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COLLECTION

THE GIRLS HIGH JOURNAL

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CALIFORNIA
JUNE, 1915



PUBLISHED
SEMI-ANNUALLY BY
THE PUPILS OF THE
GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL

TO
HERBERT N. MASSEY
THE CLASS OF JUNE, 1915, LOVINGLY
DEDICATES THIS ISSUE OF
THE JOURNAL

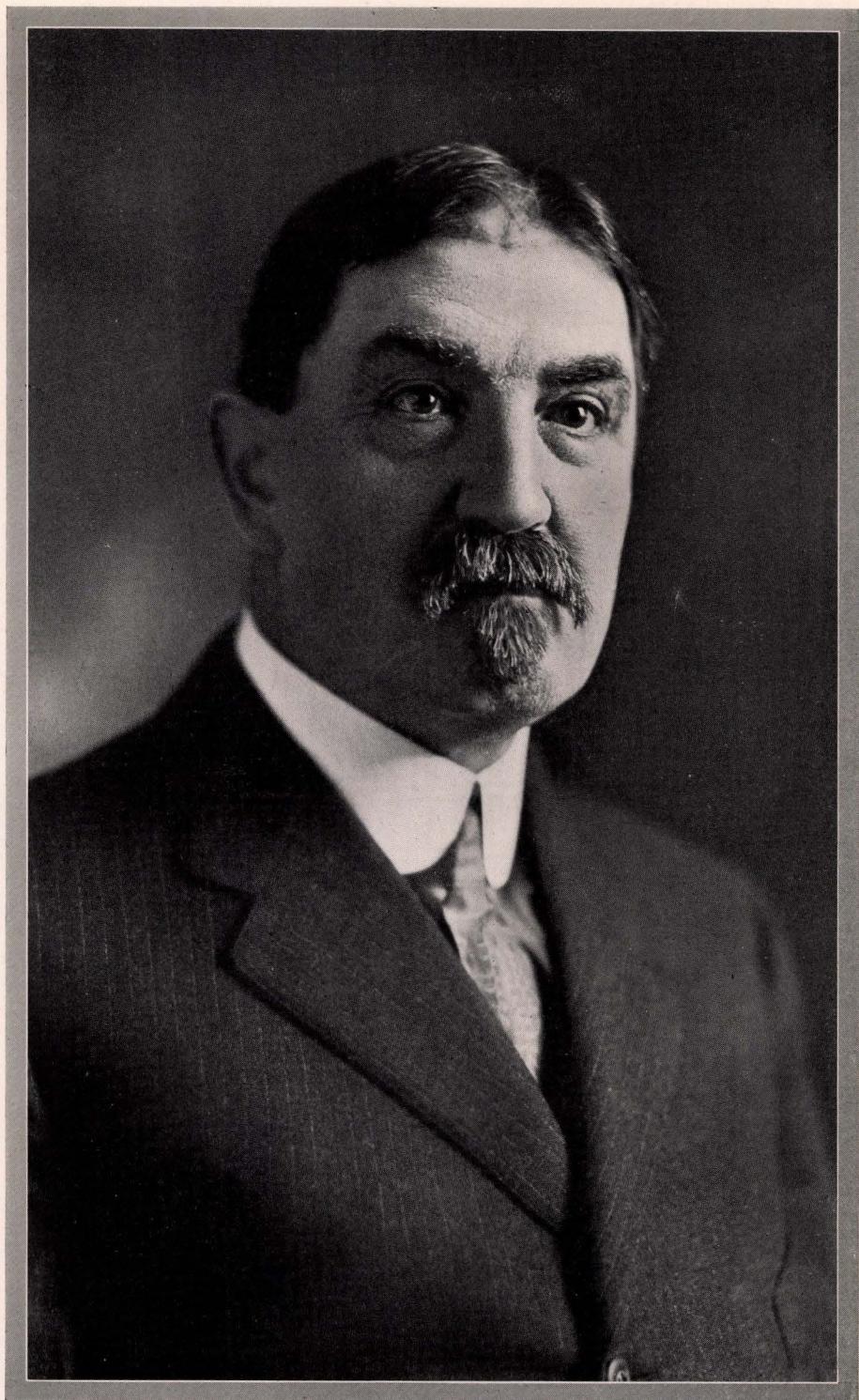




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DR. A. W. SCOTT

PRINCIPAL



The Jewel City

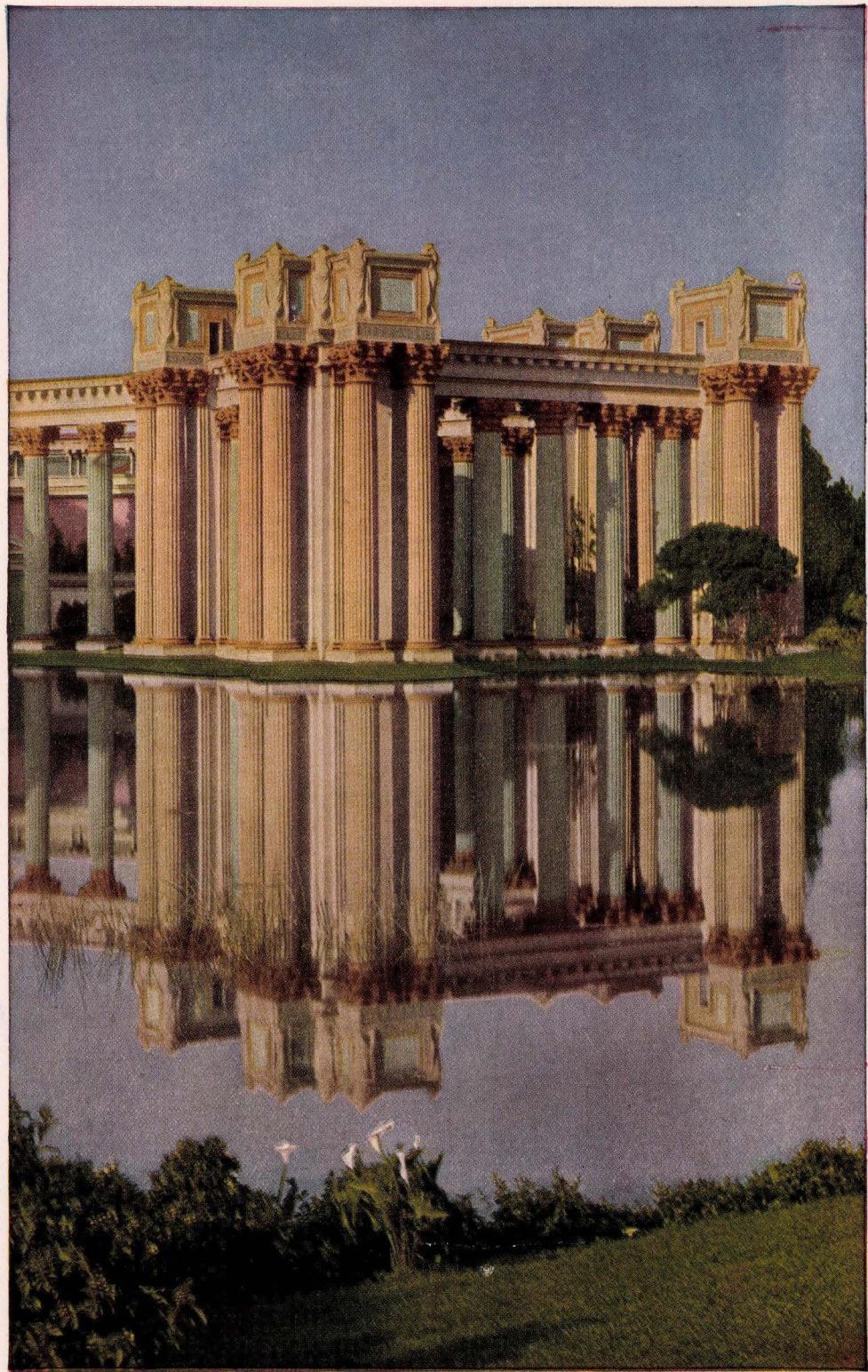
In beauty and splendor, surpassing proud Rome,
The fair Jewel City has come to our home.
Beside the bold sea, in her grandeur she stands,
And bids the world welcome with out-stretching hands.

The blue from the water, the green from the hills,
With exquisite beauty the dream city fills ;
And the gold-tinted dome of the palace shines bright
As the full silver'd moon on a soft summer night.

The far Eastern people, of mystical lore,
Will mingle with those from the Occident shore ;
And the dark pampas rover, from Argentine plains,
Will list to the Esquimaux' plaintiff refrains.

The East meets the West, and the twain are now one ;
The race of the ages the circle has run ;
And naught now remains for mankind to achieve
Save only to see, and to know, and believe.

LUCILE GRAHAM, June, '15.





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**Semi-Annual Edition
of the
Girls High School Journal**

San Francisco, California, June, 1915

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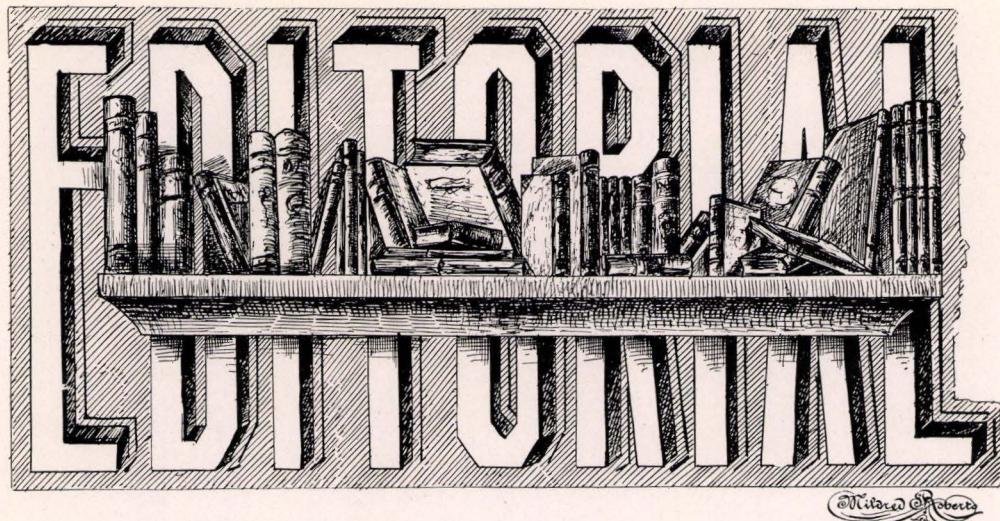
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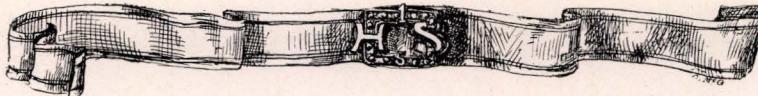
SADIE GILCHRIST
Low Senior
Ass't Bus. Manager



If a stranger were to judge our school by our library, he would carry away a bad impression, and yet few schools have a finer one. What is the meaning of this seeming paradox? Bright, shining gilt-lettered books are reposing on rows in their respective shelves. Let the eye travel along until it rests upon a volume bearing the name of a truly good author, remove the book from its companions, and it will be found, in most cases, that the leaves are uncut and the binding stiff from lack of use. A book is to be *used*—carefully, for one who shows no respect for a book deserves no respect from his fellow beings.

Are we acquiring a passion for the mere collecting of books? Have we a library filled with expensive and carefully selected books just to grace the south-east corner of our building? No, decidedly not. The purpose of the high school is not to give a complete education, but to lay a foundation upon which we are to build by our own efforts; we are taught how to study and are given access to a library and if we do not take advantage of this excellent opportunity we are harming ourselves. Since there are plenty of other people to do us injustice, let us at least be fair with ourselves. Every book in our library should show signs of usage.

California welcomes the world! The great school of all nations is ready for students. When thinking of this wonderful Universal Exposition we must not entirely forget the great achievement of man, to which it stands a monument. There are two important factors which make the Panama Canal preeminent among the great accomplishments of late years,—one the great engineering skill and immense outlay of money involved, and the other the victory over the deadly enemies of health in the tropics.



Contemporaneous with the opening of the Panama Canal we have the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. It is the medium of instruction for the citizens of the world, concerning the great commercial, industrial and educational achievements of our time. Great inventions, methods of transportation, education, different phases of agriculture, clean, hygienically prepared foods, rare and beautiful plants and almost priceless treasures of painting and sculpture are gathered together and systematically arranged for the benefit of those who wish to learn. Let us, at whose very doors this great celebration is being held, avail ourselves of the opportunity and profit in every possible way by our visits to the Exposition.

Until quite recently the lion's share of study and time has been given to the first of the two branches of economics—production and consumption. But the spending of money is equally as important as acquiring it. Four billion dollars, more or less, is expended annually in the United States for household expenses, and it is the women who spend it, in most cases in a haphazard and unbusiness-like way.

Within the last few years a scientific study has been given to the affairs of the household, to fit woman for her principal business in life—*that of home making*.

To be properly fitted for her "profession" she should be given instructions in Domestic Science and Domestic Art. If the course be properly taught she would have a knowledge not only of sewing and cooking, but of the selection of the proper foods and fabrics, of mending, of the laundry, and of wise expenditure of time and energy.

It is a lamentable truth that in the only girls' high school west of the Mississippi River there is no home economics taught other than one year of sewing with classes but four times a week. The matter should be looked into at once.

There would be little pleasure in publishing the June 1915 issue of our "Journal" unless somewhere within it we give a little unworthy thanks to those whose resourcefulness, wisdom and self-sacrificing spirit of kind helpfulness have added to this book touches of finish, which would otherwise be sadly lacking.

Our efforts have met with success only through the kind and inspiring aid of Miss Armer and Mr. Goldstein.

As for graduation dresses made by the girls themselves! We are afraid there wouldn't be any if it weren't for the generous, patient assistance given to us by Miss Wood.

To Miss Wood the members of the class of June 1915 express their sincerest thanks.



A Word from the Business Manager.

Contrary to the prophecy of some former journals that the publication of our school paper would soon have to be discontinued on account of the lack of funds, we are happy to say we have substantially proved that this is not to be the case. With the invaluable help and sympathy of the school backing us, we have succeeded in obtaining the necessary money with comparatively no trouble at all. This happy condition of affairs has been accomplished only by the support given us by the school, and we deeply appreciate the efforts of all the girls. We sincerely hope that the interest and enthusiasm shown this term by the whole school will continue to make the hearts of future business managers happy.

RUTH CARMICHAEL.

To Those Who Read Our Journal.

Look through our advertisements. It will be worth your while. The men who have shown themselves willing and ready to help us are willing and ready to give you a square deal. Only through their efforts have we been able to publish this issue of the "Journal." It is no more than right for you to do what you can to help them. Patronize our advertisers! Tell them why you are patronizing them!

The Business Manager deeply appreciates the good work done by her collectors, Alma Doane, Grace Dodge, Sadie Gilchrist, Eugenia Peabody, Lucile Cordrey, Camille Middleton, Blanche Dewey, Esther Bull, Constance Meeker, Ruth Seeley, Dorothy Fabian, Helen McGinn, Gladys Oppenheim, Amelda Webb, Aloha Hinz, Ruth Develey and Margaret Sloss.

The school takes this opportunity to extend its sincerest sympathy to their beloved teacher, Adeline B. Croyland, in her recent bereavement.

LITERATURE





To Miss Armer.

If we could tell you of each thought
Of all the girls whom you have taught,
If you could read our hearts, so true,
You'd know how much we think of you.

But we, the girls of G. H. S.,
Have something which we must confess,—
We know it's been a trial for you
To read our petty fiction through.

But with what patience and what tact
You've helped us realize the fact
That if we would have wide renown
'Tis hard work only earns the crown.

You've waded through poems pages long
With rhyming bad and meter wrong,
Yet ever patient, ever kind,
You've drawn the best from many a mind.

R. P., June, '15.



Her land was a world of giant redwoods, of deep shadows, of setting suns that splashed her river with red blood, and of midnight skies all a-twinkle with a million jewels. She was a child of nature. For fourteen summers and winters the great living nature had been her all. Mother was but a name to her—the name of a beautiful picture. Father was the name of the evil-minded, drink-sodden man, who, after months of absence, returned to his mountain cabin with food for the girl.

Such had been her life, when one day, as the girl stood in her cabin doorway, a wondrous thing happened. Down the road past the cabin came a boy, whistling blithely as he drove cattle before him. He caught sight of her.

"Hello," he called out. No answer.

"Oh, I say, what's your name?" he continued.

"Girl," she replied. "What's yours?"

"Oh,— Boy, I guess," he laughingly told her.

Then followed a conversation in which the boy learned much of the girl's life and the girl learned that he was to be her neighbor. He was surprised at her ignorance of the things of learning that in his seventeen years had become a part of his being. On the other hand, her knowledge of the things of the woods, the waters, the little insects, and animals astounded him, and he shivered, as he looked up at the redwoods she so proudly pointed to him.

"Would you like me to tell you more about them?" she shyly asked.

"I surely would, and I tell you what. I'll tell you some of the things I know."

So their bargain was completed, and so the summer passed.

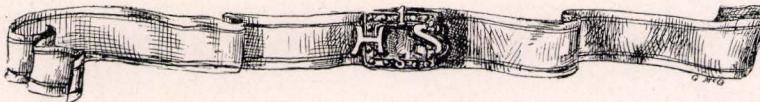
She delighted in his worldly wisdom, and he in her quaint ideas and speeches. A vast change appeared around her cabin, and she patiently awaited her father's return, hoping against hope that he would want to stay with her now. Remarkably quickly she mastered subjects of the school room. Finally he tried to start her on Algebra, but she demurred.

"I can't learn it, and I don't need it," she argued.

"Oh, but you do. You ought to try anyway." he urged.

"Well, I can't, and what's more I won't," she cried.

The boy was astounded at the vehement assertion of will, and he deliberately said, "You are a coward, a mental coward."



She sprang away from him as if he had struck her. To think that Boy had called her a coward—a coward of all names, when she had tried so hard. Slowly she spoke to him.

"Boy, go! Never come again till I send for you."

He laughed at first, but when he turned and saw the girl's white drawn face he followed the path to the gate to which the rigid arm pointed. Then Girl fled to the woods. Sobbing, she lay at the foot of her great redwood. She knew he wouldn't come back again and she was glad. By sheer will-power she decided to conquer her wretched Algebra.

So Autumn found her, and the girl shivered in its chilly embrace. Her father had been gone five months. Food was low, as were the girl's spirits. Her very feelings seemed to shrivel in the dry Autumn blasts which daily caused the brown grass to turn browner, and all nature to droop. As she prayed daily for rain, a great loneliness came over her and she despaired even of her father's return.

One night as the wind howled fitfully through the trees and the cabin was shaken with its great gusts, the outer door opened. The girl, peering down from her loft above, saw her father stumble into the room and sprawl down before the half-extinguished fire. She was shocked to see him so hopelessly drunk, for it seemed he should have felt the call she had sent to him through the dark nights. She sprang down the ladder.

"Well,—Girl!" and he tried to rise. She rushed into speech, for the shame of it all was so intense.

"Oh, father, I'm glad you are home," and she told of her life during his absence, of their neighbors, and all. Suddenly he broke out with a fierce oath.

"Our neighbors? You been having that dirty fool's son here? Whatcha think his father said? He said he'd have the game warden after me for shooting up game in his forest. After me, *me* mark you. Why, do you know what I've got half a mind to do? I'll burn down his whole forest," and he laughed fiendishly. Suddenly a new idea struck him. "I think I'll do it tonight, too. The wind's jest right an' everything's dry. They'll be caught like rats in a trap." He laughed again in maudlin glee.

Girl, horror struck, watched him, fascinated, until he moved unsteadily toward the door. Then like a wild beast she flung herself upon him, protesting. He struck her brutally, throwing her across the room, where she lay in a little heap upon the floor.

With a final oath, the man-beast flung himself out of the door, leaving it wide open. The winds rushed into the cabin and the fire sputtered, choked, and belched forth smoke, while the girl lay huddled on the floor.

Just how long she lay there she did not know, but at last the girl came back to the consciousness of a throbbing head and of daylight. Gradually she recalled the fact that her father was home. She was glad he had brought wood for the fire, and that it was crackling so merrily. The smell of the burning logs was



pleasant to her drowsy senses. The draught from the open door was a bit chilly. She moved nearer the fire. Funny, but it didn't seem any warmer. She turned to look at the fire. Why, there wasn't any fire at all!

Suddenly she remembered. Her inertia dropped from her with the suddenness of a silken garment. In a flash she was at the window. The horror of the sight almost numbed her senses. The whole hillside in the direction of the boy's home was on fire. Madly she dashed from the cabin. Like a wild frightened bird up the road she flew. Her father had done this awful thing, and she must warn the boy.

Immense pillars of heat seemed to be hedging her in. Snapping and crackling sounds and a great heat oppressed her, but she pushed on. Slowly an awful conviction came to her—she could never reach her goal. The fire demons were being fanned nearer and nearer the road, but she did not turn back. Suddenly across her path a great burning log fell. With a great gulp she started back from it. There was a burning in her throat, an awful burning. She must have water. She drew away crying faintly for "water, water," only to drop to the road insensible, while the fire roared on.

But her call was heard, for suddenly from out the heavens the long-prayed-for rain fell in torrents, flooding the seething mass of fire.

Slowly from the neighbor's farm Boy and his father worked their way down the road. A short distance from the farm, in turning over some charred logs, they discovered the burned and disfigured body of a man—the victim of his own wickedness.

In fear, the Boy rushed on. Suddenly he knelt by the roadside, taking a little figure in his arms, but his aid was too late. The Girl had swallowed fire. Although conscious, she was slowly dying. She recognized him though and with difficulty spoke.

"Boy, my father—did it—and I came to warn you, and—" Here she faltered, but soon went on as she raised a weak hand to his cheek and just as a ghost of a smile flitted across her face, she said:

"And Boy, I've learned the Algebra."

"Oh, Girl," he sobbed, as he gently laid her on the moistened earth, "My Brave Girl."

F. McMURRAY, June '15.

"Recitations may come, and recitations may go, but 'I don't know' goes on forever."

"A friend with an extra car ticket is a friend indeed."



The Serenade.

A little cricket's piping in the grass down by the stream,
It's such a funny racket, both a squeaking and a scream,
It shivers 'mong the grasses and the ripples on the brook,
And dainty posies shudder hiding in a shady nook.
The fat old frog disgustedly is hunching 'neath a stone;
The tender leaflets trembling quite, 'gin whimper and to moan.
Derisively a scented breeze laughs sly in mocking glee—
A sleepy birdie wakens from his nap high in the tree,
But still, this creaking music miser cricket's sighing ferth,
Is just the sweetest melody of any on the earth,
To wee Miss Lady Cricket who's at rest within a flow'r,
For he's a-serenading her beneath her grass leaf bow'r.

EDITH LICHTY, June, '15.

Her Little White Hat.

Mary had a little hat,
With ribbons white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
That hat was sure to go.

She took it to her school one day,
And brought it into Latin
The girls all crowded round to see
And soiled the pretty satin.

When she took it home that night
She sighed in sad dismay,
"I'll never wear my little hat
To school another day!"

And now, sweet Mary, you will see
In plain *black* cap and spats,
She took the lesson quite to heart,
And wears no more white hats.

LUCILLE JACOBS, '18.



A Bit of Truth

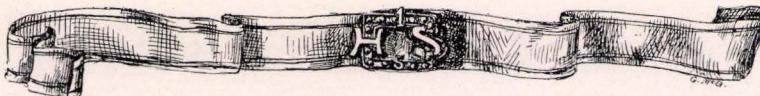
Two sleepy lids unclosed and two baby eyes looked out upon the sunny world. If anyone had been there to see, he would have envied the care-free, confident expression with which this wee little birdie surveyed the clear, azure sky from his cozy home among the leaves. But there was no one there to see,—even his fond mother was not near. He did not care, though. She'd be there soon. In the meantime surely it was delightful to be alive in so charming a world. The eager sunbeams, always ready to play with him and his friend in the nest nearby, with whom he spent the whole of the long summer day chirping songs of gladness, pleased him, but above all, he loved to eat. It was real sport to devour the wormy delicacies that his mother always feasted him with. That made him think, "It was time for some now. His tiny song-mate had already had lunch, why had not he had his? And gracious, but his feathers were dirty. Indeed, it was time his mother was there to care for him."

Doubt dawned in the innocent little eyes and revealed the thought, "Was the faithless world really thinking of lonely, hungry little birds?" He wondered until the impatient night breezes swept all the stray sunbeams off the edge of the world, and washed the gold of the sunset sky, dimming its opalescent hues. Then his wobbly head surrendered and his drowsy eyes closed.

If he but knew, his fears were justified, for his mother lay limp and bloody, in the dust of the sportsman's wake.

IRMA MINER, '16.





Our Exposition.

In a beautiful poem on "The Berkeley Hills," one of our earlier California poets, E. R. Sill, says:

What you shall find is what
You shall take with you.

Even so is it with our wonderful Exposition.

Already you have seen much there, but it is my hope to help you to see more, and, above all, enjoy more—for the chief aim of art is to enable one to enjoy more fully the beauties of nature and the embodiments of human ideals.

Probably no previous world's exposition has had so much to offer as ours, in the way of enjoyment through beautiful location of grounds, placing of buildings, and art in the open air.

I invite you now to go on an "art tour" with me through parts of the Exposition. The first feature that we notice is the marvelous perfect

COLOR SCHEME.

This is one of the most original and beautiful features of the Exposition, and was very carefully studied out by the Chief of Color of the Exposition, Jules Guerin, an Eastern artist, especially noted for the beautiful tones of his paintings.

Four colors are used in the color scheme—red, orange, green, blue—mainly in warm pastel tones. Even the sand that covers much of the pavement was heated to give it a tone that would harmonize with the tones of the walls, columns, banners, and other parts. The color scheme of the foliage and flowers was carefully planned to complete the perfect harmony. Do not fail to study this unusual feature of the Exposition, and apply the principles in your own gardens.

Next, you must notice the exterior

BUILDING MATERIAL.

The Exposition buildings and sculpture groups seem to be of grayish stone, because they are covered with an imitation of travertine, a form of limestone used in most of the great buildings of ancient and modern Rome. You can see real travertine in the pedestal of the Francis Scott Key monument in the Golden Gate Park. Imitation travertine is made of plaster of Paris, hemp fibre, and coloring matter. Its soft tone and texture add wonderfully to the beauty of the Exposition.

Have you noticed how the principal buildings and features are balanced around the Court of the Universe, as a center of symmetry? The four palaces west of this court are in form and position like the corresponding four east of it. Machinery Palace balances the Palace of Fine Arts; the Zone balances the Foreign Pavilions, and the fountains, groups of statuary and gardens complete the artistic symmetry of the whole—another very original feature of our Exposition.



STYLES OF ARCHITECTURE.

Of the palaces, see if you can find one that is purely of one style of architecture. It is certainly very appropriate that in the exterior of the eight central palaces there is much that suggests our California Mission style. As the Mission style came from that of the Spanish Renaissance, it is also fitting that the portals of these palaces should be Spanish Renaissance, and of that sixteenth century period called *plateresque*. This word means *like the work of a silversmith*, from the Spanish *plata*, silver. Plateresque art is very minute and elaborate surface decoration in relief. The limits of one art tour prevent my going much into detail, but I must tell you that the very beautiful large portal on the main facade of the Palace of Varied Industries was largely designed from the portal of the Hospital of the Holy Cross at Toledo, Spain, and that this Exposition portal cost fifteen thousand dollars. It is hoped that this splendid entrance can be preserved in the Civic Center.

To be more brief about the styles of architecture: In general, none of the large buildings are pure examples of one style of architecture.

- (1) Most of the domes are Oriental, like those of mosques.
- (2) The dome of the Palace of Horticulture is like that of the Mosque of Ahmed I, in Constantinople. The body of the building is of the Renaissance style, the elaborate ornamentation being largely rococo.
- (3) The dome of Festival Hall, with its lantern, is Renaissance, as is, in fact, the whole building. The corner pavilions are French Renaissance.
- (4) The triple gables and triple arches on each of the four sides of the Palace of Machinery, and the triple divisions of the whole building, suggest those of the Baths of Caracalla of ancient Rome. The ornamentation is of the Italian Renaissance style.
- (5) The two Triumphal Arches are of the Roman style, but the triple windows and obelisk pinnacles are Oriental.
- (6) The Column of Progress was probably suggested by Trajan's Column, Rome.
- (7) The four Spanish Renaissance Towers, often called "the Italian Towers," two on each side of the Tower of Jewels, were probably suggested by the Giralda of Seville, as was our Ferry Tower.
- (8) The Court of the Ages, or Court of Abundance, suggests Spanish Gothic architecture in its soaring lines and decorative sculpture of plants and animals, but there is no conspicuous pointed arch in it.
- (9) The beautiful colonnades and arcades of the various Courts are Roman, suggesting those of the Forum, Piazza of San Pietro, and the Colosseum.
- (10) The Palace of Fine Arts is artistically one of the most beautiful of the buildings. Its colonnades are Roman.



THE FOUNTAINS.

As I cannot go into details about the beautiful courts and very interesting fountains, I shall refer you to a valuable little book by one of the graduates of our Girls' High School, Mrs. Juliet James.

The first fountain to greet us, as we came in the main entrance, was the great Fountain of Energy. This was designed by the Acting Chief of Sculpture, A. Stirling Calder, who says that "the Fountain of Energy joyously proclaims the triumph of the Achievement of the Panama Canal." The figure of Energy typifies the creators of the canal, while the canal is symbolized by the earth and water below. From Energy's shoulders, Victory and Fame proclaim the completion of the canal. Below, the figure groups in the water symbolize the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, that were joined by the canal.

MURAL DECORATIONS.

Of these, we must especially study those by Frank Brangwyn of England, noted for his glorious color. His eight mural paintings are in the arcades of the Court of Ages or Abundance; the pairs symbolize earth, air, fire, and water.

Do not fail to notice the painting by our San Francisco artist, Arthur F. Mathews, over the north doorway of the Court of Palms. It symbolizes the "Victorious Spirit," with widespread wings of protection.

The time for our art tour is nearly up, but I must keep you a few moments, to say that the very artistic and appealing statue, The End of the Trail, symbolizes the Fate of the American Indian.

Also, in the beautiful Palace of Fine Arts, you must not fail to study and enjoy the paintings in the following rooms, devoted to our *American* painters:

(1) To the left and back of the main entrance, the room of the earliest noted American painters, as West, Stuart, and Copley.

(2) Nearby, the rooms each given up to one American artist: Whistler, Twachtman, Tarbell, Redfield, Duveneck, and William Keith, our most noted California artist, not living now.

(3) To the right of the main entrance and against the outside wall, the rooms devoted to Chase, Childe Hassam, Melchers, Clark, and the room soon to contain the works of our famous portrait-painter, Sargent.

(4) In various rooms, pictures by San Francisco artists, as: Breuer, Cadenasso, Del Mue, Maynard Dixon, Armin Hansen, McComas, Arthur and Lucia Mathews, Neuhaus, Piazzoni, Joseph Raphael, Sandona, Anne Bremer, E. C. Fortune, Florence Lundborg, Mrs. Richardson.

Unfortunately, the time allowed us is more than up, and we have been able to examine only a portion of the more important art features. May all our High School girls—old and young—have a chance to enjoy fully the art of this splendid Exposition.

FIDELIA JEWETT.



Jim and Joe.

Two young brothers, Jim and Joe,
Came from the East in '61;
They came from the land of ice and snow,
Out to the land of the golden sun.
They "staked" a claim on the mountain range,
And they settled down to earnest work;
They labored along without thought of change,
For neither was ever known to shirk.

A few short years went quickly by;
They prospered, and all was moving well,
When Jim decided that he would try
On the old lead horse a new style bell.
Joe said, "No, the old bell's good,
We want no change on this 'ere place."
And Jim got mad and vowed he would
For a "two cent piece" slap his brother's face.

Joe wouldn't speak to Jim that night,
And all through the evening meal they sat
In the gloom of the dim old lantern-light,
With never a move to end the spat.
Joe smoked in silence his faithful cob,
While Jim pretended to read a book;
Each felt in his heart a heavy throb,
But neither would yield by word or look.

Jim spoke to Cap (the good old dog)
And asked what the time of night might be,
And Joe replied, as he chuckled a log,
"It is half-past nine; can't old Cap see?"
And he held his watch to the good dog's face,
But never another word was said,
And each of the boys then left his place,
And silently sulked away to bed.

For weeks and months they kept this up;
Each of them proud as a mighty king;
Although they drank from the same gourd cup,
They would not speak for anything.



At last the neighbors, as neighbors should,
Came straight to the boys in a friendly way,
And threatened to make them both "be good,"
And urged them to quit their childish play.
But the boys said "no, they would sell the place;
Divide the profits, and each *vamoose*."
Their friends gave up with a grudging grace
Because they knew that it was no use.

The ranch was sold and the brothers quit;
Each went his way with an angry heart.
Neither could tell the cause of it,
Nor why it was best that they should part.

Long years went by, and the brothers still
As strangers passed when they chanced to meet;
And both in worldly goods fared ill,
With more of bitter than of sweet.

But Joe fell sick one wintry day,
He was old and feeble and almost gone;
He knew 'twas near the end of his way,
With no one of kin to lean upon.
His proud heart yearned for a kindly word,
But never a sound escaped his lip;
The brotherly love in his old heart stirred,
But he locked it up with an iron grip.

His brother Jim lived across the hill—
A few short miles from brother Joe—
And he knew that Joe was deadly ill,
But he made no sign that he wished to go.

One dark day dawned when Joe was dead;
His cold, mute lips were stern in death;
A stranger hand had smoothed his head,
As life passed out with his waning breath.
And Joe lies now in his silent grave,
With never a care to trouble him;
He let life go for what life gave;
But how fares it now with his brother Jim?



Jim lies, sick, on his lonely cot;
Broken in strength, but his heart still proud,
And he thinks all day of his lonely lot,
And he longs all night for his waiting shroud.

His thoughts go back to the morn of life,
When himself and brother Joe were boys;
Before they had tasted of bitter strife,
Or young hearts were robbed of childlike joys.

And he thinks of the time when they knelt in prayer
At their mother's knee, when both were young,
And again in fancy he lingers there,
And hears once more the songs she sung.

It sounds as the voice of an angel now,
And he wonders why he was doomed to grow;
And why the mother-love could allow
The bitter break with his brother Joe.

Perhaps, some day, in the angel place,
Where both, by the laws of man should go,
The brothers may meet, and there embrace,
And end the trouble of Jim and Joe.

LUCILE GRAHAM, June, '15.





A Ghost.

It was midnight and an old maid slumbered peacefully on the sleeping porch of a small country home. The night was inky black and a heavy fog was pouring in.

"What was that?" She sat bolt upright. She had heard a noise; no—worse than that—a moan! Was she mistaken? Indeed not, for she distinctly heard it again. A ghost in the night. She was ready to collapse. A clank of chains, and the covers went over her head. Clank, clank, clank, the ghost was drawing nearer. Then silence came, maddening silence. The old maid sat up once more. She peered into the blackness but could distinguish nothing. Again she heard the grating of chains, and the stealthy pat-a-pat of footsteps. Her green eyes stared into the night. "Mercy on me!" She saw it. The white wavering form was coming slowly toward her.

"Oh, why didn't I go to prayer meeting last Sunday night?"

Another moan, a sniff, a rattle of chains and the poor old maid was frantic, for the ghost was coming through her fence.

She felt her life was damned and reached for her darlings. On one side was a maltese cat, on the other a Japanese pup and on the rim of the bed perched a bright green parrot. By the time she had collected everything she cared for in this world, the ghost was upon her. Exhausted and terror stricken she meekly lay, clutching her sleeping pets, waiting for death to take her. The ghost's hot breath scorched her face and she felt something wet on her mouth. Poison? So with her dog and cat in one arm and her parrot in the other she sank, sank, sank into utter unconsciousness.

A few minutes later when she awoke she found Mr. Simmon's white cow, Melinda, peacefully licking her face.

HELEN JOHNSON, Dec. '16.

Ethyl Abram's a born entertainer, I trow,
And whoever knows Ethyl will vouch this is so:
Around her one's blues vanish as if in a dream,
Her gestures are killing, her manner's a scream.
If Ethyl's not joshing, there's something gone wrong,
For she's always right there, with a joke or gay song.



When The Gates Yawned.



O BE in the air again, the fresh, glorious air! To see the sun, the moon, the stars, to be able to walk on forever and ever: To be one of a hurrying crowd, to be a unit in the great world again! It was good, too good! Those long years were over, over at last! I was free! How good it seemed!

Not that it had been so bad there, but it was prison. I had been a sort of model prisoner, never having been in any trouble, for I always could control myself, at least to outward appearances. It had been in the nights, those inky black nights, that I had lain on the floor of my cell and fought, fought against the hate and rebellion stamped on my soul, until a gray murkiness that heralded the coming day, stole into my cell. But the Justin Sterling that the prison knew was always victor over the man that no one but God and myself knew.

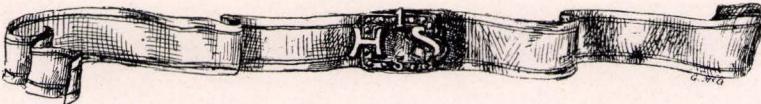
And now the world, the entire world, was mine to conquer. No one knew, not a soul in the great city. I had in my pocket a letter of recommendation from a friend in my home town to a business man in the city. My home-town people didn't know, and never would know, where I had been those five years. The letter in my pocket meant everything to me—a new life, a new beginning.

By the aid of a directory on the corridor wall of the skyscraper, I easily discovered the man I sought. By that sheer good luck that had so seldom attended my steps, I found a position and one of the best friends a man ever had.

I had been working in the office about a year, a busy, happy year. Mr. Henry, my employer, was the only one who knew my secret, in fact he is to this day. He was not a rich man, but generous, kindly, and humorous and a man in whom I confided—a man, indeed, in whom anyone would confide.

I had almost forgotten my past life, in fact I guess if it hadn't been for a dream I had, I would have forgotten it in my new, busy life. As I was saying, one night I had a dream. I dreamed I saw the prison on a hill and that I stood at the bottom looking up. Suddenly the great iron gates began to open slowly, oh, so slowly. And then an unseen hand began pushing me up the hill. How I fought, but the power behind the hand was greater than I. And it waited, that gasping, ever-seeking mouth. Those gates stood open, waiting, waiting for me. I reached the summit and the threshold. I screamed, I turned and fell. I was actually wet from perspiration when I awoke, and too ill to go to work for a week. However, the effects of my nightmare wore away after a while, and it was not until a day in April that it all came back to me.

Mr. Henry had called me to him and had given me a sum of money—ten thousand dollars—to deposit in the bank. I put the package in my wallet, thrust the wallet in my pocket and left the office, glad to be out in the air. Every



trivial incident of that day is stamped indelibly on my mind. I walked along, my head in the clouds, never thinking of the money until I reached the bank. I approached the cashier, greeted him with a friendly nod and carelessly put my hand in my inner pocket to draw out my wallet and found—nothing. My pocket was empty! How long I stood there I don't know, but in those few minutes my whole life flashed before my eyes. My dream was to be realized! It had been a prophecy. One that was to be fulfilled! I made my way back to the office, and know now that if the eyes of my benefactor reflected less credulous light, I should have killed him and myself, for the shock had half crazed me. Instead he grasped my hand and pressing it, said convulsively: "Boy, what can we do? The money is in currency. It is bound to be picked up and will never be returned. I haven't a cent, not a cent in the world. The money belonged to Jackson and he isn't the lenient kind, but we'll fight, boy, we'll fight them to a finish, Boy, Boy, I'm so afraid for you!" and then the best man that ever drew breath, bowed his head and sobbed for me.

I stumbled from the office and retraced my steps to the bank, though to this day I don't know why. It was only four blocks away, but God only knows how I suffered in that short distance. But one picture presented itself to my mind—a man being pushed up a hill by an unseen force. Behind him the world and life. Before him, great, toothless iron jaws that yawned.

Suddenly I ran into someone or something and then I discovered that I had walked through a crowd and was standing in a sort of opening in the center of it. I looked about me dazedly. Then my eyes wandered to the ground and I saw my wallet. I stood as if transfixed, the truth being unable to penetrate to my brain. Slowly I stooped and cautiously touched it, believing it the delusion of a crazed mind. The crowd looked on in amusement, and as I tore open my wallet, shrieked in unison, "April Fool!" As for me, I neither saw nor heard them. I thrust in my hand, drew out the roll of bills and flew, yes, actually flew, through the astonished lookers-on, back to the office.

"I've found it," I shrieked, wildly, bursting into the office. My eyes sought the calendar to be reassured as to the date that had saved me, and I fell to my knees to thank my Creator for His mercy.

Twenty years have elapsed, but never, so long as I live, shall I forget that first day of April, when the gates yawned.

MILDRED J. BREMLER, June, '15.

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew, how one small IV could so much trouble brew."



Sambo.

"Sambo! I's a'feared!"

"Fraid cat! What's there to be skeared of?" in tones of deepest contempt.

"Let's hurry anyway, I'll feel better when we're a eating it! Um-m." in anticipation of the coming feast.

Hurrying along, these two little nigger boys came to their destination—the watermelon patch—and stole fearfully among the vines that bore their object of search. Hunting, they found a huge, not over-ripe, luscious looking melon and at once proceeded to run to a place of safety instead of taking chances of being caught in the act there. When lo! What is that?

"Oh! Sammy! We's discovered."

"Be still! chile. Let's see what it is." But the awful "it" only proved to be the moving branches of a nearby tree, and our questionably brave heroes advanced with loud and fast-beating hearts.

"O merciful heavens! There he is! He's after us! Run!"

"Well, what do you—think—I'm doing? You carry this for a while. Careful now!"

"Do you think he has a g—gun? Wonder if he'll shoot? Look how he's a waving his arms. How'd he know we was there? Gee! I ain't got time to breathe."

"I'll see if he's a gaining on us! Yes! Oh Sambo, he's—he's a—a coming!"

And down went the poor frightened Rastus—watermelon and all, their work in vain and frightened by a scarecrow.

BEATRICE HARPER, Dec. '16.





A "Pome"

I'd been a reel good boy all day,
An' so ma told me I could play
Wild Injuns, with a sheet for tent.
But that wa'n't fun, cuz when we went
Inside to git our bow an' arrer,
The crazy op'nin' wuz so narrer,
We jest tore that old sheet in two,
An' Ma, she didn't know what to do.
An so she spanked us, Bill an' me,
An' Bill, he blames it all on me.
We ain't played Injuns fer a week,
An' Bill an' me won't even speak.

RUTH LANGER, 'Xmas, '17.

A Question of Wisdom.

Is it wise to always study?
Cram up full for every ex?
Well, I guess indeed you'll think so
'Bout the time you want your recs.

Is it wise to go out school nights
To a dance or movie show?
Well, I guess you'll wish you hadn't
When you want to college go.

Is it wise to scorn your teacher?
Shun your Latin? skip your Art?
Oh, just listen to a flunker,
Dear young friend—do well your part.

Now the teachers ask me coolly
Do you think you know your text?
Do you think that you can fool me?
Oh! I wish I had my recs.

Listen, Freshmen, to a Senior,
If you want to reach the top,
If you want to go to college,
Study, get your recs, or stop.

RUTH PATTERSON, June, '15.



The Power of Five Words.

The heroism and martyrdom of the early Christians and the self-sacrifice of the heretics are worthy of praise, and, although it is due to their suffering that civilization is what it is today, yet those grim men and women of the Dark Ages, few of whose names have come down to us, were far more heroic. There was a future for the Christian—a short while of intense suffering and then rest and peace in the land beyond. The more suffering, perhaps the greater the reward in that region where there are no tears, no regrets, no suffering. With the man of the Dark Ages it was different. He would not say the required word and so was tortured to death. No reward was his, he knew, but perhaps a kind word spoken over his mangled, lifeless body. What wonder is it that these men sometimes faltered? Let none blame them too severely.

Odo was aroused from a fitful slumber by the click of a bolt. He half rose from his bed of musty straw and shivered from cold. Slowly the heavy door swung open on its rusty hinges, while over the threshold strode the Stern Six.

Odo was the faithful servant of the strange lady who had come with her retinue to the region of the Baron who waged war incessantly with his neighbor, King Boleslau, whose soldiers were suspected of being hidden in ambush without the castle walls. Believing the strange lady to be a spy, the Baron had caused her servant to be cast into chains to wrench the truth from him, and now the guards were coming again to his cell to give him a chance to give the required information.

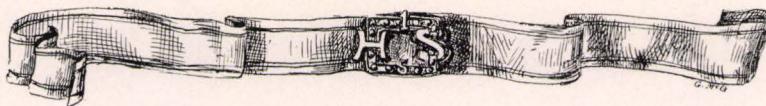
If he told now he would be spared from the engine of torture. Odo clenched his hands and gritted his teeth, for he was resolved that he would keep that hard-earned title, "The Faithful."

"On to the rack," commanded he of the heavy voice.

And four pair of brutal hands seized the scantily clad body of the captive, weak from hunger. There was no use to resist, for what power had he against four monsters? Two with torches led the way. Down, down, they descended the rickety stairway. The chill increased. The silent group stopped before a door leading to the subterranean chamber. On the other side of the door was the "Death cell." The effect was ghastly. The cold damp air benumbed his muscles, the musty odor stifled him, the torches cast weird shadows upon the walls, but most foreboding was the rack half hidden in shadows. The silence was awful. Odo closed his eyes, repeating to himself, "Silence! Silence!"

Perhaps his senses were benumbed, too, for he scarcely realized that he was being fastened in the rack, that he was given another chance to speak, and that he refused.

He came to with a start; his weary muscles were being stretched; the pain grew intense.



The guard, seeing the expression on Odo's face, thought that he was weakening, but the man would not speak. Other men had endured as much, why should not he?

His tormentors showed no mercy. The rack tightened, stretching the victim's body to the limit of human endurance. If only he could faint, but nature was unkind. If only the tightening would stop for one moment! Why should he endure so much? Oh, for rest: Nothing else mattered, and it was within his own power to obtain that rest. No glory nor praise would be his. Why suffer? Why sacrifice so much for another?

Duty? That was a stern word, he would keep silent and perhaps death would heal the pain.

Death! Utter blackness! Nothingness! The thought crazed him.

"The lady is King Boleslau!" He panted in a gasping, lifeless voice.

The rack relaxed.

GLADYS WHITE, June '15.

Consolation.

Misunderstood? oh, well, 'tis not for long
"Life cannot always be one grand sweet song,"
But take it as you find it, sad or gay,
Is't now December? wait you then for May.

Weary? The time will surely come for rest.
Try to believe "whatever is, is best,"
When the feet stumble and the road seems long,
The weak and frail may lean upon the strong.

Deserted? Still your pilot stands by you,
Launch out again and with a stronger crew,
And if you strike the breakers white with foam
Fear not the moaning bar, you're nearer home.

Downcast? I trust not grieving for the dead,
Nor sighing for those bright days long since fled,
But if, perchance, 'tis some rude word you've spoken,
Just ask your friend's forgiveness by some token.

Happy? Ah, that's the way life ought to be,
God planned a sure, sweet way for you and me,
But should we choose a side path and get lost,
Back to the road! nor count the bridges crossed.

R. P., June, '15.



After the Snowfall.

It has stopped snowing and the air, so lately full of whirling snowflakes, seems heavy with stillness. Standing in the white drift where the graveled path lies buried, I look around on an unknown white world, which was once my yard. The thick vines dangling from the old hickory tree are heavy with snow and have the appearance of a hoary beard. How changed the trees are in their white raiment! The sturdy old oak looks strangely ill at ease. The big cedar, raising high its dark outline athwart the gray sky, bows wearily beneath the white burden. The delicate maple alone looks unabashed by the new garment and wears it with becoming grace. The bird voices are silent; there are no leaves for the wind to rustle in; and the footstep falls silently in the snow. The pine alone has voice amid the stillness; but the sighing of the wind high up amid the pine cones is so caressingly soft, that it seems but a ghost of a sound. What is it singing? Is it a lullaby to the sleeping flowers buried below, or a welcome to the spring that is to come?

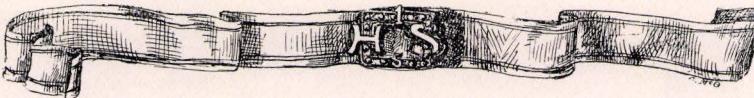
M. E., Dec., '17.

Sea Waifs.

The Old Young Lady moved her chair nearer to the porch railing as the crowd began to flock out from dinner. It was an unnecessary action, however, for if they noticed her at all, it was only with a rather chilly nod, or a few formal words about the weather. Even the Hotel Bore left her unmolested, and chose for her evening victim a mild little lady, sitting in the farthest corner of the porch. Elderly ladies and gentlemen, young married couples, happy lovers, and pretty nursemaids with their noisy charges, one and all dispersed themselves about the porch or wandered off down the boardwalk; and the Old Young Lady was left in a chilly atmosphere of her own, by the porch railing.

If she noticed it at all, it was with an indifference legibly written on her face. With indifference to mankind she had made her solitude; and now with indifference she sat back to enjoy it. And yet to enjoy it would scarcely be the word. The beauty of the evening seemed to fall about her unnoticed. The surging ocean, the white beach, and the gay crowd on the boardwalk, all melted and diffused into an evening tinge of crimson, were before her eyes; and yet her gaze wandered over them lightly, carelessly.

From a cottage down the beach sounded the tinkle of a guitar and light, carefree laughter floated on the evening air, like the echo of some half forgotten song. Up from the boardwalk came the sobbing of a little girl who had lost a much cherished penny in the sand. The Old Young Lady moved impatiently. Why are young people always laughing or crying? Some day they would realize as she did that nothing was really worth laughing or crying about. She looked down half sorrowfully at her left hand. That diamond had been as the smile of



a waterbrook on a fair June morning; but now it seemed a lifeless thing, reflecting the sombreness of her black dress. Once—but why recall the past?

A group of merry girls came trooping out on the porch, and settled themselves near her. Their laughter and incessant chatter annoyed her. Perhaps it would be more quiet down on the beach. Wearily she rose and betook herself to the boardwalk. But that was still occupied by the after-dinner strollers; and so she stepped down into the sand and walked slowly toward the ocean.

The soft waves rolled up the beach and retreated, leaving the shining sand to reflect mirror-like, the last pink clouds in the west. Farther out, the breakers rose and fell, splashed and thundered, and subsided in a burst of spray, only to be overtaken by a pursuing wave and buried completely as it rolled over. The awe of the great ocean held enthralled her uncomprehending mind, and caused her to forget everything but the scene before her.

“Look out, Laddie Boy! Don’t touch him. I got him by ’is tail.”

The Old Young Lady started, and turning, found two children leaning over the side of an old boat, which had been drawn up on the shore for the night, and left by a gay fishing party.

“Ooh, how he wiggles! Poor ’ittle dear! Did a bad mans leave oo to die?” The little voice lapsed into unintelligible baby talk intended to soothe some struggling creature; and both children busied themselves intently with muffling the fish in a sack.

The Old Young Lady stepped nearer.

“What is that you have?”

The little girl looked up and shrank back half startled by this frigid-looking person.

“You can’t have him. We’ll ’fend him, won’t we, Laddie Boy?”

The Old Young Lady gave a short unaccustomed laugh.

“I’m not going to take him. I just thought maybe you’d show him to me.”

Reassured, the child drew near and lifting a flap of the sack displayed a struggling dog-fish.

“But child, dog-fish are not good to eat. What are you going to do with it?”

The little girl laughed happily and without answering, ran down the beach to the water’s edge, with Laddie Boy at her heels. There she stopped, liberated the fish and watched it dart away exultingly. Then, taking her little brother’s hand, she returned to the Old Young Lady.

“I’ll tell you about it, if you’d like to hear,” she offered shyly.

The Old Young Lady sat gingerly down on the edge of the boat.

“Yes, I’d like very much to hear about it, dear.”

How strangely the last word smote upon her ears!

The little girl leaned confidently on her knee.

“It began with being a waif. Misses Larkins brought us out here when Laddie Boy was a baby, and I heard her tell one of the ladies at the hotel one day,



that we were little waifs. It's awful lonesome being a waif without any real home or any folks. Well, you see, when I found out that fishermen leave dog-fishes in the boats to die, 'cause they aren't good to eat, I thought the fishes must feel like waifs too; and I felt awful sorry for 'em. Laddie Boy felt sorry too, so we both decided to come down on the beach every evening, when the boats are brought in, and find the fishes. And we put 'em all back in the ocean, 'cause"—She paused and looked through the gathering darkness toward the shore.

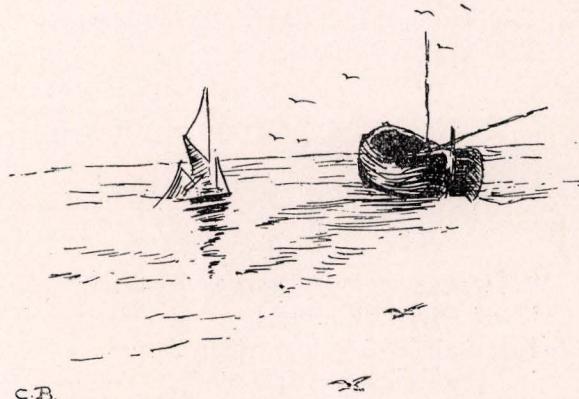
"Cause you see," she said softly, "the ocean is their mother."

Perhaps it was the memory of something she had dreamed of in the golden summer time of her love. Perhaps it was the human sympathy that still lay hidden in her heart. Whatever it was, obeying a sudden impulse, the Old Young Lady was on her knees in the sand and had a curly head on each shoulder.

"You poor little waifs," she cried. "You shall have a home and 'folks.' I need you so much, so much!"

And the night enveloped them in its shadows, while the sea sang contentedly, and from the hotel happy laughter floated down to them.

MAXINE ELDRIDGE, Dec. '17.



"Silence is golden—but a perfect recitation is platinum."

(In some cases) "Beauty is only powder deep."

"Never study today what you can put off till tomorrow in study period."



“Civics.”

A recently discovered version of the “Ancient Mariner.”

A Civics book confronts
three maidens about to
graduate from high
school and detaineth
one.

It is a “Forman’s Civics” book
And it stoppeth one of three
“By thy state and county officers
Now wherefore stoppest thou me?”

“The Auditorium’s opened wide
And I’m to graduate.
The girls are met, I linger yet
No longer may I wait.”

It holds her with its civil laws
“There was a class” quoth it
“Hold off, unhand me, awful book.”
Eftsoons no word spoke it.

The graduate is spell-
bound by the spirit of
the book.

The graduate sat on a chair
She cannot choose but hear
And thus spoke on that wondrous book,
That 4B. Civics drear.

“This term there came great sighs of woe
In terror you were held.
Questions were put to girls who stood
As green as emerald.”

“ ’Twas Civics here, ’twas Civics there,
’Twas Civics all around.
How is it in California please?
But you with terror frown’d.”

Wherein it is disproved
that “Nature abhors a
vacuum.”

“Day after day, day after day,
You flunked, no thought, no notion!
As blank as is a painted class
You made no move, no motion.”

“Civics, civics everywhere
Nor any soul to think.
Civics, civics everywhere,
In terror all did shrink.”



“Ah, well! a day what evil marks
You had on your report
Instead of a I
A section IV
Was yours for lack of thought.”

The teacher in her sore
distress would fain show
the graduate her failure,
in sign whereof, she em-
blazons a crimson IV
upon her report.

“Farewell, farewell, but this I tell
To thee, thou graduate,
She doeth best who studies best,
The county and the State.”

“She doeth best who studies best,
The county and the State,
For the dear State, which makes the law
Has made them for debate.

To teach the graduate
love and reverence to all
things pertaining to our
great government.

She woke up with an awful start,
She'd a dream, a forlorn,
A sadder and a wiser girl
She was the morrow morn.

JEANNETTE SCHWARTZ, June '15.

With Charlotte Hallego, Tom Thumb was ne'er in it,
Why Charlotte is scarcely as big as a minute.
She giggles and chatters and skips all about,
That she ever is quiet one minute, I doubt.
Grow angry at Charlotte? It just can't be done!!
The cute little creature brims over with fun.

“We look before and after and write some tommy-rot,
Our very lengthiest answer with foolishness is fraught
And our simplest ex is that which shows the *least* of thought.”

“A good bluff covers a multitude of sins.”



A Day From the Diary of Billie Brown.

February 22, 1915, San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

Gee, this has been some exciting day! It's a swell day to begin a diary an' me an' Tommy (Tommy Rush an' me is pals), begin our diaries today. It's all Tommy's idea.

I feel awful funny writin', when I don't know who I'm writin' to, but I'm mighty glad there isn't any teacher standin' here a sayin':

"You didn't spell that write, put a commer hear," etc. (that means and so forth). Well, I better git down to business.

First of all, Tommy earned five dollars, an' so me an' he went to the Fair today, an' we had a wonderful time (that's what I heard the girl next door say to her feller, last night). Tommy has a collie pup, "Chou," an' my! doesn't Tommy love him, but he had to stay home today tied up (I mean Chou, of course).

We got on the Fillmore street car, an' jest as I was handin' my nickel to the conductor, I dropped it an' it rolled off the car, an' he, awful generous like (I mean Tommy), offered me a nickel. But I hopped off to get my own nickel, but Tommy didn't git off'n time an' road to the top of the hill, you know where you go down the steep part. I found him there, talking to a Dark Man, an' right away I smelled somethin' 'spicious.

Tom is so generous (foolish—i call it.) I'll bet he'd give away that fiver an' gee, I wanted to go to the Zone. So I grabbed Tom an' jumped on the little car an' went down, down that awful hill. Golly, but it's some steep! They'll be chargin' extra money for that ride, pritty quick, thinkin' it's a scenic railway. I'm glad I got on it before it's made part of the Zone.

When we got peanuts (I bought 'em) an' got inside the grounds, I was just beginnin' to feel easy when i looked 'round an' saw that *Dark Man*. I jumped to one side, an' someone screamed an' there was a funny blatting sound an' i jumped to the other side an' jest missed being runned over by a little white baby automobile drawing a train carryin' people. There was an awful lot o' em everywhere, an' you had to look sharp to keep from bein' killed. When I got back, Tommy was laffin' to beat the band, an' so I got mad an' wouldn't tell him his danger from the *Dark Man* (you know about the money).

Well, we started out. It was jest after lunch, an' we weren't hungry so Tommy didn't buy nothin'. Laws a mercy (the lady next door seys that. No, not on the same side as the girl, stupid, but the other), wasn't there a mob a' people!

The 1st thing I noticed that was reel noticeable was all the invalids at the Fair. There was 3 kinds, an' they all rode in invalid chairs. Some must a' been awful delikit, cause they had to be pushed by a man, nice an' slow. Some could stand (only they was settin') speedy things, an' were steered by a fellow on a bike. But say, some seemed reel healthy (for invalids), an' ran their own without any help.—Funny, now, ain't it?



We decided to do all the buildings 1st, an' then the Zone. We was standin' right in front a' the tower, an' I looked up an' seen all those jewills a' shining in the sun. My, but it was handsome, an' I turned round to tell Tom an' there was the *Dark Man*. I preety nearly jumped agen, but i remembered the toy train jest in time. I jest grabbed Tom an' ran an' ran write into a policeman (only he's a guard inside the Fair), an' he got mad an' grabbed us. Jest then it rained, sudden-like, an' he cooled off an' let us go.

Tommy bought a guide book, (Gee, he's nice an' generous), an' we went into the Horticultural Palace. Were there beautiful flowers there? Well, I guess. Were there beautiful lavender flowers? Well, I guess yes. When we came out, the *Dark Man* wasn't showin' hisself.

Saw lots in the Liberal Arts Building—not the kind you build houses on, you know the kind I mean. Saw a Jap girl writin' on a typewriter, an' a thimble what was only half full, had 22,000 screws in it! Saw lots of Injun stuff. Read a little about germs, at least Tommy did. You see he's goin' to be a docter, an' he says he's a comin' to the Fair for edicational reasons. I jest told him I went to school 5 days out a' the week (sometimes), an' I wanted to git through the unhappy part a' the business of the Fair, an' git to the Zone. I was 'fraid he was mad then, so I sed I was glad he had 5 dollars, only it was \$4 and 15c now, an' I offered to carry it, but he sed he guessed he could carry his own money.

We went thru' a court next, heard some music, saw some pretty ponds an' fountains, an' then made a "bee line" for the Cal. Building. I never saw so many things to eat that you couldn't eat in my life, an' my, but they was *big* an' *pretty*! But when we got to the Humboldt County an' saw them roses made out a' Humboldt butter, gee, I was surprised, an' Tommy's brown eyes got so big that I was glad you couldn't buy 'em 'cause I could see some a' that 4.15 going. We went inside the log cabin, an' saw lots a' redwood stuff that was just handsome.

When we left California, we decided not to see all the buildings in one day, an' to go to Hawaii next. There we heard swell fishes an' saw swell music. Oh, dear no! I'm all mixed up. Well, anyhow, Diary, you know what I mean.

Then we went to Canada. Saw wheat an' apples, galore. Tom didn't enjoy these things very much, you see he's German. For my part (I'm English), I say a man ought to be broad minded enough to 'preciate every country's buildings, but gosh, I do get hot when I see the "Red, White an' Black."

We felt kinda' empty inside as we left Canada, so we went to the Food Products Building. There we jest hung 'round for so long. (Tom's eyes is so big, they make him look extra hungry), that they gave us little dabs a' things to eat. Sperries Flour an' Quaker Oats is the best places to visit. (You get most there).

We were jest feelin' fine on comin' out when I saw the *Dark Man*. Scared? I was so scared i started for the Zone with Tommy after me.



We stopped in front a' the scenic railway, an' Tom bought some tickets. Gee, he's generous. When we got off I felt as if I hadn't eaten for a week. Then who should we see but—no not the *Dark Man*, but "Chou" being chased by a guide. How he ever got there the Lord only knows. Tom yelled, "Here, Chou, Chou; here, Chou, Chou," like that, an' a guard grabbed him an' said he'd have him arrested for sellin' chou chou, on the grounds without a permit. Tom got mad an' sed he wasn't sellin' chou. "Chou" saw us an' rushed up. Gee, he was glad to see us, an' we didn't scold him a bit.

I couldn't help thinkin' about the money agen, an' the more I thought about it the more I thought I ought a' carry the purse (for fear Tommy would lose it, you know), an' at last Tom gave it to me, an' after that i paid for all the hot dogs an' things.

The 2nd scenic railway was awful packed an' speedy. Jest after that, came the awful scare. Jest as I went to pay for the tickets to Yellow Stone I found the *Purse Was Gone*. I knew write away quick the *Dark Man* had stole it. Sure enough, there he was, write behind me. I ran toward him (you see I wasn't much scared any more.) He was holdin' the purse an' smiled when he gave it to me. I guess he jest wanted ter show how easy he could swipe it. You don't say thanks to thieves, an' so I jest took it an' went back for Tom, quick. I couldn't find him anywhere. He was gone: Only Chou was left.

It was gettin' late, so I only went on a few more things, an' then started to find Tommy. I was reel scared by that time. I looked everywhere I could think of an' so did Chou. It got dark. Suddenly the whole Fair started to light up. Say, I never saw anything so perfectly grand an' splendiferous in my life! I liked it great, but I should a' liked it greater if Tommy'd been there.

I walked all over everywhere to find him, an' I was tired an' hungry! So I set down all discouraged right in front of the Tower of Jewells, an' after a while Chou disappeared two. Gee, if I wasn't so big I'd a cried, I'll bet I did almost, but suddenly I heard a yelp an' saw Chou, a guard chasin' 'im, the *Dark Man* after the guard, an' Tom after the *Dark Man*. I jest kept on settin', I was jest that surprised. Then I learned a lot.

1st—Dogs ain't allowed in the Fair loose. (Gee I was glad Chou had come, though.)

2nd—That the purse wasn't *stole*, but lost on a car on the scenic railway.

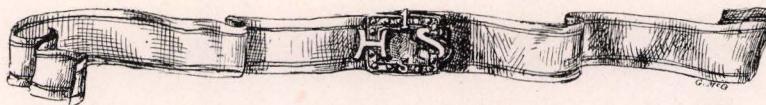
3rd—That the *Dark Man* wasn't a thief at all, but a kind of detective who is sposed to keep an eye on kids.

4th—That while I was gettin' the purse, Tommy had missed me, an' started to look for me.

We went home pretty quick after that in an automobile belongin' to the man what lives in the white house on the corner. My, that was a swell ending to the day!

Gee, I'm tired! I guess i'll go to sleep. Goodnight, Diary.

FLORENCE McMURRAY, June, '15.



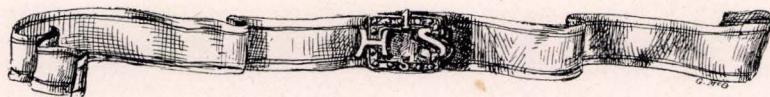
More Truth Than Poetry.

Among the phrases that are used,
Among those which are most abused,
Is one we hear most every day—
It seems to be with us to stay.
Each day from 9 to 3:15
Just think of all the girls you've seen
When, asked a question in a book,
Rise gradually with dazed look
And, gazing round, they murmur low,
Those time-worn words—"Um, I don't know."

Or then, again, does this curt phrase
Assail our ears on many days.
Some one has whispered, loud and clear;
The teacher cannot help but hear.
'Tis obvious, who did the talking,
The culprit cannot gain by balking.
The teacher chides the young offender,
The latter's eyes grow wide and tender;
And then such grammar may be heard
As—"Why! I never said a word."

Nor are these all—there are some more—
That as for grammar mean a IV,
The class is seated quite at ease
Listening as closely as you please
To what the teacher has to say
(When some one in the usual way)
Giggles aloud in undue season,
The teacher asks to know the reason;
Then out upon the air there ring
These words—"I never did a thing."

Yet hold! another do we hear
That can't be stretched upon its bier,
And though it rubs one the wrong way
We have to bear it day by day.
You come to school in a new waist,
It's late, and you're in fearful haste,
You hurry breathless through the hall



To reach your room before roll call.
Some one in back calls out, "Oh, wait!"
The voice contains excitement great.
Outside the door you turn to hear
The tardy bell ring shrill and clear;
The reason she has made you stop
Is just to shout—"You're all dolled up."

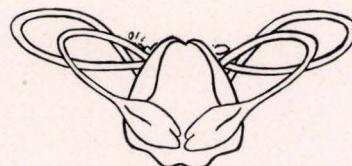
Why do we girls our teachers plague
With grammarless excuses vague?
Why not "'fess up" and give up balking
The times our teachers catch us talking?
Why squirm around our seats and giggle,
Then out of trouble try to wriggle
When teachers say, "Stay after school,
You've broken nearly every rule?"
Why not give in with simple grace
And not put on an injured face?
Well, hear the reason, if you will,
Girls will be girls—they can't keep still.

JEANNETTE SCHWARTZ, June, '15.

Margaret Wood is so slender, so trim, and so neat,
Her ways are so charming, her manner a treat;
But the thing about her, that beats all else a mile
Is the way she greets all with bright, friendly smile.

"Every IV has a *crimson lining*."

"An arrival in time saves three-quarters of an hour after school."





The Night I Died.

Whether or not I really died does not matter. The experience to me is as real as if I had, and is, after all, what counts.

Ever since childhood I had been dreaming of a real friend. Sometimes I would think the coveted treasure was within my grasp, when lo!—a little deceit here, an inconsistency there, and the dream was shattered.

I had reached the age of forty, and was beginning to think that real friendship was a myth. I asked for only one friend, not two or three, or more, but just one. One whose moods would meet my moods, one who could understand my nature, one who would be equally my friend in joy or in sorrow, in renown or disgrace, in prosperity or poverty—but in vain I searched.

Sometimes I said, “This is she for whom I have longed,” or, “That is he for whom I have waited”; but always I was doomed to disappointment.

On the eve of my forty-first birthday I had reached the conclusion that it was useless to search farther. Sitting in my large, comfortable chair before a cozy fire, I reviewed my friendships from my earliest recollections. This one had failed me when I most depended on him. That one had turned her back with the rest of the world when I was struggling in the mire of unmerited disgrace. The other went by with averted gaze when a helping hand would have pulled me out of the direst poverty.

The loneliness of my life was heavy upon me and it was with a feeling of relief that I realized the breath of life was leaving my body and that what men call death was beckoning me.

After a while the neighbors came and looked at my quiet face. They prepared me for my final rest and placed me in my casket. And then all the people I had thought cold and distant, unkind and disloyal, came to say a last farewell.

One laid a flower upon my bier and with it dropped a tear. Another pressed my poor, cold hand and whispered “never fear, my friend.” Then came one with weary tread, with head bowed low, and said, “He was a friend to me.”

A little child came slowly by with sunny hair and bright blue eyes and softly cried. An old, old man was next in line. He merely smiled and then I knew he really must have loved me, too. And here was one I had counted false, her heart as black and her soul as dross, but with face illumined and pressed to mine she whispered, “Ah—now—he understands.”

And so the stream of life went by. Each had for me a kiss, a sigh, a tender word, a fond caress. In all that crowd there was not one who had an unkind thought of me.

I had been down into the valley and my vision was cleared. I saw that I had given little and demanded much. I saw that in searching for the faults and failings in my friends, I had overlooked my own. I saw that I had expected them



to have reached the pinnacle while I myself was only climbing. I saw that I had been searching for the ideal and allowed the real to escape me. But now I knew—for I had seen the hearts and souls of my friends. Their secrets were laid bare and how I wished for another chance of life that I might obey that admonition of “judge not, that ye be not judged.”

RUTH PATTERSON, June, '15.

The Fairy City.

A thick mantle of fog was drifting in through the Golden Gate, clothing the hillsides with a dismal impenetrable blanket, and hanging low over the few sullen white caps on the ruffled waters. On one side of the broad strait rose steep cliffs, but on the other, to the southward, stretched dark, marshy ground, through which seeped and trickled little streams of water left by the receding waves. A blank, gray prospect it was—a waste land, bordered by rows of ugly, dilapidated houses.

And two members of that strange band of bright-winged creatures, whom believing people call fairies, passed over the cheerless scene—one, with unseeing eyes, perhaps because she was becoming old, as the many diamonds in her crown testified; the other, a very young, inexperienced creature, in whose golden circlet no gems glittered as rewards for kindly deeds. She gazed, with troubled eyes, on the wide expanse of unsightly marsh, and flew so slowly that she was finally left far behind by her guide.

All day this tiny person hovered near the glowering marsh that perplexed her so, and finally, as the gray day was imperceptibly fading into night, such a wonderful idea came to her that the thrill of it carried her up to the skies and on her way, her little heart fluttered with the daring of her plan.

The rest of the fairy tribe, having important work to do, paid no attention to this ugly little corner of the world, and so for weeks the gleeful little fairy worked undisturbed. She knew myriads of small people who were only too willing to toil for their light-winged, happy friend, and on many a frosty moonlit night strange shapes arose from the marsh to the music of silvery hammer and the low whisper of elfin labor. Slowly the scene changed; great towers and domes rose by magic, colored with all the skill and delicate tracery of the fairy builders. The dull earth, once so unhappy in its sober dress of gray, smiled delightfully at the wonderful burden it was permitted to uphold, and took on all the many hues of Joseph's myriad-tinted coat. Gay beds of dainty bloom spread down the long, wide avenues, forming circles of smaller gems in which the great masterpieces of the fairy builders, pale green domes and blue, raised their heads proudly, vying with one another in color and beauty; but the crowning achieve-



ment and pride of the unseen workmen was a tall, slender tower, piercing the sky above, upon which had been spent all their time and care. The delicate structure—its lines melting imperceptibly one into the other, its scintillating jewels, catching and returning a thousand times the glancing rays of the sun—formed the dominating unit of the whole.

Not long was the fairy band in obeying the summons to witness the work of their younger sister, for vague rumors had often floated to them of the mysterious city, rising to the labor of unseen hands.

The last rays of the setting sun were illuminating the gleaming tower and brightening the soft colors rising against the sky, as the hundreds of tiny creatures gathered around their queen and the smallest fairy. Below them lay spread the whole care-wrought wonder—the spray of the busy fountains tossed by the gentle breeze, the noble, imposing buildings glorified by the fast-departing sun, and the blue of the sky and sea enveloping the whole with an air of peace and beauty—it looked a great treasure trove cast on the shore by the waves, or a bit of iridescent seafoam, light enough to be blown away by the first vagrant breeze.

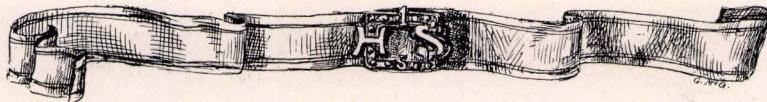
The sun dipped to his low resting place, extinguished by the Pacific. The dusk came on lingering wings. Faintly now the domes lay outlined against the starry sky until suddenly, with a blaze of splendor, all came to life, pulsing resplendently in a great wave of light, while far out on the bay the twinkling eyes of slow-moving craft gazed on the scene in wonder.

And when all was over, a luminous diamond softly gleamed in the crown of the smallest fairy.

CATHERINE A. DAVIS, Dec. '16.



Alma Doane, June '15



A Dream.

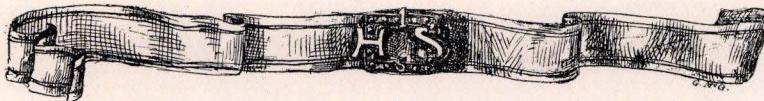
Oh, listen, kind reader, and you shall hear
A woeful tale and true,
Of a ghost who came to me one night,
And may sometimes come to you.
Without a warning sound he came,
Without a creaking tread;
He rose right out of the moonlight patch
That fell upon my bed.

“I am the ghost of sad regret,
And you must come with me.”
I trembled to hear his voice so drear,
And his cold, white form to see.
He took my hand and we floated off
Over the city far;
Past the silver shrouds of the floating clouds,
‘Till we came to the Morning Star.

And we reached a land all sad and brown,
Unwarmed by the sun;
“This,” said the ghost, in a voice of frost,
“Is the Land of Things Undone.”
I looked around and there beheld
A chaos strange and wild—
The things that I had left undone
Since I was but a child.

Sad creatures all they crowded round,
A strange disfigured throng;
And in an angry whirlwind, I
Was quickly borne along.
“I am the lesson you began,
And laz’ly left undone.”
“And I’m the task you vowed to do,
And left, to have some fun.”

And so the creatures all did wail,
And crowded all around.
Oh, never do I hope to hear
A more discordant sound!



And then the cold ghost grasped my hand,
And floated me along;
And to another land we came
Of beauty and of song.

There on the cliffs above a lake
A wondrous castle stood;
And o'er the moat surrounding it
A drawbridge of carved wood.
The castle it was wondrous tall,
And wondrous fair to see;
But oh, 'twas built on broken stones
That rocked most grievously!

And I was puzzled sore, and said,
"Oh tell me, ghost, I pray,
Why is the castle built upon
These stones that rock and sway?"
And then the ghost, his eyes grew like
Unto the fiery sun;
"This castle's built upon the things
That you have left undone!"

His voice rang clear, the castle rocked,
And forked lightning flashed.
Then through the air, the castle fair,
All glittering, fell and crashed:
So ponder now, kind readers,
With the race of life to run,
Don't try to build fair castles
On things you've left undone!

MAXINE ELDRIDGE, Dec. '17.

A queen of a girl is jolly Claire Ep.,
She's brimming right over with smartness and pep,
"Just boost and don't knock" seems to be her stand-by,
Everyone loves Ep without knowing just why.

"While there's a fire drill there's hope."

"One IV to the wise is sufficient."



The Bombardment of Mexico City.

(DECENA TRAJICA)

Sunday morning, the ninth of February, 1912, dawned clear and bright. It was one of those beautiful mornings in early spring, such as are only seen in the tropics, when the atmosphere is laden with the heavy scent of roses, gardenias, and heliotrope. The venders, in their white cotton suits and peaked hats, were crying their wares as loudly as possible, yet the streets were more quiet than they usually were at that time. An air of mystery prevailed. Was it the lull before the storm?

About the middle of the morning, however, it did not seem so quiet. Rumor had it that President Madero had been arrested by the leaders of the Felicista party, who had mutinied and released Felix Diaz from prison.

Answering a frantic doorbell we found a policeman who wished to exchange his uniform for civilian clothes. He told us that all the policemen down town were being killed, and that the Felicista party was winning.

Not long after that we heard the beating of horses' hoofs, and going to the door saw about fifty riderless horses running wildly up the street. From the trappings we knew them to be cavalry horses, and of course every one was alarmed. Quiet reigned once more, yet people talked seriously in groups, and we all knew that fighting had occurred some where.

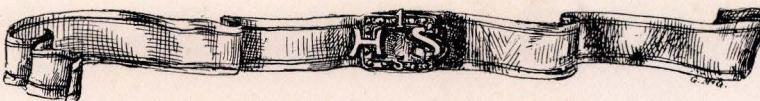
Near noon we heard heavy shooting in the direction of the Citadel, about five blocks from our house. Later we learned that the Citadel had been taken from the government by Felix Diaz. All the fighting which followed was done in the effort to retake the Citadel.

Though we had expected a continuance of hostilities, an armistice was declared instead. Not knowing how long the fighting would continue, when it did start, every one laid in supplies to last for several days. To most people that Monday was more trying than any of the days which followed, the anxiety and suspense was so great.

The cannonading began the next morning at ten o'clock. Large cannons were used and the continuous shooting was nerve-racking.

We barricaded the doors and did everything in our power to protect ourselves but naturally could not feel very safe with cannon balls flying over the roof constantly. Wednesday morning an explosive shell (fortunately for us it was spent) came into one of the upstairs windows, breaking through the lower wooden panel, burying itself in the floor. That same day our water tank was shot through and a great many panes in the front windows were broken. Although we knew before we were not safe, that day showed us how great our danger was.

There was hardly a moment that the house did not shake and the windows rattle. Whenever there was a lull in the firing we would rush out to the street for a breath of fresh air. The temptation to take a walk was very great, but as



we were standing at the window a bullet struck just outside, reminding us of sharpshooters on the corner. We drew back so that we could not be seen, and watched. While we were standing there, two large cannon balls struck a house across the street from us, making immense holes in it. Then almost immediately a shot struck our house, knocking off the whole upper corner.

All night the firing continued, and we could hear the shots hiss as they passed over our house. We were in constant dread of their exploding.

The next day something happened which I shall never forgot. There had been no shooting for some time, and so without thinking of what might happen, we decided to take a short walk. When we were about half a block from the railroad station, three large explosive shells struck it, sending out masses of smoke in great clouds before our eyes. The shelter that we sought was disturbed by a bursting of shells overhead, and falling shrapnel pelting the iron roof above us. Home seemed the proper place for us and we decided to obey orders and stay under cover.

By Saturday our supplies were down to rice and beans, but one could not complain of scarcity of food at such a time as that, and indeed we were glad to have even these.

We were very much surprised and somewhat alarmed that day to see some soldiers barricading the street about a block away, with sand bags stacked man high all the way across the street. We knew then that we might soon be in the thick of the fray.

On Sunday a truce was declared so that people living in the fighting districts could move if they wished. The many laughable sights that told of hasty departure furnished relaxation to our tired nerves.

On Wednesday, the nineteenth, news went abroad that Feliz Diaz had been the victor and that President Madero had been imprisoned. The streets were filled with people and everyone feared that there would be rioting during the night, because there were no police, but the government kept everything in order by having large patrols.

The next day we went out to see the city. It would be almost impossible to describe what we saw. The soldiers were still camping in the streets, and the cannon and rapid-fire guns were still in their position.

In some places the roofs had been blown off the buildings, while in others the walls had been knocked out. I remember one case where one could see entirely through the house. In the central part of the town the electric wires and cables were hanging, so as to make the traffic impossible, and in some of the out-lying districts the branches, shot from the trees, entirely blocked the streets.

After enduring such experiences for two years and a half longer, and realizing that conditions were rapidly growing worse, we decided to make our home in the United States until we could return and live in peace.

MARY J. HARROUN, Dec., '16.



De Cereris Virginibus Fabula.

Permuli abhinc annis Zuni, bellicosissima natio, verbis sacerdotum permoti, qui eos humaniores reddere conabantur, armis depositis Cereri se devoverunt, et omne suum tempus ad agros colendos contulerunt. Cereris autem virginis apud eos habitantes humanitatem, mansuetudinem, temperantiam eos docebant. At permuli appetentes gloriae laudisque avidi gloriam belli, victorias, triumphos desideraverunt. Itaque cum tempus metiendi adasset, quo tempore Cerealia celebrari solent, Paiyatuma eiusque filias invitaverunt, ut iterum musica bellicosa audirent, ut saltationes armatas viderent. Paiyatuma enim erat deus, qui eos artem bellandi docuerat eiusque filiae cantibus animos ad pugnandum excita-
verant.

Festo die Cereris virginis et filiae Paiyatuma saltando et cantando omnes oblectabant. Vocabum suavitatem et novitatem quadam cantandi saltandique illae facile principes erant, sed Paiyatuma filiarum cantus priscos mores a maioribus barbaris traditos, quos permuli memoria bene tenebant, revocaverunt. Quibus cuncti tantos plausus impertiverunt, ut Cereris virginis maerore afflictae, quod Zunos bellare quam agros colere malle intelligebant domum se recipierunt.

Ludis confectis ei, quibus melior sententia erat, nuntios saepissime miserunt, qui Cereris virginis revocarent.

Omnis autem re infecta reverterunt.

Haec est fabula de Cereris virginibus.

Nonne credis? Aspice Europam et Asiam.

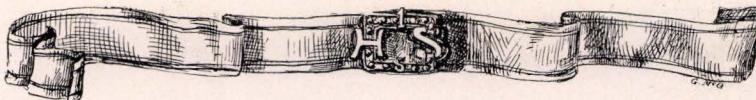
LUCILE GRAHAM, June, 15.

Samour.

C'était pendant la guerre à Madagascar. Nos troupes victorieuses avaient repoussée les habitants sauvages loin dans les forêts humides et presque impénétrables de cette île Africaine. Déjà le drapeau tricolore flottait dans plusieurs contrés, mais au prix de quels sacrifices! Car quels ravages terribles la fièvre jaune et le soleil brûlant avaient accomplis. Combien succombaient à leurs tortures!

La nuit venait de tomber. Déjà, dans le camp français, les lumières des bivouacs commençaient à s'allumer, et déjà les bruits singuliers de la forêt sombre, retentissaient dans l'air calme et serein. Cette masse d'arbres, qui pendant la journée était silencieuse, semblait renaître, et de ses recoins profonds résonnaient les cris de ses habitants féroces.

Les yeux percant l'obscurité de la forêt, l'oreille tendue, la sentinelle faisait son devoir. Comme c'était lugubre et sinistre de faire la ronde dans cette région tropicale et sauvage. Là, au sein de ces arbres touffus, se trouvait une horde de nègres féroces, qui n'attendait que le jour pour recommencer le combat incéssant.



Soudain un bruit presque impéceptible fit tréaillir le soldat, un bruit de feuilles sèches, froissées sous un pied léger, tandis que la clarté de la lune révélait une ombre vague et silencieuse qui courait d'arbre en arbre. La sentinelle s'élanca vers elle en criant,

“Halte là! ou je tire!”

Mais cependant l'ombre fuyait toujours. Le soldat visa; mais avant que le doigt eût pressé la détente, l'ombre s'affaissa et disparut. En umbond le soldat fut près du corps qu'il ramassa avec précaution; mais qu'elle ne fut sa surprise quand ses bras vigoureux entourèrent le corps suète d'un enfant, tandis qu'un rayon de la lune découvrit à ses yeux le visage d'une jeune native. Mais un visage d'une beauté exquise et parfaite, un front ouvert, des sourcils noirs, au dessus des paupières dont tombaient des cils longs et brillants. Une bouche aux lèvres fines et rouges. Dieu qu'elle était belle cette enfant des pays sauvages. Le soldat la regardait en extase et mourait d'envie de voir la couleur de ses yeux cachés. Soudain, les paupières se levèrent et découvrirent les prunelles flamboyantes de deux beaux yeux noirs. Aussitôt la gracieuse enfant se dressa rigide devant lui, mais ne tâcha pas de fuir. Les cheveux étaient éperdus, ses yeux plein de dédain et de hauteur.

Enfin le soldat retrouva la parole et lui parla dans la langue du pays.

“Qui êtes-vous, et que faites-vous ici à pareille heure, enfant?” demand-t-il. Elle ne daigna pas répondre, mais après un moment elle parla.

“Mon nom ne vous servira à rien, soldat; mais puisque vous insistez, sachez que je m'appelle Samour, et que je suis la fille de Bégad.”

La fille de Bégad! La fille du chef des natifs! La sentinelle était stupéfaite, mais aussitôt est venue la curiosité qui l'avait encouragé à l'interroger. Que faisait ici cette princesse, à deux pas du camp français?

“Malheureuse enfant!” reprit-il, “vous me placez dans une position bien douleureuse. Vous agissez en espionne et je ne peux vous laisser fuir, car le devoir exige. . . .”

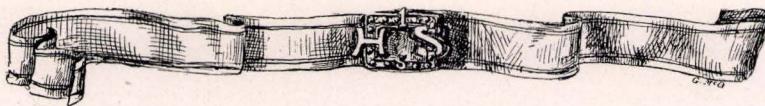
Elle l'interrompit, “Je sais, soldat, que vous me croyez une espionne, je ne le suis point, laissez moi passer.”

“Le devoir me le défend,” reprit-il.

Alors ses yeux se transfixèrent d'horreur et de douleur.

“O Français, si vous avez du coeur, ne me retenez point, je ne peux vous dire ce qui m'amène ici, mais je vous jure que l'œuvre que j'ai à accomplir ne ternira point votre devoir. Il me faut passer. La vie d'un être cher dépend de votre bonté.

La sentinelle hésita. La princesse était bien belle dans son attitude suppliante, et cependant la devoir le retenait. Mais son regard était si sincère qu'il céda et baissa le canon de son fusil et la laissa passer. Elle fit quelques pas, puis, soudain se retourna et fixant ses yeux noirs sur le visage troublé du soldat elle murmura ces paroles.



“Sentinelle, vous êtes généreux, mais vous ne regretterez jamais cette action. Samour n’oublie jamais un bienfait,” et avec ces mots elle bondit comme un chevreuil éffrayé et disparut.

Le jour suivant, tardis que le Français, était seul dans la forêt il fut soudainement entouré par trois ennemis armés jusqu’au dents. Il se battit bravement, et deux des assaillants succombèrent sous ses coups vigoureux; mais encore un restait, et le Français était blessé. Il se débattit un instant, mais en vain. Le poignard du natif était levé pour le coup fatal. Une seconde et c’était fini; mais le poignard n’accomplit pas son oeuvre terrible, car, une main inconnue détourna le coup.

Le soldat se leva avec peine, et vit étendu près du nègre le corps de son sauveur couvert de sang. Malgré les souffrances aigues de ses blessures il s’approcha. Qu’elle ne fut sa surprise en reconnaissant le visage pâle de la petite princesse. Aussitôt il se baissa et commença à étancher le sang. Au même instant les paupières de l’enfant s’entrouvrirent et elle le fixa, d’un regard pénétrant.

“Princesse! Princesse! qu’avez-vous fait?” il murmura tandis qu’il essayait de la soigner.

Elle l’arrêta d’un geste.

“C'est inutile, car je meurs. Adieu mon bienfaiteur,” et en disant ces mots, les yeux morts, les lèvres formant un dernier sourire, elle expira. Il s’agenouilla au près de ce corps sanglant, assista au départ de cette brave et loyale petite âme qui avait accompli sans hésitation son devoir de reconnaissance.

LORETTE ROUMIGUIERE, June, '15.

Treue Liebe.

Ach! wie ist's möglich dann,
Dass ich Dich lernen fann?
Deutsche Grammatik Du,
Lieb' bist Du nicht.
Du hast den Kopfe mein,
So ganz genommen ein,
Dass ich nichts denken fann
Als an Dich allein.

Dorothy Bentner,

Christmas 1917.



Die Treue Stadt.

Es war einmal eine schöne, junge Fee, die wollte eine große Stadt, schöner als alle anderen Städte, bauen. Sie dachte viele Tage darüber nach und endlich entschied sie, daß die Stadt in San Francisco sein soll, weil San Francisco sehr, sehr schön ist. Sie wollte am Wasser bauen, und fand zuletzt einen wundervollen Platz, der auf das blaue Wasser der San Francisco Bay eine Aussicht hat, und von dem man den herrlichen Berg Tamalpais nach einer Seite sehen kann und die Hügel San Franciscos mit vielen großen und schönen Häusern nach der anderen. Überall umher fliegen viele Vögel von der See.

Dort begann sie die Stadt zu bauen, große und stattliche Gebäude mit Dächern von vielen Farben, manche von blau wie die See, andere von grün, von gelb und von rot. Viele schöne Blumen und große Bäume blühten darin. Die Stadt wurde ein Farbentraum.

Als sie fertig war, ging die Fee zu Hermoder, dem Götterboten, und sagte: „Ich will, daß die Leute in meiner Stadt sehr glücklich werden. Gehe nach Europa, nach Afrika, nach Süd-Amerika, nach allen Ländern der Welt, und erzähle den Menschen von einer schönen Stadt. Ich will, daß viele Leute nach meiner Stadt kommen. Auch mußt du mir Sachen von allen Ländern bringen, daß alle Leute, die kommen, froh und glücklich werden.“

Hermoder tat, was sie gesagt hatte, und als er fertig war, gaben viele Götterinnen und Götter der Fee Geschenke für ihre Stadt. Balder, der Sonnengott, gab ihr viele schöne Tage, und seine Schwester Freia, die Mondgöttin, gab klare Nächte. Auch gab der Lichtgott Strahlen, um die Stadt des Abends zu beleuchten, und der Gott des Regenbogens färbte sie mit vielen bunten Farben. Die Lichter sollen so schön werden, daß viele Leute kommen würden, nur sie zu sehen.

Alles, das die Fee befahl, wurde getan, und als nach vielen Jahren die Stadt fertig war, öffnete sie die Tore und bat die Leute der ganzen Welt, einzutreten. Und jeder sagte: „Sie ist wirklich schöner als andere Städte“, und sie heißt „Die Panama-Pacific Weltausstellung.“

Constance Meeker, Juni '17.





The Newcomes.

"The Newcomes" is a realistic novel, depicting the life of the middle and upper classes of London society, during the first half of the nineteenth century. Like all of Thackeray's other books, "The Newcomes" is full of deep philosophy, keen humor and delicate satire. He has painted life as he sees it, and it rests with us to accept his views on the shallowness of society, or not, just as we please.

The clear, simple, distinct manner in which all of Thackeray's works are written, adds greatly to their charm. "The Newcomes" is ended so delicately. There is no definite statement of that which most readers hope will happen, but, instead, there is a suggestion that we carry the memory of the characters whom we have learned to love so dearly, on into our dream world and there work out the remainder of their lives to suit our own fancies. Yet there is a definite completeness about the ending, for do we not go back again to the enraged frog, the trapped fox, and the rescued lamb, whose fortunes we followed on the very first pages of the book? Frequently the story is interrupted for a line or two, while Thackeray makes some trite comment about what the critics will say, or directly addresses the reader in the most confidential manner possible.

Every character in the story seems truly to be alive. This reality is brought about chiefly by the many details, and the varied times and conditions under which we see each of the numerous characters.

Colonel Newcome is ever tender, patient, kind and loving, whether he is gratifying the deepest desire of his heart by bestowing its wealth of affection on his son, or whether he is silently enduring base, unjust, fiendish censure and abuse from the biting, merciless tongue of the "Campaigner."

Clive is always the brave, cheery, generous, impetuous, noble youth. A bit selfish and inconsiderate at times, it is true, but on the whole a lovable, unassuming, strictly honest, upright man.

Then there is insipid, pretty Rosie, Clive's wife. She might possibly have had one opinion of her own, if a single idea had ever been allowed to enter her head, unaided. But, no, her ignorant, grasping, vicious, domineering mother (Mrs. Wolf, with a sheep-skin coat), is not satisfied with living her own life, she must also live Rosie's and she succeeds admirably in completely wrecking the poor girl's happiness.



Let us not forget Ethel, the mixture of pride and haughtiness, of sincerity and love, and of spiritual as well as physical beauty.

The daily life of all these people and many more equally admirable and vividly portrayed characters goes to make up the plot of "The Newcomes." Some we see grow from childhood into young manhood and young womanhood, some just embark upon their life voyage, while still others go from middle age to old age and death. It is the life story of these genuine people with its partings and reunions, its mistakes and successes, its loves and its hate, that composes the immortal "Newcomes."

GERTRUDE McGOWAN, June, '15.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

In "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the poet, to quote his own words, has given "to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name." This play is so essentially a dream, that only as such can it be read understandingly. The plot unfolds itself with that delightful disregard of conventionality and even of possibility, that only dreams possess. The scene where most of the action takes place is exactly the sort of place where one expects to find fairies sporting in the moonlight. Indeed, the important place these little creatures hold in the story seems most natural. While reading one no more wonders at their existence, than while dreaming, he doubts the existence of some impossible creation of his dream.

The mortals have, in keeping with the whole, an airy, ideal atmosphere. They are moved with joy, sorrow, love and hate; but these emotions are drawn with such delicate, vanishing touches, that the lyric beauty of the piece is in no way disturbed. Not once does it verge upon the tragic. The whole play seems more an exquisitely imaginative piece of poetry than something written for the stage.

MAXINE ELDRIDGE, Dec., '17.





In Memoriam



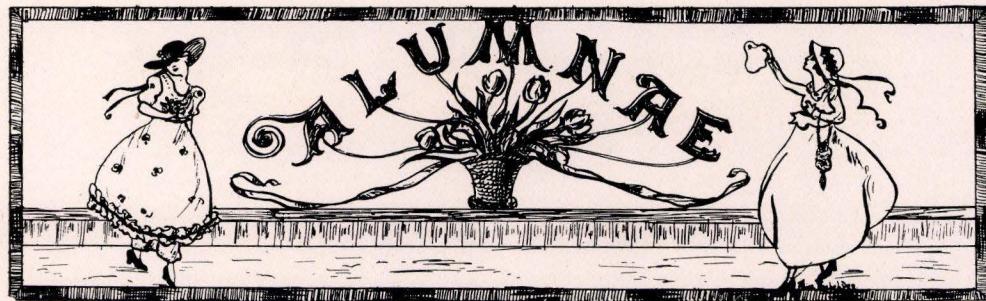
Dora Oliua

February 24, 1896

May 3, 1915

Dora carissima! te Deus Omnipotens revocavit
Vere tuae vitae, ne spoliaret hiems
Florem purpureum. Misericordius lacrimantes
Ores pro nobis, deliciae comitum.

Martin A. Centner.



Births.

Mrs. Abner Dobel, née Helen Davis, ex June '12, was blessed with a valentine present in the person of a small baby daughter.

Mrs. Will Derby, née Phoebe Knowles, June '10, has two sons, and now resides in Springville, Tulare, where her husband is engaged in business.

Mrs. Earle Bothwill (Irene McCalvey, June '10), now of San Jose, has a daughter.

Mary Margaret Dinmore, Dec. '09 (Mrs. Len D. Owens), has two small daughters.

Marriages.

A January wedding of interest was that of Geraldine Flood, June '12, to Joseph V. Costello.

Dorothy Sichel, June '14, is now Mrs. Leonard Frank.

Frances Goldman, June '10, is married to Lester Dinkelspiel and is living in Oakland, where Mr. Dinkelspiel has business interests.

The marriage of Tessie Goodman, June '10, to Arthur Manasse was an event of last November. The couple are now residing at Madera, California.

Helen Spaeth, Dec. '09, became Mrs. Charles Weatherbee on February 11, 1915.

Engagements.

Luise Eschman, June '10, is engaged to Albert Hubers. Their marriage will take place early this Fall.

On January 15th the engagement of Mildred Little, June '15, to Harry Warren was announced.

The betrothal of Edmée Artigues, Dec. '13, to Roy Cameron has been recently announced.

Murial Wilbur, Dec. '12, is soon to be Mrs. Samuel Gerheart.

Doris Bradford, Dec. '12, is engaged to Wilfred Sidebotham of Boston.

Miscellaneous.

Helen Wollenborg, Lisle Hubsch, Dorothy Greene, Marjorie Liddle, all of Dec. '14, are attending U. C.



Pauline Buttner, Dec. '11, is studying music in this city.

Enid Lloyd, Marion Brayer, Theda Culver, Doris Wertheimer, Dec. '14, are taking post-graduate courses at Girls' High.

Laura Sanford, June '13, is at Stanford University.

Estelle Eisenberg and Estelle Cahn, Dec. '14, are now at the Vocational School.

Margaret Murdock, Florence Blech, June '12, have both become teachers.

Helen Huntington and Mazie Green, Dec. '14, have chosen a course at business college.

Violet Buttner, June '14, is learning millinery.

Gladys Hartley, Dec. '11, is at Lux.

Mary Sweeney, Dec. '12, is teaching at Claremont.

Carmelita Dresel, June '13, has just returned from an extensive tour of Europe.

Dorothy Richardson, Dec. '14, is dividing her time between courses at Hopkins' Art Institute and Lowell.

Marie Saul, June '14, is taking a post-graduate course at Lux.

Alice Ephriam, June '14, is at business college.

Bessie Brenner, June '10 (Mrs. Ed. Loeb), and her daughter Marjorie have just returned to their home in Los Angeles after an extended visit to San Francisco and the Exposition.



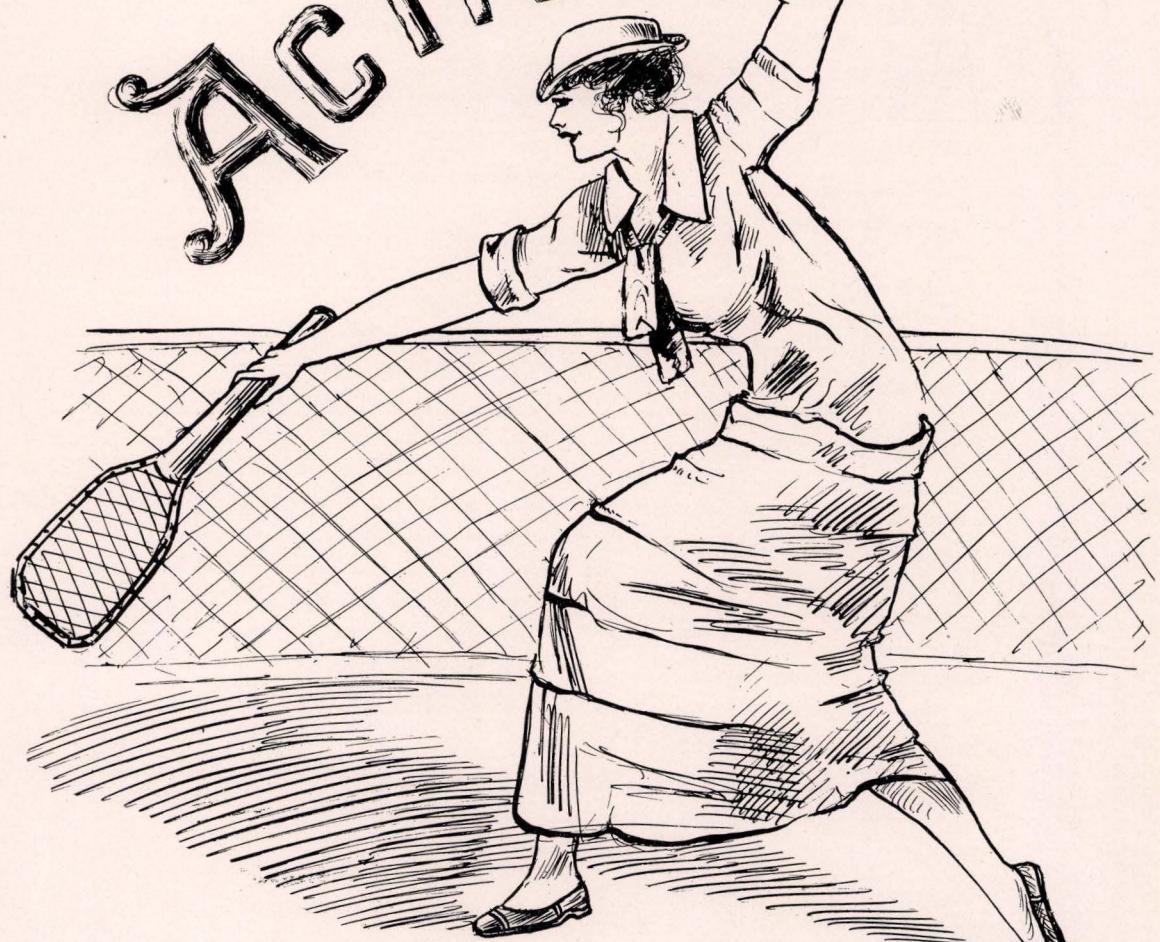
It runs in the family in Bee Harper's case;
Big sister won laurels, now Bee's in the race;
She's the best-hearted, pluckiest youngster alive,
When she is a senior she'll sure make things thrive.

"Exes never come singly."

"She who laughs at the end of the term laughs best."

"The daily work of the species is more deadly than the ex."

ACTIVITIES



Jeanette Schatz



THE READING CLUB

The reading club this year has continued its firm hold of last term and has made a record for itself, starting with a larger membership than ever before.

In the plays read this term Shaw and Barrie have furnished the greater part of the humor, but we have shed many tears over Maeterlink, Galsworthy and others. The reading of the plays is always preceded by a sketch of the author and a brief summary of the style and character of his work.

Those who have been fortunate enough to be members for the last two or three terms, have been entertained by the following plays:

Antigone—Sophocles.	Sunken Bell—Hauptman.
Second Shepherd's Play.	Chitra—Tagore.
Everyman.	Post Office—Tagore.
Jew of Malta—Marlowe.	Mob—Galsworthy.
Alchemist—Jonson	Strife—Galsworthy.
School for Scandal—Sheridan.	Joy—Galsworthy.
Rivals—Sheridan.	Little Dream—Galsworthy.
She Stoops to Conquer—Goldsmith.	Shadow of the Glen—Synge.
Cyrano de Bergerac—Rostand.	Riders to the Sea—Synge.
Aglavaine and Selysette—Maeterlink.	Servant in the House—Kennedy.
Pelleas and Melisande—Maeterlink.	Thousand Years Ago—Mackaye.
The Great Galleoto—Echegerry.	Piper—Peabody.
Doll's House—Ibsen.	Land of Heart's Desire—Yeats.
Arms and the Man—Shaw.	Twelve Pound Look—Barrie.
Pygmalion—Shaw.	Rosalind—Barrie.
You Never Can Tell—Shaw.	The Will—Barrie.
Melting Pot—Zangwill.	War Brides—Wentworth.
Ulysses—Phillips.	

Miss Armer, in spite of her various other duties, consented to lead us in our study, for without her help we would miss half the good things to be had from these dramas.

This term we have established a system of dues. With the tax of ten cents a month on each member we are able to present to the school library some of the best books which we have read. In this way they may reach some of the girls who feel they have not the time to devote to the club. This term so far we have given "Chitra," and "The Post Office" by Rabindranth Tagore, and "The Mob" by Galsworthy.

The Reading Club has the name of being the longest lived activity in the school and instead of being ready to die out, has taken a new purchase on life, which promises to lead to even bigger things hereafter.



The officers are:

Teacher in charge—Miss Armer.

President—Mildred Roberts.

Vice-President—Edna Hargens.

Secretary and Treasurer—Ada O'Brien.

All the girls of the third and fourth years are eligible to membership.

The Walking Club.

Although the weather has prevented our going on many walks this term, several very delightful ones have been planned. Some that we expect to take are: Mt. Tamalpais, Point Bonita, Willow Camp and Tucker Camp. One very enjoyable "hike" that has already been taken was to Lake Merced and then to the beach, under the chaperonage of Miss Ford.

A meeting was held at the beginning of the term and the results of the election of officers were as follows:

Teacher President—Miss Noonan.

Student President—Flora Grover.

Secretary—Ruth Fjerem.

Committee—Josephine Witt, Rose Isaac.

To the teachers who have kindly consented to accompany us on our trips we extend our heartiest thanks. We wish to invite all the girls, especially those who have never been before, to come on our "good time" walks.

The Glee Club.

The Glee Club was organized at the beginning of the term, under the leadership of Mrs. Mary McGlade. The club meets in the school auditorium on Thursdays, and the girls who are interested in the work devote one period to it a week and receive one credit for it at the end of the term.

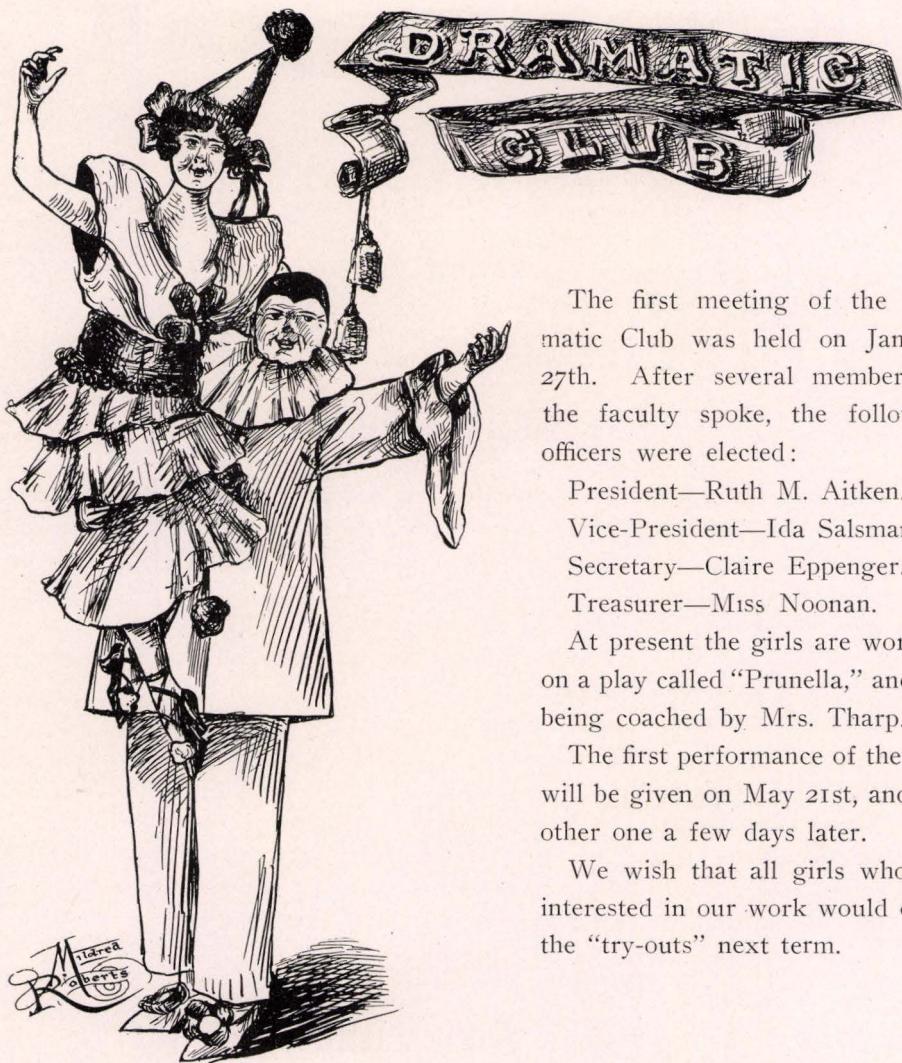
This term Mrs. McGlade has taken up the Rudiments of Music. This is especially helpful to the girls who intend to go to college and take a musical course while there. The club always welcomes new members, membership being open to the whole school. We hope, before long, to establish the old custom of having monthly concerts.

At an election held the first part of the term the following officers were elected:

President—Dorothy E. Danglada.

Secretary—Henrietta Gaines and Marjorie L. Mauzy.

Recording-Secretary—Bessie Cottle.



The first meeting of the Dramatic Club was held on January 27th. After several members of the faculty spoke, the following officers were elected:

President—Ruth M. Aitken.

Vice-President—Ida Salsman.

Secretary—Claire Eppenger.

Treasurer—Miss Noonan.

At present the girls are working on a play called "Prunella," and are being coached by Mrs. Tharp.

The first performance of the play will be given on May 21st, and another one a few days later.

We wish that all girls who are interested in our work would enter the "try-outs" next term.

"Better late than absent."

"A II on your card is worth a I in your mind."

"Patient students never flunk."



Tennis.

At the beginning of the term the Tennis Club met, and Ruth Fjerem was elected business manager. In the past, Girls' High School has been represented only by a double team; however, it was decided this year to have both a double and a single team. After a number of delays on account of the poor weather conditions, the tryouts were finally held and the following contestants were successful in winning their way to represent the school:

Doubles—Meta Gerkins and Ruth Fjerem.

Singles—Meta Gerkins.

Although the double team was defeated in its first game by Polytechnic, they have not lost heart and have every hope of being victorious in their remaining games.

The Swimming Club.

The Swimming Club met at the beginning of the term to elect its officers: President—Katherine Roth.

Vice-President—Ada Meyer.

Secretary—Lubov Bujanoff.

We go swimming every Monday at Sutro's, where, besides enjoying ourselves, we get splendid exercise.

The club owes a vote of thanks to Miss Noonan, who so kindly consented to chaperone the girls.

We are all looking forward with great anxiety to the time when the Girls' High Swimming Club will be able to give and accept challenges from the teams of other schools. We want a great many more girls to join us, to win when we do have meets.

Remember, girls, the Swimming Club is open to everyone.



Basket-Ball.

Basket-ball is more alive this term than it has been for several years. On the sixteenth of January we had a jolly jinks to welcome the new girls and to arouse enthusiasm. The plan certainly succeeded, for there have been almost too many girls for Miss Flynn and Miss Ford to handle. The girls from the upper classes have been out in large numbers. Though the Freshmen have not so large a number to draw from, there is a good showing every practice day. We all appreciate the help and encouragement that Miss Flynn and Miss Ford give us.

We have played two practice games: one against Polytechnic, which we won, and the other we lost to Lowell.

If everyone knew how much fun the game is, the basket-ball spirit would grow and we should find use for six courts instead of two.



The Rowing Club.

On account of the inclemency of the weather, our club, of course, has not had much fun so far, but, in the near future, we hope to show of what we are made.

If the swimming club is to have a team, why shouldn't we? (Even if they do not, we can!) Should we have only interclass races, we could show that girls have muscles as well as spirit.

The elections for this term were:

Beatrice Harper, President. Flora Grover, Secretary and Treasurer.

And, girls, it costs only a dime to spend a delightful afternoon on Stow Lake with the Girls' High Rowing Club. Come along!

THE SEWING CLUB



The Girls' High School Sewing Society aims to make wearing apparel for little children who are very much in need of clean, warm clothing. Most of the girls, superintended by Miss Wood, do the cutting and sewing in the school, while others make the garments at home.

During two months of conscientious work, the girls completed ninety articles, such as flannelette wrappers, gingham dresses, bloomers and aprons. These were distributed among five of San Francisco's well-deserving charitable institutions and four individual cases. Judging from the sincere appreciation expressed in the notes of acknowledgment, the Girls' High Sewing Society feels deeply gratified, and hopes to pursue its work with a faithful and ardent devotion.

President—Ida Salsman.

Secretary—Margaret Rolph.

Treasurer—Miss Roth.

The Orchestra.

Under the supervision of Dr. Scott the orchestra has been very successful. During the term a concert was given and was greatly appreciated by all. The following girls are members:

First Violins—Marjorie Mauzy, Pauline Weilheimer.

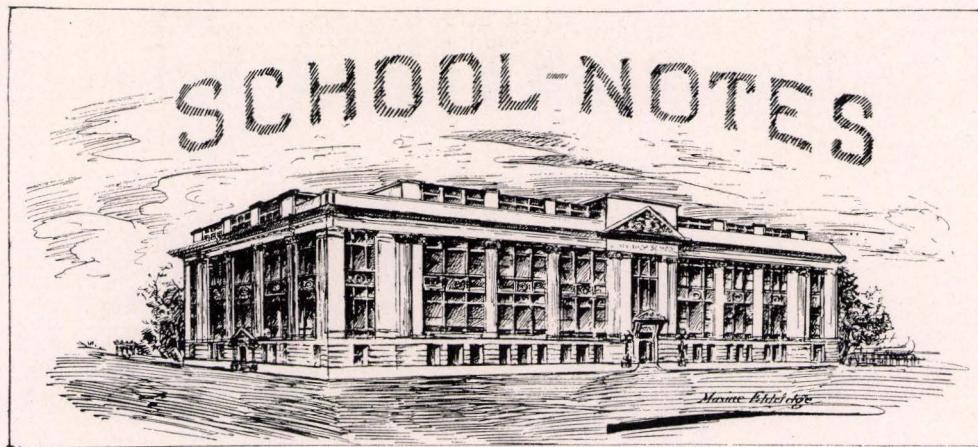
Second Violins—Yvonne Landsberger, Josephine Thoma, Elsa Newman.

Third Violins—Edna Edmunds, Esther Enos, Jeannette Leiser.

Violoncello—Melba Livingstone.

Piano—Vera Carr.

Organ—Catherine Davis.



This term has been an unusually busy one. We have had candy and poster sales, Student Body meetings and rallies, and some very interesting lectures and tours. Mrs. Blair's lecture certainly has proven helpful to all, and Miss Burke's talk on the "Symbolism of the Art at the Exposition" was as instructive as it was interesting. The programs for commemorating Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays were very well rendered and the visits to the Sierra Art and Engraving Company and to the Exposition were thoroughly enjoyed by all. The concerts given by the Girls' High School Orchestra have been few but very delightful.

All the sales, lectures and visits have been exceedingly enjoyable, but the great Girls' High Fair, held at the school on April 17th, was a wonderful climax to the whole. As you entered the school on that never-to-be-forgotten day you would probably have been greeted with

"Here you are! Right here! Fine delicious lemonade, and only a nickel!"

Such delicious, sparkling lemonade, served by attractive maidens. You move on and lo and behold if there isn't a dance going on! Now a rather confused noise reaches your ears. You wonder what it is and push into the crowd, rather anxious to see some more. You arrive in the hubbub none too soon, and now it seems as if you couldn't think—surely you couldn't talk.

"See the Incubator Babies! Real live babies. Only five cents," shouts one urgent speaker.

"Have your silhouette cut. Right here: Finished in no time!" screams another right in your ear.

"Tea?" asks a dainty little Japanese girl.

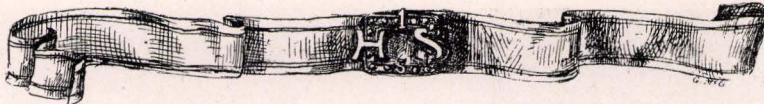
"Try your luck! Try your luck! Throw the ball through the hoop and win a prize!"

"Ice cream cones! Only five cents!"

"The Mystic Maze! See its wonders and feel its thrills!" shouts the agent for the mysterious affair.

"Pull a lemon, win a prize!" chimes in another.

"Right here! Right here! The wonderful fortune tellers. Bella, the beautiful! Bella the wonderful! Don't miss this!" calls a deep bass voice at your right.



"Pineapple and cake. Sweet and fresh. Won't you have some?" ask some darling little girls in white.

Now strains of music reach your ear through all the confusion, and you soon find yourself in front of "Alt Nurnberg."

"Have some coffee and cake? See the cabaret!" call maidens in German costume.

"Soak 'em! Soak 'em! Only a nickel," yells some one directly in front of you.

"The Circus! The Circus! Live animals! Real clowns!"

"See the Doll Show! Beautiful, wonderful dolls!"

"The Baby Show! Right here! Thirty lovely babies!"

All these strike you as you move on to the Circus. You take one moment to peep into the Fashion Show and see some adorable little ladies walk up and down in the latest gowns. But such fun as you did have at the circus. The beautiful lynx, the frightful lions and tigers, the wonderful elephants, all add to your enjoyment. Then the funny clowns, the dainty ballet dancers and the marvelous whistler make it seem almost too fine to be true, and you leave with a feeling of having had a good time, although your head is aching. Two hundred and fifty-six dollars. Surely it was worth the headache.

HENRIETTA GAINES.



"Haste makes failures."

"Many study periods make light work."

"One month's report card doesn't make the term."



IRMA BELLE BIBO
First Vice-President

BEATRICE HARPER
Third Vice-President

MILDRED ROBERTS
Yell Leader

MARION HARPER
President

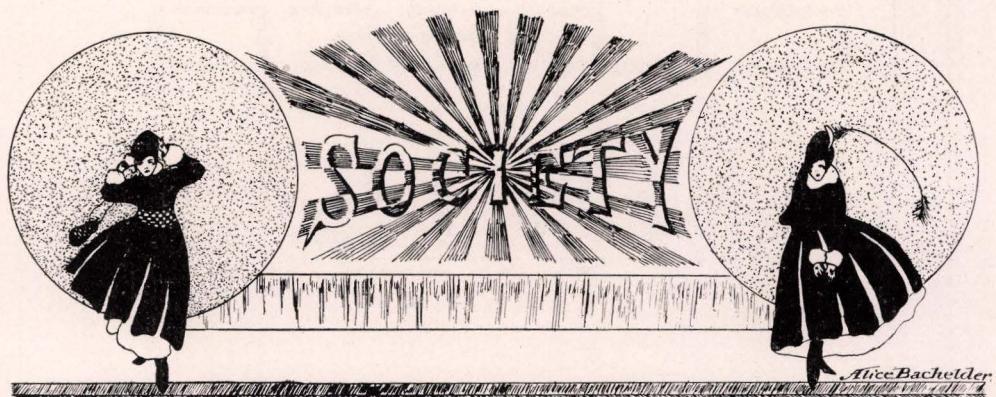
FLORENCE McMURRAY
Secretary

MISS L. DANIEL
Treasurer

JANE ELLIOT
Second Vice-President

HELEN ARMER
Fourth Vice-President

HENRIETTA GAINES
Sergeant-at-Arms



Social events have crowded rapidly one upon the other. Theatre parties, receptions and dances all have had full play.

One of the first of the term was the Basket Ball Jinks in the Girls' High School recreation room on January 16th. The whole dance was carried out in a most novel way, and in the end was voted a success by everyone. The dance programs were in the form of basket balls. The monotony of dancing was relieved by the playing of games which were of a most original nature.

On February 28, 1915, the Alumnae held their annual reception in the red room of the Palace Hotel. The High Seniors were invited and were glad of the opportunity to meet some of their old friends. Most of the time was spent in dancing. Short speeches were also made by members of the Alumnae, in the course of which a promise was given to entertain the June 1915 Class at the usual annual luncheon.

The next great event was the Freshman Reception given by the High Seniors to the newcomers in the school. The Low Seniors acted as joint hostesses. Most of the afternoon was spent in dancing. The usual refreshments were served.

The High Seniors made the Cort Theatre their "rendezvous" on Saturday, March 20th, to hear "High Jinks" from which comedy is taken the air for their class song. The theatre was a scene of hilarity and joyfulness.

On Thursday, March 25th, the Low Senior Class revived the old custom of entertaining the High Seniors at a luncheon. The Faculty was also present as guests. During the luncheon speeches were made by the members of the faculty and the officers of both the classes. The most noticeable feature, however, was in the decorations, the hostesses having decorated the whole table and room in gold and blue, the colors of the High Senior Class. This was greatly appreciated by the members of the upper class. Everyone had a most enjoyable time; time passing quickly to both teachers and pupils.

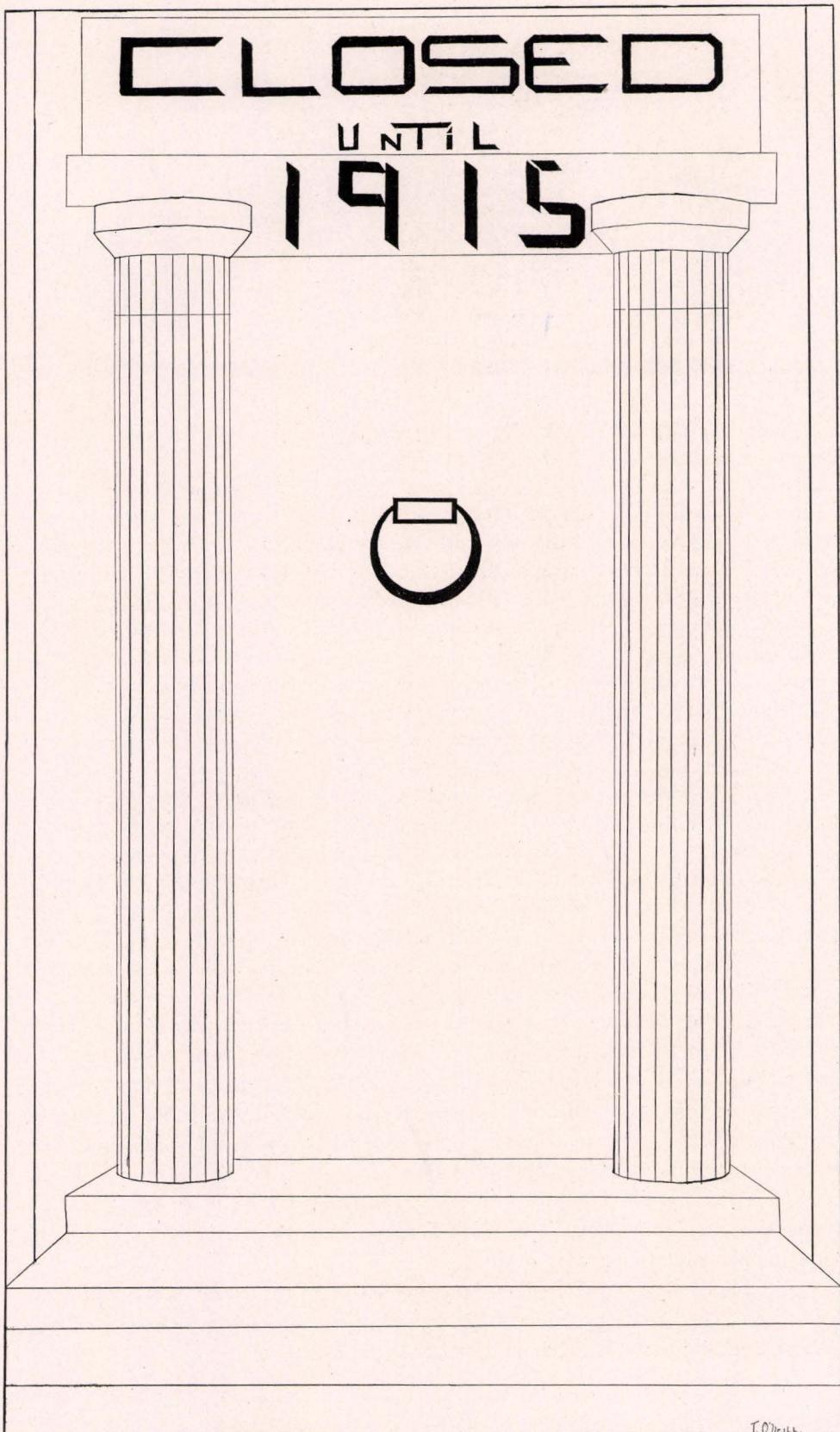
The Girls' High Alumnae held their luncheon at Old Faithful Inn at the Exposition on April 24th. The High Seniors were there and enjoyed meeting some of their old schoolmates again.

In anticipation is the Senior dance which is to be given at the California Building. The dance promises to be a great success, being one of the most elaborate affairs the school has undertaken in a long time.

CLOSED

UNTIL

1915



T. O'Neill



RUTH M. AITKEN

"Full of mirth and jollity."

FLORIEN DOROTHEA ADAIR

"A sweet, demure little maid."

MARGARET C. BELLANI

"Tranquility! thou better name
Than all the family of fame."

HELEN BRISCOE

"There is no brighter, happier lass."



MILDRED JACQUELINE BREMLER

"She has set her soul to win."

MARTHA ALVINA BARTH

"Hers is a noble studious mind."

RUTH CALDERWOOD

"In all the world there's nothing
better
Than a true and loyal friend."

HILDA NOBLE COWAN

"She carelessly tossed off a curl,
That played on her delicate brow."



BESSIE COFTLE

"Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of
great hearts."

RUTH MARGARET CARMICHAEL

"An inborn grace that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance—
The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self reliance."

ALMA DOANE

"With a merry laugh and a helping
hand."

DOROTHY ENGRACIA DANGLADA

"No-whir so bisy a girl as she, there
was."
And yet she seemed bisier than she
was."



GRACE MAY DODGE

"Beauty made lovelier by perfect unconsciousness."

DORIS GERTRUDE FRANCE

"She fears not the obstacles that lead to her goal."

MARGARET VIRGINIA FORBES

"She can be serious and gleeful—yet both at the right times."

EDNA CECILE FLETCHER

"Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year."



FRANCES MARIE FITZGERALD

"A soul of sweet unselfish love."

VERA H. GARDINER

"Patience, abnegation of self and devotion to others."

HENRIETTA ALICE GAINES

"True blue, reliable, conscientious."

CAROLYN RAMONA GRAY

"A lively happy little being."



LUCILE GRAHAM

"She hath set her mind to lofty purposes."

EDITH DOROTHY GLEESON

"There is winning grace in every act."

MYRTLE EVELYN GILCREST

"All kin o' smily round the lips."

EVELYN GISELA HEFFERNAN

"She leads a life of quiet worth."



**ESTHER GERTRUDE
HAWTHORNE**

"A quiet mien conceals a store of
wit and fun."

IRMA EVELYN HARRIS

"A daughter of the gods, divinely
tall,
And most divinely fair."

MARION ELOISE HARPER

" 'Tis good will makes intelligence."

EDNA LOUISE HARGENS

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks."



ANITA M. HALLEGO

"Her fairy-like music steals over
the sea,
Entrancing our senses with charmed
melody."

FAITH HOWARD

"The thrill of a happy voice
And the light of a pleasant eye."

HARLENE HOOVER

"Her eyes, as blue as heaven,
Her face, oh call it fair, not pale!"

DORIS DOROTHEA HOLLER.

"Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way."



HELEN KUYKENDALL

"In music she finds much pleasure."

MARGUERITE C. KOMMER

"Mild of manner and gentle of heart."

GENEVIEVE GLADYS KAISER

"Learned yet sympathetic—a real friend."

HILDA LIESS

"Serene and resolute, calm and self-possessed."



EDITH IRENE LICHTY

"Begone, dull care; thou and I shall never agree."

ELISE McCARTHY

"She has learned the luxury of doing good."

MARJORIE LUCY MAUZY

"Order is Heaven's first law."

GERTRUDE McGOWAN

"Unselfish, sincere and faithful, Therefore popular."



ETHLYN GAIGE NORDIN

"From the crown of her head
To the sole of her feet she is all
mirth."

ADA JOSEPHINE O'BRIEN

"Her wit was more than man,
Her innocence a child."

BONNIE RUTH PATTERSON

"Thine is the heart that is gentle
and kind."

CAMILLE PINSON

"Those who stand to hear thee
laugh,
Catch the infection."



FLORENCE McMURRAY

"Her modest and graceful air
Shows her wise as she is fair."

DORIS MAY METCALF

"A spirit strong and free and inde-
pendent."

MURIEL O. MITCHELL

"Brown were her eyes, as the berry
That grows on the thorn on the
wayside."

ROSE MONTION

"Modest demeanor hides much true
worth."



BLANCHE MILDRED ROBERTS

"She's brimful of glee,
Yet as busy as a bee."

MARIE MARTHA ROEDEL

"Sometimes she's quiet, sometimes
she speaks,
But always her eyes shine."

MARGARET ROLPH

"She was good as she was fair,
To know her was to love her."

DOROTHY ELEANOR ROTH

"Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage."



KATHERINE LEAH ROTH

"A kind and gentle heart she had,
To comfort friends and foes."

LORETTTE ROUMIGUIERE

"Humility! that low sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues
shoot."

EMILIE ROUMIGUIERE

"Never elated when one's oppressed
Never dejected when another's
blest."

THEODORA PAULINE RUEGG

"She has a sweet and calm sin-
cerity."



OLGA C. SCHWELLINGER

"We find you worthy of our highest trust."

BEULAH E. SHEPARD

"With a smile that glowed
Celestial, rosy red."

ELIZABETH V. SNYDER

"Thy heart the lowliest duties on
herself did lay."

ETHEL L. STABENS

"Diligence is the mother of good
fortune."



IDA V. SALSMAN

"Her low, sweet voice and gentle manners reflect refinement."

ELIZABETH PROCTOR SARGENT

"Strong intellect together with clever wit."

BEATRICE ESTELLE SHAFER

"Efficiency—that's our Bee."

JEANNETTE ELLEN SCHWARTZ

"So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store."



RUTH EDITH STAYNOR

"Nothing can hide the fineness of her nature."

EDITH H. STORY

"Wisdom's self oft seeks to sweet retired solitude."

MARION A. SWEENEY

"Lively looks a sprightly mind disclose."

ANNIE C. VAN MALE

"She bore a banner with a strange device, 'Excelsior.' "



GLADYS WHITE

"For those who know thee not, no
words can paint,
Those who know thee, know all
words are faint."

ROSINA LILLIAN WOODWARD

"She holds it quite the wisest way,
To drive dull care away."

HELEN JOSEPHINE ZIPPEL

"And what she justly thought,
She nobly dared."

Class Motto
FACTA, NON VERBA.



Class Yell
HIP-HOORAH-PANAMA
O'ER ALL WE DO SURPASS
NINETEEN FIFTEEN
EXPOSITION CLASS.



Class Colors
GOLD AND BLUE.



Class Flower
THE CORNFLOWER.



Class Song.

To the tune of "The Bubble," from "High Jinks."

I.

Schools there are many and fair,
In our City of the West,
But never was there one so rare,
Girls' High, which we all love the best.
Happy the hours we have known
With our schoolmates so loved and so dear;
Joyous the time, but 'tis flown,
For parting time is near.

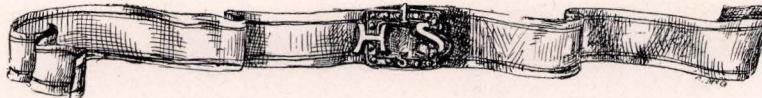
CHORUS.

Farewell! Girls' High!
We now are going to part;
Farewell! Girls High!
From friends dear to each heart.
Away we stray,
To paths both far and near;
We'll ne'er forget
The school we hold so dear,
Farewell, Girls' High!

II.

We meet for the last time tonight,
Four happy years have now passed,
With pleasure and joy and delight,
That long in our glad hearts will last.
We've worked with our heart and our soul,
Kind teachers have lightened our way,
We've all reached the much longed for goal,
Nineteen Fifteen, its farewells now say.

Words by MARJORIE L. MAUZY.



Class History.

Of course, we, like all other graduating classes entered upon our high school career just four years ago. But we differed from most classes in that we were one hundred and ten in number. Another point of difference was that we did not at all resemble the usual type of retiring Freshmen. Before the first month passed we were organized as a class, a step which no other Freshman class ever dared to take, before or since.

Our first term flew by quickly with its pleasant half-day sessions down at Commercial High, while our own dear temporary building was being moved to Hamilton Square to make room for our yellow brick Girls' High School of today.

Despite our keen sense of modesty we here wish to state that the "Journal" of December '11 received a number of invaluable contributions from us while we were still "babies." The "Journal" staff of that term put into practice a new plan of devoting one page to each class. A prize offered for the most cleverly filled page stimulated every girl in the school to strive to carry off the honor for her own class. Our Freshman page represented the door of life which was to remain closed to us during our happy school days. Now that our school girl life is coming to an end, the gateway slowly opens and the whole world lies before us ready to give each one of us our opportunity to make the most of her life.

The most striking event of our 1B term was a "Country Fair," in which the whole school participated. Our ice cream cornucopia booth with its artistic crepe paper, squash blossoms, and huckleberry lattice work, was among the most attractive, if indeed it did not excel the others in its beauty of decoration. It was useful too, as well as ornamental, for we added nearly twenty dollars to the general fund.

As 2A's we gave the "Journal" for that term substantial financial support, in the form of the much sought after ad.

The following term we carried on a private celebration of Washington's Birthday in which only members of the class participated. Violin solos, red cardboard hatchets, and red, white, and blue ribbon added to the enjoyment of the afternoon.

We started our 3A term in "the new building." At last the dream of our future home was a thing of the past and the reality was at hand. With what joy we set to work on plans for our 3A Jinks—elaborate plans—ideas which were startling in their originality were worked out almost to completion, and then! Well, we changed our minds (as well as the arrangements) and gave a dance and entertainment in the recreation hall. Little Miss Helen Brace was by far the favorite of all those who so kindly assisted with the program.

A number of our girls joined the Reading Club that term; so many, in fact, that the enrollment of that organization was larger than ever before.

High Juniors already! With the class pin problem fairly under way before the second month of the term! How happy we were when at last the little gold pearl-set G. H. S. monogram arrived.



That term the big candy sale claimed most of our attention. Every night girls by the score stayed after school to make pennants. It was mere child's play to carry huge tables the length of the hall. The artists of the school considered it a privilege to draw posters for the occasion. Our front hall reminded one of the Art Gallery of the Louvre, so many and varied were the pictures it contained. The whole school was enthusiastic when at last the never-to-be-forgotten day arrived. What a turmoil and hustle and rustle and roar! What a wonderful success that candy sale was! One of our classmates auctioned the posters in the auditorium just before the beginning of the Student Body meeting, which took place that same afternoon.

Then a little later in the term the mock track meet was the all-absorbing subject. What a glorious time we had, dedicating our new tennis and basketball courts which were made possible by the money obtained through the candy sale. We can truthfully say that if it had not been for the efforts put forth by our class to make Field Day a success, the upper class girls would surely have suffered defeat at the hands of the Sophomores and Freshmen. Many events were won by girls from our class, while a number gained second place.

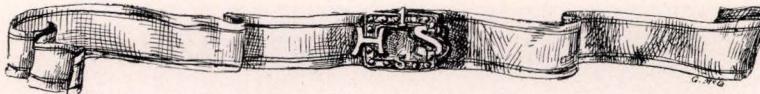
Seniors at last! How new and strange it seemed to start our last year of high school. Wasn't it fun to help the High Seniors entertain the Freshmen at the reception?

Who could ever forget the rousing Student Body meeting that year, when we dared to nominate candidates for secretary and yell leader? It taught the school that such a thing was permissible under our constitution, but it created an awful uproar among the High Seniors. Then the parade with its flying banners, and the election cards, and stump speaking, the day before the voting took place! We showed the school that political campaigns were the things to bring results, for our nominee for secretary carried the day by a large majority. However we are forced to admit that our candidate for yell leader was not so successful.

Our 4A vaudeville performance was the biggest event in the whole school during the term. The combination of real true grease-paint and foot-lights gave us a very professional air. The audience was wildly enthusiastic over our production, and well it might be too, for both talent and hard work were shown on the part of the performers. The secret of our success was the untiring help and training Mrs. Tharp so kindly gave us. The latter part of the afternoon was spent in dancing, while delicious ice-cold punch made the merry time all the merrier.

High Seniors! Our dream's come true! And we don't feel half so important as we imagined we would. How short the time does seem, after all, when we look back to the very first day we came to "Girls' High."

The first and foremost thing that took up our attention this term was the publication of the "Journal." Of course we needed money and so we thought we'd try another candy sale on the same day as the Student Body meeting. It



was so successful that our Business Manager has ceased worrying ever since.

The Student Body meeting held that afternoon was, without doubt, the most spirited one ever held since our coming to the school. We had decorated the auditorium for the occasion in our class colors—gold and blue. A good natured rivalry existed between the Senior classes and when the 4A's came marching down the aisle all bedecked in red dunce caps!—well, it was the chance of our lives to yell, "Give 'em the ax." Our girls had a generous supply of serpentine tucked away in their pockets, with which they bombarded their candidates, when these political aspirants began to speak.

That was the day we created the office of sergeant-at-arms of the Student Body and appointed three assistants to insure order in the meeting.

After the meeting adjourned there was work for our auctioneer, thanks to the girls who contributed such a large supply of posters. So many, in fact, that the auctioneer lost her voice before half of them were gone, but what did a little thing like that matter when posters sold as high as \$4.95 apiece?

Our "pig-tail" day was a revelation (in more ways than one). We lunched seventy-four strong in the cafeteria, with ukulele choruses, speeches, and yells between courses. In the court afterwards, while the cameras were at work—well, an Apache war dance is *sedate* compared with the way we treated Dr. Scott when he rounded the corner at the psychological moment.

The Dramatic and Sewing Club which were both organized this term have received their greatest support from us, for two girls from our class are presidents of the societies.

Our Freshmen reception had several novel features, such as a ghost's giving stick candy to the 1A pupils, games between dances, and hand-painted kewpie programs. The recreation hall was decorated more lavishly than ever before, in artistically arranged streamers of gold and blue.

The celebration of Washington's Birthday was under the management of the Senior Class president. The auditorium was appropriately decorated with greens, and red, white and blue crepe paper, while the exercises went off smoothly.

Our Senior dance is to be held in the ball room of the California Building at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. If it comes even half way up to our expectations it will be a wondrous affair indeed.

We have still one more thing to be proud of, for we are the largest graduating class our school has had in ten years. We shall crowd the stage of our auditorium to its utmost capacity on our graduation night. Surely there never was another class so remarkable!!

There have been many more details in our school life which will undoubtedly remain fresh in our memories during the rest of our lives. This little sketch of our class history is merely to recall to mind the part we took as individuals in the various activities which all tended to make our girlhood a happy memory.

GERTRUDE McGOWAN, June '15.

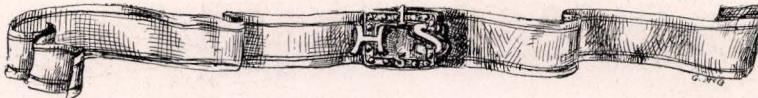


Class Officers

GENEVIEVE KAISER
Vice-President
EDNA FLETCHER
Treasurer

GERTRUDE McGOWAN
President

ELSIE McCARTHY
Secretary
MARJORIE MAUZY
Sergeant-at-Arms



The Last Will and Testament.

We, the class of June, nineteen hundred and fifteen, being of sound minds and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this, our last will and testament, in order, as justly as maybe, to distribute our interest in the Girls' High School among all succeeding students. That part of our interest which is known and recognized in bound books as our property, being inconsiderable and of little value, we make no disposal of, in this our will. Our right to continue here being but a four-year team is now disposed of. These things excepted, all else we now proceed to devise and bequeath:

ITEM: We give to our good teachers and instructors for their pupils, all little words of praise and such encouragement as those pupils may require.

ITEM: We leave to all future pupils inclusively, but only for the term of their attendance here, the budding thoughts of young womanhood, its aspirations and its dreams. All the health and pleasure to be derived from outdoor sports and indoor dances with the right to partake of them freely as is the custom of young girls, warning them at the same time of the "don'ts" and "must nots" that they will meet, and we leave to all pupils, those in attendance and those to come after, all the legends and customs that have come down to us since the founding of the school.

ITEM: To the 4A Class we bequeath and devise the right to emulate us in the selection of a presiding officer such as they seem to envy us, and advise them in all their trials and tribulations to seek the counsel of our dearly beloved principal.

ITEM: To the third and second year classes we devise a generous spirit of rivalry and disdain of weakness or of undaunted self-confidence, and the love of their Alma Mater with which we go hence.

ITEM: To the Freshmen we devise and bequeath the reputation for originality of which we are possessed and entrust that the dignities and duties of advancing classhood may sit lightly on their shoulders.

ITEM: To those who have been our leaders and our teachers during our period of study, we bequeath and devise loving respect, the gratitude and friendship of all pupils to come, and all the reflected glory and pride of the achievements of the minds trained by them.

And to all this we set our hands and seals in the presence of competent witnesses this day of June, nineteen hundred and fifteen.

Drawn in the office of

EDNA C. FLETCHER,

Attorney for the Devisees.

"To pass or not to pass, that's the question."

"There's many a bluff between 9 A. M. and 3:15 P. M."



"Who's Who in June '15"

One girl of whom, notice I've taken,
I'll say and I'm not far mistaken,
Always says what she thinks,
Never powders nor prinks,
True blue, good natured Ruth Aitken.

Some names wouldn't rhyme if they hadda,
Our josh editor's one of the latta.
But she's known all the way
From 4 B thru' 1 A,
Quite famous is "Dottie" Danglada.

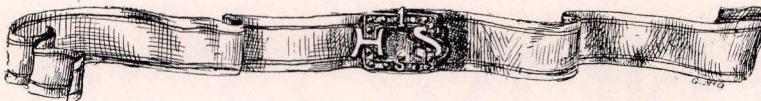
A sweet, winsome maiden, in sooth,
Is our business manager, Ruth;
But with cares she is laden
This sweet, winsome maiden,
Oh, please, get some "ads" for poor Ruth!

Edna Fletcher's refrain
Causes our class great pain
And you'll understand when I give you the clue
That refrain's to the tune of "Your class dues are due."

There never was a girl much betta
Than our jolly Henrietta,
A chance to argue she'll never miss
And I'll bet a dime she'll argue this.

The teeniest, weeniest girlie of all,
To whom even a fairy would seem pretty tall,
Is Anita Hallego, the daintiest mite,
But my! That young lady is certainly bright.

As to our Student Body "Prex,"
Her only worries are her "recs."
She's always there in work or play,
She's led our class since a 1 A,
And you will all agree with me
M. Harper's popular as can be.



In our sergeant-at-arms lies our joy;
There's nothing about her that's coy.
Now orders the fad at class meetings, oh, lawsy!
Some girl, fellow seniors, is Marjorie Mauzy.

E. McCarthy's a bright, jolly sort of young lady,
She's tall and she's slender and not very weighty;
There's one habit she has that the rest of us lack,
And that is of wearing her hair down the back.
And there is not one of us but will welcome with glee
The day when that braid on her head we shall see.

Who's the senior who's gained such renown,
Who can argue all subjects clear down,
Who's the pride of our class?
Now shout it *en masse*,
"Our Class President, Gertrude McGow'n."

There's a tall, slender blonde, whom nothing can hurry,
Who never was seen in a rush or a flurry.
In English she's always a regular shark,
I'll tell you her name if you'll all keep it dark,
A wonderful headpiece has Florence McMurray.

A manner more charming than Ida's there is not,
And an old pencil box she has for a mascot;
There are vague "hieroglyphics" scratched top of the cover,
What these indicate we have yet to discover,
But who of us yet has ever seen Ida
When that old pencil box was not close besida?

If heaven should ever run short of a saint
We can furnish them one ready made without taint;
For if goodness, for mortals, gains heavenly bliss,
Bee Schafer for heaven's a fit little miss.

The busiest one of us all is "Glad" White,
She thinks "Journal" by day and dreams "Journal" by night,
For though being chief-editor's honor enough
The job that she has is certainly tough.
She reads "poems" by the score, and stories galore,
Though the writing they're done in would drive one to war.

JEANNETTE SCHWARTZ, June, '15.

NOW IT IS
1915



Gertrude McGowan.



ANGLE IN THE ANGULAR.

Tourist to Guard—Is there a Cubist exhibit in the Fine Arts Palace?
Guard—No, I am sorry, but Cuba didn't send any exhibit.

Teacher—Do you know any kind of dog that doesn't bark?
Pupil—Yes, a dead dog.

HEARD IN ENGLISH.

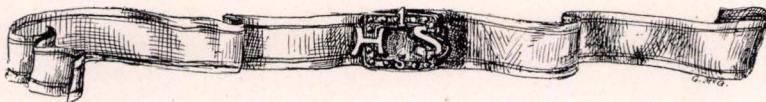
St. Agnes' Eve impresses one as a fairy tale because the beautiful maidens go to church.

IN CIVICS.

Teacher—Where do they deposit the third certificate of the electoral vote for President?
Miss L. (confidently)—In the nearest judge.

“Every ex has its day.”

Discussing the passage of “Silas Marner” about the ghosts and wet night.
Miss A.—What has the wet night to do with Silas' going?
Pupil—Well, the rain would make the ground around the stable wet and Silas couldn't run fast, if the ghosts chased him.



ON BULLETIN BOARD.

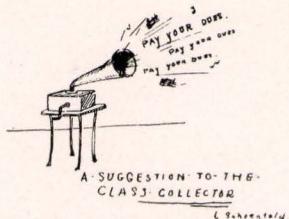
Lost—Two large pink combs, kindly return to Mr. Centner.

GENEROUS.

Grace—I was given a little pillow at one of the Exposition Palaces yesterday.

Ruth—Was it the Varied Industries?

Grace—No, it must have been the Liberal Arts, they were giving them away.



First Student—There are twelve superior courts in San Francisco.

Second Student—Is that so? I thought they were held at the county seat.

A NEW MODE OF TRAVEL.

We'll go to Rome tomorrow on page 168.

“IN DUTCH.”

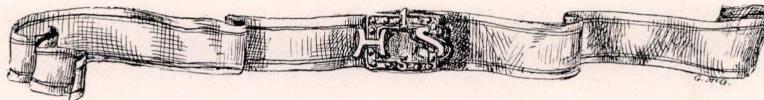
Teacher, calling roll—Fraulein A, Fraulein B, etc.

Freshie, from far corner—Please, my name is not Fraulein, it's Mabel.

The commandant opened his mouth wide and said:

“Soldiers, fall in!”

I don't see why people spend ten cents a day to ride in a jitney bus when if they save up for a week they could buy one.



A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Mrs. T.—Now, Miss B., read so Miss S. down at the end of the room can hear.

Miss S. (hearing her name)—I wasn't doing a thing.

Instructor—All postmasters who get over \$2000 yearly are appointed by the President, and all who get less are appointed by the Postmaster General. Now, Miss G., who appoints the San Francisco postmaster?

E. G.—The mayor.



Instructor—Please explain: Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Pupil—Brutus kneeled with his shoes off.

UNFITTED MEDIUM.

Can't you play that round any better?

No, not on a square piano.



"A little vacation now and then is relished by the wisest of us."



AT JOURNAL MEETING.

Chorus—Oh, I know some one who has an awful case on you.
Blushing Modest Senior—Oh, how could anyone have a case on me.
Consoling Companion—Oh, surely they could, I've had 'em on worse than
you.

IN ASTRONOMY.

Pupil—What phase of the moon is it when it looks slanting like a piece of cheese?

Instructor—It depends on who is looking at it and how hungry he is.



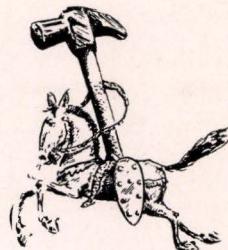
A FAMILIAR FACE.

Instructor (quoting Poe)—I knock at your pates for answers and nobody home.

HEARD IN DRESSING-ROOM.

Polly—Are you going home united?
Beth—No, not yet.
(If not gotten at once, pass over.)

Instructor—Et tu Brute? Then fall Caesar. Explain Miss C.
Miss C—Caesar had been stabbed and in trying to say Brutus his tongue slipped.



CHARLES MARTEL,
"THE HAMMER OF THE FRANKS"
A. B. Frost, 1892

STONES FOR CLASSES.

Freshmen—Emerald.

Sophomore—Blarney Stone.

Junior—Grindstone.

Senior—Tombstone.

SAID TO A TEACHER.

Miss S.—This passage means that the young cavalier came up to her softly.

Teacher—No.

Miss S.—Oh, you know.

HOW COULD THEY?

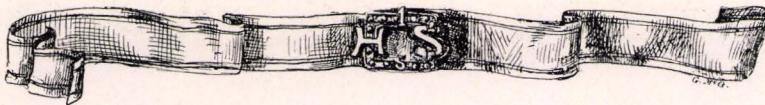
Instructor—All those who are absent this afternoon and present this morning please stand.

IN ASTRONOMY.

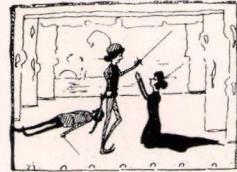
Serious Pupil—The stars were out in all that rain last night, Mr. M.

Mr. M.—The stars didn't get wet, they didn't mind.

"It's a long recitation that has no ending."



IT WAS JUST A LITTLE PAPER STAR,
WORN BY THE "SERGEANT OF ARMS" THAT DAY,
BUT IT FAILED TO ATTRACT ATTENTION,
AS THE TEACHERS RAN OUT IN DISMAY.
—Illustrated



WILL IT EVER COME TO THIS?
(THE DRAMATIC CLUB IN ACTION)
—Illustrated

QUITE SO.

Longevity, after all, is largely a matter of diet.
Indeed, I had the impression it was largely a matter of time.

AFTER GRADUATION.

Some old traditions find an end
And some go on the shelves,
For now we know we must depend
Fully upon ourselves.

STICKING TO HIS POST.

With but three minutes to catch his train the traveling salesman inquired of the jitney driver: "Can't you go faster than this?"
"Yes," replied the driver, "but I must stay with my car."

SHE KNEW.

Teacher in French—You girls pronounce your French "r's" altogether too hard. How would an Englishman say "air"?

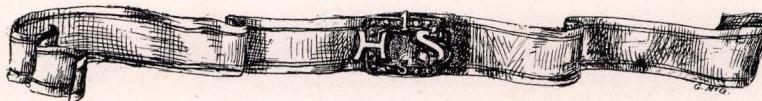
Pupil—Hair.

Loud crash! as evaporating dish drops into the sink.

Provoked Teacher—My! my! Miss P., that's the *second* time you've done that.

Miss P.—Ha! Ha! Oh! no it ain't, this here ain't the same one.

"Never trouble exes till exes trouble you."



Borrowed Smartness

A poet wrote the following verse in honor of his small son's birthday:
"My son, my pigmy counterpart."
When the verse came back from the printer it read:
"My son, my pig, my counterpart."

HER BUSINESS.

It's no use trying to steal a march on that pretty girl at the glove counter.
Why not?
She has a way of making everyone show his hand.

What did you take up while at college?
Oh, two suitcases and a trunk.

SHAKESPEARE APPLIED.

Freshmen—The Comedy of Errors.
Sophomores—Much Ado About Nothing.
Juniors—Measure for Measure.
Seniors—All's Well that Ends Well.
Faculty—As You Like It.

CAN YOU BLAME HIM?

Irate Parent (to young man standing on the front step for one hour)—
I have absolutely no objections to your standing there and saying good-night, but
in consideration for the rest of the family who wish to sleep, will you kindly take
your elbow off the push bell?

Johnnie was usually late, but for several mornings he came to school before
any one else, and so the teacher said:

"You've been coming early of late, you used to be behind before, but now
you are first at last."

Brutus—Hello Caesar, how many eggs did you have for breakfast?
Caesar—Et, tu Brute.

ONE ON THE MULE.

Harry—That cigar you are smoking is strong enough to kill a mule.
Larry—G'wan, I've been smoking them for five years.

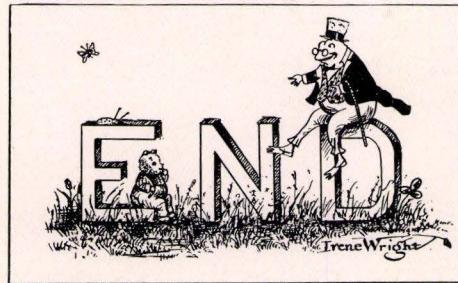


HOME COOKING.

The suffragette was seen to frown.
Quoth she, "I hate to risk it
While I am burning buildings down
My husband burns the biscuit."

Teacher—What holds the moon up.
Bright Pupil—Its beams.

Small Girl (wailing dolefully)—Oh! mama, God doesn't love me anymore.
Mother (soothingly)—Why darling, yes He does.
"He don't neither, I tried him with a daisy."



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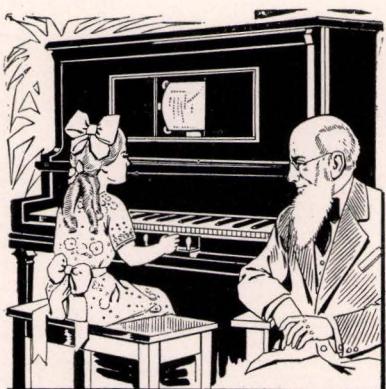
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He—Certainly, and also with the works of Jack Milton, Billy Shakespeare and Georgie Byron.

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