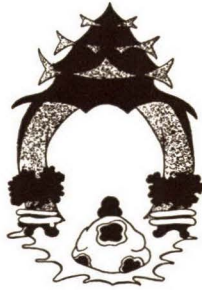
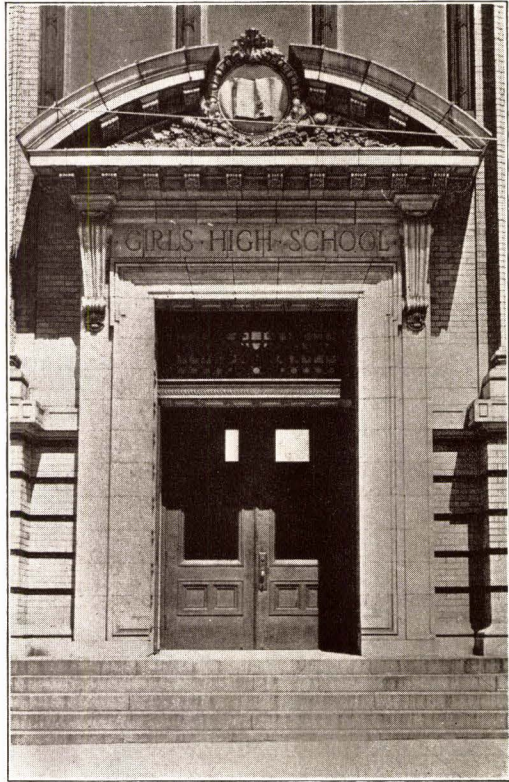


GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

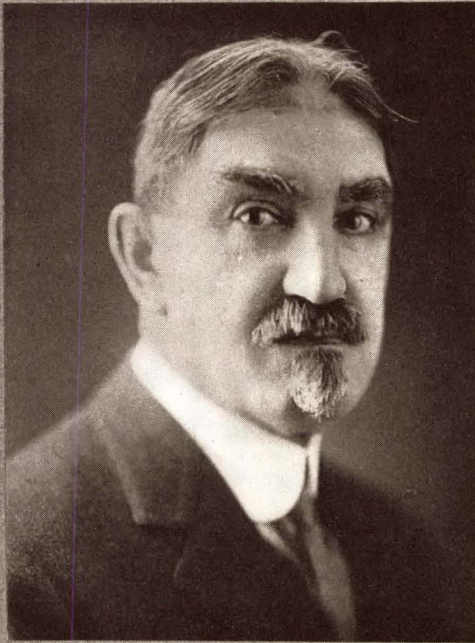
JUNE NINETEEN TWENTY-ONE



PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE
GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL
SAN FRANCISCO



TO THE SPIRIT OF
HARMONY, UNITY AND COMRADESHIP
THAT THESE PORTALS FAITHFULLY GUARD,
TO THE SPIRIT OF GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL,
WE OF THE CLASS OF JUNE '21
LOYALLY AND DEVOTEDLY DEDICATE THIS JOURNAL



Yours Truly
A. W. Scott.

FACULTY

Dr. A. W. Scott	Principal
Miss Laura Daniel.....	Vice Principal and Head of Mathematics Dept.
Miss Adeline B. Croyland.....	Head of English Department
Miss Sophia A. Hobe.....	Head of History Department
Mr. Edward J. Dupuy.....	Head of French Department
Mr. Martin A. Centner.....	Head of Latin Department
Miss Helene Rosenberg.....	Head of Physical Education Department
Miss Evelyn D. Armer.....	English
Miss Edith Browning.....	English
Miss Ella Castelhun.....	History of Art; Mathematics
Miss Lenora Clark.....	Physical Education
Miss Margaret Dougherty.....	Chemistry, Cooking
Miss May Fitz-Gerald.....	History
Miss Helen Flynn.....	English
Miss Marguerite Gombert.....	French
Miss T. Hesselberg.....	History
Miss Hattie H. Jacobs.....	English, History
Miss Marion A. Jones.....	Drawing, Designing
Miss S. Edith King.....	Science
Miss Otilie Kohlberg.....	History
Miss Katherine Lahaney.....	Sewing
Miss Blanche Leviele.....	French
Mrs. Mary McGlade.....	Music
Mr. Thomas A. McGlynn.....	Drawing
Miss Marie McKinley.....	Mathematics
Miss Mary Meehan.....	Commercial Work
Miss Emma L. Noonan.....	Mathematics
Miss Helen Papen.....	Spanish
Miss Edna M. Reeves.....	Science
Miss Nathalie E. Roth.....	English
Miss Clara M. Stark.....	Latin, History
Miss Genevieve Sullivan.....	Sewing
Miss Harriett S. Tabor.....	Sewing
Mrs. Laura H. Tharp.....	Aesthetic Dancing
Miss Emmelina De Th. Walker.....	Spanish, Italian
Miss Lydia E. Walker.....	Spanish, French
Mr. Richard Zeidler.....	Science
Miss Lola Plumb.....	Principal's Clerk

In Memoriam

VERNA SILVER

DIED APRIL, 1921

CLASS OF DECEMBER, 1921

A Dearly Beloved Student of the Girls High School



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Classified Advertisements	95

SENIOR FAREWELL SONG

(Tune—Love's Old Sweet Song)

I

Now that the time has come for us to go,
Sad are our hearts for fondest mem'ries glow,
Scenes of the past come floating back to each,
Symbols of days fore'er beyond our reach,
So on the eve of our commencement dear,
We sing to you, Girls High, and know you hear.

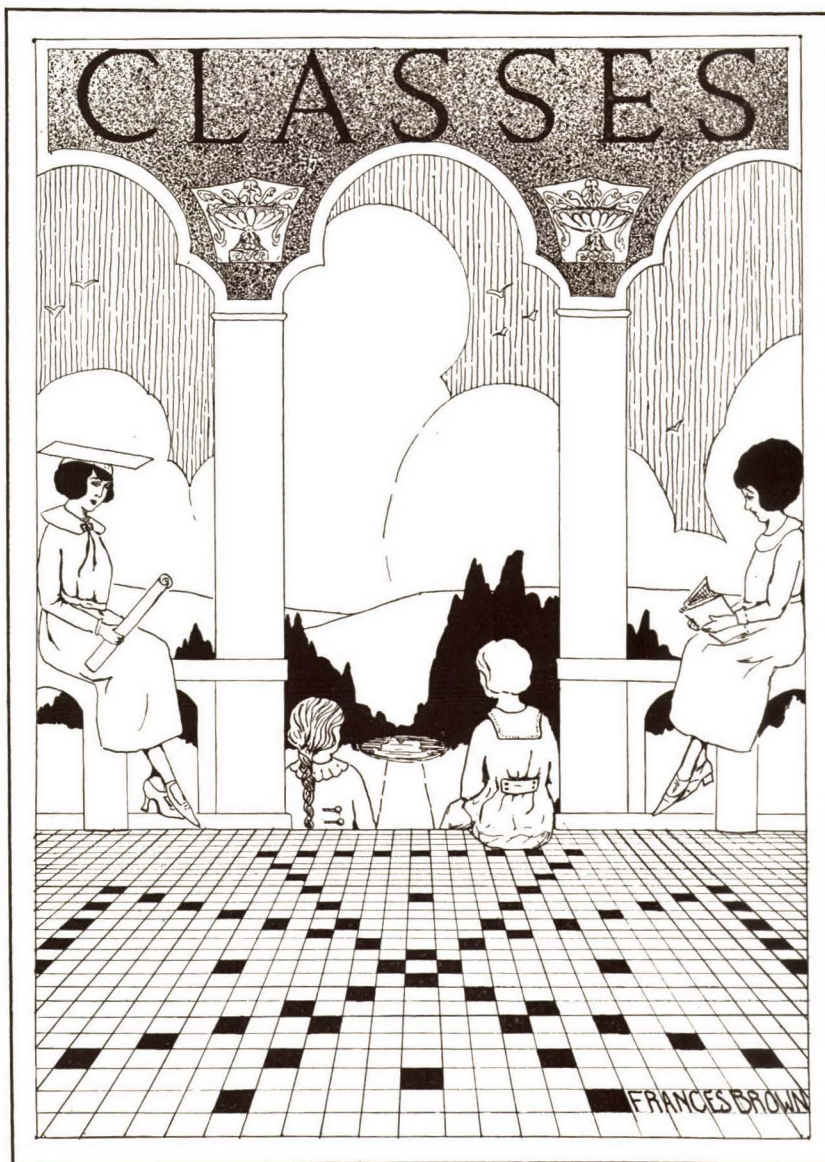
CHORUS

We are leaving, Girls High,
Four swift years have flown,
And within those four years
We've seen Life and grown,
We have learned to love well,
Learned to live, not sigh,
And the years have ended
All too soon, Girls High,
All too soon, Girls High.

II

Dear school, tonight, we bid you fond farewell,
And every heart with sweetest pain does swell,
For though of days that are to come we dream,
Still in our thoughts a guiding light you gleam,
Always inspiring, helping us to rise
To heights that take us nearer to the skies.

—Dorothy Morgenthau





EMILIE BLOCH
EDITH SOLOMONS

ELIZABETH GEEN
MADELINE LEVY

ALICE PETERS
ALICE GIBSON

CLASS ORGANIZATION

PRESIDENT	ELIZABETH GEEN
VICE-PRESIDENT	EMILIE BLOCH
SECRETARY	MADELINE LEVY
TREASURER	ALICE PETERS
YELL LEADER.....	EDITH SOLOMONS
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS	ALICE GIBSON

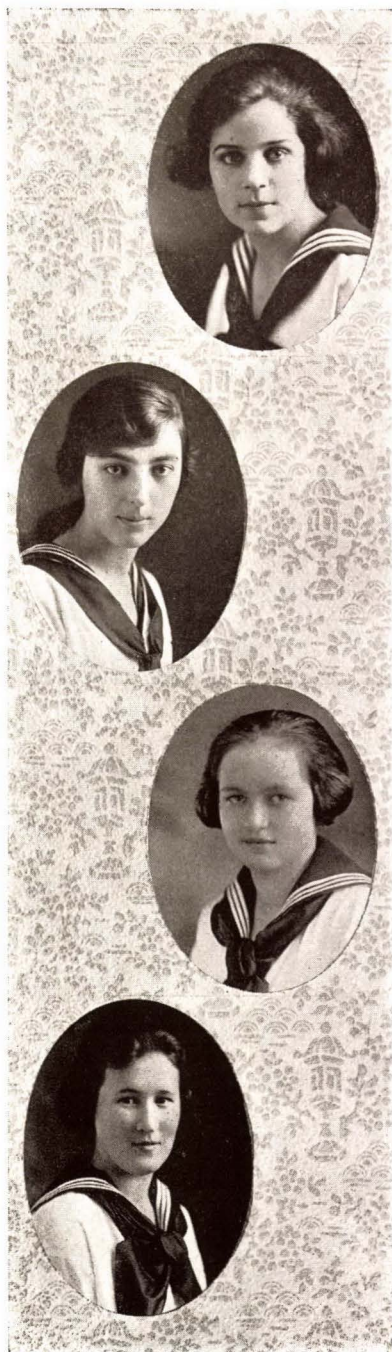
CLASS MOTTO

To err is human, to forgive divine.

Class Colors:
Black and White

Class Flower:
Gardenia

On these pages you will see, things that never, never'll be.



MURIEL ALLISON



ANGEL -

FLORENCE ARCHIBALD

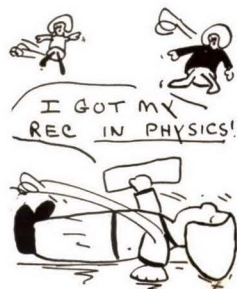


DOROTHY BALL



SHOOTING GRAPS.

MARTHA BANNAN



When the sun comes out at nights,



EMILY BENNET



ELEANOR BENTZEN



LUCILE BERGEROT



MIGNON BERNDT



Then's the time you'll see these sights.



DORIS BLACK

EMILIE BLOCH

RUTH BOOLE

JEAN BOYD



When both cows and horses speak,



FRANCES BROWN

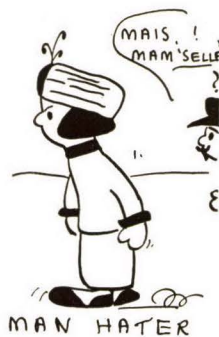


WASHER WOMAN

MARJORIE BURROWS



FLORENCE BUTTGENBACH



KATHARINE CASSANO



Such pursuits will these girls seek.



LOUISE CHELINI

GEORGIA COCHRAN

MARIE COUDERC

GRACE DE BACK



CHILDISH

WHAT'S THE MATTER?



NASAL VOICE



NOT "PARLEZ-VOUS-IND" - FRENCH -



"DANCE-O-MANIA"

When each dime is worth five dollars,



Love & makes from Aida Ducato

ELYNORE DE MARTINI



REIS DIEHL



AIDA DUCATO



DOROTHY DUNN



MURDERING THE PIANO -

Thus you'll see these Girls High scholars.



NEOSHO DUNN



SERIOUS

DOROTHY DYER



MANUAL LABORER

BEATRICE EDELL

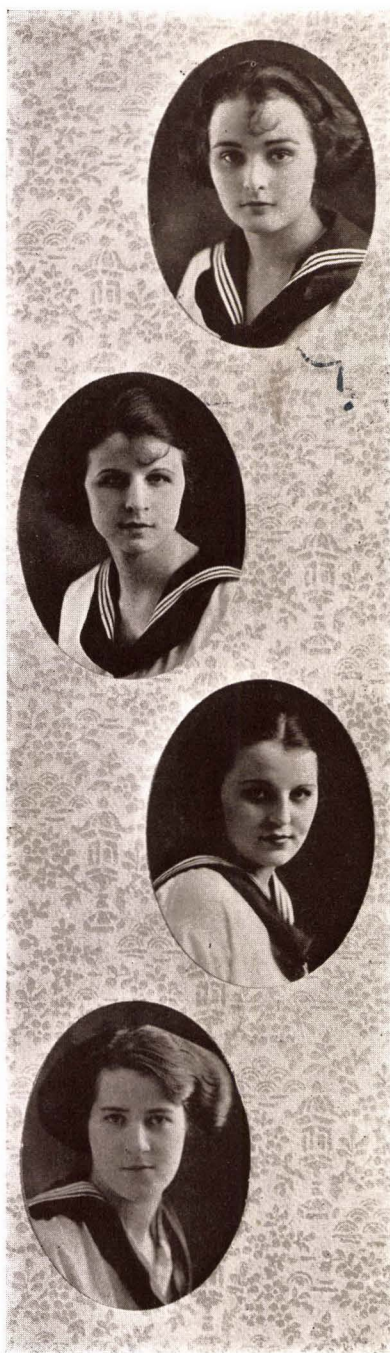


DIETING

JANET EDLER



When girls' skirts trail on the ground,



ELIZABETH ESTERLY

HENRIETTA FRANK

MADELINE FRANK

JESSIE FREESE



BAD TASTE



SNOBBISH

In these cartoons truth will be found.



PATRICIA GALLAGHER



CATTISH



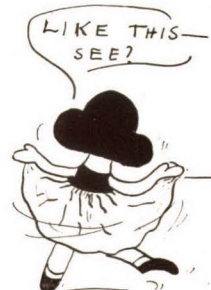
ELIZABETH GEEN



PEPLESS



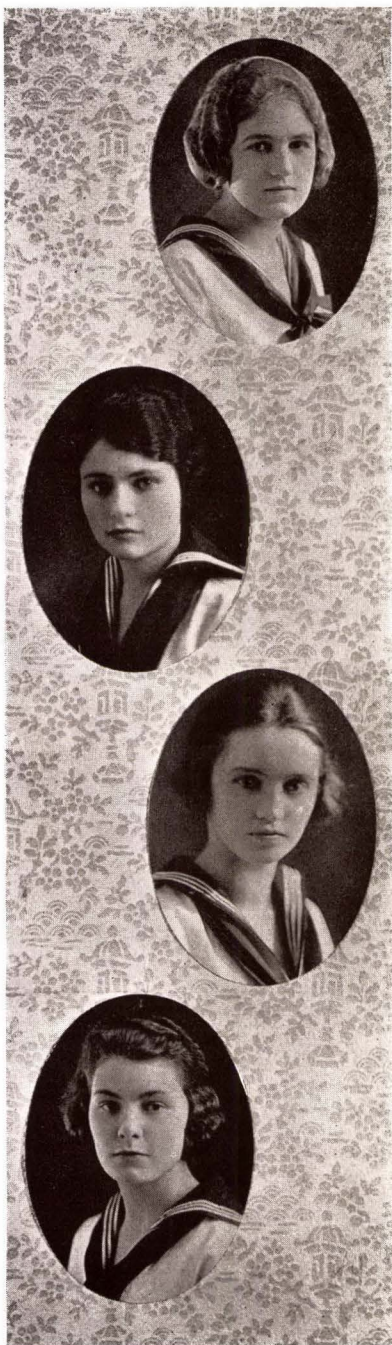
INEFFICIENT



DANCING TEACHER

ALICE GIBSON

When Alaskans die of heat,



PEARL GIETZ

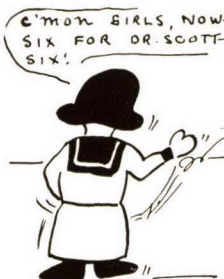
MARION GLASER

RUTH GOODMAN

ANNA GORDON



RECKLESS



YELL LEADER



Such phenomena you'll meet.



ESTELLE GORDAN

RUTH GRAY

ELOISE GREEN

MARGARET HAGAN



When the mighty ocean's dry,



MARY HAMILTON



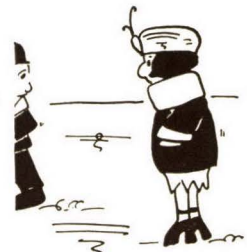
CLUMSY

ELISE HARRIS



ARGUING

MADELEINE HARRIS



HOME WRECKER

HELEN HEUER



EXCITED

Then these will make a truthful tale.



ANITA JOSEPH



LAZY

KATHARINE JOST



IN JAIL

ALPHINE KAHN

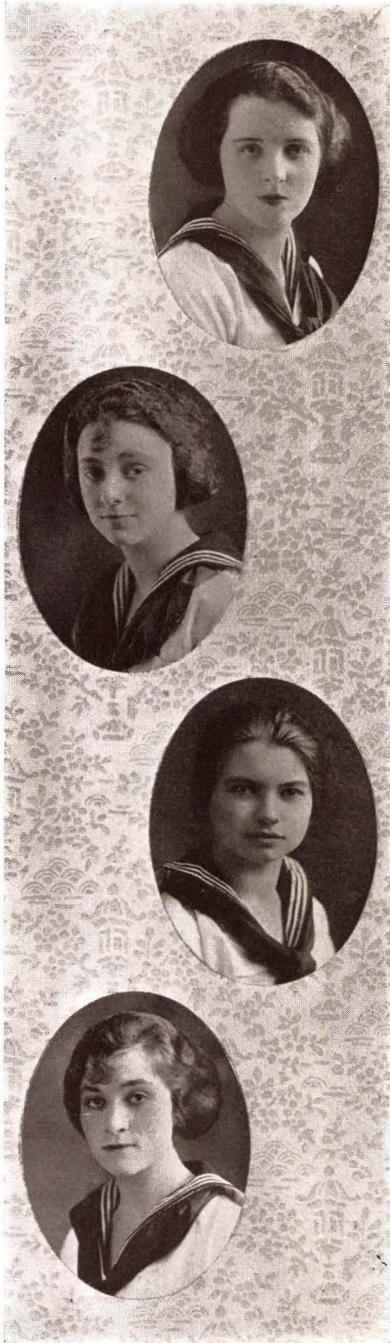


FREDA KELLER

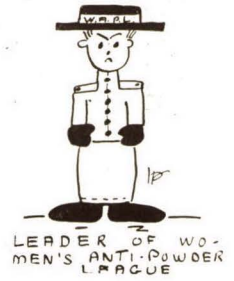


CRUEL AND HEARTLESS

When great lions are meek and mild,



THERESA KORBEL



HELEN LAFEE



ELIZABETH LANGE



VICTORIA LARSEN



Such occurrences you'll spy.



ELEANORA HIRSCH



HELEN HIRSCH



MARGARET HOLLAND



VIRGINIA HOUSTON

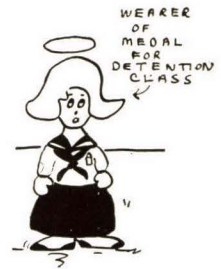


LATE FOR
CLASS MEETING.

When too much study makes you fail,



DOROTHY ILS



EDNA IMHAUS



HENRIETTE JACOBS



SILLY

INGA JORGENSEN



Then these things won't seem so wild.



FELITA LEE

MADELINE LEVY

ROBERTA LOWRY

NORA LYNCH



TALKING ABOUT BOYS



NO SENSE OF HUMOR.



When too much rouge makes one look pale,

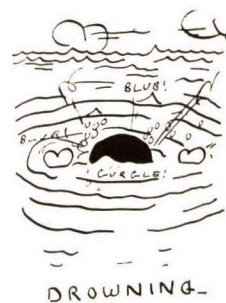


ELEANOR LYSER

MABEL McNESBY

MELPA MANOS

LUCILLE MARKS



The truth of these you won't assail.



FLORA MARX

DOROTHY MORGENTHAU

LEANORE MORRIS

MARY MORISON



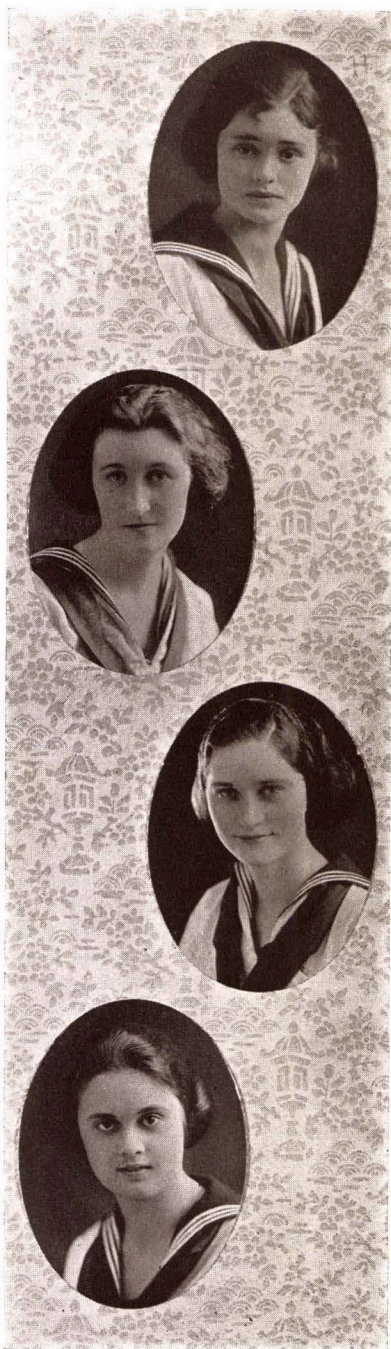
SPHINX

"FRESHIE-LESS"



HATLESS

When striped boards are used for chess,



NORMA NEAL

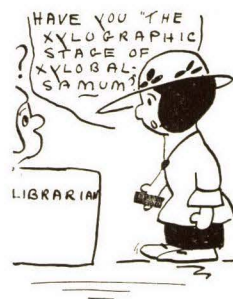
VIRGINIA PEAKE

DORIS PESHON

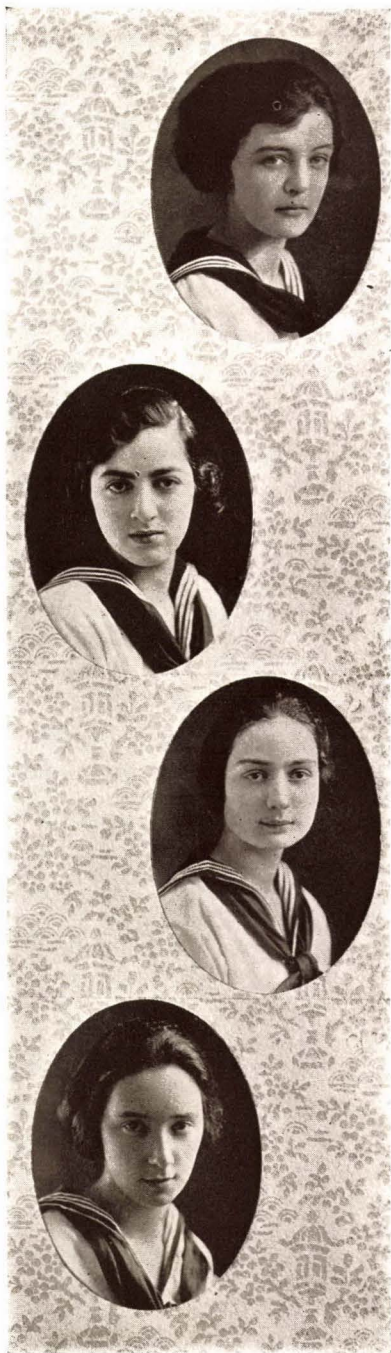
ALICE PETERS



BAD HOUSEKEEPER



Then these things will shock you less.



EILEENE ROONEY



MYRELL ROSENTHAL



HELENE SABALOT



GOSSIP

SYBIL SCHWARZ



FEEBLE-MINDED CLAY

When you can laugh and play in class,



EDITH RICOMINI

MARIE REILLY

MARY RENISH

SOPHIE ROEHR



LEADING PRY'R
MEETING—



These Miracles will come to pass.



WANDA PLINCZ



JESSIE PRATT



TAKING GYM.



LAURIE PRATT



ELINOR RAAS

When asbestos is on fire,



MARTHA SIEGEL

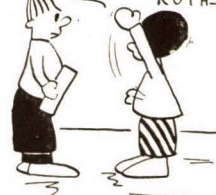
GERTRUDE SMITH

EDITH SOLOMONS

GERTRUDE STARKEY



NOT A MOVIE FAN
OH, MISS BLANK,
(MILLA ZENOVICH)
PASSED RUTH
BOOLE, AND RUTH-



TATTLE TALE

OH, GEORGE!



PINING AWAY-



CIRCUS PERFORMER

Who tells you these, won't be a liar.



VEDA STEVES



SCRUB "LADY"

ALICE TANK



COWARD

DOROTHY TIERNAN



GLOOMY

GRACE VORRATH



UNDERTAKER

Thus we have increased the numbers, that include the Seven Wonders.



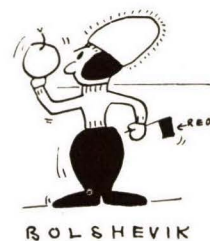
NORINE WARD

ELSIE WEDDE

JOSEPHINE WERZ

ELEANORE WIDDIS

MILLA ZENOVICH





DECEMBER '21

THE STROLLER NOTICES



MERAL ARKUSH
President

That in answer to the inquiry concerning the State of Lowsenia, he has looked up the genealogy of that country and submits the following account—the result of a thorough investigation—with the hopes that it will serve to enlighten many readers and give them valuable information.

* * * * *

That there is very little known of that vast unmapped territory known as Lowsenia.

* * * * *

That it takes a long and weary struggle of three years to arrive at the coveted land.

* * * * *

That the present population is rather small.

* * * * *

That a number of citizens have migrated into the bordering territory of Highsenia.

* * * * *

That all too late they realize their great mistake from which there is no escape.

* * * * *

That the natives have developed a rude culture peculiar to Lowsenia.

* * * * *

That it has always been characteristic of that country.

* * * * *

That nevertheless to them is due the credit of having formed a vast unorganized army of co-workers.

* * * * *

That they know the true art of wasting time.

* * * * *

That the inhabitants are a hardy—one might say hardened, people.

* * * * *

That it is the result of their years of struggle for an existence.

* * * * *

That there are a few immigrants from the State of Threebea, the other bordering territory.

* * * * *

That the said immigrants realize their immigration is well repaid.

* * * * *

That the native dish is U. S. History garnished with exes.

* * * * *

That the after-effects of this food are usually 3's or 4's.

* * * * *

That when the present inhabitants move on in the march of civilization, they will carry with them memories of many happy days spent in Lowsenia.



THE FABLE OF A PERFECT CLASS



MILDRED SHEARER
President

Once upon a Time there was a pretty nifty Class at that Institution of Learning called Girls High School. Of course you are On to the Fact that we are Referring to June '22. This particular Class has every Other One looking like a Voile Dress in Alaska.

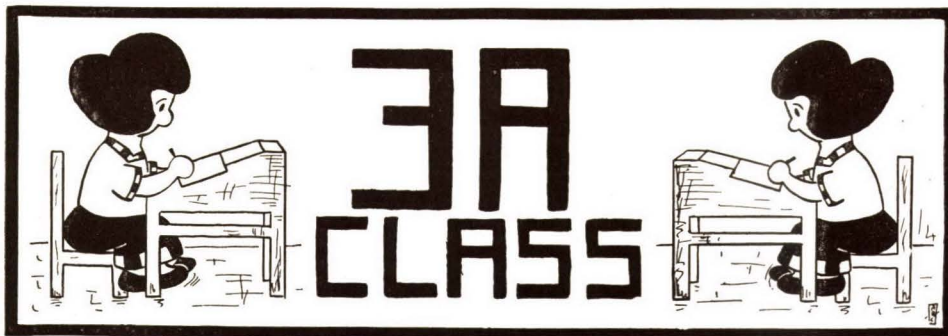
In debates it always won The Cement Mattress or the Tissue-Paper Wheel Barrow. Sometimes it would Fail to make a knock-out, but like Good Sports the Members never Kicked nor Howled. They never doped their Defeats by claiming that they WOULD have won the Baseball Game if their Pitcher hadn't had her eye-brows whitewashed, or if the Catcher hadn't lost her Pet Horse Radish.

To make a Long Story snappy we will all Agree that Girls High would be like a Boneless Skeleton without this Perfect Class.

Even the Snappy Seniors who Thought that the Whole World had a stiff Neck from looking at them had to hand it to this Perfect Class, and the Conceited Sophomores who had Sore Throats from talking about Them, said that it would Pass in a Crowd. All the Freshmen that were Old enough to Talk, cried out from their Trundle-beds that the 3B's had 'em all Skinned a Couple of Blocks, and Associated Faculty gave them a lot of Bull in the Bargain.

And so they Grew Up, helping the Sun to Shine, and Dearly Beloved by both the Paralyzed Old and the Frolicsome Young. Verily, verily, they were a Perfect Class.

Moral: Never peel carrots in rainy weather.



Girls High School,
April 1, 1921.

Dear Editor:

Do not be startled when you read this letter, for I have been authorized to express some of the ideas of the Low Junior Class.

Every term as one looks over the class records in the Journal, you see nothing but "peppy, peppy, peppy!" Every class has pep, is full of class and school spirit, etc. The Low Junior Class is sick of such nonsense, and so its honest president will now endeavor to set forth its true virtues to show that there are exceptions.



NAOMI CLOUSE
President

- (1) We are *not* peppy!
- (2) We have no school spirit!
- (3) We would never buy Journals if we were not forced to.
- (4) We never expect to give a rally!
- (5) We are sorry that we came to Girls High.
- (6) It grieves us to see the school win a debate.
- (7) We take great pleasure in lowering the high standard which Girls High School upholds.
- (8) We never intend to be graduated.
- (9) We never assist the school in anything it undertakes.

In short, we are just the replica of every class in all respects save one—we're honest! And we want you to print this to show the rest of the school just what we are.

Insincerely yours.

NAOMI CLOUSE, President.

P. S.—By the way, did you notice the date at the top of this letter?



BARBARA PERKINS
President

Long, long ago
When we were 1A's
And were frightened to death
At everybody
And everything
We never dreamed
That the time would come
When we could say
With motherly love
To the little freshies
"Just wait till you
Get used to things"
But anyway—
The time has come
And old as we are
We've got lots of pep

And school spirit
And class spirit
And debating spirit too
(Madeline Lackmann proved that
In the last 3 debates)
And Barbara Probasco
Is our 3rd Representative
And she and Bernice Dickoff
Are our class debaters
And Buell Carey
Draws for the "Journal"
And—well anyway
I guess that I
Have said enough
To let you know
Who we 2B's are
And some day soon
You will know us better
I can't tell how
Because it's a secret
But we want to thank
Our patient teachers
For coming to class meetings
And everybody else
For what
They have done
And now altogether, girls
Give 3 big "Rahs"
For the 2B's
We thank you.

—B. M. P.



DECEMBER '23



RUTH CLOUSE
President

Year after year each class chants the same refrain: "the greatest and finest, the grandest, divinest, of classes are we." The pages of the Journal are filled with such sentiments and each class would have it appear that they are chief custodians of "pep" and numerous other qualities. One class is confronted with the fear that the school will go to the dogs after it is graduated, and another wonders how the school ever managed to get along before it came.

And so, unsuspecting reader, that you for once may face the truth, we of the class of December '23, are proving and not merely rambling about our good qualities. It is our purpose to convince you of but one of our numerous attributes, and when you have finished reading this article you will not be able to deny that proof we offer is indisputable. Thus we, though only low Sophs, contend that we are the equals of the mighty, omnipotent, and glorious Seniors. The following composes our irresistible proof:

Given: The Low Sophs.

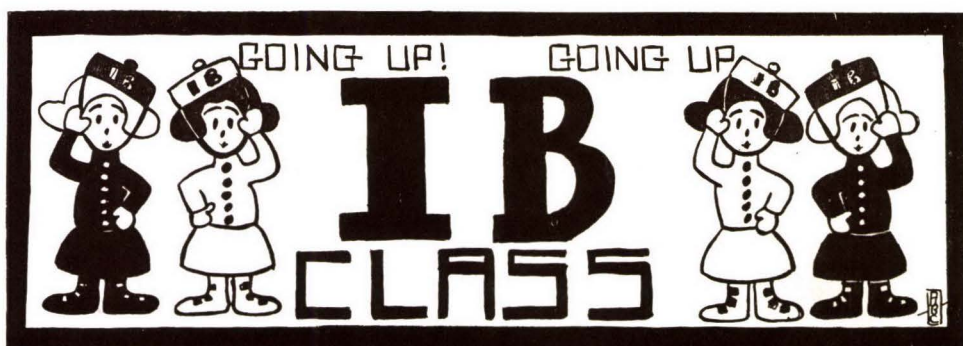
To prove: The Low Sophs equal the Seniors.

Proof: 1. The Low Sophs equal the 1A's. (Any class can equal the 1A's.)

2. The 4B's equal the 1A's. (Any class can equal the 1A's.)

3. Hence \therefore the Low Sophs equal the 4B's. Ax. 1. Things which are equal to the same things are equal.

—Q. E. D.



JUNE '24

GOING UP! GOING UP!

1A floor, Juvenile Dept.—Hair ribbons, rag dolls, Teddy-bears, all-day suckers, baby-carriages, and primers.

Going up! Going up!

1B floor, Adult Dept.—Sense, responsibility, pep, unity and ability.

That's our floor, June '24!



DORA CARR
President

We realize that the grave and patient seniors ridicule us for assuming so serious an attitude, and we are extremely sensitive about insinuations concerning our youth. It grieves us deeply that the obnoxious name of "Freshman" is still applicable to us; it is of repeated annoyance to us, and, moreover, offensive to our dignity, to be thoughtlessly mistaken, for those exuberant, youthful and frivolous persons, the irrepressible scrubs. But

now, gentle reader, do not misunderstand us. We do not crave your undivided respect. We are willing to concede that we have superiors. We ungrudgingly admit that perhaps, the Faculty are as mentally developed and fit to cope with responsibilities as we, but we firmly believe, that time will enable us to eclipse their prestige, too. And just a word concerning the democratic nature of our remarkable class. No matter what ponderous thoughts occupy our minds, we are never too busy or too abrupt to nod cheerfully to some senior, no matter how insignificant she be. We are always performing magnanimous deeds; ours is an admirable spirit. All hail to June '24, the modest, reliable, esteemed class of High Freshmen.



DECEMBER '24



ALICE PHILLIPS
President

We are the Fresh-man Class.
We go to school.
We can spell.
We can run.
We can read.
We can skip.
We can jump.
A-lice Phil-lips is our Pres-i-dent.
She can de-bate.

Oh! See our yell lead-er.

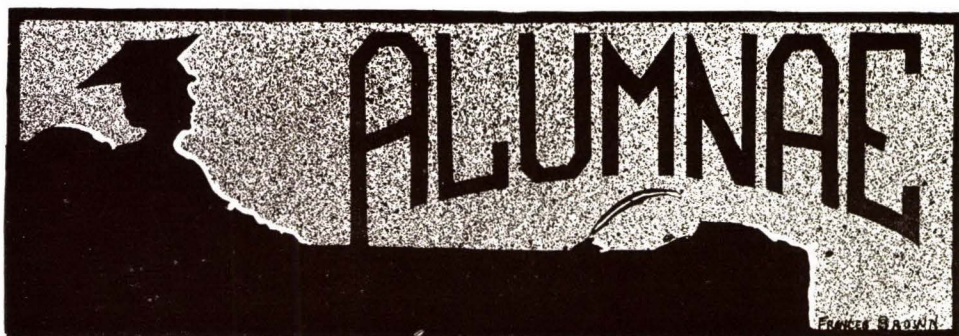
Hear us make a big noise.

Do you not think that we shall make a splendid Sen-ior Class when we grow up?

We like to go to Girls High School.

It is a fine school. It is a big school.

It is a fine, big school. Do you like to go to Girls High?



DR. WINSLOW, President

Miss Mabel Tadich has announced her engagement to Mr. John Harry Daniels.

Miss Helen Bissinger is engaged to Mr. Hartley Hutchins.

Miss Cecile Windele is engaged to Mr. James Harrington.

Miss Erna Schraubstadter, who is attending U.C. is now engaged to Mr. A. F. Riese.

One way of perpetuating the friendships formed at Girls High School has been presented to its graduates through the Alumnae Association. This organization with its delightful social and intellectual program serves to preserve that spirit which our Alma Mater instills in its students. No Senior should fail to grasp this excellent opportunity for strengthening those happy ties and reviving in later years those pleasant school day memories.

NOTES

Mrs. Louis Rose (Elise Meyer) has become the mother of a baby boy.

Miss Louise Thayer is now Mrs. Duncan McArthur Johnston.

Miss Constance Tuttich was recently married to Mr. Randall Searle Dunn.

Members of Dec., '21, attending U. C. are Helen Falkner, Josephine Schwartz, Frances McDougall, Estelle Weinshen.

Ethel Valencia and Eunice Head of Dec., '21 are holding positions in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

Georgia Colombat, editor of the June, '20 Journal is now abroad.



LITERARY

THE REDEMPTION OF ALOYSIUS ATWATER

THE City Editor looked up, for a moment, from the pile of papers that completely cover the tops of City Editors' desks and he snarled, mumbled an unintelligible sentence or two, and wound up with an angry snort. City editors usually mumble unintelligible things, and the snarling and snorting in this case were because this particular City editor was very much out of sorts. In the first place it was the first of the month and he hadn't yet paid the first installment on the new living room furniture; secondly, he had a bad attack of indigestion that day; thirdly, he hadn't had a good "scoop" for several weeks; and lastly Aloysius Atwater stood before him, awaiting orders. Aloysius was a trial if ever there was one, and no one knew it better nor accepted him with less good grace than the City editor of the paper for which he worked. He was drawing fifteen a week, but he was worth less—much less, and in the estimation of his fellow workers he owed the paper money.

He lived with his parents (and off them) and was constantly confronting them with serious problems. There was always the realization that Aloysius needed this or that, or that, if Aloysius had not done such or such a thing, all would have been well; in fact he had presented his first problem the very day he was born. Mr. and Mrs. Atwater had wanted a girl so badly that they had never even thought of the possibility of their first child being a boy, and so as a result were at a total loss as to what to name him. Alice Atwater, they had decided was to have been the name of their little daughter, and in their quandary with their long hours of deliberation having gone to naught they hit on Aloysius as the nearest boy's name to Alice, and the christening took place. The Atwaters might have wanted a girl and been disappointed, but their son proved to be the best substitute conceived of.

At an early age he lisped, "Father," and played dolls until he was ten. Boys were rough and gave him headaches, and jumping rope with girls fatigued him. At thirteen he could recite whole chapters of "Pilgrim's Progress" and he revelled in "Elsie Dinsmore." He knitted beautifully and never tired of that sport. He also played ping pong. At eighteen he smoked his first cigarette, and became deathly sick, and swore off then and there.

At twenty-one he started as "cub" reporter on one of the town's big papers, because his family had decided that he might have to support himself some day. They wanted him well prepared and experienced, and a newspaper man is supposed to be a man of the world. He proved as helpless as a baby, and commanded as much respect.

On this particular day, the City editor looked at him dubiously and asked him if he thought he could get a story if sent on one and Aloysius gaily responded in the affirmative. Crafty bill counterfeiter, forger, and all-around crook had been arrested, but another paper had gotten the story first so that it

could not be played up to any great degree and a good reporter was not needed to cover it, Aloysius left to get what he could.

Two hours later he returned disconsolate and glum. The yegg had proven a most disagreeable person to interview, and had given absolutely no satisfaction or new facts. And Aloysius had forgotten to take any paper along so that the few notes he had gotten, he had to take on a scrap of paper that the convict had been kind enough to give him. Altogether he had been most unsuccessful, having merely secured such facts as the prisoners age, address, and favorite magazine. He tossed the little slip of paper to his superior and comprehending what an utter failure he had made, he sat down with tears in his eyes.

The City Editor read the facts, scowled deeply, turned the paper over, and started violently. "You poor boob," he snarled, and turned back to his work, but his breast leapt within him.

Crafty Bill had unwittingly parted with a priceless treasure, for on the other side of the paper the City Editor had read:

To 3 pounds of hops add five cakes of yeast—* * * *

Dorothy Morgenthau, June '21

THE PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS OF A HALF-DOLLAR

I wish I were a hundred-bill,
 Alas, I am so small!
 But I would really rather be
 Myself than naught at all!
 And even though I may not be
 Imposing as a Million,
 Still it cheers me to remember
 That they coin me by the billion!

L. P., June, '21



Oh Sun, oh sky-born Sun,
We know thy worth!
Let shine thy golden splendor
On our earth!

The coppery tinge that streaked the golden sands,
(The very streak that lighted far-off lands)
Outlined in glowing curves an Arab band.

They traveled on; then paused to view the worth,
The glories and the beauties of the earth,
Which to their God, their Father, owes its birth.

And, as they looked, a wonder filled their hearts,
A wonder at the grace of Nature's arts,
And then they halted, seeing Life in part.

They knelt in prayer to Him who reigns above,
Diffusing Happiness, fresh Hope, and Love,
Beauty, and Faith; the Joys He made us of.

And as they prayed, the sun that gives us light,
The sun which has its birth at death of Night,
Shone forth; the Arabs recognized its might.

Oh Sun, oh sky-born Sun,
We know thy worth!
Let shine thy golden splendor
On our earth!

* * * * *

Half-covered by the sands, not far away,
Complaining of his lot, a traveler lay,
For whom Life's battle meant a weary fray.

The words re-echoed clearly 'cross the plain.

He lifted up his head, bow'd down with pain,
And listened, for the words brought Hope again.

And as he heard, and thought, and lived once more,

He saw Life's beauty as it was of yore,
And all the pleasures he had known before.

And Life meant Joy, and Joy meant Life; for when

He learned the Sun means Happiness to men,
He joined the Arab band and said with them:

Oh Sun, oh sky-born Sun,

We know thy worth!

Let shine thy golden splendor

On our earth!

—*Barbara Perkins, June '23*

ON LENDING A BOOK

You are glad that the man who said that it was more blessed to give than to receive, said nothing about lending, for if he had—you would love to tell him what he was.

There you had come to class, grinning like a Cheshire cat because, even though you had been absent the day before, you thought you might struggle through "Hamlet" for at least a period. In front of the class-room, you see the teacher. She is entirely too dressed up to teach, but still your unsuspecting soul is at rest. Then you see her rummaging in her drawer for paper, which, in other words means a written lesson. If looks could kill, that teacher would no longer be listed among those present.

"You will please write your book review." At those stinging words, you perish. The undertaker is ushered in and the crepe hung, for you haven't even read the book. No, oh, no! You haven't read it; you loaned it to somebody else.


A wild thought enters your vacant brain. You wonder if she would remember that you reported on "Seventeen" last time. But the vision of George Washington and the hatchet pricks you. You long for the hatchet.

How you loathe that disgusting person next to you, whose paper is filling so fast! With a wasted look of appeal to the crepe-hanger at the teacher's desk, you fold your tents, like the Arabs, and silently steal away.

—*Adaline Loeb, Dec., '23*

A TALE OF MODERN INDIA

PROLOGUE

HIS is a tale of faith and fulfillment in the far-off, ancient land of India. Its theme is as beautiful and as eternal as the stars themselves—a mother's love and faith. It is a true story; so Truth will shed her ineffable lustre over the telling of it.

* * * * *

Shiwaji Rao, the only son of an old gardener and his wife, was to them their pride and joy, the bright jewel in the dull setting of their lives. The old father was content to train the boy as a gardener, but his mother beheld him, in her fond dreams, as holding some great post of honor under the Queen, the Maharani of Baroda, and performing there deeds of heroism and glory that should live through the passing of the centuries.

One day when Shiwaji had only just passed his fourteenth birthday, he justified his mother's belief that he was capable of heroism. He was flying his kite by the side of the lake, when he heard a cry for help. Looking around, he beheld a little neighbor, struggling in the water, trying frantically to reach the shore. Shiwaji, without a second's hesitation, plunged into the water. The extreme danger of the situation lent him strength and swiftness, and he reached his little playmate in time to save her from drowning. Though his little friend was too frightened and helpless to aid herself or him, he struggled bravely back to the shore, and carried the little child safely to her home.

All the villagers praised him to the skies, and his parents wept for joy. His mother gave him her tremulous blessings with renewed faith in the greatness of his destiny.

While all this excitement was reigning in the village, news was brought that the Queen would arrive at the village the next day, and preparations for her visit were to be begun. The Maharani was really coming on her way to the jungles, where one of her hunting parties was going to be conducted, but the old gardener's wife at once jumped to the proud conclusion that the Queen was coming personally to express her appreciation of Shiwaji's courage and heroism. Neither her husband nor the villagers could dissuade her from this loving conviction. "The gracious Maharani is just and kind," she cried, "and she has ever encouraged noble deeds. She is coming that my son may salute her!" She clung with unalterable faith to this belief.

The old mother found what she considered further evidence of the Queen's intentions concerning Shiwaji, when her husband told her that the Maharani had ordered wreaths of champak flowers to be prepared for her arrival. The gardener's wife repeated, with happy elation, as her husband arranged the blossoms, "Our beloved Maharani has ordered the champak wreaths that she may

crown my son!’’ In reality the Queen had not heard the story of Shiwaji’s brave deed, as the old mother so fondly hoped, and had expressed a desire for the champak flowers merely because their delicate, fragrant loveliness made them her favorite.

The next day the whole village was beautiful with decorations and blossoms, and the people made a holiday, that they might greet their Queen. When the royal procession arrived, Shiwaji and his noble deed was almost forgotten by the villagers, in the general merrymaking and festivities. But the old mother, sitting at home, patiently waiting for the Queen, was unwavering in her trust that the heroism of one of the Maharani’s subjects, however humble, could not fail to be recognized by the ruler of the realm, who had the good of her people at heart. She sat by the window, waiting. The sun slowly set; the purple shadows of dusk descended; finally night cloaked all in its quiet mystery; yet still the Queen had not come. “She is delayed,” whispered the old mother to herself. “The village people are still celebrating, but she will come when it is over.”

When the people finally dispersed for the night, and the Maharani had retired to her apartments, Lolita, the little daughter of one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Queen, knocked at her door. This little favorite of the court and the villagers alike, had learned the story of the bravery of Shiwaji, and the loving expectations of the mother, from one of the villagers that afternoon, and she had come to tell the Queen.

The Maharani listened with gladness to the tale, proud both of the courageous son and the trusting mother. “Come Lolita, you must lead me at once to this gardener’s dwelling, for I would not have one single subject of mine, sleep this night with a tear in her eye, or a disappointment in her heart.” So saying, the Queen draped a dark cloak over her rich sari, and, unaccompanied by any attendant or companion other than the little girl, she hastened towards the gardener’s home, carrying with her the most gorgeous of the fragrant champak wreaths.

Inside of the cottage, the gardener was gently rebuking his wife for imagining that the great Maharani had come to the village to praise their son, or that such humble people as themselves should be the recipients of such an honor as a visit from the noble ruler of the land. As he was thus lovingly scolding her, a knock was heard, and the Queen, smiling and holding little Lolita by the hand, entered the room.

Expressing in a few simple words her admiration for Shiwaji’s deed, the Maharani placed the champak wreath upon his head, and gave him her blessings. The happy tears of the proud mother, and the new light of determination and resolve in the eyes of Shiwaji, thanked the Queen with a sincerer gratitude than any words could have done. In this way, was the loving faith of the mother fulfilled, and one of her fond dreams realized.

After the Maharani had gone, the mother and son stood at the door, their hearts filled with happiness, gazing at the stars that gemmed the velvet blackness

of the scented Indian night. As they watched, a shower of stars fell from the sky and seemed to sink, a radiant mass of opalescent jewels, into the silent depths of the lake beyond. Thus did the heavens send its tribute, and thus the many events of the past two days aroused that spur of lofty ambition in the heart of Shiwaji, which was to lead him on to one of the most glorious careers in the history of statesmanship. But that is another story.

L. P., June, '21

A PLAGUE ON GEOMETRY

My mind is filled with horrid shapes,
 My soul filled with despair,
 For everywhere I look I see
 A circle in the air.
 And from that corner 'way up there
 A triangle looks down,
 And in a wild fantastic way
 Does antics like a clown.
 Where once the teacher's pointer lay
 A glaring rhombus rests,
 And 'round the wall in awful throng
 Are many more such pests.

Why can't I solve these frightful forms,
 These vague, elusive things?
 Oh, Euclid! Your inventive pow'r
 A school girl's hatred brings.
 The teacher once again explains,
 Once, twice, thrice, four times, too,
 But all her clear explaining
 Can't make the things seem true.
 "Why do this line and that line here
 Make parallels with this?"
 And so till one would go quite mad
 'Cause such things do exist.

But hold! A figure parts itself
 From out this jumbled mass,
 And just in front of my mind's eye
 Some logic answers pass.

If I could place the best one
 That I clearly see is there
 Upon my paper and the other
 Frenzied facts lay bare—
 Then my troubles would be over,
 Then vanish my despair!
 I'll put it down and hand it in,
 And so be free from care.

EPILOGUE

Two days have flown with magic wings,
 And left me in a plight.
 That heaven-sent inspiration?—Why,
 Of course, it wasn't right.

—*Marian Meyerfeld, June, '23*

TO A VACCINATION

Beloved scar upon my limb,
 Painful, ugly vaccination,
 For you I was excused from Gym!
 To you I owe my conversation!
 Sleepless nights and pain you gave me,
 Useless arm, and angry mood,
 But your purpose you did bravely,
 And for talk you furnished food.
 Many eyes have seen your glory,
 Interest in you ne'er will fade,
 (Though I hope you'll grow less gory
 As the years your beauty shade!)
 So, my loved and hard-won mark,
 I forgive your irritation,
 And your fame will not grow dark,
 Noble, noble vaccination!

—*Catherine Robinson, Dec. '21*

COMMONPLACE, ISN'T IT?

WE dart through the world like a flash of lightning, striking nothing but the prominent features it presents. We pause occasionally to notice some of its gripping romance; frequently a startling adventure attracts us; now and then a grewsome murder disturbs us; and then we resume the commonplace, bored by its monotony, refusing to penetrate below its surface, and deliberately shutting our eyes to the wealth of refreshing humor, pathos, and vagaries of human nature that our own daily existence provides.

And so although the following episode may not startle nor amaze, although it may not thrill nor arouse, it might as a passing glimpse of the commonplace, reveal what mystery, romance and adventure is contained in that most baffling novel ever presented—human nature.

* * * * *

They had exhausted all topics of conversation and were reduced to silence—that airy gathering of vivid voiles and organdies, clustered on the verandah stairs. It was the girl in pink who finally started something, and the lingering stream rushed on more swiftly and more animatedly than ever. Perhaps they were discussing the events of the dance of the night before (an exceedingly usual affair after the fashion of most dances); or maybe the best cleaner for white shoes occupied the maidenly thoughts.

The girl in pink held the floor. “I don’t care what you say” (she stamped her foot decisively.) “I can always distinguish true admiration from flattery. Why, anyone with any penetration at all can.” And she looked at her dubious companions indignantly.

The girl who never said much sighed. “I guess I’m a fool!” she ventured slowly, “but I’m afraid that I’m naturally a trifle undecided as to the quality of praise. You see,” she explained, “I was once told by an acquaintance that I would look simply ravishing with bobbed hair. She made it very emphatic that I should not deprive the world of so fascinating a spectacle. It makes me sick to repeat the rest, but, when I finally ventured to appear in public, I met the perpetrator of the crime who assured me that she always knew that I would look ‘heavenly’ with bobbed hair. She seemed to disregard totally, the cruel fact that I looked like a freak. I’m afraid I can’t discriminate,” she added as she dismissed the subject helplessly.

“Oh, I should be miserable if I were constantly worrying over whether praise were meant or not, or if I couldn’t detect that false note of insincerity. How dreadful it must be to accept stupid compliments for frank admiration.” It was the girl in pink who still persisted, now thoroughly aroused. She was so fiery and so savage and the laugh she created, contributed more and more to her excitement.

“Why, Cath.” persuaded someone, “let up on the violence. None of us

came here armed, you know. And now knowing that you would detect my bluff if I told you that I agreed with you, I might as well confess that I think you've got the wrong idea. Now wait a minute; let me talk. Won't you? Now, as I was going to say Do you mean to tell me that I've got to be interrupted again?"

She evidently was, for the girl in pink was excusing herself to answer the telephone, calling over her shoulder as she left and warning the group not to let the discussion drop.

The telephone receiver announced a masculine voice as someone assured himself that he was speaking to Miss Gilchrest. It was an old friend who had just returned home from college after an absence of several years.

The group on the verandah waited impatiently while the two recalled old times. Did she remember the time they were mad at each other all summer long? And what had become of that Sommer's chap, and, oh yes, had she heard that Mamie Cline was married? And how was *she*?

"You look as sweet and charming as the time I last saw you," he was ardently saying, "and the dimple is as entrancing as ever."

His outspoken, blunt and frank admiration brought the color to her cheeks, and she modestly accepted his sincere and straight-forward compliments, regardless of the fact that no one had as yet perfected a device for seeing through the telephone wires.

At last she returned to the group on the verandah. They were talking about the new serial in the *Cosmopolitan*, and after apologizing for her prolonged absence, she joined the conversation.

* * * * *

Commonplace enough, isn't it? It doesn't grip, it doesn't thrill and it doesn't present any perplexing problem. It's just human nature.

—M. Z., June, '21



AN INDIAN MAID TO HER LOST FOREST HOME

My listening heart doth still its beat to hear
The heart-strings of the wind;
Methinks once more I catch that melody
With echoes strange entwined.

I fly on memory's swift and ardent wings
Where solitude doth reign,
And backward turn the page of time to see
My forest home again.

O lonely realm! How deep thy impress lies
Upon my heart's white page!
The beauty of thy pure and virgin peace
Not time itself can age!

How plain I see thy stern, unbending trees
Like sentinels stand there!
I gaze again upon your kneeling hills,
And hear their silent prayer.

How soothing to my yearning heart doth seem
The brooklet's fairy tread!
What volumes pour from out the songster's throat
Whose words are all unsaid!

O long-lost home! O forest-mother dear!
Your child, though wandered far,
In thought, each dusk, yet places on your brow,
The faithful evening star!

—*L. P., June '21*

KITTY'S FIRST AND ONLY LOVE

NOTE:—This story was written by our Literary Editor, at the advanced age of eight years, and is guaranteed to be set down as written originally.

ONE bright summer day Kitty was looking out of the window. "Oh dear! Oh dear!" she said, "mother out, cross old cook that won't do anything." As she was deeply thinking she heard the tingle of the door bell. She opened the door to see if lazy old cook had answered. She saw some young man give his card. She was only 18. Instead of waiting for the card, down stairs she flew. When she saw her friend Tom, she wished she had not come down stairs. But there she was.

"Oh!" exclaimed Tom, as she entered, "are you ready to go out with me?" Kitty hesitated. "Well no," she replied, then she said, "I will be ready in a minute." Then glad to excuse herself she ran up stairs quickly.

In the meantime Tom sat patiently waiting. "I wonder," he thought, "if she likes me at all. If so I will find out, then I will ask her. But if she don't"—he hid his head in his hands. Now what do you think mischeevos Kitty had been doing? She had been standing at the door. Tom always talked to himself when he had nobody else to talk to. Kitty heard all of this. Her face grew red and she ran upstairs quickly. She really did love him with all her heart.

After half an hour, down came Kitty, fresh and bright. Tom slipped his hand into her arm. All of a sudden Kitty began to talk briskly. From the twinkle in her eye he thought she knew what he had said. At last he started asking some questions. Among these he said, "when you went up stairs did you hear what I said?" "Y-y-es," said Kitty, "well than may I ask it again now?" asked Tom. Kitty did not know what to say. Before she could say anything he had asked her with the pleasure of his heart. "If mother consents and father," was her meek reply.

At last they came to the show. They saw some love pictures. Tom looked at Kitty and Kitty looked at Tom. They both began laughing. When the show was over Tom took Kitty to a cafe. All of a sudden, Tom drew from his pocket an engagement ring and placed it on Kitty's finger. "For keeps he said, I hope." When they had finished Tom took Kitty home. But all she paid attention to was to the glittering ring on her finger.

When they got home Kitty invited Tom in. They began laughing over smart Kitty. Kitty wondered if she dared ask mother if he could stay for dinner. But she did. At dinner Kitty felt that preshus ring. Tom looked down and saw it. He laughed to himself. When dinner was over Tom took Kitty to a dance. At the dance every one wondered at the pair who always sat by each other and danced with each other. At last refreshments came the pleasure of the heart. They ate of each other's candies and drank of each others wine. They really embarrassed themselves sometime. The people rather laughed at them.

On going home Tom hired a Taxi, which Kitty willingly got into. And I am sure any girl would. Kitty thought it would be nice all alone and started singing all alone. Which made Tom laugh. On arriving home to her great disappointment Kitty found every one waiting awake or up. Or she might have had some fun.

That night Kitty lay awake thinking of the day's experience. The next day Tom came for Kitty early. The next week they were to be married. Kitty was very excited. I don't blame her. She had already received lots of presents. She was always at home. Tom was always with her.

There was a big dance in onor of Kitty and Tom. The dance was a very elabarate one. Almost every one of Kitty's friends were present. They had a beautifull orkestra. And fitted the dances perfectly. There were the Texas Tommy and the Turkey Trot and Merry Widow waltz. Those three were done so many times that it lasted all evening. The evening past quicker than any one knew. When the dance was over the happy pair said good bye to their guests. Every one said what a happy time they had had. Tom stayed all night with Kitty.

I must skip a few days and tell about next week. It was lots of exitement. The time came when they were to be married. I must tell you what they wore. Kitty had a velvety silk dress. Around the collar and cuffs it was embroidered hansomely. Under neath she had a blue silk slip. Kitty was dressed most magnificently. Her vale was of pure white shiffon. Tom wore a full dress with a white tie. His shirt was as white as pure enamel. The rooms were fixed with ferns and greens. When all was ready the preacher gave his blessing.

Kitty wished that it was over. "Married! Married! Ever more," said she. At last the glad minute came. She could not express her joy. They went in a safe corner where they kissed and hugged to their hearts content. When this was over the happy pair said good bye to their guests. That night long after midnight they sat up thinking where they would go for their honeymoon. They made up their minds to go to Europe and visit the little places in it.

The next day when they awoke they got up to get things ready. They had lots of things to pack. But what of all that. Everything was ready the next day. When the next day came they left. When many days of misery had past which were not very interesting to hear they arrived in Europe. The place seemed very strange to the San Francisco peple.

First they went to Germany. They saw some beautifull things. I will tell you a few of them. They saw a bag embroidered around the top. And hansomely croshad. That was not the pretty part of it. The fashion was the pretty part. A handmade dress they saw also.

In France and Paris they almost laughed out loud at the high heels or rather French heels. Then they went to other little places. Then at last they got home. Every one was very happy. I will now stop or I might spoil their happiness.

ON HAIRNETS

IT is needless to tell a modern, advanced, and educated public just what the word "hairnet" implies, the vision that it conjures to the imaginative mind, the impression that it makes on a sensitive eye. Who, living and moving and breathing in this, the twentieth century, does not realize the place which the hairnet occupies in the feminine heart? And in the masculine heart, too, for that matter, only this place is of a different sort—less sacred, as it were! For example, "John, the old button on your sleeve ruined my net, and I just put it on this morning." Smash! Goes another fifteen cents!

Some people prefer the "cap" variety, others the "fringe." This is, of course, as any broad-minded and unbiased human being will admit, solely a personal matter, a matter of opinion, dependent on the size and shape of the head.

There are the henna, which gives the locks a lovely reddish tinge, much used by red-brunettes, and the dark-brown kind, favored by middling-browns. So much for color.

We shall now take up the relative goodness of nets. There is, first of all, the brand-new one which you wear to a dance or some place where you will have to remove your hat. Next, comes the net worn two or three times; this is good enough for "every-day." Then, we have the "hat" variety—good at the sides, but with yawning gap at the top. This last is a degenerated and seedy descendant of the other two. Next come the motley crew that you pack pell-mell in a corner, an indistinguishable mass, all of which are in the lowest stages of misused teardom. Of these, it is necessary to wear six or seven at once, one over each ear, one in front, one in back and one over all, to cap the climax. The effect of this collection is a flattening of the hair and is less beautiful than serviceable.

We now approach the ultra-big and strong net—worn after a shampoo, to keep in loose ends. Indispensable! But first, I should have mentioned the eventually cast-off. These are used for "stuffings" and are the final use made of the versatile articles before their last well-earned rest—the waste basket. There are also the special, "12 for \$1.00," which you buy hopefully and discard hopelessly. They are so small and tender that you break them as you put them on, in a hurry. An excellent way to start the day wrong!

Some people throw away torn nets. Such are not net connoisseurs. Nets should be segregated and docketed; the best in envelopes, next best with hair-pins through them, (to keep them from flying on to the floor), and the rest pushed behind the bottle of perfume on your bureau.

Finally, ladies, do you remember your netless days, flying hair and untidy mien? Then, all raise your invisible glasses and drink, with me, to OUR NETS.

—M. R. H., *June*, '21

SAN FRANCISCO AND ITS ROMANCES

THE hanging vines, intermingled with the fair Castilian Rose, droop in untrimmed beauty over the slender shaft which stands above the other shattered and mossy headstones and columns in the little old churchyard of the Mission Dolores. Their wandering, latticed arms seem unwilling to reveal the hidden romance which lies buried beneath them.

It is the resting place of Don Luis Arguello, commandante for twenty-three years of our own Presidio. Near by, covered by the same protecting arms, is the older, more secluded headstone of his young wife, Donna Rafaela. Let us, as we stand there in silent reverence, turn back the swift hands of time and reveal the romance that lived so many years ago, in our own busy, ever-growing city.

* * * * *

Don Luis, a tall, Spanish grandee, with dark skin and hair, flashing eyes, and courtly manners inherited from generations of Spanish ancestry, is one of the fourteen children of Don Jose Maria de Arguello, and Donna Ignacia. Don Jose, commandante of the Presidio is fondly called, "el Santo," because of his goodness; and his gallant soldier-son is not far behind him in the hearts of the people.

In the mind of the lovely Rafaela, no one in all California can compare in stateliness or bravery with Don Luis; and the long, dark hours, when he watches by the camp fire, the billowy smoke seems to enfold the image of this grey-eyed, lovely, smiling girl whom he so deeply loves.

Rafaela and Luis have grown up together in the little adobe settlement. Although Luis' father is a commandant, and Rafaela Sal is only the daughter of an ensign, both parents receive with great pleasure the announcement of the desired betrothal of the young couple. Bueno! But Don Jose is a soldier of the King, and therefore his son cannot be married without the royal consent.

The father immediately despatches papers to the court at Madrid, and the lovers eagerly await the time for the arrival of the King's permission. The only direct communication with the outside world at this time is brought by packet boats which arrive every six months. The older people say that it will take two years for the permission to be received, as the route is a slow and tedious one. The younger folks are sure that it will be a shorter time.

The two years have passed. Winter blossoms into Spring and Summer green becomes Autumn brown, but no word arrives. Again and again the packet boat comes. Luis is the first to greet the great white-winged messenger and each time he returns to his waiting sweetheart with empty hands, but always the cheery words, "Luz de me alma," it will come yet.

Entertainment occupies much of the time. The hospitable doors of the sala, at the home of the commandante are always open, and at night the caballeros and senoritas gather in gay throngs to dance, in their graceful way, the pictures-

que dances of this period. Picnics are many, and long excursions to weddings and fiestas are often taken along the royal road for El Camino Real is not alone the King's highway, connecting churches and military outposts.

Thus pass six winters of longing and anxiety amid the joy and gaiety. Madre de Dios! Will the king's permission never come? Luis watches his betrothed blossom into more beautiful womanhood, and the suspense serves only to increase their love and devotion for each other.

Again, on the horizon is sighted the packet boat. Luis watches it as it grows larger, passes the fort, and is saluted by the guns. It creeps cautiously along the coast, and drops anchor in the cove in front of the Presidio. Will it be once more their heartbreaking disappointment? Luis' faltering steps show his dread and apprehension as he slowly goes to the shore. But they falter not long! Soon he is back with the precious document, and the six years of waiting have ended. As he takes Rafaela in his arms, the happy lover whispers that she is his as long as life shall last.

But, oh, what a brief span of happiness is theirs. Only two short years and the cold hand of death is laid upon the sweet Rafaela. Now the birds sing in the weeping willows above, and the wind sends showers of pink rose petals over the green mounds of the almost forgotten lovers.

* * * * *

Let us now journey through the busy thoroughfare towards the beckoning breezes from the Pacific, and imagine ourselves in the old Presidio. Here we find a picturesque setting. Surrounded by tawny sand dunes, beautiful in their barrenness, is the Presidio of the past, bathed in the sparkling California sunlight and enfolded in the great gray fog banks from the Pacific. A crude wall of mud and saplings and a wide ditch enclose the old military post. The simple one-story adobe structures, the homes of the officers and men, line the plaza. Everywhere are the clustering vines of Castilian Roses, wandering over house and garden, and transforming the dull grey into merry pink and white. A short distance from the Presidio is the white promontory, Cantil Blanco, on which the first Spanish fort, Castilla San Joaquin, is situated.

It is from here that the white-sailed "Juno" belonging to Resanov, the Russian emissary of the Czar, is first sighted. What excitement prevails in the Presidio at the coming of the first foreign ship to enter the harbor since Vancouver's visit fourteen years before!

The keen-eyed handsome Resanov, who has passed through forty-two years of fortune and misfortune, is met by the excited Don Luis, who officiates in the absence of his father. The proud young man escorts his distinguished visitor to the vineclad adobe, and presents his guest to the mother. Beside the stately Donna is standing his sister, Concepcion, a radiant girl with dark eyes, veiled by long, drooping eye-lashes.

Concepcion, or Concha, as her friends fondly call her is La Favorita of all

California, and many are the serenades sung beneath her window, and many the youths that are charmed by her simple and artless manners. It is no wonder that the great Russian confides in the maiden and tells her of his life, and she sympathizes with him. They spend many happy hours together 'neath the blue California skies, and they exchange stories of their lives. Concha is charmed by the wonderful accounts of the great world, for which she has often longed, and the Russian is delighted by her vivid descriptions of California, the land which he some day hopes to obtain for his Czar.

It is not long before La Senorita Maria de Concepcion Marcella Gerguella recognizes the Russian as the man of her dreams, and he in turn, pictures the maid of sixteen summers in the splendor of the Russian Court. But Don Jose will not listen to Resanov's proposal, much as he likes the Russian. Give his daughter to a foreigner and a heretic? Never! He will take the foolish girl to the Padres at the Mission, and they will show her how imprudent she is. But Concha will have Resanov or none, and the Russian tries hard to convince both the commandant and the Padres that such a union will serve to cement more firmly the friendship between Russia and Spain. After much persuasion, Don Jose announces the betrothal.

Once more the great ship unfolds its sails, and Resanov departs on his mission to seek the sanction of the Czar and of the King of Spain, leaving the patient young girl to await his return. He stands, a lonely figure, on the deck of the receding vessel, his eyes fixed on the little figure in black, standing apart from the gay throng. "Two years," he whispers back to her, as his ship passes through the Gulf of the Farallones, into the Great Unknown.

Two years! It is ten before even a rumor of her lover's fate reaches Concha. He died from the terrible privations of a Siberian winter, and lies buried beneath the snows of that cold, remorseless land. Many are her suitors but Concepcion remains faithful and dons the grey habit of the third order of the St. Francis, and is later the Mother Superior of the Dominican convent in California.

Thus end two of the many romances of early California, unknown to many but dearly beloved by a few.

—Dolores Juarez, December '21

ORGANIZATIONS



TENNIS • BASKETBALL
BASEBALL • DEBATING
CHORAL • DRAMATICS
SWIMMING • READING
ART • VOLLEY BALL

DORIS BLACK



MILLA ZENOVICH, Editor

DOROTHY GERRIE, Business Manager

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SCHOOL SPIRIT

ONE rarely associates the countless drops of water, that compose the mighty ocean, with the deafening roar, the turmoil and the maddening dash of the gigantic waves. It is overpowering to conceive that, if this vast and immense body were drained drop by drop, it would be robbed of its very vitality and yet it is impossible to deny that infinitesimal drop of water contributes to the ceaseless rush of the enormous breakers.

Obviously, it should be less difficult to realize the importance of each student in a school of 1300 to the busy program of school activities, and her share in promoting these is easily established. Unfortunately, the individual is not aware of her significance, and the advancement of school spirit is restricted to a small group, who, try as they will, cannot produce the same effect that co-operated and united action would. One wave, no matter how powerful and enormous, is not capable of producing the grandeur and vastness of the ocean.

If the spirit of the school is not impressive, if it does not inspire, and if it does not radiate friendliness, it is because each individual fails to contribute her share, to the creation of a spirit that unites all in promoting school activities, for it is through these activities that that indefinable spirit is made manifest.

The girl who willingly helps to prepare the refreshments for a class affair is performing the same services as the girl to whose management all the arrangements are entrusted, for both are prompted by an equally admirable spirit. The girl who enthusiastically supports an athletic or debating team deserves the same commendation as the stars of the occasion, for not discouraged that hers is not the ability nor the inclination to participate in such activities, she is determined that her school pride and spirit shall not be surpassed.

No service, no deed is too insignificant, and there is not a contribution to school affairs that does not tend to produce that glorious spirit that we all would attain. If we would have an invincible, unparalleled and unrivalled spirit, we can achieve it only when each individual composing the aggregation of students enlists her support towards its realization.

Six more months of our school career have elapsed; six eventful months, the occurrences of which time will soon render vague and indistinct. To preserve and perpetuate the record of this term's activities the Journal has chronicled them so that in later years we may recall the memory of those happy days spent at Girls High. The needs of this rapidly growing school have outgrown the Journal and a more adequate medium of expression is necessary. Perhaps if it were supplemented by some additional publication, the Journal would be relieved of this condition. There is no other High school in San Francisco, consisting of 1000 students, that does not publish a bi-weekly or monthly paper, and the time has come when Girls High has realized the necessity of adopting this proposed remedy. It is inevitable that our progressive characteristics will soon manifest themselves and that our school will soon be enriched by a sorely needed additional publication.

The students extend a hearty welcome to Miss Browning and Miss Clark. We hope that they will like us as well as we like them.

The editorial staff avails itself of this opportunity to express its appreciation to those who have offered their assistance in the publishing of this Journal. To Miss Croyland an immeasurable debt of gratitude is due for her valuable criticisms and excellent advice. We have been extremely fortunate in securing the services of a talented cartoonist, Buell Carey, whose contributions to this issue appear bearing the modest initials A. B. C. In addition to this valuable asset we have been favored by the untiring efforts of Miss Jones and Mr. McGlynn, our art advisers.

The numerous friends of the Journal have made it possible to issue this number under a new method, whereby full page advertisements have been practically eliminated. Our Classified Directory, which occupies a part of the space formerly devoted to advertisements, furnishes the names of the friends who have so kindly aided us in our new plan. The various members of the Student Body have all been merged into the business machinery of the magazine, either through their efforts to bring in advertisements, or through selling the many Journals, which have won for us the distinction of having the widest circulation ever reached.

The 2A class is deserving of special commendation for having the 100% mark first, under the able leadership of Betty Scovle, and among the individuals receiving special mention are the following: Edith Solomons, Muriel Allison, Madeline Levy, Emma Brescia, Eleanor Throndsen, Caroline Eschen, Eleanor Gerrie, Flora Marx, Emilie Bloch, Naomi Clouse, Margaret Mellersh, Dixie Kennedy, Aileen Crowley, Lucille Behan, Marie Reilly and Jessie Pratt.

STUDENT BODY ORGANIZATION

President	Elinor Raas
Vice-President	Marianne Friend
Secretary	Catherine Robinson
Yell Leader.....	Anita Von Husen
1st Representative.....	Elizabeth Howlett
2nd Representative.....	Elizabeth Garigan
3rd Representative.....	Barbara Probasco
4th Representative.....	Marian Solomons
5th Representative.....	Emma Brescia



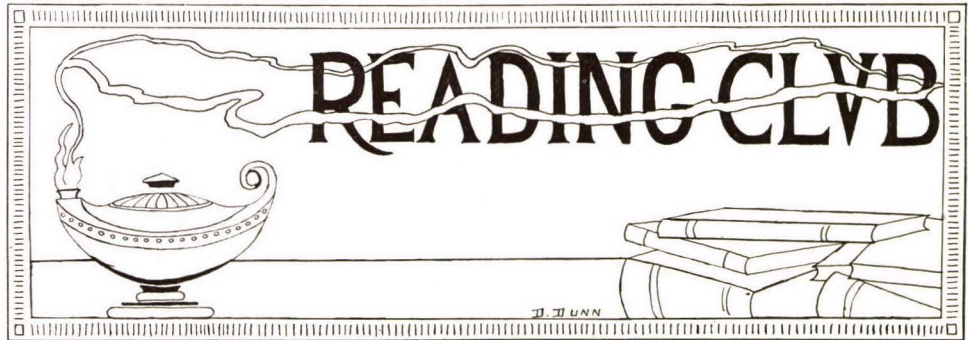
*To a successful
Ball's
Best friends
Elinor Raas*



*To a
wonderful
actress
Marian
Solomons*



MARIANNE FRIEND	ELINOR RAAS	ANITA VON HUSEN
ELIZABETH HOWLETT	CATHERINE ROBINSON	BARBARA PROBASCO
MARIAN SOLOMONS	ELIZABETH GAVIGAN	EMMA BRESCIA



EDITH SOLOMONS
President

"The grotesque white apparition appeared again that night, and peering through her window pointed a bony, quivering finger accusingly at her."

With 'bated breath the Reading Club listens attentively, oblivious of surroundings, and regardless of prosaic realities, its entranced members temporarily undergoing the harrowing experience of entertaining a supernatural visitor.

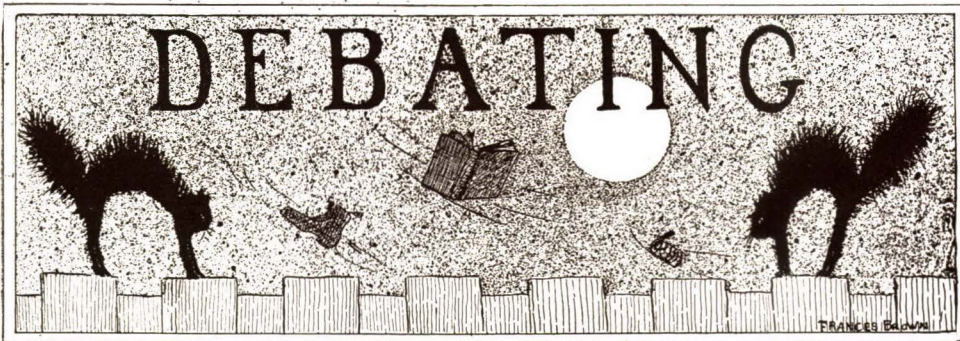
"The old man bowed his snowy head in sorrow, as he thought of his scattered flock. How they had strayed. His barren home had once resounded with children's laughter, and with childish bickerings; those creaking floors were once strewn with toys, and there was a time when they responded lightly to the patter of romping feet."

Now it is emotion that overwhelms the group of listeners, and they are genuinely absorbed with sympathy for the old man's loneliness.

"Who was he, this eccentric stranger, who was so deeply concerned with the child's welfare, and was constantly hovering about her with that hungry gaze in his eyes?"

Watch those brows contract; notice those perplexed expressions as the members of the Reading Club, now lured into this atmosphere of mystery, puzzle over this strange situation.

Thus the luxuriant pages of literature unfold one by one their abundance of pathos and humor as Miss Armer, with the charm of her delivery, beautifies and multiplies their value for all eligible third and fourth-year girls who gather in her room on Tuesday afternoon to revel in what she offers.



MILLA ZENOVICH
President

ARGUMENT

How a Freshman, having entered Girls High School was smitten with Fear and Awe; and how she joined the Debating Club which has enabled the school to maintain the City Championship for two years as well as the first place in the Individual Speaking Contest for the same duration of time; and of the remarkable Transformation; and in what manner she regained her confidence.

It is an aged Senior,
And she stoppeth one of three.
"By thy haughty stare, and pompous
glare,
Now wherefore stoppst thou me?"
She holds me with her stately air,
With the airs that never fall,
I listened like a three years' child,
The Senior tells her tale:
"I first came here a Freshman small;
Into the world came I
And I was scared and never dared
To utter a word at all.
There passed a weary time. My throat

Was parched; my tongue was tied,
A weary time! A weary time!
From fright I nearly died
When my salvation I beheld,
The Debating Club I spied!
With vigour new, and regained speech,
A member I became;
I stormed and thundered like the rest,
My tongue let loose in argument,
My speeches won me fame.
And so, I urge you, young and old,
And I know what I say,
To come and join this worthy club,
E'er dawns another day."

*a fond
farewell
from Milla*



NATALIE HALLINAN
President

Hey diddle, diddle
The drum and the fiddle,
The piano keys frolic and dance.
The organ peals forth
In soft melody
While the orchestra's sweet tunes entrance.

* * * * *

And now having slightly degraded Mother Goose, we feel that this poetic achievement serves as a tribute to this melodious organization—the Orchestra.

Cruel reader, do you ever stop to consider, as you are swayed by the sweet charms of their music, that every morning, these energetic individuals composing the orchestra are on their way to school, while you are still tossing about in your bed, dreaming of that impending geometry ex. At the unearthly hour of quarter to eight the auditorium resounds with melody as the orchestra assembles to practice diligently under the direction of Mrs. McGlade. But now let us turn to more pleasant topics as the thought of even existing at dawn may be offensive to many. Before dismissing this worthy organization, however, it is only proper that we give special mention to the following who include the personnel of the orchestra.

1st violins: Alice Cummings, Elmiere Goldwaithe, Natalie Hallinan, Adele Harris, Betty Libbey, Grace Luscombe, Marian Meyer, Dorothy Rhea, Otilie Teuchler.

2nd violins: Doris Caney, Dorothy Field, Margaret Joyce, Olga Weghoffer, Malola Rowe, Evangeline McEwan, Evelyn Shiels, Renetta Shamian, Lena Pisano, Yeta Ruben.

Flute: Kathryn Wolfe.

Bells: Estelle Black.

Drums: Yvonne Harley.

Piano: Charlotte Seidkin, Beatrice Harndon, alternate.



Girls High School
San Francisco, Cal.



GERTRUDE FLEMING
President

Dere frend:

Just a#few wurd^s_{1/2} too let yew nno that i 8 have joined the Koral Klub? I am now \$ lurning a luvly song* called "BUTter*-kups and onions", and altho i hate too blow i can sing &it so lowd that yew can hardly here % the pianner play at all.

Uv corse there are 124 uthur gurls in the klub, but Missis MC Glade sez that my @ sweet voise cud save menny a poor sole frum a pitiful deth on the sea? Dew yew think that she might say ethe same thing about a fog-horn. I HOPE not%

Well ennyway, i am going too stick too the koral klub and maybe sum day they will give an93 operetta like *Florinda* ¼ which no won never forgot and which wuz very grate. Imite even be able &# too pu t one over on the meelodious Tetrazeenee and get boukets of orkids for skreeching in foren langwages? Yew never can tell, 1/2@ bekaws grate kabbagges were once tiny seeds, huhl/8. The naybors do not like too here me practise \$— 60 so i do it when they are asleep, which they do not like enny better, it seams%?

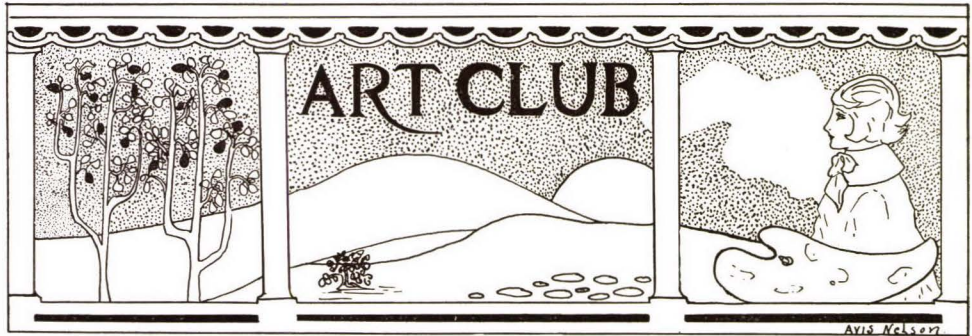
I must klose now, with love and kisses%()

Most affekshunately,

Your frenn,

B. Flat.

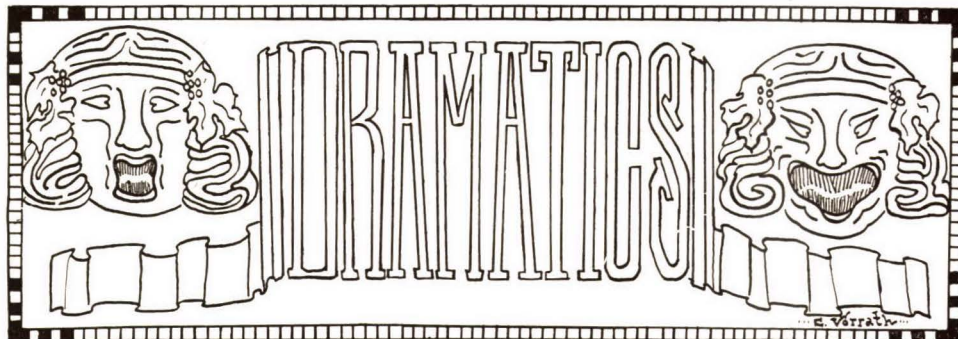
P. S.w Why don'T you join a koral Klub?Then we &\$ can have dooets?



HENRIETTA FRANK
President

Foremoste amonge ye socyetyes of ye esteemed and emynente instytutyon, ye Gyrls Highe Schoole, is ye Arte Club. All ye damsels know of ye varyous arte courses for whych credyte is bestowed, but not all of ye know of ye noteworthye organyzatyon which ye gyrls joyn not for matyryal compensatyon, but for ye pure love of arte.

Ye intense desyre for learnyng arte and desygnyng is satysfyed in thys socyety and greate is ye progress made. Althoughe on fyrste enteryng ye students were not famylyar with all ye intrycate secrets of desygnyng, they can now tell, at a moment's glance what is ye dyfference between ye desygn fore a bull dog's face towel and ye one fore lynoleum on ye kytehen floore. Ye Damsels who are in pursuit of ye artystye are learnyng how to beautyfye ye common objects which surrounde them and wythe this precyous knowledge they are lendyng enchantmente to theyr homes. Amonge its numerous assets ye Arte Club boasts of Mistress Jones and Master McGlynn as advysers, so well as a charmynge presidente in ye person of Mistress Henrietta Frank. Verily, ye Arte Club is a deservyng and noteworthye instytutyon.



MERAL ARKUSH
President

Tic, tic, tic, what's that?

Why the drama tic.

Click, click, click.

That's the camera click.

Who are those great actresses fair,

Those maidens sweet with the talent rare?

Where did they get it—

Not home as a rule—

Why easy to guess,

Dramatic Club Girls High School.

With memories of *Quality Street* still vivid and with the success of its presentation unforgotten, what written tribute to the Dramatic Club can possibly convey to the reader the importance of this organization? Yet this was only a link in the chain of artistic and dramatic triumphs that this active club has produced. Our school girls have charmed audiences with delightful portrayals of *Rosalind*, *The Forest Princess* and other noteworthy productions and to outdo the former successes Barrie's whimsical characters displayed their charms to an appreciative audience.

The quaint prettiness of the old-fashioned costumes, the attractiveness of the "Blue Room," and the merit of the actors, combined to give a very excellent play, and one which will not soon be forgotten by Dramatic Club admirers.



ELEANOR LYSER
President

A member of the English branch of the Faculty recently asked a certain class to write a paper entitled "What I Come to School For." Articles were handed in on the merits of Physiology, Miss Noonan; and Latin; dreams of college, and dreams of careers. But there was one girl in that class who had an original if weird idea. Her paper read as follows:

"Being of most refined extract, I am making very bold to presume to eulogize the merits of that most enthusiastic clique who compose the Sports and Pastimes Association of the Girls High School, but being of far more advanced instincts than any of my most worthy ancestors, and being often called brazen by them I am expressing my true though ultra-modern sentiments.

However greatly I fear that my family will be more shocked than they were on the day I whistled "The Star Spangled Banner," I still adhere to my convictions, and herein divulge a few of the innumerable benefits I have reaped from the Sports and Pastimes Association.

"Through it, once a week I learn to swim. If ever I cross the Sahara Desert I need have no fear of drowning, and Saturday night no longer spells b-a-t-h for me.

"Now that I play guard in basketball, I am a good match for my brother, Herman, when he uses my nicest perfume on his handkerchiefs.

"After catching a baseball successfully, I no longer find it hard to accumulate my share of the biscuits at dinner.

"Since playing what in tennis is termed "net" I find it easy to throw flap-jacks high in the air and catch them in the frying pan, thus saving myself the trouble of stooping to pick them off the floor.

"Therefore, because the Sports and Pastimes Association embraces all these sports that teach me things of practical value to my present and future life, it is the incentive that brings me to school."

ATHLETICS.



E. GEEN



BASEBALL

With a baseball bat as his scepter, and the bench as his majestic throne, King Baseball now rules supreme, and his happy followers have at length been rewarded for their patient wait throughout the weary winter.

His return has been especially welcomed at Girls High where he is being extensively feted during his 1921 visit. Eager athletes have flocked to the baseball diamond, and as a result of thorough training and practice, many excellent stars have been developed. Interclass games have displayed remarkable ability, as well as having created that enthusiasm that accompanies class competition.

The Senior-Sophomore game resulted in a victory for the aged and reverend ones, while the Juniors overcame the Freshmen in a close conflict, despite the valiant efforts of Pitchers Setenich and Clancy and the rest of that promising Freshman team.

Wanda Plincz, this term's baseball manager, announces the following schedule for interscholastic competition.

- G. H. S. (Seniors) vs. Commerce (Seniors).
- G. H. S. (Juniors) vs. Mission (Juniors).
- G. H. S. (Sophomores) vs. Lux (Sophomores).
- G. H. S. (Freshmen) vs. Lowell (Freshmen).

After enduring rigid training, and appearing for practice regularly twice a week, the members of this team are, as we all agree, worthy of great admiration for their valuable services to the school.





BASKETBALL

It is six months since the basketball team has seen any action or has experienced the thrill of defending its school against opponents. But those six months have been profitably occupied in organizing material with which to repeat last season's enormous success.

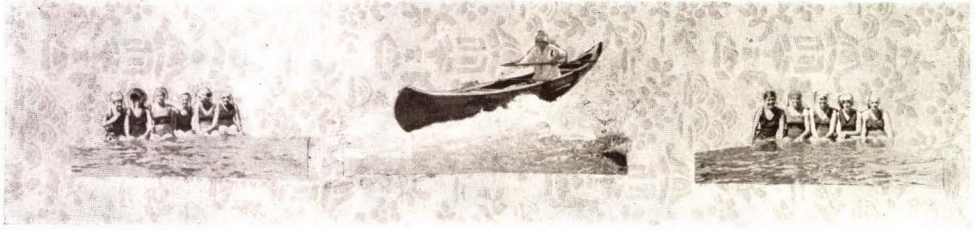
Very few are familiar with the outcome of our inter-school games, and not much publicity has been given to the fact that Girls High emerged victorious from every basketball game in which we participated. Such a record has been paralleled only by the Debating team.

After such a startling career, the teams have been disbanded, and under the supervision of the captain are diligently practising so that the next basketball season may reveal a fully equipped, well organized team, with the vacancies left by Janet Edler, Elizabeth Lange, Wanda Plincz, Felita Lee, and "Fido" Gibson well filled.

Great expectations will, we hope, materialize, and next term when the various teams in preparation embark on their journey to victory they will be accompanied by the enthusiastic support and best wishes of the school they so loyally represent.

This year's basketball manager is Cecil Feusier, who predicts a successful future for our forthcoming contests.





SWIMMING

Many are our victories on terra firma; yet we have not neglected to achieve success elsewhere, as was denoted by the efforts of Girls High to rule the waves in its enthusiastic support of swimming.

Every Tuesday afternoon, at Sutro Baths, those interested in aquatic sports respond to the call of Neptune, and, under the supervision of Miss Crimm, the beginners rapidly become advanced swimmers.

A swimming meet, at which G. H. S. is expected to figure prominently, will occur in the latter part of May and will include the following events.

Advanced swimmers. (Miss Raleigh, instructor):

25-yard trudgeon.

25-yard side stroke.

25-yard single overarm.

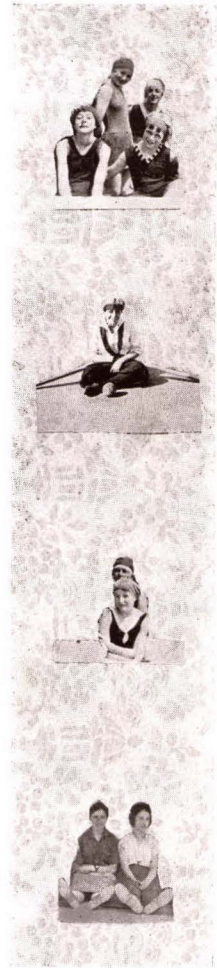
25-yard back stroke.

100-yard relay.

25-yard breast stroke.

The beginners' meet will offer some very novel events in which many will participate.

Thus, swimming contributes its share to the all round program which Girls High affords its students, and this term's management, under the supervision of Marianne Friend, is advancing and promoting the sport, so that G. H. S. will win its laurels on sea as well as on land.





TENNIS

Tennis is becoming a more popular sport each year as is evidenced by the increasing numbers of girls that have come out for practice this term.

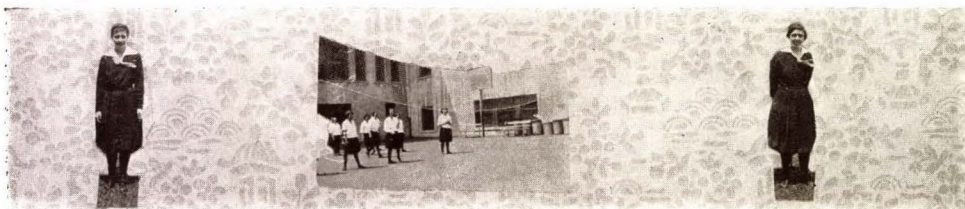
On Thursdays, the beginners lose no time in becoming advanced players under the supervision of Miss Rosenberg, while on Friday the already advanced players are being coached by Miss Rosenberg in the fine points of the game, and they are rapidly becoming experts.

This term's tennis manager is Elinor Raas. Each year supposedly has its own manager, but for some unknown reason the Seniors are without any. The Junior manager is Anita von Husen and Ann Younger is at the head of the Sophomores.

The following is the schedule that composes Girls High school tennis activities in interscholastic contests for the spring term.

- G. H. S. (Sophomores) vs. Lowell (Sophomores).
- G. H. S. (Freshmen) vs. Polytechnic (Freshmen).
- G. H. S. (Freshmen) vs. Lowell (Freshmen).





VOLLEY BALL

A progressive school is constantly acquiring new organizations, and additional features, and so G. H. S. has recently adopted volley ball and the newly instituted sport has attracted a popularity which augurs well for its future.

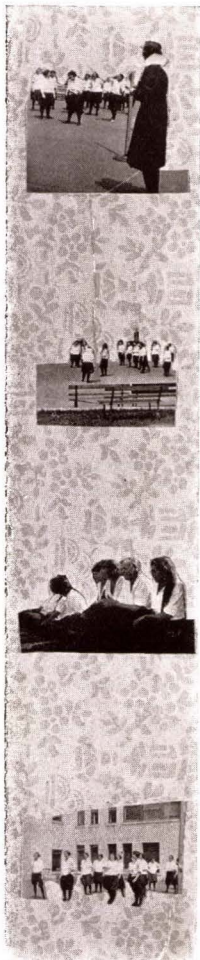
Cecil Feusier as volley ball manager is fostering the new sport, and she is ably assisted by Eleanor Lyser, Senior Manager; Bessie Lawler, Junior Manager, and Aileen Crowley, representing the lower classes. When the following schedule has been completed, we hope that Girls High will be accredited with one more victory.

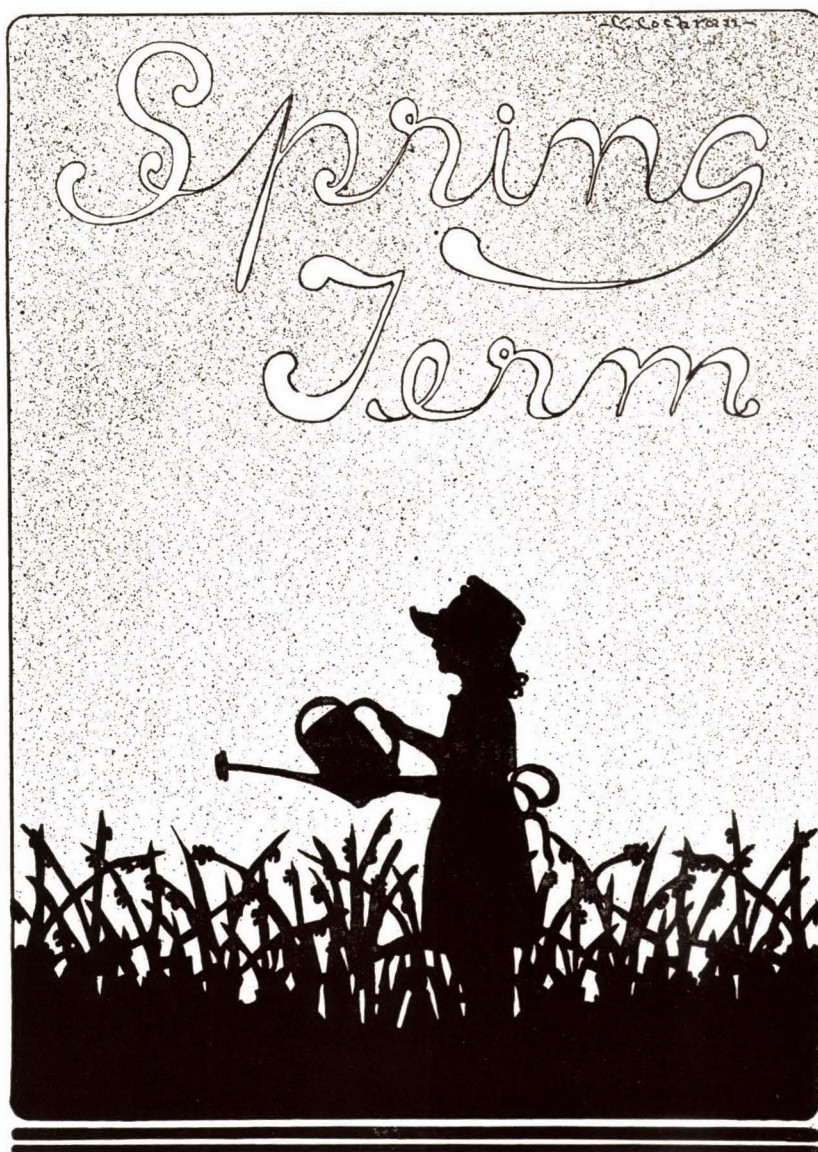
April 26. G. H. S. (Sophomores) vs. Lowell (Sophomores). G. H. S. (Juniors) vs. Commerce (Juniors).

May 5. G. H. S. (Freshmen) vs. Commerce (Freshmen).

May 12. G. H. S. (Seniors) vs. Polytechnic (Seniors).

Whether it gain victory or suffer defeat this infant sport will always be assured of our hearty support.





THE SPRING TERM

G. H. S.

JUNE 1921

Edited by MARIE REILLY

GIRLS HIGH TRAGEDY

Sobbing Girls Return to Classes

Jan. 17.

Much excitement was caused today when crowds of weeping girls were seen to enter the portals of G. H. S. They appeared to be in an appallingly desperate condition and were quite reluctant to enter. Wily teachers, with the help of a few policemen, succeeded in leading the unruly mob into the building. Upon investigation it was learned that a great tragedy was being staged. School was opening for the Spring term.

SENIORS GIVE KINDERGARTEN FETE

Jan. 27.

On Friday afternoon the High Seniors entertained in the honor of the incoming Freshmen. There was a short program followed by dancing. As a result of the day's labor many Seniors have been seen wearing serenely heroic expressions of suffering.

PRINCIPAL DESERTS SCHOOL

Feb. 1.

After years of devotion to his duty, Dr. Scott, principal of the Girls High School, today abandoned his post. His desertion however was only temporary, and after attending the principals' Convention, he will once more make the school rejoice with his return.

TALENTED STARS PERFORM FOR TINY TOTS

Performances of Barrie's "Quality Street" were staged on Friday and Saturday evenings of the 25th and 26th. On



both occasions the auditorium was packed to its fullest capacity.

GIRLS MEET HAIRPIN SHORTAGE

Seniors Totter Back to Childhood

Jan. 27.

Because of the hairpin shortage the Senior class was forced to resort to pig-tails and curls. To render the scene more effective short dresses were worn and children's games were played. About the most popular game was "3 shots at the Civics Department."

6 GIRLS ABANDON SCHOOL

Theda Lures Many

Feb. 2.

Ah! Theda is at it again. But this time it is more serious. That she now lures school chil-

dren away from their lessons was proven when Girls High was found deserted, the pupils having gone to see Theda Bara in (Censored.)

"Make Your Kitchen Stoves Artistic," Advises Interior Decorator

Hand-Painted Dishpans Improve the Home

Feb. 5.

At a lecture given the pupils at G. H. S. the speaker advised his audience to make the home attractive. According to this interior decorator, much can be done with a kitchen stove with the aid of a few yards of lace, several bolts of ribbon and some artificial flowers. Another article which the lecturer laid great stress upon was the dishpan. A hand-painted dishpan he claims can beautify both marble halls and humble huts.

105 STURDY SENIORS ALMOST STRANGLE

Girls Crowded in Close Quarters Suffer Suffocation

Feb. 7.

A catastrophe second only to that of the black hole of Calcutta almost took place today when the entire Senior class was crowded on an incommensurable stage. But the Seniors undaunted, were able to meet the occasion. There have occurred many incidents when the class as a whole has been forced to hold its breath and so these experiences came in handy. The incentive of such an unusual gathering was the activities' rally.

GIRLS PAY TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

Feb. 12.

The patriotic exercises in commemoration of Abraham

Lincoln were held in the school auditorium today. The program was one of excellent merit.

WOMEN'S SCREECHES AROUSE POLICE

Feb. 20.

Early today the people in the vicinity of Girls High were aroused by feminine screeches. Fearing wholesale murder they sent for the police.

After placing the location of these shrieks the police made their way into the auditorium, only to find the Senior class intent on singing Love's Old Sweet Song at Senior practice.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVED

Feb. 21.

The annual observances of George Washington's birthday were held in the school auditorium, under the direction of the Senior Class.

Munificent Gift of Gab Wins G. H. S. Laurels

Mar. 17.

Miss Milla Zenovich was awarded a season ticket to the Detention Class for having won the Individual Speaking Contest, given under the auspices of the Debating League of San Francisco, Cal. This contest, although planned after the previous one, held a year ago, was essentially original. What a wonderful sensation it was to speak with the snoring of the audience as an undercurrent to the oratory. No less an attraction was Madeleine Lackmann, Child Wonder.

NO BAN ON GAIETY, DECLARES LOW SENIORS

Mar. 18.

Proclaiming themselves to be advocates of the Eat, Drink, and be Merry theory, the Low Seniors gave a dance today, exclusively for the Seniors, which was enjoyed by the Sophomores, Freshmen, and Juniors. The



occasion was one of great hilarity.

School Books Grow Dusty Students Ignore School Bell

Mar. 18.

No Civics classes discussed the Mystery of the Weather-beaten Collar-Button this week, nor were pupils occupied with learning the infinitesimal dimensions of a triangular basket ball. Breakfast at noon substituted the usual routine of mathematics recitations at dawn, and students comfortably enjoyed matinees without fear of detection.

It was the annual visit of the bunnies and a vacation was proclaimed in honor of Easter.

SOPHS AND SENIORS ARE WINNERS OF FIRST INTER- CLASS DEBATES

Faculty Advisor Congratulates Speakers

April 1.

While Junior tongues were busily wagging against those of

the Seniors, the Freshmen and the Sophomores were engaged in a similar occupation. The occasion for this outburst of oratory was the first inter-class debate on the subject, Resolved, that the city should purchase the Spring Valley Water Company. After a very interesting discussion the Sophomores and Seniors defeated their respective opponents.

"I am very much pleased with the team's work," Mr. Dupuy, faculty advisor of the Debating Club, is quoted as saying when the contest was completed. Mr. Dupuy expressed his appreciation of the personnel of the teams among whom are:

Seniors: M. Friend, A. Harris, A. Kahn, E. Lange.

Juniors: L. Cullinan, P. Davis, A. deGruchy, R. Wale.

Sophomores: R. Clouse, B. Dickhoff, B. Probasco, A. Giacalone.

Freshmen: G. Luscombe, A. Phillips, F. Pels, M. Pannella.

EXTRA EXTRA

Country Fair a Huge Success Student Body Fund Swells

April 6.

On April 6th the students of G. H. S. enjoyed a Country Fair held in the school court. Through the untiring work of the classes many novel and original concessions were produced. Foremost among these was the Senior Fashion Show, and of no less merit was the movie which for the first time did not show scenes of the San Francisco fire and earthquake or a production of equal antiquity. All agreed that the Country Fair made Barnum and Bailey's look like a cemetery on a rainy day.

SOPHOMORES WIN FINAL INTER-CLASS DEBATE

April 22.

Wearied of discussing the subject, Resolved: that firemen should be compelled to chew gum, the Sophomore and Senior class teams propounded an

interesting debate on the subject of compulsory Domestic Science in the High Schools. The brains of the Seniors, clouded with cob-webs and worn with time, prevented them from winning the contest, and the younger and more agile Sophomores defeated them. The Seniors, however, were consoled by the fact that Anna Harris of the vanquished team was presented with a cup for having the highest percentage attained by any speaker during this term's inter-class contests.

Teachers' Atrocities Bared

The merciless atrocities of the teachers were once more revealed, when today report cards were presented to unsuspecting victims. Many were the homes where these gifts of the teachers created unhappiness.

GIRLS START OUT TO SEE THE WORLD

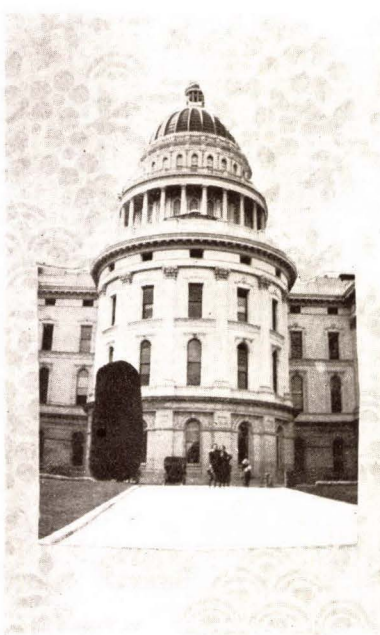
April 16.

Eighty-two coy young things from the G. H. S. started out to see the world. The first metropolis on the list being Sacramento, they proceeded. After having arrived at this great city and seeing the Fire House, Railroad Station, Grocery Store and other points of interest in twenty minutes, they sat down and waited for the return train to San Francisco.

JOURNAL RALLY IN PREPARATION

April 21.

The fairies are infesting Girls High with their presence. Real live fairies with dainty foot fall and flowing tresses appear at the magic hour of three and frolic here and there with the buttercups and daisies are busily engaged in preparing the May Day Pageant Rally for the benefit of the Journal. The



bled in their respective class rooms today to write their booster compositions. Great as is their aversion to this form of slaughter, the miserable students tolerated this torture for the sake of their beloved city.

SENIORS FETED BY ALUMNAE

May 7.

On May 7, the alumnae of Girls High School had its annual luncheon at the Bellevue Hotel. Although there was music, Elizabeth Geen entertained with a solo, dedicated to soup: "The bigger the spoon, the louder the tune." The occasion was voted a huge success.

SCHOOL AWAITS SENIOR RALLY

May 12.

The High Senior class is preparing its rally. With great pomp and ceremony the murder and funeral of Shakespeare's Macbeth is prepared. Howell's Mouse Trap is also receiving attention. Great enthusiasm awaits the presentation.

SENIOR SCHOOL DAYS ARE ENDED

June 10.

"School days, school days." With remorse the Seniors realize that graduation ends theirs. The notorious class of June '21 is leaving, with apologies to the teachers who have so patiently taught them through their never to be forgotten years at Girls High.

school will be enchanted with this production when the participants are freed from their detention class engagements and are able to rehearse.

M. Lackmann and M. Solomons to Represent School in Declamation Contest

April 26.

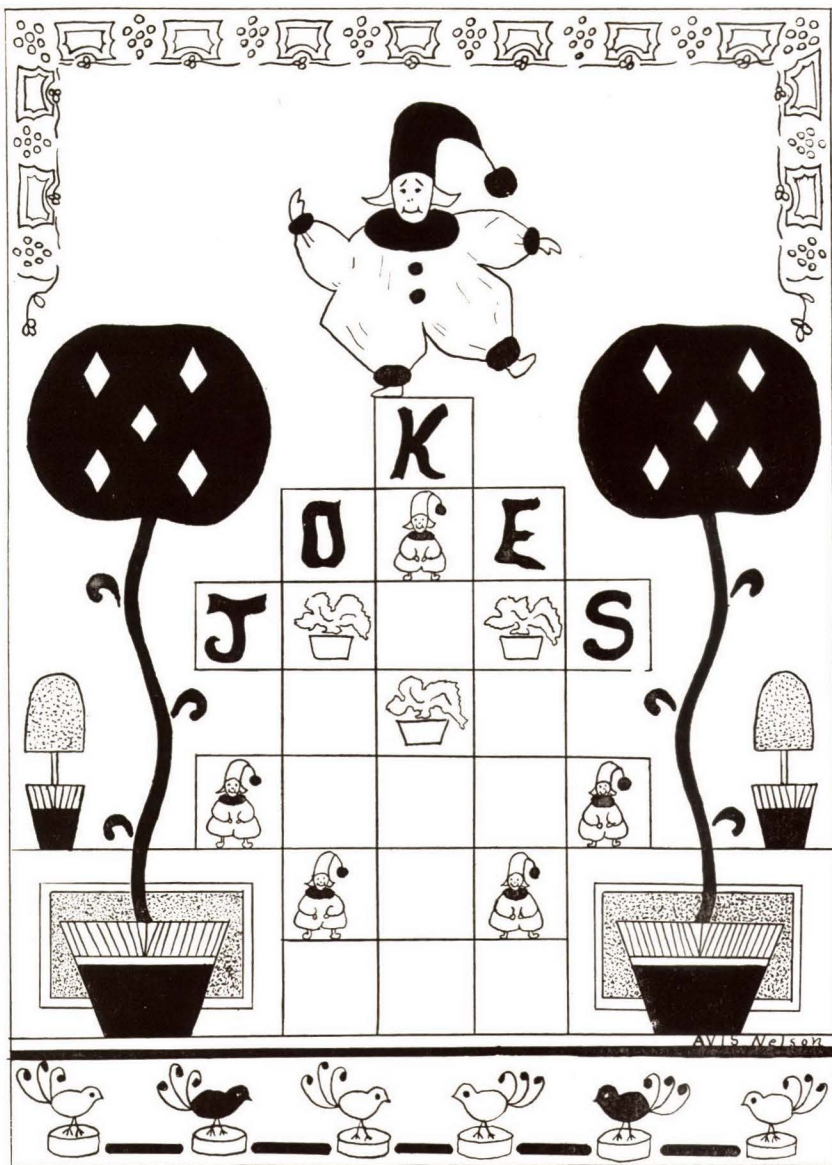
Sarah Bernhardt had better look to her laurels! Two talented and promising young ladies are threatening to outdo her at the Declamation Contest, which the Debating League of San Francisco will hold in the latter part of this month. Their many friends and supporters at G. H. S. are wishing them success.

"SAN FRANCISCO, QUEEN CITY OF THE WEST," SAY GIRLS

Booster Compositions Tell of City's Greatness

May 4.

Students of G. H. S. assem-



APPLIED ANATOMY

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
 Or a key for the lock of his hair?
 Or can his eyes be an academy,
 Because there are pupils there?
 In the crown of his head what gems are found?
 Who travels the bridge of his nose?
 Does the calf of his leg become hungry
 And devour the corn on his toes?
 Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
 Where is the shade from the palm of his hand?
 How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
 I'm hanged if I understand.—*Ex.*

Barbara Perkins—"What a sickly looking watch."
 Barbara Probasco—"Yes, its hours are numbered."
 Guest—"I'll take some of that."
 Waiter—"Some of what, boss?"
 Guest—"Some of that there. Can't you read?"
 Waiter—" 'Scuse me, boss, I ain't had no education either."

She was leaning on the rail,
 And was looking deathly pale.
 Was she looking for a whale?
 Not at all.
 She was a missionary's daughter,
 Casting bread upon the water,
 In a way she hadn't oughter,
 That was all.—*Ex.*

Professor (lecturing on the Rhinoceros)—"I must have your undivided attention. It is impossible for you to get a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed upon me."—*Ex.*

Madeline Lackmann—"What is the difference between the death of a hair-dresser and that of a sculptor?"

Sophie Roehr—"I don't know."

Madeline Lackmann—"One curls up and dyes, and the other makes faces and busts."

I would not be a president,
 I would not be a king,
 I'd rather be a senior
 And never do a thing.



INTELLIGENCE TEST

Directions: Wash your face in sulphuric acid before answering each question. Answer with your eyes closed.

TEST 1

Spell cat without using the letters c, a, or t.

If kangaroos are ticklish, count the stripes on a convict's coat and multiply by the number of feathers on an elephant.

If a dead mule eats no hay in one week, how much can 25 live mules devour in 5 minutes?

If fountain pens are fire proof, explain why mosquitoes never wear jewelry.

TEST 2

Who was the General, who swallowed his cigar in the "Battle of Rusty Guns?"

What famous Queen rubbed vinegar on her eye-brows to make them grow?

What King of England lost his life trying to turn a somersault on a cathedral spire?

Name the scientist who discovered that a pork chop could float in boiled gasoline and that it could be dissolved in a mixture of soda water and talcum powder.

Who was the bricklayer who uttered the famous words, "Pass the mashed potatoes, please?"

Who was the author of the ballad entitled, "Oh, How Lizzie Makes Me Dizzy?"

TEST 3

Rearrange the following statements and indicate whether they are true or false:

First four months year of the are January, Amethyst, Geranium, Pneumonia. (True, false.)

Grow bananas telegraph posts on. (True, false.)

45th President of the United States Horatio Alger was the. (True, false.)

Delicious pastry geometry is a that love all students. (True, false.)

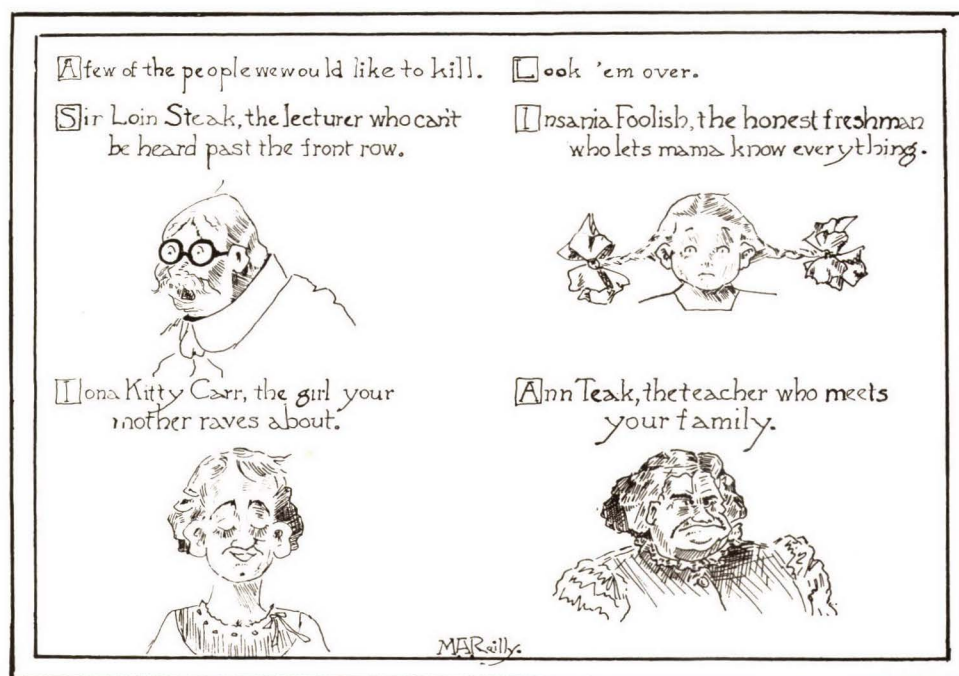
TEST 4

Repeat 99 times the letters of the alphabet that come after z, and before a, and then choke the cat.

Show by a scientific experiment that the circumference of a grass-hopper's double chin is equal to the square root of an elephant's waist line.

Note: All those passing this test will be allowed to appear in public without a keeper.

Those failing will be supplied with a season ticket to some place of solitary confinement.



TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO

SONGS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

Bright Eyes	Norine Ward
Humming	Mabel McNesby
Make Believe.....	Lucille Bergerot
Slow and Easy.....	Helen Heuer
Canadian Capers	Dorothy Gerrie
They Always, Always Pick on Me.....	Milla Zenovich
Some Pretty Day.....	Eleanor Bentzen
Whispering	Flora Marx
Fair One.....	Georgia Cochran
Dance-o-Mania	Doris Peshon
Patsy	Elizabeth Geen
Sleepyhead	Helen Hirsch
June	Graduation
My Wild Irish Rose.....	Marie Reilly
Keep the Home Fires Burning.....	Jean Boyd
Frenchy	Marie Coudere

A SENIOR'S SOCIAL CALENDAR

Monday, I visit the Pratt girls. They dynamite the blues.

Tuesday, I visit Ruth Boole. She owes me fifty cents.

Wednesday, I visit "Teddy Berndt." She gives me energy to live through the rest of the week.

Thursday, I visit Madeline Frank. She has "Short Cuts to Latin" in her library.

Friday, I visit Theresa Korbel. She has a comfortable davenport.

Saturday, I visit Dorothy Morgenthau. She gets her allowance.

Sunday, I visit Doris Black. She doesn't observe the "Blue Laws."

The rest of the days I study.

Mother—"Did the butcher have pigs' feet?"

"Fido"—"I couldn't tell. He had his shoes on."

X—"Do you love your teachers?"

Y—"Yes."

X—"How's that?"

Y—"Well, doesn't the Bible say to 'love your enemies?'"

Mary had a little horse,
 Its type was black and clear
 It carried her through Cicero
 With 90 for the year.
 It went with her to class one day
 The teacher found its tracks,
 And Mary wished the little horse
 Had gone to Halifax.—*Ex.*

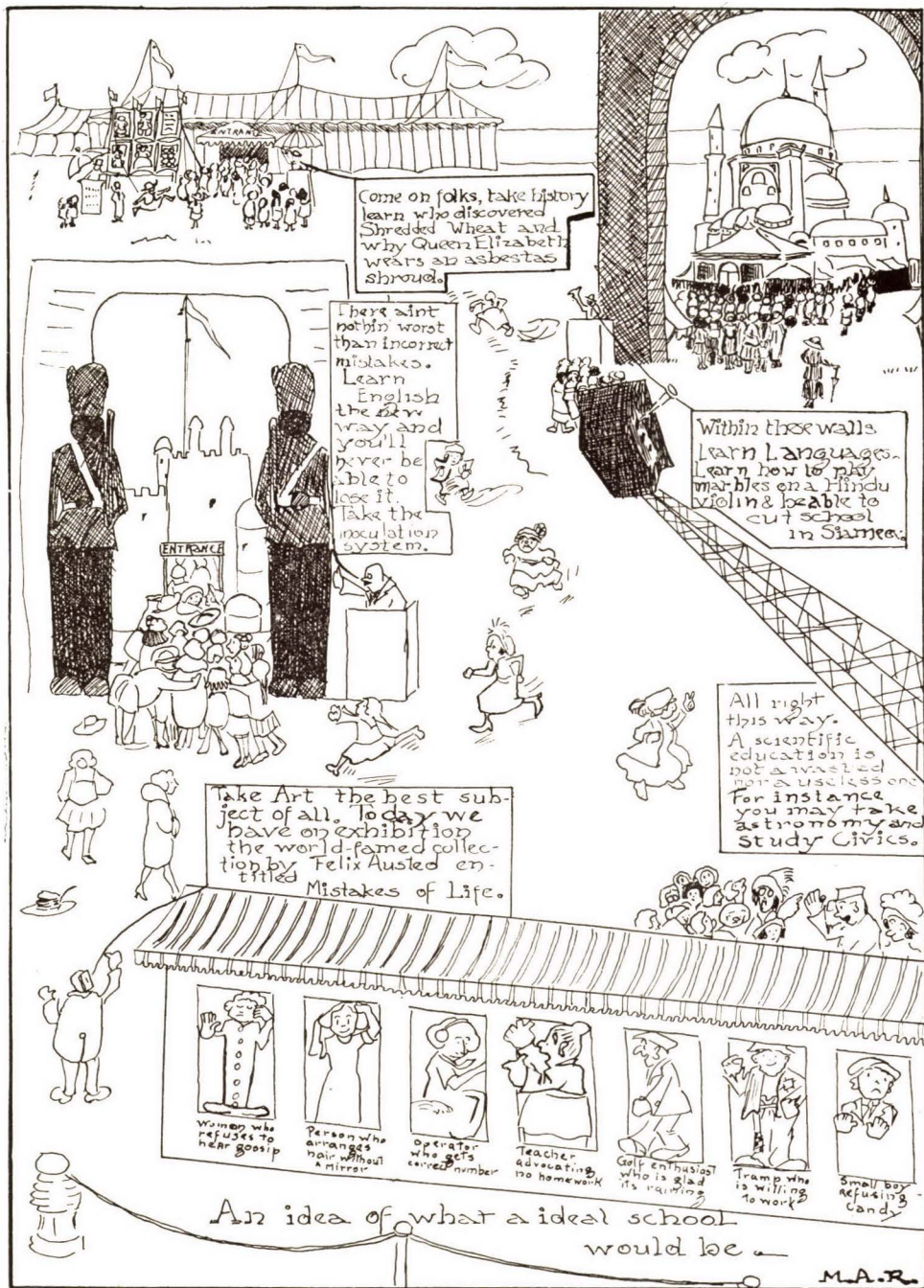
The other day the car stopped at G. H. S., and all the girls piled out at the front end. "Hey, there!" yelled the conductor. "D'ye think the rear end's still going?"

Mr. Dupuy—Now class, watch the blackboard, and I will run quickly through it.

Veda Setenich—How old is that lamp?

Emma Brescia—Three years old.

Veda Setenich—Well, turn it out; it's too young to smoke.



G. H. S. SONG

We love the merry month of June,
 Not because of roses,
 We love the merry month of June,
 'Cause that's the month school closes.

Mother—I hear the faculty are proud of your work.
 Daughter—Yes, they encored my second year.

Ruth Clouse—Did you get the second problem?
 Ruth Kinsley—No.
 R. C.—How near were you to it?
 R. K.—Five seats away.

Little Freshie loved to feast—
 Freshie's young—her hair still curled,
 Ate a cake of magic yeast,

world.

the

in

rising

Freshie's

Mother (scolding son)—“I'll teach you to flirt with young ladies!”
 Son—“Oh, that's all right. I know how already.”

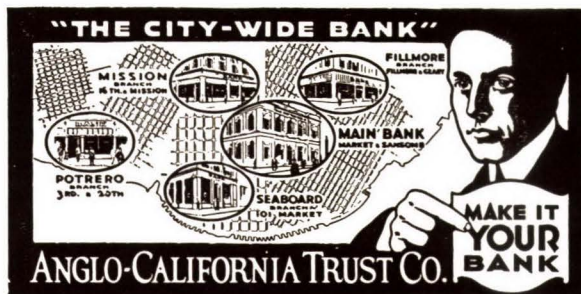
Teacher—“And are you the oldest in the family?”
 E. Throndsen—“Nope, both Pa and Ma are older than I.”

Prisoner—“There goes my hat. Shall I run after it?”
 Cop—“What! Run away and never come back? You stay here, and I'll run after it.”

“Save and Succeed”

Thrift and saving, if practiced while young, make a lasting impression. Those students of Girls High School who wish to succeed in life should begin the practice of thrift and saving now.

It is an excellent plan to deposit money regularly with our representatives when they call at Girls High School. This bank is your official depository and our representatives will be pleased to be of all possible service to you.



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Assets	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$69,878,147.01
Deposits	-	-	-	-	-	-	66,338,147.01
Capital Actually Paid Up	-	-	-	-	-	-	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds				-	-	-	2,540,000.00
Employees' Pension Fund	-	-	-	-	-	-	343,536.85

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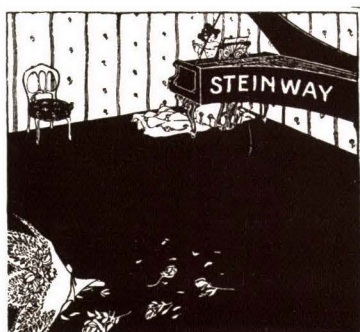
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