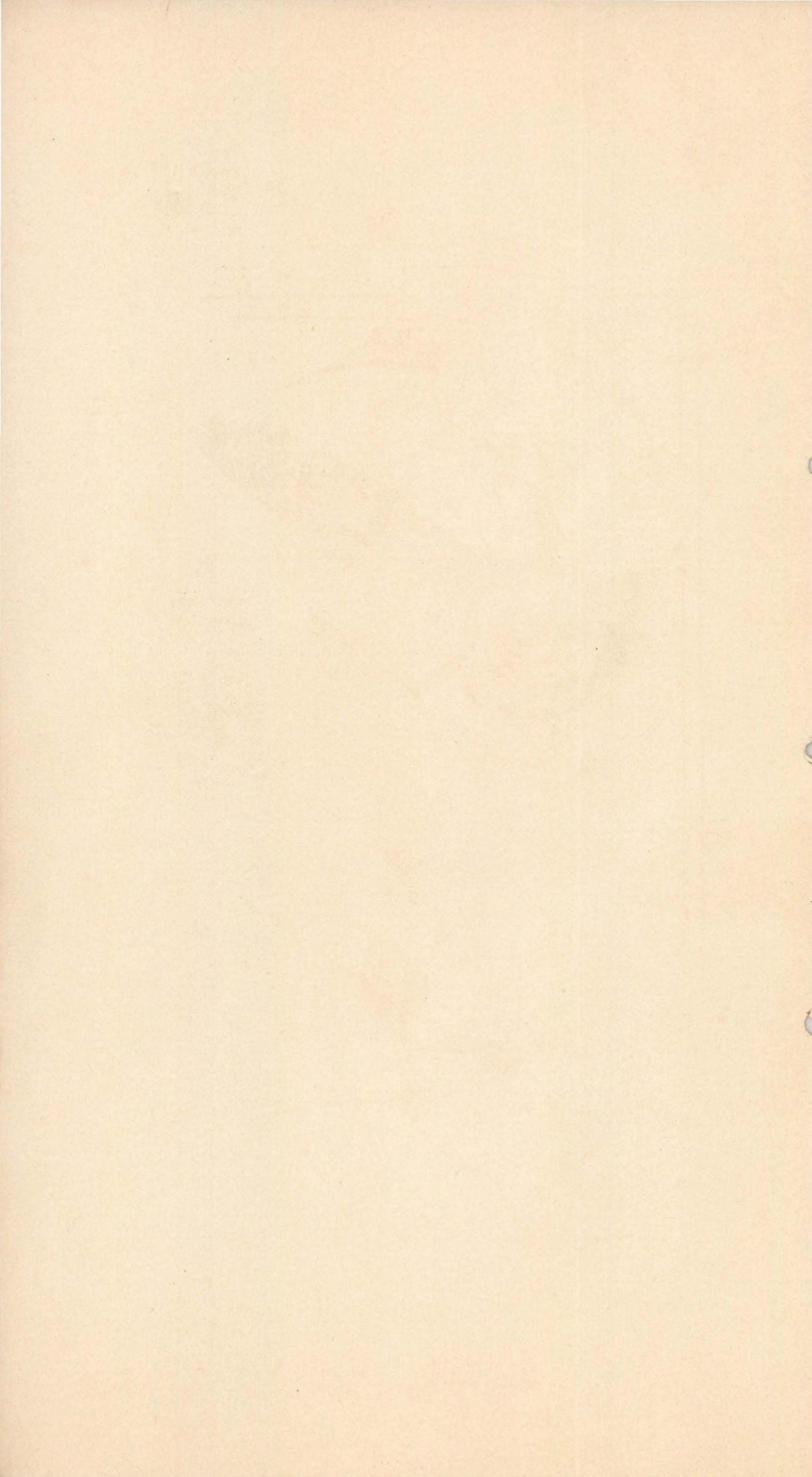


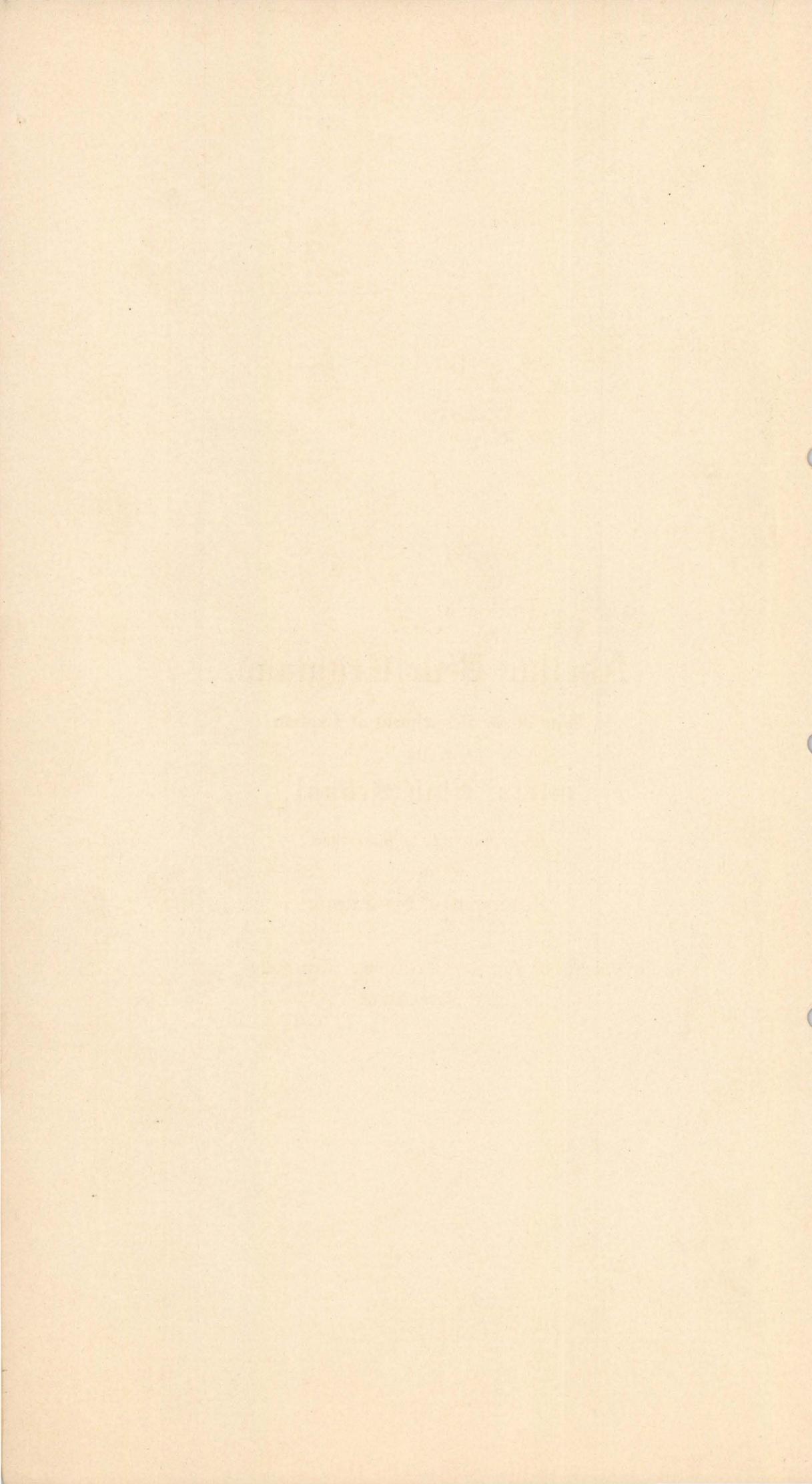
THE
GIRL'S
HIGH
JOURNAL

JUNE 1909.

Grace Leale Dorey.







To
Adeline Belle Croyland,

Head of the Department of English
of the

Girls' High School,

This Journal is Inscribed

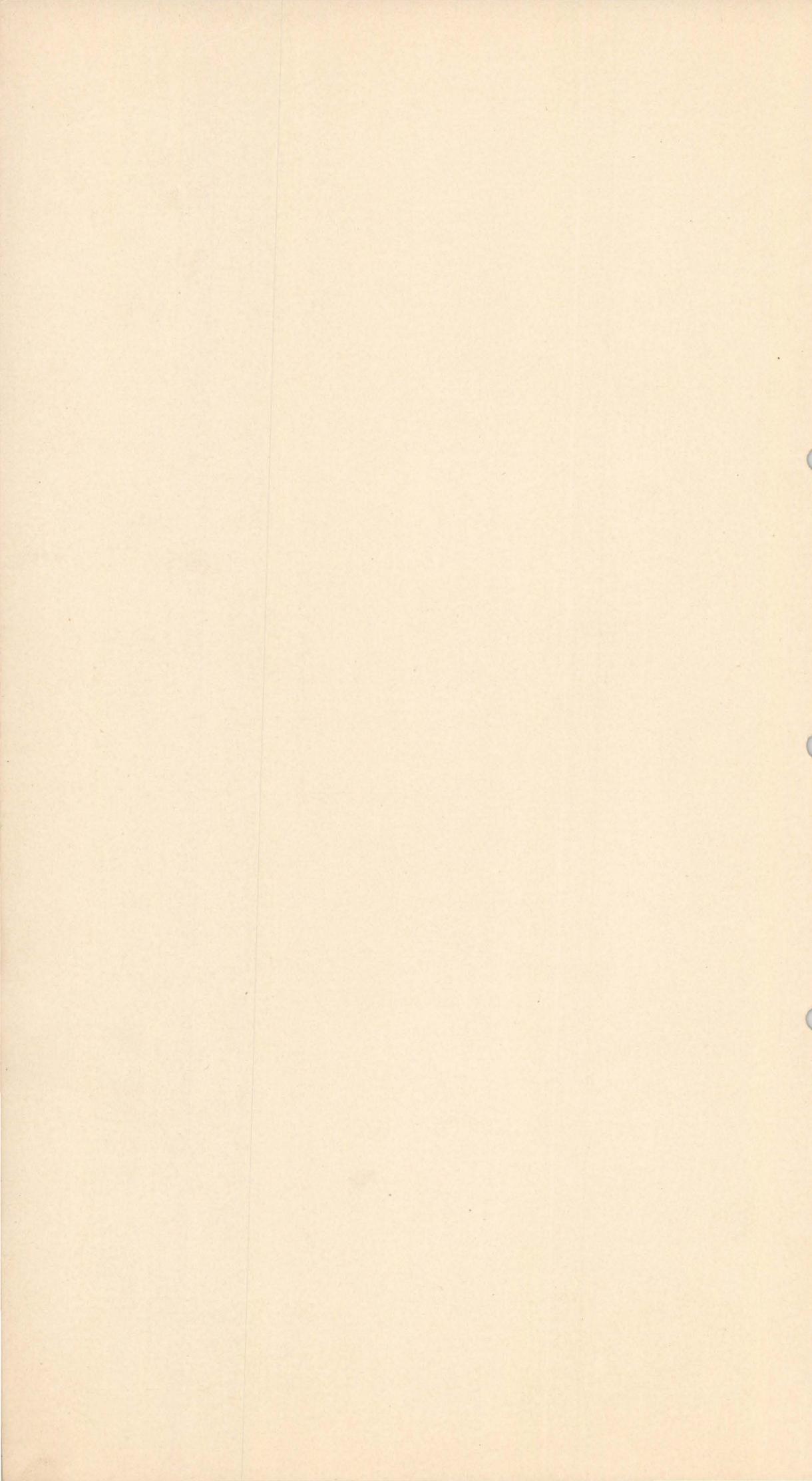
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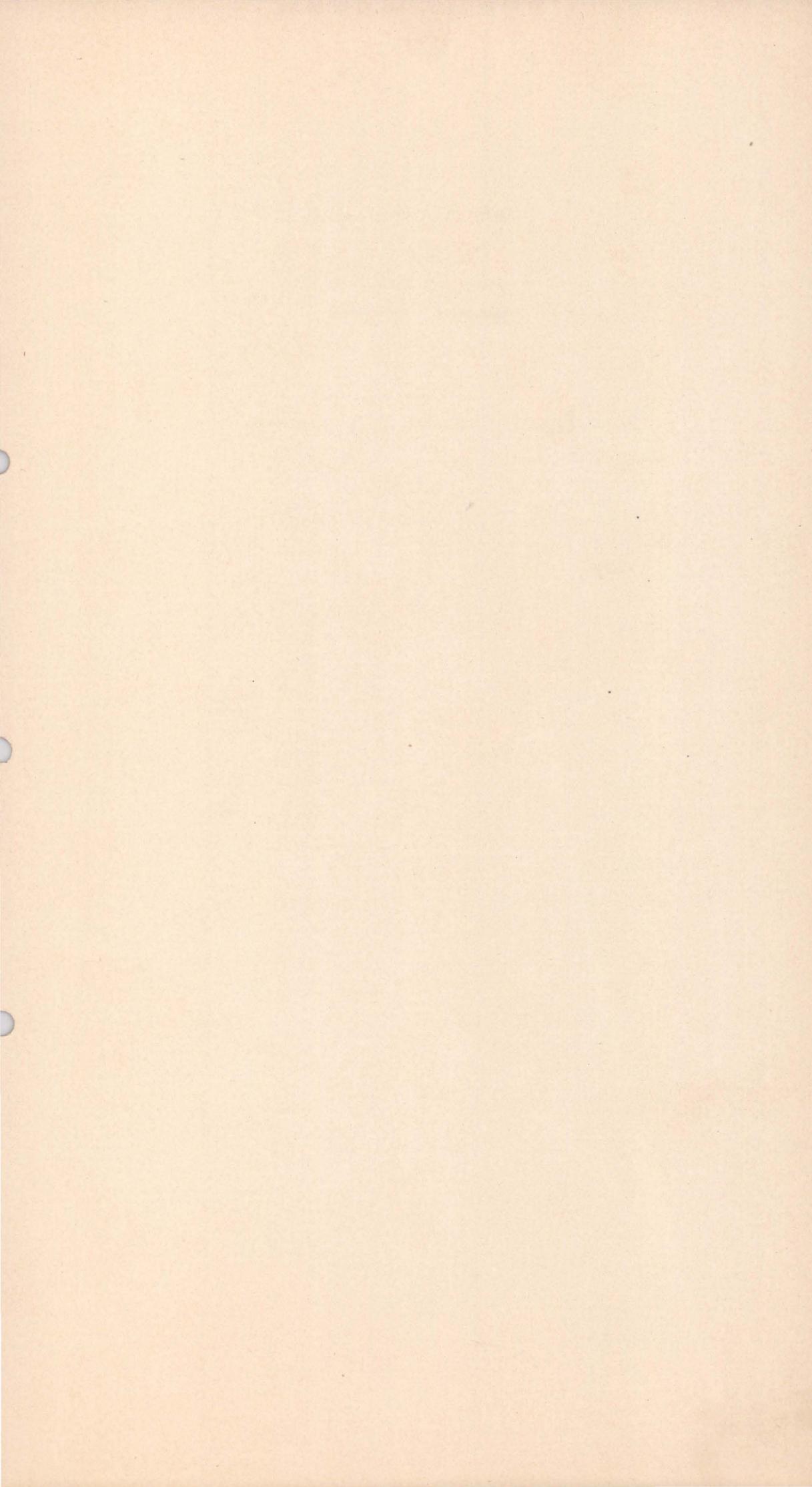
Admiration of Her Talents

and

Gratitude for Her Criticisms, Teachings,

and Friendship.





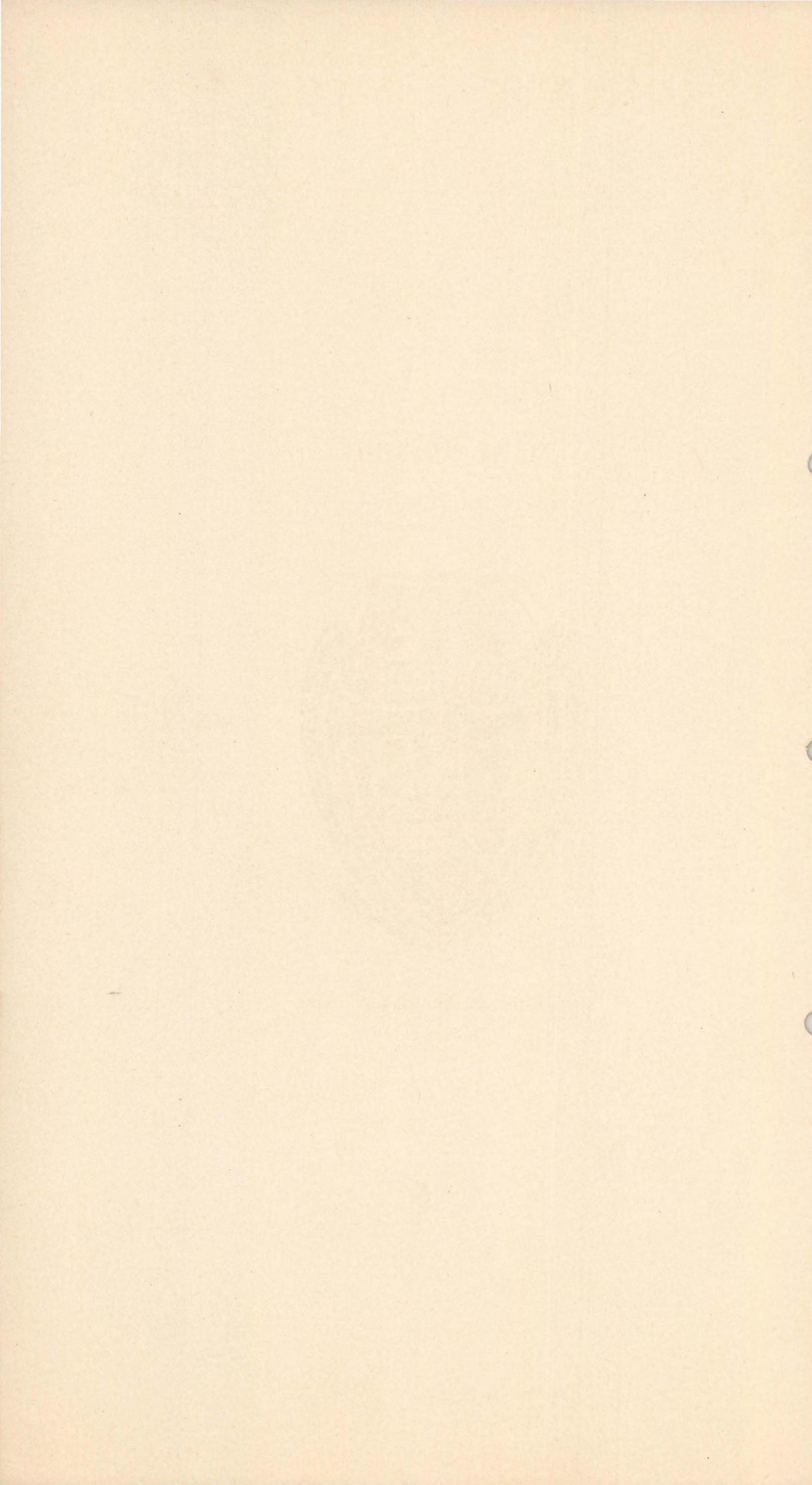
The Faculty of the Girls' High School

DR. A. W. SCOTT.....	PRINCIPAL
MRS. MARY PRAG.....	<i>Vice-Principal and Head of Department of History</i>
MISS ADELINE B. CROYLAND.....	<i>Head of Department of English</i>
MISS FIDELIA JEWETT.....	<i>Head of Department of Mathematics</i>
GEORGE O. MITCHELL.....	<i>Head of Department of Science</i>
EDWARD J. DUPUY.....	<i>Head of Department of French</i>
MARTIN A. CENTNER.....	<i>Head of Department of Latin</i>
FRANZ M. GOLDSTEIN.....	<i>Head of Department of Drawing</i>
MISS S. A. HOBE.....	<i>Instructor in History</i>
MISS MINNIE MAHER.....	<i>Instructor in History and English</i>
MISS E. M. OWENS.....	<i>Instructor in English</i>
MISS NATHALIE E. ROTH.....	<i>Instructor in English</i>
MISS LAURA DANIEL.....	<i>Instructor in Mathematics and Chemistry</i>
*MISS HATTIE L. LESZYNISKY.....	<i>Instructor in Mathematics</i>
MISS E. R. STEVENSON.....	<i>Instructor in English and Botany</i>
MISS C. L. HUNT.....	<i>Instructor in Biology</i>
MISS BLANCHE LEVIELE.....	<i>Instructor in French</i>
MISS C. M. STARK.....	<i>Instructor in Latin</i>
WILLIAM ZIMMERMAN.....	<i>Instructor in German</i>
MISS MARION A. JONES.....	<i>Instructor in Drawing and Design</i>

* On leave of absence.



DR. A. W. SCOTT



The Class

of



June Nineteen Hundred and Nine

Class Song

By GRACE L. DOREY, '09.

Tune: "The British Grenadiers."

I.

Some talk of other Seniors, and tell
us what they've done,
Of many battles that were fought, and
many victories won.
But of all the school's great classes,
There's none I want for mine,
But a Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Girls,
The Class of June, '09.

II.

For those of time now long past and
those more recent still,
Ne'er had our so great number, our spirit
or our will;
They did not float the black and gold,
Or have the Wise Owl Sign.
So a Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah, Girls
For the Class of June, '09.

III.

We'll live up to our standards, and on our
school bring praise,
To our Alma Mater, G. H. S., our voices
now we raise;
When we are flushed with pride,
And know there's none so fine,
Here's a Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Girls
For the Class of June, '09.



Officers of the Class of June Nineteen Hundred and Nine

Nellie Burkham

President

Delia Holmes

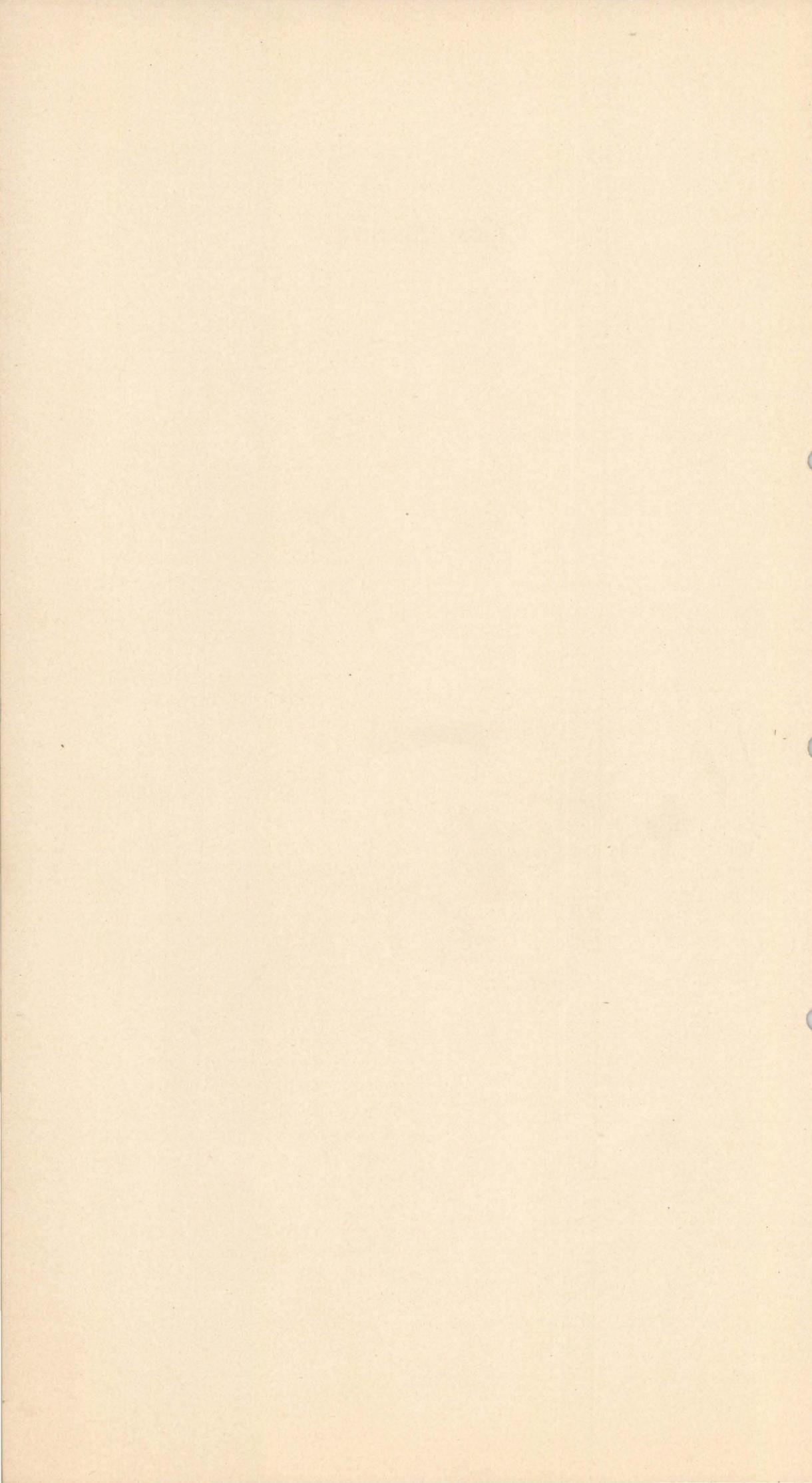
Secretary

Ruth Ruddock

Treasurer

Ruth Gaynor

Vice-President



Class History

By NELL F. BURKHAM, '09.

1. It came to pass in the second year of the reign of Doctor Scott, which was in the year one thousand nine hundred and five, that the tribe of the Owls of June, '09, came from the land of Grammar Grade unto the land of Higher Education.

2. This same timid tribe pitched their camp at the door of Girls' High School for they were to dwell there for four years.

3. This tribe being the largest which had entered the sacred portals, four rulers were necessary and the names of these were Hobe, Hunt, Leviele and Roth.

4. And now these one hundred and eighty-four pilgrims were tested by fierce trials and tribulations. Latin and German conjugations disturbed the dreams of some, French harrowed others and all battled with Drawing, Ancient History, English and Botany.

5. But after one month's sojourn in the land of Freshman, a light lightened their darkness for behold the mighty race of Seniors received them in their midst. The pilgrims were hailed as "Scrubs," "Babies," "Freshmen" by these same Seniors. There was feasting and dancing.

6. After eight months' of toil in the Land of Freshmen, the tribe departed into Fields of Pleasure. While there the land was disturbed by a mighty upheaval, buildings were hurled to the ground and fierce fire raged.

7. Then was there wailing among some, rejoicing among others for their stay in the land of Pleasure was prolonged.

8. The loyal children numbering one hundred and ten returned and took up

their burden for two long years in the Lowell High building. Here the rulers met the Owls of '09 and spake unto them, saying:

9. "We command thee, the tribe of June, naughty-nine, to give to the class of December, naughty-nine, your homes in Freshman and depart unto Sophomore."

10. This was the judgment of those that ministered unto the children in the Land of Higher Education. These children lifted up their eyes and beheld the land of Sophomore, whither they were bound.

11. In this land were they again tested. They fought fierce wars with Algebra and emerged triumphant.

12. For two years they labored from noon until setting sun; their labors were hard but all were loyal to their judges.

13. In the land of Sophomore they chose one from their number for queen and she ruled wisely and well.

14. This year passed, and again the mighty voice of the ruler was heard saying:

15. "Get you gone into the Valley of Junior, where great things await you."

16. In this valley several departed from their midst so that the tribe contained but seventy-five loyal children.

17. In Junior these same children were good in the sight of their judges and they did many strange and wonderful things.

18. One of these thereof being the struggle with Geometry, the foe which had conquered many, but the Owls because of their superior wisdom were victorious.

19. This same tribe made a visit to Fairyland and all lost their heart to the wonderful Peter Pan. They had jinks where people of all lands assembled, peasants, clowns, Japanese maids, brownies, troubadours, and even great Caesar himself. There were also swimming meets and picnics of which the other tribes heard and marveled.

20. But alas some from their number who had not reached the age of wisdom, saw fit to indulge in music and dancing above the judge's sanctum. One of his assistants descended on them and rebuked them, saying:

21. "Know ye not that ye disturb your worthy ruler's conference? Be ye still, let there be no more dancing and singing," and there was none for *that* time.

22. Again there was a journey to the Land of Pleasure. Returning they were received by former tribes in a new home which was dedicated with much joy. There was feasting and dancing.

23. And it came to pass that the ruler called the tribe before him and spake to them with these words:

24. "Thou shalt now go forth from the Valley of Junior and begin your ascent up the steep Mount of Senior. There are many places both of pleasure and toil along this Mount and from the top those shalt see the Promised Land."

25. And now the pilgrims seeing the end of their labors were joyful. They adopted the manner of former Seniors.

26. Soon the Owls spake thus to the class of December, naughty-eight:

27. "Come to the house of Normandie and thou shalt see our good feelings toward ye all."

28. Which they did and at this luncheon they praised the Owls with many songs and sent to them great boxes of sweets.

29. But those of the tribe of December, '08, thought that the Owls fell into evil ways for the Owls did excel all others in the serpentine and dancing.

30. And it came to pass on January 4, 1909, the Owls reached the half-way point up the mount of Senior.

31. This tribe now numbered seventy pilgrims loyal to their rulers and the home which had sheltered them for four years.

32. There came a time when these same pilgrims brightened the lives of the baby pilgrims.

33. For it came to pass that the Freshman and Senior united and there was great rejoicing in the Land of Higher Education. This union was celebrated with music, feasting and dancing.

34. Which act caused the tribe of December, '09, to wish to show their good feeling and respect for the Owls, and again the tribal bond was sealed when the December tribe entertained the Owls.

35. The part of the tribe known as the "Journal staff" gave a reception at the dwelling place of the "Editress in Chief." All joined in singing the praises of their chosen staff.

36. The tribe known as Alumnae gave a breakfast to which they invited their future members, the Owls.

37. One of the Owls gave up her home to her tribe and here they had what is known as a jinks.

38. Then after much rejoicing the top of the Mount was reached.

39. Which victory was celebrated by a wonderful farce, where certain Owls showed the world their particular "Fads and Fancies."

40. The rulers presented the tribe with their diplomas which allowed them to enter the Promised Land. These diplomas were given before the face of all people.

41. The end of the joys and trials of the Owls was celebrated by a great dance, where joy, light and music made all merriment.

42. After which the ruler spake unto them, saying: "Well done, depart from the Mount of Senior and enter the Promised Land."

43. Thus endeth the history of the four years' sojourn of the Owls in the Land of Higher Education.

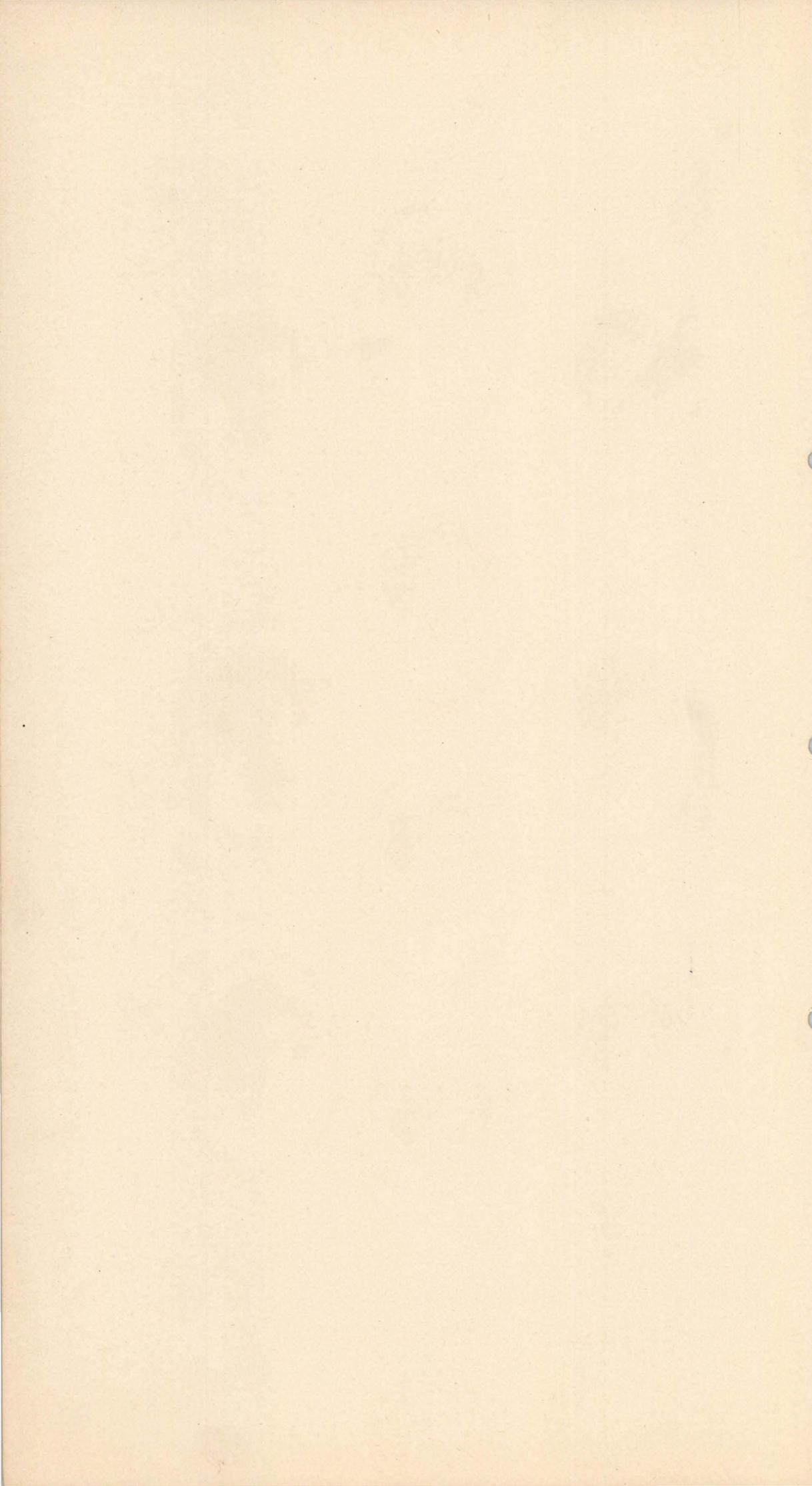


The Class of June Nineteen Hundred and Nine

Agnes Alves
Helen Gilbert
Louelle Jackson

Ruth Brenner
Gladys Cronan
Marian Mel
Margaret Hodgen

Dorothy Brown
Delia Holmes
Pauline Pierson





The Class of June Nineteen Hundred and Nine

Leona Browne
Edna Harrison
Irene Straus

Irene Traynor
Rose Clauss
Dorothy Hill
Christina Lindsay

Edith Jones
Clara Lowenberg
Ella Miller





The Class of June Nineteen Hundred and Nine

Blanche Baer
Claudia Massie
Grace Dorey

Ruth Mayer
Edith Bull
Ruth Ruddock
Edith Dick

Helen Brunn
Alice Corwin
Nellie Burkham



The Class of June Nineteen Hundred and Nine

Mina Hohweisner
Helen Kresteller
Myrtle Dennet

Virginia Crow
Hazel Klinger
Daisy Holle
Edna Lockbaum

Agnes Otto
Bessie Langendorf
Mabel Cohen





The Class of June Nineteen Hundred and Nine

Alice Mulligan
Amy Platt
Edna Robinson

Edna Neller
Helen Regensburger
Eleanor Smith
Irene Spadina

Grace Ogle
Elsie Wormser
Ruth Gaynor



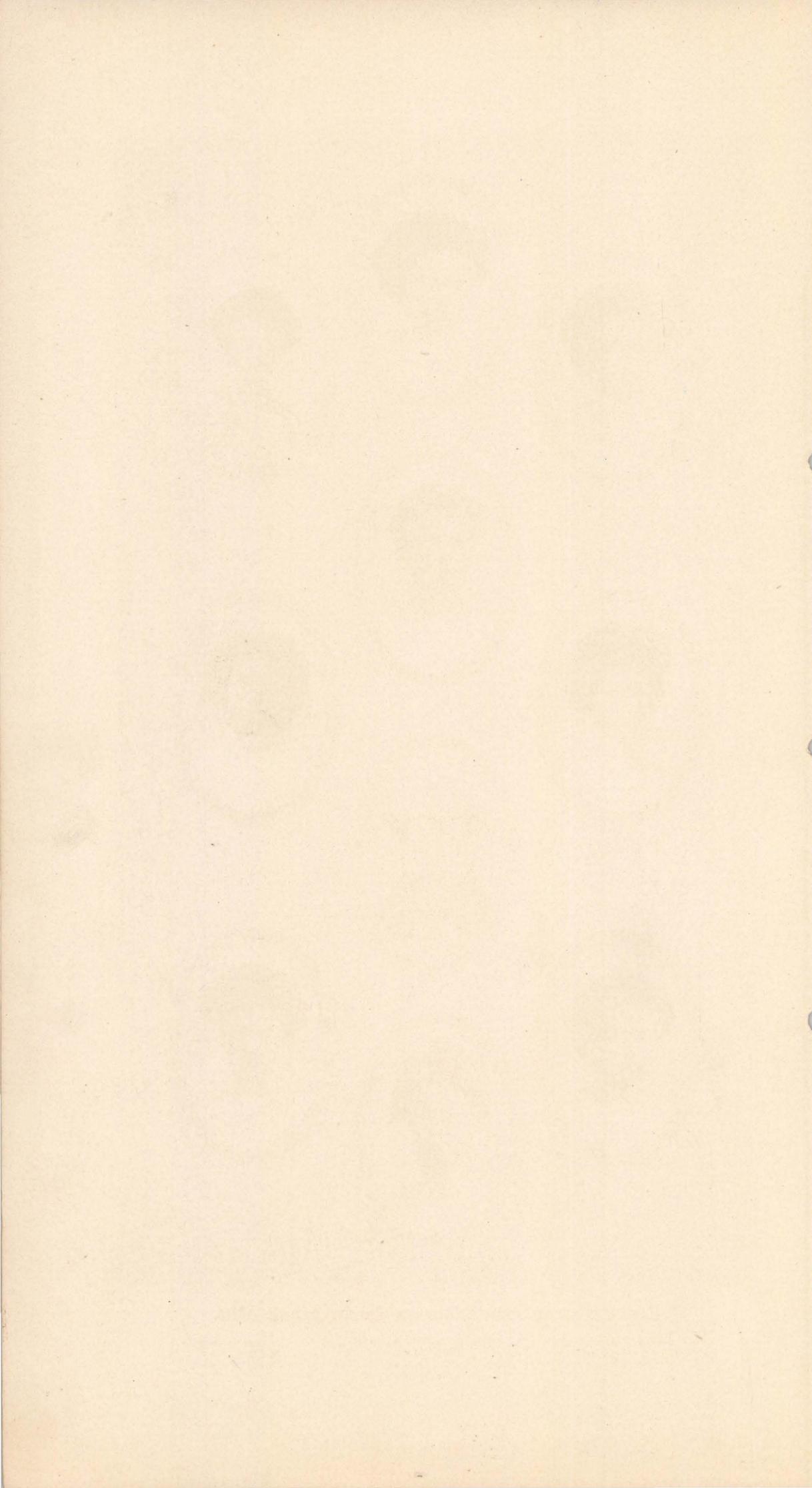


The Class of June Nineteen Hundred and Nine

Mildred Carlton
Anita Berkeley
Isabelle Long

Marguerite Coffin
Gladys de Guire
Elizabeth Leibert
Minnie Paltenghi

Ruth Baughman
Helen Wakeman
Ethel Johnson





The Class of June Nineteen Hundred and Nine

Evelyn Bridgett
Minna Van Bergen
Clara Lindman

Dorothy Thompson
Hazel Frost
The Mascot
Ruth Halloran

Constance Davis
Miriam Leavy
Dorothy Berry



Class Prophecy

By CLARA LOWENBERG, '09.



Exhausted quite, upon my bed I lay,
(For we had had a class meeting that
day,)

When the sad thought once more crept
to my brain
How soon we'd part, ne'er to all meet
again.

What would become—I started—What
was that?—

It must have been a burglar or a rat!!!
“Tw-whit, tw-whoo”—I held my breath in fear;
For now—oh, help—the sound to me was near.

I mustered courage, then I turned my head
And saw a sight that nearly knocked me dead.
A monstrous Owl beside me stood, all armed
In shield of black. Then true was I alarmed
Until—until I saw it bore the sign
That gave protection—“G. H. S., Naught-Nine.”

* * *

He smiled at me, then gave a wicked wink;
“Now tell me true,” said he, “you did not think
That your old owl could of assistance be?
But yet he'll give to you the Prophecy.”

* * *

“Oh, Owl,” I cried, “if you do as you say
We'll worship you forever and a day.”

* * *

He cleared his throat, then said: If you'll allow
A lapse of several years 'twixt here and now
I will begin. You know, no doubt
The news of Nellie's marriage is just out.

She used to say a bachelor maid she'd be,
But all the girls say that—It's form, you see.
Some others who have joined the wedded throng
Are Daisy H. and Isabella Long.
I passed the Waldorf window—who was there
But Mildred Carleton, showing off her hair.
In that same store M. Coffin demonstrates
The way to fix her hair in fancy "eights."
Of course, some chose in life the serious part,
So Pawky P. is wedded to her art.
E. Dick paints frescoes in the City Hall
Where Edith Bull reigns "Mayor" of us all.
Since Woman's Suffrage now does rule this land
Mere man has no more say. Ain't that just grand?
Our educational system is revised
By efforts of E. Miller, you've surmised.
A. Berkeley was a teacher, but alas!
Her giggling quite demoralized her class.
But Agnes A. (whom dignity did bless)
Made of this fine profession, great success.
M. Mel, U. C. yell leader used to be,
But now they've had to put in Minnie P.,
For Marian went to Vassar—spoils our hopes,
For is not there one year e'er she elopes!!!
"Ruth" is a name that magic charm must hold
For all our Ruths are married now, I'm told.
Ruth Brenner took to acting on the stage;
Her "Peter Pan" they say was all the rage,
Until one day, the fatal step she took,
She fell in love and married—Captain Hook.
But now, my child, all news cannot be kind;
E. Jones, R. Claus, D. Hill are out of mind.
Sheer overwork—alas—it is too sad,
From morn till night they moan—"Have you an ad?"
E. Smith takes care of them. A nurse is she

As also is our dear Tina Lindsay.
And Mina H. a doctor is, you know,
Whose specialty is teaching folks to grow.
Three patients who have profited right well
Are Helens K. and R. and Bessie L.
Now please don't faint.—Strange news this sure is some,
"Spat" Brown a missionary has become.
No need for fright—she likes it ev'ry bit
And with the cannibals has made a hit!!!
I. Traynor, too, such work did undertake,
But she came home to soothe some man's heartache.
Alas! full many such a worthy plan
Is spoiled by the existence of mere man.
For instance, Gladys Cronan left the stage
Some lover's fiery passion to assuage.
And I. Spadina hurried up they say
To be on time upon her wedding day.
And Alice C. forsook Euclid for "Johnny,"
But that was sure to come—she was so bonny!
Poor Grace —, for months she wandered all alone
With naught to do but just to moan and moan,
But she got married, too.—And let me see—
Oh yes,—I know now—so did Constance D.
I. Straus has bliss unmeasurably great—
She lives in France—and weighs but ninety-eight.
E. Lochbaum, too, one hardly sees at all,
She's wasted to a shadow on the wall.
E. Johnson—here's the one where wonder grows
That "one small head can carry all she knows."
And wonder too, that Blanche, "la chere petite,"
Though she's so small is yet so very sweet.
What think you? Two, through science, have won fame—
E. Neller and Grace Ogle they're by name.
And Myrtle Dennet now is quite contented
For she a talking machine has invented.
A. Otto and H. Wakeman wrote a book
And Clara Lindman teaches how to cook—
This course, you know, was added to Girls' High
Long after we had left it—you and I.

Leona Browne's a teacher there, you know,
She wanted to go back—she loved it so.
Now, here's a fact that I think quite a pity,
Our Amy Platt is back in Carson City.
"Dee" Holmes and Helen Gilbert, there have started
A school where wondrous knowledge is imparted.
The subjects taught, at least so reads the sign
Are "Accomplishments Polite and Manners Fine."
Minna Van Bergen is also a teacher there;
Her knowledge of these things was ever fair.
C. Massie should be "finished" now, at least
Such was her object when she went "back east."
The dictionary now used far and wide
By Mabel Cohen was complied. Your pride
Another boost received, for they relate
That Miriam Leavy's famed for her debate.
—Now let me think awhile. You will agree
It's pretty hard to talk so steadily?

Well, to resume. E. Robinson's a nun
And a Quakeress demure is Helen Brunn.
These two shun man. Not so E. Leibert, for
She married when school days were hardly o'er.
B. Whittle and D. Berry did the same
So ran no risks of tiring of their name.
Once more must I return to realms of art
Where "Naughty Nines" take such an active part.
Descendant of great Titian, mark me well,
Is Dorothea Thompson. And they tell
That model none had Titian, who'd compare
To Elsie Wormser with her russet hair!
And E. Bridgett,—the artists love to paint
Her classic face. It is so like a saint!
Gladys de Guire haunts the Vatican,
The paintings of the Masters well to scan.
But here, to tell, the pleasant task is mine,
Of her, the most ambitious of Naught Nine,—
The New York Opera Company is run
By noted Impressario Harrison.

Her company includes Virginia Crow,
A. Mulligan and Hazel Frost, you know.
And all this broke the heart of one great singer,
Tetrazzini's laid aside for Hazel Klinger.
Louelle E. J.—Oh, think of the disgrace,—
Man-hater that she was,—and now so mad a “case”!!!
Oh, that fair sex! How can we them believe?—
Their acts belie their words—they all deceive.
And “Lady Peg.”—(she's married to a Lord)
Has refuge ta'en to keep from being bored,
In drawing pictures, also writing rhymes,
And edits now for sport the “London Times.”

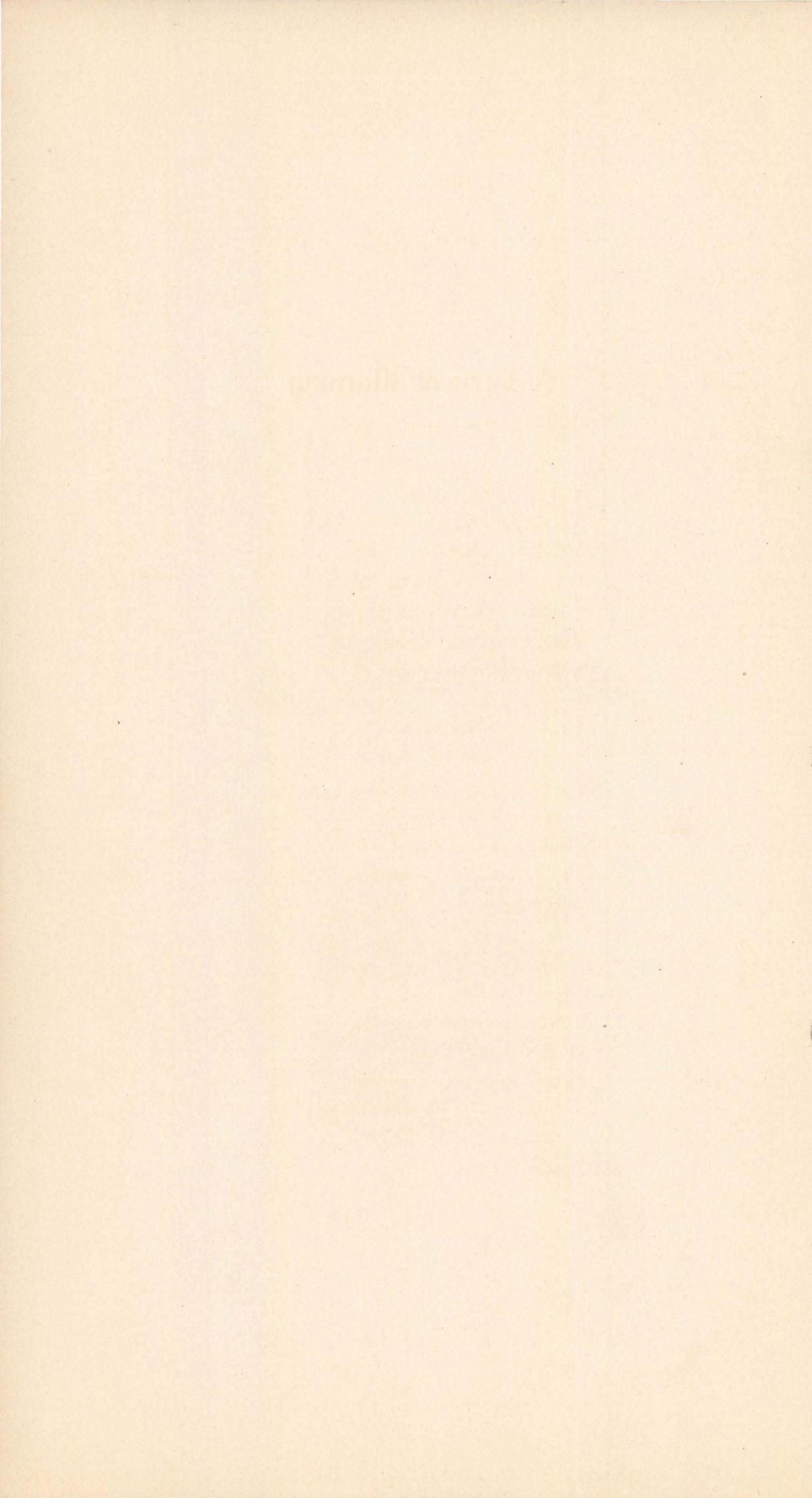
* * *

At last, my child, I'm through. “O, wait,” I cried,
But when I looked the owl had left my side.
And all he said in way of an adieu,
Was just “Tu-whit, tu-whoo, tu-whit, tu-who-o-o”!



Literary





A Lyric of Morning

By EDNA M. C. KROUSE.

The dainty roses wild
Are caught within a mesh
Of subtle spider-lace,
Whereon are fastened pearls.
On these, the swinging light,
The tingling, laughing light
A thousand colors shakes.

There is a silken swish
Of waters, and the whirr
Of flying birds. High from
A broken cloud there pour
Song-streams. I almost feel
The throb of time,—hear bells
Infinitesimal.

O Light!
High Alchemist,
Ethereal and exquisite,
How holy is thy touch!
I shake with ecstasy to watch
The wild and wind-tossed glory of the
clouds
Display thy art.

"Cœlum Non Animum Mutant"

By CLAUDIA MASSIE, '09.

Down the long, white, sunlit road he came, a slender lad of fourteen, with his eyes fixed dreamily on the quiet blue waters of the little cove over which a few sea gulls were flapping their wings lazily in the warm sunlight. A soft breeze bent the topmost branches of the tall eucalyptus trees that bordered the road, and it softly kissed the golden poppies that grew everywhere, even in the middle of the road, if they could find a foothold.

As he neared the little adobe-built town with its quaint old mission church, and its picturesque houses with their red-tiled roofs and rich profusion of gayly blooming plants, his mind returned from its day dreaming, and his eyes rested with a puzzled expression on the letter in his hand. It bore the postmark of a large inland city and was addressed to Mrs. Mathew.

Though he daily tramped the half mile to the station for the mail all the year around, rain or shine, nothing ever came but the slender pension from Washington, which, eking out with his mother's embroidery, formed their sole sustenance. For though Mercedes Mathew and her boy lived with their uncle, Juan Gonzales, the wealthiest man in the little Spanish town of San Pablo, she was too proud to be dependent upon him; so the pretty brown head was constantly bent over the delicate embroidery which was to supplement the pension which her husband's death, eight years before, had brought forth.

Jose entered the open door of his uncle's house and found his mother in the court or patio around which the house was built. The busy hands were idle for a moment and her eyes fixed with a far-away look, but as Jose entered and threw himself down at her side they grew misty as they rested lovingly on his face and she thought

how much he was growing to look like his handsome father, for Colonel Mathew had been one of the handsomest men in the army when on very short notice he had fallen in love and married pretty little Mercedes Ferrara at her sister's home in San Francisco.

She thought how happy had been those six short years that they had spent together, and swiftly the remembrance came back to her of the day he had sailed for Manila, waving good-by to them from the ship, the ruffling of his short brown curls and the stars and stripes waving over his head. It was the last picture she ever had of him, for two months later news had come of his death, and she, desolate and heart-broken, had taken little Jose and moved back to San Pablo to her own people to bring up the child as best she might.

With a sigh she turned to the letter, which Jose had thrust into her lap. As she read Jose lay idly on his back, his eyes on the few, feathery white clouds which were lazily drifting across the sky.

He was a dreamy, imaginative child, but while his mind might be fashioning wonderful air castles, his eyes and fingers were usually busy with brushes, pencils and paper and any object which happened to come into his line of vision, for Jose's great ambition was to become an artist. This formed all the groundwork for his air castles. How often he dreamed of the time when he should go to the great city to study under some famous master; and finally, when he had painted many pictures and had himself become famous, how he would take his mother to live with him in the great city, where she should have many gowns and they would live happily ever after.

Thus he had lived so far, with his brushes and dreams, and always alone,

excepting for his mother, for the boisterous little Spanish children of the town did not understand him, and after a few gentle repulses on his part had let him entirely alone.

Mercedes laid the letter on the table, while a troubled expression stole over her face. Give Jose up? Send her darling little lad among strangers? Ah, no, she could not do that; she was so much alone already, it seemed, and now to take the boy from her, surely they could not mean to do that. But again the thought of the opportunities which he would have came to her, and she resolved to leave it to him to decide for himself.

At her gentle "Jose, little lad," the boy sprang up with a quick "Si, si, mi madre," and knelt at her knee where he could look into her face, and then she told him how his father's people wanted him to come and live with them in the far-off city and be educated to fill such a place as his father had held. She dwelt long on the opportunities he would have for studying his beloved drawing, and as she spoke the child's sensitive face flushed and his eyes grew bright with excitement, while his breath came quickly from between his parted lips as he eagerly listened to everything she said, for was not this his long-expected chance at last? As Mercedes watched him she knew that she had her answer, and knew also that she must soon give up the lad, and wait for the time when as a man he should return again to her.

PART II.

The years drifted on and Jose lived in the great city with his grandparents, going to school and studying art. He had written regularly twice a week to his mother since the day he caught the last glimpse of her tear-stained face through the car window as the train slowly moved out of the station.

After the first homesickness Jose found in the great city many things that he had longed for. Every advantage available was placed within his reach, for his grandparents had soon fallen under the irresistible charm

which he seemed to exercise over all with whom he came in contact.

But always as he worked, he seemed to hear the ceaseless murmur of the sea on the blue water and hear the breeze whispering through the eucalyptus trees and sighing along the fields of golden poppies. He saw the sunny patio with the boxes and pots of vines and blossoming plants, and in the midst of them his mother with bowed head and wistful eyes, sewing, always sewing. He seemed to hear the mission bells softly pealing the Angelus, and sometimes the longing and tugging at his heartstrings grew so great that he felt as if he could stand it no longer, but must go as fast as possible back to his sunny California home.

Always, though, he persevered, and his power grew until at last his most ardent dreams had come true. His work became known and praised and a brilliant future appeared before him.

Finally the time came when he could return "home" All through the long trip his thoughts flew on ahead of him and he could hardly curb his impatience. He had not sent word that he was coming, as he wished to surprise his mother, so he stepped off the train at the little station and was once more walking down the long, white road.

This time, however, his eyes were not fixed dreamily on the blue waters of the cove, but straight ahead where he could catch a glimpse of his home, and of the old mission, of which the afternoon sun just glinted the topmost crosses.

The Angelus was softly chiming as he entered again the patio and stopped with a catch at his throat as he saw his mother bending as always over her embroidery. Her glossy brown hair was thickly sprinkled with gray, and the wistful expression on her gentle face appeared settled.

At last Mercedes looked up and her eyes widened. For an instant it seemed that her first love had returned to her, but as she rose and Jose stretched out his arms and clasped her close her longing cry, "Cara, Cara mia," was answered by his "Madre, mi madre," and Jose was home at last.

The Rime of the Atalanta

By ELSIE WORMSER, '09.

ARGUMENT.

How the Basket-ball Club members would not pay their dues, and thus did drive the Treasurore mad; and how, at a game, she did revenge herself.

It is an Atalanta,
And she stoppeth one of three.
"By thy dunning air, and collar high,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

An Atalanta meeteth three Scrubs going to the Study Hall to dance, and detaineth one.

"The 'Study' doors are opened wide,
And I'm crazy to get in;
Our lunch is done, the dance begun;
May'st hear the merry din."

She holds her with a trembling hand,
"There was a club," quoth she.
"Now quit! Let go! I have no cash!"
Eftsoons her hand dropt she.

She holds her with her collar high—
The Scrub perforce stands still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The At'lanta hath her will.

The Scrub is spellbound by the collar of the Atalanta, and is constrained to hear her tale.

"The Club was met, the dues were set,
Collecting I did start
About the rooms, in all the halls,
No sad thoughts in my heart.

"I toiled from morning until night,
At'lanta dues I sought!
I went to bed with dizzy head,
For lessons I cared naught.

The Atalanta telleth how hard she did work, trying to collect dues.

"Harder and harder every day,
Before and after noon—"
The mad young Scrub here said, "You dub!"
For she heard the piano's tune.

Miss C. is making music now,
The "Glow Worm" she doth play;
And jumping madly up and down,
Round whirl the dancers gay.

The Scrub heareth the dance-music, but the Atalanta continueth her tale.

The angry Scrub here said, "You dub!"
But she could not reach the door;
And thus spake on that stubborn girl,
The dunning Treasurore.

"And so one month did pass away,
Of fifty, three had paid;
My hair turned gray, and curled no more,
But thirty pounds I weighed.

"One day there came a challenge bold,
From a school across the bay.
I thought we should not have a game
Until our team would pay.

"They said, 'Oh, fudge! That doesn't count;
Don't always think of dues!
And anyway, 'twill seem as though
We're scared, if we refuse.'

"The game was called, the whistle blew,
The cheering started in.
Our girls made points immediately,
And felt quite sure they'd win.

"Fate! free thee, Atalanta!
From the woes that thee appall!
Why look'st thou sick?" "With one good kick
I burst the basket-ball."

"And I had done a dreadful thing,
And me they sore did blame:
'For now,' said all, 'we've lost the ball
Which might have won the game.'
'Alas!' said one, 'to spoil the fun.
We might have won the game!'

"And now no more with basket-ball
May I myself amuse.
The girls to me no more do speak.
They never pay their dues.

"I pass with purse from room to room;
I have strange power of speech.
That moment when her face I see,
I know the girl who must hear me:
To her I then do preach."

*The Treasurore thought
there should be no game
until all dues were paid.*

*But the team sayeth it is
all foolishness.*

*The game starteth well
for the Atalantas.*

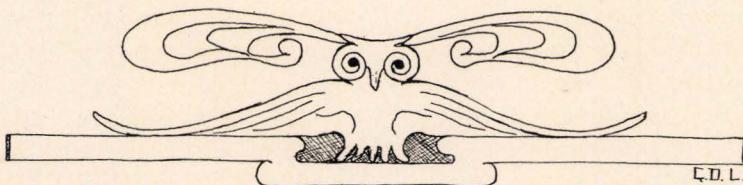
*The Treasurore, in re-
venge, spoileth the basket-
ball; thus showing a lack
of school spirit.*

*The team cries out against
the Treasurore for spoiling
the ball.*

*And forever throughout
her school life, an agony
constraineth her to travel
from room to room, com-
plaining.*

The treasurore who is a fright,
And also is a bore,
Is gone; and now the poor young Scrub
Turns from the "Study" door.

She goes like one that hath been stung,
Or fears she'll get some "threes";
A madder but a wiser girl,
To Botany she flees.



The Case of Luigi Spinelli

Reflections on a visit to the Juvenile Courts and Detention Home of San Francisco.

By RUTH BRENNER, '09.

Luigi Spinelli had a mother who stole and a father who stole, so it came perfectly natural to Luigi to steal. He had grown up on stolen things and for two years since his ninth birthday he had been proving himself a good son of his father. Of course no one had ever told him it was wrong to steal, but he knew it wasn't right. Not that Luigi had any pricks of conscience when he stole—it came entirely too naturally for that—but he knew he mustn't be caught at it, and when you must not be caught at a thing it certainly must be something you ought not do.

Luigi was clever, though, and not until both his parents were taken to prison, was he found out.

He came home one day only to be confronted on the doorsteps of the family's dirty little shanty, by his parents, who were being escorted away by two policemen and a stout plain-clothes gentleman with a red moustache.

"Who's this? Your boy?" asked the gentleman with the red moustache. "Any-one to take care of him?"

"No," growled the father.

"Well, you'd better come along with me. I reckon we can find a place for you." And that was how Luigi happened to stop stealing.

He was taken into a low, gray building by the stout gentleman. After walking through a sort of hall where he was eyed by several imposing persons, he was marched into a kitchen. Here sat a kind-faced woman with her husband, and the dearest, sweetest young lady who smiled at Luigi when he came in.

"Hum-m," said Mr. Tom, standing up and looking doubtfully at Luigi, "what's he in fer?"

"Mother and father in jail fer stealing. Give 'im a bite and turn 'im in with the rest of 'em." The stout man went out.

"Hum-m," said Mr. Tom again, but Mrs. Tom looked sorry for Luigi, and so

did Miss Tom. Luigi didn't see much to be sorry about, but for some reason he was glad that Mrs. Tom was sympathetic. Perhaps no one had ever taken that much interest in him before. Miss Tom was fixing a bowl of hot soup for him and he ate it in silence, frankly returning the stares of the three. A tear rolled down Mrs. Tom's face. "I can't get used to these starved, neglected children that they bring here. What mothers they must have!"

"Come along," said Mr. Tom, and he led Luigi into an open court, where nine boys were playing at various games. He walked around close to the wall under the inspection of eighteen eyes, and then, after a short conference, he was respectfully invited to play handball.

"Git along kid," was the way they put it. But Mr. Tom was calling him and in a few minutes Luigi found himself undergoing the novel sensation of being scrubbed all over. Then he was put into a clean, white little bed in the dormitory. The poor little ragamuffin was wide-eyed with the novelty of being so clean and comfortable. Miss Tom came in and put some clean things at the foot of his bed. She smiled at him.

"You can put those on to-morrow," she said, and went away.

Luigi sat up and looked at the clothes. They were not new, but they were very clean and neat. He wondered if the boy who had worn them ever stole. No! he was sure that he hadn't.

The next morning Luigi was looking at himself in the little mirror in the kitchen, when Mr. Tom came up to him.

"You don't look as though you wanted to steal to-day," he said. "Be as clean inside as you are outside. Don't think wrong and you won't do wrong. Come to breakfast now." He took Luigi's hand and they went into the dining room, where everything was so clean in shining white oilcloth.

Mr. Tom was greeted with a shout of joy, especially from those who had lived there longest. He was like a father to them and they loved him so much.

For almost a week Luigi lived with the Toms and the other boys, learning with them that love and good fellowship and

cleanliness inside and outside are better than theft and wrong-doing.

Then Friday came, and it was whispered that the boys were to be tried in the courtroom. Poor Luigi was frightened. Even in a few days he had begun to realize that stealing was very wrong. Perhaps he would be cast into prison. Oh! he did not want to leave the Toms. They were so good to him and he loved them so much.

After lunch, the boys were marched into a small courtroom and placed in the front benches. At first they were all "scared stiff," but after two hours of waiting the stiffness gradually wore off. But then the waiting grew very tiresome, especially to Luigi, who had never sat still very long. The room was getting hot and the benches were uncomfortable, and the wails of several babies helped to make everyone miserable. The gentleman with the red moustache came in to watch the boys. They all seemed to know him well. He stood against the railing by the judge's desk and made faces at them, until Mr. Tom came in and told the boys to be still.

At last the judge came in and took his place at the desk in the center. He was such a fatherly looking man that all the fear left Luigi. Still, when he was called up, he started out with a falsehood.

The stout gentleman had explained his case to the judge, who called Luigi up beside him.

"How old are you?" asked the judge.

"Leven."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Nope."

"Don't be afraid to tell me the truth." The judge looked very sorry and sympathetic.

"Tell me now, didn't you ever steal?"

"Yep," replied Luigi, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Much?"

"Yep."

"Did you know it was wrong?"

"Yep."

"Did your parents make you do it?"

"Yep, they beat me if I didn't bring home nothin'."

"Did you ever go to school?"

"Yep."

"For how long?"

"One day."

"Did you like it?"

"Yep, but my father wouldn't let me go; he said I had to steal."

"Would you like to go to school again and be a good boy and learn not to steal?"

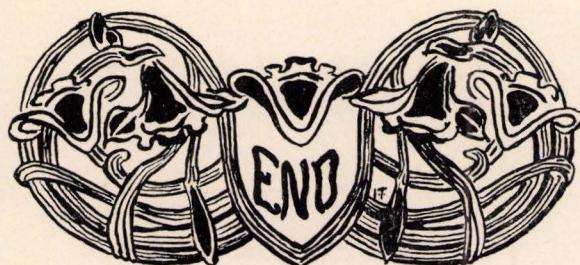
"Yep." Luigi's eyes shone eagerly. A new path of life had showed itself the last few days. Tears filled his eyes again. He did so want to learn to live the right way and be honest like the judge and Mr. Tom and the stout gentleman with the red moustache. The judge seemed to read his thought but he only gave some orders to the clerk, and Luigi went back to his place. The afternoon wore on, and at last the boys were released from the hot courtroom and went to supper.

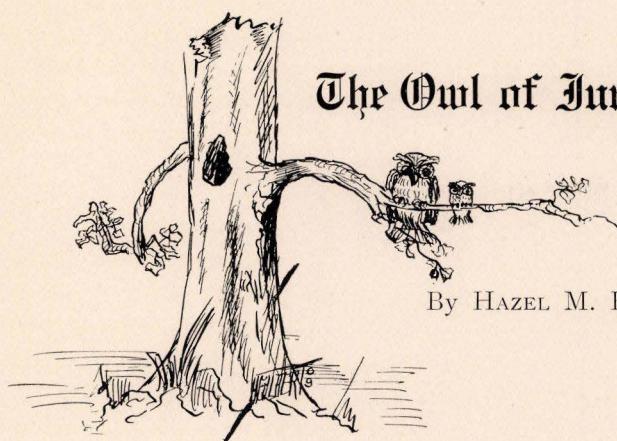
The next Monday Luigi started to school with several of the other boys. Then in a few days the stout gentleman got him a job for after school and Satur-

days. Luigi got three dollars a week for he was a good little worker and didn't let any chances slip by. What made him happiest was to think he really earned his money, and he was very glad indeed whenever Mr. Tom called him "his honest boy."

* * *

This is only one story of the many thousand I could write about. Every day boys, and sometimes girls, are brought to the detention home for some wrong-doing caused by lack of proper training and proper home surroundings. Most of the children brought in never have known a mother's love and care, and they are not to be blamed for what they do; and they are not blamed. They are taken to the detention home to be taught and to have their lives straightened and to get some idea of what it is to keep themselves clean inside and outside.





The Owl of June Naught Nine

By HAZEL M. FROST, '09.

A wise old owl sat in a tree,
And looked as happy as happy could be.
He raised his head, and said aloud,
"I tell you, I feel very proud."

"Proud of what?" his mate then said,
And straightway 'gan to raise her head.
"My dear, my dear," the old owl sighed,
"You're certainly far behind the tide."

"I'm ashamed of you, my dear," said he,
"Just as ashamed as I can be,
To think that honors thus so great
Be placed upon my unworthy mate."

"The honor," he said, as he swelled with
pride,
"Is one that always will abide,
From one as worthy and as fine,
As the Senior Class of June, '09.

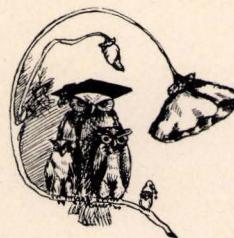
"This Senior Class," said he to her,
"Is one, as you may well infer,
Of which the school is justly proud,
And sings its praises clear and loud."

"And who, in searching far and near,
Have found an emblem,—its meaning
clear,—
An owl, whose very wise old looks,
Portray his knowledge from many
books."

"Are we not honored, my dear?" said he,
As he ruffled his feathers up in that tree.
"We're honored more than I can tell
By all those Seniors who love us well."

His mate spoke not, but slowly turned,
A very much wiser and prouder bird,
To tell her owlets, one and all,
About those Seniors great and small.

"My dears," said she, "you all will see,
When great big owls you grow to be,
There can be none as worthy and fine
As that Senior Class of June, Naught-Nine."



The Silk Scarf

By DOROTHY BERRY, '09.

As the big clock outside the door gave its premonitory click and droned out nine deep notes, one of the girls in the little brass bed turned over and lazily opened one eye. Seeing that her companion was still dreaming, she hesitated, then, suddenly snatching the pillow from under the head of the sleeper, held it for a moment poised in the air and brought it down upon the peaceful upturned face.

"Aren't you mean!" were the first articulate words —then, "I was having such a nice dream, all about Tom. Oh, Kate, he was so nice to me last night, —just think, five dances! I was so happy, but now I'm just miserable, for I won't see him again for two whole weeks, and—"

"Adela, you told me all about it twice last night," interrupted Kate, smothering a slight grimace in the bed clothes. "You are a dear and I love you lots, but you are an awful goose about boys, Tom in particular. Besides," jump-

ing out of bed, "I promised mother I'd be home early this morning to help about the house."

So they dressed. Adela, plump and fair, and Kate, slight, tall and dark, chattering about the dance at the "Houghton School for Boys" the night before.

"I don't think I can possibly live through the next two weeks," wailed Adela presently. "Anyway, I simply must see him before he goes home for vacation. I couldn't stand it not to say good-by again!"

"Crazy!" remarked Kate, carefully tying the broad white ribbon on her hair. "I suppose you would like to go up to the school this morning. That would be nice, wouldn't it?"

"I only—wish I—could!" Adela was dashing cold water on her face.

"Yes, why don't you go up to see Mrs. Houghton? A friendly morning call to tell her you had a good time last night. She'd be so pleased. Or

couldn't you lose an umbrella or something and think perhaps you left it there? It might have rained last night if it hadn't been so clear, you know."

"You needn't be so sarcastic, Kate, because I am going up this morning, just to spite you, so there!"

"Don't be a goose!"

"I'm not, but I'm going."

"Oh, Della, think it over!"

"I won't. I mean I have, and I'm going up there right after breakfast!" and, throwing open the window with a bang, she bounced out of the room.

At breakfast not a word passed between them. As Adela pushed back her chair with a jerk that made the silver rattle, Kate looked up.

"If you do, I think you'll be sorry."

"Not as sorry as you will be if you don't stop trying to boss me. Just because you are seventeen and I won't be till next month, you think—" and again Adela left her guest alone.

The next day Kate was not surprised to receive a note via Adela's small brother,—their quarrels often ended in this way,—but she was certainly not prepared for its contents:

"Kate, Dearest—

"Please forgive me about yesterday and help me out of this hole. I was so mad that I went ahead without thinking, and when I got up there I hadn't a thing to say to Mrs. Houghton. I'd forgotten all about an excuse for going. She looked at me sort of querly when she came in, and before I knew it I was telling her that you had lost your silk scarf, the one your aunt brought from Paris, and that you had had an engagement, so had asked me to come up to see if you had found it. Now, Kate, please stand by me and lose the scarf for a week or so. You can find it again easily, and forgive

"Your repentant

"Della.

"P. S.—Didn't see Tom. I'm awfully sorry—about the scarf I mean. D."

* * * * *

"Where's Kate?" demanded Augusta Owens about a week later, as she paused on the threshold of Adela's library and swept the roomful of girls with her quick gray eyes.

"Had to stay and go over a theme with the 'chicken.' She'll be here soon, I guess," explained Adela from the cushions of the couch, her mouth full of candy.

"Why didn't you telephone me? I nearly broke my neck to get here, and I needn't have, for nothing ever happens without Kate—I suppose you wouldn't think of beginning without her. What's up now, Nan?" and Augusta crossed the room to join a group, the members of which were sitting on the floor with their heads together.

"We were just talking about Kate's scarf," explained Nan, glancing up with a flash of white teeth. "Didn't Mrs. Houghton call you up?"

"Yes. Isn't it nice of her to take so much trouble? But it's funny that no one has seen it! Say, I wonder if,—no, that couldn't—there wasn't anyone there who—yes, there was, too!"

"What!" exclaimed the group in concert.

"Well, don't you think, perhaps—" here Augusta, after a quick glance over her shoulder, dropped her voice, and the heads drew closer together than ever.

"O-o-oh! I don't think so!"

"Stop it, Gus, you don't honestly think that!"

"Really? I know she always liked it, but I can't believe it of her. She adores Kate, besides."

"Now, girls, look here," went on Augusta. "You all heard her say she wished it was hers the night of the class dance, and up at the school she didn't have her last two dances taken, so she went home early. Now, what could be more certain proof than that? Girls!" she said, turning around to the others, "Freda Hart st—took Kate's scarf the other night!"

"She did not," came a voice from the doorway, and each girl, with a guilty start, faced Kate. "Just because Freda is poor you snobs—yes, you are snobs—don't like her and try to blame her for everything that happens. You've tried it before," she went on rapidly, her eyes snapping, and her every word clear, distinct and cutting. "She is

worth all of you put together, and I, for one, am as proud to count her as a friend as I am ashamed of you who,—oh, you are contemptible!"

"Kate Roberts! If anyone else said that to me I'd—I'd never speak to her again." Augusta's eyes looked dangerous also. "And what proof have you that Freda didn't take your scarf? Tell us that."

Kate looked startled.

"Because—because," she started, "because I've found it. It was caught in my dress and I didn't notice it until this morning."

"Mm-m, likely, isn't it?" observed Augusta disagreeably. "A scarf three yards long and hidden in a dress. Perhaps it isn't contemptible to fib!"

"Gus! Kate! please stop," broke in little Nan. "I don't think Freda would take it, really I don't, and, anyway, let's not tell everyone about it. Gus, you don't know how your voice carries sometimes."

"I don't care. Kate knows Freda took her scarf, and either she is protecting her or else Freda got scared and brought it back and Kate promised not to tell. Anyway, when I give my party next month I shan't send a bid to Freda Hart. I'd rather my friends didn't lose their things in my house!"

Kate took no notice of this last thrust.

"Della," she said suddenly, "your mother is calling you." And as Adela, glad of an excuse, sprang up and ran out into the hall, Kate followed her.

"Your mother doesn't want you. I just had to get you out here," she began rapidly. "Della, you've got to tell them."

"When?" Adela looked frightened to death.

"Right now. You must."

"Oh, I can't. They'd laugh at me, and—and I'm so ashamed of being so foolish. Kate, I can't tell,—honestly I can't. Please don't make me."

"Then don't, coward!"

Adela's face grew crimson and she opened her mouth to speak, but Kate had turned on her heel and gone back into the library.

"Girls," she said, "I'm going to tell you something—don't stop me till I

get through, for goodness knows, it's going to be hard enough. To begin with, my—my scarf never was lost. I—I hid it myself because—well, because I wanted an excuse to go up to the school the morning after the dance. You'll think I'm crazy after all I've always said to you, but—but I wanted to—to see Ted Carter before he went. Yes, laugh! I suppose you're thinking—well, think, if you only leave Freda alone—go ahead—laugh—think—I don't care!" and with a stifled sob she rushed from the room, leaving silence and consternation behind her.

Augusta was the first to recover.

"Humph!" said she in a tone which implied much.

"I always thought she was two-faced," ventured Anna Foss.

"The idea of making us think she was so perfect, and all the time doing what she was, always talking to us about going crazy over boys!" cried Floy Fern, who always followed Anna's lead.

"O-o-o-oh-h," came from the doorway, and looking up they saw Adela, white as a sheet and clutching the draperies for support.

"Coward!" she breathed. Then she spoke rapidly. "Don't believe what Kate just said. It wasn't true—at least not of her. I did it—I was crazy, I guess—I went up to the school. She tried to stop me, but I wanted to see Tom. When I got there I couldn't think of an excuse for going, so I said Kate had sent me about her scarf. Then I made her promise not to tell—that's all, only—Kate said I'd be sorry—and—and—goodness knows, I am! Oh, girls! She is the truest friend we have—any of us. When I wouldn't tell she took it on herself for Freda—she wouldn't break her promise to me. We don't like it sometimes when she says what she thinks—but we need it. We are snobs about Freda. She must be nice if Kate likes her, and, girls! I propose Freda Hart as a member of this club!"

There was silence for a moment, then—

"Accepted!" came the answer, led by Augusta Owens.

Placer Gold

By M. L., '09.

No. 24 drew to a standstill and deposited before the Gold Flat station house of regulation hideousness a lone passenger. Then, without the formality of a farewell whistle, the train pulled out. Leaving his bulky suitcase by the track, the traveler sought the station agent.

"Does Mrs. Burgess live near here?" he asked.

"Oh, it's a matter of a fifteen minutes' walk, I guess. My boy's going up to her place in the buckboard with some stuff for her; if you've got a bag, he'll take it along and if he wasn't taking stuff that she wants particular he could take you, too. That (pointing up the road) is the way you go; you can take a short cut if you follow the first trail to your right, only take it easy. We calculate to have some four thousand foot altitude and a fellow's apt to lose his breath at first."

The traveler, a young man, started on his road without further remarks and the agent joined two loungers on the bench.

"One lunger," commented the one.

"Missed his station; should have gone on to Bel Air," added the other, and both resumed their pipes.

Rogers followed the indicated trail which proved to be a steep one, and a sudden turn brought him to the top of a little ridge. Before him lay the strangest land imaginable. The higher Sierras were in the distance, but between the first range and the ridge where he stood stretched a barren, deserted valley. The yellow earth had been washed by powerful streams in the mining days; it had been torn away from the mountains, and here and there it had been left in pyramids and cone-shaped hillocks upon which grew a few bushes, but the bed of the valley was absolutely without growth.

"The sight of a place like this would

make a sick man get well, or a well one want to die immediately. So as they seem to put me down for the former, I think I feel as if I were going to get what I want."

He kept on his way and reached Mrs. Burgess' cottage, which lay in a hollow. His landlady, he found, was good-natured and very talkative, but, after relating the history of two generations of her family, she allowed him to go to "rest." Evidently she also had an idea that he was an invalid, for she "hoped the walk hadn't been too much for him."

"And wouldn't they stare?" laughed Rogers when he reached his room, "if they knew I was not a delicate young man, but a real Bret Harte hero in search of gold. Only, I should say, judging by the look of that valley below, that there have been others before me. Yes, but they weren't looking for the same kind of gold."

Evan Rogers had come in rather a curious search. His father, who had been for a number of years a helpless invalid, had died three months before and had left with his few papers a rough map with a few descriptive words scrawled on the back. If Evan could believe the truth of this scrap of paper, then, hidden somewhere near the old mines of Gold Flat was gold in nuggets and dust to the value of thirty thousand dollars, and it was his. He could hardly believe it, and yet in those old days stranger things than this had happened.

George Rogers, the father, had been superintendent of the Eureka mine, at the usually high salary of the times, and as his wife was dead, he thought it better to leave the boy in San Francisco. When Evan was seventeen, his father was crippled and became feeble-minded from an accident. He must have saved money from his salary, and yet not a

cent was to be found, and from that time until his death Evan supported him. It had been hard work sometimes, and now this prospect of finding wealth had come.

"And all I have to do," exulted Evan as he sat thinking that first night in the Flat, "is to locate Falls Creek, and somewhere on it, somewhere! Only, I've got to keep this thing quiet, or else some one may yet make away with my prize."

The next morning he did not seem to care to exert himself particularly, and while he did not actually say that he was not strong, still he did not refuse Mrs. Burgess' eggnog or her fussy care of him. In the afternoon he stated his intention of following the road a little way to get a better view of the mountains.

"I wonder if I could ask you a favor, now," ventured his landlady. "You see Mis' Barret, just down the road, she bakes for me and I don't see where I'm going to get the time to step down there to-day, so if it isn't asking too much—"

"Oh, all right," agreed Rogers good-naturedly. He found Mrs. Barret's not far away, but when he stopped before the gate he found it chained and padlocked. Finally, in answer to his call, an elderly, carelessly dressed woman with shifting eyes appeared and led him into her cottage, making no comment on the locked gate.

"Guess your name's Rogers, if you're him that's boarding with Mis' Burgess. Yes? She said you were comin'," she remarked, as she wrapped the bread. She seemed fluttered and made several unnecessary trips into her kitchen. Finally she faced him.

"Look here," she burst out, "I know who you are and why you're here. Stare if you like! Your father was George Rogers, Cap'n Rogers, he called himself, and you think he left some gold behind him. You're here to look for it. Maybe he did leave some. You think I know where it is. Maybe I do. That ain't the question. Question is, if I do know, and if I show you, what do I get? Answer me that. What do I get?"

"Madam, I really think you are mistaken." Evan was bewildered.

"Now look-a-here, we're not discussing that. I *know* and you know I do. You (in a hoarse whisper) come here to-morrow morning at five and I'll show you. But mind, mine's to be a big share. She fairly pushed him out of the door, and Evan made his way slowly back toward Mrs. Burgess'.

"That woman," he said, "is just as crazy as any one I ever saw. Why should she think I should suspect her of knowing where the gold is? And what *does* she know about it, anyway? Well, it's worth trying," he concluded, as he turned in at his gate, "though this game's going quicker than I thought."

The next morning at the appointed time, Mrs. Burgess' invalid lodger slipped quietly out of the house and found Mrs. Barret, with an old red shawl tied over her head, waiting at her gate. She did not have much to say beyond a few sentences of explanation of her knowledge of the secret, uttered in her strange, excited, broken way.

"Your father used to board with me," she said. "I found out he was working a mine of his own on the sly, with just a few miners. I don't know where it was, nor what he did with the gold, but I'm sure it was worked out a week before he was hurt. A week ago I found from a paper of his where it was, but a party of men came to survey this creek we're following now, and I dasn't look till they had gone. Then you came." She was trembling with excitement, and lowered her voice.

"See, there!"

She turned abruptly aside, crawled through some bushes and pointed to a little cave in a rocky bank; a cave that might once have been used for storing powder.

"It would be some place like this," she muttered, "he was always queer." The mouth of the cave was stopped carelessly with stones, and Evan, now excited and nervous, quickly pulled them out. He paused. The cave was really little more than a hollow in the rock. He felt about. Yes, his hand touched a bag of sacking, and with a great effort, for it was very heavy, he pulled it out. But his hopes were as suddenly dashed as they had been

raised. As his knife ripped open the top of the sack, only a collection of mining tools, with two heavy picks, was disclosed. He felt defeated. He happened to glance at his companion, and her eyes were fixed on his face—she had made no sound or any comment on his discovery.

"Well, Mrs. Barret, I guess we'll say that *that* clue wasn't worth much," he managed to say, with assumed cheerfulness. He would not give up hope, but he thought he would prefer searching alone.

When he reached his room he sat down to think of his brief and disappointing adventure.

"That woman," he said to himself, "is crazy, as I said before. She found her way there without any trouble, therefore, she has been there before. She wasn't surprised when we saw the contents of the sack,—she had seen them before. And what is more," thought Evan, "she knows where the gold is hidden. She will go to the place where it is, and as soon as possible, so as to be there before I find out about it. To-night? No, for if she can lie, she's a coward and will wait till early morning. Well, I'll go, too."

Even earlier than he had started on his first search, he was out and waiting near Mrs. Barret's gate, hidden in the shadows, for it was still dark. "Lucky for me Mrs. Burgess is a heavy sleeper, or surely she would wonder at the invalid's early walks."

Just then he heard the gate being cautiously opened, and saw Mrs. Barret stealing down the road, casting careful glances about her. At a safe distance he followed, going in exactly the opposite direction to the way they had taken the day before. She did not seem nearly so sure of her way now, but finally, after a two miles' walk, as it seemed to Evan, she gave a triumphant cry, and disappeared among some bushes. Evan followed as quietly as possible. Was he dreaming? There, in the rock wall was exactly the same kind of a cave as he had seen before, the mouth being closed with one great stone. The woman pulled at this eagerly, muttering as she did so, and finally she succeeded in pushing it partly

aside, so that she was able to thrust her arm in the opening.

Evan drew his breath sharply as he saw her pull out a small sack—saw her pull it easily, for it was empty! Then out came another and another, until six sacks lay before her—all empty. When she had groped about fruitlessly for something else, and when she had made sure that there was nothing of value there, she became frantic with disappointment, and Evan, watching her, did not doubt that she was partially insane. He left her and went slowly home. He was bitterly disappointed himself; he had been so certain that his treasure lay within his grasp.

But Rogers was not a man to give up hope easily. The next week he spent a large part of each day searching up and down Fall Creek and studying his father's rough map, but to no avail. He sometimes saw Mrs. Barret as he passed her cottage, but she would not speak, and looked ill and sullen. Mrs. Burgess once remarked of her: "People do say Mis' Barret is a little touched, acting the way she does. Look how she locks her gate." But Evan made no answer.

One dull morning he had wandered in his search four or five miles from home, and was walking along the bank of the creek. He was wondering idly how far away the source of the creek was, and half resolving to follow it to its source. He could not see the water, for bushes met over the stream. But a thought struck him. Strange that he could no longer hear the running of the water. He stepped down the bank and found that he was following an empty creek bed, much deeper and broader than Fall Creek. He must have missed his way, then.

A little alarmed at the wild and unfamiliar surroundings, he ran up the opposite bank, saying to himself, "I'll take a look around from that high ledge." There was but one way to reach the ledge, however, and that was to start on a run from the level ground and make a dash for the top. But it was not so steep as he had thought, and he was able to jump to the top.

He came down with all his force—there was a cracking of rotten boards and he fell into darkness, landing with a heavy thud. Somehow, he didn't lose consciousness, but the foul air made him dizzy. Was it a natural cave? He moved and caused something to fall. He put out his hand and felt coarse sacking. His eyes became accustomed to the light and he made out a rough ladder leading

to the top of the hole. The whole situation burst on him in a flash. This was the cave. This was Fall Creek, somehow turned from its course and this—

He weakly crawled up the ladder, dragging a heavy burden, and as he pulled the sack's mouth open the sun shone on yellow Placer gold, a second time yielded from the Sierras.



By ALICE CORWIN, '09.

Aeneas was a Trojan
Who, after the fall of Troy,
Carrying his aged father,
And leading his little boy,
Set sail upon the ocean,
Courageous, true and brave,
And came at last to Carthage,
Storm-tossed by wind and wave.

But Dido lived in Carthage,
Where then she ruled supreme
O'er all the haughty Tyrians,
As an Oriental queen.
She soon loved proud Aeneas ;
But when he hurt her queenly pride,
By spurning her affection,
She committed suicide.

He met her shade in Hades,
But she gave him an icy stare,
No wonder, now, the girls "cut,"—
They learned from Dido fair.

Abraham Lincoln

By GRACE L. DOREY, '09.

Over fifty years of slow preparation, of changing occupation, of close knowledge of men; four short, swift summers of toil, sorrow and achievement—the crown of martyrdom. So, may be summed up the life of Abraham Lincoln. As surely American as the native soil of Kentucky, as rugged and simple as the Cumberlands, but with the soul and courage of a martyr, this man won his way from an unknown cabin to the pillared capitol of a mighty nation.

Self-taught, he put to shame an indolent father and early became the chief supporter of his poor home. Labor is his synonym. Chore boy, farm hand, flat-boatman, rail-splitter, clerk—these are the details of his younger life. Then came the Black Hawk war in which the youthful captain won rather the respect and devotion of his men than martial renown. The soldier turned lawyer and, by a natural channel, the man of law became the man of state. He put the mighty question of '58, the extension of slavery to the Territories, plainly before the people in the Douglas debates—too plainly for his immediate career. Douglas received the nomination and Lincoln went back to his law practice.

But he had planted the seed of his greatness and that seed grew and bore such fruit as has seldom fallen to the lot of a single man—the integrity of a nation and the redemption of a race.

In the November election of 1860 he won the Presidency and at once rushed into the stir and turmoil of the trouble freighted years that saw the Civil War. Not a fair-wind President, he, but one whose steady hand on the helm alone served to guide the storm-tossed ship of

state through the snarling waters of destruction. During the first uncertain years of the strife, the President was step by step working out his idea of slave emancipation and on September twenty-second, 1862, he issued his Proclamation, the bravest and noblest document of modern mankind.

Not only for epoch-making acts, overshadowing the lesser, more loving deeds of humanity was he great. His dry wit, his broad humor and his instant tenderness endeared him to all. Mindful of his own needs, he was quick to note those of others. Little incidents mark his great character. On the journey back to the capital after the country had been shaken by his great Gettysburg address, Mr. Lincoln, on request, was handed a glass of water. The train had stopped at a station and the air was stifling in the cars. Just as he took the glass, a wounded soldier was carried through on a stretcher. He looked not at the President, but at the fresh, clean drink, his eyes feverish and his lips blackened and parched. Lincoln handed him the water, and held it for him to drink. "Here, my boy," he said gently, "they've hit you harder than they have me—yet."

Well might he have added the yet. Before his work was completed, before he could see the great and good effects of his administration "they had hit him harder."

While he sat unconscious of danger he was struck down by the hand of an assassin. But only in the flesh has he ceased to live. When he died the whole world mourned. Each year only increases his greatness and our recognition of his nobility. Never was name of man more revered, and justly, for "He is the gentlest memory of our age."

Gram'ma, Ma An' Me

By MARY GLADYS CRONAN, '09.

I.

Gram'ma's got a photo,—well it's just a
joke,—
Frizzes, snood and ringlets,—hidden in a
poke.
Gram'pa's old hand trembles, when he
gazes on it;
Says he loves her dearly in that queer
poke bonnet.

II.

Mother's got some head-gear of twenty
years ago!
She surely didn't wear it when father
loved her so!
It looks just like a dinner plate, or funny
frying pan!
It surely now would not appeal to any
sort of man!

III.

I've got a spring creation; well, yes, it's
quite a size,
But oh! the roses on it!—And the rib-
bons match my eyes!
Bobby (he's my brother) cried out "If
that's a hat,—
It's nothing but a band-box for a pompa-
dour and rat!"

The Escape

By EDNA I. HARRISON, '09.

I snuggled up closely on my grandpa's lap and watched the flickering fire-light play in and out his curly beard as he told me the story that has been handed down in our family from knee to knee.

* * * * *

"Who—awoo—awoo-o-o," came the ear-piercing whoops from the depths of the forest one dark, threatening night.

"What's that? What's that?" cried the fear-stricken villagers of a small settlement in Indiana.

"The Indians!" came the dreaded answer to every fast-beating heart. Guns were immediately loaded, doors and windows barred, and watchmen placed on guard.

All night the awful, terrifying sounds pierced the air, but that was all. The expected attack did not come. At daylight the trembling settlers peered through the cracks and saw that a band of Indians had pitched their tepees just outside the village. All was silent as death around the settlement. Children were hushed and no one dared venture out. No attack came, however, and the warm autumn days with their fragrance of fruits and beauty of foliage soon enticed the restless mothers and frolicking children into the warm sunshine.

Late one afternoon, as a young mother sat alone on her cabin steps, holding her baby boy in her arms and waiting in anticipation for the return of the father, who had gone west in search of game, two tall, brawny, red, feathered Indians crept suddenly up to them. They seized the child and dragged her after them toward the forest. Resistance was of no avail. How her heart ached! What would they do to her darling child? For herself she gave no thought, but for him—oh! they might kill or maim him. As she shuddered at

the thought the child was replaced in her arms, and she was led on much faster.

On and on they trudged. Sunset came and turned the leaves of the autumn forest to shining gold and crimson. Night deepened, then all was black. The warmth of the night and the woodland breezes kept the little one asleep. At midnight the dreaded camp was reached. The fire burned low, the evening revelry was over and the waning moon showed some of the tribe wrapped in their blankets and already dreaming of the happy hunting ground. A blanket was laid on the fallen leaves for her, and, exhausted, she threw herself down upon it, clasping the sleeping child in her arms. She had not been asleep long, it seemed, when she awakened with a sudden start. Where was she? Then, as she saw two armed warriors snoring at her side, with a great pang in her heart the terror of it all came over her.

Dare she try to escape? To stay was death; to be caught was death by torture. The little one slept peacefully on. She lay still and listened. It was the stillness of an autumn night, not a leaf stirred. Wild-eyed she glanced around her. All were sleeping soundly. She could see by the moon the direction she had come. Dare she try? She lay down again, but again she rose, knelt for a moment, then, enfolding the baby more tightly, crawled slowly, silently, oh, so silently, to the path, glanced fearfully back like one haunted, then sped on, on, never stopping for breath or fatigue. An unnatural strength took possession of her, for she did not feel the weight of the child, as he slept so peacefully in the lulling atmosphere of the balmy forest.

On she went, stumbling sometimes over tangled underbrush, but deter-

minedly, for she knew the Indians were early risers and would soon follow in pursuit. At the clearing she saw the village in the distance, but, oh, she was so tired now. Would she have strength to reach it? Suddenly, just as the first light of the gray dawn broke before her a far-distant sound was heard in the direction from which she had come. Yes, they had missed her and were in hot pursuit. No time now to lose. She plunged into the depths of the forest again. Where should she go, which way should she turn? Beyond she espied a long stretch of darkness. Struggling over to it, pushing aside bushes, and falling over hidden stumps, she at last reached the spot and found it to be a fallen monarch of the forest partially covered by underbrush.

Nearer, nearer came the war cry. Pale with fear, but with a prayer in her heart, she lay down between the underbrush and the bottom of the trunk, which, to her joy, she found to be partly hollow. With trembling hands she tore away more of the rotten wood, then with her child nestled closely to her, she lay breathlessly waiting—waiting. The war whoops were louder now. Yes—there were several Indians in pursuit. They entered the wood she was in. Another whoop, very near, then one to the right, now one to the left. They formed a circle to catch her. How her heart throbbed. What if the baby should cry?

“My God, protect us,” she breathed.

There was a rustling of dead leaves, a crackling of twigs, and with a sudden bound one of the blood-thirsty warriors leaped upon the fallen tree under which she was hidden. Instantly he poured out a great, angry, blood-curdling war whoop which made the forest reverberate. Again and again he called. Still the baby did not whimper.

Oh, the charms of nature so con-

ducive to sleep. But we must remember, God is in nature.

After calling many times the vicious old warrior jumped down off the trunk and with angry mutterings retraced his steps.

Soon all was still again in the forest, save for the swaying of the trees in the morning breeze and the twittering of the little birds.

The Indians did not go to the village, for they supposed their captives had reached home and all the settlement would be prepared to meet them.

The mother waited till she thought all danger had passed, then, clutching her little hero with renewed strength, crawled cautiously out of their place of refuge, raised herself slowly above the bushes, paused, gazed around her, then once more crept toward the clearing. The baby opened its big, innocent eyes as if to greet the morning. She crushed it to her breast and covered his little bare head with kisses, for she realized through his unconscious silence he had saved their lives.

She reached the clearing and saw once more the peaceful village lying in the sunlight. With fast-failing steps she hastened on, but before she had gone much farther she found herself clasped in the arms of her frantic husband, who had just returned from his hunting trip, followed by the overjoyed, yet vengeful settlers.

* * * * *

“And is it really true, grandpa?” I said, as, wide-eyed, I raised my head from his shoulder to look at him.

“Yes, my child, if the big Indian had found the two that night, your own grandpa would not be here to tell the story.”

The embers fell on the hearth. The last glow flickered across his smiling face. I stroked his silken beard and curled up closer to him.

UNE CAUSERIE DES LIVRES DE NOTRE ECOLE.

Un soir pendant que j'étudiais ma grammaire française, j'ai fermé les yeux pour mieux répéter mes verbes irréguliers. Tout à coup j'ai entendu une petite voix dire "Ecoutez". Personne n'était dans la salle et je ne pouvais m'imaginer d'où venait cette voix. J'ai attendu un peu et après quelques minutes j'ai entendu ces mots suivants "Ne savez-vous pas? Mais, c'est moi, votre livre, qui vous parle." J'étais étonnée. Si mon livre pouvait parler ainsi, pourquoi ne me parlait-il pas quand je ne savais pas ma leçon. Cependant, je n'ai pas prononcé une seule parole et la petite voix a continué douce, très douce, comme ma voisine quand elle veut me souffler une réponse, "Je ne parle pas, moi, à tout le monde, mais j'ai quelque chose à vous dire, qu'il faut que vous sachiez. Hier soir tous les livres laissés à l'école par les différentes élèves se sont rencontrés dans la salle d'études pour changer tout de suite certaines habitudes et faire des innovations.

Notre vénérable Président, la Grammaire Française, nous a appelés à l'ordre et de suite, tout le bruit s'est arrêté et notre réunion a commencé. Vraiment, nous sommes des livres modèles. Le premier à parler était une géométrie neuve qui était furieuse parce qu'elle était restée dans le pupitre d'une "Senior" depuis six mois et: "Pensez donc, disait-elle en pleurant, cette fille ne me respecte pas du tout maintenant; mais avant, au commencement, elle me portait à la maison tous les jours dans ses bras; oh, c'est terrible! Mais attendez jusqu'à ce qu'elle veuille ses recommandations pour l'université; alors j'aurai quelque chose à dire. Je serai vengée!"

Ensuite, une bonne Physique se mit à parler. "Regardez-moi. Il y avait un temps où j'étais jolie, mais maintenant, lisez ces inscriptions, partout, sur moi." J'ai lu les mots suivants: "Ouvert toute la nuit", et sur d'autres pages plusieurs folles rimes. C'était affreux! Les autres livres avaient toutes espèces de lettres de grec sur leurs pages, des dessins horribles, barbares, des fragments de leçons, des correspondances; mais elle cria "Que pouvons-nous faire?" Une grosse Histoire qui était remplie de papiers, de lettres, de cartes postales, et dont toutes ses pages étaient si marquées qu'on ne pouvait plus dire ce qu'elle était, répondit à la question: "Absolument rien. Du temps de nos grand'mères et de nos grand-pères ces choses ne nous arrivaient pas parce que les maîtres donnaient des coups de bâton à quiconque abîmait son livre. Mais ces jours ne reviendront jamais. Hélas!"

Le livre ne dit plus rien et pour la première fois j'ai parlé. "Je te jure de toujours bien te soigner si tu me racontes encore quelque chose de cette réunion. Il répondit: "Heureusement" et continua: "Mais après avoir entendu toutes les protestations, nous ne sommes pas allés chez nous, comme généralement, nous sommes restés pour nous amuser un peu. Nous avons parlé ensemble, ri, dansé, bref, nous avons fait à minuit ce que les élèves font à midi. Nous avons fait les fous. C'est pour cela que certains livres ont des pages perdues ou la couverture déchirée, tandis que les élèves ne savent pas comment ces choses ont lieu. Nous n'avons pas de cloches, comme les élèves, pour nous ennuyer, et nous dansons

jusqu'à l'aube, quand nous retournons à nos places et bientôt nous sommes prêts à travailler. Cependant, à chaque meeting, au moins un livre disparaît et ne revient pas dans sa place, parce que son possesseur ne le traite pas bien. Il s'en va et personne ne sait où. Mais, maintenant, adieu, souvenez-vous de ce que je vous ai dit et ne me donnez pas l'occasion de vous causer de la peine." Je suis restée tranquille pendant quelques minutes, mais mon livre ne parla plus, et je n'ai jamais plus entendu sa voix depuis ce jour.

"Qu'est-ce que vous faites là? Dormez-vous et toutes ces lumières allumées?" C'était la voix de mon père.

Irene Straus.

San Franzisko, im Januar 1909.

Meine liebe Helene!

Seit August v. J. ist die Mädchenschule auf dem alten Platz in einem neuen geräumigen Gebäude, das zwar nur temporär unseren Zwecken dienen soll, aber viele Vorteile aufzuweisen hat. Das Schulhaus ist einstödig; es hat 26 Zimmer und zwei innere Höfe. Auf diese Weise haben wir viel Licht und Sonne und vor allem frische Luft. Die Heizung läßt nichts zu wünschen übrig. Unserm Direktor, Herrn Dr. Scott, gebührt das Verdienst, daß die Schule zu Anfang des Sommersemesters fertig wurde, denn er hat seine Ferien geopfert und blieb an Ort und Stelle, um die Arbeit selbst zu überwachen. Wenn ich zurückdenke an die alten Treppen und Pulte in der Lowell-Schule, glaube ich im siebenten Himmel zu sein. Da hier alles so hübsch rein und neu ist, gehorchen wir gern der Aufforderung seitens der Lehrerinnen, recht achtsam auf alles zu sein.

Wir haben einen großen Saal, der 600 Sitzplätze hat. Hier in der "Halle" versammeln wir uns öfters, wenn uns Dr. Scott eine Rede hält; oder bei anderen Gelegenheiten.

Des Nachmittags um halb eins wird täglich die Glocke geläutet. Dann strömen wir in die Halle, um vergnügt zu tanzen. Ein Mädchen spielt dazu Klavier. Manchmal sieht uns Dr. Scott zu. Vielleicht erinnert ihn das muntre Volk an seine eigene Jugend. Aber gar schnell vergeht die Zeit. Auf das Vergnügen folgt wieder die Arbeit.

Die beiden obersten Klassen sind in den Händen von Fräulein Jewett und Herrn Dupuy. Bei Letzterem bin ich. Es tat uns sehr Leid, daß Frau Mahborn uns verließ. Sie war so gut und geduldig gegen uns. Nach halbjähriger Abwesenheit kam Fräulein Stark wieder zurück. Wir haben zwei neue Lehrerinnen, nämlich Fr. Jones für Zeichnen und Fr. Maher für Geschichte.

Wenn Du uns nur einmal besuchen und Dich mit eigenen Augen überzeugen

fönntest, wie schön es in der neuen Schule ist und wie glücklich wir sind!

Ich hoffe, Dir einmal viel mündlich aus meinem Schulleben zu erzählen und auch Deine Berichte über Deine Lehrjahre zu hören.

„O, glückliche Jugendzeit!“ sagt mein Vater lächelnd zu mir. Und er hat Recht, nicht wahr?

Es grüßt Dich recht herzlich

Deine Freundin

Mina Höhwiesner.

California

By MARGARET EVELETH, '10.

California! Land of glory!
There the hope of man was centered
When he heard of all thy beauty,
Of thy treasure, of thy romance,
From the traveler's oft-told story.

Far away in unknown regions,
Over lands and seas untraveled,
Lies a wond'rous, mystic country—
A land of nature's greatest marvels.
O'er the hills of emerald brilliance,
O'er the streams of crystal clearness,
O'er this world of fragrant flowers,
Smiles a sky of fairest azure,
Smiles the sun in benediction.

Many sought this land of beauty
For the wealth within its boundaries;
Wealth beyond man's comprehension—
Gold that glitters in the sunlight,
Gold that sparkles 'neath the waters;
And this land through all the ages,
Patient, waited for man's coming
To reveal its mighty secrets.

California! Western monarch!
Golden poppies, golden sunset!
Well hast thou fulfilled thy promise!

A Matter of Evolution



Otaki San, the Goddess of the Mountain of Kamoi

By DOROTHY G. THOMPSON, '09.

Many, many decades ago, as far back as when yon massive oak was nothing but a sprig, in the happy land of Japan, in the town of Komatsushima on the bright and laughing river Yashino, lived a maiden, Otaki San.

We see her then a graceful girl of sixteen summers, with long black hair and wistful eyes. Sometimes we find her playing with her companions, and at other times looking out over the waves of the broad Pacific, with a pathetic look upon her small childish face. For Otaki San is sad, she is thinking—thinking—thinking. Ever since the cherry blossom time last May, Otaki San's heart has been heavy, and at times a fear has caught her, and she has run as fast as her small legs would carry her, far away in the hills; and finally, panting and exhausted, she has thrown herself beneath a tree and burying her head in the soft, cool grass, has prayed to the gods to come and take her.

For in another month the awful white man who sails the big ship would come and carry her away to a far, far country, where she must work for him, never again to see the little sisters and brothers, nor mother or father.

Oh, how she wished the white man had never come to her Komatsushima. How well she remembered the night he came to her father's place and talked to him until late into the night, and then she heard the clink, clink of money, and the white man said good-night, and Otaki San stole back to her room. The next morning her father called her and told her about the dream he had during the night, how the gods had told him he must give Otaki San to the white man to appease their anger, for Otaki San's ancestors had been very wicked. The gods would want her to go in a year and a month, he said.

And now the year and a month had

upon the mountain of Kamoi they passed, and to-morrow the white man's ship was expected. Otaki San sat with drooping head. All the people of Komatsushima had been very kind, for they knew she must go, but she could give but a ghost of a smile in thanks.

As the day was waning a bright glance crossed Otaki San's face, then another and another, as ripples on the water, and she laughed and clapped her hands, and sang and danced with the children; and all the people laughed and were happy with her. "Our Otaki San has come back to us again," they cried, and until sunset they romped and played.

When darkness had fallen little Otaki San crept cautiously through the town and to the north to the Mountain of Kamoi, for Otaki San had put her trust in the god of Hope. When she was a good way up the mountain the stars grew dim, and the moon was hid behind a cloud. Big rain drops fell, slowly at first, then faster and faster until they came in torrents; thunder roared down the canyons and gullies, and lightning flashed in streaks across the heavens. Thicker and faster came the storm, Otaki San sank trembling on the ground, and prayed, and prayed.

All night the storm continued, and the following day, and so on for a week. The town of Komatsushima was nearly washed away. The rice fields and all the crops were gone. News came that the white man's ship was wrecked off the coast and only one sailor escaped to tell the tale.

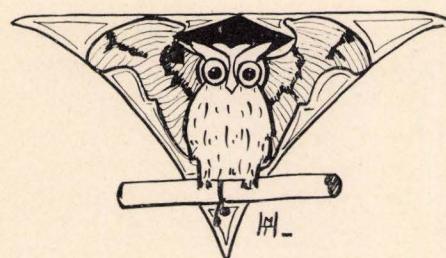
When the week had ended and the people of Komatsushima and the neighboring villages had called upon all the gods for help, and the request had been granted, the people learned that Otaki San was missing. They searched throughout the town, hills and finally

found her, lying stiff and cold upon the ground.

The people carried her back to Komatsushima and remembering how she had been expected to sail on the white man's ship, they knew the gods had been angry and sent the storm as a punishment. So the people called

Otaki San goddess of the mountain of Kamoi.

And now when the rain beats down and it thunders, and the lightning flashes, the people of Komatsushima huddle together in their houses and pray to the goddess of the mountain of Kamoi, their own Otaki San, to have mercy and forgive.



The Sandal-Wood Box

By EDITH AGNES BULL, '09.

George Martin, senior, gazed absent-mindedly at the newspaper before him. Through the open window of his room were wafted the college yells and tumultuous noises which always precede an intercollegiate match. But it was neither the rising spirit outside nor the event of the coming game which so absorbed the minds of Eliott Underhill, freshman, and George Martin.

"It's all humbug, I tell you," said the former, and thrusting his hands in his pockets he paced the room with rapid strides.

His room-mate tapped the desk with his pencil. "I'm not so sure about that. Whether there's anything in it or not, it is certainly interesting. And you must confess that it arouses your curiosity."

"Do you mean to say that you would cut the baseball match to-day for that?" And Eliott pointed disgustedly at the crumpled paper.

George leaned forward. "If I didn't have to play in the game, I'd go in a minute. Why, man, (Eliott, freshman, immediately straightened up) it's the chance of your life. The whole campus will hail you as a hero upon your return for daring to risk your life in solving

such a mystery,—a very rare occurrence for a freshman."

Eliott gazed a moment with an air of defiance at the crimson banner flying across the Quad, and then turning abruptly on his companion, in almost a fierce tone, said, "I'll go; but it's simply because I think I might be able to win a name for myself on the Quad! I don't like to miss the game,—but never mind, I'm off," and snatching his red felt from the table he slammed the door behind him.

George's eyes traveled back to the newspaper. There, in an insignificant corner of the *Examiner* was the personal which had caused his roommate's hasty departure.

"Anyone interested in the Light of Asia and desirous of learning the contents of the sandalwood box will please call at 24 Ross Alley, four o'clock, Thursday afternoon, April first."

The small room resounded with a hearty laugh and a couple of boisterous shouts. "Well, if I wouldn't like to eat my hat," he muttered, consigning the paper to the waste basket.

* * *

Elliott had visited Chinatown many times but the room upon which he now gazed held him spellbound. From the glare of the street through the dirty opium dens into this new civilization was certainly a transformation. The dull light from the bronze lanterns displayed articles of the rarest value and beauty. The Oriental curtains formed a dark background for the hand-carved furniture and delicate bric-a-brac. Now and then a bright jewel flashed from some mysterious corner, while swords and armor unknown to this age ornamented the walls. The image of Buddha, occupying a prominent position, with incense burning before, added to the fascination and mystery of the room. Seated on the floor and smoking long pipes, sardonic Asiatic faces gazed stupidly up at him.

Silence reigned supreme.

Somewhere, out of a dark corner a voice broke the monotony. Elliott strained every nerve but could see nothing. The voice was speaking English, slowly and distinctly.

"O you,—son of the Twentieth Century,—hear the voice of the past. Fifty years ago, or thereabouts, there lived in China a wonderful magician,—by name Fong Tse Kiang. His education had been wrung from tomes of magic. He was both reverenced and feared. After his death a box was found, accompanied by a document. The document stated that if this box could remain tightly sealed, and be opened only during the month of April, 1909, the greatest discovery of modern times would then be found. Advance you now, and behold what is of deepest mystery!"

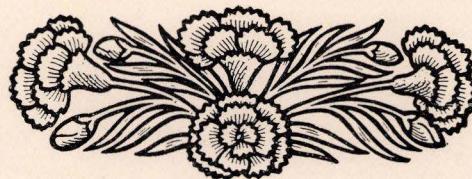
The portieres were slowly drawn aside revealing a glass table upon which a square box rested. Unconscious of any movement toward the table Elliott found himself bending over the cover. The enticing odor of the sandal wood seemed to deaden his senses and it was some time before he could unclasp the lid. He shut his teeth tightly, he clenched his hands with a dogged determination. His whole body was tense. As the fastening slipped back a deafening sound vibrated through the room. It seemed as if thousands of bronze cymbals were clanging in unison. A cold perspiration broke out all over him and his lips cracked with their dryness. It was some time before he could gain courage to touch the box again and when he stretched out his hand it wandered about in space. He tried to move forward but his knees suddenly developed an unexpected fondness for each other. His blood quite as quickly decided to run a Marathon to his shoes, weighing him down and leaving him cold and white. Even frequent gasps failed to relieve him. The room became black. He felt his body sway. Instinctively he stretched out his arms. There was a sudden jar,—a crash,—then silence. Cautiously, oh! so cautiously, he opened first one eye and then the other. He found himself midst a pile of broken glass and holding the box tightly in his arms.

There—there—at the bottom, almost lost in the folds of dark velvet, was a bronze plate on which was inscribed these few words:

"Hello, Freshie.

April Fool!—

Senior."



Senior Edition Girls' High Journal

Published by Pupils of the Girls' High School,
San Francisco, Cal.

Journal Staff

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LOUELLE E. JACKSON.....Assistant to the Editor

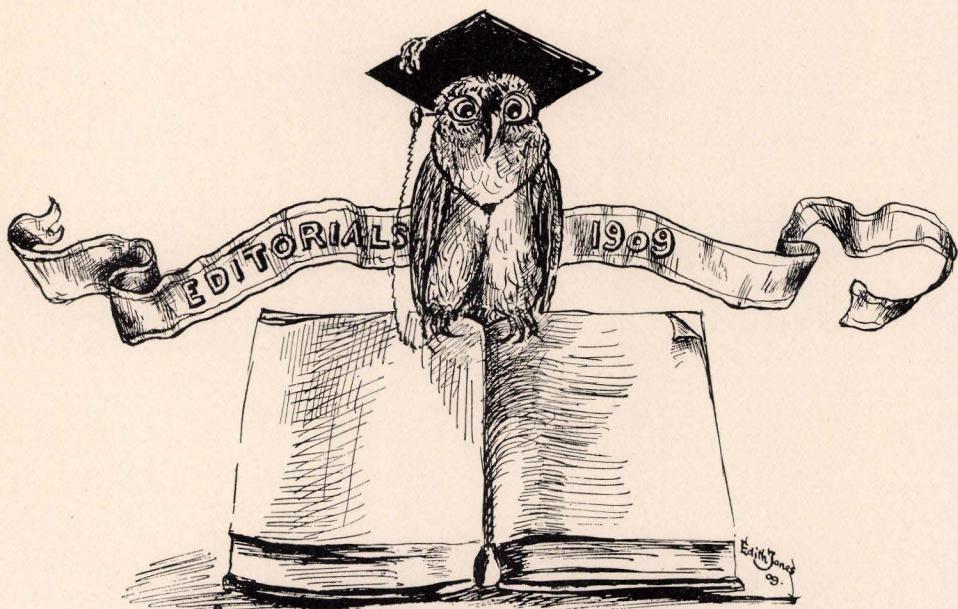
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GRACE L. DOREY.....	Poetry
EDITH M. DICK.....	Art
DOROTHY P. BROWN.....	Jokes
HELEN GILBERT.....	Alumnae
GLADYS CRONAN.....	Exchanges
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MARGARET TRABUE HODGEN.....Editor
LOUELLE E. JACKSON.....Assistant to the Editor



In considering those problems which are paramount in the minds of girls and women of to-day, we cannot dwell too often upon the question of the higher education of women. The subject has been brought before the minds of this class very definitely, because so many of us are to try the merits and advantages of such education for ourselves.

Ask three girls of distinctly different types why they think of going to college. The first will answer with a broad, frank smile, "Oh, I'm going for a good time; such and such is a snap course; no digging for me." Number Two, as she speaks, holds her head aloft, "I am going to the University of — because it gives one such prestige; the very name, itself, you know." Miss Third is a very serious girl; she is very modest and she very rarely tells to anyone her secret ambition. But she says, "I am going to college; I've had to work hard to get there. I'm going to grind, grind, grind when it's time to grind, and play, play, play when the play-time comes."

There is absolutely no value in condemning the first two girls. Their words amount to a confession. They need the broadening that only a liberal, and in extreme cases, a very liberal education can give. They need the troubles that come in the wake of small shirkings, and the realization that no one cares amongst the student multitude whether others sink or swim. The personality must be strong or the will unbending to create much interest in the minds of one's casual associates. Miss Third's pathway is already strewn with roses, and such as she will lead friends of baser coinage to wiser understanding.

For the representative of any type the college holds advantages. The timid girl is made to forget herself in the pursuit of wide interests. The haughty one, to appreciate the worthiness of others. The talented are given a wide field for the exercise of their talents. The spirit, the earnestness, the enthusiasm of that little world, the college, are the foundation stones in the upbuilding of fine women and a fine race.

Sometimes as this class of high Seniors looks back over the past four years and recalls conditions as they existed then, it wonders, yea, marvels at conditions as they exist now.

When we entered the High School, in the old building, there must have been four or five *flourishing* activities. The officers of the Debating Club, of the Atalantas, of the Art Athenaeum, of the Camera Club, and a host of others approached us upon the subject of becoming members of their respective organizations. We were flattered and proud to think that by working with our yet untried strength we might help our school. So we joined and became the most vigorous debaters and athletic girls for miles around. Then the calamity came, and with it Lowell and trials that only those who withstood them understand. Still we rushed to our various standards and with the help of the faculty and those mighty girls, who have passed away from us with other classes, rebuilt the fallen structures with renewed ambition.

And now,—girls of Girls' High School,

—now you, with every help at hand and every encouragement, have allowed those organizations which depend upon your support for their very being, to dwindle away; to become weak officer-ridden institutions governed by minorities, whose work is the doing of absolutely nothing. How in the name of all that is reasonable you can expect to acquire anything like a broad education without them, we do not profess to see. Classroom work in its very nature must be limited. It can never hope to reach the individual as these outside activities can. The clever hand is the hand that can move quickly and strike surely. The clever mind is the mind which has been trained to act and to comprehend. You may not realize it but you take from yourselves a grand opportunity when you do not associate with some earnest organization. You need it and you need it badly. You need the leadership that they develop for you. And moreover, without these you cannot maintain the glorious spirit of the Alma Mater of hundreds of women.

Now that the Journal is out we sit back and await criticism. Oh! we know what you are saying, but—

Do you remember those posters that graced the corridors for the first six weeks of the term? Do you remember the legends inscribed upon them? i. e., "A prize of \$5.00 will be awarded to the girl submitting the best story or best poem by March 15th." Do not, we beg of you, approach the Editor or any member of the staff upon that subject. Groans may be all too eloquent. Even the most hardened sometimes become a little sensitive.

We bore all with patience anticipating that a change of heart might occur any time bringing burdens to the Journal Box and hallelujahs from the staff.

We recall no such occurrence.

Instead, the Editor went to the Box at 9:05 a. m. Nothing! The Story Editor steeled herself for a sudden emergency and went to the box at 12:05 p. m. Noth-

ing! The Poetry Editor with an engaging smile tripped to the box at 3:05 p. m. and her smile was bedimmed. Nothing!

The fifteenth of March. Nothing!

And quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

We do not wish to be misinterpreted. We do not wish to be facetious. We state facts.

The gleanings for the Joke Department were excellent. A story and a bit of poetry now and then was good, but the standard of Girls' High demands something more than goodness. You know what you would think if you saw the first class prize go to second class material. We could have done no more than that. For this reason the Senior class has withdrawn its offer and leaves you with this message:

Next year, don't think that the Journal, a rapacious monster at best, will be satisfied with what it knows to be your second best. Give of the finest in you, and you will get results.



Grace Dorey
Poetry
Gladys Cronan
Exchanges

Marian Mel
Stories
Dorothy Brown
Jokes
Daisy Holle
Activities

Edith Dick
Art
Helen Gilbert
Alumnae

Just what the class would ever have done without Miss Croyland no member of the Tribe of Owls attempts to think. We have known her for four years, and we graduate feeling that we have but begun to appreciate her wisdom and unselfishness.

And we feel that words are a poor

medium when we wish to tell Mr. Dupuy that his comfort and counsel were almost invaluable in our Low Senior days.

To Dr. Scott, the man who understands many things without being told, we give every good wish for what he wants above all else, a splendid school.

And at the last, O Corridors and Class Rooms, O Hat Hooks and Summer Millinery, it is for you we give our parting thought, our parting tear. We stir your studious peace with one last hoot. With lagging steps we serpentine around your sacred altars.

We count the hours, the minutes that

are left,—and then the doors swing outward and the Doctor calls, "Pass!"

It is over. Our struggles, our merrymakings, ourselves are gone. The school lives no more for us. The great high-road beckons us; meteors and shooting stars call us to follow. We look back once, we look again and with bowed head, "Farewell."





EDITH JONES
Manager

DOROTHY HILL
Assistant to the Manager

ROSE CLAUS
Assistant to the Manager



Clara Lowenberg
Manager of Farce

"Fads and Fancies"

By CLARA LOWENBERG, '09.

Long, long ago Mr. Shakespeare made the immortal statement that "All the world's a stage."

That may be true, but on the memorable afternoon of May 1st, 1909, it certainly looked as if all the world were an audience,—and a mighty enthusiastic one, too.

But they had good cause for their enthusiasm. There was a festive spirit in the air that was contagious. "Fads and Fancies" was good, and the actresses more than did justice to their roles. They were excellent beyond criticism.

The action of the little play involved a very typical ladies' literary club. Of course each member had her particular "Fad" or "Fancy," and on every occasion attempted to convert the world to her views.

The curtain went up on one of their weekly meetings and found them planning to surprise the visiting niece of the President of the U. S. with a little dramatic entertainment in which each member was to assume a favorite role.

In the second act the situation became

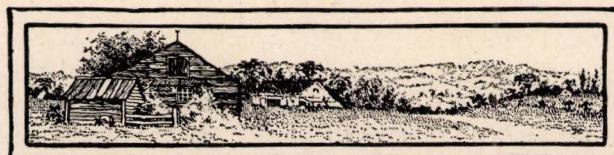
involved. A young lady whose aunt had asked her to meet her at the club rooms appeared, and being unknown to the members of the club was thought to be the expected guest and was entertained by an exhibition of the talents of the various members in the roles chosen by them. Although rather a sensible young person, the entrance of queer-gowned, odd-voiced beings, who addressed her with high-sounding and sometimes blood-thirsty phrases fairly made her tremble. "Lady Macbeth" caused her to shudder; Little Lord Fauntleroy called her "dearest"; "The Lady of the Lake" saluted her as did also Caesar's ghost. She thought some awful mistake had led her to a retreat for the feeble-minded. Her alarm led her hostesses to believe her insane, but the timely appearance of her aunt, and the arrival of a telegram announcing the delay of the President's niece cleared the situation of further misunderstanding, and brought to a close a charming little farce.

Those who took part in the play are as follows:

Mrs. Prism, president of the Dickens Literary Club.....	Helen Brunn
Miss Tingle, a niece of a literary lady.....	Edith Dick
Miss Weaver, a manual training fiend.....	Virginia Crow
Miss Maine, a poetical genius.....	Dorothy Hill
Mrs. White, with a strong distaste for dust.....	Gladys Cronan
Mrs. Oiler, an investigator of the microbe theory.....	Grace Dorey
Miss Longworth, an exponent of higher education.....	Alice Corwin
Miss Matty Nay, simply stage-struck.....	Edith Bull
Miss Ketchem, bargain fiend.....	Irene Straus
Miss Veneering, postal-card maniac.....	Ruth Mayer
Miss Striker, a suffragette.....	Edna Harrison
Miss Gayworthy, a fashion-plate.....	Evelyn Bridgett
Mrs. Spouter, the last of the old-fashioned mothers.....	Edith Jones
Heppie, Mrs. Spouter's angel-child and victim.....	Elsie Wormser
Miss Eppeler, spelling crank.....	Helen Regensburger
Miss Cadenza, aspirant to the operatic stage.....	Hazel Klinger
Mrs. Noble, clubhouse-keeper (who had seen better days).....	Rose Claus
Sadie, the maid.....	Ruth Brenner
Mrs. Grubb, aunt of Miss Tingle.....	Ruth Gaynor
Policeman, Sadie's intended.....	Mildred Carlton

If anyone had ever entertained any secret misgivings as to the advisability of the Girls' High School, giving an afternoon performance, their fears were dispelled as this venture proved that our friends are loyal to us, be it morning, noon or night.

And then the coaching,—how could we help presenting something good when the talents of that triumvirate, Mr. Goldstein, Miss Leviele and Miss Croyland, were united in our behalf? We extend to them our sincere gratitude and appreciation.





Officers of the Girls' High School Student Body

Edith Bull
President

Florence Simpkins
1st Vice-President

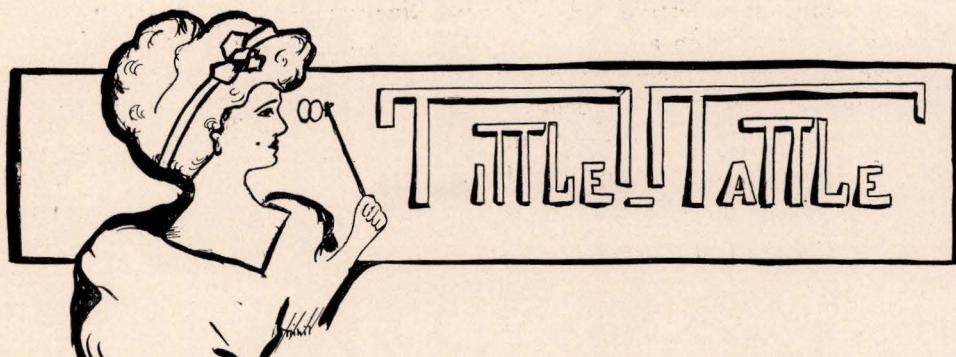
Bessie Brenner
2nd Vice-President

Frieda Hilbert
3rd Vice-President

Alice Corwin
Secretary

Edith Corwin
4th Vice-President

Marie Margot
Yell Leader



By Mrs. Gummidge.

Under the apparently quiet exterior which society presents to the world, there is always an undercurrent of pleasant activity which, without creating a bubble on the surface of the social calm still suffices to keep society's votaries busy. After the first few weeks of apparent inactivity of the spring term the Gad-fest opened with a meeting of "The Associated Student Body of the Girls' High School," called to order by its president, Hazel Royer, of the class of December, nineteen hundred and eight. The notables (?) were called upon to express their lofty thoughts, and did so in words of wisdom and questionable English. The nominees of the various offices were likewise called upon to speak. They, one and all, expressed the same original sentiment, namely, that we are lacking in proper school spirit. Election day following closely upon the heels of the meeting resulted in the choice of the following officers of the Student Body: President, Edith Bull; first vice-president, Florence Simpkins; second vice-president, Bessie Brenner; third vice-president, Frieda Hilbert; fourth vice-president, Edith Corwin; secretary, Alice Corwin, and treasurer, Miss Daniel. (Would you ever guess it?) Later on in the season a second important meeting was called for the practice of the following:

"The New Building, Ho Ho,
The Faculty, Ha, Ha!!!
The Girls, Wow, Wow,
The School, Rah, rah!"

N. B.—Examination was afterwards made by the Board of Health and the lung expansion of the girls was reported to be doubled.

After the details had been completed the cards were sent out to a large guest list for a wedding to be held in the sanctuary on the corner of O'Farrell and Scott streets. The bride was Miss June Teelve, stepdaughter of the late and great philanthropist, Mr. Graemahr Skule. The happy groom was Mr. Burkham Nautnyne, a young business man of the firm Gurls-hy-Nautnyne. The ceremony was performed with all the gorgeous rites prescribed in "Practical Theories on The Application of Etiquette in Small Doses." The bridal party was preceded by a sheet-vested choir chanting that tear-provoking anthem—

"Here comes the bride,
Get on to her stride.
See how she w-o-o-o-bles
From side o'er to side."

The bride's attendants, gowned in black and yellow draperies, the colors of the family of Nautnyne, leaned on the arms of the frock-coated ushers. The maid of honor, drooping with sorrow at the loss of her dear friend, wore a stunning but chic lamp shade just imported from Paris, bearing the sole decoration of a branch of owls, and carrying a magnificent shower bouquet of sweet scented onions, carrots and radishes. The bride was robed in rich, white cheese cloth with a flowing yel-

low veil of mosquito netting fastened on her chaste brow with a garland of Cruciferae Brassica Campestris. Two elfs, gowned in pink satin, daintily tripped along with the bride's train clasped between their first, third and fifth fingers. (That's hard to do, try it!) The ringbearer bore a hoop which had once graced a bulging barrel of cement. At the altar, the bride joined the kneeling groom, and during the entire ceremony her nearest relative but lately come from France, wept copiously into a red, white and blue mouchoir. The nuptials were sealed with a kiss of peace and the choir pealed forth in strong notes,

"Oh gee, I'm glad I'm free,
No wedding bells for me."

Then after the wedding guests had partaken of lemon juice in large quantities, they were presented with owl badge souvenirs by the flourishing firm Gurls-hy-Nautnyne.

Society received a great shock recently and all of its members are filled with horror. As a consequence of this great happening two of our greatest social favorites have been ostracized from the upper circle. Instead of delving into the mysteries of physics they were discovered in the laboratory doing what "Mrs. Oiler" and "Mrs. White" would highly disapprove of. If not, why did they blush and look so confused when Mr. M. entered the room?

For further information apply to Mrs. Gummidge, giving the initials L. E. J. and M. L. M. The "exhibits" were preserved.

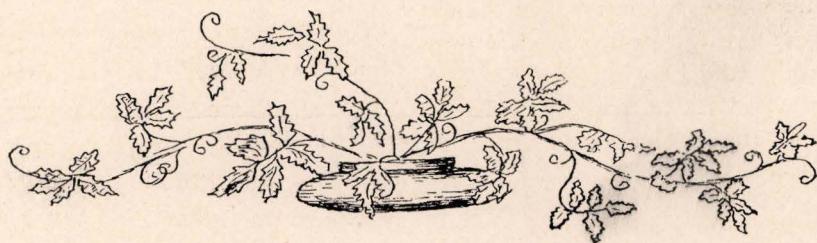
During the earlier part of the year questioning and theorizing was rife as to what would be the crowning festivity of the season among the elite of the North Corridor and adjoining

apartments. Some gloomily suggested that, owing to the general refusal of one invitation to four o'clock tea in those quarters because of a previously received invitation to a like function in the atelier between the Hall Clock and Monsieur Dupuy's salon, we would no longer be urged to partake of Mr. M.'s hospitality. Others prognosticated more cheerfully, however, so that all were not entirely unprepared when the "bids" were out for a social innovation of most alluring and original motif.

After some postponements on account of the ill-natured aspect of the weather the great day arrived. Our charming host had everything in readiness for the afternoon's enjoyment, including sundry tin basins of frothing liquid and white clay pipes not yet freed from their wrappings of excelsior. He, himself, more fully to acquaint his guests with the game, took one of the long pipes, dipped it in the foaming compound of glycerine and soap and with the reverse end to his lips produced wonderful spheres of such brilliant colors but at the same time such frailty that a misdirected breath snapped their claims to existence. The like of the ensuing enthusiasm has never before been seen among our highly-cultivated but shockingly blasé upper seventy. Their usually quiet intellectuality was roused into a veritable whirlpool of gaiety and soapy water and we are sorry to state that serious friction was engendered when it was suggested that five handfuls of soapsuds was quite enough for one single individual to cast at another single individual. In spite of this little variation of the April calm all were most delighted to congratulate Miss Spattie Peebee on her absolute genius. She carried away the palm with a record of twenty-nine throws with only two misses.

We are sorry to state that a schism has arisen between the intellectual lights and social butterflies of our cultured upper stratum! It seems to have originated in an amiable exchange of cannon-balls, set in motion by a rubber band. On one hand, marksman-

ship was too sure and the butterflies madly scampered with a flutter of broken wings and frenzied mutterings. Unfortunately at the present date no truce has been made, war still continues and the contestants promenade the corridors armed to the teeth with rubber bands on each finger.



Here's to Mrs. Mayborn!

It was with regret that the news of Mrs. Mayborn's resignation was heard. At the time of her first illness it was thought that a few weeks would see her back again, but overwork told, and she was forced to take the step that severed her connection with the Faculty.

Mrs. Mayborn made us feel and

know her goodness. It was a quiet work she did, but effectual, as those who know her can prove. Every girl with whom she came in contact bears deep down in her heart an indelible record of her influence. To those who came into the school, after her departure can only be said, "It is too bad you do not know Mrs. Mayborn."

Given, the new member of the Faculty, Miss Maher. Is it necessary to prove that her kindly smile and friendly manner exhorts you to good

works? See definition of axiom. Does anyone wonder, then, that we heartily welcome Miss Maher to the school?

Miss Stark's back again, girls! (As if you didn't know it already.) She is back with lots of stories to tell of New York, Cornell University and numerous other things. It is thought that those who turn into her door any of

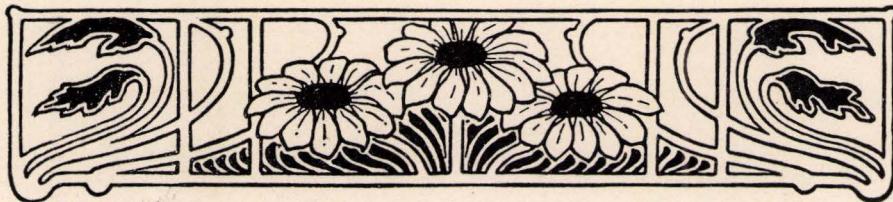
the six periods of the day must have a mighty interesting time of it in spite of the "amo, amas, amat" part of it.

It is very good to see you again, Miss Stark.

Clever, Is It Not?

Miss C., dealing with English statesmen—"Miss Harr-s-n, what was Burke's first speech?"

Miss H., in semi-conscious state—"Da-da, ma-ma!"



These Words from Seniors Come

I. Thou shalt not hold thy classmate's hand during recitation.

(Remember, this is a girls' school.)

II. Thou shalt not say, when morning comes, and thou art late, "Behold, the cars were stopped!"

(For "punctuality is better than efficiency.")

III. Thou shalt not grimace or smile at thy classmates during "exams."

(Actions speak louder than words.)

IV. Thou shalt not say of the IV which blushes on thy card, "Lo, I am once more stung!"

(For, wonder upon wonders, sometimes e'en a teacher's sting is deserved.)

V. Thou shalt bring many ads for the Journal.

(Otherwise thou wilt the manager's wrath arouse.)

VI. Thou shalt not serpentine in the corridors or shout class yells.

(Unless the teachers are out of sight.)

VII. Thou shalt always agree with the wise girls in thy class.

(Unless thou desirest to get squelched.)

VIII. Thou shalt not walk six abreast in the halls.

(Unless thou wishest to catch a "freshie.")

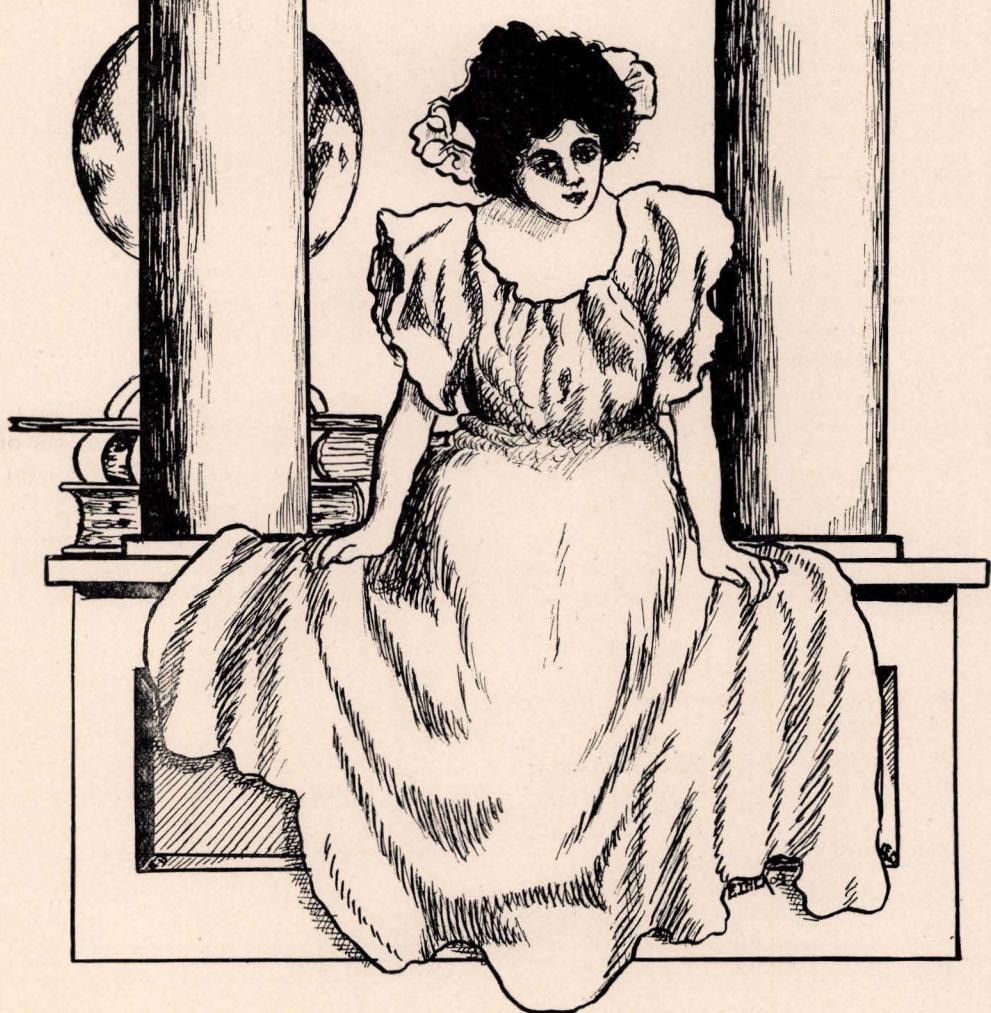
IX. Thou shalt not eat thy lunch before the last bell rings.

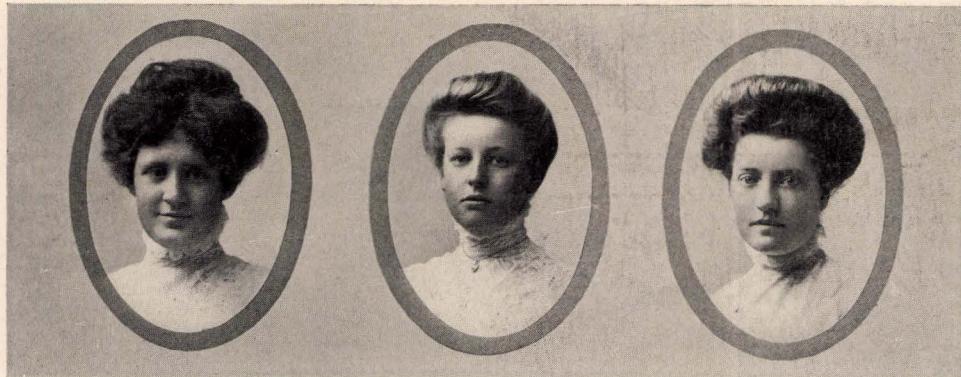
(Or thy teacher will say, "The little children in the back of the room seem to be hungry.")

X. Thou shalt always lend thy notebooks to all thy friends.

(Remember thou the Golden Rule.)

ACTIVITIES.





Edna Harrison
Leader

Hazel Frost
President

Edith Jones
Treasurer

The Glee Club

By HAZEL M. FROST, '09.

Girls' High School has a Glee Club of which it can be justly proud. It is in an exceedingly flourishing condition, as the Spring term reorganization shows a membership of seventy. Owing to the fact that the previous term the membership was only fifty, the Club has a right to feel encouraged. Let the next term show a larger increase.

The resulting elections for the Spring were as follows: President, Hazel M. Frost; Treasurer, Edith Jones; Leader, Edna I. Harrison; Accompanist, Grace W. Deering.

The Glee Club meets Mondays and Fridays in the Auditorium and enjoys a very profitable hour or more. The old members will gladly welcome new ones, who are willing to work to uphold the reputation of the Glee Club and that of their alma mater. Now, girls, here is a splendid opportunity to show your school spirit! Join, and you will not be sorry, except for one thing, that you had not joined sooner. Ask any of the members if they enjoy the practices, and they will all answer with one accord, "Yes." The Glee Club has shown you what a few members, comparatively speaking,

can do; now let the school show what the largest and best High School Glee Club in the city can do. Join, girls, join, and lend your enthusiastic aid to this rapidly growing activity.

Toward the latter part of last term there was given to the Student Body a very successful concert, which showed that even in so short a time the Club was actually "doing something."

Another concert was given on Friday evening, April 23d, in the Girls' High Auditorium, and proved a great success, due to the untiring efforts of the leader and the diligent work of the Club. This concert was invitational and showed to the friends and relatives of the members of what the Club is capable.

During the last term the Club was honored by a visit from Mrs. Marriner Campbell, a well-known singing teacher in the city. She came to judge the work from a critical standpoint, and her criticism was exceedingly favorable. She complimented highly the tone quality and volume, and of course the members were greatly pleased, resolving to work all the harder for this encouragement.



Nell F. Burkham
Secretary

Ruth Brenner
President

Dorothy Hydes
Treasurer

The Reading Club

By NELL F. BURKHAM, '09.

It is not an easy matter to write a satisfactory report when there is nothing about which to write. The Reading Club does not come up to the standard of Girls' High. There is no excuse for this, because there are material and talent enough among the students to stock several reading clubs.

On December 5th last we presented two farces, "Place aux Dames" and "The Shakespeare Club." Both of them were eminently successful. The cast of "Place aux Dames" is as follows:

Lady Macbeth.....Ruth Brenner
OpheliaDorothy Hydes
Juliet.....Ruth Mayer
Portia.....Miriam Leavy

Those who took part in "The Shakespeare Club" were: Pauline Pierson, Gladys Cronan, Hazel Packscher, Hilda Cohen, Blanche Baer, Fannie Goldman, and Harriet Newbauer.

On December 14 a business meeting was held for the purpose of electing officers. The result was as follows:

President—Ruth Brenner.

Secretary—Nell Burkham.

Treasurer—Dorothy Hydes.

Directors — Irene Straus, Gladys Cronan, Clara Lowenberg, Fannie Goldman.

It has been almost impossible to induce the members to attend either a business or a literary meeting, and as for an audience on the latter occasions, such a thing is unknown. However, when the girls have attended, the readings have been most excellent, and we are glad to report that two plays have been read—"The Rivals," Sheridan, and "The Lady of Lyons," Bulwer-Lytton. A farce is now in preparation for "Scholarship Day."

The club takes this opportunity to thank Miss Croyland for her ever-ready help and valuable suggestions. All merit that our public performances have shown, we owe to her.

But the club needs spirit and enthusiasm. Girls of the third and fourth years, it should be an honor to be a member of an organization. Wake up! Shake off your apathy! Help us grow!



The Atalanta Club

The Atalantas have played but few games during this term. This is partly due to the loss of time sustained in changing practicing halls. We are now using the Auditorium Annex, and for the last month have been coached by Miss Emily Zabaldano, a former Atalanta member.

The team was chosen by our former captain, Edna Krouse, and is composed of the following members:

Touch Center—Martha Aachen.

Side Centers—Amy Dick, Vannie Owen.

Goals—Ynid Ostrom, Mary Cherry, Helen Simpkins.

Guards—Margaret Eveleth, Ruth Davis, Virginia Green.

The club has temporarily lost one of its most enthusiastic members, Edna

Krouse, who sailed March 26 for Honolulu. During the short time she was captain her zeal and earnestness were felt by every member.

Margaret Eveleth is her successor and the present captain.

We all appreciate the kindness of the Faculty in chaperoning us at practice, and take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude. Our sincere thanks also are given to Mr. Mitchell for his many kindnesses to us, including that of taking our team picture for the Journal.

Girls! If you want to have a good time and drop dignity for a few hours a week, join the Atalanta Club. Support an organization of which you will be proud to be a member, and do all in your power to promote enthusiasm in basket-ball in this school.





Etta Hart
Vice-President

Miriam Leavy
President

Harriet Newbauer
Secretary

The Debating Club

By HARRIET T. NEWBAUER, '09.

The first meeting of the Debating Club for the new term of 1909 was held on January 12th, and since then regular meetings have been called every other Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Hilda Cohen, the former President, presided over the first meeting, and an election of officers for the ensuing term took place with the following result:

President—Miriam H. Leavy.

Vice-President—Etta M. Hart.

Secretary—Harriet Newbauer.

Treasurer—Ella Miller.

An Advisory Committee consists of Miss Hobe, honorary member, Madeleine L. Wolff, Alice Kenny, Gladys Christensen.

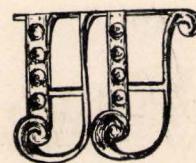
A few good extemporaneous debates have been held in which the whole club participated. A debate now in prepara-

tion is: "Resolved, That the Fifteenth Amendment Should Be Repealed." The speakers for the affirmative are Ella Miller, Carrie Newbauer, Elise Larseu. For the negative, Selma Miguel, Margaret Murdock, Alice L. de Veuve.

The club wishes to take this opportunity to thank Miss Hobe for her untiring efforts and the help which she gives us at our meetings. Miss Hobe is our constant guide, and we can barely express our gratitude.

Girls! We want your support. We want you to interest yourself in the art of debating and take an active part in the club. Show your school spirit! Join now! Tomorrow is too late! Enter our ranks and you will never find cause for regret, but will spend many an enjoyable Wednesday afternoon at the meetings.





Art Athenaeum

By GERTRUDIS IDDINGS, '10.

Nineteen hundred and nine promises to be a prosperous year for the Art Athenaeum. The new officers are: President, Gertrudis Iddings; Vice-President, Mabel Koehler; Treasurer and Secretary, Flossie Braun. All of these officers take a genuine pride and interest in the welfare of the club, and hope that by co-operation with each other and the teachers not only the membership will be increased, but a marked improvement will be seen in the class of work accomplished. So far this term, three new members, Anna Wille, Helen Deeds and Josephine Lavers have joined our ranks.

Every Tuesday and Thursday after school, the members of the club can be seen working industriously in the studio under the direction of Mr. Goldstein, and by the end of the term we hope to have a number of sketches and studies as evidence of the interest and enthusiasm of each girl.

Then we are looking forward with pleasure to the warm weather, so that

we may make some sketching expeditions, which will give us the opportunity for work and play combined, for the latter element has its place in our schedule of plans. We meet not only on school days for work, but once a month at some member's home for a social time. We adhere to the adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Our object is to help those who have a strong interest in the field of art, and desire to be able to express ideas in lines and color. Each member chooses her own course, whether it be charcoal drawing, pen and ink sketching, or water-color painting, and pursues her work under the direction of Mr. Goldstein. Great benefits are derived through the members, working together, with opportunities for suggestion, criticism, and comparison.

Any of the girls of the school who care to join are cordially invited to look into the requirements of the club. Mr. Goldstein or any of the officers will be glad to furnish the desired information.

The Centennial of the Birth of Lincoln

The centennial of the birthday of our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, was celebrated with unusual solemnity and reverence. The Assembly Hall was decorated with flags and palms, and the sculptured head of the great man was placed on a pedestal on the platform.

Dr. Scott opened the program with a short sketch of the conditions sur-

rounding Lincoln and his work, and the Glee Club led the school in several patriotic songs. Several recitations were given and several papers read, notable among them Grace Dorey's, a sympathetic loving tribute. Dr. Scott then introduced the speaker of the occasion, Mr. Murdock, who dwelt earnestly on the influence of Lincoln's mother upon her son and his great teaching, the equality of man.



Girls' High School may well be proud of its Alumnae Association with an enrollment of about seven hundred members. The officers of the organization are as follows: Mrs. John T. Sullivan, president; Mrs. E. R. Ellert, first vice-president; Miss Croyland, second vice-president; Miss L. M. O'Neal, treasurer; Miss Meyerfeld, secretary. Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Charles M. Smith, Miss Florence Mixer, Mrs. Skinkle, Mrs. Sanborn and Dr. Caroline Rosenberg are directors. Recently they held a number of meetings to arrange for the annual breakfast given on the seventeenth of April. Nearly three hundred graduates then met for the purpose of recalling the many pleasant memories of their school life. Mayor and Mrs. Taylor were invited and our faculty was well represented.

Ellen Page became the wife of Dr. James Presley on the 28th of January at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale. The bridesmaids were Alma Birmingham, ex-'09, and Louelle Jackson, a member in this graduating class. Dr. and Mrs. Presley are now living at the Hotel Manx in this city.

Paula Wright, a prominent member of the class of June, '05, is now teaching cooking at Hamilton Grammar School.

Edith Nolan, Dec., '08, and Mildred Morrison, ex-'09, are taking a kindergarten course.

Mabel Zeile of '04, is studing at the Arts and Crafts School in Berkeley.

The engagement of Arly Nelson, December, '08, to Harry Fossey has been announced. The date of the wedding was set as a post Easter function.

Helen Inglis, Agnes Giberson, Grace Gay of December, '08, and Claire Wolf of June, '08, are back at school taking a post graduate course.

Rita Cahen, Fanny Hortenstine, Estelle Coblenetz, Dorothy Duncombe, and Hazel Royer of '08 have lately graduated from business college.

Marion Curtis, '06, has been visiting friends in New Orleans.

Madeline Cashman, Gladys Hazelrigg, Frances Moran, and Jessie Harper are attending Normal. In the cast of "Every Girl," a play given by the pupils of the State Normal School, were Dagmar Scavlan, Hattie Baker, Julia Glassford and Mildred McEachern.

Gwendolyn Powers, June, '08, expects to enter the University of California with the class of '13.

Rita Webster, '08, was married to Mr. J. F. Jewett on the seventeenth of March.

Minna Lee Noe, June, '05, is now in St. Louis.

Irene Bullin, '08, is attending the San Jose Normal School.

Blanche Carrau, June '08, is doing Settlement work.

Charlotte Knudson and Flossie Braun, December, '08, are attending Gallagher-Marsh Business College.

Florence Block, Nina Moise, Florence Metzer and Grace Faubel are at Stanford.

Madeline Walsh is now at Hopkins Institute of Art and doing excellent work.

Gwen Jones, December, '08, is on a trip abroad. She left for Boston on the 1st of April.

Elizabeth Gardiner, former business manager of the Journal, December, '08, is taking a post-graduate course at Lick.

Maude Hart became the wife of Mr. Bernard Pencovic in December.

Mrs. Pierson, formerly Essae Dalton, '05, is living in Portland.

The death of Mrs. Joseph Jordan, formerly Edna Bell White, '05, came as a great shock. We extend our sincere sympathy to her relatives and friends.

Linda tum Suden of December, '07, is devoting her time to music, preparing for an extended course in Europe.

Viola Bennett, Dec., '06, Camilla Brouillard, June, '06, Constance Russell, June, '08, Julia Leyden, Dec., '08, and Mary Drady, June, '08, are completing their course most successfully at Heald's Business College.

Many of our graduates are doing excellent work at the University of California. Among the Seniors are Louise Huebner, Florence Mixer, Rue Clifford, Kathryn Heinz, Ida Graff, Evelyn Morrill, Stella Carlisle and Lorena Hunt.

In the junior year are May Fitzgerald, Irene Coffin, who took part in the Junior Farce, and was vice-president of her class, Alma Summerfield, Mary Redmond, Nellie Trewick, Helen Hill, active in dramatics; Lucy Harrison, and Carrie Gordon, who took part in the "Gondoliers," the last performance of the Treble Clef.

Rose Weiss, Elsie Alereus, Leila Trewick and Cecil Levy represent the school in the sophomore year, while Helen Switzer, Carmelita Woerner, Adele Henry, Ida Bernard, Genevieve Touhey, Theresa Harrison, Louise Everett, May Lindsay, Helen Runyon and Dagmar Games are freshmen. Miss Games took part in Van Dyke's play, "The House of Rimmon," presented by the English Club at the Greek Theater.

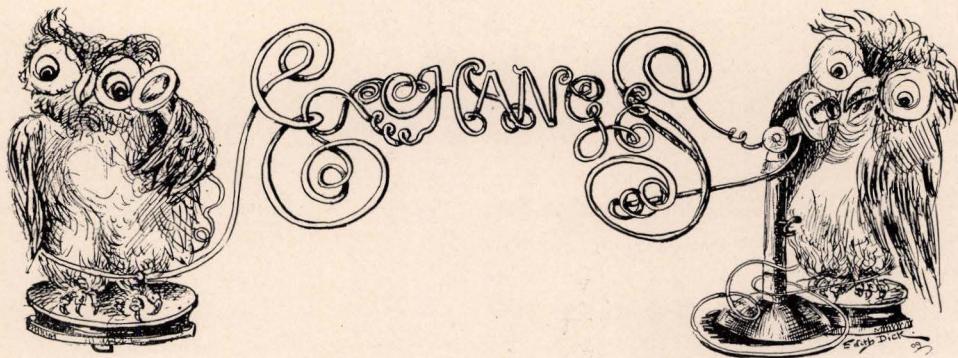
Ruth Heppner is now attending Pratt Institute in New York.

The marriage of Bertha Fisher, ex-'09, to Mr. Enemark took place in April.

Mrs. Cass Downing, formerly Anita Day, Dec., '07, has a little daughter.

Hilda Cohen, Dec., '08, is very actively engaged as a teacher of elocution.





The general arrangement of the "Artisan," Boston, Mass., is good. It has interesting stories and a well written exchange column. There is but one poem, but happily that is a clever one.

The stories in the "Black and Gold," Honolulu, are good, but a little more variety would relieve any monotony. By all means, keep up an Exchange column every month. Criticisms given in a friendly spirit help to improve any paper. Few papers care to exchange with a paper that has no exchange column.

We are very glad to welcome the "Bell" from San Jose High once again. Yours is a neat and attractive paper and well arranged. The cuts and jokes are excellent. Keep up the good work!

"El Rodeo," from Merced, with its bright cover is a cheery paper. Try to write up a better alumni column. Your stories are good, but why no poetry?

All of the "Owl" numbers that we have received are more than good. The exchange column is really a column for intelligent criticism, while the joshes are funny. It takes lots of school spirit to make such a paper.

The Christmas "Mission Graduate" is one of our best exchanges. All of the literature is excellent, and the story "The Letter and the Spirit" very clever. The cuts, pictures and jokes are all good.

Endeavor to obtain quality rather than quantity in your stories, "Green and Gold." Most of your stories are a little weak. Bring them to what your cuts and poems are, and your journal will be greatly improved.

We are indeed glad to welcome the "Orange and Black," from Spokane, once more. Your cuts and joshes are particularly good; and the general arrangement of your paper makes every department interesting. But don't you think that it would be a good plan to do away with ads in the front of a high school paper? It would at least improve the looks of your journal. Your supplement is a fortunate addition.

We have received some very good numbers of "Flame," Fruitvale, in which are several creditable cuts. The stories are all good but the poems do not come up to the standard. Remember you can not make all words rhyme. Your Josh column is always good.

"Commercial," your cuts are good and your paper thoroughly neat in appearance. An exchange column is the means of improving every paper, and now that you have started one, we are sure that you will feel benefited. Come again.

"Cogswell" is a good paper all through. We would recommend not separating the exchanges even if it is only by one page. Ads in the front of a journal detract rather than add to its appearance.

"Red and Black," New Hampshire, you have some very good stories, but why no poems?

The Christmas "Guard and Tackle" from Stockton High, is the best of your numbers we have received. However, more cuts and joshes would improve it.

The "Mascot" from Hood River, Oregon, is a good little paper with this exception, it has no josh column. Try and confine your ads to the back of the journal.

The material and pictorial work of the "Oracle," Bakersfield, is very good. It has a fine josh column but we find no cuts. Keep your ads at the back of the paper.

For a small school only three years' old, Turlock High publishes a splendid paper. In "The Alert," we see plenty of school spirit, a thing of which many schools cannot boast. A few more stories

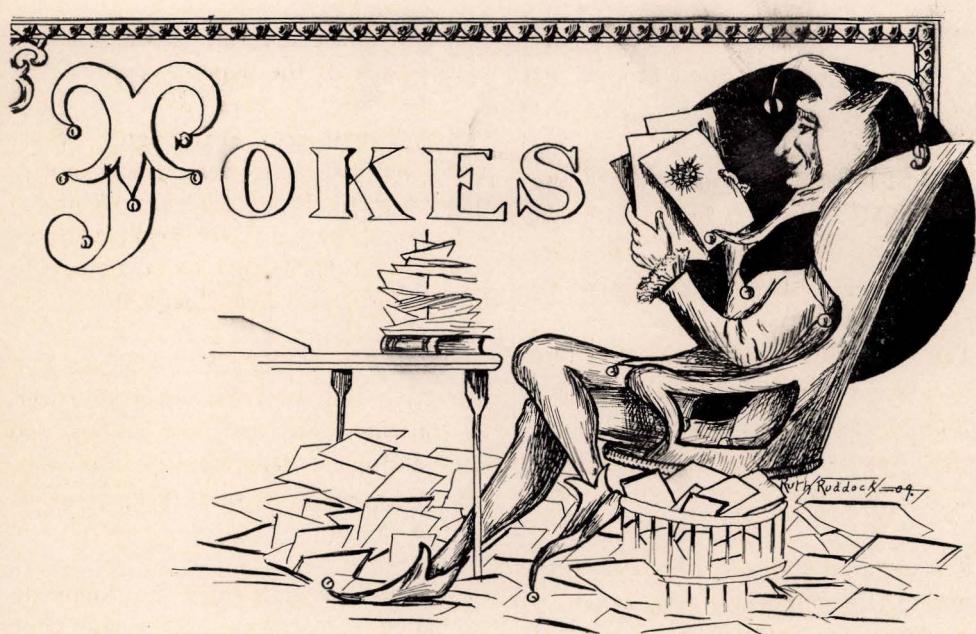
will add to the journal. Keep your ads at the back of the paper.

The Christmas "Searchlight" wants fewer but longer stories. Short stories of little merit do not lend any weight to a paper. The cuts are excellent. One would have been used to advantage to fill up the almost blank page 18.

The "Wilmerding Life" is a neat and attractive journal from cover to cover. It contains some excellent stories and cuts, and every department is well written. Our only criticism is, keep your ads off the covers.

We also acknowledge the following exchanges: "Clarion," Sherman High School, San Francisco; "Daily Maroon," University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.; "Lowell," Lowell High School, San Francisco; "Poly," Polytechnic High School, San Luis Obispo, Cal.; "Sibyl," Riverside High School, Riverside, Cal.; "Ulitas," Vacaville High School, Vacaville, Cal.; "Hitchcock Sentinel," Hitchcock Military Academy, San Rafael.





In the Corridors and Class Rooms

Oh, the dew is fresh in the morning,
And the flowers are fresh on the grass,
But never yet has a thing been seen
So fresh as our Senior Class.

It Really Happened!

We are pained to observe that our esteemed teacher, Miss J., has developed quite a taste for slang. One day, while at the blackboard, expounding to her class the "Remainder Theorem," she was heard to say, "Girls, am I too fast? We'll cut this short. Rubber, please, Miss P--rs-n."

Recitation—hesitation—pony balked
—ruination!!

Declined With Thanks.

The class president very rashly handed Mr. M. these suggestive words:

"The 4B class regrets very much that it is unable to accept Mr. M.'s kind invitation to a reception at 3:05 p. m., but owing to a previous engagement with Miss J. at the same hour, they are obliged to decline."

(Later chronicles tell us they attended both!)

Wrathy Teacher, rapping on his desk—"Order, order!"

Pupil, awakening—"Ham and eggs, please."

Teacher—"What made you late?"

Miss K.—"The cars were delayed, I guess."

Algebra Teacher—"What is your answer for the second problem?"

Miss R., doubtfully—"Well, I did that one myself, so I think it's wrong."

She—"How lovely of you to bring me these beautiful roses! I do believe there is a little dew on them yet."

He, guiltily—"Why-er-yes, there's about fifty cents due I think, but I'll pay it to-morrow."

Geometry.

Given: A pig and a chair,
To prove that a pig=a chair.

Proof.

- (1) A chair has four legs and a back.
- (2) A pig has four legs and a back.
(Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.)

(3) Therefore: A pig=a chair.

Q. E. D.

Caller—"Have you any children, Mrs.—?"

Mother—"Yes; three are living, and one is at Oakland High School."

In the English Class.

Miss B-s-h—"In order to give a clear description of an object, you must first be struck by it, second it must take your eye and third, it must make an impression on your mind."

(Beware of descriptions and avoid doctors' bills.)

The Latest Absent Treatment.

Teacher—"Will the absentees please stand!"

Mother—"Johnny, why didn't you wash your face this morning?"

Son—"The doctor said to be careful not to get my feet wet, and I guess my face is just as good as my feet."

Canterbury Interpretations.

Teacher—"Explain the line, 'And carf before his fader at the table.'"

Bright Senior—"He carved his father at the table."

Horrible Dictu!

The Interpretation of Popular Novels, G. H. S.

"The Man of the Hour".....	Dr. Scott
"The Little Minister".....	Mildred Carlton
"The Comrades".....	Alice Corwin and Grace Dorey
"The Silent Places".....	Study Hall
"Our Helen".....	Helen Gilbert
"Little Colonial Dame".....	Miss Croyland
"Two Captains".....	Margaret Hodgen and Edith Bull
"The Yellow Journalist".....	Marian Mel
"Gentleman From France".....	Mr. Dupuy
"Prisoners of Hope".....	Girls of G. H. S.
"Mistress Nell".....	Nellie Burkham
"The Younger Set".....	"Freshies"
"Daughter of Anderson Crow".....	Virginia Crow
"The Owl's Nest".....	Rooms 23 and 24
"The Singular Miss Smith".....	Eleanor Smith
"Cheerful Smugglers".....	Those who took the '09 Valentine
"Little Brown Cousins".....	Leona and Dorothy
"The Prima Donna".....	Hazel Klinger
"The Old, Old Story".....	"Cars were stopped"
"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come".....	Mr. Centner
"The Fatal Card".....	Our last report
"The Star of the Opera".....	Edna Harrison
"Chosen Few".....	Those in the Farce
"The Truants".....	Dorothy Hill and Ruth Mayer
"The Choir Invisible".....	The Glee Club
By	
"We Two".....	{ Claudia Massie Ruth Ruddock

Those Cutting Sarcasms of Class Meeting.

Miss Lochbaum, decidedly—"Well, I move that the scrub reception be given in the very near future."

Miss Lowenberg, icily—"On the contrary, I move that it be given in the study hall."

Modern Fairy Tales.

Miss H-dg-n, confidently translating her Virgil, "She opened her mouth and poured forth great whales!" (wails). No wonder the class looked amazed.

Queen Elizabeth's face was thin and pale, but she was a stout Protestant.

Other papers all remind us,
We can make our own just fine,
If our fellow schoolmates send us
Contributions all the time.
Here a little, there a little,
Story, school note, cut or jest;
If you want a good school paper,
Each of you must do your best.

"Contributions for the Girls' High Journal may be dropped into the contribution Box at the Library Door."

The above notice appeared on the blackboard in Miss H.'s room. A "freshie" read it and turning to her companions said, "Gee, I don't think I'll give more than a dime. Will that be enough?"

Concerning John Paul Jones.

History Teacher—"Miss H., tell me something about John Paul Jones."

Miss H., speaking confidently—"He went to sea when he was very young and rapidly rose."

Willie—"Papa, are you growing yet?"

Papa—"No, Willie; what makes you think so?"

"Willie—"Because the top of your head is coming through your hair."

Teacher—"How many ribs have you, Johnny?"

Johnnie—"Don't know, ma'am, I'm so ticklish I ain't never counted 'em."

High Senior—"There's a switch up a head."

Gl-d-s Cr-n-n, looking madly out the window—"Where, where?"

Bicarbonate of soda!! She must be dense.

And Usually So Shy!

Miss Gi-b-rt, gazing ruminatingly on her picture in the Journal, and speaking to Miss Th-mps-n—"Do you like that picture of me, Dot?"

Miss T., nodding with a polite effort.

Miss G.—"Well, yes, I like my face, too!!"

(She can scarcely be blamed, considering that it is her own.)

Freddy, the small son of a well-known minister, had misbehaved, and for punishment he was not allowed to eat at the family table. A small table was set for him in the corner of the dining room. When his dinner was placed before him Freddy said, very solemnly:

"Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast spread a table before me in the presence of my enemies."

Advanced Vocabulary.

Miss Hill pats Miss Cronan maternally on the cheek.

Miss Cronan, indignantly, "Will you s-quit!"

An axiom is a thing that is so visible that it is not necessary to see it.

Little sprains and bruises,
Little drops of gore,
Give a 'Lanta player
Fame for evermore.

Miss C., in the 4B English class—"Just take the centuries as they run along, girls."

Now what could she have meant by that?

Chivalry is when you feel cold.

We don't want to buy your candies,
We don't like you any more,
You'll be sorry when you see us
Going to some other store.

You can't sell us any bargains,
Ribbons, ties or other fads;
We don't want to trade at your store,
If you don't give us any ads.

An Excuse for Tardiness.

Dear Teacher—please excuse Mary
for being late as she fell in the mud.
Hoping you will do the same, I am
yours truly,
Mrs. X.

New Roofing.

Miss G-lb-rt, in English, reading in
a commanding voice, "Get you the thir-
teenth scudi for the roof!"

Early last term two small "freshies"
were heard to remark that they "didn't
see why great big girls like those
Seniors had to make so much noise and
race around the buildings so much!"

Dears! You should not question an
immutable law. You will know just
why when you are a little older.

Miss Hill stated in a businesslike man-
ner that the price for the ads was over
in the corner back of the stove.

How we wish it were!

Lives of seniors all remind us
We can strive to do our best,
And departing, leave behind us
Notebooks that will help the rest.



Class Yell

WHO-O!

WHO-O-O! !

WHO-O-O-O-O!!!

WE ARE

MIGHTY

FINE,

OWLS OF

NAUGHT

NINE,

WHO-O!

WHO-O-O!!

WHO-O-O-O!!!

WHO-O-O-O-O!!!!

Farewell

By GRACE L. DOREY, '09.

Oh, School, within whose kind portals four years have we labored most happy,

Oh, Teachers, under whose guidance four years have we learned and gained wisdom,

We are about now to leave ye,—to go forth to the world with its struggles.

On the highways of life and the byways, present will e'er be your teachings.

Not only gleanings from text-books, the results of the course and the schedule,

Not only the stories told to us oft for our pleasure,

But those deep, broad, significant teachings of love for each other, of friendship;

For, if not you, who, then, has taught us to cherish the memory of comrades?

We are about now to leave ye—why make this parting a sad one?

Are we not grateful to you? Should we not, then, be most happy?

We part, yea, but let us in spirit each with the other be present;

Let thoughts bring us back from the far lands, and memory have power to comfort.

Let not a tear fall, but rather, the tongue give praise for the privilege

To have lived in the shade of your wisdom, to have passed away hours in your counsel.

And, as a farewell, we would wish you, from deep in our hearts' inmost caverns,

Honor, Esteem, well deserved, and the greatest of Joys without number.

The Journal staff wishes to express its hearty appreciation of the work done by certain girls of the lower classes who acted in the capacity of reporters. Those whom we wish to thank particularly, and at the same time recommend as excellent workers to future classes, are: Claire Drayeur, Carol Rehfisch, Emmeline Willis, Edith Bradberry, Margaret Murdock, Charlotte McKeon and Bessie Brenner.

The business manager feels greatly indebted to her two assistants, Rose Clauss and Dorothy Hill; to those girls in her own class who have labored so diligently in the pursuit of ads; and to her staff of assistants in the various classes: Conchita Armer, Olive Barger, Etta Kaufman, Annie Squires, Grace Turkington, Ethel Frank, Dorothy Wormser.

The class wishes to thank H. Pierre Smith for his courtesy and good workmanship; The Sierra Art and Engraving Company for its half-tone work and The James H. Barry Company for the printing found in this Journal.

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She flunked in math,
She flunked in chem,
And then I heard her hiss
“I’d like to find the one who said
That ‘ignorance is bliss.’ ”

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TINS

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"THE NAME DESCRIBES IT"

A Boston spinster had a dog,
One of those high-toned towsers,
Who's so well bred and nice, 'tis said,
He never pants—he towsers.

— F. MAY —

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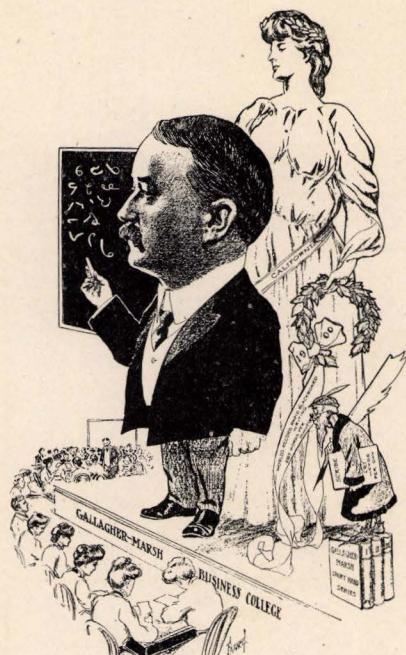
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DON'T LET YOUR COURAGE FADE—
AND IF YOU GET A LEMON,
JUST MAKE A LEMON—AID"

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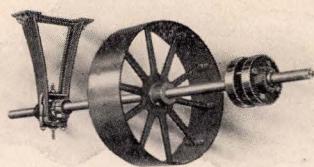
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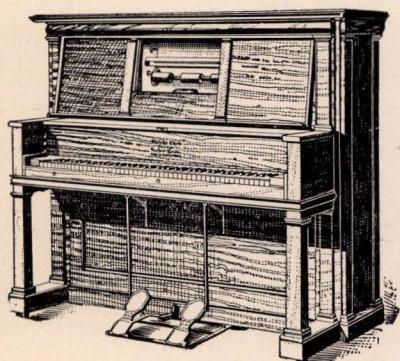
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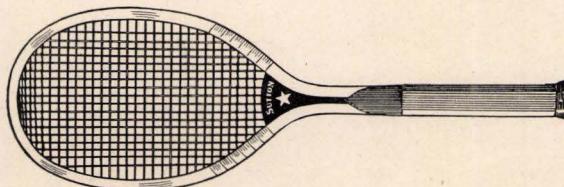
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