



## To the New School

WITH the might of their hands, and the strength of their brains  
Men have labored and thought,  
And unyielding iron, and mortar and stone  
Into symmetry wrought.  
Now the proud standing structure in beauty is raised,  
Its greatness admired and its stateliness praised.

Though its beauty of structure delights us, we hail  
A vision more rare;  
The vast throng of students the future will bring  
Who will follow us there.  
And our hopes and our wishes we dedicate here  
To the future Girls High. Be her path bright and clear!

MAUD MEAGHER—June, '13.

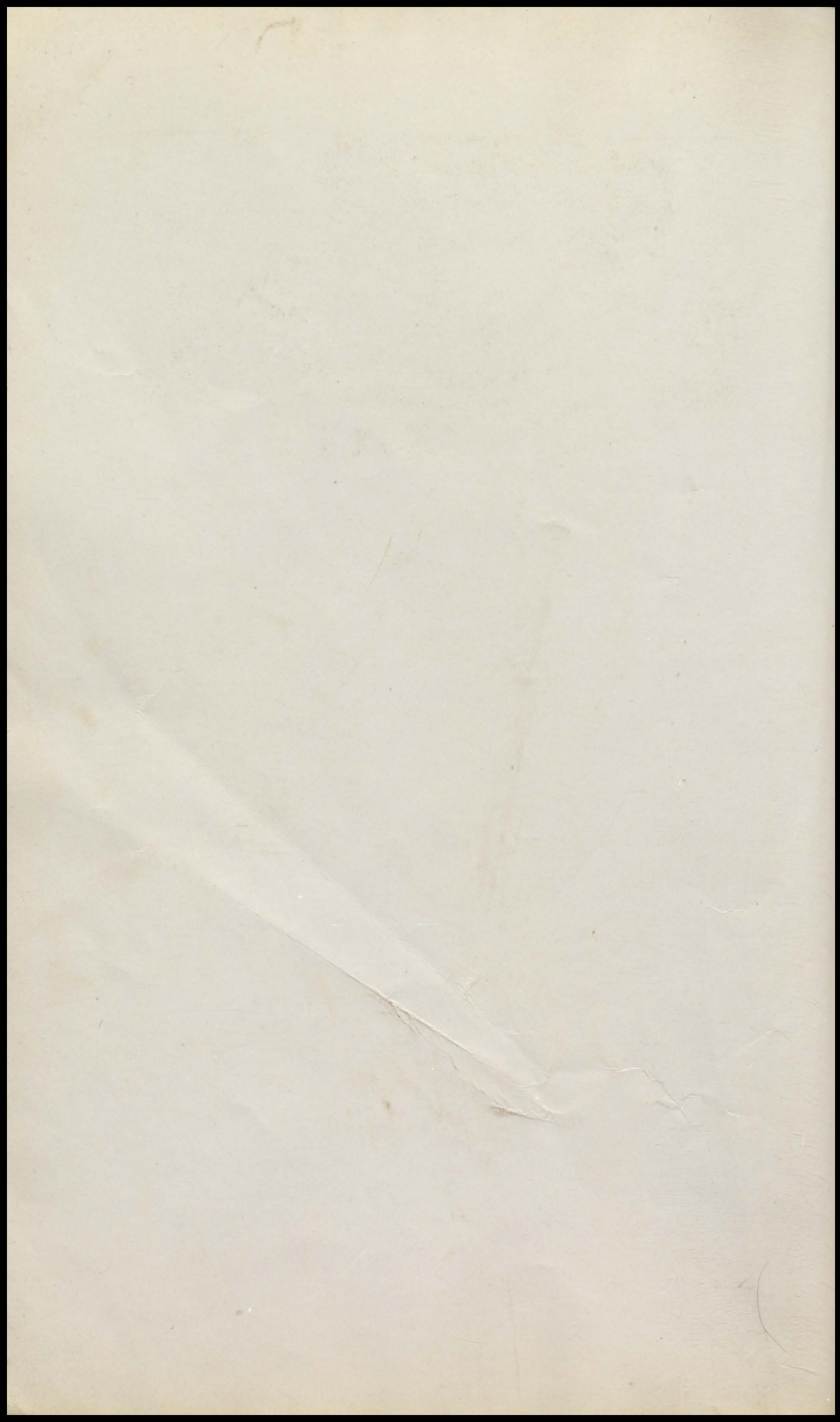
## Faculty of the Girls High School

|                                |  |
|--------------------------------|--|
| DR. A. W. SCOTT .....          | Principal  |
| MRS. MARY PRAG .....           | Vice-Principal and Head of the Department of History |
| MARTIN A. CENTNER .....        | Head of the Department of Latin                      |
| MISS ADELINE B. CROYLAND ..... | Head of the Department of English                    |
| MISS LAURA DANIEL .....        | Head of the Department of Mathematics                |
| E. J. DUPUY .....              | Head of the Department of French                     |
| FRANZ M. GOLDSTEIN .....       | Head of the Department of Drawing                    |
| GEORGE OTIS MITCHELL .....     | Head of the Department of Science                    |
| MISS FIDELIA JEWETT .....      | History of Art                                       |
| MRS. AMY WATERS DEANE .....    | Principal of Music                                   |
| MISS EVELYN D. ARMER .....     | English  |
| DR. EDNA W. BAILEY .....       | Physiology   |
| MISS HELEN FLYNN .....         | English  |
| MISS YVONNE C. C. GREER .....  | Domestic Art   |
| MISS SOPHIA HOBE .....         | History  |
| MISS BLANCHE LEVIELE .....     | French   |
| MISS EMMA L. NOONAN .....      | Mathematics  |
| MISS E. M. OWENS .....         | History  |
| MISS NATHALIE E. ROTH .....    | English  |
| MISS CLARA M. STARK .....      | Latin  |
| MISS EDITH R. STEVENSON .....  | English and Mathematics                              |
| WILLIAM ZIMMERMANN .....       | German   |





DR. A. W. SCOTT  
Principal

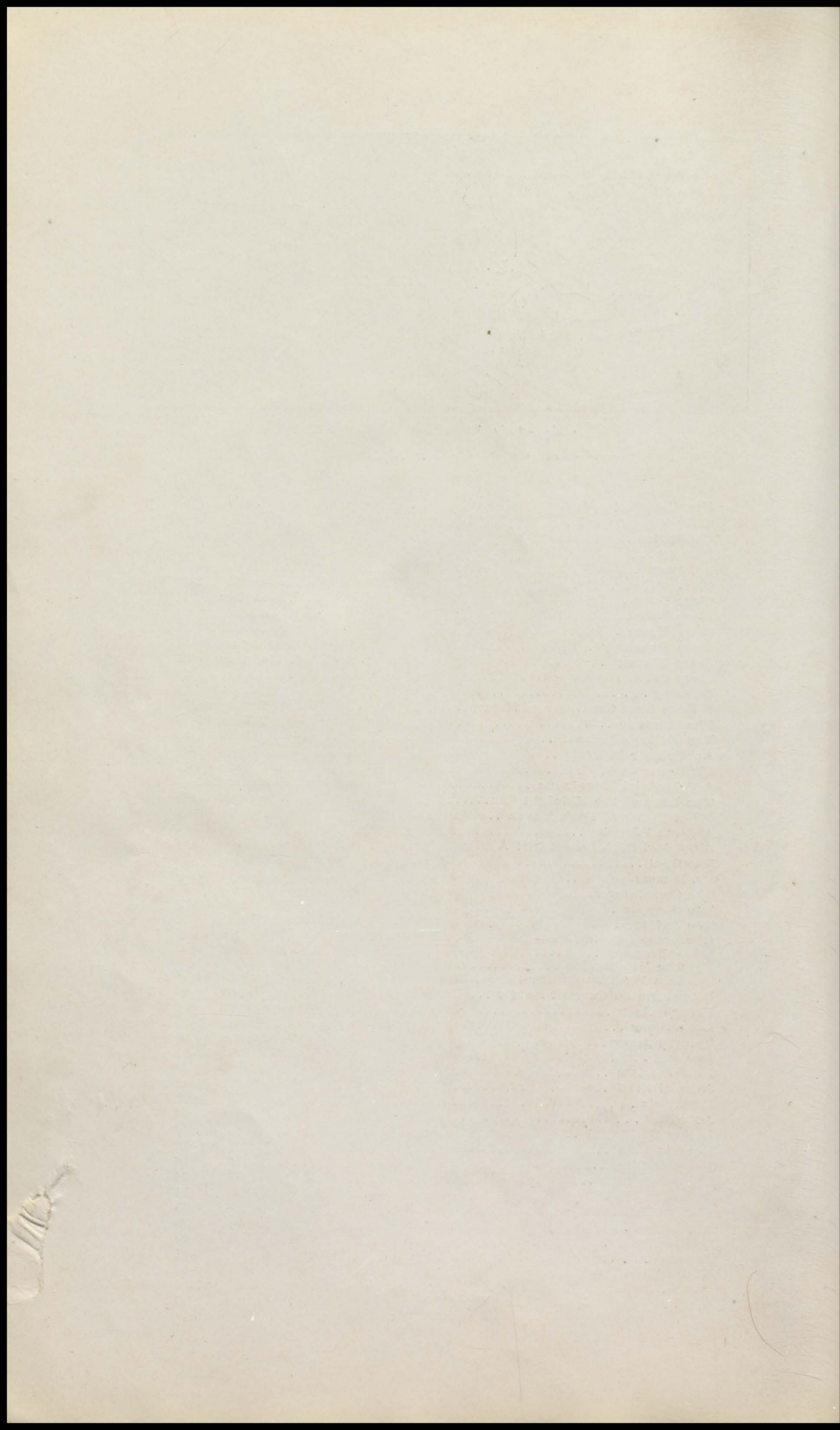






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"PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT"



**Imagine:**

*Angie S. not expecting an ex,  
Margaret Webster easy to vex,  
Helen Harvey minus her bow,  
Estelle finding "Cicero" slow.*

MARGARET WEBSTER  
ESTELLE SOSSO

ANGIE STACEY  
HELEN HARVEY

"PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT"



**Imagine:**

*Laura Sanford prim and demure,  
Virginia Dunbar in history sure,  
Anna D. Witt at a football game,  
Valerie Raas for two minutes the same.*

VIRGINIA DUNBAR  
VALERIE RAAS

LAURA SANFORD  
ANNA WITT



"PICTURES NO ARTIST 'CAN PAINT"



**Imagine:**

*Margaret Adams down in the dumps,  
Elizabeth R. with a bad case of mumps,  
Sibyl without a place in each heart,  
Inez Farrell an expert in art.*

ELIZABETH REYNOLDS  
INEZ FARRELL

MARGARET ADAMS  
SIBYL JOYCE

"PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT"



**Imagine:**

*Ethel Hart as a famous actr ss,  
Sylvia H. with her hair in a mess,  
Dorothy L. as fam'd Susan B.,  
G. Newman timid as timid can be.*

ETHEL HART  
DOROTHY LUCY

SYLVA HARTLEY  
GRACE NEWMAN



"PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT"



GLADYS RATHBONE  
LENORE DAVIDSON

EDA GARBINI  
RAPHAELITA HANLON

**Imagine:**

*Gladys Rathbone refusing an ad.,  
Eda Garbini ever so bad,  
Lenore D. forgetting to speak,  
Raphaelita on time for a week.*

"PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT"



LAURA REARDON  
MARGARET DUGGAN

RUTH SALOMON  
FLORINE FALK

**Imagine:**

*Laura Reardon tall and lanky,  
Ruth Salomon getting cranky,  
Margaret D. a giddy coquette,  
Florine Falk a stern suffragette.*



"PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT"



DOROTHY RATHJEN  
RUTH BRAY

SUE JONES  
FLORA DAVIS

**Imagine:**

*Dorothy Rathjen ever so small,  
Susie Jones on time for the hall,  
Ruth Bray swinging on lofty trapeze,  
F. Davis in history resting at ease.*

"PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT"



MARGARET NEGODICH  
GLADYS ROSENBAUM

ADELE CHAIN  
CECILIA MURRAY

**Imagine:**

*Margaret N. exceedingly tall,  
Adele's voice the loudest of all,  
Gladys R. with her hair slick and flat,  
Celia Murray not stroking some cat.*



"PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT"



DOMINICA FABRIS  
CECILIA EICHEN

MILDRED LITTLE  
ANITA MARCUS

**Imagine:**

*Dominica F. breaking a rule,  
Mildred Little walking from school,  
Celia Eichen without a veil,  
Anita without her Siamese twin.*

"PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT"



ALICE HANCHETT  
LINDA MUSANTE

ESTHER WOOLEY  
JENNIE KENNEDY

**Imagine:**

*Alice Hanchett haughty and stern,  
E. Wooley without lessons to learn,  
Linda Musante forlorn and dejected,  
Jennedy Kennedy calm and collected.*



"PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT"



ESTHER RICHARDS  
FRANCES AMBROSE

EVELYN SAXE  
LILLIAN GOLDBERG

**Imagine:**

*Esther Richards forgetting the "ques-  
tion,"*

*Evelyn Saxe with a civic suggestion,*

*Frances A. with a voice loud and shrill,*

*Lillian G. in a Study Hall still.*

"PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT"



ALBA ELDRIDGE  
CAROL SIMPSON

ETHEL SCHAFER  
KATHARINE INGLIS

**Imagine:**

*Ethel Schafer in mirth uncontrolled,  
Alba Eldridge saucy or bold,  
Kate Inglis becoming a prig,  
Carol S. as a studious dig.*



"PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT"



LOUISE KAHN  
CLARISSA MITCHELL

LILY SOO HOO  
DOROTHY DOZIER

**Imagine:**

*Lillian Soo Hoo cutting up tricks,  
Louise Kahn away from room 6,  
Dorothy D. going early to bed,  
Clarissa with a needle and thread.*

"PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT"



**Imagine:**

*Maude Meagher with her hair out of  
crimp,*

*Lucille L. forgetting to primp,*

*R. Soo Hoo sans voice soft and low,*

*Laura W. lazy and slow.*

LUCILLE LETTUNICH  
LAURA WILKIE

MAUDE MEAGHER  
ROSE SOO HOO





"PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT"

**Imagine:**

*Florence Nickelsburg e'er growing fat,  
Sarah Unna wearing a rat,  
Or Loretta getting a four,  
Or Marie not in room 24.*

SARAH UNNA  
MARIE BUTLER

FLORENCE NICKELSBURG  
LORETTA BAUM

"PICTURES NO ARTIST CAN PAINT"



**Imagine:**

*Lillian Surryhne without a strong will,  
Gertrude Willard with figure like Dill,  
Adele Taleri with any guile,  
Emma G. without sunny smile.*

GERTRUDE WILLARD  
EMMA GOODMAN

LILLIAN SURRYHNE  
ADELE TALERI





## Class Song

(Tune: "O Sole Mio.")

### I.

**F**AREWELL, dear high school!  
We have worked together  
In golden sunshine  
Or stormy weather.  
But now we are seniors,  
Leaving you with sadness,  
Though for our honors  
We have worked with gladness.

### CHORUS.

'Tis nineteen-thirteen!  
School days are past,  
Though bright and happy  
They could not last.  
Farewell,  
Farewell, dear high school,  
We're leaving now,  
We're leaving now.

### II.

We face the parting,  
Yet with hearts unwilling,  
For in our memories  
Past joys are thrilling.  
We'll not forget you;  
In our hearts we'll treasure  
Our dear Girls High School,  
With its work and pleasure.



We are, we are —  
Who are we?  
We are the class of June 13.  
We're in for frolic,  
We're in for fun,  
We pull together,  
We stand as one.  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

## Class Motto

*"ALWAYS STRIVE FOR THE HIGHEST."*



|  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
|  |   |  |
|  | <p>Extracts<br/>from the<br/>Scrap Book<br/>of<br/>Gladys<br/>Rosenbaum</p> |  |
|  |   |  |

### SIX HOSPITAL SENIORS GIVEN NURSES' DEGREE.

The degree of nurse was conferred on six white-capped and gowned seniors of the German Hospital at the graduation exercises last night. The exercises were presided over by Miss Dorothy Rathjen, matron of the hospital. The six graduates were Ethel Hart, Flora Davis, Angie Stacey, Linda Musante, Elizabeth Reynolds and Carol Simpson.

### NEW DRAMATIC SCHOOL ESTABLISHED IN OLD COMMANDERY HALL.

Miss Grace Newman and Miss Esther Richards have established a dramatic school in the Old Commandery Hall. With their fine corps of assistants, it is predicted that the new school will soon be the leading dramatic institution this side of Chicago.

Teachers' certificates have been awarded to the following: Maude Meagher, Alba Eldridge, Katharine Inglis, Dominica Fabris, Alice Hanchett, and Emma Goodman.

### CHARITY VAUDEVILLE COMMENCES TO-NIGHT.

There will be a great treat for all those who attend the vaudeville performance at the Tivoli Opera House for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. Three famous pianists, Sarah Unna, Anita Marcus, and Laura Wilkie, have offered their services. Cecilia Eichen, the famous violinist, and Laura Reedon, the great cellist, are included in the program. Beside these five great surprises, Raphaelita Hanlon and Esther Wooley, two noted song birds, will sing a duet. With such talent we are assured that the performance will be a great success.

### NEW METHOD SEWING SCHOOL STARTED.

Miss Sylva Hartley has discovered a new method of dressmaking by which pupils will be able to make elegant party dresses after four lessons. Among her corps of assistants are the Misses Evelyn Saxe, Sibyl Joyce, Adele Chaix, Lillian Goldberg, Ethel Schafer, Anna Witt, Margaret Duggan, Adele Taleri, and Inez Farrell.

### JUNE A BIG MONTH FOR CUPID.

Six Girls High School graduates, Ruth Salomon, Valerie Raas, Margaret Webster, Lillian Surrhine, Gertrude Willard, and Sue Jones, have chosen June as their wedding month. On account of the unusual summer weather, many lawn parties have been given in honor of the young women.

### HUNTS FLOWERS TWO YEARS IN AFRICA.

After two years' wandering in Africa, Miss Florine Falk has returned to America with rare flowers and bulbs. Miss Falk is a noted botanist and her work in botany has been greatly praised by Luther Burbank.

### SETTLEMENT WORKER LEAVES FOR AFRICA TO BECOME MISSIONARY.

Miss Gladys Rathbone, one of the city's prominent settlement workers, has taken passage on the "Congo" en route for Africa. She expects to be away three years, much to the sorrow of those whose love she has won by her earnest work in the slums.



#### NOTED LANDSCAPE ARTIST LEAVES FOR CHINA.

Miss Rose Soo Hoo, the noted landscape artist, has taken passage for China with her sister, Lily, wife of the Chinese Consul to America. Miss Soo Hoo intends to combine pleasure with work, and it is expected that she will bring many original paintings home with her.

#### WOMAN AVIATOR MAKES DARING FLIGHT.

Miss Lenore Davidson risked her life yesterday by making a daring flight over San Francisco Bay while it was covered in a thick mist. Miss Davidson has proven herself a clever aviator and a great future is predicted for her.

#### DANCES OF GRANDPARENTS INTRODUCED.

Miss Laura Sanford and Miss Virginia Dunbar have opened a dancing academy for the purpose of introducing old-time dances. These two women are greatly opposed to ragging and are doing their best to do away with it. Many devotees of Terpsichore have been won over to the old dances and it is predicted that the stately minuet will take the place of the frivolous Texas Tommy.

#### SAN FRANCISCO GIRL WINS CHAMPIONSHIP

Miss Clarissa Mitchell won the United States woman tennis championship yesterday. The score was six to one, a record that has not been made in years.

#### DAINTY TOE DANCER LEAVES FOR ITALY.

Miss Margaret Negodich, the dainty little toe dancer, has left the bright lights of Broadway for a quiet rest in Italy. She expects to be away all winter.

A most elaborate affair took place in the ball room of the St. Francis, when Mr. and Mrs. Adams entertained at a dinner dance in honor of their daughter, Miss Margaret Adams, who has just returned from a trip abroad. Among the belles who assisted in receiving the many guests were the Misses Mildred Little, Dorothy Lucy, Dorothy Dozier, Frances Ambrose, and Lucille Lettunich.

#### BOOK OF POEMS ON CALIFORNIA WRITTEN.

Miss Louise Kahn, the authoress of many essays, is now devoting herself to the writing of poems. Her book on California has been highly praised, and we hope that her efforts will meet with continued success.

#### SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION HOLDS EXHIBITION TO-MORROW.

Catalogue for to-morrow's exhibition is as follows:

##### Oil Painting.

Girls High School ..... Marie Butler  
Portrait ..... Eda Garbini  
Study of a Cat ..... Cecilia Murray

##### Sculpture.

Daniel Webster ..... Helen Harvey

##### Etchings.

Golden Gate Park (pencil).... Estelle Sosso  
San Francisco Bay ..... Ruth Bray  
A Hill Side ..... Jennie Kennedy

#### ELECTION OF 1920 TO GO DOWN IN HISTORY.

The election of 1920 will go down in history, as it marks the beginning of women candidates for Congress. The women candidates of San Francisco are Miss Loretta Baum for Senator and Miss Florence Nickelsburg for Representative to Congress. Both women are very popular and the suffragettes are confident of carrying the election.



## Class History

### I.

I REMEMBER, I remember,  
Us freshmen, green and shy,  
'Twas in the spring of 19'9.  
We entered dear Girls High.  
The seniors gave a party  
To welcome us that year,  
With fancy cakes and lemonade  
They bade us have good cheer.

### II.

Next year we chose a president  
For sophomores were we,  
A constitution, too, we framed,  
A fine one, as you see.  
One afternoon in rustic dress  
A barn dance quaint we gave,  
To which with joyous heart and mind.  
We asked the seniors grave.

### III.

I remember, I remember,  
The Muir Wood picnic gay,  
The sandwiches and mountain air,  
And how we lost our way.  
We chose our class pins, too, that year  
Of gold, with bordered pearls,  
And still you see them proudly worn  
By all the senior girls.

### IV.

At last we reached our senior year  
And gave a masquerade,  
The 4 B's came on Hallowe'en  
In motley garb arrayed.  
Next, to a big reception  
We welcomed freshmen all,  
And now we all anticipate  
The brilliant senior ball.

M. MEAGHER,  
June, '13.





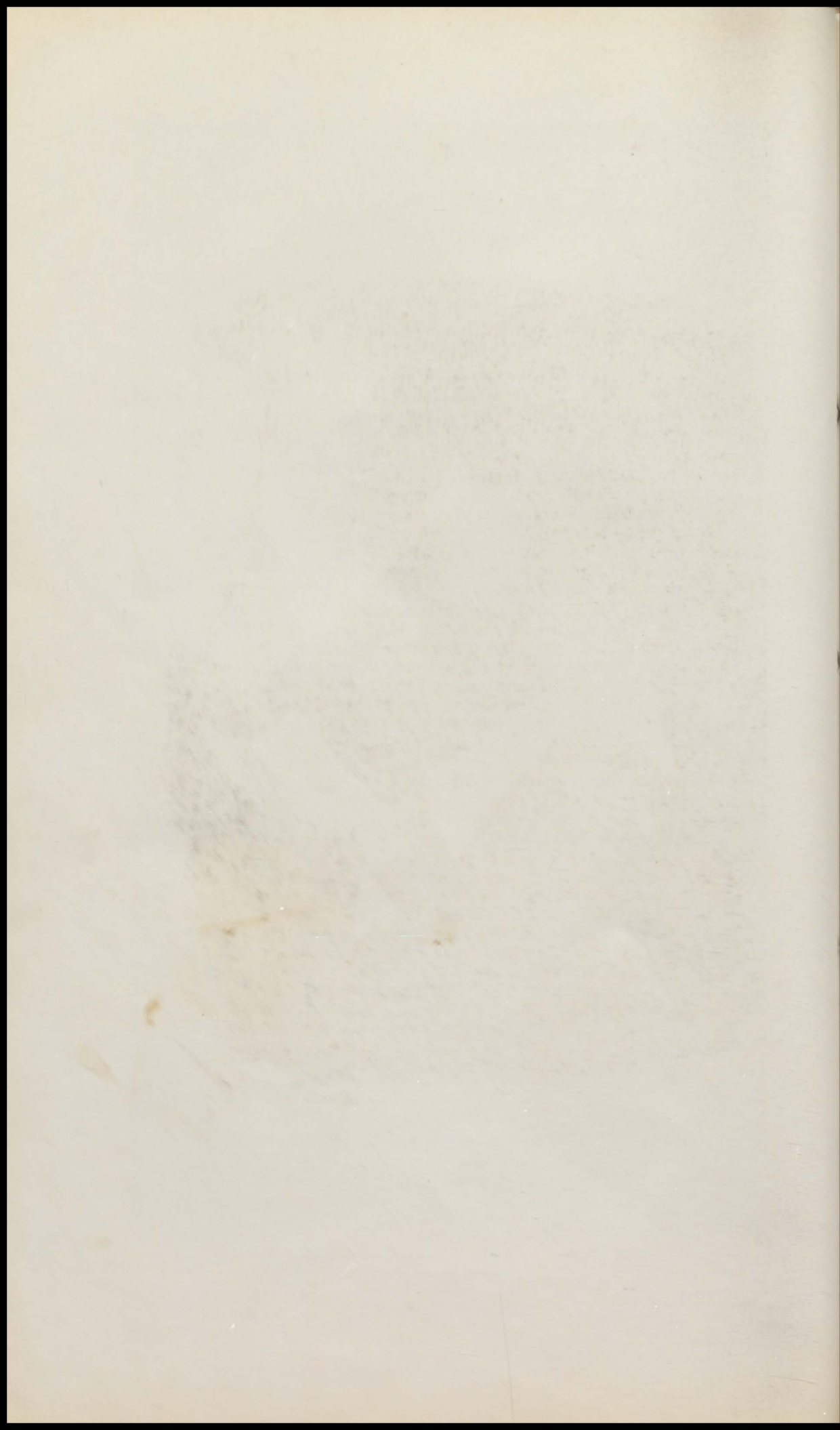
RUTH BRAY  
Vice-President

ESTHER RICHARDS  
President

GRACE NEWMAN  
Secretary

ESTELLE SOSSO  
Treasurer

ANGIE STACEY  
Sergeant-at-Arms









## A Rose from the Grave of Homer

Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.

A HEDGE of roses lifts its glowing head,  
Near Smyrna, where the camels proudly tread;  
Wild pigeons hover there in azure haze,  
Their wings like pearl beneath the sun's vast rays,  
And croon their love songs ere the mystic night  
Sends them to nest in silver-crested flight.  
To one bright flower more beautiful than day  
A nightingale, incessant, sang his lay;  
But silent, bending low, the crimson rose  
Bloomed quite unmoved, nor wept to hear his woes.  
She spake: "Here lies the greatest singer known,  
Over his tomb my fragrant breath is blown,  
Over his heart my petals, one by one,  
Shall flutter down and sparkle in the sun.  
He sang of Troy, and now he is but earth,  
But from his grave I have my marvelous birth.  
And shall I, then, a rose from Homer's grave,  
Whose sacred earth the morning dewdrops lave,  
Lend ear to you? I am too wondrous fine  
To lay my love on your inferior shrine—"   
The nightingale still sang and singing died;  
And in the wind the rose-bloom gazed and sighed.  
They saw him there, and, in the gathering shade  
The nightingale by Homer's side they laid.  
The rose fell dreaming; when she raised her eyes  
No longer sat she under Eastern skies.  
Some northern poet at the sunset's close  
Had joyful borne her to his home of snows.  
Now lies this flower's form in Homer's book,  
And oft in dreams she notes his tender look  
When from the Iliad's leaves he lifts the bloom  
And says, "Here is a rose from Homer's tomb!"

AGNES S. TAYLOR, June, '14.





## The Message

IT was the eve of her graduation, and it seemed as though she were about to step across a chasm into a new life. To-morrow would not bring school, but the starting out, as it were, going along a different path. Her aunts had naturally planned a social career for her. There was to be no toil in her life, and her busy father heartily agreed with her aunts and gladly placed her under their tutelage.

Why had she so suddenly felt dissatisfied with their plans? All her friends were going into society, and she was no different from the rest. Yet why did she vaguely question her father's decision? If her mother were living she could have gone to her and told of this unrest, sure of her sympathy and understanding. But when she was a tiny girl, the parting had come.

She felt inclined to tell her aunts to stop arrangements for her debut, but what sensible explanation could she give? She would only be called "a silly," and no doubt she was one.

She found a temporary remedy from this unrest in the attic among the things her mother had loved and touched. The attic had just been cleaned, and the old trunk that she had so often wished to search was right before her. Eagerly she forced the rusty lock and opened the trunk, but, to her keen disappointment, saw only old ledgers that her father had stored there. Among them, however, she noticed a book smaller and more worn than the rest. Opening it, she found it to be a portion of her mother's diary. It seemed almost sacrilegious to touch the book, but the desire to see her mother's handwriting was too great. Almost unconsciously she read:

MY DIARY.

June 8.

It seems queer to see the many pages of my old diary burning slowly in the fire, and to begin now a new diary, but I feel that it is best. How quickly it burns; but, unhappily, or luckily, one cannot forget so quickly. I feel as though many many hours of my past life have been wasted, and that my real life begins to-day. But, perhaps, these hours have been but a step forward to help me to learn. Now, as I watch the pages burn, it all comes so clearly to my mind,—my graduation; then my debut dance. From then on I was fully launched into society. How fine it all seemed to me, blinded by the excitement of dances, balls, luncheons, and dinners! I was a society belle, as my family had planned. My whole life was to be spent among those who knew no suffering from want. I was a pampered belle, ignorant of the striving, of the toil, and of the pain of the masses. The luxury, the indolence, the ease of the life I was living satisfied me, and for six months I floated in the world of make-believe.

Suddenly—it was but yesterday—all of this so-called "doing society" became repugnant to me. I was at one of the events of the season where our set had assembled to do honor to a prominent speaker whom the whole nation honored and loved for her efforts to lighten the burden of the poor. It almost seemed a mockery,—the relating of the pitiful tale of poverty to that self-centered assemblage. At first I felt indifferent to all I heard, but the clear, sympathetic voice of the speaker made me listen in spite of myself, and her message and mission seemed to shine forth like a bright star.

I realized that God had made us for something better than to spend our lives in selfish pleasures, and saw that my life till now had been fruitless. This morning, despite the protests of my family, I called at the settlement headquarters. The head worker evidently had had previous experience with women of my set, and thought I came with a donation; but when I told her of my





intention to do actual work, she smiled tenderly and said, "My dear, I understand. You have tired of the artificial sunlight and have come, at last, to work in the shadows to find warmth in the amount of sunshine you give to others." So to-day begins, I hope, my entrance into a new life, where I can really live by helping others.

The book fell limply into the girl's lap. The mother's words had surely been written for the daughter, and it seemed as if her mother were smilingly pointing out a path beset with many difficulties and impediments, but at the end of which was happiness. A veil had been gently lifted from her eyes. As her mother had done, so would she unwaveringly strive to do,—bring sunshine into the shadows.

F. FALK, June '13.



## The Editor's Lament

(With apologies to Stevenson.)

I USED to go to bed at night  
And slept until the day was bright,  
But now 'tis quite the other way—  
I never get to sleep 'til day.

I turn my head and look to see  
The morning sun shine in on me,  
And listen to that warning knell,  
The tinkle of the breakfast bell.

Now does there not seem cause to weep,  
When I should like so much to sleep  
I have to sing this mournful lay—  
I cannot get to sleep 'til day?

SARAH H. UNNA, June, '13.





## An Episode in Paris

THE café was fast filling, for the crowds were coming from the theaters. I sat in a rather secluded corner, watching the women trail by in their beautiful gowns and jewels. The glare of hundreds of electric lights, reflected in the long mirrors that lined the walls, made everything sparkle and glow. All was life, noise and color.

It hardly seemed real to me, for a few months before I had been working desperately to pass my examinations and gain my degree at Princeton, and now here I was, in Paris, seeking adventure with a party of fellow-graduates. But it was real, nevertheless, and I was truly seated in a large café, watching the crowds pour in.

By this time almost every table was occupied, and a hum of conversation rose above the clatter of dishes. As I sat looking on the gay scene, a dapper young Frenchman entered, stood and looked about for a moment, and then made his way between the bright groups to where I was sitting. He dropped into the seat opposite me and gave his order to the waiter.

For some time I took no notice of him, as the waiter had by this time brought what I had ordered. Several times I felt as if the young man opposite were looking intently at me, and finally I raised my eyes and encountered the glance of his dark ones. He was very young, and dressed in the height of Paris fashion. He looked like a child of Fortune, spending his days seeking pleasure.

I was startled to hear him address me in a low voice:

"Pardon, m'sieur," he said, "you are American?" He evidently did not know English very well, and I was sorry I didn't know French.

"Yes, I am an American," I replied, not without wondering what was to come.

"Traveling for ze pleasaire?"

"Yes," I was traveling mainly for that, I told him.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, not once taking his eyes from my face, "zen would you help ze poor lovaire? I dare not to ask a friend to help me, for zey would not let eet go on. So I ask you,—would you help me? Ah, ze angel! She has promised, and we elope! Oh, ze hair, ze eyes! Ver' dark, wiz ze long lash sweeping ze cheek! Ze hair—eet ees dark, ver' dark, and she wears eet sometime high, sometime low at ze neck! She ees a queen! I cannot lif without her! An' ze glances! Zose eyes—they conquire; zey aire like ze arrow from ze bow ofe—what you call heem?—Cupid. I would die for haire! She ees my star——"

"Please explain what you would have me do," I said, trying to stop the torrent of words. The young man had become very much excited during his speech, and seemed to have forgotten me entirely. All I could gather from his disjointed sentences was that he was going to elope with some one and didn't want his friends to know it. When I interrupted him, he stopped and gazed blankly at me for a minute. I repeated my request, and he came back to earth again and proceeded to explain.

"I lofe," he said, "ze most beautiful ofe gairls. But she ees kept een a convent, ver' strict. Haire people—zey do not want ze marriage. Eet weel mek me mad weeth grief, eef I cannot marry haire. To-night, she ees promised to go weeth me—far away, ver' far, where haire people come not. But someone I need—to help—I cannot do eet alone. So I ask you. Zey say Americans aire weeling always to help ze one een deestress. Eet would tek but little ofe your time."





Of course, I was very much surprised by all this, and at first it seemed absurd. I struggled with a desire to laugh, but the young fellow was evidently so very much in earnest that I did not want to hurt his feelings. As I thought it over, I suddenly argued, "why not? It would be a grand lark, and what would the fellows say when I told them that I had helped along an elopement!" It surely wouldn't take much time, so, like a rash young American, I consented. The Frenchman overwhelmed me with thanks, and was still talking when we reached the street. His plan was to go immediately to the convent, where the girl would be waiting. He said that workmen had been repairing the stone work around a window, and the bars had been taken away from it. All the other windows were barred.

We had been walking rather quickly, and had penetrated into a rather dark district, with few street lights. The streets were deserted and the houses dark, as it was almost midnight. On the way, I asked his reason for having a third party along. He would need help, he said, in putting up a ladder, which the workmen had foolishly left lying on the ground. I was then to stand at the foot of the ladder and catch the things he threw down.

After walking quite a while, we came to a great square stone building, situated on a dark street and surrounded by high iron palings. I wondered how my companion was to get over them, but he had warned me not to make a sound, so I could not inquire. He soon showed me, however. One of the iron bars had been partly sawed through, and it required but little work to remove it. After this, all was easy. We slipped through the opening, into the stone court adjoining the building, and sneaked around to the side where the window was. The ladder was lying on the ground, and between us we got it into position. Going noiselessly up to the top, he worked with the window for a minute, and disappeared. As I waited, a very guilty feeling stole over me. I was deliberately helping to break laws, and if I was caught—but what danger was there?

Suddenly I heard a noise at the window, and looking up, saw the Frenchman holding something in his hands. It dropped, and catching it, I placed it on the ground and waited. I suddenly remembered that I had not thought to inquire the lover's name, and that it was peculiar that a convent should be located almost in the center of Paris.

Without any warning, my reflections were cut short by the sharp report of a pistol, which seemed to come from inside the building. I had become rather uneasy, and that shot was the last straw. Running for the opening in the fence, I squirmed through, and flew for dear life down the street. I heard shouts behind me, and knew that the people had been aroused.

Slowing down to a walk, I realized what a cowardly thing I had done, to desert the poor fellow in that way. Then other thoughts came. Pistol shots in a convent! That seemed strange! But I thought no more of it, for now my chief aim was to get to my hotel and wait until morning for further results. After considerable wandering I found the hotel, and the fellows waiting for me. They were curious to know where I had been, but they were told to wait until the next day, and with that they had to be satisfied.

The next morning at breakfast I found them talking excitedly about something that they had read in the paper. I tried to appear calm and asked what the fuss was about, but I could gain no satisfactory answer, as they were all talking at once. I gleaned, however, that they wished me to accompany them somewhere and would explain as we walked.

When we were fairly started, I received a full account of what had happened. Everyone we met was plainly very much excited and indignant. It seemed that the night before, a very daring thief had broken into a famous art gallery in Paris and had cut two very old and priceless pictures from their frames. He had been caught by the watchman while in the act of taking





the second picture, and a few minutes later the police arrived on the scene. The thief's accomplice had escaped, and no trace had been found of him. The fellows were going now to the art gallery to look around a bit. I, too, wanted to see the building, and was greatly relieved that no one had spoken of my escapade.

A crowd surrounded the art gallery, but no one was allowed inside. Something about the place struck me as oddly familiar, and when I saw a broken rod in the iron fence, and a ladder up against a window, it suddenly dawned upon me that *I* was the thief's accomplice! No need to describe how I felt. A great wave of thankfulness swept over me, as I realized that I might have been in prison at that very moment. Yet it was funny, for I had been fooled completely. I thanked my stars that I had run, and had not yet told anyone my story. My companions wondered why I wanted to leave Paris so suddenly, but leave I did, for I had had enough of it.

CATHERINE DAVIS, Dec. '16.

### Sir Roger at G. H. S.

**S**IR ROGER came to visit school  
One day last week so bright,  
While I went along to hear what he  
Did comment on the sight.

"Why! my!" asked he, "and is the hair  
Worn quite so high as that?"  
A pretty baggage answered up,  
"We stuff it with a rat."

"Now, don't you see," said he to me,  
"It is a holiday?  
The maids are dressed in silks galore—  
Their waists are decolleté."

A maid who chanced these words to hear  
Did show him he was wrong.  
She said, "These clothes we wear to school;  
No more high necks—sleeves long."

"And all the flour that I see  
On faces very sweet,  
Was brought from out the cooking class  
Where girls make pies so neat?"

"Indeed, it's not," she said to him;  
"It's powder, thick and white.  
The ugly girls do put it on,  
To make them less the fright."

"And of this dance I see them do,  
This ugly, graceless walk?"  
"It is the 'rag', to keep it out  
We watch it like a hawk."

While going home Sir Roger said,  
"When I was young as they  
Then rats and rags were different things  
And used a different way."

HORTENSE L. FISHER, Dec., '13.



## A Schoolgirl Monologue

### SCENE I.

(Cozy room in Madame Kyle's boarding school for young ladies.)

**M**ISS EVELYN KNOX—" 'Busy' indeed! Susan Ghum! You are altogether too comfy looking to have such a sign on your door. The very sight of you would make all truly busy mortals green with envy. Some Christmas sewing, a book, and—do my eyes deceive me? A box of chocolates! Yes, you are 'busy' tru-al-ly.

"Now, please, peaceful mortal, lend an ear to my troubles and help me with a matter which worries me greatly. You know what Miss Fowler has decreed that each one in her literature class must write a composition, before the final reports are sent to Madame Kyle. In that work rests our fate. It is almost as though it were already settled.

"You are the only one of us who has been able to please her, occasionally, and so I have come for your secret. Now don't feign surprise, please. You have some mysterious way of discovering just what she wants in every 'comp.', and it's only sisterly of you to share it.

"Pooh! my preacheress. What a lecture!

"No, I'm not laughing at you. No doubt you meant every word of it, but the recipe is truly appalling. 'Read all of her corrections carefully,' in itself a laborious task, 'and then studiously try to avoid those mistakes.' Result! a composition after Miss Fowler's own heart.

"Surely, Susie, if you have done these things, you have earned your present blissful peace. But something in me rebels against that course. In truth, I have tried it before and failed to come out chastened from under the treatment. I have just discovered a much red-inked sentence in my last work of art, which is almost an exact duplicate of a sentence in Irving. Imagine my sensations!

"Oh! yes, I suppose great authors don't always write perfect things. Still, Irving is quite good enough for me in most cases.

"Presto! a wonderful thought has come to me. Listen! Among my books I have one in which the character we have to describe is portrayed by five great authors. I'm going to chance her not having seen one of them and copy it.

"No, don't say anything. Wait until you have heard all.

"I shall write an original one, too, but I shall hand in the copied one. Um! I can just hear her criticising it, and then, oh, my! and then—I shall rise and tell her that it was a mistake, that I had copied that one for practice in expression, mentioning the author, and had somehow given it to her instead of my own. Meanwhile, I shall produce my paper, over which I shall work like a gnome. Oh, the joy of seeing the great fall, the tyrant outwitted and all the class to witness the blow! It will—be—splendid!

I'll not listen to your protest. No, don't feel bad, dear. I love you truly, even if you are too much of a saint for such a little sinner as I am. But now,—to arms! The work awaits and I must fly. Farewell, dear one, until thou seest me all armed and in the lists. Better wear my colors. I'll win. You'll see!"

### SCENE II. THE SAME.

(Time, one week later.)

*Miss E. Knox*—"Sue, dear, you have ushered in a very chastened Evelyn. Can it be that you haven't heard? Then, bless that dreadful cold for making me the bearer of this news.





"It's all about that fatal composition. Thanks, Sue, for not saying, 'I told you so,' I appreciate the sacrifice.

"To-day Miss Fowler returned our papers, but before she gave them back to us, she began to discuss them, as usual. Mine was the very first, as I had hoped it would be. She commented on the good beginning and I waited with pleasant anticipation for the unfavorable criticism which, from long experience, I felt was about due. But it didn't come. Straight through the sketch she went, picking out particularly good points here and there, while I began to grow anxious, and then the climax came.

"I know every word. I can shut my eyes and feel it all over again,—the mortification, the shame, and yes, the sorrow, the real sorrow for having misjudged her so. She spoke of the ending, how well it had been worked up and then she said,—and every word seemed to burn me—'Girls, when I read this composition, I felt that I had at least accomplished one thing worth while. All my labor, the explanations and the corrections with which I have tried so very hard to aid you, have helped some of you a little. More than once I have been discouraged and wondered if it were all worth while, but to-day I feel amply repaid for all my efforts. This is the finest composition I have ever corrected and I am justly proud of it, as its author should be.'

"She looked so happy as she gave me those dreadful pages. The room was so very still. All the girls knew, of course, and I could only judge their feelings by what I felt myself. I had planned to say something about a mistake and not discovering it until then. Instead, I only gave her my sketch, saying, 'The other wasn't mine,' and left the room. Not before I had seen her face, though. Oh! I can never forget that look; the surprise, the disappointment, and the hurt. It was awful! Only one thought has come to me since then. What can I do? How can I change that look? What can I do to make things right? That is why I have come to you, Susie. You are always so steady and sure. You will find the way out. Please help me, Susie, please!

### SCENE III. THE SAME.

(Time: evening of the same day.)

*Miss E. Knox*—"I can almost bless it, Sue,—that 'comp.'—for it has helped me to discover Miss Fowler. Without it, we should still be thinking of her as ugly and hard and unfeeling, and now everything is changed—but, to begin at the beginning—

"After I left you, this morning, I went straight to my room and began to write a new sketch. The thoughts came to me faster than I could put them down. It was the wanting to do it well, that helped, I think, and when it was finished, I corrected and corrected until I was sure that it was the very best that I could do.

"Then the hard part came. I gathered up all of my courage—and it took a lot, I can assure you—and went down to Miss Fowler's room. She opened the door and stood waiting. Then, when she saw how frightened I was, she put out her hands and drew me to her, and again I was dumb. I could only give her the papers. She took them and laid them down one by one, and placed the last one on the table. As she looked up—and Sue, there were tears in her eyes and the same happy look that was there this morning,—even happier, if that could be—she said so softly, 'My little girl, I have found you again.' And I could only put my arms around her and whisper, 'No, I have found myself, Miss Fowler, but best of all I have found you.'"

ESTHER RICHARDS, June '13.



## The Land of the Midnight Sun

Alaska! Wonderful scenery, native Indians at home, totem poles, gold mines, and salmon canneries,—all these constitute the attractions of Alaska, one of the show-places of the world.

For miles and miles, on all sides majestic, rugged mountains rising from the thickly wooded shores, thousands of feet in height, capped and covered with snow, may be seen in picturesque silhouette against the sky. Hundreds of water falls come tumbling down, dashing their way against the cliffs, and winding their course through the solemn forests below to the deep green sea. Such were some of our first glimpses.

Farther north we passed first the icebergs, bluish green in color, floating on the calm green sea. Then the icebergs became larger and more numerous, until finally glaciers are reached. Taku and Windom glaciers, which are situated very near each other in Taku Inlet, are not the largest of the glaciers, but are two of the most beautiful in Alaska. Taku is probably the most magnificent and possesses, as no other, the intense blue tint found only in live glaciers. It is two hundred feet high and a mile wide, while from the front are constantly breaking, with roaring, booming sounds, icebergs which throw up a spray in the air like a geyser as they plunge fifty fathoms deep before reappearing on the green surface of the inlet. Davidson glacier is also a very picturesque ice stream, but the largest and perhaps most famous of the glaciers is Muir, which is about four miles wide, but is at present divided in the middle by an island.

As we proceeded farther north, the days grew longer and the nights shorter, and the sunset hour changed from half past nine to midnight. After sunset there is a long twilight, during which one may read out of doors, and even take photographs without the aid of artificial light. After twilight, it remains dark for only a few hours, (in the summer time) for dawn breaks soon again, and the sun rises between two and three A. M.



There, in Alaska, we saw the native Indians, living in their picturesque wigwams, in beautifully located villages. There were Indians, and more Indians, wandering here and there; Indians in canoes, appearing and disappearing as by magic from the wooded islands; Indian merchants squatting at the wharves, patiently awaiting the arrival of the steamer, so that they might sell their baskets, beads, moccasins, carved bracelets and totem poles laid out upon highly colored blankets on the ground.

Some of these Indians live in wigwams, others in huts, crowded along the edge of the water. Outside of the huts were hung many kinds of fish to dry in





the sun. The most picturesque of all the villages is Old Kassan, the now almost deserted Indian totem-pole village, where lived over one thousand Indians twenty-eight years ago. In that place were some of the finest carved totem poles in Alaska. The age of the oldest of those still standing is about a hundred years, while some of those which have fallen were probably carved over two hundred years ago.

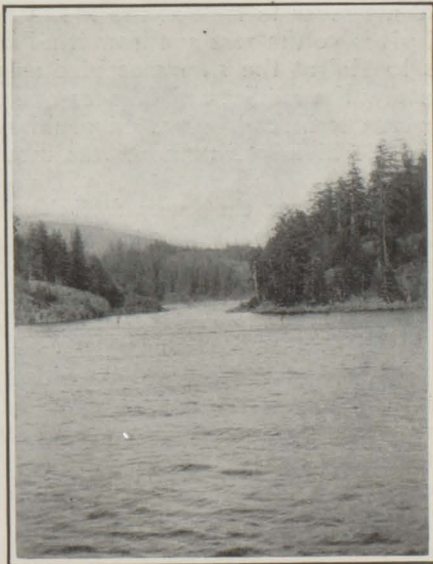
Sitka, the quaint old Russian trading post, was until a few years ago the capital of Alaska. It is extremely interesting for several reasons. Here is found the beautiful Indian River Park, bordered on one side by the ocean, and along which is a road where stand at intervals the government's collection of totem poles. Here is also the noted old Greek church, which contains many priceless art treasures, among which is a Madonna for which \$20,000 has been refused. Behind this quaint old church lies the old Russian graveyard, filled with queer-looking tombs and monuments, which bear strange Russian letters. The native Indian town, where live about a thousand Indians of the Haida tribe, stretches along the shore to the east. Across the bay, on Kruzal Island, is a picturesque but now extinct volcano, Mount Edgecumbe, while behind the little city of Sitka rise the beautiful snow-crowned Seven Sisters Mountains.

At Treadwell is one of the world's largest gold mines, where fabulous riches lie under foot, and from where over \$4,000,000 of gold is taken each year. From the digging of the rock through its crushing in a thousand ceaselessly pounding "stamps" to the completed "concentrates," ready for shipment, the process of the mining is full of interest.

Aside from the wonderful gold mining, salmon canning is perhaps the chief industry of Alaska, for there are canneries and canneries again, at every little town. Here one sees the whole process, from the catching of the fish—where as many as forty thousand king salmon may be caught at a time—to the labeling of the cans and loading them on ships, to be placed in the world's food supply.

As a whole, Alaska is extraordinarily wonderful, especially the scenery. May I recall the words of the lecturer, Mr. E. Burton Holmes, who says of Alaska: "The Yosemite is beautiful; the Yellowstone is wonderful; the Grand Canyon of Arizona is colossal; but Alaska, with its fiords and mountains, glaciers and rivers, possibilities and distances, is all of these. It is not only colossal, but wonderful and beautiful as well."

ETHEL G. SCHAFER, June, '13.





## What Troubled Poe's Raven

**C**OULD Poe walk again to-morrow, heavy with dyspeptic sorrow,  
While the darkness seemed to borrow darkness from the night before,  
From the hollow gloom abysmal, floating downward, grimly dismal,  
Like a pagan curse baptismal from the bust above the door,  
He would hear the Raven croaking from the dusk above the door,  
"Never, never, nevermore!"

And, too angry to be civil, "Raven," Poe would cry, "or devil,  
Tell me why you will persist in haunting night's Plutonian shore?"  
Then would croak the Raven gladly, "I will tell you why so sadly,  
I so mournfully and madly, haunt you, taunt you, o'er and o'er,  
Why eternally I haunt you, daunt you, taunt you, o'er and o'er—  
Only this and nothing more.

"Sixty-eight long years I've pondered, sixty-eight long years I've wondered  
How a poet ever blundered into a mistake so sore—  
How could lamp-light from your table ever in the world be able,  
From *below*, to throw my sable shadow streaming on the floor,  
When I perched up here on Pallas, high above your chamber door?  
Tell me this, if nothing more!"

SARAH UNNA, June, '13.

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## A Second Jacob

**"J**IST shove over a glass ave that cold water, Moike, will ye? Oh, quit yer shenanigan, ye know as Oi'm a teetotaler! Since whin? Oh, shure, whin Oi looks at the poor trash like yerself an' sees phwat Oi, yis Oi'll admit it, what Oi used to look loike, Oi'm after thankin' Saint Peter an' all the rist ave them fer tachin' me niver to look at the loikes ave the brown jug. But hist awhile now, till Oi gives ye the rest ave how it all happened.

"For sure, Oi was lookin' at the shtars as nice as ye please an' wonderin' how Jacob felt whin he saw the ladder, an' Oi sees one ave the shtars a-dancin' wid joy. Thin another shtarts in, an' before Oi could rub me eyes to see if Oi was crazy or not, the whole hivinly firmanent was movin' an' wigglin' in sort ave a new kind ave jig!

"Oi couldn't imagine whatever they was feelin' so gay about, but fer old Ginerall Principles Oi shtarted to do the jig too, an' Oi hopped an' Oi flopped around there, an' in one double turn Oi takes a slant to one side and sees a soight which made me hair raise up on its end. Oi shtopped double quick an' stood there loike Katie's goat, not knowin' wither to take a try at a tin can or not. Fer there they was, a-chasin' up an' down the ladder, their long white gowns a-swishin' an' their big white wings a-flappin' till ye couldn't tell which one was t'other; but still the ladder kept just as smooth and quiet-loike till me eyes were tired a-watchin' on 'em an' me brain was dizzy a-thinkin' on 'em, an' Oi says, says Oi, 'Tim, ye're phwat they're afther, ye always were a loidies' man'; so Oi ups an' follers them on the ladder till Oi thought as how it were loike one ave





them wheels the squirrels runs on. But shtill the loight kept comin' from a great hole in the sky, an' Oi sees Saint Peter a-standin' up there, an' as each angel went up she stood alongside o' Peter till Oi sees there was just one place left, so Oi says to meself, says Oi, 'Tim, that's the place fer ye, ye old rascal!' Thin I kapes on a-climbin', niver noticin' phwat I were walkin' on, but shtarin' at Peter an' all the good-lookin' loidies, till Oi happened to think Oi ought to be there purrty soon, an' Oi looks down an' Oi sees as how the ladder wouldn't reach! Well, Moike, Oi was scared! There Oi was, in the middle ave the air, on a ladder that wouldn't reach to nowhere! But Oi thinks if Oi can yump, Oi can catch the hem of Peter's skirrut, so Oi keeps on a-shteppin' as calm as ye plase an' hopin' as Peter wouldn't read phwat was in me hearrut, till Oi comes to that last shtep. Oi closed both me eyes—but opened 'em again to see how far it were to the earth. Then Oi crouched on the rung an' got ready to spring. Oi gathered all me wits, made one great dash, an'—Oi just missed gettin' in hiven by the slip o' me wrist, fer the hem of Peter's skirrut went right through me fingers! Oh, Moike, Oi came down with a crash! Me head is still ringin' from a knock on a post, an' as fer me eyes! For foive minutes Oi couldn't open them at all at all, and whin Oi did, Oi found meself at the foot ave the cellar stairs, an' whin Oi looked fer Saint Peter all Oi could see was a shwate lookin' jug with some shiny white bottles a-shtandin' in a row on each side ave the old un!

"So Oi'm done with it all! No more brown jugs fer me! But whin Oi reached home—Well, Moike, we won't go into detail. Just take me wurrd, old man,—'Forgit the brown jug!'"

RUTH WETMORE, June, '14.





## A Typical High School Girl

She wears an ulster or a sweater-coat. A cap, which usually matches in color, surmounts a head of hair most marvelously combed. A pile of books is held in one arm and from one hand dangles a looking-glass and a powder-puff, while in the other hand is a bag of candy. The entire make-up is offset by a giggle.

ALMA DOANE, June, '15.

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She is a perfect personification of youth. She wears a dark suit and a neat hat, carrying a pile of books, and, as she walks quickly along, she keeps up a continual chatter with her chum. Her graceful figure, her rosy cheeks, her honest eyes that frequently twinkle with merriment, and her bright, cheery manner, all indicate her joy in "just being alive."



Which?







## The Opal

OFT hast thou traced in the early morn  
The splendors of the dawn;  
When wakened from their dreams,  
By the rosy flush of the morning's beams,  
The sapphire seas, the silver brooks and streams,  
Happy in golden days  
Endowed thee with their many-colored fleeting rays.

Deep mirrored in thy heart these shadows play,  
Shadows of perfect day,  
Which pass before our eyes  
In never-ending visions of the skies,  
With stars effulgent, or gold from the sunrise;  
Of earth in beauty set  
Attired in flowery robes and coronet.

Of sea-girt isles, where bright-hued flowers spring,  
Where happy birds do sing  
On wooded hill and glade  
Thou art the herald bright that Nature made  
To lead us back, who have so greatly strayed  
Through strife for earthly gain,  
To all her beauties mirrored forth by thee again.

ADELAIDE HARRISON, June, '14.

## Doctor Duncan's Call

FROM out of the silent vast vestibule of the mansion owned by the famous Doctor Duncan arose the indistinct muffled tingle of a telephone. It grew more forceful, emphatic, imperative.

Down the broad winding staircase stumbled the half conscious Doctor Duncan, clad in dressing gown and slippers. He lifted the receiver mechanically and raised it to his ear. A second later he was on the alert. A glimmering ray of light from the street lamp fell on his face, which had suddenly become pale and haggard. He repeated brokenly, yet interrogatively the one word "dying." He paused to swallow, and said, "I'll come immediately." Then there was the sharp, quick click of the replacing of the receiver.

The cuckoo which lived in the hall clock, stepped out on his little veranda and chirped three melodious, resounding notes as the doctor again descended the stairs. This time he was dressed in a thick fur-lined coat. His ear protectors and goggles nearly masked his face. In his left hand he carried his medicine case.

Fortunately the machine was ready for use and no time had to be wasted in getting started. The sufferer lived at one of the elegant country seats about forty miles away. Time was an important factor. Delay might mean death to his patient. The car gained momentum, and sped past the mile posts in an incredible manner. The rhythmical hum of the motor was the only sound that broke the perfect silence excepting the occasional weird hoot of a tiny screech-owl.

At last a misty, rose-colored light flooded the eastern sky. It grew deeper and then melted into orange. The sky gradually became blue. Streaks of fiery



red appeared in the orange and the glorious sun rose over the tops of the wooded distant mountains.

By five o'clock Doctor Duncan had reached his destination. It was a low, grey stone house, built far from the road and surrounded by wide lawns which were spotted with spreading oaks. The sun had become warm enough to open the delicate pink and white blossoms on the hedge of cosmos that lined the garden walk.

The doctor walked briskly between the two rows of flowers without noticing them. He was met at the imposing entrance by the butler, whose broad, sturdy shoulders, encased in a wine-colored livery, shook spasmodically. Only too plainly on his troubled countenance were written the almost unutterable words, "Too late." "Too late," they resounded in the very stillness of the house itself; they were echoed by the sound of people walking on their tip toes, they were re-echoed in the suppressed convulsive sob that came from the head of the staircase.

The mistress of the house appeared on the landing. She was a pathetic picture, standing there in her deep ivory-colored satin and point lace negligée, which contrasted beautifully with the masses of golden-brown hair which crowned her grief-bowed head. At her back was a deep orange and violet stained glass window through which the mellow early morning sunlight streamed. Her tear-stained face was buried in the folds of a silken shawl which was wrapped carefully around the beloved, lifeless, little form she held so very tenderly and passionately to her breast. She came unsteadily toward the doctor and removed a corner of the shawl so that he could look upon that sweet wee face, now so cold, and stiff and lifeless. It was just like a tiny little bud of a pure white rose that had been torn rudely away from the bush of life and felt in the deadly severe sun to fade and wither. The doctor sighed as he looked upon the tiny pallid features. At that moment the father of the little one gave a long, blood-curdling, peace-disturbing wail as he trotted stealthily and quietly up to his doting mistress. His puppy was dead.

ANONYMOUS.



NOTE.—Although a large number of stories were submitted as a result of the honor contest, we found, after having read them very carefully, that no one story seemed to shine above the others. Consequently, instead of awarding the honor to one girl, we desire to make honorable mention of Catherine Davis, Ruth Wetmore, and Gertrude McGowan.





## Do You Know Them?

### The Commuter.

"Who?" "Why, to be sure, who could that hurrying, breathless, package-laden individual be, but a commuter?" Those very little dots and splashes of mud on his polished shoes, tell us the story about that last minute before train time, when he, the fresh-air martyr, was wildly flourishing the garden hose with one hand, and gripping the precious newspaper in the other.

You should have seen him yesterday afternoon as he hurried down Kearny Street towards the depot. He was trying to get at his watch with one hand, to see if by any miraculous chance he could still make his train, while under one arm he carried the Sunday dinner, with its two scaly, yellow legs dangling listlessly out of the paper parcel, upon which was a conspicuous sign, "Best Santa Clara Chickens." Dangling from his other arm was a basket of "Santa Clara Prize Peaches" being bruised and bumped brown in the mad rush. On the whole, he was pretty well laden.

When he finally settled himself, comfortably, if a little breathlessly, in the train, he drew out a Santa Clara "Commute," and sighed complacently to think of the rare treat he was taking home to wifey.

RUTH ARMER, June, '14.



### The "Shopper."

The "Shopper" has cultivated the habit of flouncing into the highest class stores in town, with that "money may buy anything" look on her face, and nothing in her purse.

The poor clerk behind the silk counter she fairly cuts in half with the words, "Hereafter I shall trade with stores who keep ALL shades of blue." She stalks off, leaving the poor clerk hidden from the outer world, behind a barricade of open bolts of blue silk. His hand is sore and his scissors dull, from cutting off samples of each shade, while way down deep in his down-trodden soul he knows instinctively she is only collecting samples for new braided portieres.



Next the "Shopper" goes to the gown department, where after enjoying a delightful afternoon trying on every imported gown in the place, she decides instead of buying a dress itself, she will go up stairs and buy a fifteen-cent pattern for one, and so make a two hundred and fifty dollar gown for three dollars and fifteen cents. She begins by ordering a pattern on approbation, to see if "John dear" likes that kind of draping, but when she is told they will not deliver the goods, she leaves in stormy wrath.

On her way out, while passing through the grocery department, she drowns her disappointment in a cup of sample tea, which is being demonstrated with a new kind of biscuit.

With injured feelings whole once more, she leaves, richer by some blue samples, a cup of tea, three biscuits, and a fashion magazine given away at the door.

RUTH ARMER, June, '14.



## The Aviator

**S**KIMMING the sapphire plains of air  
He flies like some uncaged thing  
On indefatigable wing,  
Shattering the heavens' distant hold  
With virgin conquest bold.

Gaily his pæan shrills above,  
As sweeping through the realms of light  
In very ecstasy of flight,  
He rides with wide, triumphant eyes,  
A victor of the skies!

AGNES S. TAYLOR, June, '14.





## Glimpses of Child Life

### A Tragedy

Billy was slowly plodding alone the dusty country road. The hot gravel must have painfully stung his little bare feet, but, nevertheless he trudged bravely on; for Billy was thinking; yes, thinking hard.

Monday was going to be teacher's birthday. Billy had discovered this fact by many clever and undreamed-of manœuvres. No one else in his class knew it and Billy was secretly glorifying in his knowledge. "What shall I get her? She is such a beau-tiful lady." And Billy sniffed joyously as he thought of the sweet perfume that ever pervaded her presence.

Suddenly his blue eyes twinkled merrily and a broad grin lit up his sun-burned little face. Evidently the desired inspiration had arrived. "I know what I will get dear Tee-cher," he murmured softly to himself, "I know. But cheese it, I've got that garden to weed. If only Aunt Mirandy—" But Billy knew that relentless person too well to dwell upon any thoughts of release. "But I'll do it," and he squared his little shoulders determinedly. What that "it" related to is yet to be discovered.

Three hours later found Billy painfully putting away the hoe and rake; for, to tell the truth in real plain language, Billy was stiff, exceedingly stiff. As he expressed it, he didn't "feel much like sitting down nor yet like standing up."

He washed his grubby hands under the pump, counting as he did so, the strikes of the old clock in the kitchen. He heard his Aunt Mirandy as in a dream, for his thoughts were on future deeds of valor. "Thet's a purty good boy, Willie. You did it real quick. You can go in the cupboard and take two of those molasses cookies that I made two weeks ago, come Monday."

And now I'm going to tell you a secret; a great secret. Not even Billy's chum knew it. For three days Billy had been an enthusiastic lover of butterflies. Hadn't teacher told him all about them? Didn't she say she liked them and therefore wasn't Billy perfectly in love with them? And now he was going to catch a most beau-tiful one for Tee-cher's birthday present. How pleased she would be when she saw it flutter. It would be just as pretty as when he caught it in the field.

At last it was Monday morning and all was ready. Billy was unusually neat. And, lo and behold, on his feet were his very best Sunday boots! But, alas, this very little gentleman limped; limped slowly and limped painfully. Evidently Saturday had not been a dream.

His heart beats quickened as he approached the school building. Ah, there she was, correcting papers. Billy entered. "Dear tee-cher, you smell so nice. I brought you this." She opened the little package. He was smiling, but while she looked, the smile froze stiff, as it were, on his lips and changed to a nervous grin.

"Why, Billy, how could you, how could you? The poor little butterfly." She opened the bottle and the little prisoner flew away. With one big sob Billy ran from the building.

That day William Howard was marked absent from school.

ALICE HANCHETT, June, '13.



## The Missing Pie

There on the window sill reposed the delicious mince pie that Aunt Betty had just made that morning. In the garden stood two youngsters—ages nine and ten—with freckled noses in the air, sniffing at the savory odor of the pie.

"Gee, don't it smell good, though!" ejaculated Tommy, the elder of the two.

"Jest seems as if I couldn't wait till Thanksgiving," whispered Jim.

"Feel jest the same way 'bout it myself," muttered the other.

For a full minute silence reigned between the two.

"'Tain't no use nohow," whispered the younger. "I jest gotta have that pie right erway, somehow."

"I got an idee," suddenly interposed Tommy. "'Tain't so awfully high but that I couldn' hoist yuh up there ter get it."

"It's easy ter talk," said Jim, "but t'ain't easy ter do; an' besides, Aunt Betty'd know righterway where it went to an' then—oh! yuh know well 'nough what ud happen to us then—"

"Know," interrupted Tom, "hum! guess I do! My bones ain't stopped achin' yet from that beatin' t'other day. But I'm willin' ter chance it, an' yuh know, 'A brave man dies only once'," quoth Tommy.

"Here goes, then," said Jim. "I'm agoin' ter git that there pie as sure as my name's John McCarthy, even ef I do get pinched!"

With an attitude of defiance and an "I don't care" air, Jim jumped on Tom's shoulders and slowly but surely reached the window ledge where lay the great temptation. An inspiration seized him as he saw Prince, the house dog, asleep on the kitchen floor.

"Oh, I say, Tom," he called, "ef it ain't the beautifulest luck,—here's Prince asleep, an' I kin fix it up so's Auntie'll think he et the pie."

"Bully fer you," sang out Tommy, forgetting all caution. "You surely gotta head, Jim! You'll be the flower of the family some day."

"Hum, pity you, ol' feller, when she ketches yuh," whispered the young rascal to the sleeping dog. With these words of consolation he turned the pie pan upside down on the floor, and scattered a few tempting morsels around the animal.

Then tiptoeing to the window, his face fairly beaming with joy, Jim let himself cautiously down, hugging the precious pie close to his arms.

Away scampered the young scapegraces to the old barn and up into the hayloft. Here the pie was divided in half, and, my! but you should have seen those two boys go at it.

"Gee, but Aunt Betty certainly kin bake some," laughed Tommy, as he bit off a huge piece of his share.

The "ums" and "ahs" of radiant Jim were equivalent to any reply.

Meanwhile into the kitchen marched dear old Aunty to put the pie in the farthest corner of the pantry, for wasn't it going to be a surprise for Tom and Jim, who just *loved* her mince pies. But where was the pie? Surely she was not blind! Why, just a few minutes before it had reposed on the window ledge—

"Jest wait till I ketch them young rascals!" shrieked the wrathful old woman as, brandishing a broomstick, she rushed toward the door,—but stop! was she not about to inflict punishment on two innocent boys who would never dream of stealing a pie,—for there at her feet beside Prince lay the empty pie pan with only a few tempting morsels left to tell the tale of a "had been" pie.

"So 'twas you, was it, you great big—but what animal 'ud ever leave a crumb! They got a thing or two ter learn yet, they heve! Huh! thought they'd fool ther ole aunty, did they!"

\* \* \* \* \*



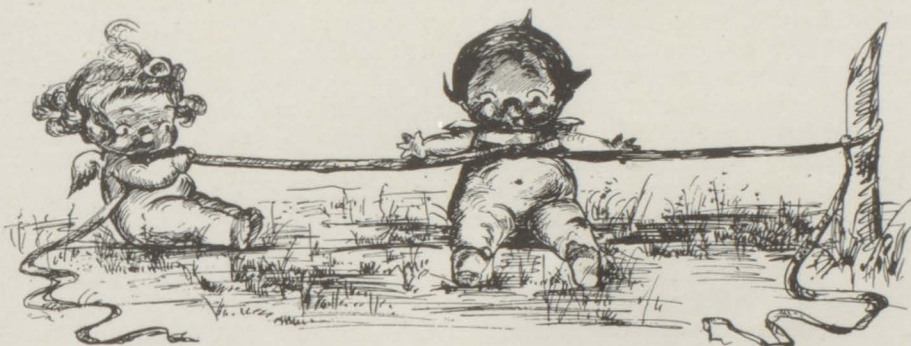


"Hi, there! Tom, Jim, my boy, come ter yer aunty! She's got a nice surprise fer yer! [Mebbe sumpin yer don't czactly expect!]"

"Huh, mebbe yer won't be smilin' so sweet an' innocent like, when yer Aunt Betty's finished with yer! Thought yer could put the blame on a poor ole dog, did ye (whack, whack!) Mebbe this'll teach yer ter steal pies!" (Whack, whack, whack!)

"Ef ever I ketch yer again, the good Lord help yer! There, I guess I'm 'bout finished fer this time." (Whack!—whack, whack, whack,—Whack!!)

HELEN KALISCHER, Dec., '13.



### In a Primary Sunday School Room

Six rows of expectant little faces, a superintendent, three assistants, and an organ formed the picture. Miss Ruth, the superintendent, stepped to the front of the room. "Good morning, children; I—"

The door opened with a creak; about twenty little heads turned quickly, nickels were heard to drop, and Lucy came in with her little lame brother. "I know we're late, but brother he—" "Yes, I understand. That's all right. Oh, and these flowers are for me? And he picked them all by himself! Well, isn't that nice!"

In the meantime the assistants had secured and returned all straying nickels, and all was once more in readiness for the morning services. "Stand up now and we shall sing our Candle Song. What's the matter, Helen? You don't want to sit next to Frances? No? Well, stay where you are. Put your feet down, Bobby. Now, who—" But the hurried exit of Lucy and her brother demanded attention. "Lucy, where are you going?" "Home; Jimmy th-thwal-lowed hith colleschion." One of the assistants followed the departing sufferer.

"Now, children, stand up again, and don't forget the motions." But, alas! When the motions began, nickels again flowed as manna from heaven. "I guess we had better leave this song until after collection is taken. We—"

Again the door opened, and in walked—"Luella Brown-25 Franklin Street-I-have-a-new-dress." Of course little heads bobbed back as the late arrival with a grand, slow, dignified sway reached the first seat in the first row, quietly removing little Susie, its present occupant, and brushing her own white shoes with a much-belaced and perfumed little handkerchief. After perking her butterfly bow, arranging the plaits in her dress to satisfaction, and taking a calm survey of the room, she finally decided to sit down, amid the "ohs" and "ahs" of the congregation.

At last all were busily singing, "We are His Little Lambs," some bleating with heartrending soprano and others with deep, manly basses, when suddenly sobs, with big crescendo, filled the room. The thirty little bleating lambs gave one more sad wail and then stopped. "What's the matter, brother? You don't like that song? All right, then, we won't sing it any more to-day."





Miss Ruth returned to her station in front of the room. Billy had taken advantage of her absence to go and sit with Luella, and the two were now having quite a confidential little chat. But the devil's own light twinkled in Billy's little brown eyes and Miss Ruth knew trouble was coming. Suddenly hysterical shrieks again broke forth, "They're not. They're not." "Luella, dear, why what's the matter? Tell me." "He says," pointing a shaking finger at the delighted little Bill, "he says he saw my hair up in 'wags' yesterday. And he didn't; my curls are perfectly natchrel. My m-mana says so. And I g-g-going home right now." With shaking sobs she left and one of the assistants after her. "William!" Billy looked at Miss Ruth rather lazily out of the corners of his eyes. "You come to me after Sunday-School. Classes may now assemble for lessons."

Immediately again began the dropping of nickels and the scraping of chairs. After a few minutes the lesson was in full progress. To the looker-on, this consisted of nothing but a general babble, with an occasional scrape of a chair, a high-pitched giggle or the fall of the everlasting nickel.

Lesson was over, and the room was once more filled with melodious notes. Again the door opened, this time with a loud bang, and Pat, "the fellow that can lick any one o'yez," appeared. His mouth was busily working about ten cents worth of gum. At the end of the song he bellowed forth, "I'm back agin." "Yes, Patrick," responded the ever-angelic Miss Ruth. "We're all glad to see you here again." Pat bestowed a delightful grin upon her and announced, "Sure, an' I knowed you'd say it, and I've got sumptings for you, too." He stumbled up to the front of the room, and after dislodging sundry articles from his pocket, drew forth one and a half sticks of Adams' Pepsin Chewing Gum. "I soived it for you. Me Uncle Pat, he gived me sum and I soived this for yer." One of the little assistants laughed outright, while a puzzled smile swept Miss Ruth's face as she said, "Thank you, Pat; but not now. Keep it for me till after Sunday-School and take yours out, too." A puzzled grin also appeared on his face, but he gravely complied with the request.

"Bow your heads, children, and we shall say our parting verse." All little girls devoutly bowed heads, while all little boys gazed heavenward with bored expression. Miss Ruth had a lurking suspicion in her own soul that many of these same devout little girls were secretly admiring their Sunday boots. "The school is dismissed," she announced, and gave a sigh as they filed out. After they were gone she remarked to the organist, "Sometimes I wonder if they really do get the true spirit of the thing. There seem to be so many a—distractions." Then she laughed in spite of herself.

ALICE HANCHETT, June, '13.





## Why Current Novels Should Not be Read by High School Students

It is really dreadful, girls, to have such a hard-hearted editor. Do you know, I had a nice, long and, needless to say, interesting argument prepared on this subject, when my hard-hearted editor calmly informed me that I would have to cut it down to one and one-half pages. Naturally, you're going to miss a very learned essay, but I hope you will consider a statement of a few of the points sufficient compensation for such a loss.

I had told you what a really important subject this was, and how great a part your reading matter played in the moulding of your ideas and views of life and, consequently, of your moral standards. I had reminded you how immature [do I hear protests?] your mind was, and how peculiarly sensitive to whatever influence was placed in its way.

Of course you all know that, by current novels, I mean the modern works of fiction, that is, books of the hour. Now, there are good current novels and bad current novels. I had defined for you the good current novels and given you reasons why even these should not be read by you, for, although the good book is true to life, has a theme which conforms to our moral standards, has a natural and well-constructed plot, and is well written, that is, written in the present standard English, I pertinently asked whether *you* would be likely to get this type of book.

I had scolded you on account of the poor judgment you show in choosing a book, and I pointed out to you why, even if, by the merest luck, you did happen to chance upon a good book, that book was not necessarily good for you, due to your inability to comprehend the vital questions with which these books often deal.

Now, girls, certainly if I didn't want you to read good current novels, I would not advise you to read those other than good. I showed you how in such books, since life was painted in such brilliant hues and untrue to life, what really dreadful effects in giving you distorted views of life would result from such portrayal.

I had drawn a vivid picture of you girls, stooping over exciting books, forgetting even to eat, not alone to walk and talk.

I had given you some very wise advice about proper reading, telling you that you should read standard works, good magazines, and such books as are recommended by able critics. Now, when I said good magazines I had taken for granted you would not read the stories alone, but rather turn with greatest eagerness to the beautiful descriptions, to biographical sketches, and to wonderful stories of travel. If, therefore, you read the stories, a balance would be struck.

Let me analyze for you a few lines from one of your prime favorites. Just see the picture, girls. He is about to propose to the girl.

"He crossed his knees and clasped both hands around them, rocking slightly backward and forward for a minute while mustering the impulse to speak or act violently. [Note the graceful attitude. How would you feel if someone proposed to you that way?] He strove to compose his mind by fixing it upon trivial details which chanced to catch his eye. His red socks showed clearly in the moonlight against the white paving of the terrace and looked well with the black patent leather shoes. [Don't fail to notice the wonderful color scheme, the red socks, pale moonlight, white paving, and shining shoes.] He resolved always to wear red silk socks in the evening and wondered whether Jane would knit some for him." [Can you conceive of anything so romantic?]

I believe this is a good illustration of the sort of reading matter you girls delight in, and I hope after reading this all too short sermon, you will never be guilty of reading current novels again.

LORETTA BAUM, June, '13.



## Ma Visite a Versailles

**N**OUS sommes partis de Paris pour Versailles le 5 décembre, dix neuf cent onze, à dix heures. Nous avons pris le tramway au Louvre. Nous avons passé devant le jardin des Tuileries, la Place de la Concorde, les Champs Elyssés, le Grand Palais, le Petit Palais, et la tour Eiffel. Nous sommes arrivés à Versailles à onze heures et demie. D'abord nous sommes allés au restaurant, nous avons déjeuné à la fourchette. Après cela, nous nous sommes rendus au grand palais. Nous sommes entrés d'abord dans le vestibule. Ensuite, nous nous sommes mis à traverser les salles. Alors nous avons visité les galeries où sont les tableaux qui représentent les guerres de l'histoire de France. Ils sont très intéressants. Il nous a fallu traverser douze de ces salles pour monter au deuxième étage. Puis au deuxième étage nous avons parcouru les galeries où se trouvent beaucoup de tableaux, représentant les guerres de France. Ils sont semblables à ceux du premier étage. Dans une de ces galeries, nous avons vu beaucoup de belles tapisseries. Elles sont très grandes. Ensuite nous avons traversé, avec un guide, les appartements de Marie Antoinette. Nous avons vu son salon, sa chambre à coucher, sa salle de bains, son boudoir, et sa bibliothèque. Les chambres sont très belles, et en partie dorées. Après cela nous sommes allés dans les appartements de Louis XV, et de Louis XVI. Nous y avons vu la chambre à coucher, la salle à manger, et dans une des chambres, nous avons admiré une horloge qui est toute en bronze. Elle indique le jour, le mois, l'année, la lune, et l'heure. Dans la même chambre, il y a une raie sur le parquet, qui représente le méridien de Paris. Nous avons vu aussi la salle des fêtes qui est très belle, et très vaste. Dans cette salle tapissée de glaces, il est à remarquer que celles-ci sont coupées en carrés car à l'époque de Louis XIV on ne pouvait pas encore fournir de glaces d'une grande dimension. Ensuite nous avons pris une galerie où il y a beaucoup de tableaux. Ils représentent les guerres de Napoléon. Nous y avons vu un tableau qui représente la charge de Reischaffen. Il est très grand et bien fait. Avec cette galerie nous avons fini la visite du palais, et alors, nous sommes retournés au premier étage. Dans la galerie du haut quelle belle vue sur les jardins! Les jardins sont très imposants, et splendides. Il y a aussi beaucoup de pièces d'eau. Il y a aussi beaucoup de fontaines que l'ont fait jouer en été. Les grandes eaux de Versailles, jouent deux fois par mois. Pour l'entretien et la mise en marche des grandes eaux du palais de Versailles, la dépense chaque fois est une somme moyenne de dix mille francs. Il y a beaucoup de grands et de beaux arbres, et une quantité de statues en bronze, en marbre. Près de cent sculpteurs furent employés dans les jardins. Il y a environ douze cents orangers dans les jardins en été. Un de ceux-ci est âgé de quatre cent quatre-vingt-dix années.

MARGUERITE TEMPLETON, June '15.

## De Amissa Sagitta Fabula

[In valle illa clarissima, quæ appellatur Yosemite, est scopulus quem vocant Hummo, i. e. Sagitta Amissa.]

**T**EE-HEE-NAY, inter Ah-wah-nee gentis puellas maxime pulcherrima, a Kos-su-kah, adulescente nobilissimo et fortissimo amabatur. Permultis et maximis donis Indorum more acceptis puellæ parentes se filiam iuveni in matrimonium sine mora daturus esse polliciti sunt. Qua re Kos-su-kah cum amicis et sodalibus in montes venatum iit, ut convivium ad diem celebrandum, quo Tee-hee-nay in matrimonium erat ducturus, pararet.

Constitutum factum est inter puellam et iuvenem ut hic sub vesperum de summo monte quodam in vallem sagittam mitteret cum pennis adfixis quarum numerus cervorum occisorum numerum indicaturus esset.



Tee-hee-nay sub illo monte si iuvenem vel sagittam videret, totam per noctem frustra exspectavit.

Prima luce per asperam arduamque semitam in montem ascendit, ubi nihil præter iuvenis vestigia in declivi ac præcipiti loco vidit. Ubi autem partem rupis abruptam esse invenit, misera statim intellexit iuvenem præcipitem de illo loco cecidisse. Perterrita in vallem despiciens adulescentis corpus cruore perfusum in saxo proiecto conspexit. Clamoribus puellæ exauditis sodales, qui amicum amissum per noctem quæsierant, celeriter accurrerunt et corpus inanimum magno cum labore in summum montem tulerunt. Puella maximo dolore affecta super corpus se iciens in lacrimas se effudit atque paulo post mærore superata occubuit.

Sagitta illa fatalis numquam est inventa. Indi autem puellæ iuvenisque animas eam secum abstulisse putant. In memoriam Tee-hee-nay-æ et Kos-sukah-i et mortis eorum miserrimæ Indi illud saxum, in quo iuvenis mortem occubuit, Hummo (i. e. sagitta amissa) ad hunc diem appellant.

LORETTA BAUM, June '13.

### Belohnte Treue.

**A**ls ich vor einigen Jahren mit meinen Eltern in Deutschland auf Besuch war, machten wir einmal zusammen einen Ausflug nach Bingen am Rhein. Wir nahmen einen Führer mit. Im Begriffe über den Rhein zu fahren, bemerkten wir an der Übergangsstelle einen uralten Eichbaum (es ist der älteste in der dortigen Gegend), auf dem der Vers zu lesen war:

„Lebe wohl Du Maid so süß, sei mir tausendmal begrüßt!“

Ich war sehr neugierig, Näheres darüber zu erfahren und fragte daher den Führer, was er davon wisse. Und der Mann begann also:

„In der Nähe von Bingen lebte ein Hirtenmädchen bei ihrem alten Vater. Im Alter von zehn Jahren sah man sie schon die Schafe auf der Weide führen. An der Nähe stand eine große Mühle. Der Müllerssohn gesellte sich täglich zu dem Mädchen. Sie gingen zusammen hinaus, sie mit dem Strickstrumpf in der Hand, er mit dem Frühstück unter dem Arm. Unter dem alten Eichbaum verzehrten sie es dann gemeinschaftlich. Durch das stete Zusammensein entspann sich eine gegenseitige Liebe, wie es gewöhnlich im Leben geht. Sie gaben sich das Eheversprechen. Die Eltern willigten ein; der Hochzeitstag wurde festgesetzt. Aber das Schicksal wollte es anders: Fast ganz Deutschland war damals unter Napoleons Gewalt. Unruhe herrschte im ganzen Land. Eines Tages kam plötzlich die Nachricht, daß Bonaparte gegen Rußland ziehen wolle, um es zu unterjochen. Da er nicht genug Soldaten in Frankreich hatte, mußten nahezu 200,000 von Deutschlands wehrfähigen Söhnen mit in den Krieg ziehen. Auch der Müllerssohn stellte sich. Es war ein trauriger Abschied zwischen den Liebenden. Wußte man doch nicht, ob man sich je wieder sehen würde. Als der junge Mann auf das Schiff wartete, das ihn mit seinen Kameraden den Rhein hinunterbringen sollte, schnitt er obige Worte in den Baum. So verging ein Monat um den anderen. Das Mädchen bekam keine Nachricht von ihrem Geliebten. Auf einmal erfuhr sie, daß er in der Schlacht von Borodino gefallen sei. Traurige Tage folgten nun. Die Sehnsucht nach ihrem Geliebten ließ ihr keine Ruhe, und so meldete sie sich als Krankenpflegerin. Sie zeichnete sich durch aufopfernde Pflege der Verwundeten aus, und eines Tages wurde ein Schwerfranker ihrer Aufsicht übergeben. Wie groß war ihre Freude und ihr Erstaunen, als sie in demselben ihren totgeglaubten Verlobten erkannte! Unter ihrer liebevollen Pflege erlangte er seine Gesundheit wieder, und glücklich vereint kehrten sie Beide in ihre Heimat zurück, um endlich die Hochzeit zu feiern.“

Helen Stauffer.  
Dez. '14.





This is a new department, and if the title should strike you as dull or uninteresting, do not, gentle reader, pass on with but a hasty glance. If nothing else awakens your interest, let curiosity, that natural feminine instinct, assert itself. Perhaps you will be agreeably surprised. Behold! The print below reveals the secret. There is offered a magic potent, stirred by the fairies of the senior class, and, as it boils and bubbles, imparts to the unsuspecting reader a glimpse of the pleasure to be found in the association of good books.

Emerson said: "Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst." Most of us enjoy reading, but give too much of our time to the light and frivolous literature which fails to uplift or enlighten us and is speedily forgotten. How worthily that time could be employed in the perusal of books that are worth while! What books are worth while? Look on the bulletin board and there you will find a list of books of which you have probably heretofore failed to take advantage. Perhaps with the reviews which follow we may awaken your interest in these and other books of like worth. We have therefore introduced this new department in the JOURNAL, and hope that it will be lasting and fruitful. Students are invited to submit articles and criticisms of books.

## The Story of the Other Wise Man

HENRY VAN DYKE.

"The Other Wise Man" is a book to be read many times, to be laid aside each time with reverence, and to be treasured for some new gem of thought revealed at every fresh reading.

The theme is so broad and so deep as to be almost indefinable in a few words. The author, himself, has answered the many queries put to him, in this manner: "What does the story mean? What does life mean? If the meaning could be put into a sentence there would be no need of telling the story!"

An air of awesome mystery, like nothing so much as the mystery of life, pervades the entire book, putting the reader involuntarily into the atmosphere of the tale, leading him back into the past and opening his mind to the great truths that are to be revealed to him.

The setting, like the story itself, is unusual. We are taken into Persia, in the year and within a few days of the birth of Christ. Here, in a noble temple, we are introduced to Artaban, a member of the ancient priesthood of the Magi, a follower of Zoroaster, a fourth Wise Man. Having heard of the coming of a Savior and knowing of the sign which is to foretell His birth, Artaban strives with all his compelling eloquence to make his followers realize the truth and the greatness of this revelation, for already he has seen the star. He must go to welcome the King and would take them with him, but they lack his fineness of spirit, the courage, or the conviction, and so, on one pretext or another they leave him to follow the star, alone but undaunted.

We follow this wise man as he travels swiftly toward his goal. Through





scenes of beauty and of desolation we follow him, seeing with him their wonders and their misery; feeling it all, the cold bleakness of the unfruitful land, the grandeur, the mystery of nature.

At the temple of the Seven Spheres he is to meet the other Wise Men. The time is brief and he must hurry on, but almost at the end of the journey, he finds a humble, dying man across his path. Must he stop now? Shall he risk the great reward for a single deed of love? He pauses. Love conquers, and before he hastens on he stops to minister to this man. It is too late now to meet the other worshippers! He must turn back and spend for camels and provision one of the three great jewels he had destined for the Master. Then again he hastens on, across the desert and into Bethlehem only to find the child he searches for and his parents fled. It is the day of the massacre of the innocents. He saves a child and gives his second jewel in payment for its little life, and then he continues his search.

So, through his life, he wanders, always hopeful, always loving, always searching for the promised King, until, at last, old and spent, he returns to Jerusalem in the season of the Passover on the day when the sky is darkened, the atmosphere pregnant with shadows

of a coming calamity. "The King of the Jews!" How strangely those familiar words fall upon his tired ears." This claimant has been denied, cast out and is about to perish, so says the rumor. Can this dread thing be true? One jewel remains for this man if he is his King. He hurries on, pushed by the multitude, through the Damascus gate. It is there the greatest struggle of his life comes to him in the guise of a woman begging him to save her honor. The old conflict is renewed, the conflict "between the expectation of faith and the impulse of love." The struggle is hard, the reasoning difficult, but love again conquers and he gives his last great jewel to buy her safety. Now his final hope is gone; he stumbles, wishing only to see his Master's face, but that joy, in life, is denied him. During the storm which follows the crucifixion the end comes to him, but not unblest, for into his fleeting soul is breathed the great message:

"Verily, I say unto thee, inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

The "Other Wise Man" had found his King.

ESTHER RICHARDS,

June, '13.

## The Fall of the House of Usher

The predominating feature of Poe's story of "The Fall of the House of Usher," is its wonderful treatment of the supernatural and unusual. One cannot read the story without having a feeling of terror remain with him for some time.

At the beginning of the story, the setting, although in no special locality, conveys to one a feeling of disquiet and gloom. The strange light and atmosphere around the house, and the "barely perceptible fissure" extending along the wall from the roof to the tarn, gives one a premonition of impending trouble.

The incidents of the plot are simple, and yet somehow they are not simple. A synopsis of the story may give one an idea of this apparent contradiction. The story is written in the first person, and in this way the characters are presented more realistically and startlingly than they could otherwise be. The strength of Poe's vivid pen is so great that we are forcibly carried along with him on a visit to his friend Usher, an eccentric man, who seemingly idolizes his sister, and bemoans the fact that some incurable malady is slowly killing her. A few days of our uncomfortable visit pass, and then we learn that the

sister has died, and that Usher would like help in placing the sister in a tomb far under the house. We accompany Usher to the vault, which from remote times had been lined with copper, help him to deposit the coffin upon trestles, take one last look at the dead, and, after carefully securing the heavy iron door, hurry, with him, away from this gloomy cell.

After the sister's weird entombment, Usher acts still more eccentrically. One night there is a terrific lightning storm, which does not seem to affect the neighboring country, but centers around our house alone. Usher becomes very restless, and to quiet him, a book, which is really more terrifying than quieting, is read. In several remarkable passages were mentioned, for instance, "... And Ethelred, now pulling therewith sturdily, so cracked and ripped, and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow sounding wood alarmed and reverberated throughout the forest." At the termination of this sentence, we indistinctly but surely heard the very cracking and ripping sound described. Again we read, "the shield upon the wall tarried not for his coming, but fell

down at his feet upon the silver floor with a mighty, great and terrible ringing sound." Now we were aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic and clangorous reverberation. Suddenly, in a moment of quiet, the supposedly dead sister entered the room, and falling upon Usher's neck, died. Usher was carried to the floor by her weight. Instantly we rose to give him aid, but he lay quiet—he was dead. With the author we rushed madly from the house, just in time to see the fissure in the wall break apart, and to see the House of Usher disappear silently into the "deep and dark tarn."

The theme is not expressed but is implied through the actions of Usher. If it were expressed, we would recognize instantly that it is a theme that has been used through all the ages in, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood, measure for measure; thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less."

We put down the book, and attempt to forget its horror, but at the same time we promise ourselves to reread the tale some other day.

GRACE NEWMAN,  
June, '13.





# In Memoriam

Erda Randall

Erda decus matris, bene amata comes genitoris,  
Conticuit nobis, dulcisonora fides  
Ante diem, subito cum tu nos deseruisti,  
Tristia corda vocant nil nisi Tu valeas!

MARTIN A. CENTNER.

# Senior Edition of the Girls High Journal

Published by the Pupils of the Girls High School  
San Francisco, California

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## Journal Staff

|                      |                                    |
|----------------------|------------------------------------|
| FLORENCE NICKELSBURG | Editor-in-Chief                    |
| SARAH UNNA           | Assistant to the Editor            |
| JESSIE SMILEY        | Low Senior Assistant to the Editor |
| LORETTA BAUM         | Stories                            |
| MAUDE MEAGHER        | Poetry                             |
| LAURA WILKIE         | Art                                |
| FLORINE FALK         | Reviews                            |
| CLARISSA MITCHELL    | Activities                         |
| DOMINICA FABRIS      | School Notes                       |
| HELEN HARVEY         | Alumnæ                             |
| ANITA MARCUS         | Exchanges                          |
| LAURA SANFORD        | Jokes                              |

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| GLADYS RATHBONE  | Manager                             |
| KATHARINE INGLIS | Assistant to the Manager            |
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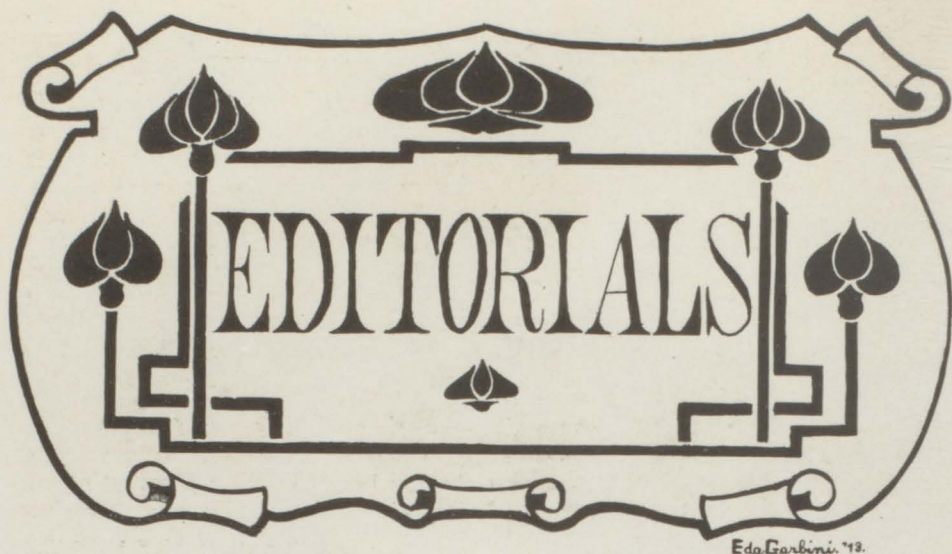




Editor, FLORENCE NICKELSBURG



Business Manager, GLADYS RATHBONE



### THE NEW GIRLS HIGH.

**T**HIS is certainly a red letter year in the history of the Girls High School. After having looked forward for seven years to a new school, we finally see it completed and fully equipped. The people of San Francisco have been very generous in giving us this splendid new building, and, girls, we must show our appreciation by working hard to keep the standard of our school very, very high. We must feel responsible for the reputation and honor of the school. We girls of the present have received the heritage of work well done in the past, and should we not try to continue the high standard of the Girls High School?

However, no matter how much was done in the past, we must remember that we must continually advance, or we drop behind. Therefore, each of us should try to make the school just a little bit better for her being here, and if 620 girls each try, 620 little bits ought to make a big bit. However, we leave that to the algebra experts.

Girls, big buildings mean big thoughts. There is no room for anything petty in our new Girls High. Everything must be on the same scale as the building—big and great. So let's all work as one to make Girls High have the reputation of having not only a splendid building, but also a high standard of work.

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### SCHOOL SPIRIT.

Probably when you see that this paragraph is entitled "School Spirit," you will groan with disgust and wonder why that ghost is not allowed to rest in peace. But stop! Think just one minute. How about basket ball challenges? Can they be sent or accepted now? Have we a team to represent the school? Imagine! Out of 620 pupils we have not been able to obtain seven for such a team. The tennis club also seems to have lost in membership, and now that both members who represent the school are about to be graduated there probably will be no tennis club at all next term. Girls, don't you think it is time to wake up? Form a basketball team,—form more than one—build up our tennis club and have a big membership; feel interested in school affairs, all pull together for the good of our Alma Mater, and when a "brackety-ax" is called and you yell to show the enormous amount of school spirit pent up at the Girls High School, let that yell be more significant. Let it be heard as an encouragement once in awhile at some of the practice games of our clubs. If you can't play, yell, at least, so that you will encourage others to play.





Ass't Editor, JESSIE SMILEY  
 Stories, LORETTA BAUM  
 Ass't Editor, SARAH UNNA  
 Ass't Bus. Mgr., KATHARINE INGLIS  
 Poetry, MAUDE MEAGHER  
 Ass't Bus. Mgr., HELEN KALISCHER

## THE PAGEANT.

It is unfortunate that it was necessary for the JOURNAL to go to print before the production of our beautiful pageant. We are sure it will be a great success, and it would be so pleasing to our vanity to publish all the flattering criticisms. Sarah Unna, the author, has very ably worked out a beautiful conception of "Girlhood," and we are most grateful to her for writing the play. A great part of it will be spectacular, and judging from the rehearsals we are sure it will be enjoyed by all those present.

---

## A WORD FROM THE ASSISTANT EDITOR OF THE LOW SENIOR CLASS.

We, the 4A seniors, sincerely appreciate the courtesy of being allowed to have two representatives on the JOURNAL staff, and thank the high seniors for the favor. We realize that the editing of a journal is very difficult and the only possible way that this work may be simplified is by actual initiation into its complexities. Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, "Only so much do I know as I have lived." The truth of these words is now comprehended by the two representatives. As the value of experience cannot be overestimated, the low senior class will endeavor to show that the gracious act of the high senior class was not done in vain.

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## A WORD FROM THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

The financing of the JOURNAL is a difficult problem, a problem which each business manager has to solve for herself. No matter how hard she may work however, she cannot possibly make a success of the JOURNAL unless the school takes an interest in the work and helps her. The Business Staff has had its share of trouble in raising the necessary \$600 with which to print this book, but the school responded to the call for help with a spirit which was very satisfactory. Thanks are especially due to the 2B's for their interest, enthusiasm and generous support. The collections from both Miss Stark's and Miss Owens' classes were excellent, and the three-quarters of a page which they bought in the advertising section helped to swell the bank account. The 3A's ran a close second, for their cornucopia sale was a great success.

The way in which things were made to hum until all difficulties were met shows what can be done when the occasion demands. The last word of the Business Staff to the school is, "Don't wait until the last minute; work from the first."

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## A WORD OF APPRECIATION.

We had intended to thank each member of the Faculty separately for the assistance that he or she has given us, but we found that the list of favors grew so large that it seemed to be endless. Consequently we have spoken generally, but none the less sincerely.

At every step of our High School life, from the very beginning, we have been guided by the helping hands of the Faculty. As we look through the JOURNAL, there is not a page that does not remind us of some kindly help of some teacher. But this, important as it may seem, is a trifle compared to the many other things that they have done for us. We realize their attitude of friendly interest. We appreciate the example they have set before us of self-respecting and cultured men and women. Indeed, we thank them most heartily, but words are empty, after all, and cannot half express our appreciation. Rather, let our future actions show them how we have profited by their teachings and let them know that all their hard work and patience were not in vain.

The Editors also wish to thank all contributors, and assure them that the reason many contributions were not accepted was because of lack of space in the JOURNAL,—not lack of merit in the contribution.





Activities, CLARISSA MITCHELL

Alumnæ, HELEN HARVEY  
Jokes, LAURA SANFORD

Art, LAURA WILKIE

School Notes, DOMINICA FABRIS

Exchanges, ANITA MARCUS  
Reviews, FLORINE FALK



### A WORD OF FAREWELL.

Now that the time for parting has come, with what pleasure do we look back on our four years of High School life. Will you, girls still in school, take the advice of those about to leave? Make the most of your four years, intellectually and socially, for they never come again. Dr. Scott, our teachers, our fellow-pupils, all have served to make our High School days an emblazoned path in the land of memory. Now, besides for you there is a beautiful new building with everything to make the road to learning pleasant. May the numberless classes to come enjoy their High School days in the new building as much as we did ours in the old one, and leave with as much regret! Here's to the future Girls High—the building, its Faculty, and its students! May we always be one in our love and pride for our Alma Mater!

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### Little Things.

Little drops of water, poured into the milk,  
Give the milkman's daughter, lovely gowns of silk;  
Little grains of sugar mixed with grocer's sand,  
Make the grocer's assets swell to beat the band.  
Little bowls of custard, humble though they seem,  
Help enrich the fellow selling pure ice cream;  
Little rocks and boulders, little chunks of slate,  
Make the coalman's fortune, something firece and great.—Ex.

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### Life.

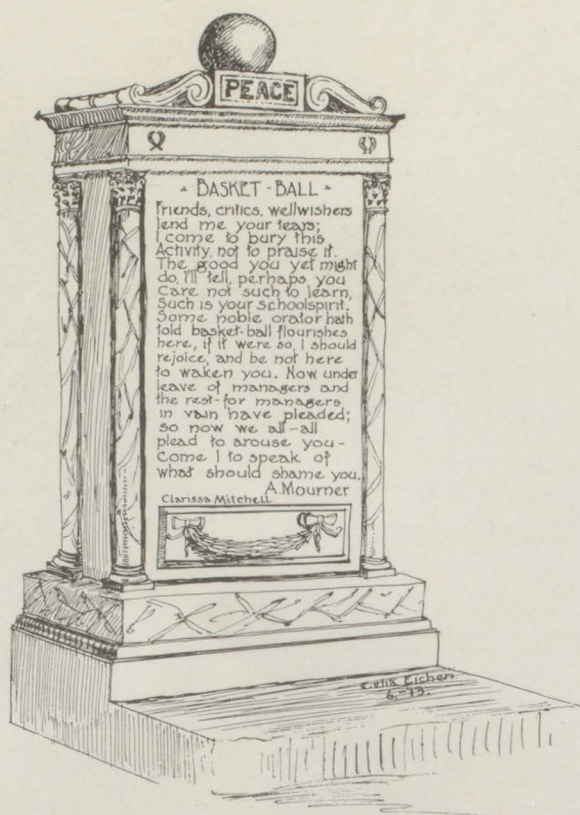
Weep and you're called a baby. Laugh and you're called a fool.  
Yield and you're called a coward. Stand, and you're called a mule.  
Smile, and they'll call you silly. Frown and they'll call you gruff.  
Put on a front like a millionaire, and somebody calls you a bluff.

---

In History—"We'll run over King Edward on Monday. So come prepared."







Perhaps you think it wrong that the result of your lack of school spirit is mocked at in your JOURNAL, and made known to outsiders. Perhaps you do not even care? That's the point—are you going to care? Is your interest at such an ebb that you do not want to represent your school in any activity?

Heretofore our basket ball team has issued and received challenges, and the girls have derived pleasure and benefit as a result of their games and other schools. At present no challenges can be issued—none accepted. To our shame we have no representatives in this sport.

Girls, can't something appeal to you? Are you willing to drop activities altogether? If so—very well; if you still take some pride, show it—resurrect basket ball with a true Girls High spirit, and let it take its standing as of old.

## Rowing Club

An enthusiastic meeting of the Rowing Club was held on February 28, 1913. Many girls attended this first meeting, and, if one may judge by the attendance, rowing has gained greatly in popularity.

Although it is still rather early in the year to go rowing regularly, the club decided to arrange, if possible, to go to Stow Lake on Tuesdays and Fridays. Miss Stark and Miss Jones kindly consented to chaperone the girls, and it is expected that all the girls who possibly can will take advantage of this splendid opportunity, and in time make rowing prominent on the athletic calendar of the school.





Sec., SIBYL JOYCE

Vice-Pres., LORETTA BAUM

Pres., ESTHER RICHARDS

Treas., FRANCES MURRAY

## The Reading Club

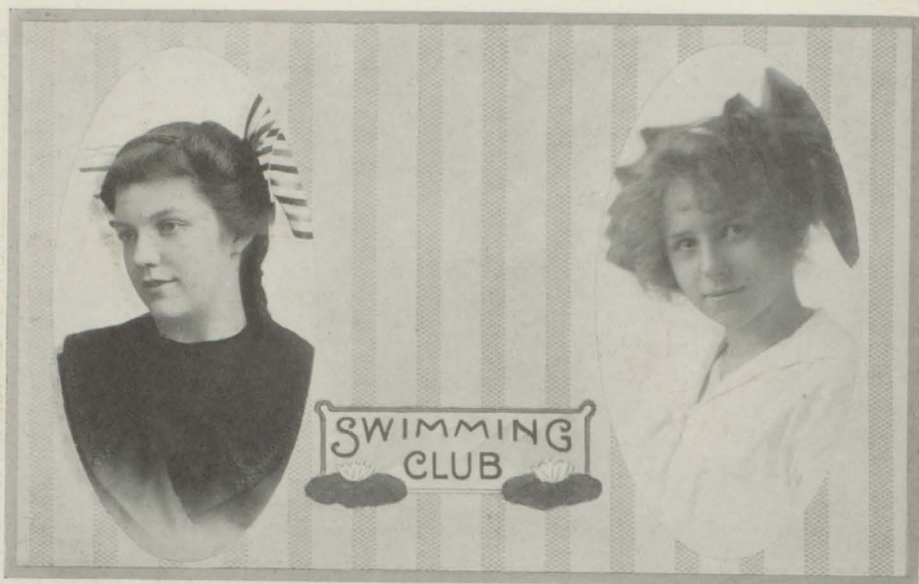
A Reading Club! I wonder how many girls are aware that such a thing exists in the Girls High School? Judging by the attendance, I should say very few. Girls, just come once and see if by our interesting discussions and reading you are not lured to honor us with your constant attendance.

The Reading Club meets every Tuesday in Miss Armer's room at 3:05 P. M. We are studying the development of the drama, and, under the wise guidance of Miss Armer, we have been reading a series of plays, beginning with the Greek drama "Antigone." Miss Croyland very kindly gave us an exceedingly interesting lecture on the Greek drama, which was made more enjoyable by Mr. Mitchell's stereopticon views.

We are now tracing the development of the English drama, beginning with the morality plays. "Everyman" and the "Second Shepherd's Play" were read and discussed, and at present the "Jew of Malta," one of the Elizabethan dramas, is being read. We expect to follow this by four or five more of the famous plays of that period. Miss Armer very kindly helps us over the hard places and renders the afternoon more enjoyable by her interesting remarks. I am sure the members of the Reading Club appreciate all she has done for them.

Now, girls, if you really want to become cultured young women, join the Reading Club, and you will certainly discover that it is a great help in attaining that culture which should be the desire of your heart.





Sec., GLADYS WILEY

Pres., ETHELYN NORDIN

The Swimming Club has organized again this term, with a large enrollment of enthusiastic members. The girls expect to derive great benefit as well as much fun from this healthful exercise. As every girl in the school is cordially invited to join, there is no reason why the Swimming Club should not be heartily endorsed by all.

The girls go to the Lurline Baths every Friday afternoon, accompanied by Miss Leviele, who promises to see that every girl is properly taken care of.

At the beginning of the term a meeting was held and the following officers elected:

President—Ethelyn Nordin.

Vice-President—Blanche Scott.

Secretary—Gladys Wiley.

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## The Art Club

With a few loyal members and a determination to accomplish something worth while, the Art Club is doing truly good work. On Tuesdays and Thursdays the girls meet in the studio, and, with the help and advice of Mr. Goldstein, work with a will to gain excellence not only in charcoal drawing and pen and ink work, but also in pastel and water colors. Mr. Goldstein is untiring in his patience, and the JOURNAL editors appreciate his kindness, as well as do the members of the Art Club.

Now, girls, you do not need to be artists, or to have already painted masterpieces to join the Art Club. If you are at all interested in anything they do, you are invited to join and take advantage of all the advice and help they receive at their semi-weekly gatherings.





CLARISSA MITCHELL

SUE JONES

It's rather early to talk of tennis, but the weather has favored us, and we have tried out a team that hopes to bring credit to Girls High. Sue Jones and Clarissa Mitchell, both of the class of June, '13, will play on the tennis team this term, and represent the school in all matches.

Tennis surely seems to have gained favor—maybe because some say it is a rapid aid to beauty—or perhaps because so many girls received new rackets for Christmas. At any rate, the Hamilton Square court is crowded with Girls High girls both at noon and after school. Surely one of the benefits and advantages of our new school should be a first-class tennis court. But keep your practice up, girls. Even if you never make a future team, you'll never regret knowing how to play tennis.

## Girls' High Orchestra

A great deal of credit is due the Girls High Orchestra. It is no easy task to practice week after week, but there is certainly some compensation in a result as satisfactory as that attained by our orchestra.

Too much praise cannot be given the girls for the cheerful and willing spirit they always show in playing at all our social functions. Dr. Scott, who directs the orchestra, helps them in selecting music of the highest standard, and in obtaining an unusual degree of excellence in execution.

First violins—Cecilia Eichen, Paula Schoenholz.

Second violins—Gussie Fuchs, Majorie Mauzy.

Third violins—Pauline Weilheimer, Edna Edmunds.

'Cellos—Laura Reardon, Gertrude Dietz.

Organ—Laura Wilkie.

Piano—Edith Euler.

# School Notes

DOMINICA FABRIS.

**J**ANUARY 6.—After a short vacation of two weeks, school reopened. The Assembly Hall was crowded as usual, and all the girls were bubbling over with school spirit. Dr. Scott delivered his introductory speech, in which he welcomed the Freshmen and gave us all much needed advice. After the classification was read, the pupils went to their class-rooms eager to make out their programs for the new term. Thus, the first day of work was begun.

January 17.—The first meeting of the term of the Associated Student Body was held in the Auditorium of the Girls High School. An unusual amount of school spirit was displayed. Dr. Scott made a suggestion of having a cafeteria in the new building, and the girls were enthusiastic. After making several other remarks, Dr. Scott turned the meeting over to the President, Florence Macaulay. The Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were read, and the various activities heard from. Then, Muriel Wilbur, the Editor of the preceding JOURNAL, awarded a large box of candy to the Class of June, '13, for its aid and good work in behalf of the JOURNAL. Nominations for the officers of the Student Body were made, and, after a rousing "Brackety-Ax," the meeting was adjourned.

The results of the election were:

|                                 |                   |
|---------------------------------|-------------------|
| President . . . . .             | Alice Hanchett    |
| Secretary . . . . .             | Sue Jones         |
| Treasurer . . . . .             | Laura Daniel      |
| Yell Leader . . . . .           | Margaret Negodich |
| First Vice-President . . . . .  | Marian Evans      |
| Second Vice-President . . . . . | Jeannette Corwin  |
| Third Vice-President . . . . .  | Marian Harper     |
| Fourth Vice-President . . . . . | Margaret Wood     |

Miss Noonan and Miss Stark are the Faculty representatives on the Executive Committee.

January 27.—Owing to the kindness of Mrs. Prag, the girls of the Civics Class were among the fortunate ones to listen to a lecture by Mrs. Stadtmuller at the Philomath Club.

January 31.—For one day, the High Seniors put aside their dignity(?) They wore their hair down just to feel like freshmen again. Beyond all doubt they had a good time.

February 1.—The Low Senior Class assisted the High Seniors in welcoming and entertaining the Freshmen at a reception. The orchestra very kindly furnished excellent music for the occasion, and the affair was declared a "howling success" by all.

February 6.—A piano recital was given by Miss Marie Sloss. To the disappointment of many pupils, only a portion of the school were fortunate enough to listen to her delightful music.

February 12.—The memory of Lincoln was honored by an appropriate program. The Girls High School was fortunate enough to hear the personal experiences of the veterans of the Civil War, two of whom had seen our martyred President.

February 21.—During the last period of the day, exercises were held in every class to commemorate the birthday of our first President.

February 25.—A candy sale was held at noon for the benefit of the JOURNAL, and as a result of the sale the sum of twenty-four dollars and seventy cents was turned over to the Business Manager. This incident shows plainly that the Girls High School still keeps up its good reputation for eating candy.

February 27.—A big JOURNAL rally was held at noon in the Assembly Hall to arouse the interest of the school, and to urge the girls to bring in more ads and subscriptions. The results were splendid.

We wish to extend our thanks to Dr. Scott and other members of the Faculty for allowing us the privilege of visiting our new school and kindly chaperoning us. After seeing the magnificent building, we are even more anxious than ever to be in our new home.





Sec., SUE JONES

Treas., LAURA DANIEL

Pres., ALICE HANCHETT

First Vice-Pres., MARIAN EVANS

Yell Leader, MARGARET NEGODICH

Fourth Vice-Pres., MARGARET WOOD

Third Vice-Pres., MARIAN HARPER

Second Vice-Pres., JEANNETTE CORWIN



## Alumnae

Usually this department is devoted to a long list of engagements and marriages and to news from a few travelers. In this issue of the JOURNAL we think it might be interesting to our readers to publish articles that bring us a message from those whose lives are full of interest and of worth to the world. With what pleasure we read that they still remember their "Alma Mater," and let us assure them that the Girls High School has not forgotten them, and we trust it never will.

2-9-13.

DEAR MISS NICKELSBURG:

Your letter made me very happy indeed, for it proved to me that the dear old Girls High School has not forgotten me, and I trust it never will. My heart is still in California, although I have been away so many years. Could I pursue my profession there—my ambition and my heart would both be gratified—but that is asking rather a bit of Fate, is it not? It's the struggle that brings out the best in us. But I know no country which holds its own better, through absence, comparison, etc., than our own dear California. It certainly is one of Nature's favored pets in every regard. Unfortunately, the career I have chosen, or rather, which has chosen me, is possibly the only profession, a field for which California at the present day does not furnish. But the day is not far off when San Francisco will have and will support its own Opera House and singers. We are still young and art takes root only in old soil. However, San Francisco already has the reputation of being the most criti-

cal and most appreciative musical city in the United States. The very atmosphere of California, its flowers, sunshine, situation—all create in its people a natural love of art and especially music.

You ask me to write something about myself. That is not difficult for a singer,—as success in the operatic world means leading a more or less selfish existence, and thinking, oh, so often, of one's self. But just your Girls High School, so dear to us all, is especially dear to me, for it was during my Senior year that my voice was discovered by Baroness von Meyerinck. I immediately saw myself a great prima donna, and forced myself to become a great optimist,—which was not difficult, my childhood having been an ideal California one, which forces one to see the beauty and hope and possibilities in life. I had prepared for the Berkeley University, but the call of Song proved stronger in me. My public debut was at the Graduation Exercises, on the stage in the hall (then unfinished) in Girls High School; "Lift Thine Eyes," a trio from "Elijah," in which I sang





the middle voice. I feel I lifted my eyes then, and when Mr. Brooks, our Principal, pointed out to us all the way we had to go, I felt then and there I would one day have courage enough to make the sacrifices which are necessary for a successful operatic career. How often, oh, how often, with a heart full of gratitude I have thought of the happy days I spent with all my dear teachers there, and have realized thoroughly how many seeds they planted in me—for the career I am now following. I owe them all a great debt of thanks. I want the Girls High School to feel I belong to them, and I want them to be proud of me. A voice alone does not make a singer, and the Girls High School gave me many of the necessities that my career demands.

With many greetings to Professor Brooks and all my teachers, and wishing your JOURNAL every success, I am,

Very sincerely,

MAUDE FAY.

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Dr. Esther Rosencratz is a graduate of the Girls High School, of Stanford University, and of Johns Hopkins Medical College.

Few women, if any others, have had the opportunities that Dr. Rosencratz has had in her specialty—tuberculosis—as she has worked with some of the most noted specialists of England, France, and Switzerland.

Because of the national interest in tuberculosis (consumption, phthisis), it may not be amiss to say a word about it to the members of the graduating class,—more as an appeal for each to help in the fight against the “great white plague.”

This greatest scourge of mankind is a disease of the lungs, causing one-seventh of all deaths, and in our country alone killing 200,000 annually. Dr. Robert Koch of Berlin discovered the germ causing the disease and called it bacillus tuberculosis. It occurs in the sputum of tuberculous patients. Without the germ the disease cannot be communicated to another; for this

reason sputum must be destroyed, and also careless expectoration and coughing with the mouth uncovered must be prohibited.

The important point to prevent succumbing to tuberculosis is to keep the general health up to the normal state. This depends upon pure, fresh air; good, nutritious food, and sufficient sleep and rest. The cure of consumption is based upon these factors.

Every citizen should consider it a duty to help materially in the anti-tuberculosis campaign. For those who read this the suggestion is offered to purchase the Red Cross stamps issued at Christmas time, the profits of which aid the tuberculosis work throughout the land. An effort could be made to join the San Francisco Tuberculosis Society. This supports a free clinic and looks after the tuberculous poor in many ways. The Society depends upon private subscription and is glad for new members. Thus in a small way at least, each can add to the propaganda of eradicating tuberculosis from our midst.

ESTHER ROSENCRATZ,  
New York City.

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### Washington Social Customs

**T**HERE is probably no place in the world where social usages appear to the uninitiated to be so topsy-turvy as in Washington. Here the new-comer calls upon the old resident, the lower official makes the advances to those of higher rank.

To the wife of the newly elected Congressman, the social customs seem appalling. If she follow the precedents of many years, she would make the first call upon the wives of all Cabinet officers, the wives of the Justices of the Supreme Court, the wives of all the Senators and of all the members of the House, outranking her husband in point of service.

The wisdom of this is apparent when one realizes this is the only way in which a new-comer could possibly meet or become acquainted with many in the official set, because, unless for a specific





reason, no old resident would call uponing that we as a Nation have nothing an entirely unknown member's wife; to learn and can do no wrong. so certain days are set aside for these calls — Monday, Justices; Tuesday, Congressional; Wednesday, Cabinet; Thursday, Senatorial.

Recently the Congressional Club has been formed, the members limited to the women in the official set, and their meetings have enabled many to become far better acquainted than the casual call would permit.

There is always more or less speculation with each new administration as to what its social attitude will be. Washington society takes its cue from the White House. The last twelve years have been particularly brilliant as the debutante daughters of the Presidents have been the motive for many brilliant affairs.

The four great Presidential receptions which have been the custom since the Madison administration, have under the Taft administration assumed a lavishness hitherto unknown. Until Mrs. Taft's régime no lady of the White House had attempted to serve a supper at these receptions, but Mrs. Taft, carrying the same gracious hospitality that marked her smaller functions into the larger ones, has served an elaborate supper to the eighteen hundred or two thousand guests that have responded to the invitation.

But whatever changes may come with the new administration we may rest assured that the kindly spirit of the true American womanhood will still hold sway at the White House.

FLORENCE PRAG KAHN.

## Patriotism

By ELIZA D. KEITH.

**W**HEN we are very young we we have an idea that patriotism means waving or wearing the American flag, singing patriotic songs, celebrating Fourth of July, being thrilled by the martial music, and boasting about our country.

Later may come party attachment, with its intolerant partisan zeal, and provincial self-satisfaction, or the feel-

Too often undue stress is laid upon war, or conflict, and the combatants are exalted over the patriots of peace.

Surely, we should, and we do, love the land of our birth with a deep, fervent, and an abiding affection. Our loyalty, our devoted service, our very lives belong to our country. But is it all summed up in the statement,

"'Tis sweet for one's country to die"? Must all true patriotism find its final expression in dying for one's country? What about living for it—not in emulation, self-seeking, not in striving for the high places, and the great rewards; but in the noble life consecrated to service to the community, to the State, to the Nation, to humanity?

Nor should this ideal be realized by but few. Each of us should dedicate our lives to that patriotism which seeks the greatest good for the greatest number, that strives to make the world better and happier because he has lived in it. Training for this highest form of patriotism must begin with the child. He must be helped to acquire the virtues of the ten commandments as applied to the every-day life of to-day. He must be trained to become a desirable citizen, full of civic virtues, ready and able to combat wickedness in high places, to keep his own soul spotless, and free from the blight of the love of money.

The heroes of peace, the saints of science, the philanthropists and all true leaders of men towards emancipation from their own mental slavery or moral abasement, should be emblazoned high upon their country's roll of honor, and with Abou Ben Adhem, let each of us seek to have his name inscribed as "one who loves his fellow-men."

Universal peace can come only when each country, each citizen practices the Golden Rule, and loves his neighbor as himself. Then indeed may we make the supplication:

"Lord, while for all mankind we pray,  
Of every clime and coast,  
O hear us for our native land,  
The land we love the most!"





DEAR MISS NICKELSBURG:

Your kind and too flattering note touched and pleased me very much. You must forgive my delay in answering, as there is serious illness in the house, and the ordinary amenities of life are, I fear, disregarded. For the same reason you must release me from doing any formal or even informal article for the High School publication. There are few dearer images in my recollection than the old Girls High School of early "Bush and Hyde" days, when the beloved Helen Thompson was my teacher,—cheeriest, cleverest, most magnetic of instructors, with a real en-

thusiasm for rhetoric that made rough places smooth, and that I have often wished I might encounter again. If the school were still on the old spot, with what melancholy pleasure I should retrace half-forgotten steps, conjure up old faces! But not only the great fire, a thousand other circumstances have changed our Alma Mater's face, even more than her children's. I shall not, therefore, have the pleasure of meeting you there, at any rate, but I wish you would remember me and believe me

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH CURTIS O'SULLIVAN,  
(Mrs. Dennis O'Sullivan.)

---

Rather a funny "bull" was that made by a member of Parliament in discussing the question of trial by jury in Ireland. Becoming excited, he exclaimed, "With trial by jury have I lived, and by the blessing of God, with trial by jury will I die."

---

#### Consistency on a Cold Day.

Seen in a Soph. class room, the other day was a girl trying to warm herself by the stove, at the same time eating an ice cream cone. Between bites she was exclaiming, "Gee, but I am almost frozen!"

---

Freshie (leaning against radiator)—"I smell cabbage burning!"  
Mighty Soph.—"Of course you do. Get your head away from that radiator."  
—Ex.

---

#### Smartness.

Teacher—"Who can make a sentence with the word 'gruesome' in it?"  
Little Boy—"I can! The man stopped shaving, and gruesome whiskers."

---

In Latin—"What are the parts of the verb 'to drop'?"  
Bright Freshman—"Slipid, slipere, falli, bumpus."



*The Symphony.*—Why do you *harp* so much on editorials? *Trumpet* up your school spirit. *Accordion* to rule your jokes should come last. What is the first cut a *cymbal* of? *Drum* up your ads.

---

*The Star*—

There's naught in this pamphlet that's brilliant,  
It neither twinkles nor shines from afar;  
It's really a very small planet,  
Whose light is too dim for a star.

---

*Pranks.*—The editors desire to offer their deepest sympathy to the Pranks, whose jokes seem dying of senility. We suggest an improvement of the culinary department of your school. The exchanges are too hot, the poetry too cold, the editorials too peppery, and the jokes lack spice.

---

*The Cactus.*—Your criticisms are too sharp. You prick some of the best exchanges.

---

*The Well.*—The Editors wish to suggest to the Well that it furnish excavation tools and a small microscope with each copy of that magazine, to enable the reader to disinter the subject matter from surrounding advertisements.

---

*The Scarecrow.*—In your poetry you have too many feet that aren't mates. Find a new shoemaker.

---

*The Rural.*—We confess to a great disappointment in your last number. Your stories were good, your poetry excellent, but we notice that your principal in his picture on the first page, wears side whiskers, which are most distasteful to us. We hope that this defect will be remedied in your next number.





*The Spider.*—Your cover has too many butterflies on it to be appropriate. We welcome you, however, as a new exchange, and you may soon expect from us a slap on your face and a scratch on the back, and the other gentle courtesies with which exchanges greet each other.

---

*Blue and Yellow.*—Your poetry lacks fire. Couldn't you apply some kerosene and add the editor's lament, which will make a blue flame, big enough to cook all your work and get it better done?

---

*Red, White and Blue.*—Your cuts are ghastly! Couldn't you wrap them up in nice white bandages and tie them with blue string? How patriotic that would be!

---

*The Jays.*—We wish to congratulate you for the archæological acquisitions in your Josh column.

---

*Lame Feet.*—Halting poetry, limping measures, and stumbling lines.

---

*Red and Yellow.*—How your work belies your name! What a dull monotone of grey! No patch of color to relieve the monotony.

---

*The Scarlet.*—Your cuts are great; they're full of red blood. That is real school spirit. Spill some more and your journal will be re(a)d all over.

---

*The Trumpet.*—Your departments all blow too much, and the quality of your jokes is out of tune with the rest of your journal.

---

*The Feather.*—Your articles are too light. Your jokes surely will tickle only a few people.

---

And now, dear Exchanges, having sung our Swan Song, (we trust that you noticed the coloratura), we desire to announce that we are about to exchange the garb of critic for that of the appreciative reader, and hereafter in these columns you may find, if future editors are of one mind with the present, not "stale, flat, unprofitable" advice, but the expression of our thanks.





Teacher—"Archimedes leaped from his bath shouting 'Eureka.' What does 'Eureka' mean, Johnny?"

Johnny—"I found it!"

Teacher—"Well, what did he find?"

Johnny—"The soap."

---

#### So Sad, and They so Young!

Speaking to Graduating Class—"The idea of girls about to depart. . ."

Physics Instructor (comparing sound waves and light waves)—"Now, you certainly can't hear color, can you?"

Miss D. (of the bright red cloak)—"Oh, I don't know! How about loud red?"

---

ON A 1A ENGLISH PAPER.—"A Spensarian stanza treats of the views of the country and so many lines of the birds, and so many lines of the surroundings."

---

#### Art Note.

Why do the Seniors carry their heads so high?

Because they are looking for interesting mouldings at the tops of buildings.

English Instructor—"Explain 'But for your words they rob the Hybla bees, and leave them honeyless.'"

Instructor (after five minutes' deep thought upon the part of the pupil)—"Well! what do you get when you rob bees?"

Pupil (with a triumphant, satisfied grin)—"Stung!"

---

#### Heard in the Class Room.

"In the South, of the white population, they were nearly all negroes."

---

"What's in a name?"

"Well, if it's a Russian name, I should say the alphabet."





### Biblical Knowledge in G. H. S.

History Teacher—"What is the Ark of the Covenant?"

Student—"Why, wasn't that the ark that Noah built?"

---

### Easily Recognized.

Teacher of Science—"Girls, what kind of force is it? We've been having it every morning."

Brilliant Pupil (from rear)—"Oh, yes! it's Sunny Jim's force."

---

In Latin—"That's a bad translation; cut it out."

Brilliant Senior—"I did, out of 'a pony.'"

---

Instructor (explaining immigration bill)—"If a Chinese once comes to San Francisco, where may he go?"

Brilliant Pupil—"Chinatown."

---

In Classic Myths—"What is another name for Mercury?"

Brilliant Pupil—"Quicksilver."

---

Principal (announcing a lecture)—"And if it's a cold night the stoves will be running."

(Editor's Note—Those expecting a marathon will be disappointed.)

---

In English—"A plot is a skeleton on which you tack the details."

---

English Teacher—"What was the name of Cæsar's wife?"

Pupil—"Eh—Mrs. Cæsar."

---

History Pupil—"The Chaldeans did not represent women, except gods and goddesses."

---

### A Street Scene.

A Turk who was coming from Market with a Fulton of Cole tried to Polk a Lion, whom he did so Hayes and he ran to Hyde and leaped from Oak to Spruce, from Spruce to Chestnut, from Chestnut to Pine, from Pine to Maple, from Maple to Walnut, and then Fell into a Bush, where he turned into Clay. Great Scott!

---

Miss R. enters Mr. C.'s class room and asks for matches, which are gladly given, and after a few words she leaves the room with the much wanted article. In a few seconds Mr. C. turns to the class and says, "These teachers think I have a matrimonial bureau here. Every time they want a match they come to me."

---

Does history repeat itself? We think not. Would that it did!

---

In Physics—"If you attempt to squeeze any solid body it will always resist pressure."

Now why should the class have smiled at that?

---

An absent-minded Senior questions: "Who wrote Gray's Elegy?"

We are not sure, but it may have been Blanco White.



English Teacher (to pupil constructing brief)—“But you must remember that there are two sides to every question. Now what two sides have we here?”  
Pupil—“The wrong side and our side.”

---

#### Heard in the Class Room.

“Archbishop Laud was one of the great preludes of England.”

---

Teacher of Physiology—“There is iron in the liver, in the blood and in the hair. The darker the hair is, the more iron it contains.”  
(Editor’s Note—In the case of a red-haired person, has the iron rusted?)

---

History Teacher—“Tell me about Horatius.”

Pupil—“Horatius held the bridge while the army went across.”

---

Latin Instructor—“Why are the third and fourth conjugations in Latin unpopular?”

Clever Pupil—“Because they have no beau (bo)!”

---

Professor—“I see some absent faces!”

---

Miss A.—“I nearly died laughing.”

Miss M.—“Wouldn’t it have been killing if you had?”

---

One teacher asked her boys and girls to write in a few words something about the occupation or profession they would like to choose in later life. A girl wrote, “Lady; but if not fit for that, a school teacher.”

---

Pupil in English—“The fifth scene opens with Lady Macbeth’s reading of a telegram from her husband—”

Who said Franklin discovered electricity?

---

Brilliant Pupil (reading personal reminiscences)—“The next story is an antidote of Lincoln.”

---

Study-Hall Teacher (to noisy girls in Study-Hall)—“If you don’t stop talking, I’ll separate you into four parts of the room!”

---

#### Heard at a 4A Class Meeting.

President of Class—“What would you suggest as a class color, Miss W—?”

Miss W. promptly replies, “Black!”

President (humorously)—“Why, Miss W—, we are not going to die yet!”

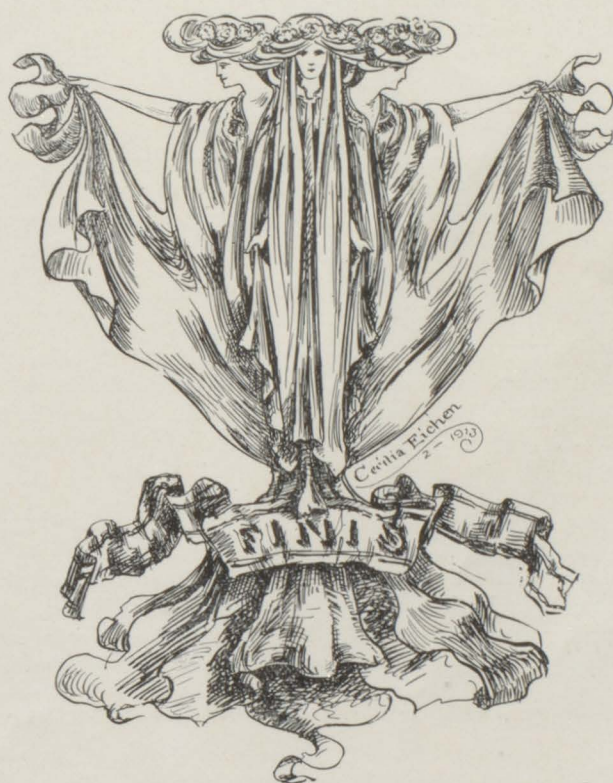
Miss W.—“No, of course not; we’re dead already!”

---

#### Heard in a Latin Class.

Student (reading from Virgil—“Oh, three and four times happy ones, to whom it is granted to die before the faces of your ancestors under the high walls of Troy——” (where were the faces?))





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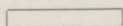


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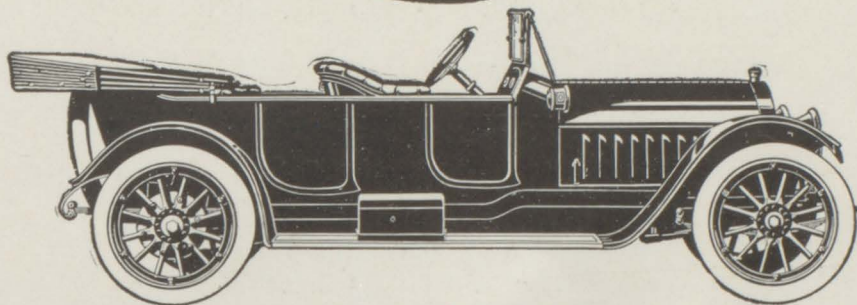
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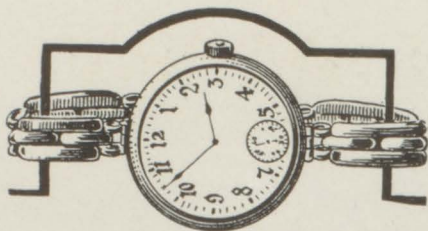
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