

Lowell High School

San Francisco, California 1915

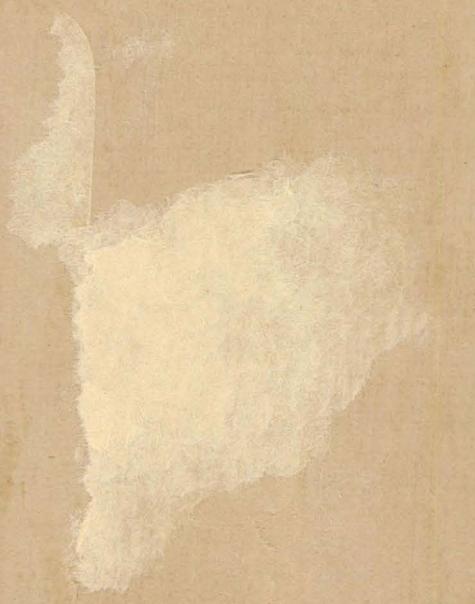
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LOWELL HI

San Francisco, Calif.



PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY BY THE STUDENTS OF
LOWELL HIGH SCHOOL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

To
Miss Cecilia Cronise
Our kind and able friend and adviser this
volume is respectfully dedicated by the
Class of December 1915

FAUCULTY

MR. FRANK MORTON.....	Principal
MR. FREDERIC H. CLARK.....	Vice-Principal and Head of History Department
MR. FRANCIS E. CROFTS.....	Head of Mathematics Department
MISS ALICE G. DUFFY.....	Head of English Department
MR. J. P. NOURSE.....	Head of Classical Language Department
MISS M. M. COX.....	Head of Modern Language Department
MR. T. A. SMITH.....	Head of Science Department
MR. J. J. SCHMIDT.....	Head of Drawing Department
MR. JAMES E. ROGERS.....	History and Oral Composition
MR. T. H. RHODES.....	History
MISS ELSIE BOWMAN.....	Physical Culture and Mathematics
MR. F. W. ROCKHOLD.....	Mathematics
MR. A. R. CRAVEN.....	Physics and Mathematics
MISS CECILIA CRONISE.....	English
MRS. NEAL HENDERSON.....	English
MISS M. MAHR.....	English
MISS FRANCES HODGKINSON.....	French and Classical Language
MR. GEORGE GARTON.....	Classical Language
MR. A. M. CLEGHORN.....	Classical Language
MR. FRANK B. TUCKER.....	French and Classical Language
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MISS EDITH PENCE.....	Modern Languages and English
MR. C. W. FENDER.....	Science
MISS O'MALLEY.....	Drawing
MRS. NORMAN DUXBURY.....	Science
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MR. AARON ALTMAN.....	Drawing and History of Art
MR. CHARLES E. DANFORTH.....	Mathematics
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MR. A. W. JOHNS.....	Science
MISS M. T. MORRIN.....	English
MISS A. P. HUNT.....	History
MISS M. D. BARRY.....	Modern Language and History
MR. F. M. DURST.....	Science



Top Row—Mr. Stephens, Mr. Smith, Mr. Koch, Mr. Craven, Mr. Garton, Mr. Rockhold, Mr. Kast, Mr. Durst, Mr. Johns, Mr. Rhodes.
Bottom Row—Mr. Schmidt, Mrs. Duxbury, Miss Hunt, Mr. Morton (Principal), Miss Barry, Miss O'Malley, Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Danforth.

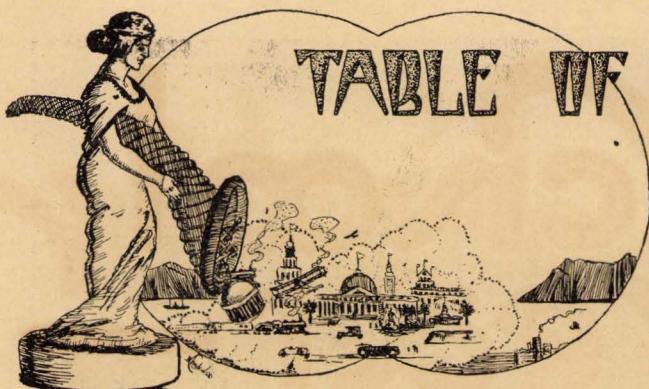
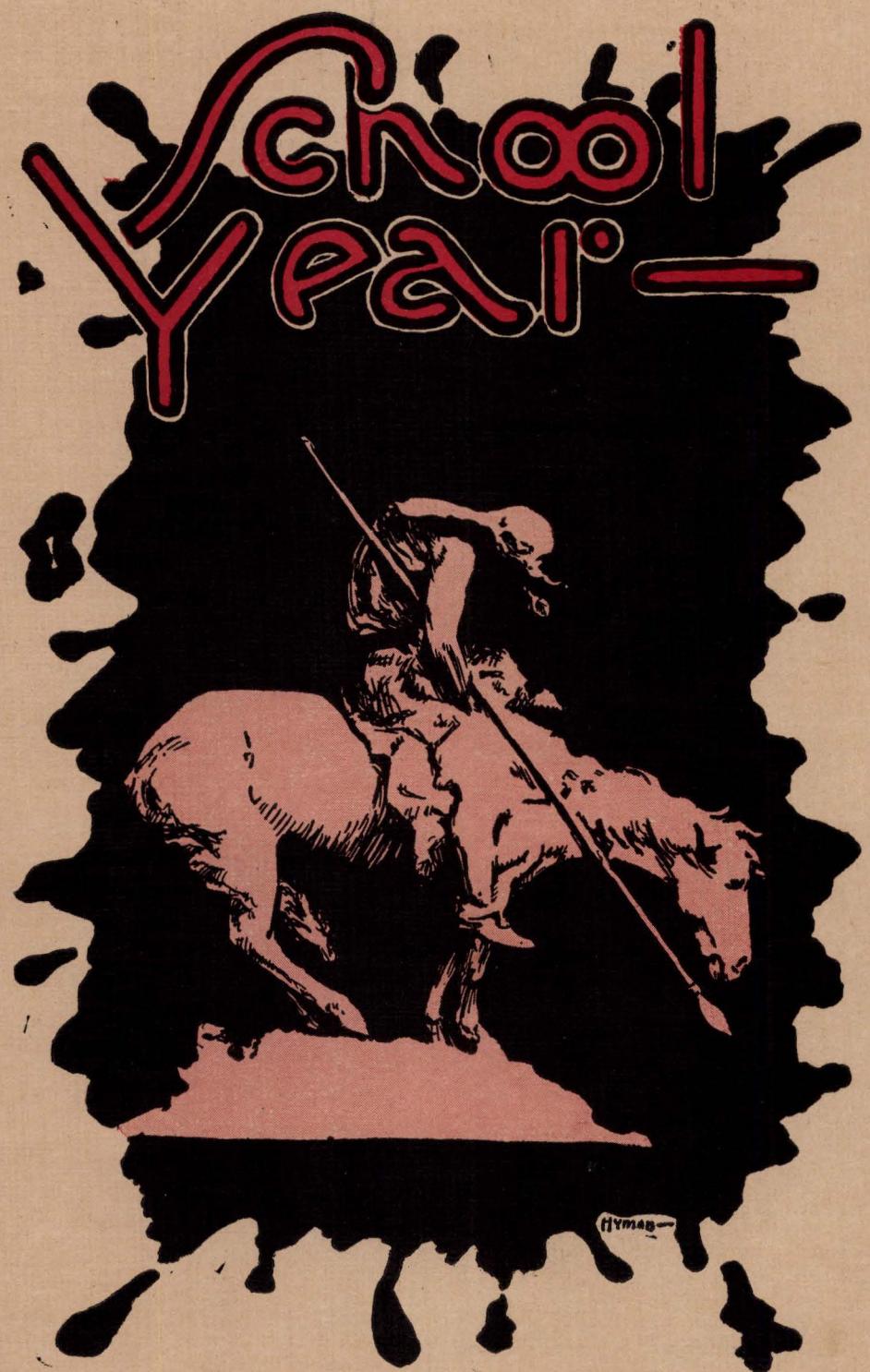
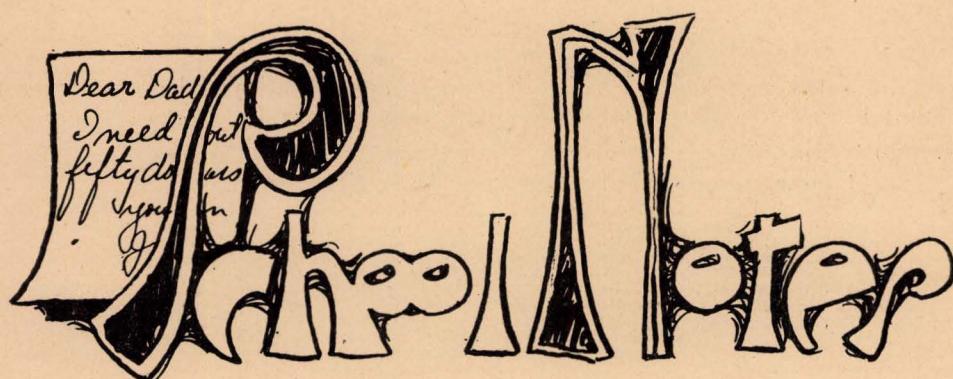


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The past semester has been one of the liveliest that Lowell has ever seen.

For the first time in a number of years, the semi-annual convention of D. L. C. was held at Lowell in October. The results of the election held were entirely satisfactory to Lowell. Breslauer, Mentzer and Miss Moses are some of the successful candidates.

The introduction of a bi-weekly *LOWELL* as primarily a news periodical has "gone big." Everybody likes the new style better, and all have been pleased with the way in which the *LOWELL* is issued right after big events such as the S. F. A. L. Track meet and the Lowell-Cogswell football game. Incidentally the "personals" have caused somewhat of a riot, some people getting famous over night.

Let's hand a cup to the girls. They have shown more "pep" the last semester than ever before. The girls of June '16 started the ball a-rolling with one of the best girl rallies ever attempted. Then Dec. '16 held a rally which brought out a big crowd. Did you notice the girl turn-out at the football games? Who will ever forget the splendid showing at the Lowell-Cogswell game, when the novel stunts were pulled off? The necessary funds for these stunts were secured by a candy sale.

We wish to apologize to all who have become famous through our "Personals." However, some will not forgive us.

A rowing club has finally come into its own at Lowell. A number of practices have already been held. Officers have been elected, and we hope to see a Lowell crew competing for a championship 'fore long.

Did you see those June '16 Follies? Gad, you missed something. Everything was pulled off O. K.—even the chorus in paper suits. That show was something novel and has brought a new phase into Lowell life. Each class should plan to present some sort of an affair like this.

The June '17 dance was held in the Missouri Building on November 20 and was a great success in every respect. Fully two hundred and fifty

THE LOWELL

couples filled the floor. The affair was especially enjoyed because it was the only school dance of the term that was held at the Exposition. The committee in charge was Lloyd Dinkelspiel (chairman), Melville McRae, Arthur Dunne, Miss Helen Rhodes and Miss Elizabeth Macarthur.

June '17 also gave a very enjoyable outing on October 30, when some twenty members of the class took a boat ride on the bay and ended up with a picnic in Marin County.

"The Announcer" will be out as usual on the first day of next term.

We have had an unusual amount of vacation this term, and have had a great chance to see the Exposition. The last week of the Fair was celebrated by the children of the city, who were not required to attend school during that time. All the Lowell classes have been favored with visits to the fair from time to time, which have proved both interesting and instructive. Miss Duffy, Mr. Smith, Mr. Tucker, Mr. Johns and Mr. Altmann are some of the teachers who have taken classes through the Exposition grounds.

Four class papers have been published this term. Just after school opened, the fourth number of December '15's "Mince Pie" appeared. The next to put in an appearance was "The Racket," published by December '16. Then came "The Embalmer," June '16's journal, and finally "The Scintillator," the first number of June '17's paper.

Lowell now fully believes in woman suffrage. Miss Annette Ruggles has demonstrated the power of the fair sex. Miss Ruggles has been a splendid executive and has led the student body through one of the school's most successful terms. Especially has she instilled pep into the girls, as witness the spirited girls' rallies, practically an innovation at Lowell. The girls' rooting section at the football games easily equaled the boys' in spirit and lung power.

The candy sale, held in November, netted the girls \$14.50, which was used for stunts at the final Cogswell game.

June '17's dance at the Missouri Building was sure a great one. It is declared that it was the best Junior dance ever held. There was some crowd there, but as a thirsty gent told us, "the punch lasted till the very end."

The San Francisco Athletic League decided by a decisive vote to play Rugby again next year. The vote was taken as a courtesy to the University of California, which was anxious to have the schools return to the American game. Mr. Tibbets of Lick, and Mr. Hendricks of Commerce were the champions of Rugby.

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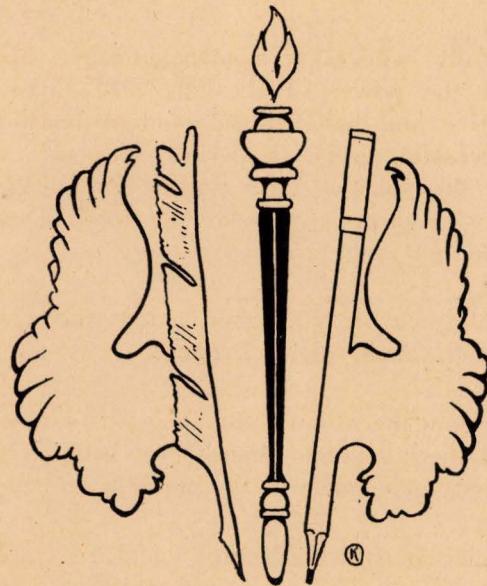
Now that Polytechnic and Lowell are such close neighbors, a very friendly feeling is springing up between the two schools. When Poly was put out of the running for football honors, her rooters helped us along at all of our games.

It is to be hoped that the coveted trophy case will yet put in an appearance at Lowell. A committee is at work on plans for it, and as soon as money can be collected, we will see the case at school.

The track team came very near adding another cup to our collection at the Exposition, when the Berkeley relay team just nosed the Lowell men out of first place on San Francisco Day. One of the runners dropped the stick, and thus lost a good lead. The members of the team were Turkington, Voyne, Margo and English.

L. Piccorillo, who has been the leader of Lowell's Orchestra for a number of years, is conceded the best baton wielder of high school orchestras around the bay.

May 1916 be as successful as this.



THE LOWELL

The School Year

Term January-June, 1915.

January.

- 3—School opens.
- 9—Debating Team defeats Humboldt Evening High.
- 12—First Yard Rally held in yard. Alan Ackerman presides.
Girls' Glee Club holds reception for Freshman girls in Auditorium.

February.

- 18—Basketball team defeats Oakland High at Oakland.
- 3—Boys' Rally in Auditorium.
- 5—Freshman Reception in Auditorium.
- 6—Lowell Baseball team 2, Stanford 2, at Stanford.
- 10—Basketball Rally in Auditorium.
- 12—Lincoln's Birthday Exercises in Auditorium.
- 13—June '16 Dance in the Auditorium.
- 27—Debating Team defeats Santa Cruz 95½ to 95.

March.

- 8—Australian Boys visit Lowell.
- 10—Basketball Team defeats Cogswell—54-15
- 18—Lowell wins Basketball Championship from Sacred Heart—39-25.
- 9—Girls' Basketball Team defeats Fremont High—13-12.
- 20—Girls of June '16 hold reception for Girls of June '15.
- 26—Girls' Rally in Auditorium.

April.

- 3—Lowell Relay Team wins third place in High School race at Berkeley.
- 9—Debating Team defeats Lodi.
Second Debating Team is defeated by Napa.
- 23—Swimming Team wins Championship of S. F. A. L.

May.

- 1—June '15 Picnic at Muir Woods.
- 8—Dec. '16 Dance at Golden Gate Commandery.
- 15—Track Team wins P. A. A. meet at Exposition.

THE LOWELL

TERM JULY-DECEMBER, 1915.

July.

26—School opens. Attendance of 1260.

August.

17—First Yard Rally held. Miss Ruggles presides.
23—First LOWELL out. Eight hundred and fifty copies sold.
24—Freshman Reception in Auditorium.
30—June '18 organizes.

September.

9—Track interclass at Stadium won by Sophomores.
10—Swimming interclass won by Juniors.
11—Alameda defeats Lowell Football Team.
16—Football Rally in Auditorium.
18—Lick-Wilmerding defeats Lowell—8-5.
23—Lowell defeats Polytechnic at Ewing Field—11-0.

October.

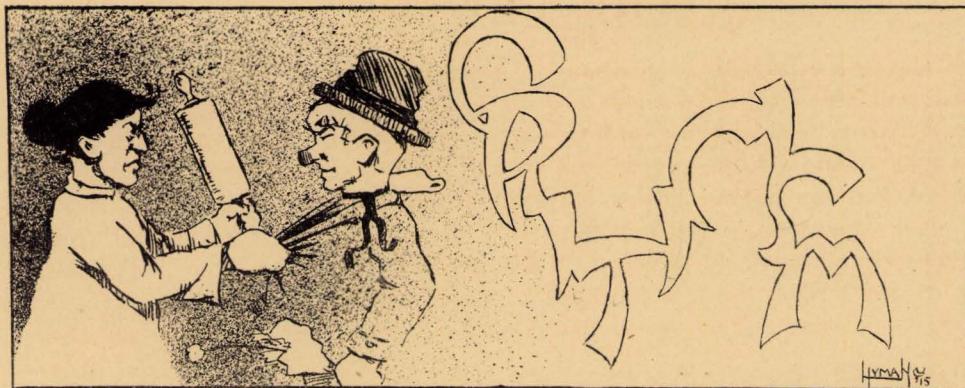
2—Lowell defeats Cogswell—16-9—at Ewing Field.
9—June '16 Picnic near Tiburon.
13—Track Rally in Auditorium.
15—Lowell and Cogswell tied in S. F. A. L. Track Meet.
16—Debating League of California convenes at Lowell.
27—Lowell defeats Commerce—38-0.

November.

1—Annual Tickets on sale.
5—June '16 "Follies" in Auditorium.
6—Dec. '16 Dance in Auditorium.
12—Lowell Night at Alumni Play.
13—Outsiders' Night at Alumni Play in Auditorium.
20—Lowell wins Football Championship of S. F. A. L.
Defeats Cogswell—14-0.
June '17 Dance in Missouri Building.

December.

2—S. F. A. L. Swimming Meet.
9—"The Fortune Hunter" presented in Auditorium.
10—Second night of "Fortune Hunter."
14—Graduation Exercises in Auditorium.
15—Senior Dance, Scottish Rite Auditorium.
16—LOWELL "Annual" out.



The past term has been unusually satisfactory. In the class rooms and in the different student organizations we have met with success. All student activities have been kept out of debt, some have a surplus to their credit. We have had competent managers.

This year, our great Exposition year, in spite of all distractions, there has been little, if any, falling off in the daily routine of preparation and study.

It has been a glorious year in athletics. The Lowell banner is on a high staff.

When we entered our present building there was no way to open a cafeteria without securing a loan. The Alumni came to our aid. The Board of Education has never seen its way to assist us in canceling this debt, so all the honor belongs to our own management. The debt has been paid and about \$150 has been put in the treasury. Another Lowell victory. Someone deserves a pennant. In the future stand by the cafeteria. It is ours. We can make it even more successful.

The football games have shown how enthusiastic the girls can become. We are grateful to you, girls, for your help and interest. You have never been so united. Waves of that same enthusiasm have rolled into the classroom and aroused earnestness in your work. You have proved that interest in athletics need not diminish high standard in scholarship.

The editors of *THE LOWELL* have given us such a bright, newsy paper in its new form that we may expect it to continue to appear bi-weekly. The wide-awake business staff has put a good balance in the treasury. On the first day of the term the "Announcer" was distributed to all students. Many parents, too, received a copy. It is pleasing to know that we can do some things gratis.

One of the best things said by our contemporaries of the old *LOWELL* was that it had a dignity peculiarly its own. It did not contain so-called jokes or thrusts having to do with students and so common to school publications. Such items are understood by few. They are appreciated by a very small number. To the outsider they mean nothing and consequently seem decidedly foolish and silly. Let me urge, for the sake of a healthful, dignified tone, and for a broader admiration among students and patrons, the omission of this column.

Since *THE LOWELL* is now a newspaper, can we not have an issue every

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term devoted especially to matters of general interest to parents, something which will give them an insight into the work we try to do for the students? Many parents will look forward to such a publication. They can learn what is actually done for the preparation of the individual whether for college or for life, and can become acquainted with Lowell principles and Lowell ideals.

This term notes a break in the ranks of the faculty. After several years of consecrated work in which Lowell's standard has ever been uppermost, two of our number have been called to close their books here and enter the school of eternity. Their good work here can never lose its value nor ever be forgotten.

There has been a good spirit among the students. For several things the student body as a whole is to be especially commended.

One of the most satisfying conditions at Lowell is the friendliness between students and teachers, a broad fraternal feeling. Be assured that the teachers are your friends, that they want to work with you and for you, not for the present as much as for your whole future.

There are some who miss the great Lowell spirit, that spirit of sympathy, comradeship, unselfish devotion to others, the spirit that makes for each one a true and lasting friend of every other Lowell student and teacher. Get in line.

The following item appeared in a morning paper after a recent football game:

"Lowell had the better team. Physically the sides were about even, but football sense predominated among the Lowell boys, and it was worth while watching the unselfish manner in which they parted with the ball, when it appeared that a comrade had a better chance to make a gain. Passing rushes were frequent on the Lowell side, while the . . . boys were too prone to strive for individual effort rather than a team advantage."

Coming as it does from the outside, this means so much that every student and teacher at Lowell might well adopt it as a working principle. Praise for the boys who won it, honor for all who keep it.

We are proud of our term's work, of our victories, of our good name. We must not be over-elated. Two great enemies of progress are stagnation and over-confidence. We certainly are not stagnant. Let us not become over-confident. As a school our real position must be determined by what is done in the yard, in the building, in the classroom, on the street, in fact, wherever the Lowell student appears as an individual and upon his own responsibility.

In conclusion, my dear young friends at Lowell, let me impress upon you your importance in our school. Your influence, little as you may rate it, is far-reaching. Everything you do, like ripples of water, spreads far over the surface, rocking or blocking the great vessel on the sea. This influence is in your hands. Working on the wrong side, you are destructive; doing nothing, you are obstructive. Get on the right side, push or pull and become constructive. Be a part of the great cause, the advancement of the common good of this home of ours, our Lowell.

J. P. NOURSE.



It was in the year preceding the discovery of gold in California, that the San Francisco public school system came into existence. Some fifteen years later the first public high school, a co-educational institution, was established. The Board of Education, adopting a plan then in use in Boston, reorganized the institution in 1867, forming the Girls' High School and the San Francisco Boys' High School.

The three hundred students under Mr. Reid (first principal of the Boys' High School and later president of the University of California), assembled for study in a small frame building located on Powell between Sacramento and Clay streets, on the site now occupied by the one hundred and fifty thousand dollar Oriental School. The three-year course of study (the grammar school at that time consisted of nine grades) was divided into a classical and an English course. The former embraced Latin, Greek, Physics, Chemistry, etc., while students of the latter wrestled with Shorthand, Book-keeping and kindred subjects. In those days the pupils were not enticed from the path of study by athletics or organizations within the school.

In 1874 the cornerstone of a new home for the Boys' High School was laid on Sutter street above Gough, and two years later the elated students entered what they considered a spacious and magnificent building. Mr. Blackburn had succeeded Mr. Reid as principal. A cadet company blossomed forth some ten years later. A lively interest was maintained in this organization, exhibition drills, the proceeds of which were used to enlarge the school library, being given annually at the Mechanics' Pavilion. It was in 1887 that Mr. Morton, who had taught Latin in the school for some time, succeeded Mr. J. K. Wilson, Mr. Blackburn's successor, as principal. About this time the commercial part of the curriculum was transferred to Polytechnic.

The Boys' High School was now the only high school in San Francisco complying with the requirements of the University of California. This limited the number of San Francisco girls entering that institution to those with private instruction. Besieged by parents, the Board of Education remedied this in 1888 by permitting girls to enroll in the San Francisco Boys' High School. At the same time the faculty was enhanced by its first lady member, Miss Cox, who had left a tutorship at the Girls' High School. Three years later

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the faculty was increased to the number of nine, by the arrival of Mr. Clark (a graduate of the Boys' High School) who had been principal of the Los Angeles High School. At this time the Sutter street building which, by the way, had been enlarged by the addition of the east and west wings, sheltered some four hundred students. The school was now known as the Lowell High School.

The Debating Society first saw the light of day in 1891. Seven years later the rapid growth of athletic contests led to the formation of the Athletic Union, organized for the purpose of further developing and encouraging athletics in the high school. The Spanish-American war drew almost the entire cadet company from Lowell and that organization became a thing of the past.

January, 1898, witnessed the advent of the first number of *THE LOWELL*, Monroe E. Deutsch, editor. The magazine was similar to the monthly magazine of last semester and sold for ten cents. June of the same year brought the formation of the Alumni Association—an association of ex-Lowellites desiring to aid in the encouragement and advancement of their alma mater.

With the introduction of the four-year course came the biology and physics courses in 1901. Football, baseball, track, cycling and swimming running full blast, it was found necessary to adopt the Athletic Constitution in February. The Forestry Club, the Orchestra and the Camera Club were organized in this year and Lowell boasted of a champion chess and checker club. The L. A. V., an open air club founded in 1902, floundered in the same year. Twelve months later the glee clubs entered the school.

The Lowell High School Honor Society began its earnest work for the betterment of Lowell in 1905 and was later reorganized as the Winged L and Scroll Society, together with the Shield and L Society.

Believing that unity was as necessary for other activities as well as athletics, the students adopted, in February, 1905, a Constitution which created the present Associated Student Body with its form of government. The Reading Club organized in this year and was followed by the formation of the Sketch Club and Skating Club. The first Reading Club play, "She Stoops to Conquer," was presented in the study hall of the old building. The performance was a great success, even though the temporary stage did collapse in the midst of a dramatic scene! In 1906 Lowell's first girl president waved the gavel over the Executive Committee! Miss Mary Ada Pence filled the vacancy left by Mr. Van Fleet, the duly elected president.

Leo Meyer secured his last Block "L" in 1909, his last being his fifteenth, the greatest number ever won by a Lowell man!

In 1910 students of Botany enrolled for the first time and shared the zoology laboratory. Bonds to the amount of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars were voted, in that year, for the erection of a new Lowell High

THE LOWELL

School building. In January, 1913, Lowell entered its new home, ad vivendum!

With a faculty of thirty-five and a student body of twelve hundred and sixty, Lowell now gives two large plays each year, she debates with the high schools of Northern California each semester, she ranks high among the high schools with whom she continually engages in athletic contests, and she holds the highest scholarship record for high schools in the State of California.

May she continue to make history of which to be proud!

STANLEY MENTZER, '16.



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CLASSES

HYMAN





DECEMBER 1917.

A. BOERICKE.....	President
GRACE CUTHBERTSON.....	Vice-President
O. FLOOD.....	Secretary
A. KAHN.....	Treasurer
L. KINSPEL.....	Representative

We Are Honored By:

MISS STONE—Society Belle.
KLEIN—Famous member of Harmony Club.

JUNE 1918.

EDWARD GARBARINO.....	President
MISS P. DAHL.....	Vice-President
R. BENDER.....	Secretary
H. MELLITZ.....	Treasurer
MISS LAURIER.....	Representative

We Are Honored By:

WIEL—Infant member of the Fat Man's Club.
CABANISS—Cicero and Demosthenes have nothing on him.

JUNIORS



DECEMBER 1916.

EDMOND BERGEROT.....	President
ALICE REILY.....	Vice-President
LOUIS LALLANE.....	Secretary
P. WOLF.....	Treasurer
CHARLES DOE.....	Sergeant-at-Arms
HOWARD RANSOHOFF.....	Representative

We Are Honored By:

PICCARILLO—Musical Genius.
HASKINS—Stout but artistic.
RANSOHOFF—Our Merman.

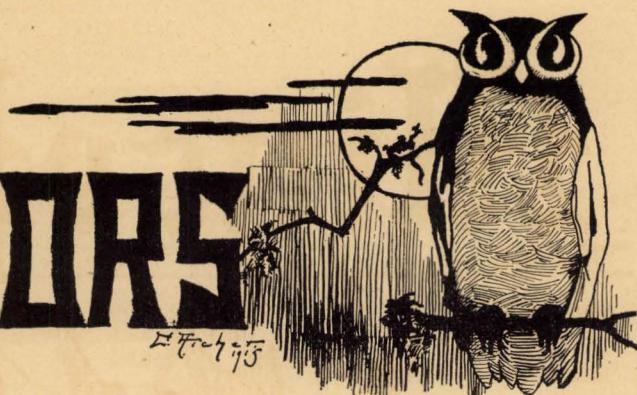
JUNE 1917.

ELSA KLUEGEL.....	President
DOUGLAS MAGGS.....	Secretary
ROBERT NEWTON.....	Treasurer
MARGARET GRIMES.....	Representative

We Are Honored By:

MARGO—Red-headed lady killer.
HELLER—Slow but sure.
McRAE—Quartermaster-General of the Club Department.

SENIORE



DECEMBER '15.

WALTER FRIEDRICH	President
MILDRED SMITH	Vice-President
LOUIS OVIEDO	Secretary
MARK GLASER	Treasurer
GENEVIEVE SPADER	Representative

Spring Term, 1913.

ALVIN HYMAN	President
ELLEN JURGENSON	Vice-President
LINCOLN BATCHELDER	Secretary
ALBERT H. JACOBS	Treasurer
WILLIAM SAMPLE	Sergeant-at-Arms
ANNETTE RUGGLES	Representative

Fall Term, 1913.

WILLIAM SAMPLE	President
ELSIE BRINK	Vice-President
LINCOLN BATCHELDER	Secretary
ALBERT H. JACOBS	Treasurer
CARLOS VOGEL	Sergeant-at-Arms
ANNETTE RUGGLES	Representative

Spring Term, 1914.

ALBERT JACOBS	President
LOUISE PLOEGER	Vice-President
WALTER FRIEDRICH	Secretary
LEON BLUM	Treasurer
ALVIN HYMAN	Representative

Fall Term, 1914.

M. K. SPIEGEL	President
GRACE HOLDER	Vice-President
GRACE GRIMES	Secretary
HARRY SCHWARTZ	Treasurer
ALVIN HYMAN	Representative

Spring Term, 1915.

L. MORRISON	President
W. CAMPBELL	Vice-President
A. HYMAN	Secretary
M. GLASER	Treasurer
L. GRIMES	Representative

JUNE 1916.

LEE ROSENBERG	President
MARION BLACK	Vice-President
HILDA KALLISHER	Secretary
C. W. ANKELE	Treasurer

We Are Honored By:

"DYNAMITE" CAHEN—Never can tell when he's going off.
 REBSTOCK—Editor Gink. Heap much busy.
 BADT—Modest Molly.

Mince Pie

The Journal of the Class of December nineteen Fifteen—

DEC. '15 ELECTS REPRESENTATIVE. FOOTBALL MGR. BROWN FRESHMAN RECEPTION TO BE HELD TOMORROW.

Miss Genevieve was elected Representative of the Class of Dec. '15. Her office left vacant by Grimes, who has now

INTRODUCES NEW THEME.

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THE LOWELL

December Graduates

HENRY IRVING ALTSHLER	GRACE ALICE HOLDER
MINNIE M. BALL	EBBERT HUGHES
LELAND AUSTIN BARBER	ALVIN HYMAN
LINCOLN S. BATCHELDER	MILDRED JONES
JEROME H. BAYER	KATHLEEN KERR
LLOYD BERENDSEN	HARRY A. LASURE
SELLING BRILL	FERARD LEICESTER
ELSIE BRINK	IRVING W. LEVY
ALBERT BROWN	GRACE LINDEN
VERONICA BUCK	CHARLES LINDGREN
ELIZABETH ROSS BUFFINGTON	JOSEPH McBRIDE
WINIFRED CAMPBELL	ARTHUR CAROL McKENNY
CLAUDE COCHRANE	DRAGINNO MENDER
MARIE COHN	ELIZABETH MORRISON
VICTORIA E. CONRADO	GEORGE LEONARD MORRISON
WILLIAM H. CUPPLES	WILLIAM MURDOCK
GRACE DALY	CHRISTINE NERGER
FRANK DANERI	LOUIS J. OVIEDO
CACHOT S. DAVIS	GLADYS PITTAINE
MARGARET EAKIN	LESTER POWER
ANN FELLROTH	CONSTANCE RESTON
BEVERLY H. FISHER	WALTER ROSENBERG
WALTER U. FRIEDRICH	EDWARD SARGENT
E. A. FROWENFELD	HENRY SCHWARTZ
ELEANOR GARDNER	EZRA SHAPEERO
SIDNEY GIDOLL	ALVIN SMITH
GENEVIEVE GILES	MILDRED SMITH
MARK GLASER	GENEVIEVE SPADER
ZOE GRANDI	HELEN SUTHERLAND
ALVIN GREENBERG	HARRY SUZENKAWA
ELAH HALE	CARLOS VOGEL
VIOLET HOENIG	IRENE WARNECKE



HENRY IRVING ALTSCHULER

Orchestra '12, '13, '14; Librarian '12; Secretary '13; Radio Club '15.

MINNIE M. BALL

Glee Club '15.

LELAND AUSTIN BARBER

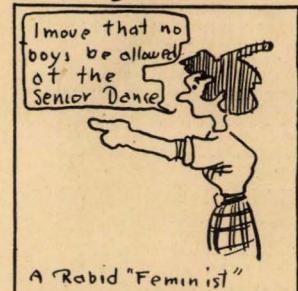
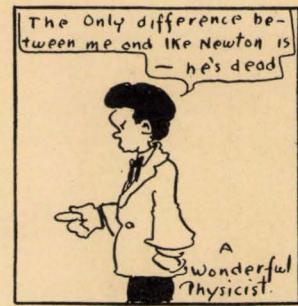
Camera Club '13, '14, '15; Debating Society '15; D. L. C. Convention Committee '15.

ELSIE BRINK

Reading Club '14, '15; Junior Dance Committee '14; High Junior Dance Committee '14; Camera Club '15; Cast "The Kleptomania" '15; Staff Girls "Lowell" '15; Staff "Mince Pie" '14, '15; Class Vice-President '13; Senior Dance Committee '15.

LINCOLN S. BATCHELDER

Glee Club '12; Representative '13, '14, '15; Librarian '13, '14; Pianist '12; '13, '14, '15; Cast "The Fortune Hunter" '15; Class Representative '12; Class Secretary '15; Junior Dance Committee '14; Senior Day Committee '15.





JEROME H. BAYER

Debating Society '12, '13, '14, '15; Corresponding Secretary '14; President '15; Team '15; Winner D. L. C. Declamation Contest '14, '15; Reading Club '14; Senior Day Committee '15; Valedictorian '15.

ELIZABETH ROSS BUFFINGTON

Transferred from Manual Arts High School, L. A., '13; Reading Club '14, '15.

LLOYD H. BERENDSEN

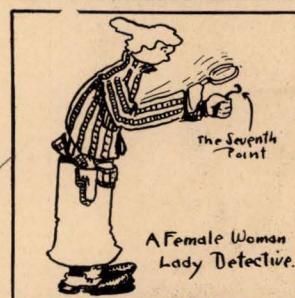
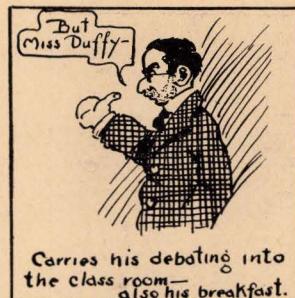
Walking Club '12; Reading Club '15; Fotball Interclass '15; Swimming Interclass '15; Staff "The Lowell" '15; Cast "The Fortune Hunter" '15; Senior Dance Committee '15; Historian '15.

WINIFRED CAMPBELL

Tennis Club '12; Business Manager '13; Reading Club '14, '15; Vice-President '15; Class Vice-President '15; Cast "The Kleptomaniac" '15.

SELLING BRILL

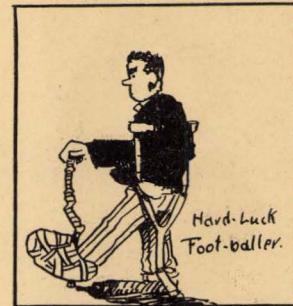
Transferred from "The Dalles High School," Oregon, '14; Students' Affairs Committee '15; Reading Club '15; Debating Society '15.





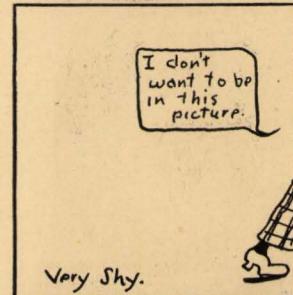
ALBERT BROWN

Swimming Interclass, '13, '14, '15; Track Interclass, '14, '15; Track Team, '15; Football Interclass, '14; Football Team, '14, '15; Football Manager, '15; Manager L. H. S. B. E., '15; Camera Club, '14, '15; Representative, '14; Cafeteria Committee, '15; Cafeteria Staff, '15; Reading Club, '15; L. & Scroll Society; Associate Business Manager "The Lowell," '15; Staff of "Mince Pie."



MARIE COHN

Glee Club '12, '13; Camera Club '13; Tennis Club '15; Reading Club '15.

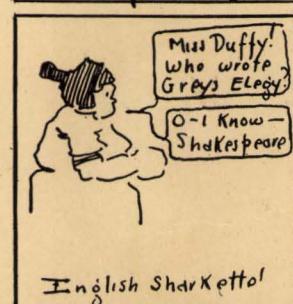


CLAUDE COCHRANE



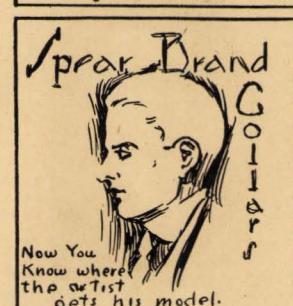
VICTORIA E. CONRADO

Camera Club '13, '14; Glee Club '15; Reading Club '15.



WM. H. CUPPLES

Interclass Baseball '12, '14, '15; Interclass Track '13, '14; Track Team '13, '14; Reading Club '15.





FRANK DANERI

GRACE DALY

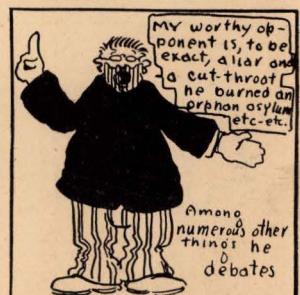
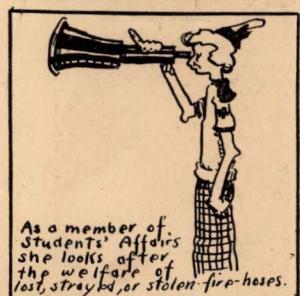
CACHOT S. DAVIS

Baseball Interclass '12, '14,
'15; Baseball Team '15; Foot-
ball Interclass '15; Reading
Club '15.

MARGARET A. EAKIN
Students' Affairs Commit-
tee '15.

BEVERLY H. FISHER

Debating Society '12, '13,
'14, '15; Corresponding Secre-
tary, '14; Captain Senior
Team '15; Glee Club '12, '14;
'15; Vice-President '15; Read-
ing Club '15; Orchestra '14,
'15; Camera Club '14, '15.





WALTER W. FRIEDRICH

Wearer of Block L; Reading Club '15; President '15; Debating Society '12, '13, '15; D. L. C. Delegate '15; Glee Club '13, '14, '15; Vice-President '15; Business Manager '15; Track Interclass '12, '13, '14, '15; Track Team '13, '14, '15; Class Secretary '14; Sergeant-at-Arms '15; Class President '15.

ANNA FELROTH

E. R. FROWENFELD

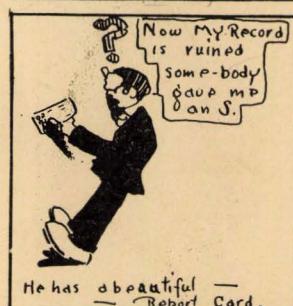
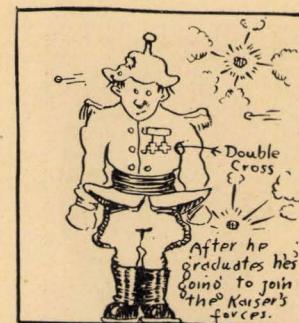
Business Staff "The Lowell" '15; Track Interclass '13, '14, '15; Camera Club '12, '13, '14, '15; Stamp Club '12; Class Tennis Manager '15.

ELEANOR R. GARDNER

Students' Affairs Committee '14, '15; Reading Club '15; Senior Day Committee '15.

SIDNEY GIDOLL

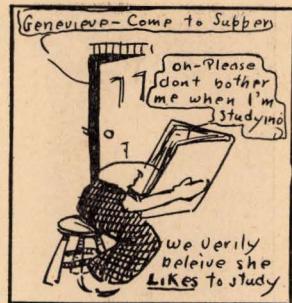
Debating Society '15; Radio Club '15; Handball Representative '13, '14, '15.





GENEVIEVE GILES

Camera Club '14, '15; Tennis '11, '14, '15.



MARK GLASER

Camera Club '12; Handball Interclass '13, '14; Business Staff "The Lowell" '15; Class Treasurer '15; Associate Editor "The Mince Pie" '15.



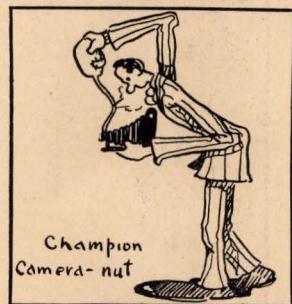
ZOE GRANDI

Glee Club '12, '13; Tennis Club '12, '13; Reading Club '14, '15; Staff "Girls' Lowell" '13; Shield and L. Society.



ALVIN J. GREENBERG

Debating Society '12, '13, '14, '15; Corresponding Secretary '13; Recording Secretary '15; D. L. C. Dance Committee '15; Interclass '12; Camera Club '12, '13, '14, '15; Representative '12; Librarian '15; President '15; Reading Club '14, '15; Cast "The Fortune Hunter" '15; Staff "The Mince Pie" '14, '15; Freshman Reception Committee '15; Senior Day Committee '15.



ELAH HALE

Transferred from Fort Worth High School, Texas; Tennis Club '14; Reading Club '15; Staff "The Lowell" '13, '14, '15; Staff "Mince Pie" '15.





E. HUGHES

Track Interclass '12, '15; Football Interclass '14; Basketball Interclass '14; Tennis Interclass '15; Tennis Manager '15; Stamp Club '12; Rowing Club '15; Glee Club '15; Radio Club '15; Chairman Pennant Committee '15.

VIOLET HOENIG

Reading Club '15.

ALVIN HYMAN

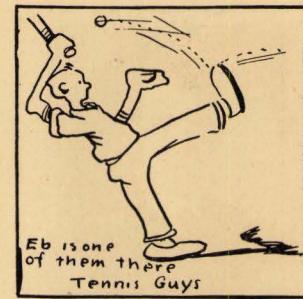
Wearer of Block "L"; Glee Club '14, '15; Secretary '15; President '15; Debating Society '12, '15; Representative '15; D. L. C. Delegate '15; Senior Team '15; Reading Club '15; Cast "The Fortune Hunter" '15; Editor "Mince Pie" '14; Art Staff "The Lowell" '13, '14, '15; Art Manager '15; Associate '15; Editor '15; Students Affairs Committee '15; President '15; Senior Dance Committee '15; Class President '13; Representative '14; Secretary '15; Interclass Track '12; Interclass Football '12; Baseball Team '13, '14, '15; Manager '14; Interclass Football '14, '15; Second Team '14; Winged L and Scroll Society.

GRACE ALICE HOLDER

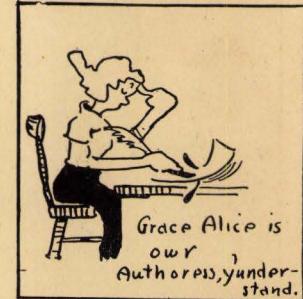
Camera Club '12, '13, '14, '15; Vice-President '13; Tennis Club '13, '14; Reading Club '14, '15; Debating Society '12, '13; Glee Club '12, '13, '14, '15; Class Vice-President '14; Girls' Lowell Staff '15.

HARRY A. LASURE

Debating Club '15; Lowell High Cadets '15.



He has to draw these cartoons(?) and he's in a hurry to do out - so he won't put any picture in this space.





FERARD LEICESTER

Track Team '13; Interclass Track '14; Interclass Tennis '14, '15; Interclass Swimming '14; Camera Club '13, '14; Debating Society '13, '14, '15; Reading Club '15; Athletic Manager '15; Graduate in 3½ years.

MILDRED JONES

Reading Club '15.

IRVING W. LEVY

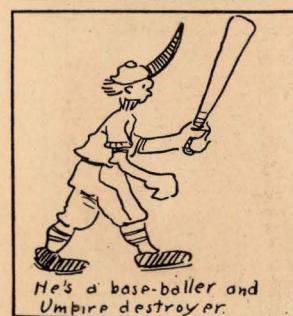
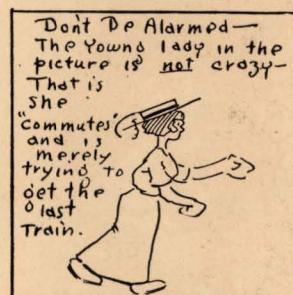
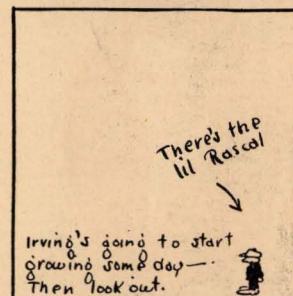
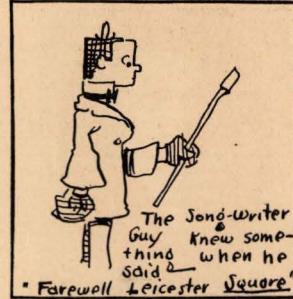
Debating Society '12; Camera Club '12, '13; Reading Club '15.

KATHLEEN M. KERR

Transferred from San Mateo High School '13; Freshman Reception Committee '15; Senior Day Committee '15.

CHARLES LINDGREN

Baseball Team '15; Football Interclass '14, '15; Glee Club '15.





GRACE LINDEN

Glee Club '11; Tennis Club '14, '15; Reading Club '14, '15; Senior Dance Committee '15.

JOSEPH McBRIDE



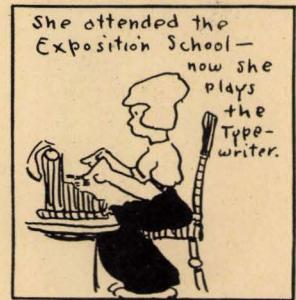
ELIZABETH E. MORRISON

Basketball '12; Tennis Club '13, '14, '15; Class Tennis Team, '13, '14, '15; School Team '14; Tennis Manager '1, '15; Class Tennis Manager '13; Editorial Staff "Mince Pie" '14; Reading Club '15; Shield and L Society.



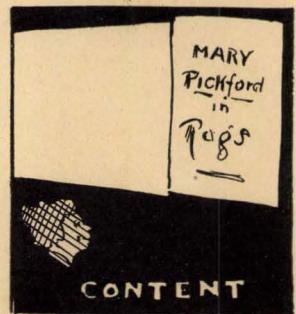
ARTHUR CAROL MCKENNEY

Reading Club '15; Interclass Football '15; Interclass Baseball '15; Editor "Mince Pie" '15; Cast "The Fortune Hunter" '15; Senior Dance Committee '15.

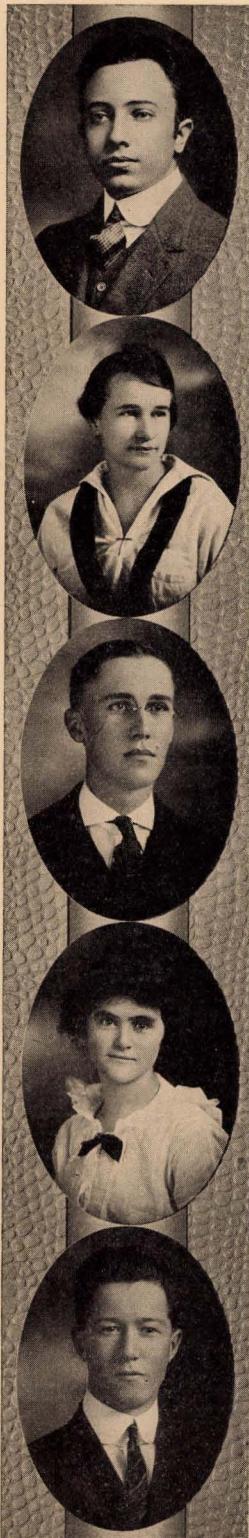


CHRISTINE V. NERGER

Girls' Glee Club '14, '15.



CONTENT



DRAGIMO MENDER

GLADYS PITTM

Glee Club '12; Camera Club '14, '15; Reading Club '15.

GEORGE LEONARD MORRISON

Interclass Baseball '12, '13; Interclass Track '13; Camera Club '14, '15; Secretary '15; Debating Society '15; Staff "Mince Pie" '15; Class President '15.

CONSTANCE M. L. RESTON

Glee Club '12, '13, '14, '15; Executive Committee '13; Business Manager '13; Librarian '14; President '14; Vice-President '15; Camera Club '13, '14; Reading Club '15; Cast "Kleptomaniac" '15; Staff "Mince Pie" '15.

WM. MURDOCK

Reading Club '15; Captain Second Football Team '14, '15; Athletic Manager '14; Track Interclass '14; Debating Society '15; Senior Team '15; D. L. C. Dance Committee '15; Junior Dance Committee '14; Chairman Senior Day Committee '15; Freshman Reception Committee '15; Cafeteria Committee '15; Staff "Mince Pie" '14.





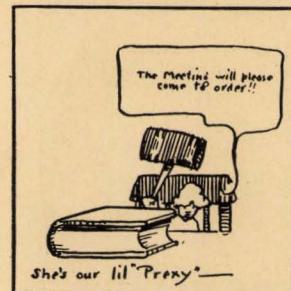
LOUIS J. OVIEDO

Orchestra '13, '14, '15; Reading Club '15; Camera Club '14, '15; Debating Society '15; Class Secretary '15.



ANNETTE E. RUGGLES

Class Representative '13; Reading Club '14, '15; Students' Affairs Committee '15; President L. H. S. S. A. '15.

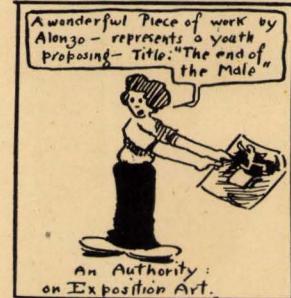


LESTER POWER



MILDRED SMITH

Reading Club '15; Camera Club '14, '15; Representative '15; Tennis Club '12, '13, '14; Debating Society '15; Class Vice-President '15.



WALTER ROSENBERG

Reading Club '15; Debating Society '15; Camera Club '12, '13; Stamp Club '12.





EZRA SHAPEERO

Debating Society '11, '12, '14, '15; Stadium High School, Tacoma, '12, '13; D. L. C. Delegate '15; Winner Individual Speaking Cup D. L. C. '15; Reading Club '15; Camera Club '15.

GENEVIEVE SPADER

Reading Club '15; Class Representative '15; Senior Dance Committee '15.

HENRY M. SCHWARTZ

Orchestra '12, '13, '14, '15; President '13; Representative '14; Librarian '15; Walking Club '12; Reading Club '15; Cast "The Fortune Hunter" '15; Class Treasurer '14; Glee Club '12, '13, '14, '15; Representative '12; Harmony Club '15; Senior Dance Committee '15.

HELEN SUTHERLAND

Wearer of Block "L"; Football Interclass '15; Basketball Interclass '15; Swimming Interclass '12, '13; Swimming Team '13, '14, '15; California Interscholastic Championship Team '14; Captain '15; Stamp Club '12; Radio Club '15; Staff "Mince Pie" '15; Senior Day Committee '15.



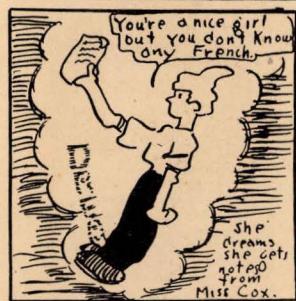
He can and does argue about anything.



Her Ambition



Happy Knows a wonderful tale about a violin case.
ASK him to tell it.



You're a nice girl, but you don't know any French.
She dreams she gets notes from Miss Cox.



Lefty Pulls off some wonderful dives



HARRY LUZUKAWA

Track Team '12, '13, '14, '15; Interclass Track '12, '13, '14, '15; Baseball Interclass '12, '13; Championship 120 Relay P. A. A. S. Meet '15.



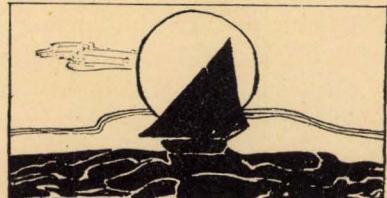
IRENE WARNECKE

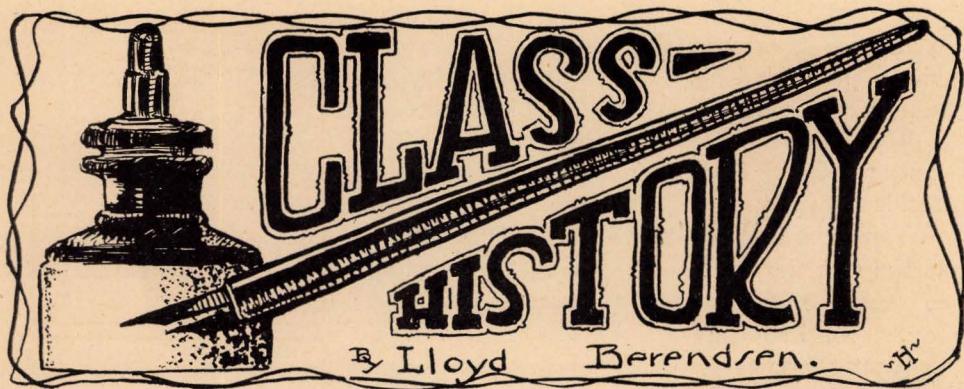
Girls' Glee Club '11, '12, '13; Tennis Club '12; Reading Club '13, '14, '15.



C. C. VOGEL

Interclass Baseball '13, '14; Track Interclass '13; Walking Club '12; Class Sergeant-at-Arms '14; Interclass Football '14; Interclass Handball '12.





January 1, 1912! What a day in the annals of Lowell High School! Then entered into the insecure walls of the "Sutter street institution" the Class of December '15, the Exposition class. Indeed it was to be a great class but none of the shrinking grammar school graduates who looked furtively around them in the unpleasant and unwarranted expectation of a hazing, then knew of its future greatness. Proud in the possession of our grammar school diplomas and meek before the haughty glances of the upper classmen we anxiously obeyed the order to assemble in the yard. Absolutely innocent and unsuspecting of the horrible plan about to be executed, we stood in line, friend next to friend, and awaited our sentence. And then it came! We numbered "one," "two," "three," "four" as per instructions and then the "ones" were sent to one room, the "twos" to another, and so on! Thus efficiently separated from our friends, we were placed beyond the immediate temptation of coalitions which might undermine the teachers' discipline. However, we soon found other agreeable companions, and enjoyed many an exciting, if somewhat childish, eraser fight in our respective rooms. Our Freshman year quickly passed. Having learned from Miss Duffy how to write the most exciting blood and thunder stories, and having been initiated into Latin, Algebra, Ancient History, Physical Geography and the wielding of the charcoal pencil, we entered the long-hoped-for new building as Sophomores.

For three days we wore sweaters and overcoats to classes while the new heating system made up its mind to heat. Then we settled down and dabbled with the brand new equipment of the Zoology and Botany Laboratories, delving further and further into the realms of science. Meanwhile the sod fights of the lot on Sutter street had given place to pitched battles among the sand hills of Ashbury street. These, however, proved at times somewhat too exciting, and as Juniors our behavior became almost sedate.

Having been organized as a really truly bona fide class the year before, we opened the eyes of the school by giving a wonderful dance at the Native Sons' Hall in our Low Junior term and a most successful Hallowe'en Dance in the school auditorium during our High Junior term. In spite of these social activities, our lessons were far from neglected and we quickly assimilated the knowledge which our instructors offered us, while the development of our musicians, debaters, litterateurs, journalists, and athletes

THE LOWELL

quietly proceeded. With the opening of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition we looked on the world as Seniors.

Our dignity had now almost reached its zenith. We were slowly nearing our goal and we felt it. We gave to the school its second girl president! We were justly proud of ourselves and our dignity increased but somewhere there lurked the dormant spirit of the eraser fights and the old-time battles, so when June '16 trifled with our brand new '15 pennants we calmly marched into their stronghold and chastised them, for which may we be forgiven!

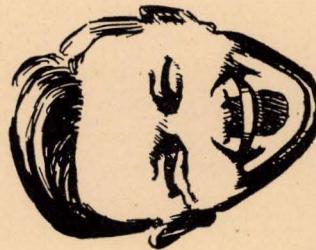
Graduation is near! The plans for Senior Day and the Senior Dance are complete. Our recommendations are forthcoming (?) and with a little more earnest work December '15 will have obtained the reward of four years' faithful service, and, whether we are to go into college or into the world at large we look to the future with serenity and the confidence of merit.

THE ROMANCE OF GREENBURG.

Once upon a time, in the little village of **Greenburg**, a **Batchel(d)er** named **Lasure** was in love with sweet **Genevieve**. They met each day under the big **Linden** tree, where so many loving **Cupples** had met before. Here he would **Holder** in his arms and gaze fondly upon her. Her father, **Schwartz**, the **Barber**, favored **Brill**, the **Glazer**, that famous **Mender** of windows. The reason for this was that **Brill** was well-to-do; he could even keep a **Gardner**, while **Lasure** was but a poor **Fisher**. **Brill** could take **Gen** to the next town to see those two famous comedians, **Rosenberg** and **Daneri**. **Lasure** could only **Bayer** an ice-cream **Cohen**. But **Lasure** liked animals, while **Brill** did not. **Gen's** motto was, "Love me, love my **Kerr**." **Brill** tried hard to like that dog. He even bought it **Campbell's** soup and **Kellog's** toasted cornflakes. When the dish was empty, he used to say, "**Morrison** the table." But it was no use in **Bucking** against fate. The dog did not like him.

Gen had many admirers, among them **Levy**, the **Taylor**; **Murdock**, the **Sargent** of police, and **McKenney**, the village **Smith**. One day little **Berend**(')son saw **Lasure Reston** under the **Linden**. As he watches, **Lasure Hughes** the bark of the tree in the shape of a heart. The little fellow ran and told **Schwartz**, who **Fellroth**. He told **Lasure** to go. Poor **Lasure**, broken-hearted, went up on the roof of the biggest of the three **Brown Barnes**, and prepared to jump from the **Brink**. Just at this moment a letter was thrown up to him. It was from **Gidoll**, his rich uncle, in the **Sutherland**, who had left him his fortune. These millions would make **Lasure** a great **Power** in the financial world. He nearly killed himself accidentally, but managed to get home safely. He bought a nice canary **Vogel** for **Gen**, and then asked her father for her hand. His request was granted. Amid the shouting of the populace and the **Blair** of trumpets, the couple were united; the ceremony being presided over by **Hyman**, the god of marriage. At the last moment **Friedrichs** entered, and presented the blushing bride with a "**Mince Pie**" in behalf of the class of Dec. '15.

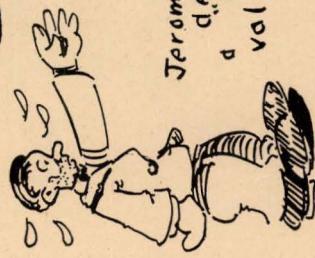
Lasure and his (Mc) **Bride** lived happily ever after.



Walter Friedrichs
President
of
Senior Class



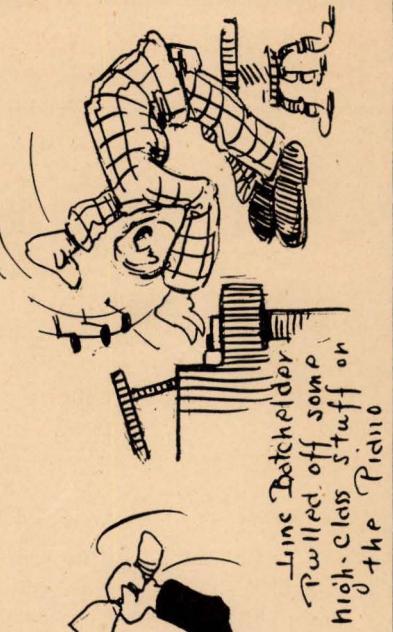
"Hen" Schwartz, Violin
Solo - evoked great applause



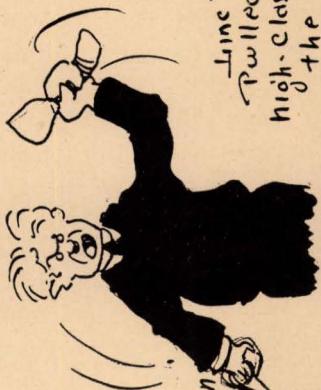
Jerome Bayer
delivered
a "moving"
valadictory



Bill Murdock
Chairman
Senior Day Committee



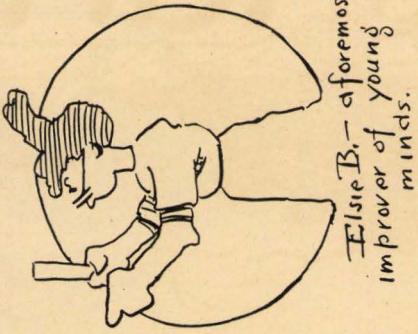
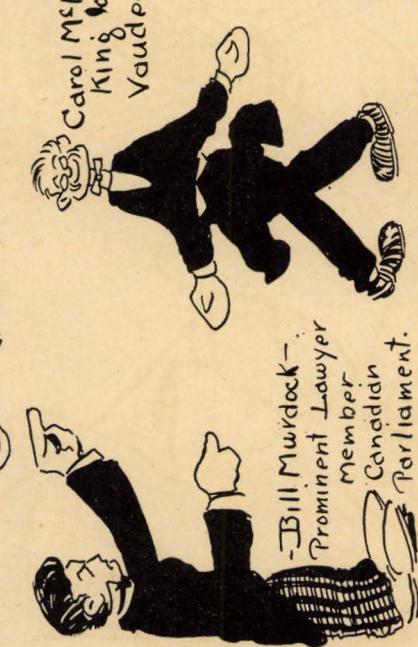
Jim Batchelder
Pulled off some
high-class stuff on
the Piano



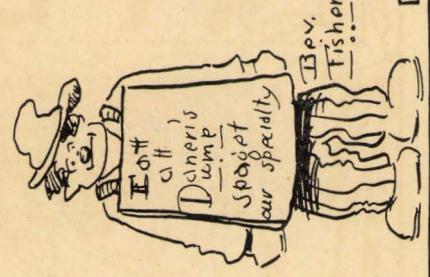
"Frosty"
Berndson
waxed excited
in his
Class History



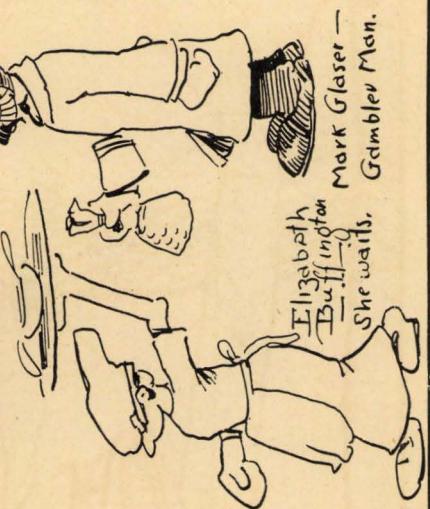
Cartoonograph of Dec. 15 ATs.



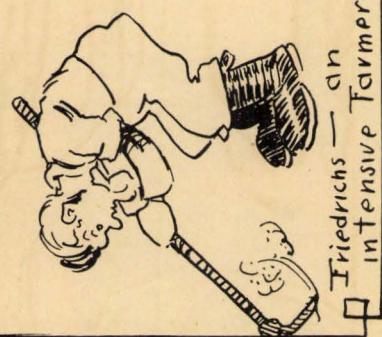
Elise B. — foremost
improver of young
minds.



Rev.
Fisher



Mark Glaser —
Gambler Man.



LITERARY



THE LOWELL

The Ghost of Vinnuel



INSTANT, sequestered in a valley of the Andes, lie the ruins of Vinnuel, a moldering reminiscence of an ancient race that is no more. The swarthy Incas are silenced in the dust of antiquity, but a voice comes from this sepulchre of theirs to keep them in fearful memory.

The black ghost of the Incas treads unmolested, ghastly, among the ruins. When the great storms contend with the mountains, the awful thing races with the screaming tempest, but when the strife is over, he vanishes, and again the hush of desolation prevails.

* * * * *

On my arrival at gay Santa Casa I made my home in a romantic Spanish villa. I became acquainted with a shepherd called José. He was an ideal rustic, a creature of the wilds, ingenious as a simple child. I found him so refreshing that I sought his society, and occasionally made long trips with him into the mountain recesses.

One day, while rambling alone in the hills beyond Santa Casa, I came to a sharp fall at the base of which lay a deep valley. While studying it with geological interest, I heard a peculiar chant—weird in melody, heathenish in words—that rose out of the canyon. Creeping to the edge, I looked over and saw José in prayerful attitude, intoning the mournful hymn. A twig snapped under me, and José discovering me, I let myself down to where he was. He drew away from me in embarrassment, sullen and speechless. But after he had remained so for some time, he said, falteringly, "Don't you feel him near, Senor?"

"Who?" I said in alarm.

"The Devil," he replied.

I looked the boy full in the face to see if he were sincere. I couldn't doubt it. Conquering a shudder, he stammered: "Senor, my friend, these mountains are bewitched, and if I sing not that song my flocks will die and the devil will get them. That hymn frightens him away, and my sheep are spared." But reading in my face my astonishment and incredulity, and exclaiming, "You will believe, Senor, before you leave these mountains, you will believe," he flung away from me, and, with his sheep, was soon lost to sight beyond a knoll. When he had disappeared I returned to Santa Casa, depressed and uneasy, it seemed such a hopeless task to grapple with such superstition.

Whenever, thereafter, I met José he led our talk to some tale of the supernatural—a monster whose breath seared the grass, or a witch whose eye sickened the sheep—and each time he ended his story with a passionate appeal to me to believe him. One day I happened upon him as I was studying the

THE LOWELL

formation of a ridge above the meadows of Columella, which are near the ruins of Vinnuel. Together we scaled the crags above, commanding a view which filled me with ecstasy. I voiced my delight and rhapsodized upon the beauties of the emerald meadows at our feet, the sublime snow tops of the Andes in the distance. But it soon struck me that José was strangely unresponsive, and when I turned to learn the reason, I found him trembling and tearful, his face contorted with an expression mingled of despair and fear.

"What ails you, José?" I exclaimed.

He didn't reply at first, but silently pointed to some ruins snuggling into the mountain slope at our right, and then he whispered: "It's the ghost city of Vinnuel. Let us get away, Senor. Soon it will be dark."

"But José," I interrupted, "the moon is full to-night, and she will light us down to the villa."

"No, no," he fairly shrieked, "come from this accursed place, and I will tell you, and you must believe."

So we turned from the haunt of ghosts toward the homes of men, but not till we were within sight of Santa Casa did José slacken his pace. Then, when the early lights of the village cheered his eyes, and the music of the guitar and the merry laugh of the dancers soothed his ears, he dropped to the ground, motioned me to sit beside him, and told me the following story:

"She was a shepherdess, Senor, called Lupita, as beautiful as the Madonna in the Church of St. Ignacio. We were so happy! We laughed at care and trouble and fear; we even said, when we were married we'd brave the ghost of Vinnuel together. But—draw closer, Senor, lest the accurst thing hear me—one day when her flock was grazing in the rich clover of Columella a storm broke over the mountains. It raged furiously for hours. We searched for her but—but she never came back. Some of the flock returned; but they sickened and died. Finally, in the ruins of Vinnuel we found some shreds of her dress, spotted with blood. The ghost had destroyed her. That is all, Senor. But I pray you, avoid that spot, for men can't cope with devils."

I humored him by promising, and together we returned to the village. Next morning I made inquiries about the disappearance of the shepherdess, Lupita. Though the village gossips added to the narrative many picturesque details about the devotion of the young couple, her loveliness, his frenzied search and distracted grief, they told me substantially José's story. They all feared the ghost of Vinnuel, and their fear fired me with a desire to solve the mystery of it.

Some time later, when weather signs prophesied a storm, I hired a burro from an accommodating peon and prepared for the mountains, to meet the ghost of Vinnuel. The news of my intention spread like wildfire. The villagers tried to dissuade me; they regarded me sorrowfully as one about to die. When José heard of it he came to the villa, and bracing himself against the door of my room stormed: "You shall not go! José will not let you go! See, I am strong and will hold you here!" I had to throw him to free myself, and leaving him divided between resentment and grief, I hurried towards my goal.

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The storm was gathering fast. Rain was already falling. The air was sharp. Although I gathered my cloak closer about me, I shivered. But the dependable little burro seemed indifferent, for he measured off tier after tier of the gray path till we approached the meadow of Columella. Then the tempest broke; it howled and shrieked; torrents fell; the great trees writhed and fell in anguish. At times I clung to the hillside for safety, the burro cowered. Finally after buffeting the blast for two hours, the tiny beast sank exhausted. I half coaxed, half dragged it to a comparatively sheltered spot, where I secured it as best I could. Then I groped my way alone toward the ghost city.

I drew near its moldering temple. A peculiar light flashed, relit and then sank away in the ruins. Now it was in a hollow vault, now on the walls; here, there; it seemed to be everywhere, yet nowhere. The air grew more oppressive. A cold perspiration broke out all over me. Something was drawing closer and closer. It was pursuing me. It pushed past and was gone in the beat of the storm. It was a material thing—it had eyes. I groped more blindly in my agitation, and seemed to feel that It groped with me, for I felt a tainted breath on my cheek. Whenever I turned to confront It, It disappeared. The storm lulled a bit, and my spirits revived. Reason now took its place above instinct. I prepared thoughtfully for defense. Drawing my stiletto, I crept towards the corner where the eyes had last appeared, and as I reached it, found myself face to face with the ghost of Vinnuel. A quick lunge, a shriek of agony, a flood of hot blood that covered my hands—and I fell unconscious.

* * * * *

With joyful demonstrations the people of Santa Casa welcomed me back. In the plaza before the church I showed them all that remained of the ghost of Vinnuel—the pelt of a giant cougar, which, driven from the mountains by the storm's fury, had found shelter under the ruined arches and in the empty crypts of Vinnuel. Then I showed them the poisonous lambkill, a herb that grew plentifully in the Columella meadows, and which had probably caused the death of Lupita's sheep. There wasn't a flaw in my proof, a child could understand. But would you believe me, those incomprehensible people praised God that I had been spared, and rejoiced that I had escaped meeting the real ghost of Vinnuel.

LELAND AYER.



THE LOWELL

Alias Charlie Chaplin



HE other day a school teacher asked her pupils to name the three most famous men in America. "Teddy Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Charlie Chaplin," chorused the class. Which shows that the hero of this tale is a great man. In fact, he has attained more fame by falling down stairs and wearing baggy pants, than George Washington ever could by chopping down a hundred cherry trees.

This beloved lunatic has half the country imitating. If a theater wants a full house, it announces

a Charlie Chaplin contest. Then all the rubes within a fifty-mile radius enter this race for fame, and fall all over the suffering stage, in an endeavor to emulate the great leader. But it was one of these very contests that almost ruined Charlie's reputation, and moreover, it came within an ace of breaking poor Chaplin's heart. I have the story from one Johnny Eldridge, the comedians' companion on that miserable night, so it is authentic in every detail.

Chaplin had been working hard all day at the Essanay studio, on a rough-and-tumble, go-as-you-please scenario called "Dough and Dynamite," and it was after six when the slave-driving director called quits. Unfortunately, the photo clown had an engagement at a down-town cafe, with Eldredge. Charlie didn't want to miss that appointment, so he hitched up his trousers a notch, yanked his elusive tie into place, cocked his hat at a respectable angle, and set out, without even pulling off his famous moustache. He even swung that loyal cane of his, as he walked hurriedly to the place of meeting.

But everybody was rushing about on his own account. So Charlie created no furor. Eldredge says that he and Chaplin ate their dinner leisurely, talking of many subjects, such as the weather, Charlie's next role, Essanay's latest release, and the next election, but nothing unusual was in the wind. But after their repast, some pesky spirit must have led the two into the theatrical district. (At this point, Johnny grew very bitter, because Chaplin has always blamed him for what happened that evening.)

In front of the Elite Theater, Chaplin and Eldredge were confronted with a huge electric sign, its wicked letters reading: "Charlie Chaplin Contest Tonight. One Hundred Dollars in Prizes."

Eldredge was seized with an inspiration. At least, his idea seemed a brilliant one to the two young men, optimists that they were. Eldredge looked at Chaplin. "There's a cool hundred in it for you," he said. Charlie smiled—one of his screen pockers.

"Johnnie," he said, "you're a genius. I'm going into this contest."

The adventurers walked around the corner, toward the stage entrance. The door seemed to be a sort of magnet, which attracted amateurs to it, for

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hurrying up the street were countless Charlie Chaplins, in the attire that marked them as contestants for the coveted prize within.

"Looks as if they 'd run me off on a multigraph," remarked the comedian. "Talk about seeing yourself as others see you! These fellows are regular human mirrors. And to think that I'm the guy that all these would-be actors are modeling themselves after. Well, I'm an original fool, anyway, if that's any comfort."

"But, man," exclaimed Eldredge, "can't you feel that coin nestling in your pocket? Shucks, if they pay you to make a fool out of yourself, they're the simps, not you."

The Charlie Chaplins, original and copies, surged in through the stage door. The stage manager, a big, business-like man, stood them in line.

"Ever see Charlie Chaplin without a moustache?" he asked a smooth-shaven youth who had left the required hair at home. The contestant retired.

"Unbend, will yuh, unbend!" This to a gentleman of Chesterfieldian aspect, who leaned on his cane in a dignified manner.

"Where in Oshkosh did you grab that Kelly?" he thundered to an unfortunate lad in a last year's beaver. "Go home and steal your pa's derby."

"Step lively, there, that hundred ain't yours yet," he said to our Chaplin. "Name, please?"

"Char—ah—er—Jack Kerrigan," stammered the film favorite.

“All right. Ready, first guy here. Curtain. Go ahead!”

Percy Clyde, the young man to whom the manager had motioned, hesitated. His shoes weren't long enough, he thought, and his trousers were loose. He hitched at them nervously. The curtain was up and the audience was waiting. Percy thought that there must be a thousand people out there at least. The stage manager gave him an unceremonious push. Clyde was ejected suddenly from the wings, and sprawled full length on the stage.

The audience, set for a good laugh, howled. Percy stood up and hobbled toward the front of the stage, Chaplin-wise. He had forgotten his cane, and he knew his trousers would play him traitor yet. Someone threw the walking stick onto the stage. He dived after it, and out of pure awkwardness, crashed into the footlights. The gallery yelled. Clyde felt like a person who is dreaming that he is rolling down hill in a barrel and can neither stop nor wake up. Like the barrel, Percy kept going. For five long minutes he fell, and stumbled, and tripped on the hard, unyielding stage. He was a living advertisement for "Can't-Slip Clothes," for, provocation though they had, his faithful trousers moved not an inch. With the ordeal over, and the applause drifting in through the wings, Percy smiled once more. He was a satisfied but aching man.

Charlie smiled indulgently. He had used every one of those time-worn tricks years ago. Chaplin, the king of clowns, had no fear of defeat. His turn come, Charlie sauntered onto the stage, his feet at an obtuse angle, his collar trying conclusions with his chin. He "Mr.-and-Mrs.-Vernon-Castle" about the stage to the stately tunes of "Ballin' the Jack," and lead the orchestra

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in a manner that was a cross between Kelly leading the rooting section and Beethoven conducting the Ninth Symphony.

Then he chased the spotlight. Chased it with the glee of a nature bug after a rare specimen. Up and down the stage he followed the elusive light; leaping into the unresisting ozone, showing Art Smith how to loop-the-loop, and almost breaking his nasal appendage in the manner demonstrated by Mr. Charles Niles. And when he at last stood in the full glow of the limelight, he caressed it with the ardor of Peter Pan fondling Tinkle. Having stayed the limit, he retired from the stage with the grace of the fat lady in the side show dancing the tango.

"The prize in our contest to-night"—it was the voice of the announcer. Chaplin, exultant, confident, listened nonchanantly—"goes to Mr. Percy Clyde. (Applause.) Some excellent work was done by Mr. Jack Kerrigan but the judges failed to see that he imitated Charlie Chaplin, which was the object of the contest."

Charlie Chaplin had been beaten in an imitation of himself.

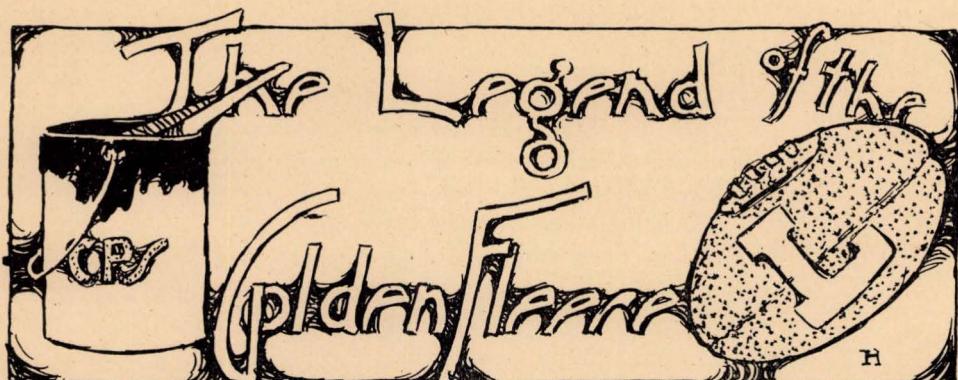
ROBERT WORMSER, '17.

In Memoriam

When I recall the joy thou gavest me
Before thy grievous and untimely end,
My most melodious and esteeméd friend,
I sigh, and shed a sad salt tear for thee.
What if thy chant's celestial melody,
And to thy song Apollo's self doth lend
A list'ning ear, and doth thy work command
And bid thee lead the seraph's harmony!

But soft! why mourn thy sweet voice heard no more,
When thou upon a higher plane doth stand,
And in the boundless empyrean soar
Unmindful of the grief that racks the land,
And happy in thy heavenly habitat,
Oh, my canary swallowed by the cat?

ALVIN GREENBERG, Dec. '15.



Of wars I sing that in the present day
Are waged by heroes as they were of old:
The tales of chivalry shall live alway,
When rustic bards their legends long have told.

Part the First.

Not in the conflicts of Achaeian lore,
Nor in the legends of an Ilian war
Are greater deeds exalted to the sky
Than are the victories of Lowell High:
Never in ancient days of heroes great,
Led on for glory or impelled by fate,
Were there such struggles for a worthy prize
As those which in these days have graced our eyes;
For never in those days did men contest,
For glory, leadership, as in the West;
Nor on the Delphic shores were men so bold
To seek supremacy and power hold.

Beset by foes, who sought to wrest away
The laurels gained in many a glorious day,
Old Lowell stood, encompassed all around,
With stout resolve to yield the foe no ground.
Twice did the soldiers of the gallant Voyne
Go forth to meet the foe and battle join,
But to be "licked" at first in struggles fierce,
And then to rally so that they could pierce
The rival line and force the foe to yield
Unto such heroes; but upon the field
There came at once another stalwart foe
That sought to conquer Lowell at one blow.

THE LOWELL

Part the Second.

O argent orb, thou pale and waning moon,
That from the midnight heavens dost resume
Thy cheerless vigil till the rising sun
Unfolds to human eyes what night hath done,
Never in all the years that thou hast shone
Hast thou such arrant varlety e'er known!
Not when Ulysses of the Argive host
Bore Troy's palladium from its native coast,
Nor when Black Douglas under cover of night
Scaled with his men, the surest castle's height,
Was there a deed so dastard and so sly
As thou didst witness from the silent sky;

For, 'neath thy pallid guise, their standards green—
Green as the marsh-reeds from Lake Thrasymene
Which Pluto carries to his dismal den
For Vulcan to make spears of, for his men—
Did Vulcan's hosts send forth by coward spies,
And plant their ensigns under Lowell's eyes
While all good people slept; but on the morn,
How great the rage, how righteous was the scorn
Of Lowell's hosts when on their temple halls
Their walks, their ways, their rugged clay-stone walls,
Were found these emblems of the hostile throng,
Imposed for public gaze, but not for long!

Part the Third.

For men and maidens, anxious to retain
Their spotless temples free from hands profane,
Set out before the tocsins had struck nine
To purify their halls—with turpentine!
And, in their Forum gathered for advice,
A fair young priestess first makes sacrifice,
Invoking aid of all the powers that be,
To grant to Captain Voyne the victory;
Then calling on the warriors, Turkington
Recalls the victories by Lowell won,
And promises, if Hercules be nigh,
To win the victory for Lowell High.

But when some rasher youths resentment showed,
And indiscreetly wished to storm the abode
Of Vulcan's coward horde, there rose supreme
Above the tumult one, who it would seem

THE LOWELL

Was used to wiser counsels and fair play:
For, as he spake, that memorable day,
Colossal, as of Rhodes, he stood: his plea,
Was that of Honor before Victory;
Recounting how, in glorious days of yore
Lowell had come victorious from the war,
Her standards all unsullied, thus alone,
Would Lowell win, as time had clearly shown.

Part the Fourth.

The sun had reached the zenith, on the day
The battle must be fought; without delay,
The Lowell army marched to meet the foe;
They met upon a verdant plain below
A rounding range of hills whereon great hosts
Had gathered to await the vaunting boasts
Of Vulcan's vain supporters: 'gainst the Green
And Blacker emblems of the foe was seen
An "L" of Red, upon a field of White:
Thus lay the field, bathed in the golden light
Of an autumnal sun, beneath whose gleam
Such stalwart foes would fight to be supreme.

But now the foe is ready for the fray:
The lines are all drawn up in bright array,
The leaders' helmets glisten in the sun,
The bugles blow, the fight has now begun.
Lo! how the foe advances toward its goal:
It is a sight to stir one's inmost soul!
Twice come the foe, all eager for th' attack
And twice by Turkington are they turned back;
But tho' they strike again another blow
They reckon not on Lowell's Voyne and Doe;
Like Lions we were fighting, young and strong:
The enemy's attack was fierce and long.

But tho' close to the ramparts they may come,
No progress make they, for in every scrum
The Lowell warriors rally and the fight
Grows ever hotter till at last, in flight,
Upon the given signal they retire.
But after council, back they come afire
To win the battle. As they charge anew
They find that all the Lowell men stand true.

THE LOWELL

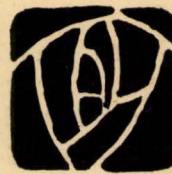
Now for the last time do they strive to break
Down our defenses, and attempt to take
Our ramparts from us, but the nimble Doe
Proves the undoing of the mighty foe.

Part the Fifth.

The sun was sinking o'er the western hill
When at the last, before the trumpet shrill
Signaled surrender, Doe and Turkington
Captured their ramparts and the day was won.
Then as the news of victory they hear,
The throngs upon the hillside cheer and cheer;
But the great captain summons all his boys
And urges them to follow, 'mid the noise
Where he shall lead them, for his is a quest
As yet unrivaled in the Golden West:
For to this hero Victory has brought
The prize for which all Argonauts have sought!

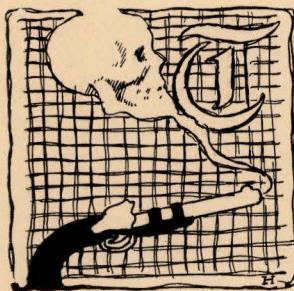
Off to a distant corner of the field
They quickly hasten, and when they have kneeled
Around the secret portal of a cave
They find the booty that they all do crave:
A golden ram, all garlanded in green,
With Crape around his neck: 'twas sad, I ween,
For Cogswell's warriors thus to find their prize
Extolled to heav'n before their very eyes!
Thus went the day, but praises without cease
Will e'er be given to the Golden Fleece,
For tho' the Ram be fixèd in the sky,
Its fleece is ours—to keep in Lowell High!

MALBONE GRAHAM, '15.



THE LOWELL

Morgan at Panama



THE thirteenth labor of Hercules! We delight to call the Canal that, as we exult over the achievements of our engineers; and we think of Panama as a place where science, and law and order reign. But there was a time, long before Hercules labored there, when conditions were very different, though no less interesting. Of that time there are many stories, of which the following is a true one:

Once upon a time, pirates, under the famous buccaneer Morgan, captured Panama City. In the band was a literary pirate (not in the usual meaning of the word), from whose naive account of the adventure I draw my material. The year before, Morgan had captured Porto Bello, which so astonished the governor of Panama that he sent a messenger to Morgan asking for a small pattern of those arms with which he had taken the city. Morgan in reply sent him a pistol and a few bullets and this terse message: "Keep them for a twelvemonth, for at the end of that time I shall come and take them away."

His plan was to land on the other side of the Isthmus at the mouth of the Chagres River, under the nose of Fort Lorenzo, the ruins of which are still to be seen; cross the Isthmus, following the bed of the Chagres through the old town of Gatun to Cruces; and from there thread the jungle to Panama. It is interesting to note that this route taken by Morgan is the same as that which the "Forty-Niners" followed. In fact, it was so generally used by them, that one part of the path was just four feet lower after the gold-seekers had passed on, than originally.

Morgan landed at Fort Lorenzo, a strong castle crowning a high bluff, and accessible only by one steep, narrow path. The pirates advanced, each with a gun in one hand and a sword in the other, and commenced a desperate fight. The defenders fought like demons, calling out: "Come on, ye English dogs, enemies to God and our King, ye shall not go to Panama this bout!" It was going hard with the buccaneers, when suddenly the tide was turned by what seemed to be a miracle. One of the pirates was shot completely through with an arrow. He pulled it out, and had just strength enough left to ram it into his gun and shoot it back, before he died. He had put a bit of cotton on the end of the arrow, which the powder ignited, thus making a fire-brand. As luck would have it, this arrow landed in the powder magazine of the Spaniards, causing a terrific explosion and setting fire to the wooden palisades about the fort. Then the Spaniards fought bravely, not only the pirates, but the fire, till all were killed save a few heroic souls, who, rather than surrender, jumped over the cliff into the sea. And so Morgan captured Fort Lorenzo.

He then continued with his crew along the Chagres until he reached

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the old village of Gatun. This was later used as the site of the Gatun dam, the crest of which is one hundred feet above the old town. About this time the pirates were running desperately short of food, because the natives, hearing of their approach, had fled, taking all their foodstuffs with them. Once they came to a clearing where a few old leather bags, still covered with the hair of the animals, lay about. First they rubbed these between stones to soften them, then they roasted and ate them, helping them down with frequent gulps of water. Finally they reached Cruces. Smoke was coming from each house; so the pirates rushed forward, eagerly to appropriate the food being cooked on the hearths; but again they were disappointed, for the Spaniards, just before fleeing, had set fire to their houses, and Morgan's men found nothing they could eat but a few dogs and cats. From Cruces they took to the jungle, and in two days came within sight of the old city of Panama.

Then followed a pitched battle that lasted two hours. The Spaniards had many bulls which they intended to drive upon the pirates, but the bulls, becoming frightened, stampeded back upon the Spaniards, thus causing great confusion and loss, because of which the Spaniards had to retreat. Then the buccaneers attacked the city, and after three hours entered its gates. The inhabitants of the town hid their wealth in unique places, especially in their wells. The whereabouts of some of it Morgan found out by torture, but a great deal remains undiscovered to this day, for the old wells are completely covered with jungle now, and full of snakes; so it isn't likely that those old hiding-places will ever yield up their little hordes.

Then the barbarous pirate gang burned the city and departed. Morgan was ever warily watchful, and soon after, seeing his chance, he slipped away from his companions with most of the treasure. Later he became Governor-General of Jamaica, and became very active in suppressing piracy.

MARY SIBERT, '17.



THE LOWELL

Park in Harness

Nancy's socks are mended now,
And laid in one neat row;
This is a really startling fact,
I'll have my reader know.
For both the socks and petticoats
Mother has neglected long,
And Nancy's shoes were shabby
And her hair was braided wrong.

And Bobby's little pantaloons
Are patched all trim and neat;
The balustrades will know him now,
He need not fear the seat.
He finds his lunch all packed for school,
He leaves the house on time,
And when his hand seeks pocket deep—
He really finds a dime!

And father comes in time for tea,
As he has not done for months,
And best of all, it's all prepared,
Which saves so many grunts.
And he consults his paper now,
And reads about the war.
He finds the time to mow the lawn
And paint the cellar door.

The folks are all contented now,
And not so rushed for time.
Arise refreshed, and don't declare
That frolic is a crime.
Yea, all rejoice in this strange change
That seems to have begun.
And why? 'Tis only one short word,
"The Exposition's done!"

DOROTHY ULMAN, '17.

Progress Versus Doolittle



AID the editorial, "Mr. Doolittle is very much of a roughneck and (with apologies to the purist) he is a prize boob." The last was in bold face.

Mr. Doolittle made a rumbling noise in his throat and read on:

"The progressive town of Mercedes has no use or place for him. He is an anachronism; the 'Gun-packers' are as useful in our growing metropolis as hair ribbons to a bald old bachelor. Doolittle is no misnomer. He was tagged with

superb authenticity at birth. Doolittle and his gun and his infamous gambling resort! Let us have done with them. Amen."

Mr. Doolittle rolled the Mercedes *Mercury* carefully and jammed it into a back pocket.

"Gimme a shot of Black and White," he growled to Andy. He swallowed it at a gulp, and gasped with fine appreciation. He looked at himself in the spread of mirror behind the bar.

"Andy," he said calmly, "I'm going out an' get that there new editor of the *Mercury*." With which he twisted his moustache up to a pair of bellicose points and swaggered forth into the midday glare of an August sun.

Literally, Doolittle's neck was not rough, he was five and thirty years old, and not unconscious of his very considerable masculine pulchritude. He did "pack" a gun and he did run a gambling joint and he wasn't feeling cheap about possessing either accomplishment exactly, y'understand. He modestly admitted that he was a very bad "bad man," but at no stage of his career was he a boob. Therefore, he was going to get the exuberant and verdant editor.

Where Main crosses the chuck holes of Mariposa avenue, he met Seth Stevens, who burst immediately into fatuous laughter.

"'Owdy, Mr. R. N. Doolittle?" greeted Seth. "Greetin's and salutations! 'Ow's the old kid?"

Mr. Doolittle, balanced on the balls of his feet, eyed him gravely, curiously rising up and down with meditative undulations the while.

"What's the 'R. N.' for?" he asked.

"Roughneck," translated Seth sweetly. "Amen."

"You—you cheap skate!" sputtered the slandered one, apparently forgetting that he, Doolittle, was an expert swearer. "You little runt!" He had lots more to say; but Seth was walking with dignity down Main street, and the belated torrent of vituperation didn't even dampen his composure.

Mr. Doolittle made his irritated way through the dust and heat towards the *Mercury* office; and if he thought violence before, he meditated murder now. Before the little one-story shack that housed the newspaper, he paused long enough to transfer his gun from his hip-pocket to his coat. Then he banged open the door.

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The oven-like office was empty. Through an open door at one end of the room he saw a single printer sorting type at a high desk.

"Hey you," yelled Doolittle, "where's the editor?"

The printer raised a glabrous dome and favored him with a bored look. "Jes' set down, the editor's liable to be around any minute," he responded in a sad voice. "Be you thinkin' of beatin' up any one?"

Doolittle, seated on a desk top, deigned no answer. He waited, shifted his position impatiently, and waited some more. The only noise that broke the dead, hot silence was the occasional shuffle of the printer's feet and the faint click of type. The silence was irritating. He inserted a finger in his shirt collar and burst it open, and breathed a stertorous sigh of relief.

A picture of Benjamin Franklin, tacked up high on the unpapered wall, caught his eye. Benjamin wore a certain look of cool aloofness. Doolittle shifted his eyes uneasily and when he looked again and caught Benjamin's unaltered expression, he unlimbered and placed a .44 bullet exactly in the center of the famous editor's left eye. When the echoes had subsided the printer coughed a dry excuse-me cough.

"Yuh musta brung along yer artillery," he said politely, obviously making conversation.

"Your guess is right," said Doolittle mollified. Franklin with one eye was not a respectable person, and though his one eye was still calm he had lost his superior expression.

There was a step just outside the street door then, and Doolittle looked up with an augmented insolence.

A young lady stepped in sniffing the air of the office with delicate nostrils. "Something exploded," she announced wisely. She looked at the purveyor of vengeance. "Morning," said she.

Doolittle thought of his open collar and felt ashamed. He knew well what beauty Mercedes boasted and wondered how it was he hadn't seen this new and most satisfying addition. She was yellow-haired and red-cheeked, and couldn't have mounted a scrubby cow pony without jumping for the pommel. Also, she wore a wonderful white shirtwaist that had in some miraculous way remained unsullied by the dust of Mariposa avenue.

"Morning," he returned. He felt a little ridiculous seated on the desk top, but knew of no way of changing his position without losing all his dignity. Besides, he found with dismay that the sudden appearance of the shirtwaisted vision had blunted the keen-edged desire for vengeance, and he didn't feel half so much like "getting" anybody.

Nevertheless he asked where the editor of this "ornery, cheap little sheet" kept himself. "He's some new guy," he said. "A dirty little tenderfoot that thinks he kin come in here an' run the place an' call people most anything he kin lay his tongue to. I trailed into town this mornin' from Los Banos thinkin' how fine it was to be back after bein' gone a week; and the first thing my eye lights on is a slanderous writing about me."

The girl flushed slightly. "Oh, you're Mr. Doolittle, then!"

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That gentleman nodded his head gloomily and rising, adjusted his manly six feet two.

"I am the editor," she said.

He looked down at her, stunned.

"It's unfair," he said at last sadly. "An' you called me a roughneck and a boob!"

* * * * *

Unheedful of the blistering sun Mr. Doolittle sat in an unshaded chair in front of Andy's establishment. From time to time he would twist around and, looking through the open door, plaintively ask Andy if the boy had come from the postoffice yet. At a testy negative he would compose himself again, making pettish mutterings in his moustache.

Presently he descried a cloud of dust crossing Mariposa avenue. He mopped his fevered forehead; the pains of apprehension increased. This was Thursday, some six days after the wanton disfiguring of the Quaker pundit's countenance, and to-day the *Mercury* came out. He longed to see the editorial page, and then again he didn't. He feared the worst.

The cloud of dust grew large and from its midst a bare-legged boy emerged, very sticky and dusty.

"Got the *Mercury*?" asked Doolittle.

"Yep."

"Let's take a look at it."

"Naw yuh don't. This is fer Andy."

"I'll give it to him. Give it to me, you brat."

The brat eluded a sudden lunge. "Oh Mr. Andy, kin this sad duck out here lookit your paper?"

Mr. Doolittle's credit established, he got his paper. He glowered at the boy as he trotted away. "Sad, huh?" he mused. "Me, the guy that used to keep 'em all laughing! Sad duck! Even the kids notice it! I gotta buck up."

He turned to the second page of the two-sheet paper.

"Last week," he read, "this paper printed an editorial in which disparaging statements were made as to the character of a Mr. Doolittle. We said that his gun-packing proclivities, his reputation as a gamester in all the name implies, were a hindrance to the rapid expansion of our fair city.

"Shortly after the appearance of the editorial Mr. Doolittle made us a personal call. While waiting for the arrival of the editor he wantonly shot the face off Benjamin Franklin. Mr. Doolittle's errand was to shoot up the editor, apparently. That he took the picture of intellectual Ben for a likeness of the editor we can't say for certain, however we feel rather complimented than otherwise. But does he think we took a rather mean advantage over him? For on discovering that the editor wore skirts instead of chaps he made a hasty and unseemly retreat. Poor Mr. Doolittle."

Followed some good muck-raking. ". . . resort runs full blast and easy money seems plentiful"; an appeal to the good citizens to rise in their might and "repudiate Doolittle and Doolittle methods—all that his kind stands for";

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then, last and the unkindest cut of all, an observation that his neck wasn't really rough, it was, indeed, most carefully shaven.

Having finished the column he sighed mournfully. He rose and pulled his broad hat down over his eyes. "Oh Hell!" said Mr. Doolittle dolorously.

"It ain't what she calls me," he mused, "it's that *she* calls me 'em." Forthwith he went inside and handed the paper to Andy. Andy took it and turned to the editorial.

"Miss Ferguson's still hot after yuh, ain't she? Yuh could get her if she was only a man. Whyn't yuh tell her she's a damn fool and run your joint like yuh used to? Seems like you're a-losin' your nerve."

Doolittle leaned over the bar. "Take back what you said," he commanded, his face working strangely.

Andy looked surprised. "What'd I say about yuh? Can't I sympathize with yuh?"

"What you said about her! Go on, take it back or I'll plug yuh."

"Sure I'll take it back. What yuh got your hand on your gun for? I ain't lookin' for no kinda trouble."

"Remember—none o' that goes." Doolittle dropped his right hand to a normal position and strode to the door that connected his parlors of chance with Andy's saloon.

"I'm closin' up," he said briefly and opened the door. Andy, in a maze, heard rumbling noises and sudden thumps. At last, troubled and mystified, he vaulted the bar and went into the gambling room.

Disorder and dust met him. Doolittle was indeed quitting. Andy watched him for a space. He was an observant person and deductive.

"You're stuck on Miss Ferguson," he said.

* * * * * * * * * *

Though hardly as immaculate as on his first, Mr. Doolittle was more dignified on his second entrance to the office of the *Mercury*. He was dusty and earnest. Miss Ferguson looked up as he came in.

"How do you do?" she said.

"Howdy." He stood at the side of her desk and looked down at her. "When I came in here a week ago I was sorry that yuh weren't a man so's I could make you eat the names you called me. I ain't now. I've closed up my place to-day and I'm leaving town. But I don't want you to think it's account of what you wrote about the sins of gambling and carrying a gun, nor that you called me a boob and a roughneck." He reflectively slapped his hat against his leg. "Nope, it ain't what you called me, it's that *you* would call me what you did, and that *I* was a hindrance to the fair city. I hope you get what I mean."

"I'm sorry," he began again, having stopped to study the crown of his hat, "I'm sorry that you don't like me, because—because I've a powerful liking for you. Now, maybe you'd be real angry if you knew that I've been dogging you around most of the week just lookin' at you."

Miss Ferguson made as if to interrupt him, and he hurried on. "But I'm leaving for Los Banos now, goin' to get a job on a ranch I guess. I

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just wanted to tell you that you sure spoiled my little game here—for me. Good-by."

As he turned to leave, the editor sprang to her feet to detain him, but he was out of the door and gone, before she could say any more than an answer to his good-by.

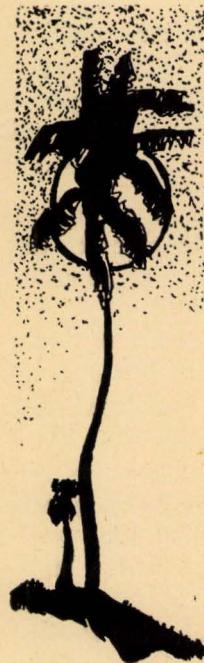
Returned to Andy's, he bought the farewell round for the afternoon bunch, shook hands all around and mounted his horse for Los Banos. With a grim face he left *his* Mercedes and undertook the long, hot thirty miles to Los Banos.

But back at the *Mercury* office the next week's editorial was already in process of construction.

Doolittle got it just a day late when he rode in from the company's ranch to the postoffice. He turned ranchward, and riding at a walk he read it.

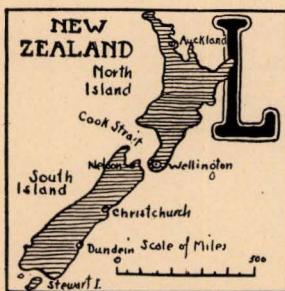
And that is why he rides sixty miles every Sunday, and that is why, though he rides only ranges now, his days of opulence over, he sings in the saddle and produces risible material for the jokesmiths from Tres Pinos to the company's farthest ranch house.

H. M., '16.



THE LOWELL

Five Minutes With a New Zealander



AST, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart,
On us, on us the unending seasons pass;
We wonder, mid our fern
Why Men depart to seek the Happy Isles."

Thus said Rudyard Kipling after his visit to New Zealand. The New Zealanders were much pleased with this verse, for they like compliments just as well as do their California cousins, and they are devoted to their beautiful country, which is in

many respects like California.

But just because it is so lonely, so apart, many people know little about it. Indeed, some believe that New Zealand is a part of Australia, or at least very close to it. Now, New Zealand is really 1250 miles east of Australia, and it takes the fast steamers three days to ply between the two countries, so you see how apart New Zealand is. Then again, many people suppose it to be very small—but why dwell on false ideas? If you will grant me five minutes, I'll try to give you a few general impressions of the land and its schools, albeit very crude and sketchy ones.

New Zealand, with a population of only one million, is about the size of California, has practically the same climate, and has many similar characteristics. In the North Island there are wonderful hot springs, geysers and boiling mud pools. In many places, steam issues from great vents, giving a weird and fearful appearance. Here is perhaps the most remarkable geyser of its kind in the world, the great mud geyser of Waimangu, which hurls boiling mud, stones and steam to a height of 2500 feet. This mighty giant played regularly every four or five days until about eight years ago, when it suddenly ceased. A few months ago, however, it awoke, and is now playing with greater vigor than ever. In the South Island everything is different. Instead of fierce boiling pools and geysers, there are large peaceful lakes, high mountains, glaciers and fiords. Lake Whakatipu, the most beautiful of the lakes, is forty-eight miles long and varies in width from two to eight miles. It lies in the shape of a letter "L" between high snow-capped mountains. The highest mountain peak is Mt. Cook, whose summit reaches an elevation of 12,500 feet. For many years it defied the attempts of world-famed climbers, but a few years ago its summit was reached by a New Zealander, and the ascent has since been made by a young Australian girl. The fiords are impressively beautiful, and are said by tourists to equal the famous ones of Norway. At the head of one of these fiords are the wonderful Sutherland Falls, which drop 1900 feet in three leaps. But in both of these divisions there are marvelously fine farming lands—marvelously fine because there is no need of

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irrigation—and great stretches of grazing lands where to-day twenty-five million sheep, and two million head of cattle roam.

But the New Zealanders have thought for more than the natural beauties of the land and the material benefits with which it so largely endows them. They want its citizens to be worthy, and so they have devoted much care to their training. Schooling is compulsory. Boys and girls attend the same elementary schools, but they have separate high schools. The State schools are officially inspected twice a year. Examinations are given every three months in the grammar schools, in most of which free books and materials are supplied. In the high schools, examinations are held every month, and a final one at the close of each term. The course in the high school covers five years.

The native Maoris have separate schools, but the course is practically the same. They are very quick to learn. Two of the cleverest lawyers in New Zealand are Maoris, and two members of Parliament who are Maoris are considered eminently capable men.

The school year is divided into three terms of three months each. The long summer vacation comes at Christmas (for the seasons are the reverse of what they are here), a three weeks' vacation at the end of the first term, and a two weeks' vacation at the end of the second term.

Rugby football is the national game. It will be remembered that the invincible New Zealand All Blacks were here about three years ago. Rugby is a part of the boy's education. In most of the best schools it is included in the school work. In a certain school (grammar and high school combined), of two hundred boys, their ages ranging from six to about nineteen, six squads of thirty each were organized according to age, weight and good playing. Each squad was divided into two teams and practiced twice a week from four to five, under the supervision of a master or coach. The smaller boys were taught how to play, and when anyone showed great improvement he was quickly promoted. The slower ones were assiduously coached and given all the advantages possible for the making of good players. By this method, when the boy reached the high school, he was a pretty good player; and as a result, for the past four or five years, this school of two hundred pupils has had four good teams to represent it.

Swimming is also a part of the school training. In most schools, where there is a tank, one period a week is given to swimming, and everyone must be able to swim at least two hundred yards.

Cricket is played during the two summer terms. Squads of eleven are organized and these different squads play against each other twice a week. Cricket differs from baseball in one great point. In baseball, when three men are out, the other side comes in, but in cricket one side has to get the whole of the other side out before it goes in. Both sides have two innings, and sometimes two afternoons are taken for the one game. The other school sports are the same as those enjoyed by the boys here, with the possible exception of the Canadian game of Lacrosse, which has become very popular.

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Cadet training is compulsory. Three periods a week are given to this; two for drilling and shooting, and one for gymnasium.

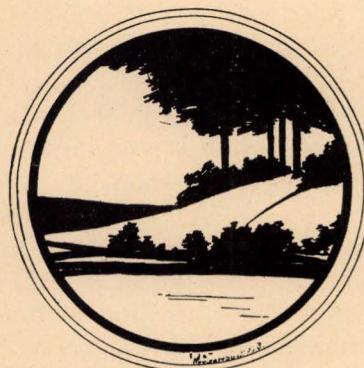
The system of discipline in the schools is not quite so gentle as it is here in California, but it is quite effective. It is the system of detentions. These are given for misbehavior. At the end of the week the list of detentions is read out, and all who have detentions are required to stay after school twenty minutes for each count. Those who have more than five have to interview the head master, who usually administers a few "persuasives" with a cane. Detentions are also given for deficiency in work. At the end of the week the pupils who have more than four have to report to the head, and if no satisfactory explanation can be given they get a dose of cane medicine.

College training is not so nearly universal as it is here. Most of the pupils finish the high school course and then go to work, only those taking up a particular course go to college. Even many of the boys who are taking up law first get a position in a lawyer's office, and then, if they wish, they attend college in the evening.

The Department of Agriculture conducts two farming colleges, where during the day the boys are put to work on what interests them (and, by the way, they are paid for the work they do), and in the evenings they are given lectures by qualified inspectors.

In New Zealand the custom has been established of sending boys between the ages of thirteen and seventeen away from home to boarding schools. This is an excellent thing, as it compels the boys to a great extent to look after themselves; it gets them away from the "apron strings," and so makes them self-reliant. I should love to tell you some of the larks the boys have at these schools. But suppose you start with the premise, "Boys will be boys," and then imagine— But my five minutes are more than up, aren't they?

T. CLIFTON, '17.



THE LOWELL

Io and Jupiter

When Io visits Jupiter, in darkness or in light,
She takes a fairy chariot to begin her downward flight;
And wafteth e'er before her and her magic champing steeds
A canopy resplendent with a myriad dewy beads.

Sometimes she comes in daytime, in robes of light arrayed,
Sometimes she comes at evening, amid the mellow shade,
But oftentimes she cometh in the wee weird witching hours
But to kiss her sleeping lover and to breathe upon the flowers.

And if the moon be shining, with beams that gild or gray,
She seemeth more resplendent, for each brilliant argent ray
Adds a glory to her mantle, making bright beyond compare
The veil that hides from vision Io, fairest of the fair.

And the silent stars of heaven watch with ceaseless constant care
O'er the trysting-spot of Io, she whose beauty—ah! so rare!—
Hath entranced the stalwart ruler of the proud Olympian skies,
Who now prostrate in devotion at the feet of Beauty lies.

For not only hath her beauty—which will evermore endure—
Cast its fatal net around him, but her innocence, so pure!
She descends to kiss her lover from the starry vault above
In her glory and her beauty, with a pure and stainless love.

And she slowly breathes upon him with enchanting magic power,
And her breath—it has the fragrance of the fairest spring-time flower—
And when secretly in silence she has thus her lover kissed,
She mounts upward in her chariot, Io, Maiden of the Mist.

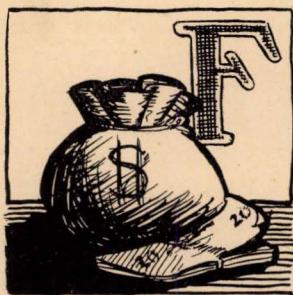
And at times when she comes downward, sheltered by the marching rain,
She brings with her fair attendants in resplendent gorgeous train;
If Apollo's fleetest sunbeams seek to pierce the gauzy veil,
She draws forth her bow of colors, brilliant, flaming, radiant, pale;

And holds back his boldest couriers with this magic beauty bright,
Till in safety she has vanished by a swift and silent flight,
But her bow she leaves behind her, floating on the misty air,
As a token of her beauty, Io, fairest of the fair.

MALBONE GRAHAM, '15.

THE LOWELL

Hams



AR down the old wharf lay the "Marguerite." Around the Horn had the old windjammer, with her widely assorted cargo, fought her perilous way. Among other interested residents of the then booming town of San Francisco I journeyed down to the docks to watch the unloading. To the tune of the foreman's drunken oaths, begrimed stevedores perspiringly dragged from the hold articles of all descriptions—furniture, groceries, buggies, livestock, printing presses, a piano or two, and finally some hams—dirty, mildewed, half rotted and extremely unsavory. Mentally observing that any time expended upon the hams would be so much time wasted—that they would make but questionable food for the not overfastidious fishes—I left the dock.

Two days later business took me again to the old wharf. The "Marguerite" had left. The dock was deserted save for the dozing watchman and a young fellow who seemed busily engaged in the farther corner of the gull-haunted shed. Having a half-hour to spare and failing in my attempts to wage a conversation with the watchman, I entered the shed and approached the busy unknown. Not wishing to disturb him in his labors I watched him for some time as he bent over a pile of hams—dirty, mildewed, half rotted and extremely unsavory.

Unable to further withstand the onslaughts of my conversational propensity I interrupted him. "Your hams?" I asked.

Quick as a flash he straightened up and faced me, a frightened look spread over his scared countenance. Shaking his head in the manner which signifies "no," he rudely started away. Now I pride myself on being somewhat of a conversationalist, and never before had I been robbed of two promising conversations within little more than as many minutes. So, forgetting my wounded feelings in a praiseworthy effort to rescue my reputation, I assumed my choicest tone and crooned after him, "Do you know if there's much in those things?"

Never had the mystic "hocus-pocus" of a bearded magician a more wonderful effect than my innocent interrogation. Wildly clutching his hat from his head the ill-mannered fellow set off at a dead run, and was soon lost to sight. The puzzle of the fellow's queer behavior I solved by a single word, "crazy," and going to the hams I examined them. In spite of the impression they gave via the optics and olfactories, they were quite firm and heavy—perhaps a little trimming would render the major part quite edible.

* * * * *

An auction sale is, to me, as irresistible as a conversation. Why, I know not, unless it be that in the auctioneer I recognize a brother conversationalist

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who has turned *his* genius into commercial lanes. This then explains the fact that I was seated among some thirty people absorbing, open-mouthed, the art of an expert auctioneer, when I should have been about my business. I frequently bid at such sales, but my offers are always low enough to be safe, my object in bidding being to assist genius in need. So it was that I offered fifty dollars as a starter on what the auctioneer termed "three hundred prime hams, direct from the farm, slightly soiled from rough handling." Although my opinion of the articles in question differed slightly from his (*I* thought the hams dirty, mildewed, half rotted and extremely unsavory and *knew* that they were not direct from the farm), I remained in the bidding until the eighty dollar mark was reached. The hams were knocked down for eighty-five—a narrow escape for me and a wonderful bargain for the buyer. Securing a glimpse of the successful bidder as he paid for his goods, I was, to say the least, surprised to find in him my ill-mannered friend of the scared face and the abnormal dislike for conversation. Here, indeed, was a royal opportunity!

I made my way to him and congratulated him on his buy, adding, "Those hams are easily worth five times the price." To my intense gratification he turned not away from me, but responded, in a manner which demonstrated clearly that he had in him the "makings" of a good conversationalist:

"Come on—let's have a drink."

I acquiesced, merely for the sake of a hoped-for conversation. Arrived at the saloon he ordered whiskeys (he took it for granted that I wanted whiskey), and sat down at a small table. He had as yet said not a word—my stock questions he had either ignored or answered with grunts—and I began to fear that my hopes were in vain. The whiskey evidently loosened his tongue for as soon as he had tossed it off he began:

"It gets me who put you wise, but you're on to the game. Take this—and you keep your d—— mouth shut or I'll blow the top of your head clear off."

Having delivered himself of this fatherly advice—and a small package—he left. Dazed, I sat staring, open-mouthed, at the door through which he had passed. The clinking of glasses brought me back to my senses as the bartender began to clear off the table.

"Do you know who that fellow is?" I asked.

He regarded me queerly. "Him that just went out?" I nodded. "Why, that's Jim Martin—Dick Richard's pard," he added, as if *that* cleared up perfectly the matter of his (Jim Martin's) identity.

On the street I gave my attention to the package which Dick Richard's pard had given me. Surprised, mystified, puzzled, I counted five twenty-dollar bills. Then I chuckled. *I* could use a hundred as well as the next fellow. But—and I stopped chuckling—who *was* this Jim Martin anyway? And why had he given *me* money? And what if I should unknowingly fail to "keep my d—— mouth shut?"

Six o'clock found me again at the old wharf. But one boat was in sight, a crude barge-like affair, evidently for river navigation. As I stood watching

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its darker shadow on the dark waters and thinking of the mysterious events of the afternoon, a small door in the boat opened. The light from the interior fell full on me, and illumined, in the doorway, the features of Jim Martin. We stood for some time staring speechless at each other. Then the silence was broken by his snarling, "Back again, eh? Now, d—— you," and he tossed me a small sack, "this is the last cent you'll get. And if I ever see you again—" but the slamming of the door drowned out his threat.

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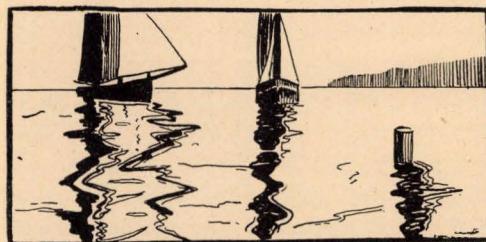
Two months later I left San Francisco rather hurriedly, not because I feared the *law*—but perhaps this clipping from the "Alta" will explain better than I can:

"WHISKEY-SMUGGLING PLOT FOILED—TWO MEN IN CUSTODY—HUNT BEING MADE FOR THIRD.

"Sacramento.—Dick Richards and Jim Martin are in custody here to-day as a result of their illegal trading with the Indians. Hams, each containing a quart bottle of whiskey, were sold to the Indians at great profit. The plan, as told by the smugglers who believed an accomplice had confessed, is here briefly given. The hams were 'fixed' in New York and came with Martin and Richards around the Horn. On their arrival in San Francisco the smugglers, fearing detection, adopted the novel scheme of buying their own goods at a public auction. The hams were then shipped up the river where the men were fast piling up profits when arrested. A hunt is being made for the third member of the gang."

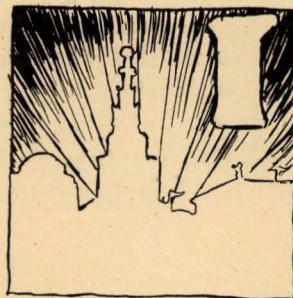
As I said before, I left, not because I feared the law—but Jim Martin. I have great faith in my conversational powers, but I also realize their limits. When conversation versus six-shooter, I place my bets on the Colts every time.

DONALD FALCONER, '17.



THE LOWELL

When the Lights Went Out



T was the last day of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. In fact, there remained just half an hour before President Moore would touch the button extinguishing all the lights of this twentieth-century paradise. Everywhere people were dancing, laughing, making merry over the last moments of the "Big Show" that for nearly a year had brought people streaming from all quarters of the globe to share in the many delights San Francisco held forth to the world.

But for Austin Crane, sitting glumly on a bench before the Tower of Jewels, the moment held nothing of hilarity. For the last time he had dusted carefully and placed in order each piece of the exhibit of which he had been so able a demonstrator. How happy he had been these past months; how he had loved his work; how it had thrilled him to show to a wondering public the intricate workings of the marvelous machine.

His thoughts were bitter, as he gazed upon the wild, merry crowd, enjoying itself as only a San Francisco crowd can. It was hardly a year since he had come to this city of life and promise, yet in that short time he had learned to love it as he had loved no other place in all his nomadic life. But San Francisco, he knew, was a cruel mistress. As long as a fellow was prosperous and happy she turned a lovely smile-lit face toward him, but let adversity strike, and the smile faded, leaving her cold and sneering.

Irritably he rose from his bench, looking again, and for the last time at the wonderland of light and laughter. He viciously thrust his hands into his pockets, and in doing so touched something cold and metallic. Listlessly he drew it forth, turning it in his hand almost unconsciously. But as he gazed at it a thought began to formulate in his brain: a thought so novel, so appropriate that it almost frightened him.

What could be more fitting than that the end of all that had ever really meant anything to him should be the end of a life which promised nothing but loneliness and poverty? He reviewed briefly the sorry series of events that had composed his existence. The unloved boyhood in the home of his uncle; the final break; the succession of failures that had led him all over the continent during his youth, and finally the engagement by the big machine man who had been taken by his appearance on the Ferry the day before the "Big Show" had opened. Only the last item held any note of happiness, all the rest was so sordid, one could not wonder at his reluctance to take it up where he had left it ten months before.

"Why not?" muttered the young man, fingering, almost lovingly the little automatic which, with twenty-five dollars and his Ingersoll, was his only possession. At the latter he glanced, noting ironically that it had taken but

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five minutes for him to form the resolve which, he judged, meant total emancipation from the hard buffets of Fate. Twenty-five minutes before the lights of the Exposition would go out at the pressing of a button; twenty-five minutes before the spark that held him on this world would go out at the pulling of a trigger. Here he had found his only joys in life, congenial work, the chance to help a little, the smile of his first love, San Francisco. He wanted to leave her with that smile still warming his heart. Indeed, why not?

Even as he stood there the siren on Machinery Palace shrilled the quarter hour. Fifteen minutes. The fun in the Court of the Universe waxed furious. Austin Crane returned to his bench filled with a high resolve. He found one end occupied. The light shed by the weird Oriental lantern above illuminated the pale face of the little cashier who had smiled at him every morning and evening as he went to and from work.

She had been crying but was now watching the dancers with some show of interest. Austin sat down, giving her a rather vacant smile as though he but half recognized her. It was she who spoke first.

"Why aren't you there with the rest?" she asked.

"No place for me," he replied laconically. Then, suddenly becoming confidential, he added: "I'm going to end it all when the lights go out to-night. Rather good idea, isn't it?"

Her eyes widened with horror. Then she smiled.

"Please don't kid me to-night. I'm awful tired. There's been a terrible rush on the photos to-day."

Austin took out his watch. Only ten minutes of twelve. How time lagged. Perhaps if he spent these past ten minutes in dancing they would go faster. He looked at the girl. She seemed very tired, still girls were a funny proposition. He'd try anyway.

"Want to join 'em?" he asked, indicating the whirling mass on the improvised floor. "And by the way, I wasn't kidding, I meant what I said," he added as she rose with more alacrity than he had expected her to show.

He circled her waist with his arm. It was a long time since he had danced. Not since the time in Montana when he had had a job as entertainer in a cheap dance-hall. But this girl didn't dance like the girls in Montana. All the tiredness was gone from her eyes as she turned them laughingly to his face.

"Say," she drawled delightedly, "you're *some* dancer." And indeed he seemed to be borne along on the inspiring strains of "So Long Letty." He was no longer Austin Crane, the failure, waiting to be cast adrift in the world. Never had he experienced anything so delightfully thrilling as the feel of her head against his shoulder, the softness of her in his arms.

How fine, he thought, to take away with him, when the lights went out, these new and wonderful sensations. Yet now the thought of this way out of his troubles did not hold the same degree of comfort it had before the beginning of the dance. After all it *did* seem cowardly to shirk life in this way. Perhaps—

The music became faster and faster; madly and more madly whirled the

THE LOWELL

couples beneath the blazing Tower of Jewels. Austin Crane held the little cashier tighter as they threaded dexterously among the maze of happy dancers. Then suddenly the band swept softly into that saddest, most haunting waltz, "Aloha Oe." Crane looked down at his partner.

"Gee, you're pretty," he murmured, then paused surprised at his own temerity.

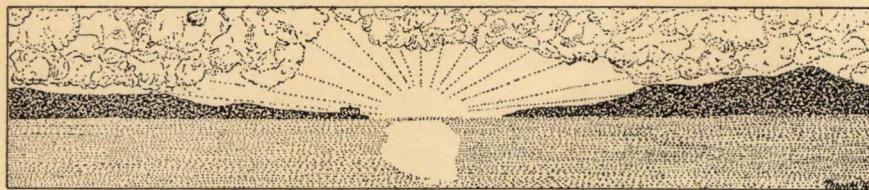
But she was not displeased. She lifted a pair of corn-flower eyes to meet his.

"I love 'Aloha,'" she breathed, ignoring his bald but sincere compliment, "but isn't it sad to-night? And say," they were gliding slowly and more slowly now, "will you give me that pistol you showed me?"

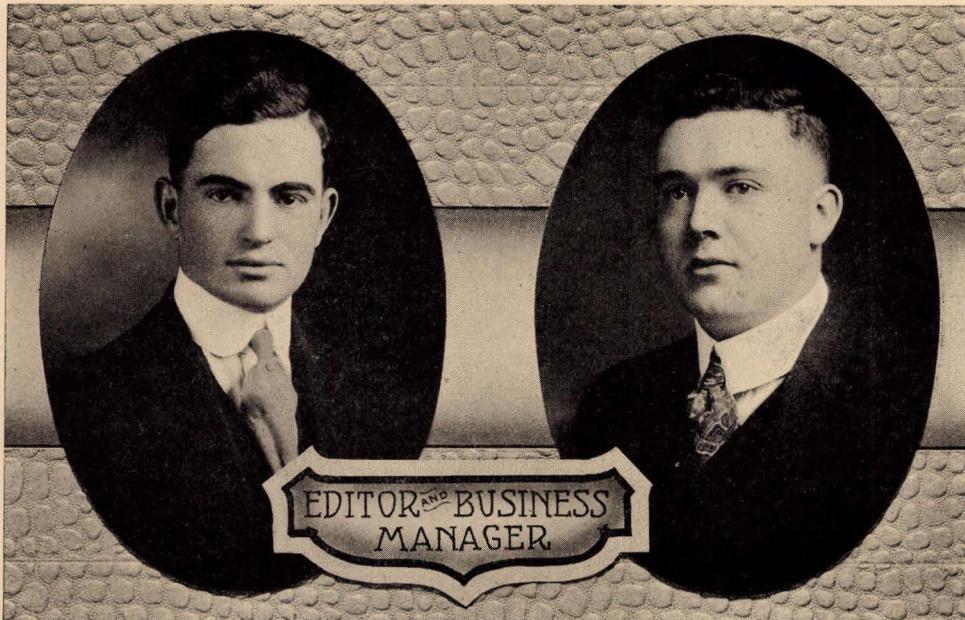
The music was only a pulsating breath now, and even as he reached toward his pocket in almost involuntary obedience to her demand the sizzle of a rocket in flight and the long moan of the siren gave warning that his moment was at hand. He drew forth the glittering weapon, almost imperceptibly shuddering at the deadly cold of its butt. The idea of ending it all, of going out with the lights was not alluring. He saw the face of the girl before him. And then when the rocket burst into a myriad of stars far overhead, and the low moan of the siren died into nothingness, as darkness descended over that place that had welcomed the world within its verdure-draped walls, there was heard, above the awed silence that held the crowd spellbound, the clatter of something hard on the floor of the Court.

The Exposition was at an end; but for Austin Crane life had just begun, for at last he had found a goal toward which to direct his way. Someone had cared, *cared* whether he lived or died.

GRACE ALICE HOLDER, Dec. '15.







EDITORIAL STAFF.

ALVIN HYMAN, '15, **Editor.**

Associates.

GENE REBSTOCK, '16

HAROLD MATSON, '16

Assistant.

ROBERT WORMSER, '17

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ROBERT DON, '16, **Athletics.**

MARION BLACK, '16, **Girls' Activities.**

DONALD FALCONER, '17, **Exchanges.**

LLOYD BERENDSEN, '15, **Jokes.**

MR. JAMES ROGERS, **Faculty News.**

ELAH HALE, '15, **Art.**

BYRON HASKINS, '17, **Art.**

CATHERINE AICHER, '15, **Art.**

J. ROSS DUNNIGAN, '16, **Art.**

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HERBERT LLOYD, '16, **Manager.**

Associates.

HOWARD RANSOHOFF, '16 GUSTAV SCHWARTZ, '16

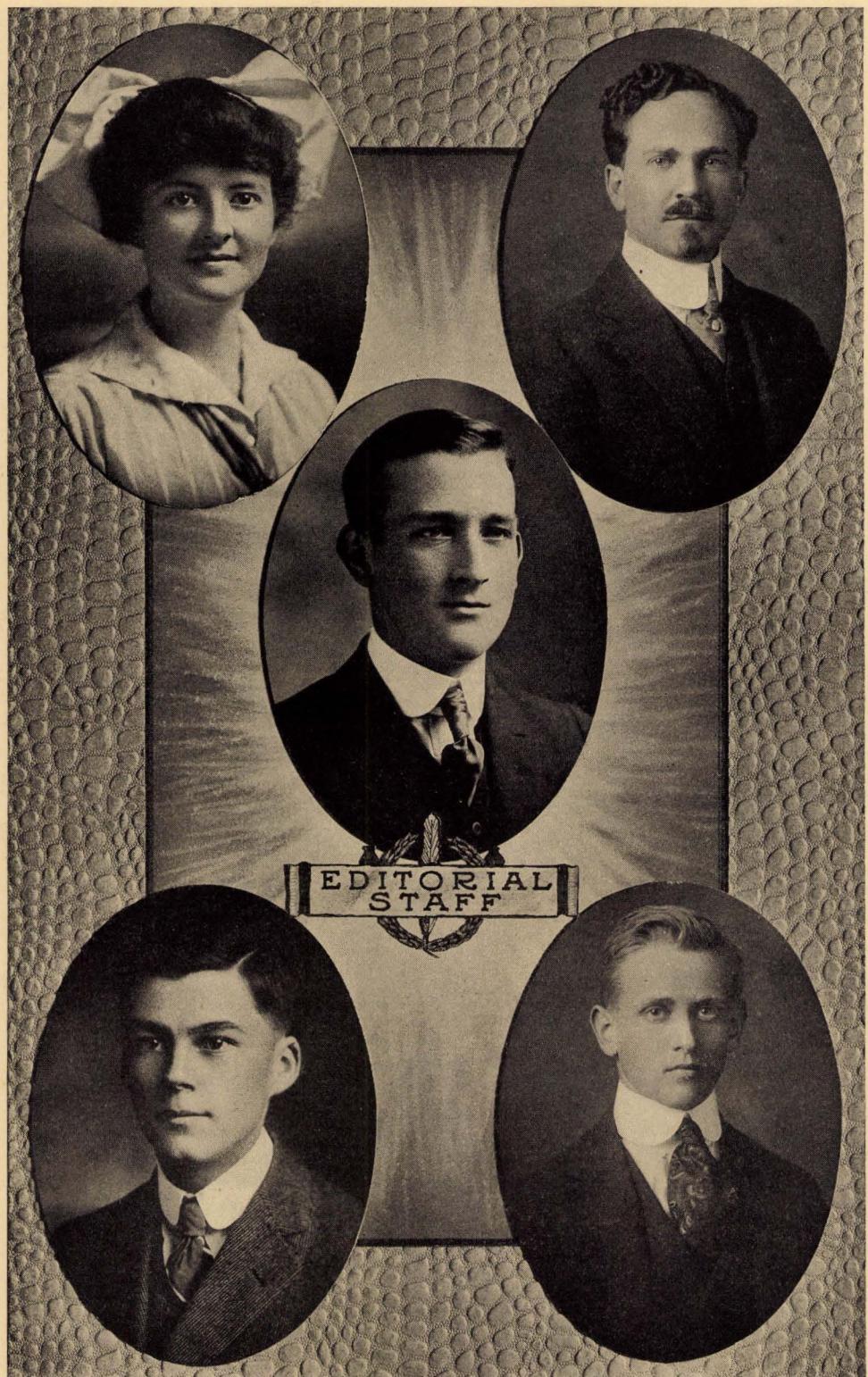
Assistants.

CHARLES WILSON, '16

REGINALD WILSON, '16

JOSEPH FEIGENBAUM, '17

In the issuance of this journal the Editor and Business Manager have received invaluable assistance from persons whose work must go unrewarded. To those who have given their time and energy we owe a debt of gratitude. Especially do we wish to thank Miss Ann Duffy for her kind assistance in revising stories and poems, the James H. Barry Co. for their untiring efforts and excellent work, and the Sierra Art and Engraving Co. for their courtesy and assistance.



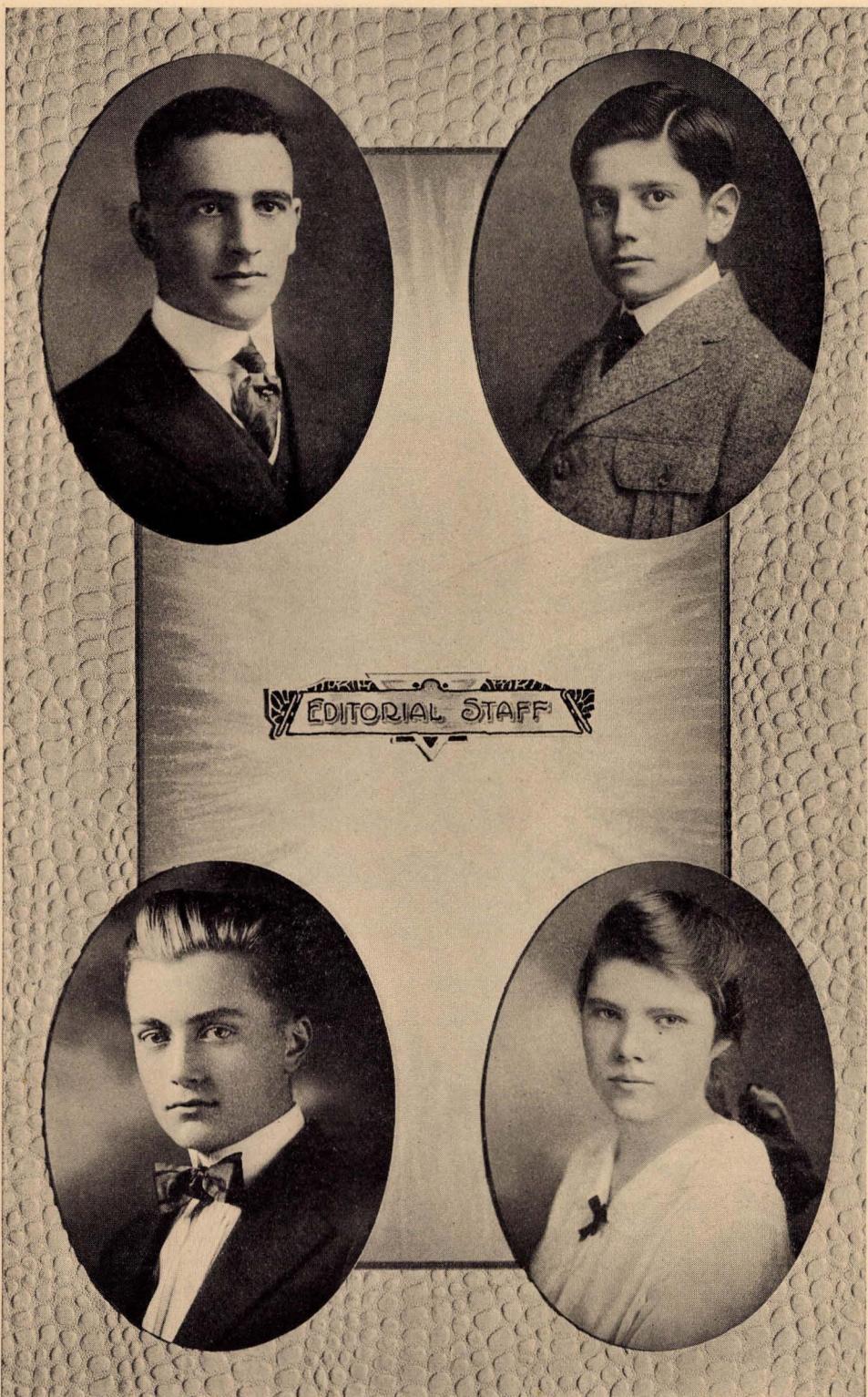
Marion Black

Donald Falconer

Eugene Rebstock
Associate

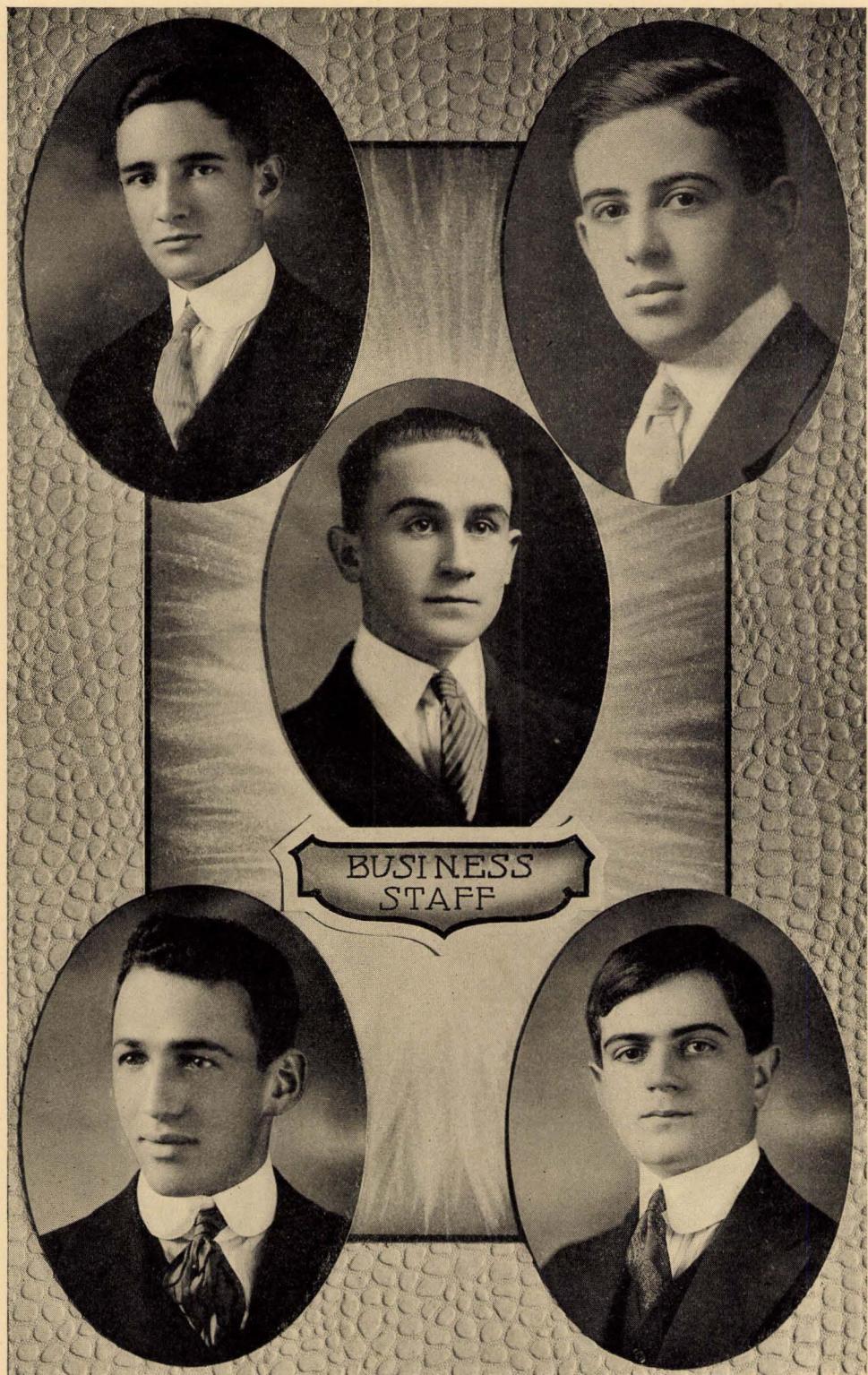
Mr. James Rogers

Lloyd Berendsen



Robert Don
Byron Haskins

Robert Wormser
Elah Hale



Howard Ransohoff
Associate
Charles Wilson

Reginald Wilson

Gustav Schwartz
Associate
Joseph Feigenbaum



Normal Record, State Normal School, Chico, Cal.—Your paper is neat and newsy. Your cuts are good but your Alumni column is poorly arranged and written.

The Oriole, Baltimore City College, Baltimore, Md.—The literary department of your paper is good and the paper is full of school news. Your cuts are too large.

Golden-Blue, Maxwell High School, Maxwell, Cal.—Your paper is neat and well arranged. It has too many blank pages, however.

The Netherlands, Rio Vista High School, Rio Vista, Cal.—Despite the fact that your school is so small, your paper has plenty of good material, though poorly arranged.

Rayen Record, Rayen School, Youngstown, Ohio.—Your paper is complete and newsy. A few cuts would add to its attractiveness.

Potpourri, Placer County High School, Auburn, Cal.—Your annual would be neater and more interesting if the class records of the graduates and a group picture of the faculty were added.

The Dawn, Esparto High School, Esparto, Cal.—Your semi-annual is lacking in jokes. The literary department is exceptional.

The Madrona, Palo Alto High School, Palo Alto, Cal.—Your literary department is good as well as the jokes. Your cuts are neat and simple.

Guard and Tackle, Stockton High School, Stockton, Cal.—Your weekly is the neatest and newsiest we have received. Why do you have a Society column? It seems out of place in a school paper.

The Missile, Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Va.—Your regular monthly is always high in its literary contents.

The Tahoma, Madison and Park High School, Tacoma, Wash.—Your monthly is neat and concise. A few stories of better quality should be added considering the large attendance in the two schools.

Westport Crier, Westport High School, Kansas City, Mo.—A few cuts and cartoons would improve your paper.

The Magnet, Selma Union High School, Selma, Cal.—Your paper has too many blank spaces. It should be condensed and a few more stories added.

The Poly Optimist, Polytechnic High School, Los Angeles, Cal.—Your weekly shows that your school is full of "pep." The supplement besides being out of the ordinary is above adverse criticism.

THE LOWELL

High School News, San Rafael High School, San Rafael, Cal.—Your regular weekly fails to supply the news that seems necessary. We think a bi-weekly would be newsmier and more interesting.

Red and Black, Reading High School, Reading, Pa.—Your paper could be improved by omitting the margins from the literary section. They make it hard reading due to the large print.

Hitchcock Sentinel, Hitchcock Military Academy, San Rafael, Cal.—Your paper contains too many jokes for its size. The advertisement on the front page is out of place.

Purple and Gold, Clarksville High School, Clarksville, Tenn.—Your paper has too many joke columns. Why not substitute an Alumni column?

The Totem, Lincoln High School, Seattle, Wash.—The Society columns should be left out. It has nothing in common with school activities.

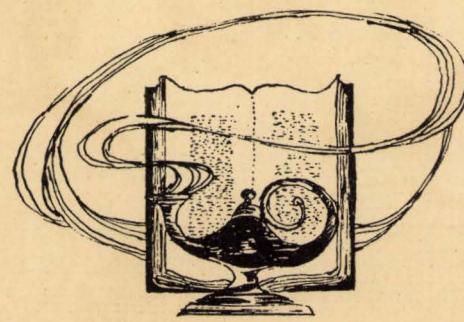
The L. W. L. Life, Lick-Wilmerding High Schools, City.—The elimination of the advertisements and the manner of the disposal of your paper are worthy of praise. The paper is neat and complete.

The Spectator, Cloverdale High School, Cloverdale, Cal.—Your paper is exceptional. The notes on top of the advertisement pages and the baby column are innovations. "'Frisco" is not generally used here for San Francisco.

S. P. H. S. Tiger, South Pasadena High School, Pasadena, Cal.—Your weekly is complete and well arranged. The heading is slightly too large.

The Observer, Dobbs Ferry High School, Dobbs Ferry, New York.—Your monthly needs a few cuts. Your paper is the only one on record that does not contain a single, solitary joke. A good joke is much better than numerous blank spaces.

During the term we have received the following exchanges also: *The Weekly Agricola* from the University Farm at Davis, *The Goucher Kalands* from Goucher College, *Reed College Quest* from Reed College, Portland, Ore.; *The Prospector* from the Texas College of Mines, *The Botolphian* from The Boston High College, *The Occident*, the monthly published by the English Club at U. of C.; *The Patrician* from Aquinas College, Columbus, Ohio, *Old Penn* from the University of Pennsylvania, *The Daily Palo Alto* from Stanford, and *The Daily Californian* from University of California.



ORGANIZATIONS

UNION
QUARTERS.





ALBERT BROWN.

The management of the Exchange has the great pleasure to announce that the new system inaugurated at the end of the last spring term has been in successful operation during the present semester. The results obtained have been far greater than ever anticipated. Not only is the business handled in a much more business-like manner, but it has also been possible to give better service to the patrons, the result being entire satisfaction to all parties concerned.

During the past five months over 2500 books have passed through the Exchange. That's another record. The figures also go to show that the opportunities and benefits afforded by the Exchange are appreciated and advantage is taken of them by a large percentage of the students.

Through the agency of the Exchange it has been possible for Mr. Fenner to add a beautiful and extremely necessary set of books to his library in the Zoology department. For this he has expressed himself as being very grateful to the Exchange.

The Executive Committee has voted to make the Book Exchange closer to the Student Body. Hereafter, the Manager, elected by the committee, must make a report to it every month.

The Manager wishes to take this opportunity to thank those who have faithfully given their time and attention to the Exchange.



Voyne Vucosavlievich
Secretary

Mr. Crofts
Cafeteria Director

Annette Ruggles
President

Mr. Craven
Treasurer
Mr. Rhodes
S. F. A. L. Rep.



Grant Atchison
First Asst. Treas.

Hubert Lloyd
Third Asst. Treas.

Robert Don
S. F. A. L. Rep.

Russell Green
Second Asst. Treas.
Melvin McRae
Fourth Asst. Treas.



Winged L and Scroll Society

Formed as the Lowell High School Honor Society in 1905. Reorganized as the Winged L and Scroll Society in 1907. The members of this Society endeavor to promote good clean activities in the school and to keep harmony among the various branches of student enterprise. Each member of this Society must have worked faithfully and unselfishly for his Alma Mater, for the motto reads, "In the Service of Lowell."

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Thaddeus H. Rhodes

Sidney Schwartz

William Crittendon

Archibald J. Cloud

MEMBERS IN SCHOOL.

Class of 1915.

Hubert Lloyd

Albert Brown

Richard Berndt

Alvin Hyman

Howard Ransohoff

Class of 1916.

Robert Don

Stanley Mentzer

Charles Doe

Russell Green

Reginald Wilson

Alfred Breslauer

Voyne Vucosavljevich

Eugene Rebstock

Class of 1917.

Grant Atchison

Melvin McRae

GRADUATE MEMBERS.

Class of 1915

Walter Rhode

Randolph Flood

Alan Ackerman

George Herrington

Herbert Wilson

Edward Wagner

Robert Bernstein

Victor Furth

Albert Bull

Edwin Herschfelder

Paul Tissot

Esmond Schapiro

Vincent Mead

David Wolf

Hyde Lewis

Arnold Bowhay

Bert Thomas

Benned Golcher

Albert Simpson

Charles Street

James Ransohoff

Allison Reyman

Samuel Snead

Henry Kreutzman

Paul McKloskey

Cecil Huntington

Maurice McLaughlin

Willard Morton

Robert Ackerman

Wendell Hammon

Edwin Smith

Lynn Ward

Thomas Laine

Eugene Block

Reynolds McHenry

Byron Jackson, Jr.

Hugh L. Young

Harry Flynn

Peter Ibos

Ernest Smith

Harold Maundrell

William Garvin

Fredrich Maggs

Herbert Long

Hiram Johnson, Jr.

Otto Berkam

Harold Potter

Robert Underhill

Class of 1910.

Sherman Burns

Leo Meyer

Milton Marks

Leonard Bowhay

Everard Olson

Class of 1909.

Lyman Grimes

Raymond Flynn

William Johnston

Endicott Gardner

Edward Solomon

William McRae

Carl Bruns

Samuel Gunnison

Hollis Fairchild

Class of 1908.

Leland Spark

Edwin Corbett

Joseph Leopold

Class of 1907.

George Hammon

Leslie B. Henry

Justin Fuller

Marion Read

Ramon Gilbert

Class of 1906.

Burnett Hamilton

Class of 1905.

Alfred Tisconia

Alfred Roncovieri

Francis Deuprey

Clifford Jones

Andrew Massie

William Lieb

Melville Long

George Lang

Ralph Hare

Victor Pollak



The Shield and L Society

"In the Service of Lowell."

The Shield and L Society was organized in 1909. The members of this organization work quietly and unselfishly for Lowell with the aim of arousing and keeping alive among students a healthy interest in school affairs.

MEMBERS IN SCHOOL.

Honorary.	
Mrs. Henderson	Miss Edith Pence
Elizabeth Morrison	Zoe Grandi
Class of 1915.	
Marion Black	Gertrude Radebaugh
Violet Scott	Mignon Behm
Class of 1916.	
Florence Moses	
Elfreda Kellogg	
Margaret Priddle	
Class of 1917.	
Margaret Grimes	Grace Cuthbertson
Miriam Saville	Edith Pasmore

GRADUATE MEMBERS.

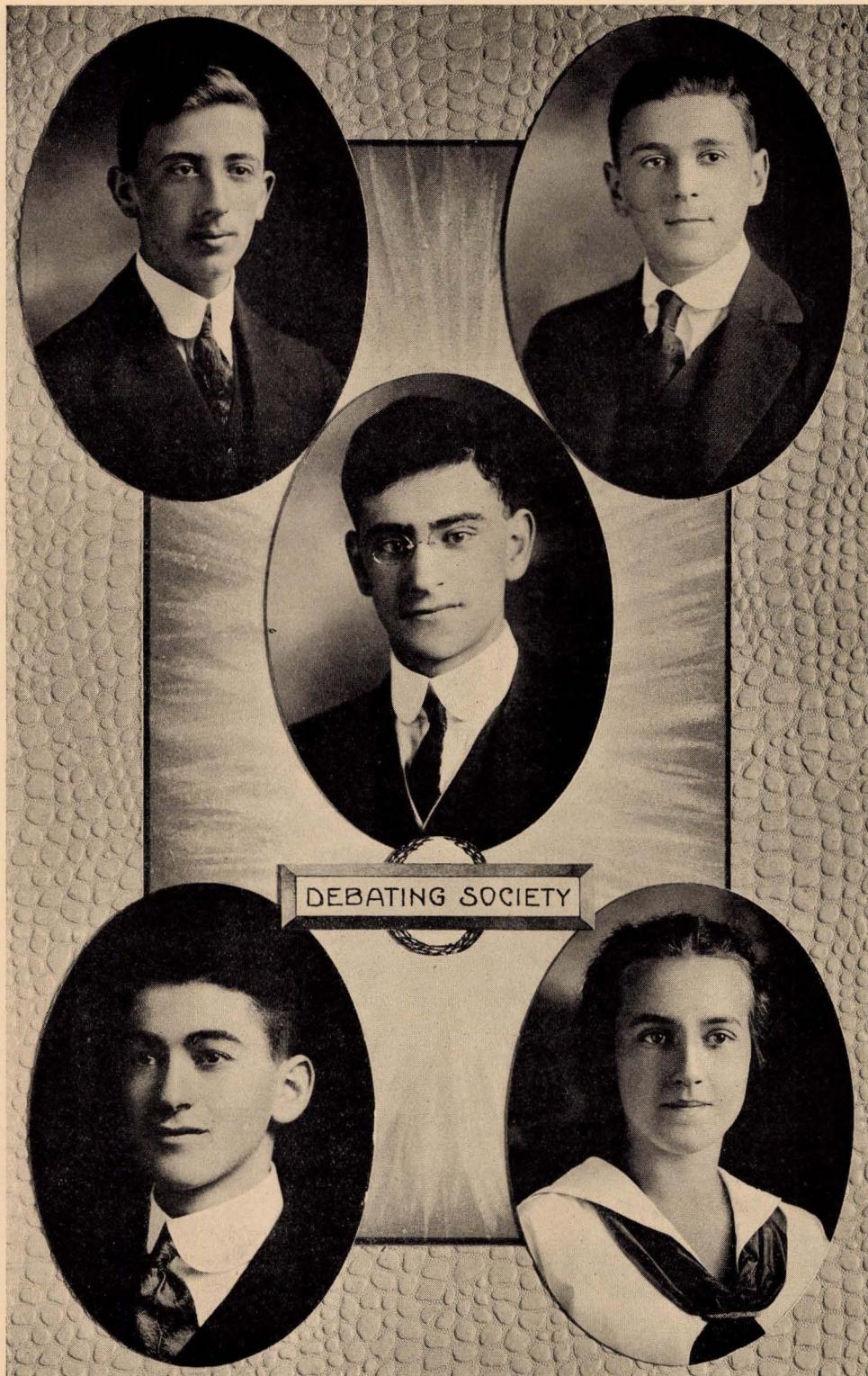
Class of 1915.	
Zoe Grandi	Helen Morrissey
Frances McClooughry	Kinta La Fitte
Class of 1914.	
Elinor Durbrow	Josie Maestretti
Louise Gardner	Clyffice Nevin
Dorothy Riedy	Margaret Volkman
Class of 1913.	
Martha McClooughry	Hazel Hollingsworth
Iola Reiss	Krescenz Woll
Class of 1912.	
Myrtle Franzen	Gertrude Vizzard
Anita Wales	Selma Geballe
Doris McGlaughlin	Florence Piper
Class of 1911.	
Margery Durbrow	Evelyn Wagener
Evelyth Brooks	Aileen Hyland
Class of 1910.	
Jessie Harris	Harriet Gliddon
Marianne Bell	Etta Schalk
Winifred Bridge	Edith Frisbie
Alvina Barth	Marcella McIlvain
Hilda Brandenstein	Marjory Ruckman
	Harriet Pasmore
	Lois de Vilbis
	Adeline Wallace
	Mildred Lincoln
	Gretchen Higgins



The Debating Society has enjoyed marked success in its work this term in spite of the many obstacles that were placed in its path. The membership has been somewhat increased and considerable interest has been awakened in its work among the lower classmen. Besides the above mentioned achievements the Debating Society can be proud of two new activities developed during this semester: first, the annual Phelan Cup tryouts and final debate, in which the participants contest for the beautiful silver cup presented to our society by Hon. James D. Phelan; second, "Open Discussion" on topics of current interest, under faculty guidance and opened by two members prepared on the subject. This second activity has afforded many new or inexperienced members opportunity and encouragement to speak extemporaneously.

During the term a constitution for the Society was adopted by its members. The Society brought honor to Lowell through two of its members: Jerome Bayer won, for the second time, the gold medal for declamation offered by the Debating League of California. Ezra Shapeero won the silver cup as victor in the Individual Speaking Contest of the same league.

The "big team" tryout drew a crowd that filled room 129. Those chosen as members of the team are Rabinowitz, Bayer and Breslauer, with Mentzer as alternate. A lively discussion of the new constitution of the L. H. S. S. A. formed the program of another interesting meeting. The Nieto cup tryout and final debate filled a number of programs. Thus far we have considered in a general way what the Debating Society has done during the term. Do you realize what these activities have meant? Do you realize that they have meant the awakening of a greater interest in and a more thorough understanding of many of the most vital problems in to-day's life? Do you realize that they have acted as an inspiration to careful thinking and have strengthened power of self-expression? Do you realize that they have encouraged the search for truth and thereby have added to moral uplift? If you realize these facts you cannot help but become a member of the society. If you do not realize them it is your duty to join. The society can point with pride to many of our noted San Franciscans who received their first forensic training and experience on Friday afternoons in its meeting room. The society opens its doors to you and bids you enter.



Herbert Rabinowitz
Vice-President
Alvin Greenberg
Recording Secretary

Jerome Bayer
President

Alfred Breslauer
Representative
Gertrude Radebaugh
Corresponding Secretary

READING CLUB



With the realization of a successful term the Reading Club completes another chapter of its interesting history. The club enjoys a full membership and although the end of the term is at hand the waiting list still contains a considerable number of names. Under the leadership of our friend and faculty representative, Miss Pence, and the stage manager, Miss Radebaugh, the club has drawn close to its original standard. The club was organized in 1905 for the purpose of reading Shakespeare, which principle has been somewhat neglected in the past. However during the past term due to the efforts of Miss Pence and the officers a considerable amount of time has been given to that author's plays. The club is to be congratulated on its willingness to assist the officers establish it along its old lines and it is sincerely hoped that the officers of the succeeding term will improve upon that which we have started. The section system, also an original phase in the history of the club, has been re-established and surely has been a great help to the stage manager as the leaders of the individual sections were responsible for a program at any time. Our scope of work has not permitted the presentation of any mid-term plays, but various well-acted sketches can be boasted of. The crowning achievement of this term was the "Fortune Hunter," which was staged jointly by the Reading Club and Oral Composition Class on December 9 and 10. The cast rehearsed regularly all day, Sunday rehearsals being the rule. The entire success of the affair was due to Bob Ackerman, who successfully coached the cast of the "Importance of being Earnest" play. The club wishes to take this opportunity to thank Miss Pence, Mr. Stephens and Mr. Rogers of the faculty and Mr. Cooper of the Cooper Dramatic School for the interest taken in the club during the past year. Credit is given for good work in the Reading Club so all prospective members should look forward to membership—not to lengthen your record but to earnestly endeavor to promote the welfare of the club and keep it at the head of the Lowell High School organizations. The programs this year have set a high standard and Miss Radebaugh is to be congratulated. The one outstanding feature meeting was when Mr. Cooper entertained us in the auditorium with some Shakespearean recitations and an original sketch. Each year the club's membership has been raised so that now there are some eighty active members.



Winifred Campbell
Vice-President

Gertrude Radebaugh
Stage Manager

Walter Friedrichs
President

Marion Black
Secretary

Johannus Dorn
Representative



"From Away Down Yonder in the Cornfield" floated from 130, and the first meeting of the Boys' Glee Club was on. Since then the fellows have been in training, from the first tenor to the heavy bass. At the beginning of the term the tryouts were held, and finally a compact number of songsters were selected. Happily, Mr. Smith has resumed leadership of the club, and for five months the raw recruits have been rounding out under his tutorship.

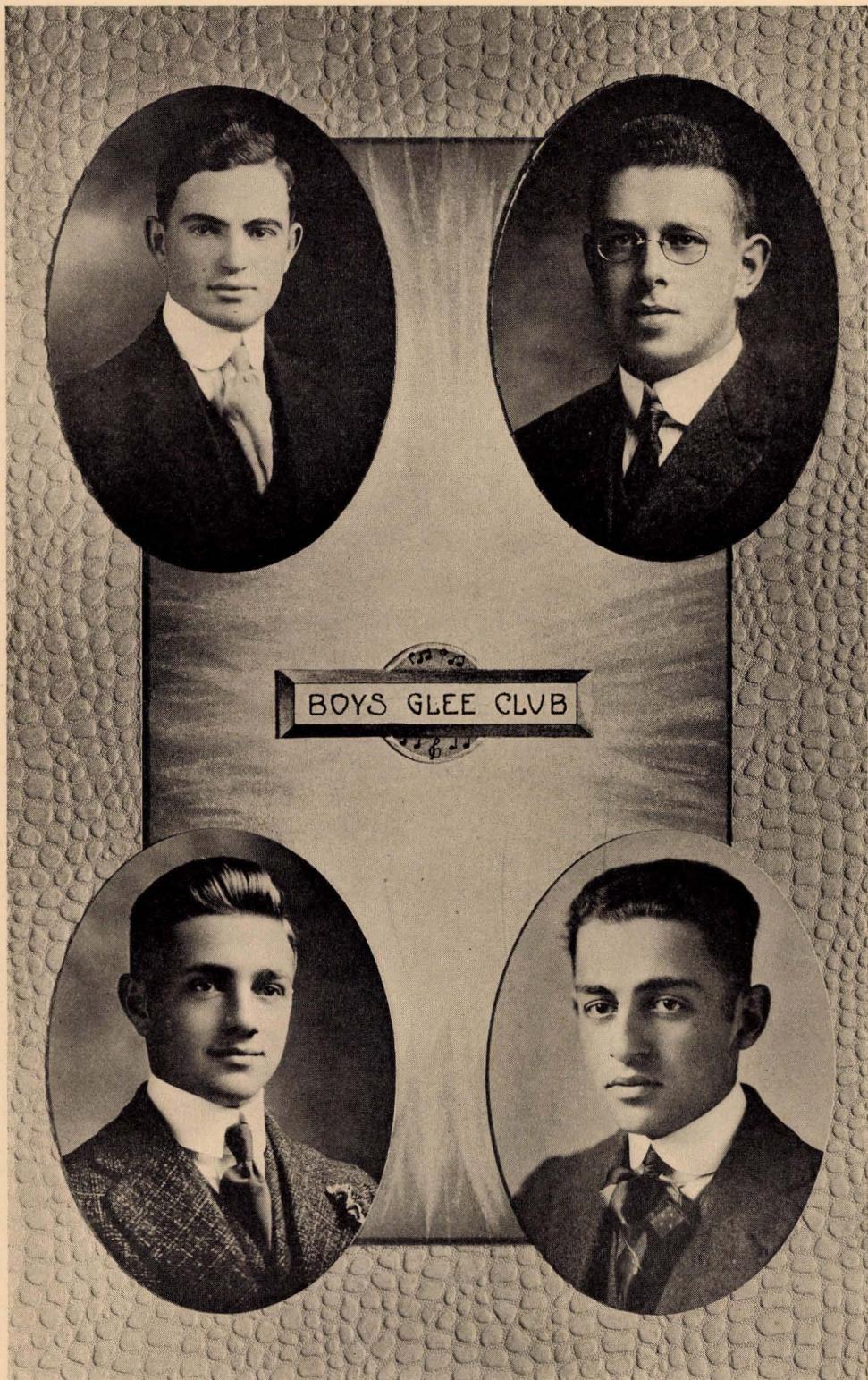
This semester no concerts have been given, but the fellows have been practicing faithfully, so that great things are expected from them next year.

The trip to Goat Island with the Girls' Glee Club was omitted this year. Many new songs have been mastered, and the members will surely be in fine condition for a great concert next year.

The advantages of the glee club are many. The training received singing in chorus is wonderfully beneficial. Singing is good exercise for the lungs, even better than rooting at a football game. Of course, you know credit is given for good work in the club. Some excellent singers have been developed by the organization. U. C.'s glee club has quite a number of representatives of Lowell's like organization. George McLoughlin is a singer of note among high school circles.

At the June '16 vaudeville show the six "gozintas" made their appearance. All are members or former members of the Glee Club.

A Glee Club in a high school is in a difficult position. It is during these four years of school life that a fellow's voice changes from a squeaky feminine tune to a more manly tone. Thus a fellow's voice is continually on the change. Although handicapped in the above way Lowell Glee Club has steadily forged ahead until it is now one of the foremost student organizations. If you "tried out" last semester, try again. The Glee Club has always been captained by capable officers and next year's lot is no exception. The club is now composed of earnest, hard-working fellows but as usual graduation takes its toll and the ranks must be filled. Come out next year and try out. You can never tell what your voice is worth.

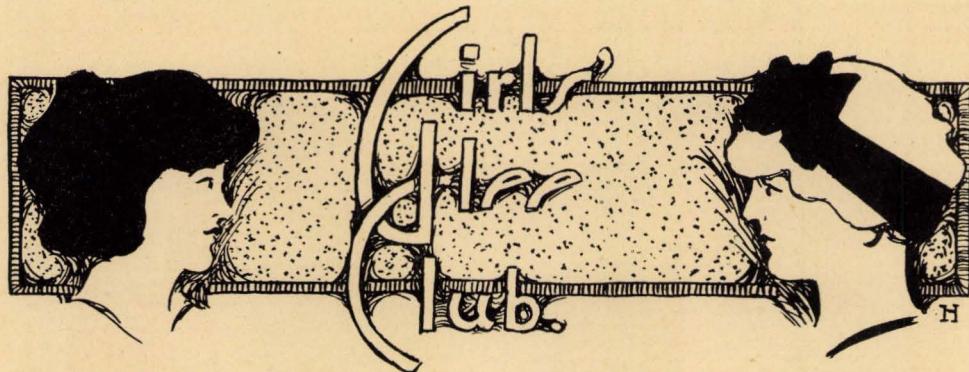


Alvin Hyman
President

Walter Friedrichs
Business Manager

Beverly Fisher
Vice-President

Henry Schwartz
Representative



The Girls' Glee Club has been one of the strongest organizations at Lowell this term. The club has had a fine semester and is now more important than ever, in many respects.

There is a membership of over ninety, made up principally of lower class girls, but nevertheless of fine workers. Following the custom of last term, the girls practiced in their study periods on Tuesdays. They have done some strenuous practicing, too, and have accomplished a great deal. There are some very lovely voices of which the club is very proud. Much new talent has been discovered and developed throughout the term.

Mrs. McGlade is a very efficient teacher. The great success of the club this term is almost entirely due to her. The members of the club and the school wish to extend to her their sincerest thanks for the valuable time and instruction she gave us. She has spent the term in teaching the girls the theory of music and harmony. They have acquired a great amount of knowledge in that line and it has helped them very much.

The girls have done some very useful work this term. They sang before the Congress of Women, which was held at the Exposition in the early part of the semester. Those who heard them in the chorus that night in the Court of Abundance had a very enjoyable time.

There are several important affairs in prospect before the Girls' Glee Club in the few remaining weeks. They are working all the harder now, looking forward to these events. One of these is the concert to be held in the school Auditorium on the afternoon of Tuesday, December 7. This is to be a joint concert of the Girls' Glee Club and the Orchestra. Many fine numbers are being planned and the concert promises to be a most enjoyable one.

Another important affair which is being anticipated with much pleasure is the trip to Goat Island. During the last few semesters the girls have made this trip quite often and it always results in a fine time. The club entertains and is entertained by the sailors, and the event furnishes fun galore. This will take place in the near future.

Prospects for next term are especially bright. The same system will probably be employed in regard to work and some new ideas will most likely be inaugurated.

Mrs. Henderson, our faculty member, has helped a great deal. She has offered some valuable suggestions, and much credit is due to her.

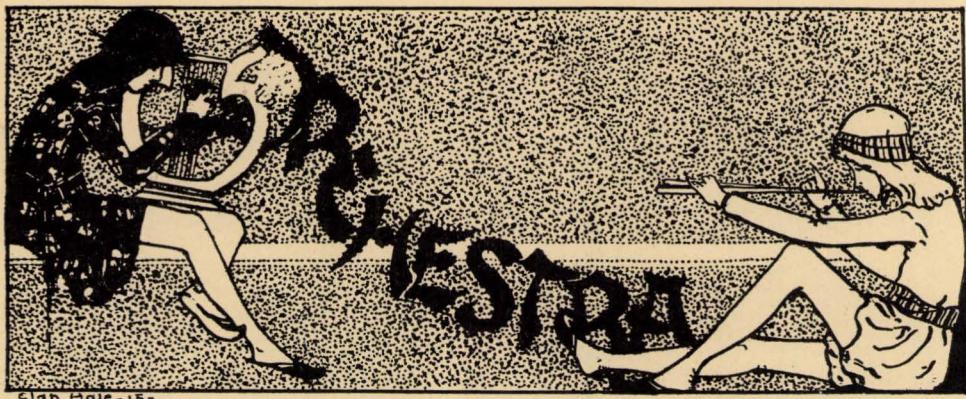


Conchita Bellanca
President

Constance Reston
Representative

L. Waibel
Secretary

Virginia Dittes
Librarian



Another semester and the Orchestra is still in the field. The past year, however, has been rather dull for the instrument jugglers. In the first place there has been little opportunity for the Orchestra members to show their ability. Yard rallies and such call for no music.

The band which was organized last year has gone to the "happy hunting grounds," leaving nothing but a memory. However, the Orchestra has always been considered a big part of Lowell, and in fact always will be. Its members are all well-known musicians and their ability is A1.

Although \$15 was granted by the Executive Committee, none of the money has been drawn. This miracle was made possible only through the generosity of one of the new members, L. Di Nola. A complete library of classical music was placed at the disposal of the Orchestra by him. The collection contains choice bits of Carmen, Aida and other famous operas. With this mine of music to delve into, the chief work of the Orchestra this semester has been to try over the offering in search of material suitable for the members. With a great part of the music still untouched, it was suddenly realized that the term was drawing to a close and that a concert was due. So the pleasures of grand opera were set aside and a few simple selections taken up.

Although little has been accomplished in a public way, the members all admit that they have spent a most enjoyable six months in going over the old familiar operas with their delightful and refreshing strains and beautiful harmonies. Each year quite a number of the members graduate, and this year is no exception. However, it is hoped that new talent will crop out and fill the ranks.

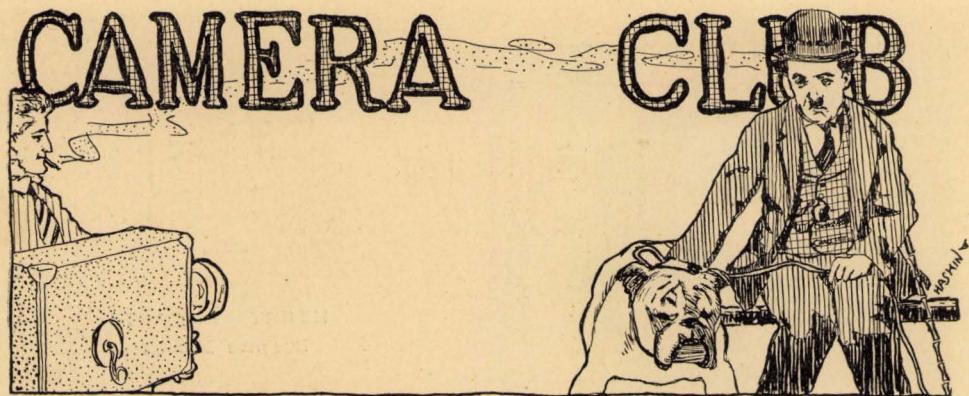
Next year should be a big one for the Orchestra. With the Exposition and its attractions over, school entertainment will again come into its own. Should you chance to scan these lines, remember that if you are a beginner you are doubly welcomed to the Orchestra, for beginners always take advice so much easier than an old-time "note-maker." However, there are no bars to old hands at the music game. The members are a sociable lot and a royal good reception is assured to all. Many first-class musicians have been developed by the Orchestra in the past, and miracles are still accomplished in this day.

From no matter what instrument you grind music, be it a fiddle or a bassoon, go up and help the Orchestra along.



HENRY SCHWARTZ
Business Manager

MILTON KLEIN
President

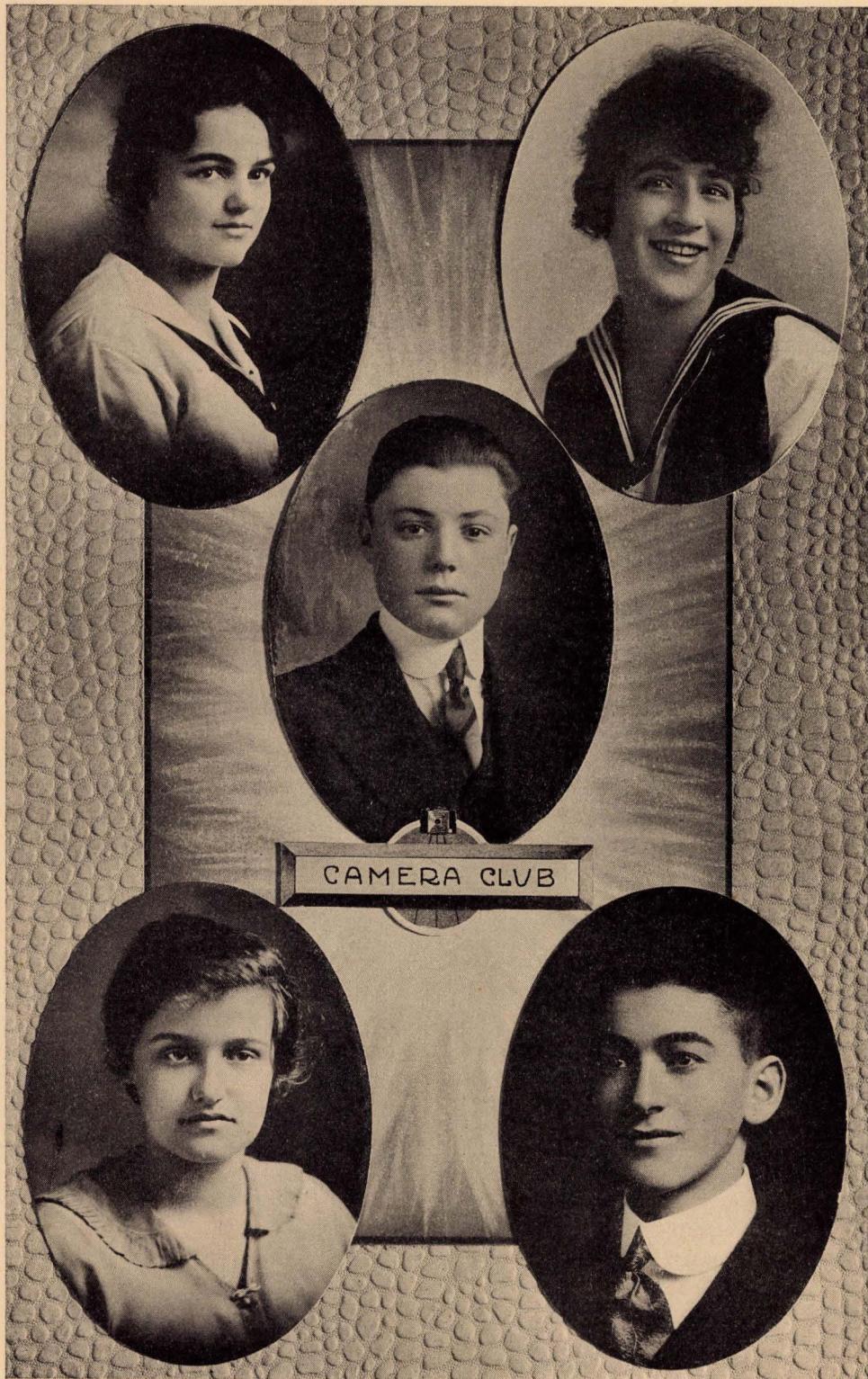


This year the Camera Club has pulled up to the point which it held in former years. Last term the attendance was poor, the order bad and thus there was some talk of abolishing the club. However, the club has again attained its former level. Under the guidance of Mr. Johns of the faculty and J. Peyser, president of the club, the attendance has materially increased, interest in welfare of the club strengthened and the entire club put on a firmer basis. Mr. Johns has given quite a number of lectures on the art of photography for the benefit of the club members.

At the beginning of the term some money was granted to the Camera Club by the Executive Committee. As a result quite a number of new pieces of "darkroom" apparatus was bought. It is certainly gratifying to see the number of members that use the Camera Club "darkroom." The wonderful views that may be obtained at the Exposition have created a heaven for the club members. If we may judge by the quantity of chemicals used the output of pictures this year must have been tremendous. All members of the Camera Club have access to the "darkroom."

One thing that was missed this year was the Camera Club picnic, which has always been an enjoyable affair. There was a time in the old school on Sutter street (before the Board of Education made its rule) when we were glad to buy a ticket to the Camera Club entertainments. Where have those good old days gone? Let's have some illustrated travelogues like they used to have. The Camera Club has performed some useful services this year. Photos have been taken of games, picnics, etc.

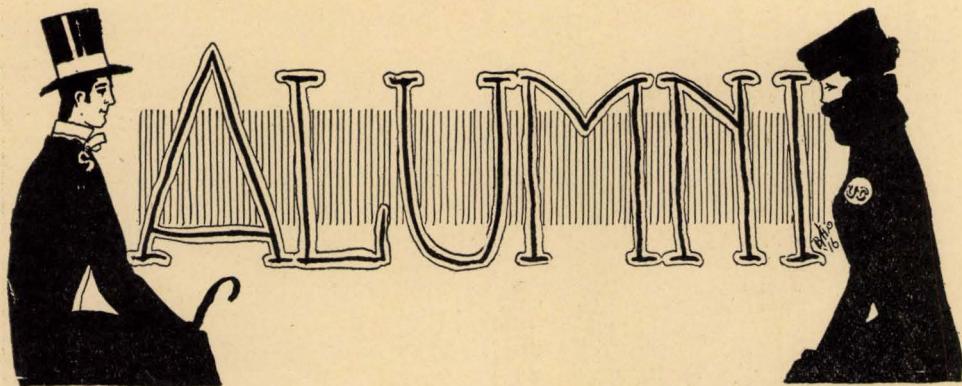
Most everybody likes to scout around and "shoot" with a camera. To satisfy the developing end of this desire the Camera Club was organized; and well has it satisfied the need. However, it seems queer that so few take advantage of numerous benefits that the club offers. Next year the club will be officered by students equally as capable as those at the helm this semester. Now, if you possess merely a pin-hole camera or even a high priced "shooting machine" and have a desire to reap the benefits that the entire student body pays for come around next year at the first meeting and sign up. Remember, you are not valued by the price of your camera but by the earnestness that you put into the club. May the Camera Club prosper next term as it did in 1915.



Hilda Kalisher
Vice-President
Mildred Smith
Representative

Jefferson Peyser
President

Pearl Jacoby
Secretary
Alvin Greenberg
Librarian



The Lowell Alumni, individually and collectively, want to congratulate the Student Body on a most successful semester.

Everyone who has ever been a Lowellite watches with great interest the activities of the school from term to term, and there isn't one who can see without a thrill of pride—exhibitions of the same old pep, the same clean-cut love of sport and the same standards of square dealing that have characterized Lowell men and women in every line from time immemorial.

It's great to have come from a school like that. It makes you proud for yourself, proud for the people who were there with you, and proudest of all for the people who are there now.

Lowell spirit is something that every Lowellite, past or present, has—and it's something that from your graduation you'll value more and more.

That's the answer to, Why an Alumni Association? It means old-time friends, old-time talks and old-time get-togethers with the people you used to know. It means a chance to take an active interest in Lowell and bring back, if only for a little while, the good old days when *that* was our business in life.

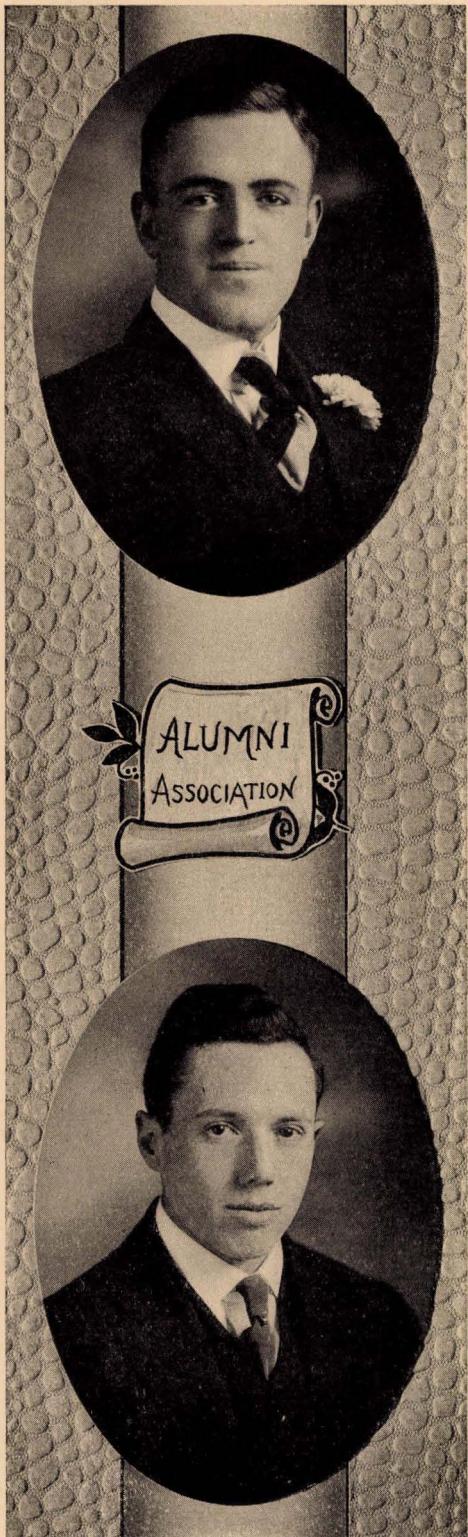
We are glad of an opportunity to further any project relating to the school, and we are equally anxious to give affairs in which we can interest the Student Body.

This year we have left behind us scenery to be used by the L. H. S. S. A. in producing Reading Club shows. Next year we hope to leave some other token of our eagerness to foster Lowell organizations.

Our success as a body is entirely dependent on Lowell's success as a body, and we like to feel that we still have a finger in the pie.

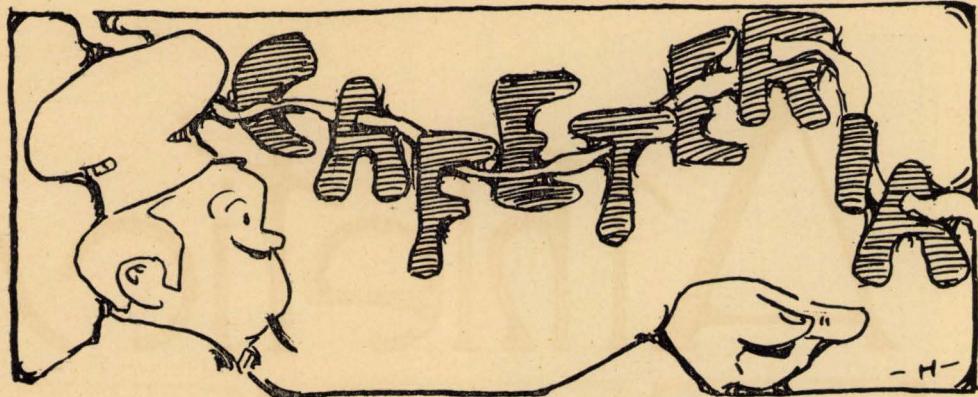
We thank the school for the support they have given us during 1915, and welcome the outgoing Seniors into the ranks of Lowell supporters. They will be replaced by other Senior classes, but they need never lose their activity as Lowell men.

ROBERT L. ACKERMAN, '10, Secretary.



WILLIAM McRAE
President

ROBERT ACKERMAN
Secretary



MELVIN C. MCRAE.

As each term of the cafeteria comes to a close there is some new change or improvement to be recorded. During the present semester some slight changes have been effected.

In the past there had been some doubt as to how many students should serve on the cafeteria committee. The new constitution recently drawn up brings out the number as three, together with the faculty and student manager. The three members are to be selected from the high Junior and the low and high Senior classes, and elected by the executive committee. This cafeteria committee meets from time to time and discusses matters of importance to the cafeteria. They are able to suggest new ideas and to them complaints and suggestions should be brought. The members, "Al" Brown and "Russ" Green, have worked hard this term and they have certainly helped to show the necessity of such a committee.

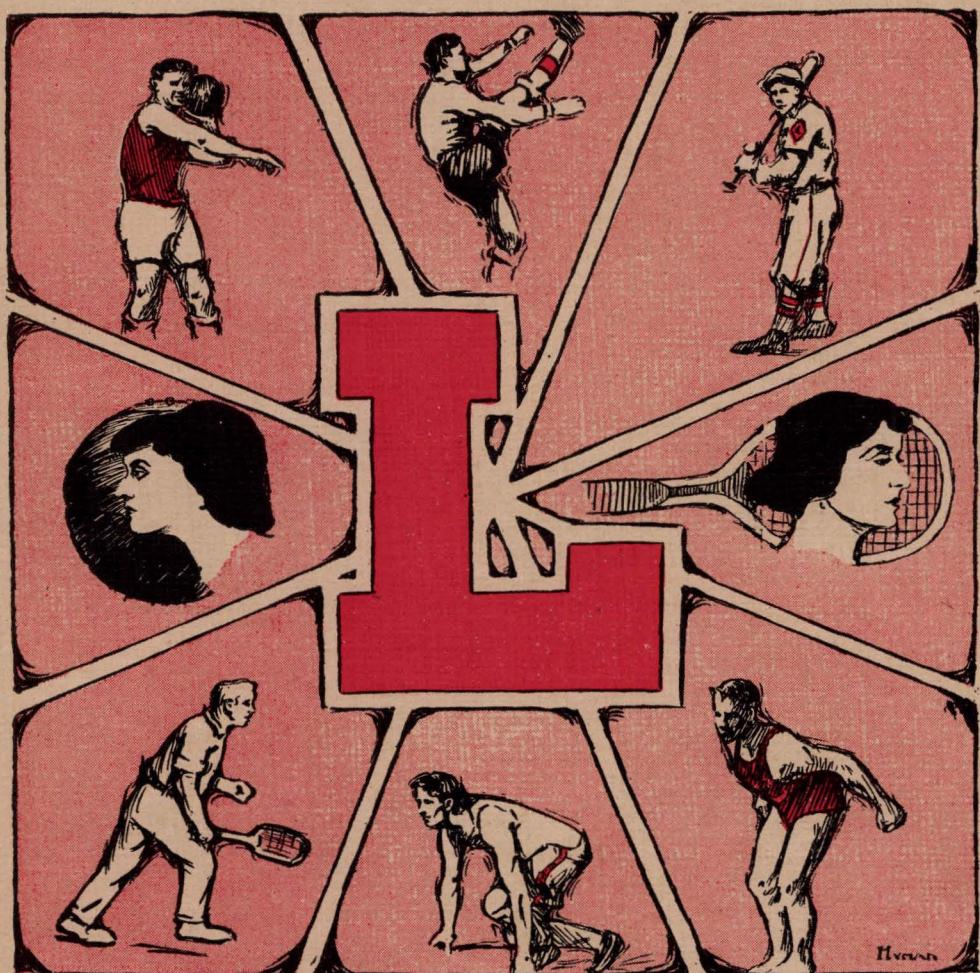
A new friend to the cafeteria has come to the surface. This friend is the Students' Affairs Committee, the members of which have undertaken to brighten up the walls of the cafeteria. They have already started in real earnest and so far this term have adorned the girls' side of the cafeteria with a generous row of pennants.

The financial conditions of the cafeteria have greatly improved this term. The Alumni debt has been paid off by the Executive Committee and the current debt has been practically removed.

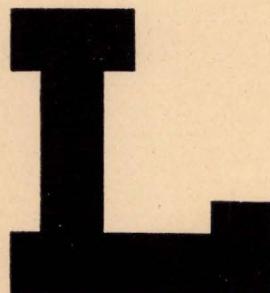
Next term a much needed improvement is hoped to be accomplished, and that is to cut through the corridor and have a store instead of the present stand. There is no doubt about it being needed, for it could easily be carried on in a strictly business-like manner, besides giving unexcelled service to the students. There are also other needed improvements, but due to financial hindrance, the aid of the Board of Education must be sought.

Now, the patronage this term has been fairly good, but very erratic at times. Out of such a large school as Lowell there is surely plenty of room for improvement in this direction. And remember, the success of the cafeteria depends upon you, and you in order to fulfil this obligation must give the cafeteria your patronage.

Athletics



WEARERS OF THE



Faculty.

Frank Morton.....	Gold L
T. H. Rhodes.....	Gold L
T. A. Smith.....	Gold L
Fred W. Koch.....	Gold L
Rev. M. Mullineaux.....	(Honorary) Block L
Archibald Cloud.....	Gold L

Class of 1915.

Richard Berndt.....	Basketball and Football
Walter Friedrichs.....	Track
Albert Brown.....	Football
Alvin Smith.....	Swimming
Bert Cole.....	Baseball, Basketball
Alvin Hyman.....	Baseball
Joseph Meherin.....	Football

Class of 1916.

Alfred Breslauer.....	Debate
Johannus Dorn.....	Swimming
Clinton Smith.....	Football
Grant Atchison.....	Football
Robert Don.....	Swimming, Basketball, Football, Track
George Hooper.....	Football
Marvin Coles.....	Football
Wood English.....	Track
Russel Green.....	Swimming, Basketball, Football
Howard Ransohoff.....	Swimming
Merrill Mensor.....	Swimming
Edward Turkington.....	Basketball, Football, Track
Voyne Vucosavlievich.....	Track, Football
Charles Wilson.....	Basketball
Reginald Wilson.....	Swimming, Football
Charles Doe.....	Football
Preston Steiger.....	Swimming, Track
Gustav Schwartz.....	Swimming

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Class of 1917.

Melvin McRae.....	Track
O. Bayless.....	Swimming
Louis Bering.....	Track, Football
Lorraine Bergey.....	Girls' Basketball
Margaret Grimes.....	Girls' Basketball
Elsie Hartlo.....	Girls' Basketball
Caesar Manelli.....	Basketball, Baseball, Football
Benjamin Gold.....	Track
Lloyd Hibbet.....	Track
Allan Newhoff.....	Track
Edith Pasmore.....	Girls' Basketball
Vera Pennington.....	Girls' Basketball
Russel Postlethwaite.....	Swimming, Football
Miriam Saville.....	Girls' Basketball
Joseph Feigenbaum.....	Swimming
Lloyd Dinkelspiel.....	Swimming

Class of 1918.

Dorothy Rainey.....	Girls' Basketball
Joseph House.....	Swimming
Mabel Goss.....	Girls' Basketball
Leo Young.....	Football

Class of 1919.

Richard Julien.....	Swimming
Eugene Mahey.....	Swimming
Richard Spellman.....	Track
Richard Tissot.....	Football
Anthony Cunha.....	Football



THE LOWELL

FOOTBALL.

"A football championship, the first in five years and the best Rugby team ever turned out at Lowell," reads the first line under the heading "Football" in the December, 1914, *LOWELL*. So, since November 20 we can all say, "the second football championship in five years," and be proud of it. Now for the rest. Without a doubt we have the best Rugby team in the city, but if we can go so far as to say it is better than last year's team is a question which will cause much discussion. Let the laurels rest as they are. The second football championship of the S. F. A. L. goes to Lowell and the team which won it is surely a good one.

If we were to pick out some individual who was directly responsible for the success of the team our first choice would be Coach Mullineaux. Starting the season with six veterans Mr. Mullineaux during three months' time has molded a team "second to none" in the city. His work has been untiring and to the satisfaction of the student body, successful. Next on the list comes Captain Voyne, who has worked with the team since the second day of school. Voyne's work has been for the interest of the team and the school and the success of the team is due in no small measure to his insistent demands of regular practice.

During the league season out of six games played we suffered one defeat at the hands of Lick-Wilmerding. We must not labor under the impression that the game was a fluke for the black and gold boys outplayed us and deserved to win. However, we have since decisively shown that our team is the better by defeating handily teams which have downed the victors of our first contest. During the league series we have scored 84 points against our opponents' 17. This record does not compare favorably with last year's league score, which was Lowell 142, opponents 3. This year, however, Mission and St. Ignatius forfeited, preventing our "fattening" our score column. During the entire season we have run up 136 points to our opponents' 72. This, however, includes defeats at the hands of the Olympic Club and two games at Stanford.

The final game at Ewing Field need not be recited over as the history made that day will never be forgotten. The 14 to 0 score and the continual forcing of the play clearly showed Lowell to be the better team. The most gratifying part, however, was the support given the team by the school at large. Lowell's rooting section (and especially the girls) was the largest ever turned out by a city high school.

The team itself includes the following fellows:

Clinton Smith, front rank, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 163 lbs. "Hookem" Smith proved himself one of the most aggressive forwards Lowell has seen. His tackling was perfect and proved itself a big factor in the final game.

THE LOWELL

Caesar Manelli, front rank, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 173 lbs. Caesar's ability to hook the ball secured him a position on the team early in the season. However, his fighting spirit cinched his berth. Manelli was a heavy scorer for a forward.

Grant Atchison, lock, height 6 feet, weight 174 lbs. Atchison was one of the hardest working forwards. Never in the limelight but always on the ball, Grant has clearly shown he deserves more praise than he received.

"Russ" Green, breakaway, height 6 feet 1 inch, weight 170 lbs. "Russ" only played football for a month but his natural ability secured him a berth immediately. His work in the lineouts and rucks was the outstanding feature of the games in which he played.

Robert Don, breakaway, height 6 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, weight 185 lbs.

Marvin Coles, rear rank, height 5 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, weight 154 lbs. Coles played a consistent game at rear rank, being continually on the ball and showing to good advantage in the rucks. He was unselfish on the field and never tried to hog the ball.

Reginald Wilson, rear rank, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 150 lbs. "Reg" has made a name as a footballer which rivals his brother's. His dribbling and work in the loose was as good as any on the team. His work in the lineouts was surprising for a man of his size. "Reg" will be a wonder next year.

Anthony Cunha, rear rank, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 154 lbs. Cunha is a new man at school but he has shown the right spirit and made good. His tackling and scrum work were first class and although his appearance on the field was a little late he made good from the start.

Russell Postlethwaite, rear rank, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 156 lbs. "Posey" is without a doubt the best dribbler on the team. He was responsible for half the dribbling rushes of the season. His ability in the other departments was of the same caliber. Sickness kept him from doing more than he did.

Joseph Meherin, rear rank, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 142 lbs. Joe was the lightest man in the scrum but none had anything on him for fight and all round good playing. Joe has worked hard for two years and his excellent playing this term has shown the effect of his efforts.

Louis Bering, wing forward, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 166 lbs. "Babe" has developed into everything that was expected of him and a little more, too. His speed and build played an important part in making him the best wing forward in the city. "Babe" was one of the heaviest scorers on the team.

Leo Young, halfback, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 135 pounds. Leo is one of the grittiest players Lowell has ever had behind the scrum. No rush was too fast for him to stop. The way he snapped the ball to the backs played an important part in the movement of that division. Leo has a great future before him as a footballer.



Top Row—Green, Cunha, Tissot, Atchison, Don, Hooper, Turkington, Millington, Coles, Middle Row—Postlethwaite, Stevick, Shaffer, Vayne (Capt.), Rev. Mullineaux (Coach), Wilson, Dunne, Manelli, McKenzie, Bottom Row—Doe, Bering, Young, Melerin, Smith, McMillan.

THE LOWELL

George Hooper—First five; height, 5' 11"; weight, 174 pounds. Hooper at first five was probably the best in the city although this is his first season as a regular. His ability to keep the backfield moving after Young got it started was a prime factor in that department. George has a great season before him.

Richard Tissot—Second five; height, 5' 11"; weight, 165 pounds. Dick was moved from the scrum to the backfield this year and his playing in the latter department was as good if not better than in the forward pack. Dick's unselfishness with the ball stood out in all the games.

Ed. Turkington—Center three; height, 6'; weight, 165 pounds. Turk was the fastest man in the backfield and his ability to "get" men who had broken away saved many a score. Turk's tackling stopped many a backfield rush as he always dropped his man clean. Scoring was second nature to him.

Captain Voyne Vucosavlivich—Wing, height, 5' 11"; weight, 174 pounds. Captain Voyne deserves great credit in the way he handled the team. He showed no partiality and forced everyone to do his share of work. His playing at wing paved the way to many scores. Vuc was one of the hardest men in the city to stop once he got going.

Theron Stevick—Wing; height, 5' 10"; weight, 152 pounds. Stevick brought a fine assortment of swerves and dodges with him from Palo Alto and this together with good heady playing won him a place on the team. "Steve" was good for ten yards at least every time he started.

Charlie Doe—Fullback; height, 5' 8"; weight, 154 pounds. For the first time in a good many years Lowell has some one who is willing to specialize at the fullback position. In Charlie the school has a fullback who, for ability as a tackler and booster, cannot be rivaled. Possessing a good boot in either foot and an uncanny ability for finding touch from all angles, Doe is the only possible selection for an all-star fullback.

Wayne Millington—Sub. rear rank; height, 5' 10"; weight 164 pounds. Millington was surely big team caliber but lack of experience kept him from a steady berth. His playing was consistent and he never missed a practice—which is saying something. Millington was a hard fighter and always in the game.

Sherwin McKenzie—Sub. front rank; height, 5' 9"; weight, 150 pounds. Mac sure is the pocket edition of his brother who made a reputation as one of the hardest fighters on last year's team. A little more experience and weight will put "Mac" in a class by himself.

Daniel McMillan—Sub. front rank; height, 5' 7"; weight, 172 pounds. Again lack of experience worked against a good man but McMillan tried hard all season and deserves a good deal of credit for his sticking qualities. Next season should put him in the limelight.

Walter Schaffer—Sub. wing; height, 5' 9½"; weight, 148 pounds. Schaffer showed some high class ball at wing and only brilliant ball played by the regulars kept him out of the game. His speed, swerving and head-

THAT FOOTBALL TEAM

CAPTAIN VOYNE
"He did it"

THOSE BACKS
FEED ON NAILS

'TIS A FIGHTING SQUAD THEY
SAY

SOME OF THE
FORWARDS ARE
VERY SPEEDY

B. Martin 1916

THE LOWELL

work are not to be doubted, for he demonstrated clearly that he is a player of no mean ability.

Manager Al. Brown comes last but not least, for it was his good work at the beginning of the season which put the team in such good shape. Unfortunate injuries kept Al. out of all the league games but his preliminary work shows him to be a fast Rugby player.

Average height of team, 5 feet 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Average weight of team, 161 pounds.

Average weight of scrum (14 men), 163 pounds.

Average weight of backfield (8 men), 160 pounds.

We wish to take this as a means of thanking Doyle, Grandi, K. Berndt, Lewin, Kelly, C. Smith, Murdock, R. Berndt, Street and Taaffe for their good work on the second team. Doyle is especially deserving as he was always on hand to help in any way he was needed.

SWIMMING.

That Lowell has been the king pin of swimming schools in the past we will grant without argument. But whether she is this year is another thing. Postponement of the meet at the last minute keeps the results which you know too well out of this issue. Did Lowell win? If you don't know you ought to. Win or lose, at this writing the prospects point toward a winning team. The addition of a backstroke, breast stroke and plunge for distance has not at all damped our hopes, for with the customary Lowell spirit we have gone ahead and developed men for these events.

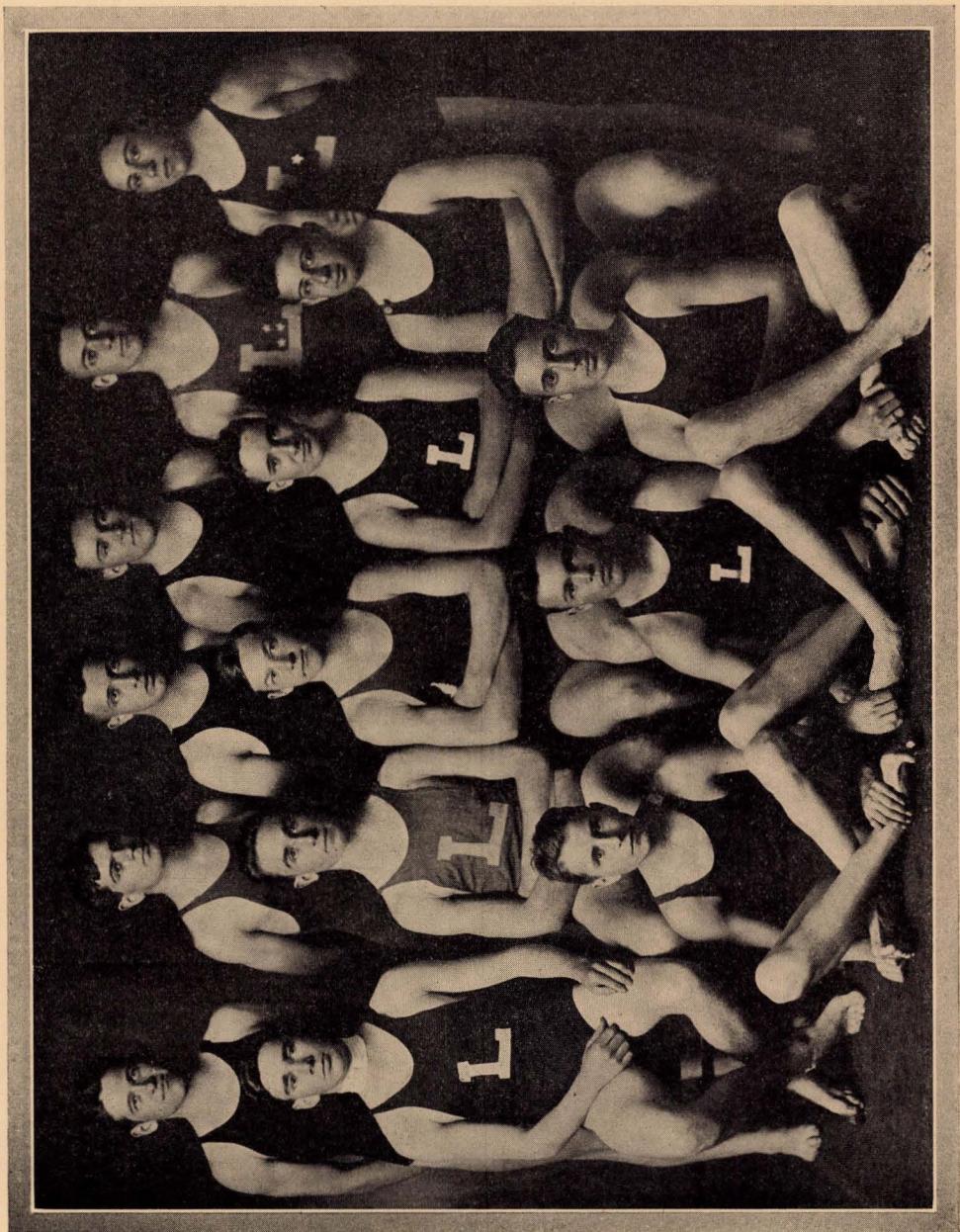
This year's team brings to light a number of new men who have been working faithfully for the past six months in an effort to win a coveted block L, new faces have appeared in the sprints and distances but ability to navigate their respective races in fast time has not fallen by the wayside. Perhaps we have not the old familiar faces but the same speed is there as when we were recognized champions of California two years ago. Those who have done their best for us are:

Captain Alvin Smith, commonly known as "Lefty," is the best long distance swimmer around the bay. Lefty is good for a win in anything from a 220 to a half mile.

Manager Howard Ransahoff—Ransie has been coming along nicely in the half mile as a result of consistent training. He has a year more in which to distinguish himself.

Preston Steiger—Steiger is a new one in Lowell Swimming circles. As a Mission man he gave us considerable trouble so his joining our ranks is not hailed without joy. Steiger is a sprinter of the first class.

Eugene Mahy—Mahy, our freshman wonder, swims the fifty yards



Top Row—Mahey, Feigenbaum, Dorn, Steiger, Green, Mensor.
Middle Row—Postlethwaite, Wilson, Smith (Capt.), Ranshoff, Schwartz.
Bottom Row—Julien, House, Dinkelspiel.

THE LOWELL

in record time and incidentally does his turn in the relay. Mahy has kept up the record of "one good freshman every term."

Russell Posthelwaite—Posey is one of the old guard in the sprints. He has been out of swimming for some time on account of sickness but consistent training has brought him back to his old speed.

Reginald Wilson—"Reg" has found time to do some swimming outside of football, the quarter mile being his race. "Reg" has improved steadily in his swimming of late and is going in fine shape.

Merril Mensor—Mensor is one of the hardest workers on the team and his efforts deserve mention. He has trained consistently for the distances and no one deserves a place more than he.

Joseph Feigenbaum—"Feig" is a newcomer in the ranks also and his work to date has warranted him a place on the team. He swims the middle distances in a creditable manner.

Jack Dorn—If we were to pick out the man who has shown the greatest improvement, our choice would undoubtedly be Dorn. Only steady training could bring about the results shown in this case and we cannot give him too much praise.

Gustav Schwartz—Gus is also a new swimmer who has shown class in the distances. His work has been a steady effort and deserves a reward in the meet.

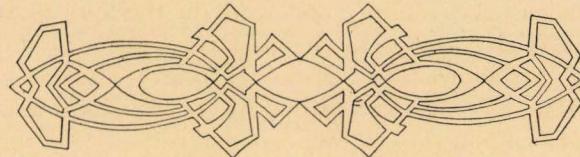
"Russ" Green—One of our old standbys in the sprints is as fast as ever this year. Russ' work at football has somewhat hindered him but nevertheless he can still go some.

Lloyd Dinkelspiel—Another newcomer has shown the right spirit in his work and as a result has made the team. His work in the tank has been as satisfactory as that on the track.

Joseph House—House has improved a great deal over last year's work and only high class competition kept him out of the fifty. However he will make good in some other race. Watch him.

Robert Don—Everybody knows what Bob can do. At least five points and a record lap in the relay are certain. 'Nuf ced!

Dick Julien—Another newcomer of no mean ability who is ready to make records in the future. Dick has the makings of an A No. 1 swimmer and will be a star before long.



THE LOWELL

TRACK.

In spite of all predictions at the beginning of the season the Lowell track team has weathered a successful campaign of track activities. First we were tied with Cogswell for first place in the S. F. A. L., then we won by one point and then out of all the chaos the result of the meet was put on the shoulders of Postlethwaite of Lowell and Forsyth of Cogswell. Here's the way it happened. The final score stood: Lowell 46½, Cogswell 45½ with Posey and Forsyth tied for fourth place in the high jump. Now in an amateur meet this cannot be, for they must jump until someone wins, and the meet being for amateurs this rule must hold good. But the officials let the tie stand and Lowell was declared victor. But Cogswell protested and their protest being good the two boys must jump off the tie. If Posey wins we get the meet by two points, if he loses we are tied for first with Cogswell. The date set for the jump was November 29th. Do you know who won?

Aside from the S. F. A. L. a relay team representing Lowell ran away with a silver loving cup in a special high school relay at the Armory Indoor Track meet. Each man ran 356 yards and at the end of five laps Lowell had a thirty-five yard lead. Another team representing Lowell entered a High School relay at the Fair, San Francisco Day, and after leading for three laps on the last lap the baton was dropped and with it Lowell's chances. Mick English, however, made a wonderful spurt and nearly caught the Berkeley man.

The feature of this year's team was its strength in the 120-pound class. Captain English and Manager Garbarino together with Ben Gold and Chris. Trowbridge copped around 19 points in the S. F. A. L. This went a long way in getting the meet. The team as a whole was well balanced as shown by the fact that we finished at the top, but only one man succeeded in capturing his block letter. Steiger in the shot and discus made six points and his block if the team has won the meet. The team in full was:

Jack Margo, a new track man but a fast sprinter and willing worker. "Red" has a fine start.

Ed. Turkington, who found time to do some track work outside of football, grabbed a few points in the meet.

Voyne Vucosavlievich, another footballer who grabbed us a few points toward another win. Voyne certainly showed the right spirit.

Preston Steiger was the star of the unlimited class for Lowell and his work in the weights is deserving of a block. Steiger has been a willing worker since he came to Lowell and is making good rapidly.

Louis Cahen has been doing good work in the sprints and jumps.

Lloyd Dinkelspiel was one of the first track men to start training and his place in the 220 showed his wisdom at early work.

Melvin McRae has again returned to track work and this together with some broad jumping has shown good results.

Nelson Black obtained a good start and has the makings of a good track man in him if he keeps up the good work.

THE LOWELL

Russell Posthelwaite who took the burden of the results on his shoulders. If he didn't let them fall our way you can rest assured he did his best.

Richard Hibbett of 120-pound fame graduated into the upper classes and bids to be a shining light among the heavies.

R. Newton and **B. Newton**, brothers and relations who are helping Lowell make a name in the track world. Two hard workers who are bound to be rewarded.

Harold Saville our discuss thrower who can be relied upon to bring in a few points at least. You will always find him on the job.

William Cook, one of the hardest workers on the team who deserves no end of praise for his sticking to track. Work is his middle name as far as we can see.

John Aicher a new half-miler who bids strong to make good in S. F. A. L. circles. His efforts have been steady and are bound to bring results.

Irvin Kaufman is another steady worker who has fine track material in him. We should hear more of him next semester.

Douglas Wagner has taken up pole vaulting and is making good fast. Watch him and you will see a winner next year.

120-Pound Class:

Captain Wood English the best 120-pound quarter miler in the city and no doubt in the State. "Mick" broke the record this year by two seconds. As a leader he is as good as he is a runner and we congratulate him on the way he handled the track team.

Manager Ed. Garbarino runs the 75 yards faster than any 120-pounder in the city. Ed's work as a track man has been of slow development but this year he has come into his own.

"Bennie" Gold also runs the 75 and relay and in the latter department he has shown his heels to them all. He has a hard time making weight but trains faithfully.

Chris. Trowbridge completes the cycle of four of the best 120-pounders in the city. He is a close second to English in the quarter and his relay lap is excellent.

100-Pound Class:

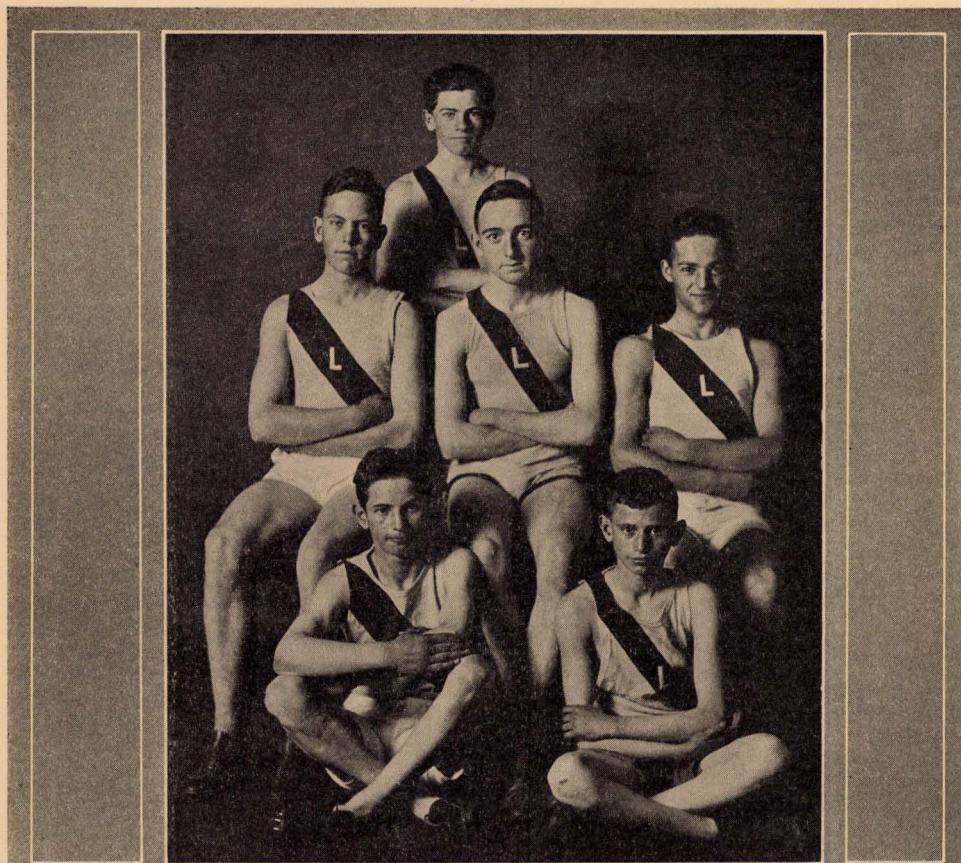
Leslie McGrath is our star 100-pound man and his efforts are also those of a steady trainer. You can always find McGrath doing some kind of track work.

Charles Kreuter has helped the school in his track work as much as the next fellow, although he weighs only 100 pounds.

Abe Spivock, another lightweight who has shown the Lowell spirit by consistent efforts, will be a factor in future meets if he keeps up his good work.

Bernard Weinstein has been a hard worker in the track department of athletics and serves as a good example for many a mightier fellow. Let us hope he keeps up the good work.

TRACK TEAM



THE LOWELL

GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

The Girls' Basketball team has worked hard this semester—perhaps not with spectacular results, but with substantial ones, nevertheless. The term has been devoted to strengthening the team by having tryouts for vacant places and taking part in a few practice games. The tryouts have been most successful and some fine material has been discovered. Among the class teams, the only ones organized outside of the Freshmen, were the Low and High Sophomores and the Low Juniors. (The Low Juniors won the interclass and with this, their class numerals.) There was some fine playing in the interclass games and all the girls that turned out deserve credit for their work and enthusiasm.

The only really important practice game was with the Girls' High School. It was held at their courts on the afternoon of November fifth. In spite of the fact that there was only a very meager showing of spectators from Lowell, the game resulted in a victory for our team by a score of 32-14. The team played well and every member on it helped and worked hard to pull up those points. There will be a return game with Girls' High some time in the early part of December at Lowell's courts.

The girls on the team have a record to live up to in the fact that in the last few years there have been 53 straight victories. This fact, however, makes them work just that much harder. The girls have turned out wonderfully for the football games of the boys this term—so here's hoping that there will be another manifestation of pep next term in the girls' basketball games. The team this term includes:

Adeline Thompson, captain and goal. Good government of the team under her leadership has been shown and she is a player of great ability.

Miriam Saville, manager. She plays center and has worked hard and managed the team most successfully. She is a very swift player and Lowell is indeed fortunate to have her.

Margaret Grimes, goal, and our star. Her wonderful shooting into that basket may always be depended upon. We are very lucky that "Peggy" has three more terms with us.

Edith Pasmore has a new position of guard, and is absolutely impassable. She is a great player and can always get that ball.

Mabel Goss as guard is a very accurate player. She is exceedingly cool-headed and is always there.

Violet Gray, new on the team. She plays side center and may be found on every occasion just where they need her.

Terys Dietle plays touch center. She is tall and has fine qualifications for that place. She is extremely quick.

Vera Penington, new at touch center, but plays a fine game and is very reliable.

Frances Langpaap, new at side center. She is swift and uses great head work.

Last but by no means least is **Miss Pence**. She has helped the girls wonderfully on all occasions and deserves great credit and many thanks.

We are sure to have a fine team in basketball next semester.



Top Row—V. Pennington, E. Pasmore, M. Goss.
Middle Row—A. Thompson, T. Dietle, M. Grimes, V. Gray.
Bottom Row—M. Saville, F. Langpaap.

THE LOWELL

GIRLS' TENNIS.

The Girls' Tennis Club has had a relatively small membership this term, but its members are very faithful and "peppy." It would seem that there should be more girls, in such a huge school as ours, who could take a great interest in tennis, but maybe they will come out next term. In the club Miss Hazel McKinnon is President and Miss Gertrude Mobley, Secretary.

Most of the time has been spent in carrying out a series of tryouts for class teams. Many girls came out and fine new material was discovered. The class teams were finally picked. They include:

Senior.....	Elizabeth Morrison
Junior.....	Margaret Priddle and Gertrude Mobley
Sophomore.....	Helen Ibburg and Elsie Leicester
Freshman.....	Margaret Wralty and Miss Sheehan

The interclass tournaments have been held just recently; the only classes really participating, however, were the Juniors and Sophomores. The Seniors had only one representative and the Freshmen, after much energy and time wasted, defaulted. In the interclass, the Juniors played the Sophomores and were defeated by a score of 6-4, 11-9. The two girls on the Sophomore team played especially well and deserve credit for their work. As a result of having won the interclass they earn the right to have their names on the interclass cup.

The school team has not played any important games this term, although they have been practicing and as the result of a challenge from Girls' High School will probably play this game in the near future. The two girls on the big school team are:

Margaret Priddle, the veteran on the team. She has worked hard all term and her management of the interclass was most successful.

Helen Ibburg is a very good player and may be depended upon at all times.

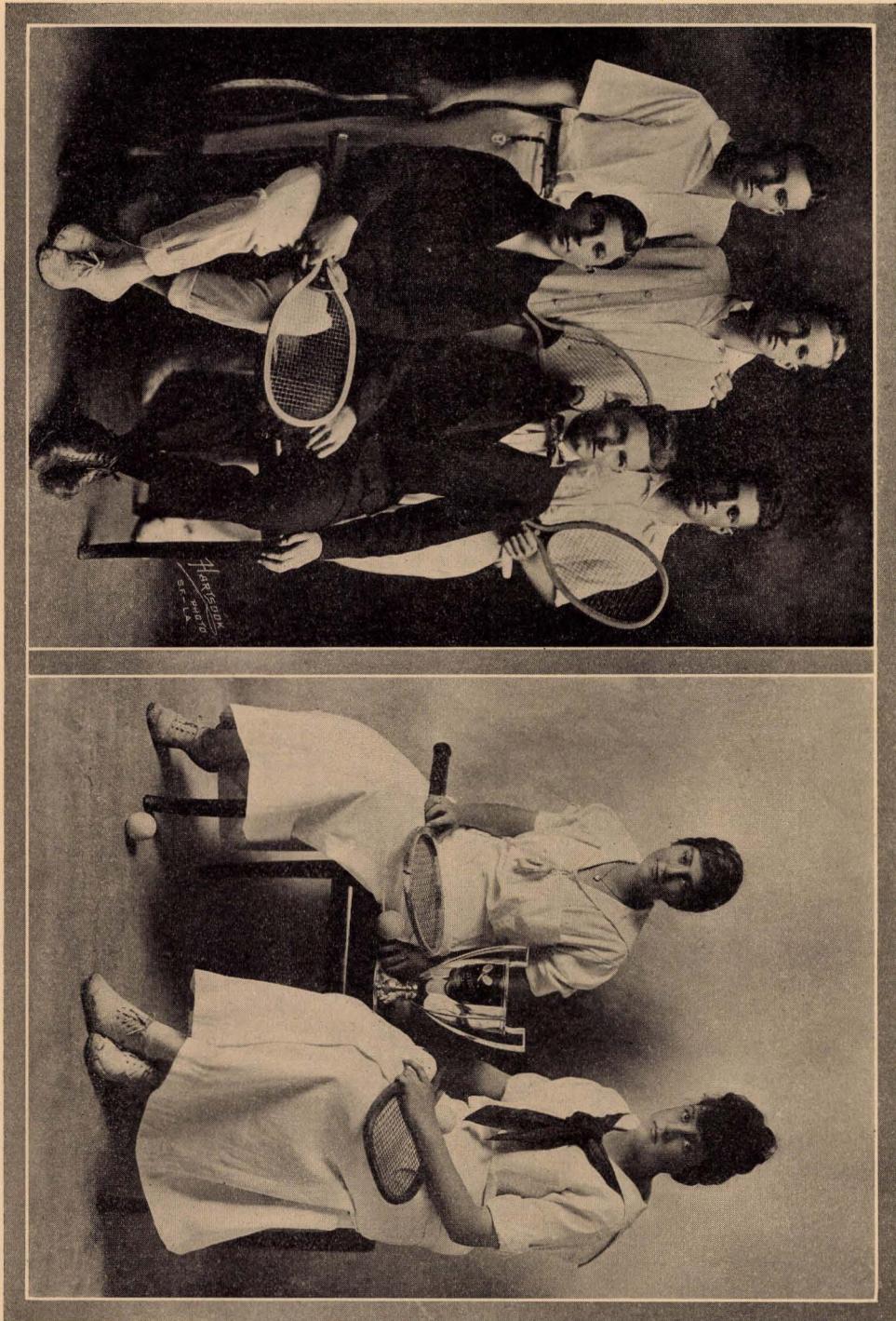
BOYS' TENNIS.

The Boys' Tennis team was not brought before the eyes of the Student Body this term for the simple reason that no tournaments have been held in which the school team might enter. An interesting interclass was held, however, in which Tobias was returned the singles winner and Turner and Hoppe cleaned up the doubles.

A match is scheduled with Petaluma for Saturday, December 11th. The two-man team will consist of either Steiger and Turner or Karsky and Tobias.

Next term should be a real live one for tennis. Many tournaments will be staged in which Lowell may participate. With such stellar exponents of the game as "Ro" Roberts, Irving Karsky, Lyle Tobias and Preston Steiger, Lowell stands in a fair way to clean up the high schools of the entire State.

Top Row—Steiger, Turner, Karsky.
Bottom Row—Tobias, Hughes (Mgr.).



Miss Priddle (Capt.), Miss Ibung.

THE LOWELL

BOYS' BASKETBALL.

Next term the first team to take the field will be the basketball team and it may be interesting to know just how that team shapes up at the close of this term. For three years in succession Lowell has held the unlimited basketball championship and Captain Bob Don promises another championship early next term. With Bert Cole and Caesar Manelli, two veterans in the forward division, and Captain Don at center, with Russ Green, another veteran, guarding, we have ninety per cent. of a championship team already formed.

The basketball interclass was brought to a successful close by Manager Charles Wilson, and the Juniors returned victors. Of the heavier men Perasso and Mangles stood out well, while the most numerous stars were in the 130-pound class. Adams, Kruger and Gold played some good ball. With a little more coaching Stiller and S. Vucosavlivich should develop into first-class men. Torre did some fine guarding for the Juniors during the series. Another player who should develop into a good man is Saville who played with the Seniors at a guard position.

A change in the league weights has put four teams into the field. Contests will now be played in the 100, 120, 130 and unlimited classes. This gives a chance for the smaller boys to show their ability and to help the school. The 100 and 130 pound teams have already started active work and a number of unimportant games have been played.

BASEBALL.

Baseball takes a prominent position next semester, and judging from the increase in support the students are taking more interest in it every term. Last year's team is completely knocked to pieces, and the job of building up a new one is going to be no mean task. However the material brought to light by the baseball interclass has somewhat lightened the burden. On going to press the Juniors and Freshmen have played four tie games in a fight for first place. If the Freshies win the series will be a tie while a defeat gives the Juniors the championship. The Sophs are third in the race with the Seniors bringing up the rear.

The Freshmen have brought forth two good players in Altschul and Ratner. The all-round ball playing of these two has been the feature of the series. The Freshmen were especially strong in the infield, shortstop being like a stone wall. Steiger, of the Juniors, was the Ty Cobb of that team, while his fielding in the outer gardens was especially noteworthy. As a whole the material in school is the best seen in a long time and the probability of a winning team is not a mere dream. With Green, Cap. Hyman, Perasso and Manelli left from last year's team in the outfield, and Bert Cole on the mound and Don at first, we have a fair beginning and the outlook is not at all discouraging. The main thing is for the candidates for the different positions to stick to the end and not be discouraged. Spaldings are to put up another perpetual trophy for which the city schools are to compete. Are you going to do your share to help win it?



HEYMAN ~
apologies

THE LOWELL

"What are you doing there, Ellen?"

"Excuse me, Miss, but my apron caught in the door."

"But you left the room ten minutes ago!"

"Yes, Miss; but I only just found it out."—Ex.

—
"Your honor," said Mac, "I tried to warn the man, but the horn wouldn't work."

"Then why didn't you slacken speed rather than run him down?"

"That's one on me. I never thought of that."—Ex.

"When I was a child," explained Doc, who is ambitious, "my father always said to me: 'Learn to cut your finger nails with your left hand, for some day you might lose your right hand.'"—Ex.

Altschuler to stranger in barber shop (yes, he really was in one)—Fine day isn't it?

Stranger (haughtily)—Sir! You have the advantage of me. I don't know you.

Altschuler—Humph! I fail to see the advantage.

Phoney Philms—apologies.



Cupples—What lesson do we learn from the Dardanelles?

Davis—That a strait beats three kings.—Ex.

—
A rector was visiting one of his poor parishioners, an old woman, afflicted with deafness. She expressed her great regret at not being able to hear his sermons. Desiring to be sympathetic and to say something consoling, he replied, with unnecessary self-depreciation, "You don't miss much."

"So they tell me," was the disconcerting reply.—Ex.

"Pa, what is repartee."

"Oh, merely an insult with its dress suit on, my son."—Ex.

Murdock—Two return tickets.

Ticket Agent—Where to?

Murdock—Back here, of course, you fool.—Ex.

Bayer—Is this piano yours?

Batch—Oh, about an octave of it.—Ex.

—
"Every time Rosenberg opens his mouth he gives himself away."

"Even at that he's no philanthropist."—Ex.

THE LOWELL

Howard—Look at Al. all doubled up with laughter. 'Gene must be telling him a good joke.

Gus—I'll bet Al. is telling the joke!

The drug clerk was leaning listlessly against the prescription counter, the very picture of indolence.

"Haven't you any ambition at all, my boy?" kindly inquired the solicitous old gentleman.

"No," responded the clerk dreamily, "but I have something just as good."—Ex.

She—Do you know that you are growing handsome?

He—Yes; it's a way I have when it gets anywhere near your birthday.—Ex.

Miss Milly was a rather talkative young lady. Her bosom friend, having missed her for some time, called to find out the reason.

"No, mum, Miss Milly is not in," the maid informed her. "She has gone to the class."

"Um, what class?" inquired the caller in surprise.

"Well, mum, you know Miss Milly is getting married soon, so she's taking a course of lessons in domestic silence."

Mr. Crofts to Cupples who is sitting on top of a desk.

"Now there, Cupples, I wouldn't sit there if I were you. You might fall off and splash on the floor."

Officer—Why did you order your prisoner to sit down there?

Soldier—Cos o' the thistles, sir.—Ex.

Mr. Crofts (calling roll)—McBride? Where are you and why are you there?

Berendsen—Why, wasn't that a good joke?

Cupples—Sure it was.

Berendsen—Well then what are you laughing at?—Ex.

"Willie," said the teacher of the juvenile class, "what is the term 'etc.' used for?"

"It is used to make people believe that we know a lot more than we really do," responded the bright youngster.—Ex.

"Well the Red Sox won the world's series."

"Yes," said the Boston girl, "we feel very proud of the Red—er—the Red Hose."—Ex.

"I want a loaf of bread."

"White or graham?"

"Doesn't matter; it's for a blind woman."—Ex.

Clarence—How did you like the picture of Becky Sharpe in "Vanity Fair?"

Clarice—Let me see, was it in the last number or the one before that?—Ex.

Little Gladys accompanied her grandmother to church one morning, and when the contribution plate came around she dropped in a couple of pennies her father had given her. The old lady was about to contribute also, when Gladys murmured audibly: "Never mind, Grandma, I paid for two."—Ex.

THE LOWELL

"Even animals show their feeling," remarked a comedian to a friend the other evening. "Only yesterday an animal showed me gratitude. I was wandering along a stream in the country when I met a cow in great distress. Her calf was drowning. I plunged in the water and rescued the calf, and the grateful cow licked my hands."

"That wasn't gratitude," replied the friend, "the cow thought she had twins."—Ex.

"You have a pretty tough-looking lot of customers to dispose of this morning, haven't you?" remarked the friend of a magistrate, who had dropped in at the police court.

"Huh!" rejoined the dispenser of justice, "you are looking at the wrong bunch. Those are the lawyers."—Ex.

Nurse—Why, Bobby, you selfish little boy. Why didn't you give your sister a piece of your apple?

Bobby—I gave her the seeds. She can plant 'em and have a whole orchard.—Ex.

"I want a careful chauffeur—one who takes no chances."

"That's me, sir! I require references or salary in advance."—Ex.

"Your wife seems busy these days."

"Yes, she is to address a woman's club."

"Ah, working on her address?"

"No; on her dress."—Ex.

"Ain't you rather young to be left in charge of a drug store?"

"Perhaps; what can I do for you?"

"Do your employers know it's dangerous to leave a mere boy like you in charge of such a place?"

"I am competent to serve you, madam."

"Don't you know you might poison some one?"

"There is no danger of that, madam; what can I do for you?"

"Think I had better go to the store down the street."

"I can serve you just as well as they can, and as cheaply."

"Well, you may give me a two-cent stamp, but it doesn't look right."—Ex.

One of the attractions of the church fete was a fortune-teller's tent.

A lady took her ten-year-old, red-haired, freckled son inside. The woman of wisdom bent over the crystal ball.

"Your son will be a very distinguished man if he lives long enough!" she murmured in deep, mysterious tones.

"Oh, how nice," gushed the proud mother. "And what will he be distinguished for?"

"For old age," replied the fortune-teller slowly.—Ex.

Indignant Customer—Barber, why did you drop that steaming towel on my face?

Barber—Because it was too hot to hold, sir.—Ex.

THE LOWELL

"Father," said a small boy, "what is a demagogue?"

"A demagogue, my son, is a man who can rock the boat himself and persuade everybody that there's a terrible storm at sea."—Ex.

Representative Bartholdt, of Missouri, tells the story of an old man with a soft, daft look, who sat on a park bench in the sun, with rod and line as if he were fishing; but the line, with a worm on the hook, dangled over a bed of bright primroses.

"Daft!" said a passer-by to himself. "Daft! Bughouse! Nice-looking old fellow, too. It's a pity."

Then with a gentle smile, the passer-by approached the old man and said:

"What are you doing, uncle?"

"Fishing, sir," answered the old man solemnly.

"Fishing, eh! Well, Uncle, come and have a drink."

The old man shouldered his rod and followed the kindly stranger to the corner saloon. There he regaled himself with a large glass of dark beer and a good five-cent cigar. His host, contemplating him in a friendly, protecting way, as he sipped and smoked, said: "So you were fishing, uncle? And how many have you caught this morning?"

The old man blew a smoke-cloud

towards the ceiling. Then, after a pause, he said: "You are the seventh, sir."—Ex.

"Some people are humorous without even knowing it."

"As when, for instance?"

"Here's a man advertises a lecture on 'The Panama Canal' illustrated with slides."—Ex.

Observant Kiddy—Oh, look at that funny man, mother. He's sitting on the sidewalk talking to a banana peel.”—Ex.



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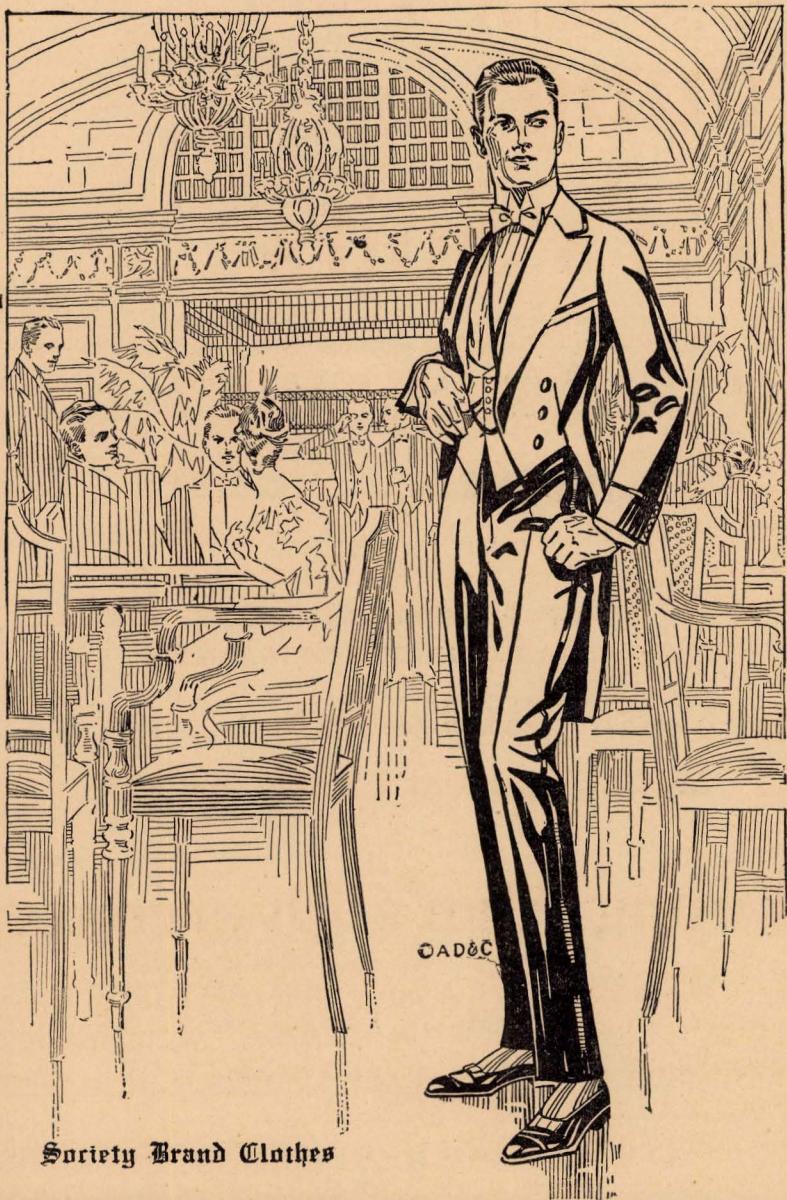
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The minute you leave High School everybody will ask "What can you do?" — and then, too, I can see that you, like most girls, long to be independent — to earn your own money, and to spend it as you please —

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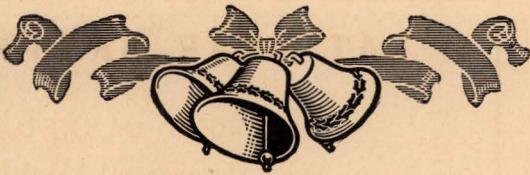
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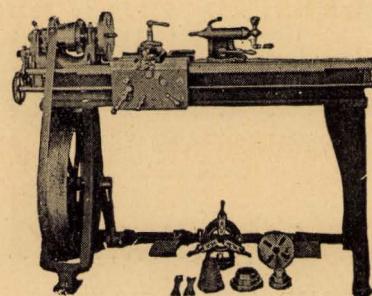
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