IV.

Oh! what joys we always thought them
Our dearest friends in need!
But, now, for entertainment
The Girls' High Journal read.

BY DOROTHY BROWN, '09.

Senior Edition Girls' High Journal

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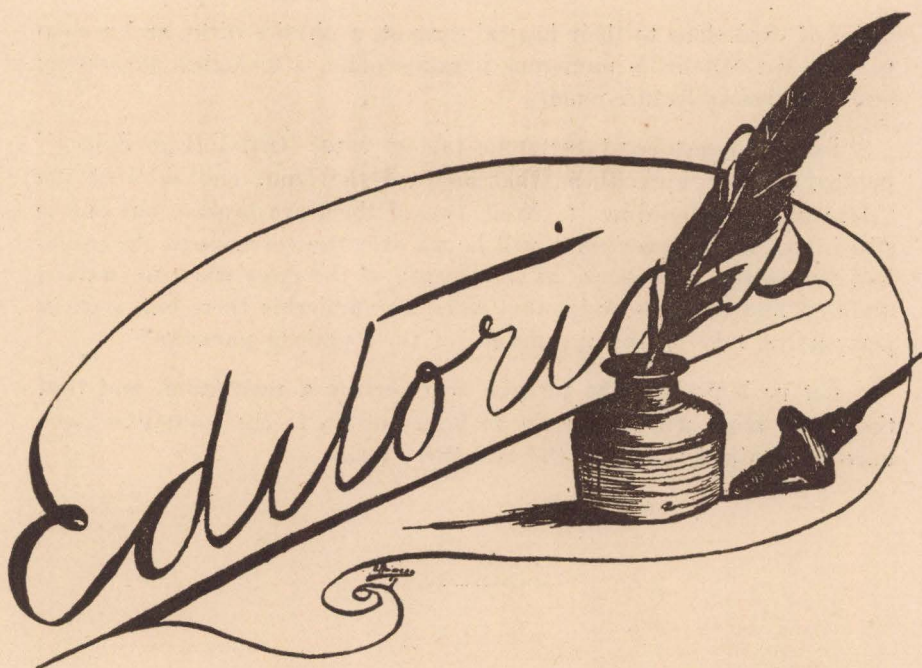
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Anita Day.
Editor

Florence Friedman,
Business Mgr.



A home of our own! The editor wishes you joy unconfined. But just as there comes the promise of a new building with its accompanying advantages and assurances of growth to the school en masse and individually, our class is forced to end its High School career.

We're not complaining, though. We'll enjoy by proxy every lecture in the spacious assembly hall, every romp in the well-appointed courts, which will be used for basketball, tennis and handball alternately. There will be two of these inclosures in the center of the broad one-story building—one on each side of the auditorium.

We, who have labored with half a dozen different lights in a poorly appointed studio, wish our successors joy in one which is to be absolutely without other light than north, and that sufficient to bring out light and shade in broad relief. No excuses for the Art Club to shirk then.

We speak as if the building were assured. In reality we should whisper it with hushed voices, for it was told in semi-confidence, and awaits the approval of that almighty "Board" that holds our fate in its hands.

But, girls, can't you see in fancy those twelve large classrooms, lighted every one from a single direction, and the side from which the illumination comes, an unbroken stretch of windows, with no awful cross-lights to dazzle the eye and make the blackboards look like reflectors on old-fashioned coal-oil lamps? If Dr. Scott's plans materialize, no one can tell what heights Girls' High may attain, for besides these things we have mentioned there are provisions for a large library, a well-appointed chemistry laboratory, where the girls may dabble in the mys-

teries of explosions to their hearts' content, a physics ditto, and a shop to hold Mr. Mitchell's numerous paraphernalia, a biological laboratory and a good-sized lecture-room.

Do you remember those stone tablets with "Girls' High School" printed in gold upon them, that adorned the front and sides of the "dear departed building"? Well, two of them are broken, but one is still intact, and if possible it will be set over the entrance to the promised temporary schoolhouse as a memento of the days when we walked under it and up those stairs that seemed undesirable then, but, seen in perspective, take on the appearance of the "path to paradise."

Let us hope that the promise will become a realization, and that the Girls' High will soon cease to be a burden to the Lowellites, who have entertained them for the last three terms.

Is there enough school spirit, girls? Did you feel the same electric thrill when you heard of our girls' victory down at San Mateo that you did on the night of that debate? Are you just a little too busy blaming the cars for being late to realize now and then, with pride, that you belong to the oldest high school in San Francisco, or California, for that matter,—and the one that has turned out more brilliant women than any other institution of its kind on this side of the Rockies, perhaps on the other side, too, for all we know? *Don't forget it.* It's an important fact. Stick together and work, and when your card blushes a little because of a newly-made four on it, struggle so hard the next time that it will forget the red stain and be comforted with an array of respectable black I's and II's.

Remember, you've had a fine standard in the past and have it now, too. Keep it up until we have a building to call our own, and then we'll show them what can be done by pupils under the guidance of a teaching force, many of whom have been graduated from our school. and, lest the gentlemen of the faculty feel indignant because we have not included them in our last statement, we will say that they would have attended Girls' High, but on account of circumstances over which they had no control, they couldn't.

A cheer for the new, girls, and a sigh, for the old. For the present, the least said perhaps the better.

We hope that the girls who edit the "Journal" next term will have as hearty support from the school as we have had. They couldn't help doing their best if they had that incentive to urge them.



STAFF

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Poetry—Elena Yparriguirre

Fiction—Frances Kelley
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The Associated Student Body

For many years the Girls' High School supported the Scholarship Association, by which, through the voluntary contributions of the students of the school, two or more of our graduates were enabled to continue their excellent work at the University of California. During the fall of 1904, at the regular semi-annual meeting of the Scholarship Association, through the suggestion of Dr. Scott, the name was changed to "The Associated Student Body," which was to control all school activities, including the Debating Society, Reading Club, Art Club and Atalanta Club, the Scholarship Fund to continue as formerly.

The school is now supporting four scholarships at Berkeley, and this is more than any other high school is doing. In September, 1907, the regular semi-annual meeting of the Associated Student Body was held in the Assembly Hall for the purpose of electing officers and proposing amendments to the constitution. A few remarks were made by Miss Anita Day, in behalf of the Art Athenaeum, and the "Journal," by Miss Sadie de Sousa for the Atalantas, by Miss Nina Moise for the Reading Club, and by Miss Gwendolin Powers for the Debating Society.

After a somewhat exciting nomination the meeting was adjourned, but on the following Tuesday, the elections took place, resulting as follows: President, Miss Anita Day; first vice-president, Miss Jessie Clifford; second vice-president, Miss Madelina Cashman; third vice-president, Miss Annie Squires; fourth vice-president, Miss Florence Norton; secretary, Miss Sadie de Sousa; treasurer, Miss Laura Daniel; directors, Miss Stark and Miss Roth.

Two amendments to the Constitution were voted upon and adopted, viz.:

(1) The executive committee of the Associated Student Body shall be composed of the president, first vice-president, secretary and treasurer of the Student Body, the principal, two teachers to be chosen by the students, and one representative from each club of the Girls' High School to be chosen by members of those clubs. The president, treasurer, secretary and yell leader shall be voted upon by the whole school, and the first, second, third and fourth vice-presidents shall be elected by their respective classes which they represent.

(2) A fund for School Activities shall be established, to be supported by the members of the Girls' High School, by monthly contributions, of not less than five cents, for the benefit of the Debating Society and Basketball Club of the Girls' High School; this fund to be divided proportionately according to the needs of these clubs; these needs to be decided upon by the executive committee of the Student Body.



STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

Jessie Clifford,
1st Vice-President

Madeliene Cashman,
2d Vice-President

Sadie de Sousa, Secretary

Anita Day, President

Blanche Carrau, "Yell Leader"

Annie Squier,
3d Vice-President

Florence Norton,
4th Vice-President

The members of the senior classes of the Girls' High School wish to thank Dr. Eisen for his interesting lecture, with the accompanying stereoptican views of the eruption of Italy's famous volcano—Vesuvius.

We regret the illness of Miss Stevenson, and will be very glad to have her with us once again at the end of the month of her enforced absence.

We are pleased to welcome Mr. Centner as a new member of the faculty, the head of Latin department.

About three years ago, the Christmas graduating class left in the hands of Dr. Scott a sum of money to be spent at his discretion and that of the students. It was agreed to buy a Victor Talking Machine, and since then, on the closing Friday of each school month, the students of the school are privileged to hear the melodious voices of famous singers, and many operatic selections of instrumental music, which are exceedingly entertaining and instructive.

Another source of enjoyment are lectures by Miss Jewett on the History of Art. These are illustrated by stereoptican views, which make the lecture more graphic and the descriptions more vivid.

Mr. Mitchell's views of Yosemite Valley are also very interesting, and are greatly enjoyed by those privileged to see them.

We wish to thank Miss Croyland most sincerely for her untiring efforts in behalf of this "Journal."

Mr. Goldstien, too, has given us most essential help with our drawings.



Not a monstrosity, just a fashionable hat.



Art Athenaeum

After school hours on the 27th of August, the Art Athenaeum met in the studio, and in the company of Venus, Apollo, Dante, Joan of Arc, George Washington, and a few other famous people, the meeting was called to order by the president, Anita Day.

The business of the day was the election of officers, and the result was as follows: President, Anita Day; vice-president, Annie Squier; secretary, Marie Bradford; treasurer, Florence Simmens.

It seems, nevertheless, as if our position in the art circles of this school is to be rivaled by the fifth period drawing class under Mr. Goldstein, who often gives his pupils lectures on art, and impresses it upon them that "Ars est longa, tempus fugit." He has often been heard to remark upon their great ability (to talk), energy (to talk), and enthusiasm (to talk). They have become so efficient as to now be able to draw five minutes in silence.

We have not been eclipsed yet, girls, and if any of you would care to look into the requirements for membership, you are cordially invited to do so. The officers will be glad to furnish the desired information.

Last term, on account of the car strike, the classes had only four periods, as most of you know; and instead of going home, the Art Athenaeum assembled after school and used the time generally taken up by the last period for perfecting their charcoal work.

Having no time during school hours, the members meet once a month at the girls' homes, and talk over the affairs of the club, and plan our work for the next month. The Art Athenaeum has the distinction of being the first school club reorganized after the disaster, and the loyalty that the members showed then has not lessened in any way since.

Girls' faults are many,
Boys have only two:
Everything they say
And everything they do.



ART ATHENAEUM OFFICERS

Marie Bradford,
Secretary

Anita Day,
President
Florence Simmen,
Treasurer

Annie Squier,
Vice-President

Those Stairs

To climb the path of knowledge,
Must we also climb upstairs,
The many flights, so long, so steep,
So full of holes and snares?

At first it's up to German
That we go in dread and fear,
And then it's down to Botany,
So loved, so very dear.

Then to the very top once more,
By Latin there we're met;
The stairs seem almost endless,
But we have no time to fret.

So down again to drawing
On the middle floor we go,
Still, going down is easier
Than going up, you know.

We call to mind some other stairs
Which now are kindling wood.
How broad they were! How picturesque!
But *then* they were "no good."

Down another flight we travel
To the room of cubes and squares.
O, must we to the top again
Ascend those awful stairs?

Up, up, the stairs we quickly run,
A-tripping in our haste,
"There comes our car! Wake up, you're slow."
Now, there's no time to waste.

BY MARGARET EVELETH, '07.

Mr. Mitchell, talking of ocean waves, asked Miss G. to give an example of waves.

Miss G.—"Marcelle."

DEBATING

The debating club, organized now for three years, has always been one of the chief prides of the school. Its aim is to promote work and interest in the fields of literature and debate.

Although we made but one public appearance, we have had private performances by some of the foremost members of the club within our own circle. At one meeting, prepared papers are debated upon, while on the following much amusement is derived from the extemporaneous debating and the literary program which follows:



On Wednesday, October the first, an enthusiastic rally was held in the Physics Laboratory in celebration of the debating club's first meeting of the new term. The most important business of the day was the election of officers. As former President Maud Waite was unable to attend the meeting, Vice-President Edna Riese presided. The following officers were elected:

President—Edna Riese.

Secretary—Dorothy Duncombe.

Vice-President—Nina Moise.

Treasurer—Sadie de Sousa.

Debating Club Representative—Gwendolyn Powers.

The debating club owes much of its success of last term to Miss Stevensen, who aided the club materially by her good advice. She has kindly consented to help us this term again.

The membership of the club at present is not more than twenty-five, but the girls that now belong to the club may be truly termed the "survival of the fittest," for it is these girls that have worked hard and diligently to make the club one of the leading features of the school.

All girls who have recently entered the school and have any inclination whatever toward this character of work are heartily requested to join our organization. The members are contemplating purchasing suitable pins for their society, so in the near future you may mark out the many intellectual girls of the school by these small emblems.

Girls, let us wish that our new building will soon be completed, so that time and opportunity may be given us for preparing some excellent literary and debating work. Let us hope that we may work up some winning teams and gain another victory, so that the schools on both sides of the bay may know that a Girl's High Debating Society really exists.



DEBATING CLUB OFFICERS

Nina Moise,
Vice-President
Sadie de Sousa,
Treasurer

Edna Riese,
President

Dorothy Duncombe,
Secretary

Gwendolyn Powers,
Student Body Rep.



"The G. H. S." once more takes pleasure in greeting its many exchanges, especially those that pointed out defects or suggested improvement.

"The Nixie Strain" in "The Mission Graduate" is a very picturesque and interesting story. It shows how the genius of a boy was

brought to the surface by his deep and earnest love for a girl, which is afterward the means of making him the greatest musician of his time. This journal is to be congratulated on its number of well-written stories and articles, among them being "The Passing of the Forest Fire," "Ursula," and "During the Golden Era."

"The Owl," from Fresno, Cal., is one of our best exchanges both in the grouping and in the character of work. Especially is the sketch "Gossip in 1927" true to life. The poem "Song of the Lake and Sequoias" equals the best in any of the journals. It brings one close to nature and woodland nymphs. Its theme is beautiful, its rhythm musical and perfect.

"Blue and White" from "Sacred Heart College" is quite different from the majority of High School journals. It is quite serious in tone, giving most of its attention to editorials, and being unrelieved by a fiction department. It has a very neat cut on the cover, and contains an excellent poem entitled "Why is the North Wind Sighing?"

"Olla Podrida," Berkeley: You are not up to your usual standard. We regret to see you falling off so rapidly, as you were formerly one of our best exchanges.

"The Aurora," Nome High School: We welcome your paper from the far north. Your cover is very appropriate, and your articles, especially the one on "Summer in Alaska" are very instructive, as one usually has the wrong impression of Alaska, often thinking of it only as snowy and wintry, forgetting that it also enjoys the delights of summer.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to "Madrona," Palo Alto. "The Tiger," "The Skirmisher," from St. Matthews' School, "The Elm," from San Mateo, "Normal Record" and "High School Review."

LILLIAN CARTY, '07.



The Atalanta Club

The Atalanta Club, notable because it represents the entire athletic activity of the school, was organized so many years ago that it has almost become an integral element in the make-up of the Girls' High School.

The regular meeting for the election of officers took place at the end of last term, resulting as follows: President, Sadie de Sousa; vice-president, Flossie Braun; secretary, Isabelle Warnock; treasurer, Gertrude Iddings; business manager, Gladys Hazelrigg; captain, Jessie Clifford.

At the beginning of the present term, the club's former practice was continued, and the members faithfully wend their way every Wednesday and Friday morning to the Y. M. H. A. Hall and conscientiously practice for their match-games of basketball.

The Atalantas gladly welcome Lena Hauss, a former player, back to the school and the club.

Although our team defeated Cogswell last term, we have suffered defeat at their hands this term, but our consolation is the realization of the difficulties and disadvantages under which we are working. Our defeat did not discourage us, as our girls subsequently showed such an improvement in work and increase of enthusiasm that when we accepted the challenge of San Mateo High School we did it with confidence of winning.

This was most notable of the match games of this term, that of G. H. S. vs. San Mateo, on November 2, in which, in spite of our being at a disadvantage in playing for the first time on a graveled court, the banners of the gold waved triumphantly, as we scored a victory of 7 to 3. Girls' High scored the first points due to the admirable work of Jessie Clifford, who made the first goal after a few moments of hard playing. San Mateo played an excellent game, and proved that with a little more practice they would become a difficult team to defeat.

At both of these games great enthusiasm was displayed by the wearers of the gold, who aided the team greatly by their interest and applause.

The girls hope to try their prowess in games with Alameda, Commercial and Lowell High Schools before the close of the term.

The members of the club are rehearsing the plays for the Atalanta Jinks, which will take place at the close of the term, and promise a jolly and merry time for all who participate.



BASKET-BALL TEAM

Jessie Clifford	Flossie Braun
Lena Hauss	Sadie de Sousa
Gertrudis Iddings	Regina Ryerson
Gladys Hazelrigg	



If you meet some ancient jokes
 Decked out in modern guise,
 Don't frown and call the thing a poke.
 Just laugh—don't be too wise.

IN HISTORY.

In Raleigh's third expedition he took 150 men, 17 of whom were women.

A centralized government is one which has its center in one place.

He has our sympathy! History tells us that Egbert came over to England with the countenance of Charlemagne.

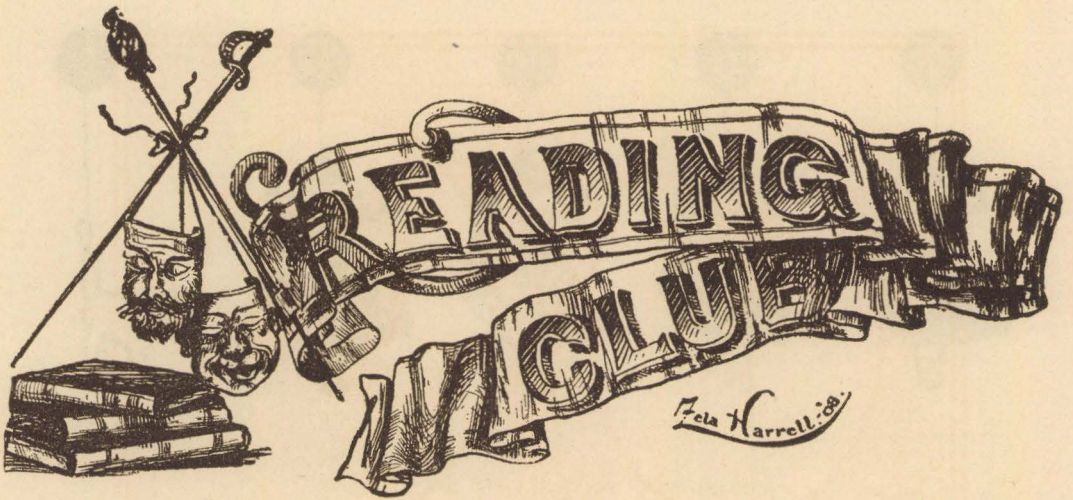
Teacher—You may be seated.

Pupil—I can't.

T.—What's the matter?

P.—Dad stepped on a tack this morning and I laughed.

They met by chance,
 They never met before,
 They only met that once,
 And she was stricken sore.
 They never met again—
 Don't want to, I avow;
 They only met that once,
 A freight train and a cow.—(Ex.)



The Reading Club is a new organization, having been formed only the latter part of last term. Very little progress was made owing to the delay in forming the club, and but two meetings were held.

The first special meeting this term, for the purpose of electing officers, was held Thursday, October 10th, after school. The officers elected were: President, Nina Moise; directors, Dagmar Games, Edna Riese, Jeannette Grunauer and Nignon Wand. Miss Games was appointed to act as secretary.

The first regular meeting this term was held Saturday morning, October 19th, in the school building. There were a number of girls present, all of whom were enthusiastic and ready to work hard for the advancement of the club, and to make it one of the representative organizations of the school. It was voted that the club should meet every other Saturday morning in the school building. It was seen later that it would be impracticable to use the building, so it was decided that the meetings should be held at the house of the president. It was also decided that the first play, to be read on November 2d, would be "The Rivals," by Richard Sheridan.

On the whole, the outlook for the club is very bright, and it is expected that it will make rapid strides in progress, and that very good work will be accomplished.

Scene: Class in college.

Enter student five minutes late.

Prof.—"I wish students to be more punctual in coming to class."

Enter two students.

Prof.—"This is bad."

Enter four students.

Prof.—"There must be some explanation."

Enter lady student—Applause.



READING CLUB OFFICERS

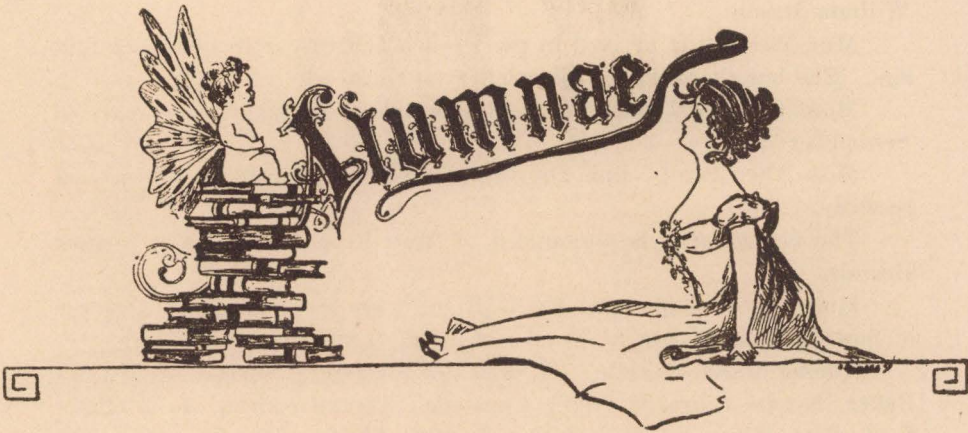
Nignon Wand,
Director

Nina Moise,
President

Edna Riese,
Director

Jeannette Grunauer,
Director

Dagmar Games,
Director



One of the largest Christmas classes ever graduated by the Girls' High School is that one which is to pass beneath the portals of the Girls' High School, December, '07, carrying with them the realization of four years' hard work.

Miss Jewett has returned from her extended trip abroad and has taken up her work as head of the Mathematical Department. In addition, she is giving a most interesting series of lectures on the History of Art.

Miss Genevieve Huffman, '07, is enjoying a trip in Europe.

The engagement of Miss Edith Alderson, who graduated with the December class of naughty five, and Earl Miller has been announced.

Mary Fisher of June, '05, class became Mrs. Madden early this year, and is now living on Clayton street, in this city.

The engagement of Miss Hazel Lang of the Xmas class of '06 to Mr. Hazelton Wilson has been announced.

Miss Eleanor Clayton, Xmas, '06, is training to become a nurse at the California Women's Hospital.

A pretty wedding at 1220 Webster Street, on July 25th, '07, was that of Miss Lucy Jacobs, '06, and Joseph Hill.

Miss Ino Gedge has surprised her friends by announcing her engagement to Mr. Herbert Knopf. She is a graduate of June, '07, and he is a U. C. graduate, '07. They will be married in the summer.

Miss Leszynsky is on her way home, coming by way of Paris. She will be in San Francisco about November 17th.

Miss Hazel Montgomery, June, '07, and Mr. Helwig are to be married in January. Mr. Helwig is a draftsman for the Southern Pacific.

Mr. Mervyn Samuels and Miss Alma Schlezinger's betrothal was announced at a dinner in Oakland given at Judge Samuel's home.

Mrs. Forrest Travis (Edith Hund) has gone to Chicago to live. Her husband has business interests there that will cause them to make Chicago their home.

Miss Geradine Strickland has announced her engagement to Dr. William Mason.

Mrs. Mary Prag arrived in the French metropolis about a fortnight ago. She has thoroughly enjoyed her tour abroad.

Miss Corinne Lindstrum and Mr. Charles Baker were married September 25th.

Miss Alice Brady and Dr. Christenson, of Florida, were married recently.

The engagement is announced of Miss Rebecca Selig and Walter Brandt.

Miss Clarita Game and Emile Bigné were married under a bower of flowers at the Fairmont Hotel last July.

Among those of June, '07, who are attending Normal are Hattie Baker, Estelle Edwards, Nellie Forsberg, Sylvia Geudotti, Julia Glassford, Rita Glynn, Lillian Hill, Jeanette Macks, Florence Manning, Alma Stein and Lucy Corbett.

Those who are attending Berkeley are Blanche Ahlers, Elsie Ahrens, Gladys Bowman, Eleanor Carson, Margaret Griffith, Stella Keating, Cecil Levy, Antoinette Miklau, Ella Simons, Katherine Trewick, Leila Trewick and Violet Richardson.

Dorothy Hill, of our June, '08, class, has kept us in touch with her travels abroad by sending us interesting picture postals from many of the places which she visited. The last one was from Luzerne, Switzerland.

Mrs. Wm. Alison, formerly Principal of the Peabody Primary School of this city, visited San Francisco in September and has now returned to her home in Seattle.

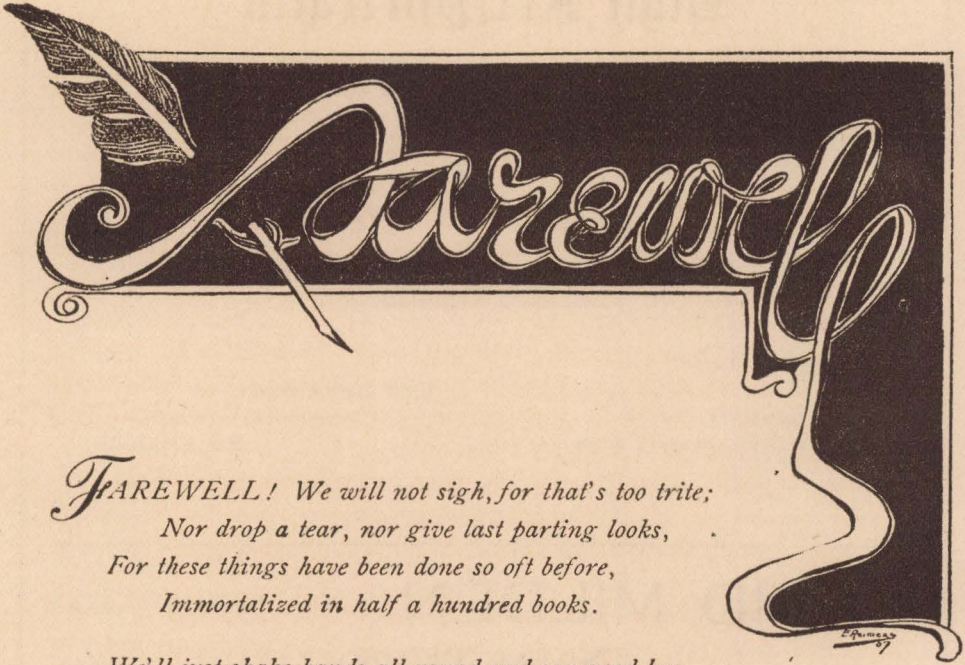
The Girls' High School Alumnae Association met September 28th at the home of Dr. Caroline Rosenberg. The meeting was a reception, and the number of members, who appeared and did not disappear at once, but remained throughout the afternoon, shows the interest and pleasure the Girl's High girls of former classes find in each other's company. Music, refreshments and chatting, such as our girls of all classes indulged and indulge in, made the hours fly, and made each one desire that another such occasion come soon again.

Our class (Xmas, '07) will have the following representatives at U. C.: Misses Cook, Schweitzer, Harrison, Womble, Friedman and White, and at Stanford, Miss Ryerson.

MILDRED TONN, '07.

Miss ——"What do you understand by the phenomenon of dew?"

Brightness.—"Well, you see the earth revolves on its axis every twenty-four hours, and in consequence of this tremendous pace perspires freely."—(*Ex.*)



*FAREWELL! We will not sigh, for that's too trite;
Nor drop a tear, nor give last parting looks,
For these things have been done so oft before,
Immortalized in half a hundred books.*

*We'll just shake hands all round and say good-bye,
Gather our things together, walk down stairs
And out into the world and go our ways,
Taking unto ourselves our woman's cares.*

*Yet, as I write, there's something blots the page,
It's not my pen, the ink is running free;
My eyes feel strange and rather damp,
In fact I'm crying, so I just can't see.*

A. D. D., '07.

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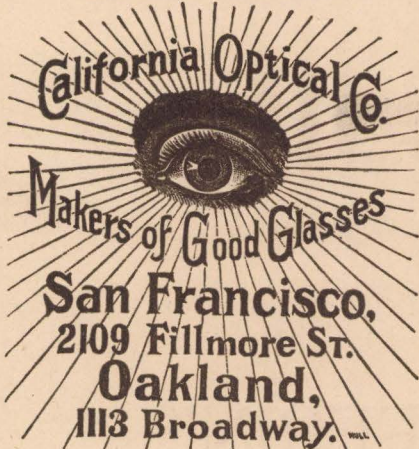
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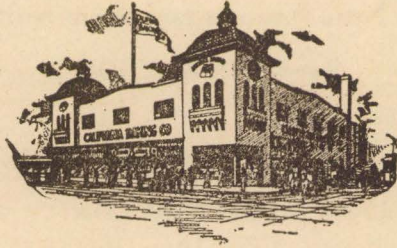
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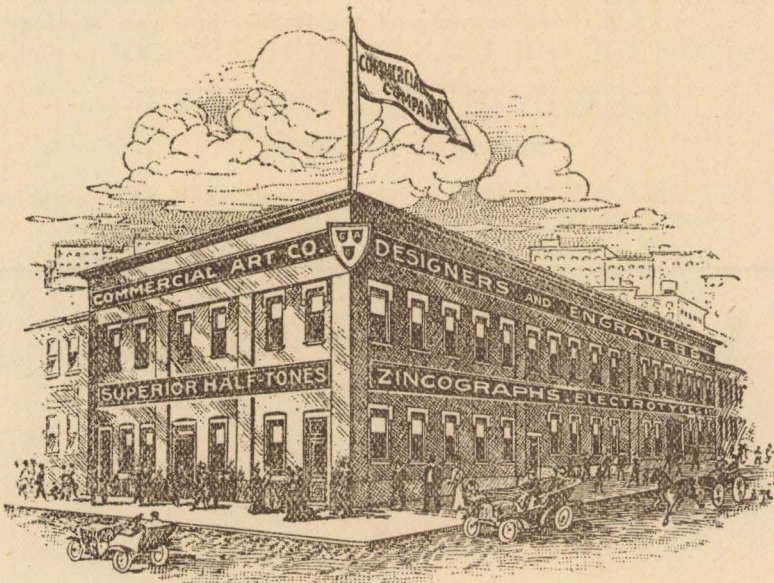
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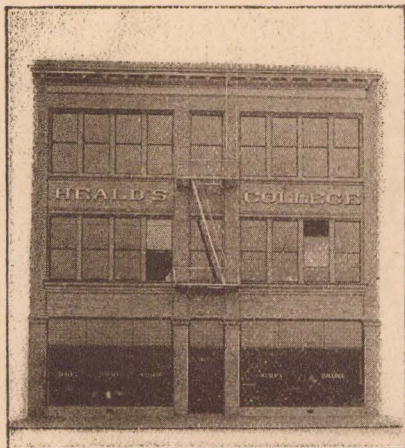
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