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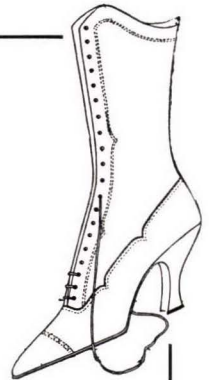
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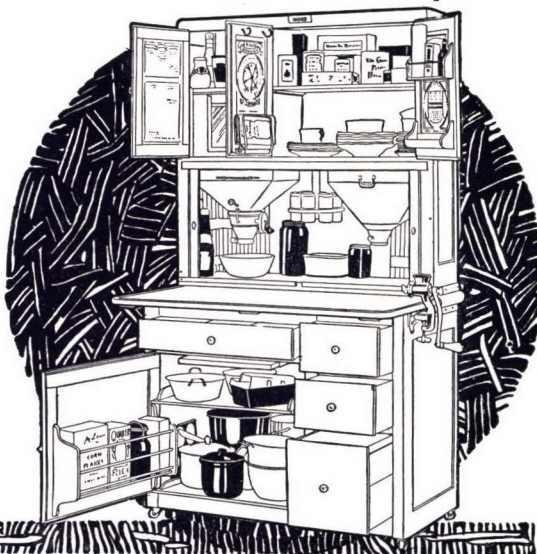
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Internationally Known Instructors

*New Large Covered and
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A man (rising at meeting)—Is anyone here a Christian Scientist?
Another man—I am.
First man—Will you oblige me by changing seats? I'm in a draft.

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Copyright, 1918, by H. Liebes & Co.

“The First Gift”

THIS symbolic tablet was executed for H. Liebes & Co. by the California sculptor, Ralph Stackpole. It depicts a primitive man throwing around the nude form of his mate the fur of a cougar killed in the chase. Her up-raised hands and whole attitude are expressive of delight at the warmth and silky softness of the pelt.

Thus was born in woman's heart that love of furs which has become greater through all the centuries and has culminated in such fur modes as are today presented in the salons of H. Liebes & Co.

Never have H. Liebes & Co. styles in furs been so diverse, so distinctive, so luxurious as they are this season, and the exquisite quality of pelts and workmanship is such as has distinguished the furs of this house for fifty-five years.

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H. Liebes & Co
FURS

Grant Avenue at Post Street



WE WANT TO KNOW, TOO!

Freshman (innocently)—What does Anita Hildebrecht wear under her hair to keep it up?

TO MY LADY'S EYEBROW

Here's to my lady's eyebrow,
In olden days 'twas so fair;
But, alas! it grows smaller and smaller;
'Tis now only one little hair.

SOME CHOICE DEFINITIONS FROM THE ROYCROFT DICTIONARY

Brain: A commodity as scarce as radium; used to fertilize ideas.
Enemy: Anyone who tells the truth about you.
Giveth: The lispng tense of give.
Ignoramus: Any man who flatters himself that he is educated.
Liar: One who tells the truth about something that never happened.

THE SAME, ONLY DIFFERENT

Yes, words may sound alike, yet have
Dissimilar meanings maybe;
How different is a weak old man
From just a week-old baby!

A small girl, aged five, was studying intently a picture of the Garden of Eden. At last she said, in a perplexed voice, "But, mother, where is the carriage?"

"Carriage!" exclaimed the mother in surprise. "What can you mean, dear? There was no carriage in the Garden of Eden."

"But," remonstrated the child, "you told me that the Lord drove Adam and Eve out of the Garden."

A woman was discussing the English language with a famous novelist.

"Don't you think it strange," said the woman with a superior wisdom, "that sugar is the only word in the English language where an 's' and a 'u' come together and are pronounced 'sh'?"

"Sure," answered the novelist, as his eyes twinkled.

APPROPRIATE TITLE

"Edgar!"

"Yes, Mother."

"What are you children doing?"

"Playing royalty. I am the Knight of the Garter, and Ed is Saturday."

"That's an odd name for royalty."

"Oh, it's just a nickname on account of his title."

"What is his title?"

"Night of the Bath."

"This bell," said the sexton, when showing the belfry of the village church to a party of visitors, "rings only in case of a visit from the Lord Bishop, a fire, a flood, or some other such calamity."

A COBWEBBY TALE

A gallant named Cobb met a maiden named Webb,
And straightway he sat down beside her,
And quickly proposed in a manner so glib
That he caught her as soon as he spider.

SOME DEATH-PROOF SONGS

"There are some songs that will never die," said the musical enthusiast.

"I guess that's right," said his friend. "My daughter sits down at the piano and tries to kill a few of them every evening, but it's no use."

Miss F. (to Dr. Scott)—I think we shall have to make a change here. I have 36 pupils in this class, and I can't remember how many in the other, but anyway they're a little unbalanced.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

"You'll get run in," said a pedestrian to a driver without a light.

"You'll get run into," savagely responded the autoist as he knocked the pedestrian down.

"You'll get run in, too!" said a policeman, stepping from behind a tree.

And just then another machine came along without a light, so the policeman ran in two.

BETWEEN RENT COLLECTOR AND TENANT

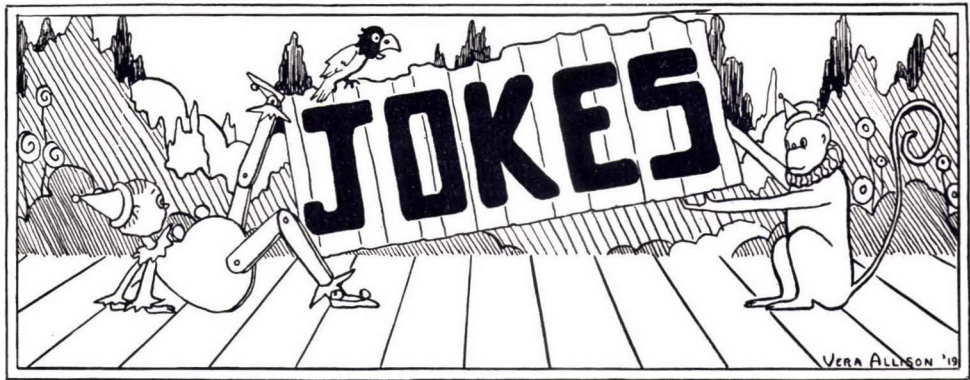
"I have come to collect last month's rent."

"Take the elevator, please, to the next floor."

"Why, you rent these rooms."

"Yes, I have retained these rooms, but my last information from your office was that the rent had gone up."

They say "there's nothing new under the sun." We present these jokes (?) as proof of that statement.—ED.



AN HONEST LABEL

A cynical-minded gentleman was standing in front of an exhibition of local art talent labeled "Art Objects."

"Well," he announced to the attendant in charge, "I should think Art would object, and I can't see that I blame her."

If money talks,
As some folks tell,
To most of us
It says "Farewell."

Miss R.—Now charge with the right foot forward.

R. Boole—What do we do with the uncharged foot?

Voice from rear—Send it C. O. D.

During a young man's visit home his younger brother made fun of his short stature.

On his mother's telling him to be kinder to his half-brother, the urchin's eyes brightened as he replied, "Oh, then it's because he's my half-brother that he is so short."

Mrs. P.—Miss Heuer, what play of Shakespeare's was it in which Rosalind walked in Sherwood Forest?

Voice (prompting)—"As You Like It."

Helen—How Do You Like It?

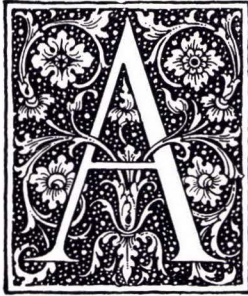
Mrs. P. (absently)—Very good.

Who said Girls High was No Man's Land? What about the Freshmen?

The street car gave a jolt and a man standing in the aisle fell into a lady's lap. She very indignantly asked, "What are you, anyway?"

"When I got on this car I was an Irishman, but now I seem to be a Lap-lander," he replied.

Dramatic Club



AT A meeting held at the beginning of the term, Lillian Schwerin was elected president and Frances Friend secretary of the Dramatic Club, which is about to confirm the statement, "The play's the thing," by presenting "A Thousand Years Ago."

The play, written by Mr. Percy McKaye, has been one of the dramatic successes of recent years; and under the direction of Mrs. Tharp, and with such able and talented girls as Ruth Bransten, Aileen Emanuel, Georgia Colombat, and Emma Brune in the cast, we feel confident that this performance will be the super-production of the Dramatic Club.

The play has an Oriental atmosphere that makes it distinctly different from anything the school has ever given at a public performance.

Everyone knows that wonderful effects can be obtained with Oriental costumes and illusive lighting effects. Add to this a well-written play, presented by Girls High artists, and you may have some idea of what the production of "A Thousand Years Ago" is to be.

"Sidelights On Our Friends"

NAME	DUBBED	FAVORITE SAYING	CHARACTERISTICS
Miss Armer	Eda, Aunt Ev . . .	<i>"Don't forget to return my pens—dried!"</i>	Her "Eversharp" pencil.
Mr. Centner	Martin A.	<i>"Do you see the point?"</i>	Talking.
Mr. Dupuy	"Dippy"	<i>"Keep quiet, there!"</i>	Popularity.
Miss Fitz-Gerald .	"Fitzzy"	<i>"Now—w, girls!"</i>	Buick.
Miss Flynn	Helen	<i>"We'll look in the dict."</i>	Color scheme.
Miss Hobe	Sophia	<i>"I excuse no one."</i>	Her bulletin board.
Miss Jones	Marion	<i>"Isn't it great?"</i>	Smocks.
Mrs. McGlade . . .	Mary	<i>"Now, young ladies—"</i>	Good looks.
Mr. McGlynn . . .	Pop	<i>"Let's get to work!"</i>	His good disposition.
Miss Rosenberg .	Rosie	<i>"Attention!"</i>	Her figure.
Miss Roth	Nettie	<i>"When I was in Europe."</i>	Auburn locks.
Dr. Scott	Scottie	<i>"Come later; I'm busy."</i>	A Prince.
Miss Stark	Claribus	<i>"Hurry up! Hurry up!"</i>	Sitting in the window.
Miss Sullivan . .	Genevieve	<i>"Quiet, girls! quiet!"</i>	Style.
Mrs. Tharp	Pavlowa	<i>"Where is Miss——?"</i>	Soft voice.
Miss Walker . . .	Emmy Lou	<i>"Buenos dias, señoritas."</i>	Her patience.
Mrs. Prag	Grandma	<i>"What would your mother say?"</i>	Knowing our relatives.

The Reading Club

"I certainly did not realize what I had missed all these years until I came to the Reading Club today," were the words of one of the girls, who expressed the sentiments of many others who could have, but did not, avail themselves of the opportunity until this term. You can't possibly know what the Reading Club is like unless you have been there once and have seen for yourself. We promise you that if you do come once you will come all the time. Every Tuesday afternoon we meet in Room 101, where we enjoy an hour or sometimes more (if we beg real hard) of interpretative reading of plays by Miss Armer. We take this opportunity to express our sincerest thanks and grateful appreciation to her for the pleasure she so unselfishly affords us.

Our club is really an honor society, for only those who have not more than one III as a passing mark for the previous term are eligible. Absences are restricted to three times. Only girls in their Junior or Senior year are admitted, but the pleasure is well worth waiting for, we assure you, Sophomores and Freshmen.

Beginning with Stephen Phillips' "Ulysses," Miss Armer has entertained us this term with "Alice, Sit-by-the-Fire," a delightfully humorous play, effervescing with "Barrie" charm; Shaw's iconoclastic "Devil's Disciple"; "Quality Street," another of Barrie's; Galworthy's "Mob" and "Strife," and many other pleasing dramas, both new and old.

Although the Reading Club at present comprises about thirty members, welcome is cordially extended to any girls who are able to qualify. Certainly no girl should waste this wonderful opportunity. Watch your report cards this term!

The officer for the present term is Julie White, president.

The French Club

The French Club has not taken an active part in school affairs lately, but has been planning to give a rally. Meetings have been held to arrange for the adoption of a new name and pin for the club. At the last meeting the following officers were elected:

President, Ruth Bransten; first vice-president, Elinor Raas; second vice-president, Aileen Emanuel; secretary, Edith Solomons; directress, Therese Kutner; treasurer, Lillian Schwerin.

The Orchestra

The Girls High School Orchestra, under the conscientious direction of Mrs. Mary F. McGlade, is gradually becoming one of the foremost organizations of the school.

This year the orchestra has been augmented by the addition of several new instruments. It is composed of eight first violinists, ten second violinists, one flutist, one 'cellist, one organist, and one pianist.

The enthusiasm with which the girls respond is shown by the fact that they meet at the school auditorium at eight o'clock every school morning for practice.



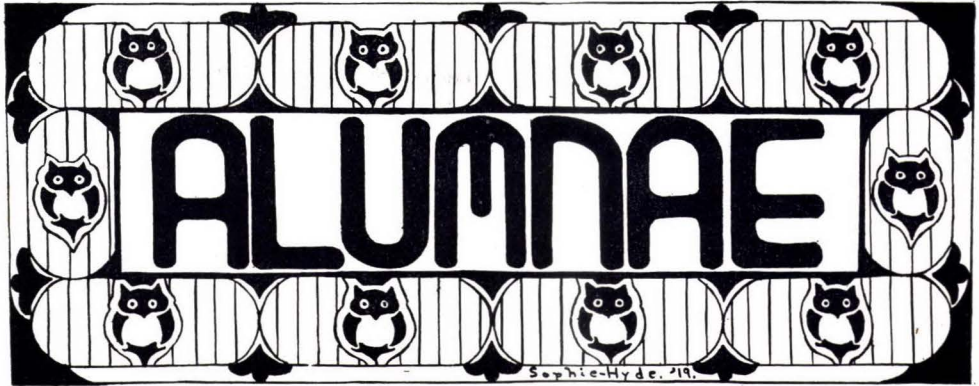
The Debating Society

The history of the Girls High School Debating Society is peculiarly parallel to that of Minerva, who sprang, full witted and armed, from the brain of Jupiter. Like this mythical goddess, the Debating Club has not endured years of tedious and strenuous strife until the age of success has been attained. After an existence of six months, it has already achieved one glory through its unequalled team—namely, Miriam Asher, Elise Meyer, Marion Harron, and Sybil Graves—when those girls defeated Commerce High on October 29, 1919.

The club has been of inestimable value to its members in cultivating the art of public speaking. No doubt, the improvement in speech will be noticed throughout the school.

The officers of this society are: Henriette Soznick, president; Eleanor Bentzen, secretary; Dorothy Morgenthau, vice-president.





Births

Mrs. Edward Bullard (Esther Bull, June '17), is the happy mother of twins.
Mrs. Ralph Spiegel (Claire Eppinger) has been made the proud possessor of a baby boy.

Mrs. Mirvin Cowan, who was Miriam Morris (Dec. '16), has a baby girl.

Engagements and Marriages

Miss Elizabeth Armer has announced her engagement to John Warren Bis-singer. The bride-to-be was a member of the class of Dec. '16.

Dorothy Johnson is now Mrs. William Moore.

Irma Harris, of Dec. '15, was recently married to Mr. Angus Vogt.

Miscellaneous

Ruth Armer, a former pupil of Girls High School, is studying art in New York. Through her great ability she has won considerable success in contributing art work to magazines.

Anita Berendsen, Roberta Hauxhurst, Kathryn Morris, of June '19, are attending Stanford University.

Gladys Marx, Helen Perkins, Grace Euler, Vera McKnew, Elizabeth Bury, and A. di Nola are now at University of California.

Edith Worsmer is taking a domestic science course at Lux.

Alice Ronstadt is taking an art course at Hopkins.

Rosa Isaacs is studying engineering at University of California. She is to be complimented, as she is holding her own in a class of boys.

Helene Vosper and Emily Heilmann are now at State Normal.



1920 TENNIS TEAM



1919 TENNIS TEAM



"THANK-YOU PLEASE"



1920 BASEBALL TEAM



"HIGH BALL"



1921 BASEBALL TEAM - CHAMPION INTERCLASS



"LET 'ER COME"



1922 BASEBALL TEAM



"A TENSE MOMENT"



1921 TENNIS TEAM



"TREAT 'EM ROUGH"



"READY FOR ANYTHING"



1919 BASEBALL TEAM



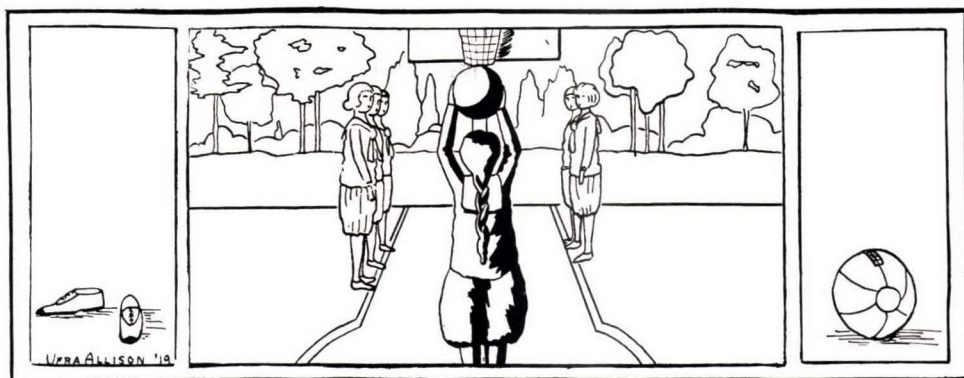
SPECTATORS



SCHOOL TENNIS TEAM



1922 TENNIS TEAM



Basketball

Basketball, although a minor sport, was enthusiastically received, and many new girls turned out.

Captain and manager were, respectively, Ethel Valencia and Georgia Colombat. The day chosen for practice was Tuesday afternoon, and the girls heartily enjoyed their games under the instruction of Miss Wheaton.

BASKETBALL SONGS

1.

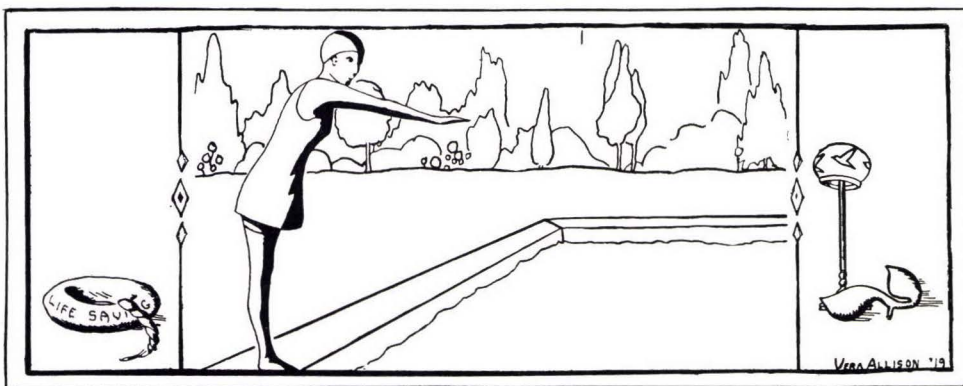
(To the tune: "Stars and Stripes.")

Cheer the team as it comes on the field,
'Tis the team that to you ne'er will yield;
The "guards" get the ball every time,
And they pass it along the line,
Oh, those "centers," they pass it with vim,
To the "homes," who will put it in.
To Girls High we'll always be true,
To our players and our dashing captain, too.

2.

(To the tune: "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.")

When Girls High comes out on the field,
We'll show every team that we will never yield,
And when we place the ball in the goal of Victory,
There'll be a hot time in the old town that night.



Swimming

Last term Miss Sheffield instructed the advanced swimmers, and Miss Wheaton the beginners, at Sutro Baths, on Thursday afternoons. The girls were under the supervision of Mrs. Tharp and were managed by Marianne Friend.

The Second Annual Interscholastic Swimming Meet was held at the North Beach Swimming Tank on Thursday, June 21, 1919.

THE ORDER OF EVENTS

Twenty-five-yard side stroke, 25-yard back stroke, 25-yard breast stroke, relay, and 75-yard free stroke.

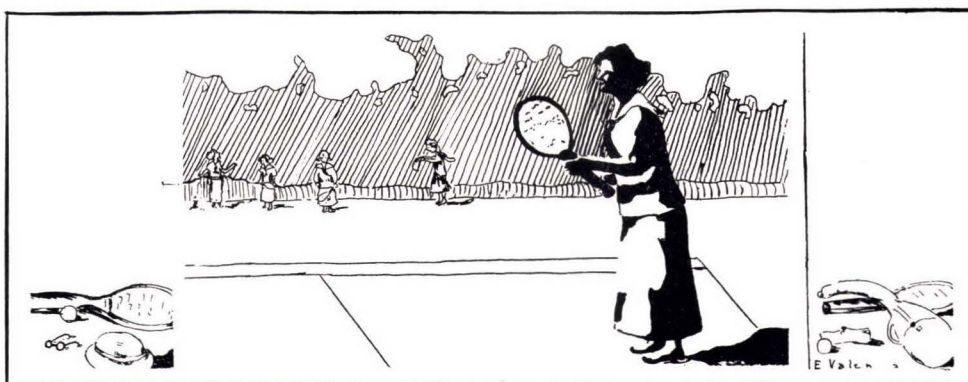
Twenty-five-yard side stroke, 25-yard free stroke.

Girls High School finished first in all but the 25-yard side stroke, in which she finished a close second. The result was Girls High School, 47 points; Mission, 18 points.

The girls prominent in the meet were: E. Lyser, H. Stringer, and K. Dorn.

For faithful practice, good sportsmanship, and keeping training rules, Marianne Friend, Eleanor Lyser, and Helen Stringer were awarded circle "G's."





Tennis

Many girls, both beginners and advanced players, reported for coaching under the supervision of Miss Rosenberg.

Tournaments were run off for places on the class teams, the six finishing highest forming the teams. They, in turn, tried for places on the school team, which were as follows:

Helen Harper, captain; Ethel Valencia; Helen Stringer, manager; Ruth Bransten, Doris Black, Wanda Plincz, and Elizabeth Geen.

The school teams played four matches:

Girls High vs. Polytechnic.

Girls High vs. Lowell.

Girls High second team vs. Mission.

Girls High second team vs. Commerce.

The interclass tournament was won by the 1920 team.

CLASS TEAMS

1919	1920	1921	1922
Y. Pasquale	H. Harper	D. Black	A. Von Husen
V. Allison	E. Valencia	W. Plincz	A. Feusier
A. Cherry	H. Stringer	E. Geen	E. Im Obersteg
S. Perry	R. Bransten	G. Vorrath	M. Spreckles
	M. Rothstein	D. Gerrie	
	G. Colombat	F. Buttgenbach	

Numerals were awarded to all on class teams, and circle "G's" to H. Harper, E. Valencia, H. Stringer, R. Bransten, D. Black, and W. Plincz.



Baseball

Baseball, the major sport last term, was well supported by all the classes—especially the Senior class.

Regular practice took place on Monday and Wednesday afternoons, under the coaching of Miss Rosenberg.

The results of the interclass games were as follows:

1921 vs. 1922, won by 1921.

1919 vs. 1920, won by 1920.

1920 vs. 1921, won by 1921.

The 1921 team, which won the championship, challenged the 1921 team of Commerce, winning by a score of 9-8.

The school team was composed of the following girls:

Wanda Plincz, catcher; Patricia Elizabeth Geen, pitcher; Georgia Junier Colombat, first base; Augusta Rude, second base; Marcella Lamey, third base; Dorothy Knowlton, left shortstop; Christine Monferratos, right shortstop; Ethel Valencia, left field; Eleanor Lyser, right field; Anita Von Husen, center field; Madeline Rothstein, Cecile Feusier, Marianne Friend, utility.

CLASS TEAMS

	1919	1920	1921	1922
<i>Catcher</i>	M. Lamey	E. Valencia	W. Plincz	C. Feusier
<i>Pitcher</i>	D. Knowlton	M. Rothstein	E. Geen	A. Von Husen
<i>First Base</i>	C. Monferratos	G. Colombat	G. Vorrath	F. White
<i>Second Base</i>	T. Chaix	M. Davis	M. Friend	E. Im Obersteg
<i>Third Base</i>	V. Allison	A. Rude	F. Buttgenbach	C. Thronson
<i>Short Stop</i>	R. Wolfe	E. Weinshenk	M. Allison	F. Barron
<i>Left Field</i>	S. Perry	S. Block	L. Jewett	D. Bello
<i>Center Field</i> ...	E. Cavaglia	H. Sosnick	G. de Back	D. Friend
<i>Right Field</i>	A. Delsuc	D. Marsh	E. Lyser	A. Parkhill
<i>Utility</i>	A. Barron	L. Dollard	D. Morgenthau	L. Webb
<i>Utility</i>	L. Gorden	H. Selling	E. Rass	M. Roberts
<i>Utility</i>	L. Schwerin	F. McDougall	S. Schwarz	H. Schwerdt

Numerals were awarded to the girls who not only made class teams but who also had good sportsmanship and kept training rules.

Those who made the school team, who were good sportsmen, and kept the training rules, were awarded the circle "G."



Introduction

It was decided at a meeting of the San Francisco Instructors in Physical Education for Girls, that all school teams shall be abolished, and henceforth only class teams will be allowed to play one friendly game a term with corresponding teams in other schools. The object of this action is to encourage girls to participate in sports for the joy of it, rather than for interschool contests.

The prescribed training rules are:

(a) Those who participate in competitive athletics are expected to take a total of at least twenty-four hours of sleep on the days of Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, and a total of at least thirty-two hours of sleep on the days of Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Girls are advised to sleep regularly nine hours each night.

(b) Those in training are forbidden to eat anything except fruit within one hour before meals. Soda water, sundaes, and rich pastry between meals are forbidden; candy (with the exception of chocolate without filling taken on a hike as a substitute for food) is not to be partaken of. Vigorous exercise should not be taken until one hour after eating a full meal.

(c) Those who compose the various athletic squads must respond to the required number of call-outs.

(d) No girl shall be eligible for membership in her class team unless she signed up for that particular sport at least two weeks before the interclass games.

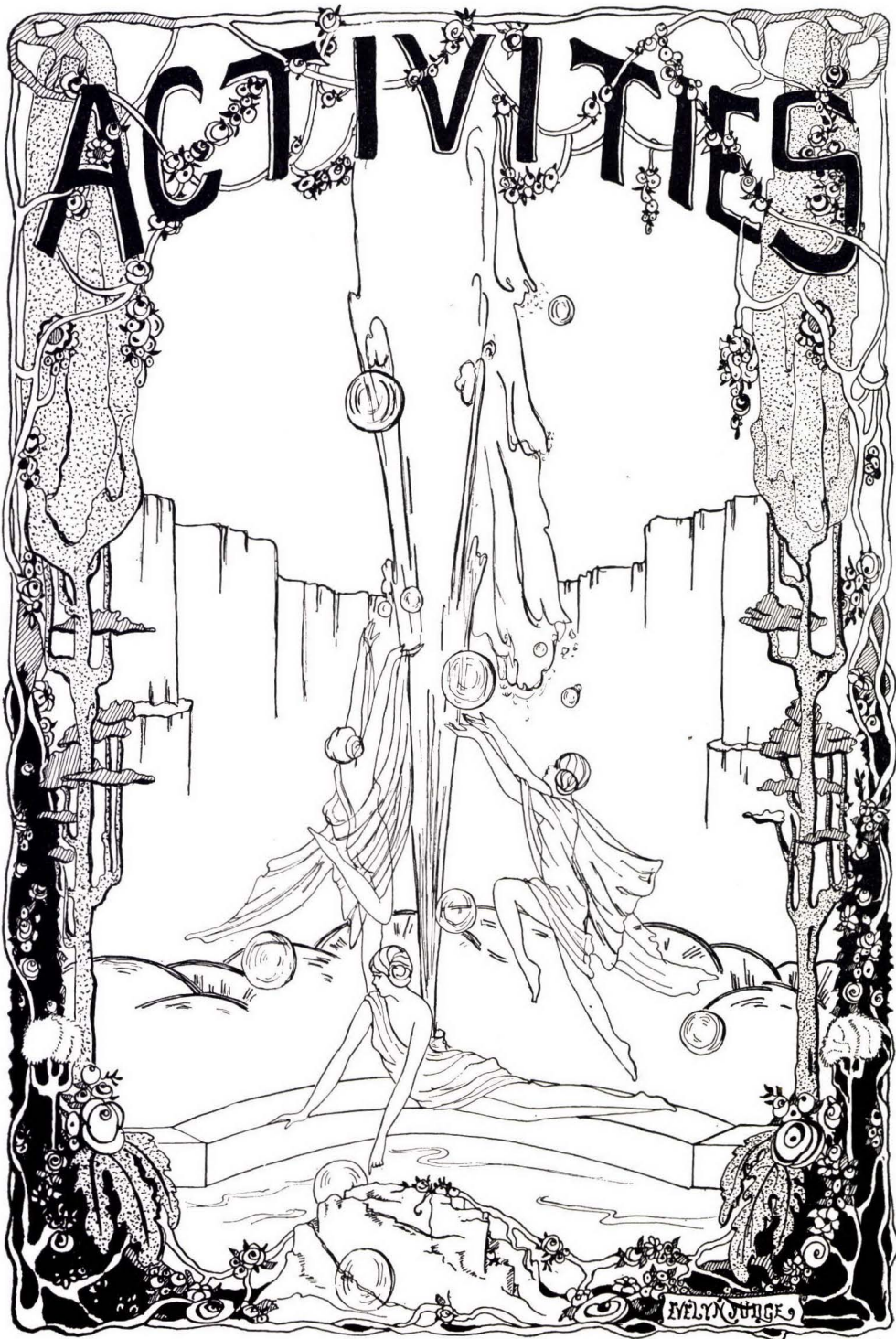
(e) A girl who breaks these training rules shall not be allowed to play on a class team.

(f) These training rules go into effect two weeks before the first interclass games.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR BLOCK LETTERS

To be awarded block letters:

1. A girl shall have previously received numerals.
2. She shall keep training rules.
3. The girl's scholarship shall be satisfactory to the principal of her school.
4. She shall have satisfactory posture.
5. The girl's appearance shall be neat at all times, and she shall wear accepted costume on the class floor and on the athletic field.
6. The girl's sportsmanship shall be acceptable to the team and to the instructor in Physical Education.





A REVELATION



OUR NEXT
EDITOR
"SOME" UNDER-
STANDING



ORIENTAL "MADE"



"WHEN GROWN-UP
LADIES ACT LIKE
BABIES."



GUESS
WHO?



OUR "YOUTHFUL"
CLASS
PRESIDENT



YOUNG AND GIRLISH, AREN'T THEY?

“ 14—JOURNAL goes to press. Thank Fortune!

“ 28—G. H. S. greets boys from Letterman and gives them a good time.

Dec. 5—Debate with Mission. We have high aspirations.

“ 12—Dramatic Club Play. “A Thousand Years Ago.” Open House. “Welcome, All.”

Senior Day—Good-by, everybody.

Graduation. Another good class gone.

Lost---Found---Want Column

WANTED—A new posture, by K. Dorn. Previous ones are worn out.

FOUND—Lucille Bergerot and Elena Borillas in school on Friday afternoon.

POSITION of school chauffeur vacated by Eaton. Freed, Emanuel, Summerfield and Myrol Rosenthal please apply.

WANTED—By Miss Castlehun, someone to take Therese Kutner's enviable place. Helen Bissinger or Elise Philipps please apply.

WANTED—Chorus girls to take places of D. Hubsch and A. Delsuc. R. Bramstedt, Marion Meyers, Mary Hamilton please apply.

LOST—A piece of gum by Irma Bley. Found by Marion Schoenfeld.

FOUND—A chord by G. Heney. Please return to Frances Gordon.

WANTED—Assistant water carrier for Mrs. Prag. Therese Joseph please apply to Doris Knust.

FOUND—Two debaters in 4B class, namely: Elise Meyer and Margaret Johnson. M. Harron, S. Graves, M. Asher, please apply for the position.

WANTED—By Dr. Scott, a name for prevailing style of hairdress. Apply to Claire Stringer.

LOST—School pep in person of D. Knowlton and V. Allison. Ruth Bransten and Elizabeth Geen please apply.

FLORENCE ROBERTS laments the fact that she has lost 21 lbs. but hopes that Anna Petersen or Else Barth may find them.

GRACE MCGLYNN says that if Helen Stringer is in need of more freckles she may have hers.

WANTED—By Dixie Kennedy, a substitute for Azalene Eaton.

FOUND together, Marion Brownstone and Virginia Cumming.

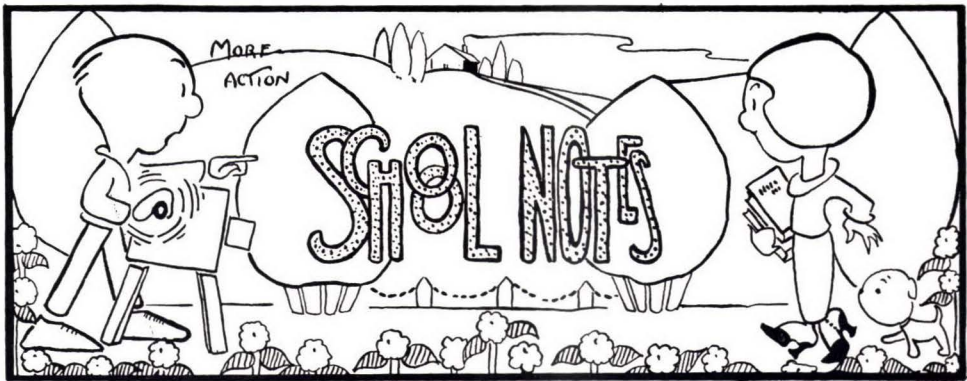
LOST—Sound sense, by Plesance Monk. If Dorothy Morgenthau will return it no questions will be asked.

LOST—A period. Don't bother returning.

LOST—By G. H. S., through the Hildebrechts and Quarré, new dancing steps. Anne Mattingly please succeed to the position.

WANTED—By Miss Armer, two worthy substitutes from the 4A class for Julie and Mary. Erna Schraubstadter and Henriette Selling please apply.

T. KUTNER.
C. STRINGER.



Aug. 18—School opens. Drudgery begins.

“ 20—4B class meeting. Election of officers.

“ 21—Freshman luncheon; 220 bashful (?), excitable scrubs.

“ 29—Best Student Body meeting, ever. Who says G. H. S. isn't full of “peppy” and original girls?

Sept. 1—Vacation. Labor Day. We quit work.

“ 2—Why doesn't the fleet come more often?

“ 4—Pigtail day. Miss Armer! Did you see her?

“ 5—Freshman Reception. Ou-la-la! Those eats and music!

“ 5—Election. Hip! for Azalene Eaton.

“ 9—'Nother vacation. California's Birthday.

“ 10—Seniors air voices. Disturb tranquillity of G. H. S.

“ 10—Lecture by Prof. Johnson of Vassar—“The Lost Art of Swearing.” Ding bust it! It was good.

“ 17—Welcome Pres. Wilson. Three cheers for our caps.

“ 18—Seniors' hair stands on ends in physics (electric shocks).

“ 22—Lecture by Mr. Gleeson on “National Parks.” “Isn't Nature grand?”

“ —Report Cards. “Tell me not in mournful numbers, life is but an empty dream.”

Oct. 1—We see Kellard in Shakespeare. “Hail, Caesar!”

“ 7—“Look pleasant, please.” Faculty has its picture taken.

Oct. 10—Lecture by Cora Kessler. “Sure, we'll help the blind.”

Oct. 12-17—A week vacation for hard-working girls.

“ 23—2B and 3A Rally. “Morpheus” as good as Orpheus.

“ 24—4B JOURNAL Rally. Remember the Oriental costumes.

“ 29—Poor Commerce Hi! G. H. S. wins both debates.

“ 30—Hurrah for Debaters! They block “G.”

“ 30—4A give 4B one grand Halloween party.

Nov. 5—Candy sale for JOURNAL. Made \$92 in 15 minutes.

“ 5—Mrs. Farrington speaks on speech improvement. What a pleasing personality will do.

“ 11—Armistice Day. Vacation again.

the girls on the team for the debate with Commerce, which turned out so successfully, and is working just as earnestly and untiringly in the coming one with Mission.

A sincere welcome is extended to Miss Lahaney, our new sewing teacher.

To Miss Armer are due our sincerest thanks for the unselfish aid and excellent criticisms she has given us. The task of Literary Adviser is a very tedious one, and surely no one could have been more helpful and patient than was Miss Armer. We are indeed very grateful to her.

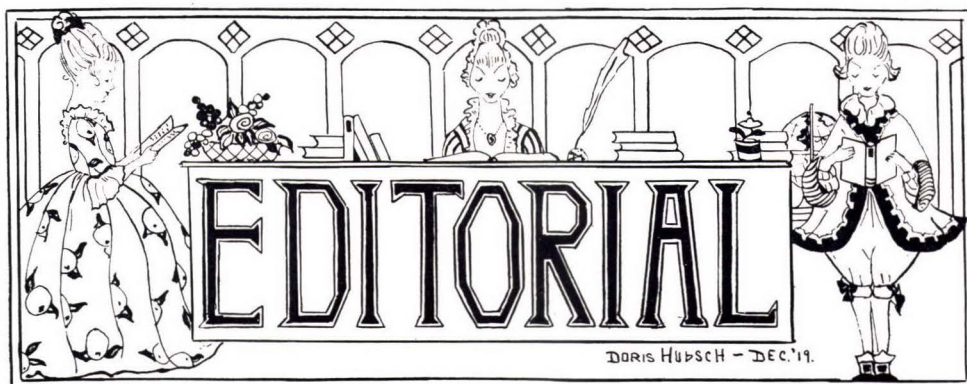
To Miss Jones and Mr. McGlynn we also owe a debt of gratitude. Their advice and aid on the artistic side of the JOURNAL in regard to the cuts and photographs have been inestimable. To these three teachers the success of our JOURNAL is largely ascribable.

Because of the consequent rise in prices on account of the conditions of the country at large, the expenses of the JOURNAL have been more than heavy this term. Hitherto, the JOURNAL has been dependent upon its advertisements and subscriptions for its necessary finances; but, because the costs of printing and engraving have soared so high this term, and we have not increased our source of income by raising the price of the JOURNAL, the price being only 50 cents, Dr. Scott allowed us to hold a candy sale to meet the deficit. This candy sale was a remarkable success. The girls were unstinting in their generosity, not only in buying but in contributing candy. Ninety-two dollars was made, which will amply cover all the needs. The fact that the JOURNAL is a school institution has been shown by the splendid support given by the school at large, and we feel sure that it will continue to give its loyal support to the JOURNAL in the future.

To all the girls who campaigned so successfully for advertisements and subscriptions, the Business Manager is duly grateful.

As time goes on, the task of wheedling girls into putting their bright ideas on paper becomes more and more difficult. Modesty concerning one's accomplishments is certainly a laudable thing, but when it comes to supporting your school paper we prefer you to allow your light to shine forth instead of concealing it. Here's hoping that the next Editor (who little suspects the trials and tribulations she is doomed to undergo!) will receive a little sympathy from the hard-hearted shining lights, and may she emerge triumphant from all her difficulties.

It is hard for us, the Class of December, 1919, to realize that it is but a short time before we shall no longer be together as a class in the Girls High School, but will go out into the world as individuals, each pursuing her own ideal. The daily round of duties so skillfully intermingled with pleasures will soon be at an end, and the happy, carefree life at school, where we have been helped and advised by Dr. Scott and the teachers, will all be over. But we do trust that the ties of friendship which bind us to our principal and the members of the Faculty will not be severed at our leaving. And so let us now say "Au Revoir but not Good-By," knowing that our hearts and minds will ever turn back to Girls High, with a wistful appreciation for our happy days there.



This term Girls High was overwhelmed by an avalanche of incoming Freshmen. The largest class in the history of the school was enrolled in August—205 girls. And what caused it all so suddenly? Was it the charming little afternoon we gave to the eighth grade girls of the city at the end of last term, or was it just our inherent charm and reputation that won them over? At any rate, we heartily welcome them, for we all agree that they are “some” Freshmen when it comes to “pep” and school spirit.

The last month of this term we are planning to have an Open Night, that is, an evening devoted to displaying the best efforts that have been made in every line of work included in the school curriculum. To this affair we have invited our parents and friends, including girls who are ready to enter the High School. The purpose of this night will be to show to these friends and parents, and to other High Schools, just what we are doing. Dr. Scott has long been in favor of a night of this kind, and we hope to have his plans materialize. To that end we are endeavoring to make the evening a thorough success.

The close of last term saw a great loss suffered, not only by the faculty of the Girls High School, but more especially by its pupils—that of Miss Noonan's departure for Columbia University. Miss Noonan was of inestimable value to the school, not only as a teacher of mathematics, but as a true friend of the girls. She gave good, sound advice to those girls who were undecided as to their vocations, and always lent a willing and helping hand to better the girls' welfare. She had for many years been a guiding factor in all our activities, and always worked unceasingly to promote democratic interests in the school.

We miss her greatly, but are trying to be unselfish in the knowledge that, upon her return, the school will be greatly benefited by her advanced study.

Mr. Zeidler, formerly of Mission High School, was sent here this term to fill the place in the Science Department made vacant by the transfer of Mr. Johnson. Though he has been here for scarcely six months, we have already found Mr. Zeidler to be a man of varied interests. He not only is at home in the Science Department, but he takes a great interest in the Debating Club, which has come to such good repute this term. He unselfishly gave his time in coaching

Student Body Organization



Ruth Bransten
First Vice-President
Madeline Rothstein
Yell Leader
Elinor Raas
Third Vice-President

Azalene Eaton
President

Eleanor Lyser
Second Vice-President
Elise Phillips
Secretary
Dorothy Lowney
Fourth Vice-President

One of the Noisiest Corners of the Building



AT THE beginning of this term, one of the few remaining wishes of Dr. Scott in regard to the improvement of our school curriculum was satisfied. The installing of some thirty Underwood typewriters in the former upstairs Study Hall has made Dr. Scott a happy man. The room has been partitioned so as to enable shorthand to be taught in one half while typewriting is going on in the other. The work is open to third- and fourth-year girls, who have taken to it with remarkable zeal. This unusual interest in the work is made possible only by our able instructor, Miss Meehan, who enters into the spirit of the work so earnestly herself that she sets a shining example to the girls.

Both the Commercial rooms are perfectly equipped—a match for any other shorthand or typing department in the country. A filing system, a phonograph for rhythm, and an excellent set of typewriters compose the details of this very efficient department.

The girls work not only during school hours, but after school, for they are permitted to stay two or three nights a week and enjoy themselves.

At 3:00 o'clock on the nights Miss Meehan stays, there is always a wild rush and scramble for Room 213, to see who is to be the lucky one to get a typewriter, for in this room the girls combine business with pleasure, and work enthusiastically to accomplish their end.





Aileen Emanuel
Therese Kutner
Georgia Colombat

Claire E. Jones
Lillian Schwerin

Doris Knust
Vera Allison
Henriette Selling



Journal Staff

JULIE WHITE	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
RUTH BROUILLET	<i>Business Manager</i>
THERESE KUTNER	<i>Associate Editor</i>
AILEEN EMANUEL	<i>Literary Editor</i>
DORIS KNUST	<i>Alumnae</i>
VERA ALLISON	<i>Joke Editor</i>
LILLIAN SCHWERIN	<i>Sport Editor</i>
CLAIRE E. JONES	<i>Art Editor</i>
GEORGIA COLOMBAT	<i>Low Senior Editor</i>
HENRIETTE SELLING	<i>Low Senior Business Manager</i>

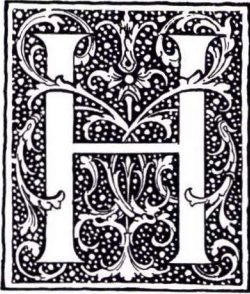


NAME	IS	WANTS TO BE	WILL BE	INDOOR SPORT
D. Knowlton.....	the class "infant"	grown-up.....	ballet dancer.....	athletics
D. Knust.....	obliging.....	at college.....	housewife.....	filling water glasses
T. Kutner.....	O. K.....	important.....	politician.....	holding class meeting
M. Ludwig.....	a butterfly.....	out of school.....	if luck is with her.....	"stepping out"
G. McGlynn.....	a talker.....	a good-sport.....	physics' assistant.....	cutting up
M. Mellars.....	sedate.....	chatterbox.....	minister's wife.....	playing tennis
E. Meyer.....	a bright light.....	world-famous debater.....	salutatorian.....	horseback riding
E. Miller.....	a cute little girl.....	useful.....	President's typist.....	dancing
F. Mitchell.....	a helper.....	physicist.....	a pacifist.....	taking shocks
P. Monk.....	a winner.....	out of 112.....	believed then.....	teasing
F. Mullen.....	always absent.....	out of gym.....	presently.....	forgetting excuses
M. Olsen.....	shy.....	in college.....	a co-ed.....	Margaret Johnson
E. Patton.....	witty.....	a comedian.....	a dentist.....	cutting gym
Y. Pasquale.....	sweet.....	an agriculturist's wife.....	selling flags.....	grinning
S. Perry.....	droll.....	gym teacher.....	saleswoman.....	Miss Rosenberg
E. Pooler.....	silent.....	perfection.....	boy-crazy.....	getting "ones"
G. Quarré.....	a stunner.....	at the St. Francis.....	a missionary.....	primping
H. Richards.....	a ten o'clock scholar.....	on time.....	when Alcatraz moves.....	art
G. Riley.....	calm.....	suffering-gette.....	an actress.....	"ponies"
F. Roberts.....	delicate.....	robust.....	civics teacher.....	work
M. Schoenfeld.....	prima donna.....	Galli Curci II.....	candy clerk.....	reducing
L. Schwerin.....	jolly.....	athlete.....	impresario.....	smiling
G. Selwood.....	adorable.....	with Newell.....	married twice.....	talking to Newell
A. Simonetta.....	disappointed.....	known.....	authoress.....	writing
C. Stringer.....	a song-bird.....	a hair-dresser.....	housewife.....	arguing
M. Uyeda.....	"some" girl.....	bugologist.....	tennis "champ".....	praising people
J. White.....	self-conscious.....	street orator.....	old maid school teacher.....	correcting ex. papers
C. Windele.....	winsome.....	detective.....	musician.....	playing jazz
M. Wirtner.....	attractive.....	at U. C. (?).....	a debutante.....	snap course
V. Wise.....	a chatterbox.....	popular.....	stenographer.....	curiosity

“57” Varieties

NAME	IS	WANTS TO BE	WILL BE	INDOOR SPORT
C. Abrams	newcomer	a graduate	stenographer	music
V. Allison	tomboy	an athlete	society dame	leading yells
K. Balcom	always late	someone's beloved	an old maid	taking pills
I. Bley	thin	thinner	fat	locker keys
R. Brouillet	business manager	history student	musician	civics
N. Bull	a twin	appreciated	we hope	sharpening pencils
T. Chaix	shy	tennis “cha up”	“some typist”	keeping quiet
A. Cherry	sergeant-at-arms	heard in English	“squelched”	keeping order (?)
K. Collischonn	gentle-voiced	married	in June (?)	slouching
F. Connolly	never in her seat	civics teacher	one	enumerating
A. Delsuc	cute	Pavlowa	in “Follies”	dancing
F. Drossel	good-natured	happy	“Merry Sunshine”	water-ice
A. Eaton	errand girl	in right	always	jitney-driving
A. Emanuel	good-looking	at Harvard!!	in February (?)	coming late
F. Freed	class treasurer	rid of the job	in December, '19	relieving Azalene
M. Hardiman	quiet	a school dame	maybe	knowing her lessons
E. Hewald	red-haired	a singer	on the stage	composing class song
A. Hildebrecht	chic	out of school	a beauty doctor	being absent
R. Hildebrecht	sweet-tempered	out of Room 107	naturally	fixing her hair
S. Hill	Mrs. Prag's secretary	in good standing	always	making out report cards
D. Hubsch	sweet	self-possessed	timid	Boys(?)
H. Hutchins	pious	a devil	an angel	helping Mrs. Prag
M. Johnson	a shining light	a debater	valedictorian	getting “ones”
C. Jones	clever	artist	cartoonist	Miss Jones
E. Judge	spunky	at Hopkins	successful	Oriental art
V. Jurs	a man-hater	an old maid	movie star	talking to Yvonne
F. Kahn	always in a rush	lady of leisure	easy-going	wielding the hammer

After All



HE HAD perfect faith, this soldier boy. He felt that everything would turn out all right and the feeling helped him to bear up well and to keep the others going too. He had had troubles—troubles galore—troubles enough to break four men, and he had borne them unflinchingly. He had always felt that things would be all right after the worst was over. At times his family had seemed despondent, but the boy always bade them keep smiling. There had been financial worries. There had been sickness. There had been deaths. There had been long periods of unemployment. And through it all this boy had kept faith. He felt that at the end of the storm, was to be a beautiful calm. He felt that although the night was dark and the situation desperate, the day that was to come would seem all the brighter for it. He felt that the day was approaching when a rainbow would shine through the torrents, and at its end would nestle his pot of gold. He would “carry on” until that day, thank God for His present blessing, and open the pot. What it might not contain! . . .

Then came the war—the clarion that sounded and called forth strong men. It bid them go and fight for God and country and give and sacrifice till the very end. Homes opened their doors and the flower of the country poured forth. They went willingly—willingly to sacrifice their young lives on the altar of Freedom—willingly to give their all. Among them was the boy who kept smiling.

He knew then, when all other hearts were sad, why he had suffered so intensely in previous days. The Lord was good after all, and the boy had his faith renewed at the moment when he realized it. He knew that God had seen fit to make him have his share of suffering in this world, long before the war, so that when trials came he might be spared. When his family deplored their fate in losing him he told them of his discovery and braced them up. He smiled through leave-taking, he smiled all the way over, and he smiled after France was reached and hardships commenced. He was not the grinning type but the smiling type and the kind that believes in the ineffable goodness of our Creator. He trusted, and what more could be wanted?

He wrote letters home that cheered his terror-stricken family, for with each of them he sent a bit of his own remedy. In each letter was a small part of that wonderful trait that characterized him. He was so sure that nothing could happen to him, so sure that his heavy burden had been lightened—so pitifully sure.

Then one day the blow fell. He was horribly wounded and torn and mutilated. His poor body was broken in a thousand places, so that only Life remained—Life and Faith. When the boy finally pulled through and was returned home—a useless wreck—he still smiled, for he felt that no matter how hard his lot he must grin and bear it. That is how he lives, that boy with the faith. After having troubles unrelatable, and then being fed to the merciless cannon of war, he lives on, waiting for the day of his dreams—the day when that rainbow is destined to shine for him and lead the way to the pot of gold in which lies the luck that is coming to him. He sits in his chair, surrounded by the halo that is Faith and he smiles. . . .

DOROTHY MORGENTHAU '21.

overcome by the Thots of five dollars a minute, a Garnet Brooch, and a gold-plated Toothbrush, and condescended to give the "Joshingby Studios" the Once Over.

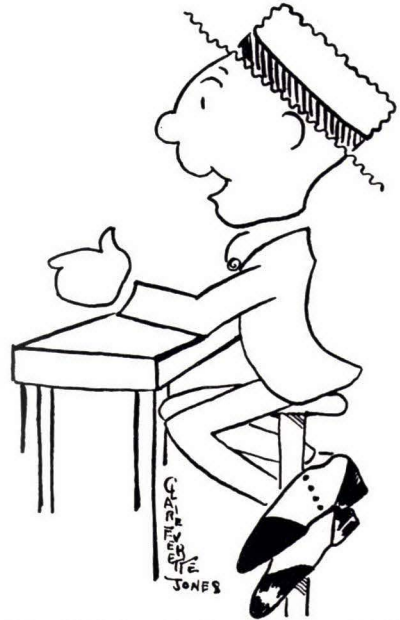
Josh, now fully in command of the situation, had the newly Discovered Star sign her Label to the Contract, and Daisy Dooligan automatically became "Mme. Graba Graba Coyn, the brilliant and famous Hoodoo Princess, who succumbs to the lure of the Camera while visiting Newport." Josh had all the instincts of the Press Agent and saw that several Magazines and Sunday Editions received beautiful Photos of the beautifully bedecked, beautifully jeweled, brilliantined Buddhist, with glimpses of her previous Life beneath, in Josh's most fantastic syllables, such as: "Mme. Graba Graba Coyn, who has been educated and expanded in the Famous and Royal Academy of Knowledge, Fulla Bulla College of India, is fond of subdued colors such as Hyena Blue"; or "The beautiful Star loves the Romance Language and takes no greater joy than singing, with the soothing notes of 'Clair de La Lune'"; or "Madame is fond of Shakespeare and during the intermission between scenes delights in quoting passages from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam!" (The fact is that Daisy's favorite Author is Medbury and "Nobody" is the guy she quotes).

However, Daisy, with all her impedimenta, dragged languishly thru several thousand feet of Films whilst the adoring Public read and marveled over her eventful life. All the Cash Maidens immediately purchased Graba Graba Hats, which turned alluringly up in the front and made the wearer look like a small-town Vamp in a Christie Comedy. Mrs. Lots A. Mun, the would-be society Leader, and her coterie of friends (so They say) swamped the General Merchandise for a week with orders of "Hyena Blue." They had everything H. B. from shoe polish to ear muffs. And all the dapper young male Flappers had Graba's pictures strewn all over the mirrors of their 2x4 dressers so that they could look into those dreamy eyes every morning while they fastened their Heads on to their pale green suits with their bright pink neckties.

Daisy, for several months, blossomed forth in all the splendor of a newly labeled Tomato Can. She had a pink plush-lined Limousine and a set of Sables. She was marceled and manicured until she rivaled the Moon for its reflected brilliancy. She ate Tutti-Frutti and Pickles and sold her Autograph to the Cabbage Rose Face Powder Co. She owned a flock of Peruvian Bark Hounds that took the Booby Prize in the Free-For-All Dog Show. But finally after weeks of gasting and promenading thru all the prominent hotel lobbies, Daisy broke down under the strain of living up to such a Name and welcomed Joe, Her Chauffeur Beau, with outstretched arms, and then flinging her Haughty Air out of the window she sank into a plush-lined chair and quaffed off two pails of Bevo.

Moral: Wise up to the Art.

C. E. J.



Getting By



Josh Jennings, of the Joshingby Studios, as he stood in the doorway chewing a "Camel," had but one Thot: "How in the Sam Hill can we shoot 'In the Calloused Count's Clutches' without a Vamp?" (If you give that sentence sufficient consideration you might easily imagine Josh was a Movie Director, which Supposition would be exactly correct.) Standing in the doorway, Blocking the Traffic, he decided would not solve his Problem, and so he started out in search of a second Theda Bara.

For many hours Josh paced the Hard Pavements, scrutinizing every Feminine Face for the much Aped Type. Once he Thot his hunt had ended as he Peered thru the highly artistic window of an Exclusive (accent on the Exclusive) Millinery Shoppe and beheld a damsel with apparently all the Attributes of a Man-Eating Vamp. But, alas! she turned her head and displayed a Profile with a nose that had a decided slant Heaven-ward, and would have looked no more at home in a Vamp Lead than would the Crown Prince at a Butchers' Picnic. About noon by his Dollar Ingersol, with a mantle of deep despair about his drooping shoulders, Josh obeyed that Impulse and Pushed into a much Coffee'd and much Beanified Place with "Chop House" cleverly engraved in White Enamel over the Swinging Fly-Proof door, and sat Himself down.

Josh, let me say, was in no jocular mood and his face betrayed no signs of a Tooth-Paste Grin as he growled: "Cupa-coffee-an'-a Ham Sandwich, quick. I say quick." And he emphasized the statement by jerking his arms Out and In and resting them on the near-marble counter in position for immediate Action.

"That guy" (and Josh became conscious that he was the Object referred to) "has evidently got a Non-Controllable, Ingrown Grouch, Running on one Cylinder."

"Shove him a cupa mud and a slice of hog between two Slabs," said a feminine Voice with an unpleasant twang.

Ah! yes, Josh was looking for a leading Lady. He glanced up and would have fallen off his Perch had not Providence endowed him with a lengthy pair of Limbs which at the Psychological Moment were skillfully draped around the legs of the stool.

"Oh, goody!" (these were not his exact words, but they will serve the Purpose) "you'll do," cried Josh, with notes of Gladness ringing in his voice. (At such incidents they always Cry and have Notes of Joy issuing forth.)

A tall, exceedingly Willowy, exceedingly black-haired, exceedingly purple and Dreamy-eyed Individual gave him the Double-O and said in Cold-Storage Tones, "Of all the kookoo Birds that ever blew into this Feed Emporium you take the Brown Derby. What's the large-sized Idea?"

Aware that his advance attack lacked Caution and Strategy, Josh Maneuvered in another direction and produced his card. But it took more than a slip of paste-board to convince Daisy, the Doubtful Doubter, of his sincerity. No Life Insurance Agent ever talked more earnestly, more forcibly, than did Josh. He threatened, begged, entreated, and finally after a two-hour Gas Attack Daisy flopped,

"scoop" of the year, and the hero of the hour was heartily congratulated by the city editor, who exclaimed, "I knew when I engaged you, you'd make good!"

Now Bobby is a special reporter and the pride of the staff. His ambition at this time is to become an editor, and everyone working for the *Standard* knows that he will eventually succeed.

BUELL CAREY, June '23.



The Most Beautiful Thing In The World

What is the most beautiful thing in the world?

The young man tells his sweetheart that she is, above all doubt, the most beautiful being of God's creation.

The dreamer gazes into the infinite blue of the midnight sky, with its myriads of stars peeping slyly at their own dancing images in the water below, and is convinced that no other sight so lovely could be found on the earth.

The nightingale, who loves in vain, breaks the warm stillness of the night with his song—a song that forever dwells on the beauty of the haughty queen of the flowers, the rose.

But if you are still in doubt as to what is the most beautiful thing in the world you have only to ask a little child, who will prove himself wiser than Solomon in his answer. And perhaps you may inquire of someone who has grown old in life's battle, and who will agree with the little child.

"Why, can't you guess?" he will ask. "I can tell you. The most beautiful thing in the world is a mother."

CLAIRE STRINGER '19.

With a joyful grin, Bobby bounded out of the door almost before Mr. Andrew had finished speaking. A reporter! He was going to be a reporter!

* * * * *

One Saturday morning, several weeks later, Bobby was seated at his desk in the news room of the great daily—prouder of that wobbly desk and decrepit typewriter than of anything else in the world. Thus far he had written up a football game, a launching, a dog show, a prize fight and a few other minor events. He was not satisfied. His ambition now was to make a “scoop,” and “scoops” were few and far between.

Bobby lived at Greenhaven, a suburb of the metropolis, and had to take a trolley to and from the office each day. Saturday was always very busy, and Bobby worked late, doing his part in helping with the big Sunday edition. It was nearly midnight when he finished and left the building. The car was deserted, and, huddling in a corner, with his cap over his eyes and his overcoat collar turned up, he prepared to take a nap.

After he had ridden a couple of blocks, two men boarded the car and sat in the opposite corner. Bobby eyed them indifferently at first, because it was all he could do to keep from falling asleep. Pretty soon an unexpected jar caused him to open his eyes. He was looking directly at the two men in the opposite corner. Did he—yes, surely he could not be mistaken—did he see something projecting from the hip pocket of the man nearest him? Bobby was very alert now.

“But surely,” he reasoned to himself, “it is perfectly all right for this man to carry a gun. For protection, I suppose.”

Then he scrutinized the two men further. He looked into the face of the taller, the one with the pistol in his pocket—and jumped. Where had he seen that face before? In the office? On the street? He couldn’t place it, but he had a vague idea that something unpleasant was associated with it. Bobby resolved to follow these men, for something, he didn’t know what, told him that everything was not all right.

The men got off at Greenhaven, and of course Bobby did the same. Without their noticing him in the least, he followed them as they made their way toward the old Crawford home, the “haunted house” of Greenhaven.

“Very suspicious,” thought Bobby.

Hiding behind a bush, he saw them enter the place by what seemed to be a door under the steps. Then Bobby *knew* something was up. A tiny streak of light could be seen evidently coming from between two boards near the door. Creeping closer and listening intently, Bobby could make out a few words, such as “Matt,” “papers,” “murder,” and such things.

Then all at once he knew! The tall man was Matthew Crawford, who, it was rumored, had been seen in the vicinity recently, and whose picture had appeared in the *Standard* not long ago. Matt Crawford, who had murdered his brother and escaped with the family jewels three years ago! He, Bobby Warren of the *Standard*, discovering the hiding place of this fugitive! All he could see was “scoop” written in capital letters, a rise in his salary, and congratulations from the chief. It nearly staggered him. But he must work quickly so the news would be ready for the final edition soon to go to press.

After securing all the information necessary, he rushed to the nearest drug store and phoned the news to his chief.

The enterprise of its “cub” reporter gained for the *Standard* the biggest

The "Cub" Reporter



BOBBY WARREN'S one ambition was to be a newspaper reporter. Although his father wanted him to become a lawyer, while his uncle advised him to enter Annapolis, the boy was firm in his resolve, and in the end he won out.

Now Bobby was not a boy to be easily discouraged, and knew that he would probably have to go to several newspaper offices before he would be given a tryout, but, as the proverb says, he "hitched his wagon to a star," and "attacked" the *Evening Herald* first.

"Well?" gruffly demanded the city editor.

"Sir, I have ambitions to become a reporter—" Bobby bravely commenced.

"Reporter, eh? Can't do anything for you. Too many reporters already."

"But, sir—"

"Sorry. George," calling to the office boy, "show this gentleman out and take this copy to Jones."

The next thing Bobby knew he was walking out of the building in a daze.

"Whew! Quick work!" thought he. "But nothing like trying again." So he crossed the street and entered the office of the *Morning Standard*. This time he had more success with the city editor, Mr. Andrew.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"Well, sir, I want to become a reporter," Bobby replied.

"You seem to be in earnest. As I am not very busy at present suppose we have a chat. Please be seated." He motioned to a chair.

"Now, my lad," he resumed, "do you know that you are the sixth boy who has come to me with that same appeal today, and I couldn't engage one of them?"

Bobby shifted uneasily.

"Yes, that does sound discouraging," the editor continued; "but let me say this: of those six boys, I must admit that you are the most promising of the lot. That's why I am giving you this interview."

"Thank you, sir," Bobby said. "I surely appreciate what you have told me. Do you mean that there is a possible chance of my becoming a reporter?" he asked eagerly.

"Well, in a way. Yes," replied Mr. Andrew. "What is your name?"

"Robert Warren."

"Have you a high school education?"

"Yes, sir; Greenhaven High, June '19."

"What standing?"

"Valedictorian, sir."

"Did you make 'em weep?" asked the editor, remembering his college days.

"Spread it on pretty thick," replied Bobby, with a grin.

"That's good! Ever had any experience in journalism?"

"Well, I was editor of our school paper, and contributed to the success of the annual," he replied.

"Good practice. I guess we can give you a try-out, at least. Report to Mr. Wilson, my assistant, with this note, and he'll tell you what to do. Can't have too many reporters, you know—especially if they make good," he added.

The Girls High Serial

PRODUCED BY "THE FACULTY, INC."

Synopsis of Preceding Episodes

The heroine suddenly finds that into her heretofore peaceful life there has entered a gang of creatures whose aim seems to be merely to torment her. Ever since the first appearance of her tormentors the heroine's life has been one round of efforts to defeat their plans. Her only friend proves to be the "Bearded Marvel," who more than once has interposed in her behalf.

Episode XI. In Six Parts

Part I. The heroine studies the day's lesson very diligently in order that she may escape any trap which the "party of the second part" (an alleged and dangerous member of the gang) may have laid for her; but—in the midst of the calm, the bell for fire drill is heard and the heroine is forced to leave her work.

Part II. The heroine thinks that the "party of the second part" is going to have the regular daily work; but—that cold-hearted person springs a review on the unsuspecting girl and flunks her for not having studied the review.

Part III. The gang has made plans to be carried out by a very able executive whom they have installed in the third part; but—the heroine renders their plans useless by making a model recitation.

Part IV. This part being known in the language of the enemies of the heroine as X period, she makes further arrangement for fathoming their dark schemes; but—there having been a meeting of the gang immediately after lunch, a portion of this part is deducted, leaving our heroine in cruel suspense the remainder of the day.

Part V. The heroine has just been chosen to be the victim of one of the villainesses; but—the "Bearded Marvel" saves the situation by calling the black-hearted woman to his office.

Part VI. The heroine might have ended the day without further mishap; but—in her eagerness to impart this news to some person conveniently near, she is detected by the eagle-eyed gangster who reigned supreme and is forced to remain in the detention class. It is ever thus.

(To be continued.)

RUTH SCHEELINE '22.

The Value of Algebra

Take the saying:

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

From this we derive the equation:

$(a) + \text{work} - \text{play} = \text{dull boy.}$

But a dull boy $= a - \text{bright boy.}$

Substituting in equation (a) we have:

$(b) + \text{work} - \text{play} = - \text{bright boy.}$

Multiplying both members of this equation by -1 , we change its form but do not alter its value, and have:

$(c) - \text{work} + \text{play} = \text{bright boy.}$

Hence, no work and all play makes Jack a bright boy.

Why go to school?

A. L. H.

help from the mainland. Shouting words of encouragement to the people, he turned on the power and was gone, quickly disappearing from sight.

For a few seconds the crowd remained motionless, unable to comprehend that this boy, with his new-born courage, had been the cowardly Landis Wyndham of but a few days before.

Then the reaction came, and with it thanksgiving and the realization that through the bravery of this boy, whom they had all shunned, it was now possible to save their husbands and homes.

The fire-fighters, after Landis' departure, had fought their way to the coast just in time, for a few minutes after, their refuge had been completely demolished by the flames.

Watching it burn, the men drew a breath of thankfulness, and nerved themselves to the task of sliding down the sheer, rocky mountain sides which led to the water.

But fortune was kinder to Landis. He reached the ferry boat but a few moments before it was ready to start on its trip to Patterson, and hastily boarding it, he ran towards the captain's cabin, "hurry—fire—Patterson—men—trapped—houses—danger—" and then his voice trailed into an indistinct murmur as he sank senseless into the arms of his amazed father, who was just returning from an Eastern business trip.

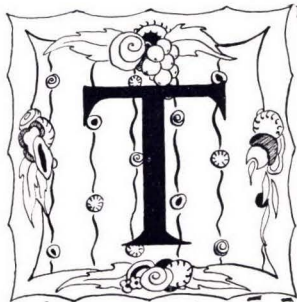
In half an hour the boat arrived at Patterson after having rescued the fire-fighters at the other end of the island. The day was saved. Reunited families rejoiced as the newcomers finally extinguished the flames which had come perilously close to the homes.

That evening Mr. Wyndham smoked his pipe with more satisfaction than he had ever known before, and his fireplace reflected the supreme happiness that a person knows but once in a lifetime—his son had proven himself a man to the core—Landis Wyndham was no longer a coward.

EMMA BRUNE, Dec. '20.



The Redemption of Landis Wyndham



THEIR uncomprehending little children around them and—waited.

Among the hills, the fire-fighters, absorbed in their battle, had not become aware of the veering of the wind until too late, when they realized that the town was endangered by the onrushing flames. Then a hurried consultation took place to decide how they might save their loved ones. Only one did not join the group of men and that one was a good-looking, well-built young man of about twenty-three years, who intermittently shot nervous glances at the excited men. This boy was Landis Wyndham, the only son of Aaron Wyndham.

Aaron Wyndham had the distinction of being the wealthiest and best-loved man in Patterson who had but one main interest in life—his son. As his small son grew into manhood, he became the idol of his father, but he had one bad trait which caused him, in the prime of his youth, to be shunned by people with whom he should have been popular. He hid a cowardly heart under the refined exterior of the college-bred boy.

In this emergency he had only joined the fighters from a sense of duty, since he would have been the only able-bodied man left in town. Suddenly Landis' face paled beneath his tan, for he heard the men say that the only means to save Patterson was for some one to run the gauntlet of flames and reach the town and the one motor boat it boasted—the property of Landis Wyndham.

To swim around the end of the island was impossible, due to the precipitous nature of the shore and the strong current. The only hope lay in skirting the flames near the water for about half a mile, as the fire now encircled the entire island.

"Yes," said one of the men, "the fair way is to draw straws to see who saves our people or dies in the attempt." Noticing Landis' horror-stricken face he added, "and you don't have to be afraid, you dirty coward. We won't ask a skunk like you to draw with men."

And then the unexpected happened.

Shaking with rage, Landis leaped at the man, knocked him to the ground and then turned on the amazed group, shouting, "I'll show you there is still an ounce of manhood in me." The next instant he was sprinting towards the shore where he tore off his outer clothing, saturated it in water and then disappeared, beating his way through the flames.

About fifteen minutes later Landis, scorched and blistered, with bloodshot eyes which were now filled with a new expression of courage, wakened the apparently dead town with a sharp cry. While the startled townspeople were running towards the wharf, he sprang in wild haste into his motor boat, to get

The Scarlet Letter

After reading Hawthorne's Novel.

It burns and sears her aching flesh,—
That lurid flame that gleams upon her breast,
The scarlet letter, "A," the badge of endless shame.
 Embroidered in its graceful lines,
Brilliant on a field of dreary gray,
It leaps out to the eye, but darts within, to stab
A heart once blameless, pure and good,
But now a restless thing, a tortured thing,
That thumps its leaden weight 'gainst gloomy prison walls.

And, like a ghost, she creeps about
The bedsides of the needy, wretched sick,
And tends their many wants, unasked, unthanked, unloved.
 Yet warm within her bosom lies
A sympathy with other erring hearts,
An understanding of the somber rules of life,
That draws her to the mocking world
Which, while it scorns, reviling, hating her,
Helps her wear the burning symbol on her breast.

The years but fan the smouldering flame,
And when by man's decree the letter, "A,"
Has lost its potency, lost its sinister design,
Her Father takes the scarlet brand
And stamps it on her sear and barren soul
Lest she forget the mighty law she has transgressed.

 But when that heart shall cease to beat
And when those weary limbs shall fall inert,
His Hand shall pluck the scarlet letter from her breast,
And she shall rise serene and pure
To where no curse, no shadow of the past,
Can dim the glory of her resurrected soul.

ERNA SCHRAUBSTADTER, June '20.

The days passed one by one and every few weeks brought news of Ben. But one day a letter came saying that Ben had been taken by the Red Cross where he would be much more useful than as a mascot. Billy, of course, was delighted to think that such honors had been conferred upon his pet. After this the letters came less and less frequently but always they gave glowing accounts of Ben's bravery, and sometimes Billy received letters from soldiers whose lives Ben had saved. But as the weeks passed Billy became more and more lonesome for his dog.

One evening Billy entered the house and found his mother and father talking very earnestly together.

"I do hate the thought of telling him," said his mother. "I see him coming, so I'll go out and give him the letter. He can read it for himself. Poor Ben! I know Billy will feel very bad about it."

Billy's father went into the hall and handed Billy the letter. "I guess it is some more news of our hero," he suggested, and although his manner was gay his voice was not.

Billy opened the letter carefully and read it as he slowly mounted the stairs to his room. The letter was short. What Billy read was that Ben, who was one of the bravest of the Red Cross dogs, had crawled back to the Red Cross station with his burden, a dying French soldier. As the dog landed at headquarters he dropped dead. A piece of shrapnel had pierced his lungs.

Much to the amazement of his parents, Billy came into the living room fifteen minutes later with nothing but satisfaction registered on his face. He merely said, "Here's the letter if you haven't read it already. It says that Ben has done his bit—and so have I," he added, as he walked quickly out of the room.

ANNE DE GRUCHY, June '22.



Billy's Bit



BILLY and Ben were pals. They had been pals from the start when Ben, who was a Scotch sheep-dog, had come all the way across the continent to be Billy's pet on his fifth birthday. Billy knew nothing of Ben's history. He only knew that Ben was the best dog in the world and that he was a better playmate than any of the boys on Billy's block. Wherever Billy was, Ben was sure to be close behind him, and so, for five delightful years the two were almost constantly together. But shortly after Billy's tenth birthday America entered the war, and Billy and his pet were destined to a long separation. Billy, like any natural American boy, longed for some opportunity to show his patriotism, and although his father assured him that in time he would find a way, the opportunity seemed very slow in coming.

One evening a soldier cousin of Billy's came to say good-by as he was leaving soon for France. To entertain Billy, his cousin told him all about his life at camp, and many other things that would interest a small boy, but all the time his cousin was talking, Billy longed to ask him if there was anything *he* could do to help his country. After dinner Cousin John was talking to Billy's father and in the course of conversation he mentioned something that immediately aroused Billy's interest. What Cousin John had said was that the most important thing in army life was to keep up the morale of the men. To accomplish this they must be kept happy and cheerful. One of the things done to keep up morale was to have a mascot for each regiment. It seemed that mascots were hard to procure. People were unwilling to give up their pets even for the men who were fighting to protect them. Billy spent a sleepless night trying to make up his mind as to whether he should send Ben. It really seemed very selfish of him to want to keep the dog when he might do a whole regiment a great deal of good. Undoubtedly Ben would make an excellent mascot. Therefore what right had he to keep him? None, certainly! As far as he was concerned Ben should go and do his duty in France.

The next morning Billy hurried out of doors to have a talk with Ben.

"How would you like to go to war, Ben? How would you, old fellow? I've got a fine chance for you if you want to go." For just one minute Billy hoped that Ben would say he didn't want to go at all, but the next minute Billy said, resolutely, "Sure you want to go. You don't want to be a slacker! I should have known right away you'd jump at the chance. Just think, old boy, that way we'll both be helping our country. Of course I'll miss you a lot. But soldiers have to do lots of things they don't like, so I guess we can, for just a little while. It won't be long now before we've got the Boches all beaten up and then you'll come back again and we'll forget all about your ever having gone away."

As Billy paused for breath, Ben's soft brown eyes searched his face keenly, and his tail wagged harder and harder at the thought of a new adventure. "Then it's all settled," said Billy as he hurried into the house.

Cousin John was delighted when he heard of the conversation that had just taken place. "Let me take him right along with me," he pleaded, and at last Billy consented.

That afternoon was a hard one for Billy, but he tried to go through it like a soldier, and in a measure he succeeded.

The Hills

I can feel the delight of the chattering brook,
I can answer the throb of the bird's gladsome trill,
I can feel the cool breath of each shadowy nook—
For tomorrow I go to the hills!

The voice of the mountains is calling tonight,
And the throb of its lure through the mystery thrills;
My soul's with the soul of the white peaks tonight—
For tomorrow I go to the hills!

At the edge of the wastes, where the mountain lands start,
Where blue mists lie clinging, and night winds grow still,
To the beat of their solitudes answers my heart—
For tomorrow I'll be in the hills!

* * * * *

I am back in the grind and the moil of the streets,
Back in the city, where greed has her will,
But the joy that is clean, in my heart throbs and beats,
For this morning I walked in the hills!

From the silver cascades and the shivering falls,
Where their crystal light tumbles and breaks into rills,
I have answered the might of the streets' garish calls,
But this morning I walked in the hills!

Beneath the gay glitter and sham of this life,
My heart with fresh rapture and happiness thrills.
What matters the heat, and the murk, and the strife?
For this morning I walked in the hills!

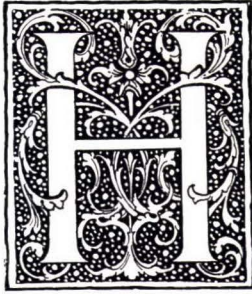
H. FAULKNER '21

"Tools"

The artist took his pencil. It was "stubby" as could be,
Yet it traced a lovely picture that the world rejoiced to see.
The poet dipped his pen-nib—'twas a cheap, corroded thing,
Yet it scratched a charming lyric that the world rejoiced to sing.
The builder plied his trowel. It was far from being new,
But it laid the bricks and mortar till a lordly mansion grew.
Ah, pencil, pen, and trowel! You have frequently displayed
How will can win achievement with exceeding little aid.
Yet daily in Life's markets, in its playrooms and its schools,
Folk grumble: "I could prosper if I had some better tools."

J. A. W. '19.

The "Comedy" of Julius Caesar



AIL Caesar—we have seen you. We paid our good money plus war tax and found grammar school children occupying our seats! O, base indignity of having to sit on the cold, gray stones! This was the most unkindest cut of all!

Oh Art, what crimes are committed in thy name! Mark Antony wore a lean and famished look, more pitiful than that of Cassius, where famine was portrayed only by the brevity of his costume. Brutus, whose petticoat began to show in the third act, displayed also his Irish brogue throughout the entire performance. Judge, oh ye gods, how dearly Caesar loved him, but if it were so, 'twere a grievous fault and grievously did Caesar answer it. Caesar burst his mighty heart in a manner which proved to the audience that originality was his strong point, for he recited his lines in a manner never heard before or after.

Evidently the company was of the opinion that Shakespeare, hundreds of years old, is considered obsolete, for in the efforts to correct this fault and to improve the play in general, a few acts were omitted, a few lines forgotten, and, here and there an entirely new paragraph inserted. We heartily thank all those concerned in this play for supplying this long-felt need.

One of the most inspiring things was the work of the mob. They looked like a class in interpretative dancing but they yelled as one man, and, considering that the days of their infancy had not long passed, we congratulate them on their remarkable team work.

Great Caesar fell even at the base of Pompey's statue, the existence of which must be left to the imagination, but it was not necessary to fancy that the conspirators were approaching. An awful sound breaks the stillness of the night. The clock has stricken three. The conspirators depart. How is it that if they are sworn to secrecy their comings and goings are heralded by such tumult? Or do they wish to throw their ancient enemies off the track by their absolute innocence? The more you think of it, the more you are convinced of their insanity.

Nevertheless we must bear these few infirmities, for we saw a good comedy, laughed until we cried, and in this we bury all unkindness.

ISABEL CARTER, Dec. '20.



A B C

A is for Amy, a wee little folk,
B is for Balcolm, always there with a joke.
C is for Collischonn, stately and tall,
D is for Drossel well known 'mongst us all.
E is for Eaton, who gets all the news,
F is for Freed, always after class dues.
G is for Grace, just brimful of pep,
H for the Hildebrechts who know all the steps.
I is for Irma, who got very thin,
J is for Judge, she can draw anything.
K is for Kutner, our class president,
L is for Ludwig, always after a gent.
M is for Meyer who likes to debate,
N is for Newell who seldom is late.
O is for Olsen, who studies quite hard,
P is for Pooler with "one's" on her card.
Q is for Quarre, who doesn't have to take gym,
R is for Roberts, who is just rather slim.
S is for Selwood, so dainty and sweet,
T for Teresa who is always so neat,
U 's for Uyeda with her gorgeous black hair,
V 's for Virginia with a face that's so fair,
W 's for Wirtner, our debutante she'll be,
X, you see, for unknown quantity.
Y is for Yvonne of whom we'll say nothing this time.
And Z is for everything that just wouldn't rhyme.
YVONNE PASQUALE.

Have You Been Informed That---

ELISE MEYER is an equestrienne?
ELIZABETH POOLER does "Salome" dances?
KATHRYN BALCOM's middle name is "Cleopatra"?
MARION SCHOENFELD occasionally bluffs?
AZALENE EATON corresponds with W. S. Hart?
CICELY WINDELE is the 7th of 7 sisters?
EVELYN JUDGE comes from Virginia?
GLADYS QUARRÉ wants a millionaire?
RUTH HILDEBRECHT draws Arrow Collar men?
NEWELL BULL has twin nieces?
FELICE MITCHELL is full of electricity?
THERESE KUTNER has twin brothers?
JULIE WHITE has made hundreds of sea voyages?
GRACE MCGLYNN has a sense of humor?

The Miracle



GORDON ROBERTS was a very handsome young man. Yes, girls, you would all agree that he was a very handsome young man, and his eyes—when they looked at you sent queer little thrills up and down your spine. But then, eyes play varied parts, not the least of which is that of appearing blind.

You see, being a perfectly stylish young fellow, he carried a cane and one bright afternoon, while walking down a lonely side street, gaily twirling this cane, he perceived a pretty girl, happily tripping down the steps of a nearby house. Gordon was literally brimming over with new and utterly astonishing ideas, and, at that moment, he was shocked into one of his most outrageous ones. Hastily retracing his steps, he turned the corner.

The next minute, as she walked down the street, little Jane Anderson saw a pathetic sight. A most good-looking, appealing chap, slowly tapping his way toward the curbing. Her big little heart went out to this sad sight and seeing no one else in the neighborhood she generously decided to help the young gentleman across the street. Poor thing!

Going up to him, timidly, she said, "Can I help you?"

"Thank you, yes. You are very kind."

Without more ado Jane took his arm and gently led him across. On arriving at the opposite corner, she said gaily, "Now, I'm sure you can get along."

"Yes, and had I my eyes, sweet voice, you should never lack a grateful friend."

The thought of that fine young face lingered with her. Blind! What a pity!

It was a very beautiful dance. Gordon was having the time of his life. His sister had invited some of her college girl friends and they were the nicest girls! All had arrived but one. She came presently and Gordon stared. That trim little lady—if she wasn't the victim of his shameless subterfuge! Smiling and debonair he approached, and was properly introduced. Poor Jane Anderson! How she felt. But she accepted the proffered arm, for a handsome face *plus* a pair of grey eyes were absolutely irresistible to her. In the garden Gordon remarked conversationally, "Miracles occur every day. Don't they?"

"Yes," was the somewhat doubtful reply. "And they say love *is* blind."

M. R. HAGAN, June '21.

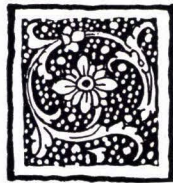
my hair. Then I went down the road a way to meet him, resolving as I walked, to be very cordial but not over enthusiastic.

Alas for my resolutions! While I stood watching the little brook that bubbled by the side of the road, a pair of hands covered my eyes and a dearly-loved voice said, "Guess?"

"Bob," I answered promptly, removing his hands, and turned around to see—Bob, tanned and burned by a year's engineering work in Arizona—and by his side the prettiest girl I have ever seen. It would have taken a heart of stone to withstand her charm, and I capitulated to her at once, raising her next to Bob in my estimation.

She and Bob went on to the "Wood Cottage," but I stayed by the brook for a while, dreaming a foolish little day dream about the time when my real knight would come riding up the old Wood Road and——

FRANCES FRIEND '20.



The Condemned

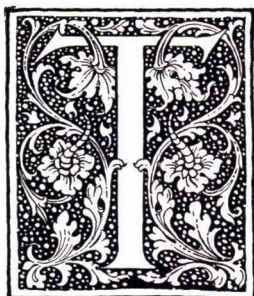
Lo, I've fought long, and wearied unto death
I seek the night, in whose dim, sheltering space
From out the tired yearnings of my heart
I shall find grace.

Not satisfied, perhaps—but reconciled.
I ran the race, I never reached the goal,
Perhaps my recompense lies in the peace
Within my soul.

The soul that even now is taking flight
Condemned of all mankind. No human sword
Can ever quench the glory in the thought
"Not guilty—Lord!"

HELEN FAULKNER '21.

The Wood Road



HERE is a long, dusty road that winds through the trees until it reaches "The Wood Cottage" near the foot of Old Hill. The quaint, vine-covered cottage with its old-fashioned shuttered windows would, in itself, repay you for the long, hot walk, but when you meet the dear old couple who live there, you are always glad that luck, or maybe it was fate, brought you to the cottage door.

It sounds a great deal like bragging to speak so of one's relations, but if you could see Auntie Faith through my eyes, and realize what a beautiful soul is concealed by her homely face and old-fashioned manners, you couldn't help loving her and pledging your loyalty on the spot like the gallant knights of old. Uncle David is a rather queer old gentleman, but when you are used to his brusque ways you find out that he is really only a very kind-hearted lamb in wolf's clothing.

I was walking down the wood road one day on my way from school in hope of finding Aunt Faith and Uncle David at home, for there was to be a party that evening in the village and I couldn't go unless I received Aunt Faith's permission, as mother and father were away and I was staying with her.

The old road was very beautiful in its autumn dress, and the light that filtered through the trees that arched the road was so very dim that I could imagine all sorts of queer things happening there. Each turn in the road brought new beauties to the eye and the wood seemed peopled with all the inhabitants of fairyland. I let my imagination wander idly, and in the half-light of the dusky wood I saw some of the forest folk who came out of their hiding place to stare curiously as I went by. They seemed very indifferent, yet I knew that a sudden unexpected movement would send them scampering wildly to shelter. I smiled at my thought, idly kicked a dead branch from the road, and was brought back to reality as, suddenly I rounded a turn in the road and perceived my aunt and uncle walking slowly toward me. Their faces were lit up as if by an inward fire, and Aunt Faith looked so happy that for the moment she seemed almost beautiful.

"Ruth, dear," Uncle David said, as he peered at me under his bushy, white eyebrows, "we have received the most wonderful news."

"News? What news?"

Aunt Faith broke in eagerly, "From Bob, our own dear son, Bob."

"Is he coming home, Auntie, coming home soon?" I asked, for Bob, who was several years older than I, had been, and still was, a sort of enchanted knight to me.

Aunt Faith smiled at my impetuosity and answered, "Yes, dear, Bob will be home today. He was married yesterday and he's bringing his wife with him."

I stood there like one stunned. All my pretty dreams of the forest folk banished before those awful words, "Bob is married."

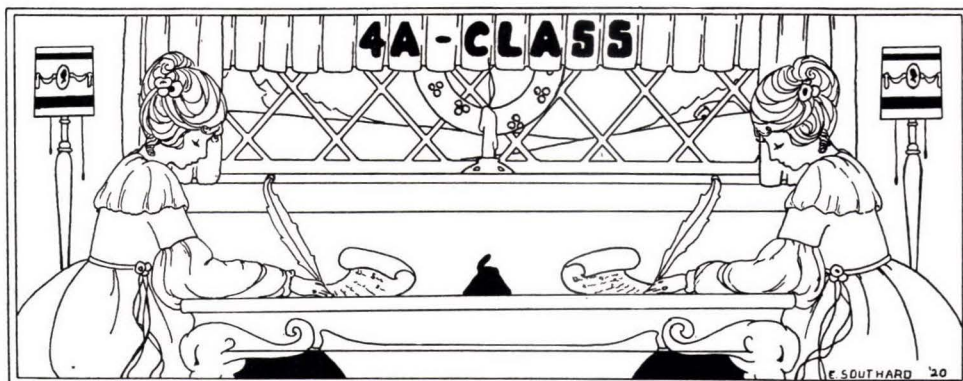
"Why, child, you look ill," said Uncle David, "the walk has been too much for you." I went to the cottage with them and Auntie made me lie down in a darkened bedroom.

"Bob is married, Bob is married." The words dully reiterated in my brain until I thought I couldn't bear it. No more jolly times on the Wood Road! No more blackberry hunts! No more picnics! And most of all, no more Cousin Bob!

I finally came to my senses after a good cry and bathed my eyes and tidied



CAITIE M. JONES



June '20

VIRGINIA CUMMING	President
IRENE SUMMERFIELD	Vice-President
PAULA WATERMAN	Secretary
MARION HARRON	Yell Leader

This has certainly been a "peppy" organization and the class here wishes to thank these girls for the successful term it has had. It also wishes to publish the following letter in hopes of its reaching its destination through this Christmas JOURNAL.

Rooms 107 and 109, Girls High School.
December, 1919.

Dear Saint Nicholas:

This letter is to thank you for the vacations you have given us at Christmas in the past three years and to remind you that these few individual gifts would be gratefully received:

FOR MARION HARRON	A supply of new jokes.
" BERNICE MUNTER	Some small change.
" MADELINE ROTHSTEIN	A modern muffler.
" LOIS MERWIN	Some height.
" ELSE BARTH	Comprehension of Miss Hobe's humor.
" VIRGINIA CUMMING	Some "Armer-ous" love.
" MYRTLE KIMBALL	One 4
" ANY OF US	Four 1's } for variety.
" DORIS MARSH	Her old reputation.
" CAROLINE HOPKINS	Another language course.
" RUTH BRANSTEN	A place on the Orpheum Circuit.
" HENRIETTE SELLING	JOURNAL Ads.

Mr. Dupuy would like Profound Silence, and Mrs. Prag some doorsprings for 107.

Please don't forget the good report cards, and the vacation.
We thank you, Merry Christmas!

Signed,
JUNE '20.



MARY UYEDA
"Much-Adored Mary"

JULIE WHITE
"Jabbering Julie"

CECILY WINDELE
"Cunning Cecily"

MARION WIRTNER
"Marry, Marion"
(She, Will)

VERNA WISE
"Virtuous Verna"





LILLIAN SCHWERIN
"Lovely Lillian"

Lillian Dee Schwerin



GLADYS SELWOOD
"Bashful Billy"



ALBA SIMONETTA
"Aiding Alba"
(Journal)

Alba Simonetta



CLAIRE STRINGER
"Conscientious Claire"





HELEN RICHARDS
"Helpful Helen"
 (Art)



GRACE RILEY
"Gracious Grace"



FLORENCE ROBERTS
"Frolicking Florence"



MARION SCHOENFELD
"Merry Marion"





EDITH PATTON
"Energetic Edith"



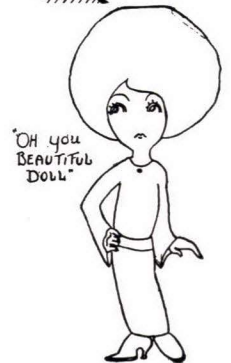
SOPHIE PERRY
"Sunny Sophie"



ELIZABETH POOLER
"Lovely Elizabeth"



GLADYS QUARRÉ
"Gorgeous Gladys"



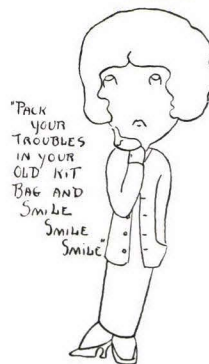


PLESANCE MONK
"Pleasing Plesance"

FLORENCE MULLEN
"Fond Florence"

MYRTLE OLSEN
"Mirthful Myrtle"

YVONNE PASQUALE
"Youthful Yvonne"





MARION MELLARS
"Merciful Marion"

ELISE MEYER
"Enviably Elise"
(Hard Subjects)

ESTHER MILLER
"Easy Esther"
(Good Nature)

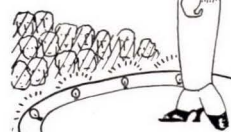
FELICE MITCHELL
"Funny Felice"

"THE LOST CHORD"



THE
QUESTION
BEFORE THE
HOUSE
IS—

"HAPPINESS
I'VE
FOUND YOU."



GOOD-BYE
"EVERY
BODY"



"EVERY" MORNING
SHE MAKES
ME
LATE!"



DORIS KNUST
"Dignified Doris" (?)



THERESE KUTNER
"Teasing Therese"



MAXINE LUDWIG
"Much absent Maxine"



GRACE MCGLYNN
"Giggling Grace"





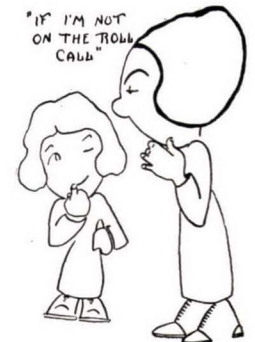
EVELYN JUDGE
"Easy-going Evelyn"
 (In Art)



VIRGINIA JURS
"Vimful Virginia"



FELICE KAHN
"Fussy Felice"



DOROTHY KNOWLTON
"Doting Dot"

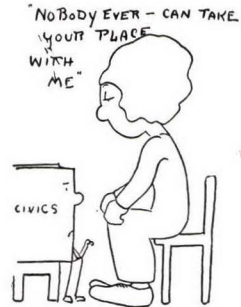




DORIS HUBSCH
"Dancing Doris"



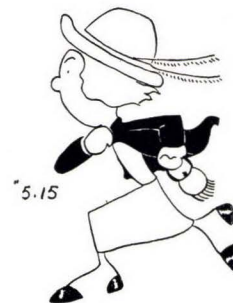
HAZEL HUTCHINS
"Helpful Hazel"
(Mrs. Prag)

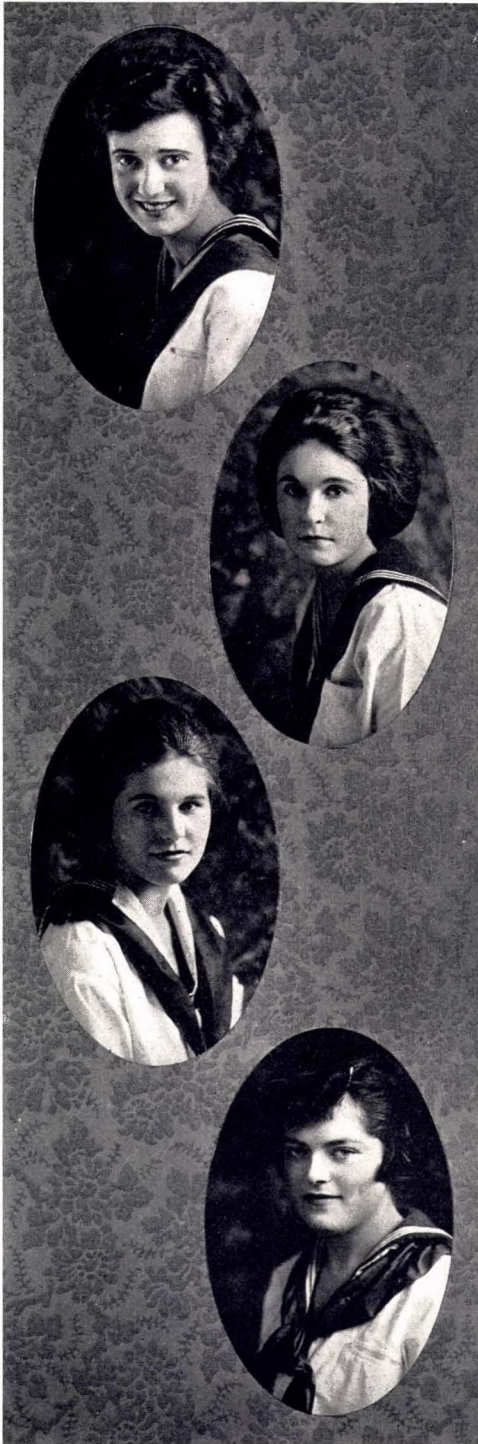


MARGARET JOHNSON
"Mind-full Margaret"
(Studies)

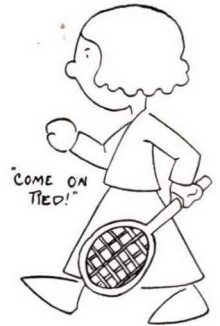


CLAIRE EVERETTE JONES
"Cut-up Claire"
(Class-Meeting)





ELVERA HEWALD
"Elfish Elvera"
 (In Choral)



ANITA HILDEBRECHT
"Ambitious Anita"



RUTH HILDEBRECHT
"Royal Ruth"

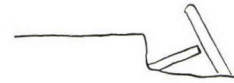


SOPHIE HILL
"Studios Sophie"





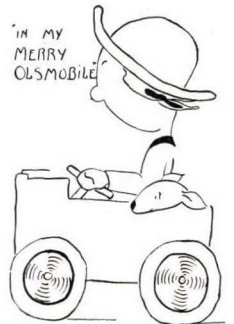
AZALENE EATON
"Able Azalene"



AILEEN EMANUEL
"Anxious Aileen"
(Over Civics)



FLORENCE FREED
"Finnicky Florence"
(Over Dues)

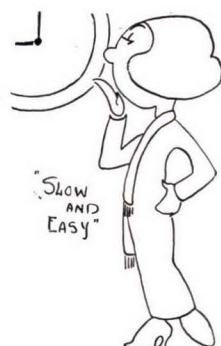


MARY HARDIMAN
"Memorizing Mary"

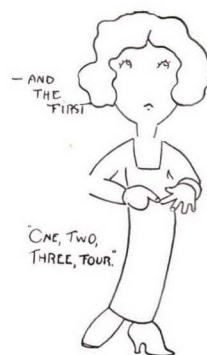




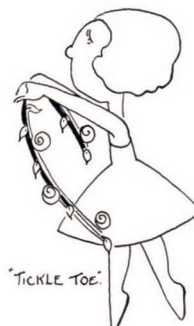
KATHYRN COLLISCHONN
"Keen Kathyrn"



FLORENCE CONNOLLY
"Frisky Florence"



AIMEE DELSUC
"Adorable Aimee"



FRANCES DROSSEL
"Fretting Frances"





RUTH BROUILLET
"Rushing Ruth"



NEWELL BULL
"Nifty Newell"



ALEEN CHERRY
"A-lean Aleen"



TERESA CHAIX
"Talkative Teresa"

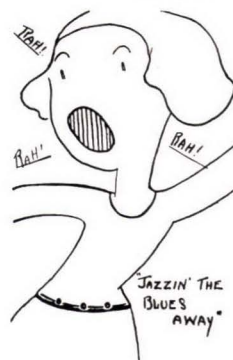




CHARLOTTE ABRAMS
"Capricious Charlotte"



VERA ALLISON
"Vivacious Vera"



KATHRYN BALCOM
"Kicking Kathryn"



IRMA BLEY
"Interesting Irma"





Class Organization

THERESE KUTNER	<i>President</i>
MARION SCHOENFELD	<i>Vice-President</i>
FLORENCE FREED	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
VERA ALLISON	<i>Yell Leader</i>
AILEEN CHERRY	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

CLASS COLORS

Blue and Gold.

CLASS YELL

Some pep—Some steam.
Some class—December '19.

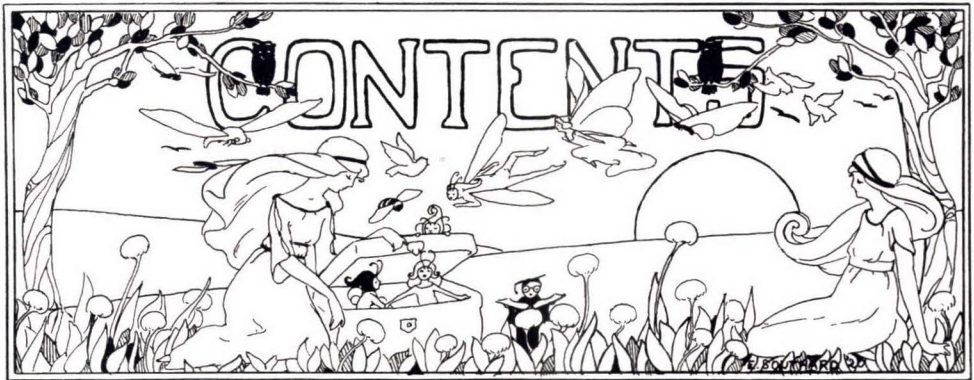
CLASS FLOWERS

Violets and
Chrysanthemums.

MOTTO

Animus omnia vincit.
(Courage conquers everything.)

These next few words are meant to amuse,
So don't feel hurt as some may choose.
Some are silly—some are true,
Some may hurt—but these are few,
But whatever you are—whatever your lot,
Be a First Class Sport—and censure us not.



	PAGE
DEDICATION	4
FACULTY	6
CLASS ORGANIZATION	9
SENIOR CLASS	10
LOW SENIOR CHATTER	24
LITERARY—	
The Wood Road	26
The Condemned	27
The Miracle	28
The Hills	29
The “Comedy” of Julius Caesar	30
“A-B-C”	31
Billy’s Bit	32
The Scarlet Letter	34
The Redemption of Landis Wyndham	35
The Girls High Serial	37
The “Cub” Reporter	38
Getting By	41
After All	43
57 Varieties	44
JOURNAL Staff	46
Shorthand Page	48
Student Body Organization	49
Editorials	50
School Notes	52
Snapshots	54
Activities	55
Baseball	57
Tennis	58
Swimming	59
Basketball	60
Snapshots	61
Alumnae	62
Debating Club	63
Jokes	66
Advertisements	69



THE HAPPY FACULTY



OUR BASHFUL FACULTY



"GREAT MINDS"



UNDER THE BAMBOO TREE



OUR "PRINCELY" PRINCIPAL



THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH



THE ART OF "SEWING"



THE BREAD-LINE



READY FOR ACTION



NOW LISTEN,
LOOK IN THE
DICTIONARY



"SCIENTIFIC SMILES" AN EVERY-DAY OCCURRENCE



"SUNSHINE"



UNE JEUNE DEMOISELLE



HERE, PAT



HERE, PAT, TRANQUILITY

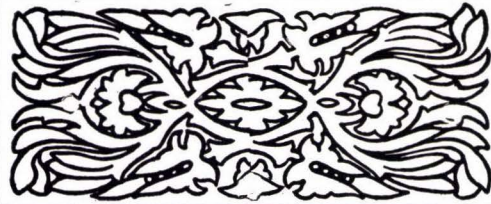
Faculty

DR. A. W. SCOTT.....	Principal
MRS. M. PRAG.....	Vice-Principal and Head of History Department
*MISS ADELINE B. CROYLAND.....	Head of English Department
MISS EVELYN D. ARMER.....	Acting Head of English Department
MISS LAURA DANIEL.....	Head of Mathematics Department
MR. EDWARD J. DUPUY.....	Head of French Department
MR. MARTIN A. CENTNER.....	Head of Latin Department
MISS ELLA CASTELHUN.....	History of Art-Mathematics
MISS HELEN DOUGHERTY.....	Chemistry-Cooking
MISS MAY FITZ-GERALD.....	History
MISS HELEN FLYNN.....	English
MISS SOPHIA HOBE.....	Civics-History
MISS MARION JONES.....	Drawing-Designing
MISS S. EDITH KING.....	Science
MISS KATHERINE LAHANEY.....	Sewing
MISS BLANCHE LEVIELE.....	French
MRS. MARY MCGLADE.....	Music
MR. THOMAS A. MCGLYNN.....	Drawing
MISS MARY MEEHAN.....	Commercial Work
*MISS EMMA NOONAN.....	Mathematics
MISS HELEN PAPEN.....	Spanish
MISS EDNA REEVES.....	Science
MISS HELEN ROSENBERG.....	Physical Culture
MISS NATHALIE E. ROTH.....	English
MISS CLARA M. STARK.....	Latin-History-English
MISS GENEVIEVE SULLIVAN.....	Sewing
MISS HARRIET TABOR.....	Sewing
MRS. LAURA THARP.....	Aesthetic Dancing
MISS ALMA TOBIN.....	History-English
MISS EMMELINA DE TH. WALKER.....	Spanish-Italian
MR. RICHARD ZEIDLER.....	Science
MISS ALMA EASTIN.....	(Substitute) English
*Absent on leave.	

DEDICATION

As a small measure of our appreciation and loving gratitude
to

MISS SOPHIA A. HOBE,
for the untiring energy and earnest efforts with which she has devoted herself to the good of the school, and for the high standard which she upholds, we, the class of December, 1919, dedicate this, our Journal, to her.





GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

DECEMBER, 1919



Emmelina de Th. Walker

Published by the Senior Class of the
GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL



With Love,
Pearl.

Elyse
& Martini.

William Galland.
21.

God Bless You
your Amen.
Saints Friend.
Milla Greenwich.

June
1891.

Marie Watson
June 1891

I am
Glad. Gibri 11

May 21/91
Bessie

Katherine Lawson 141

Emily F. Bennett 121.
June 20

Marie A. Kelly 21 +

