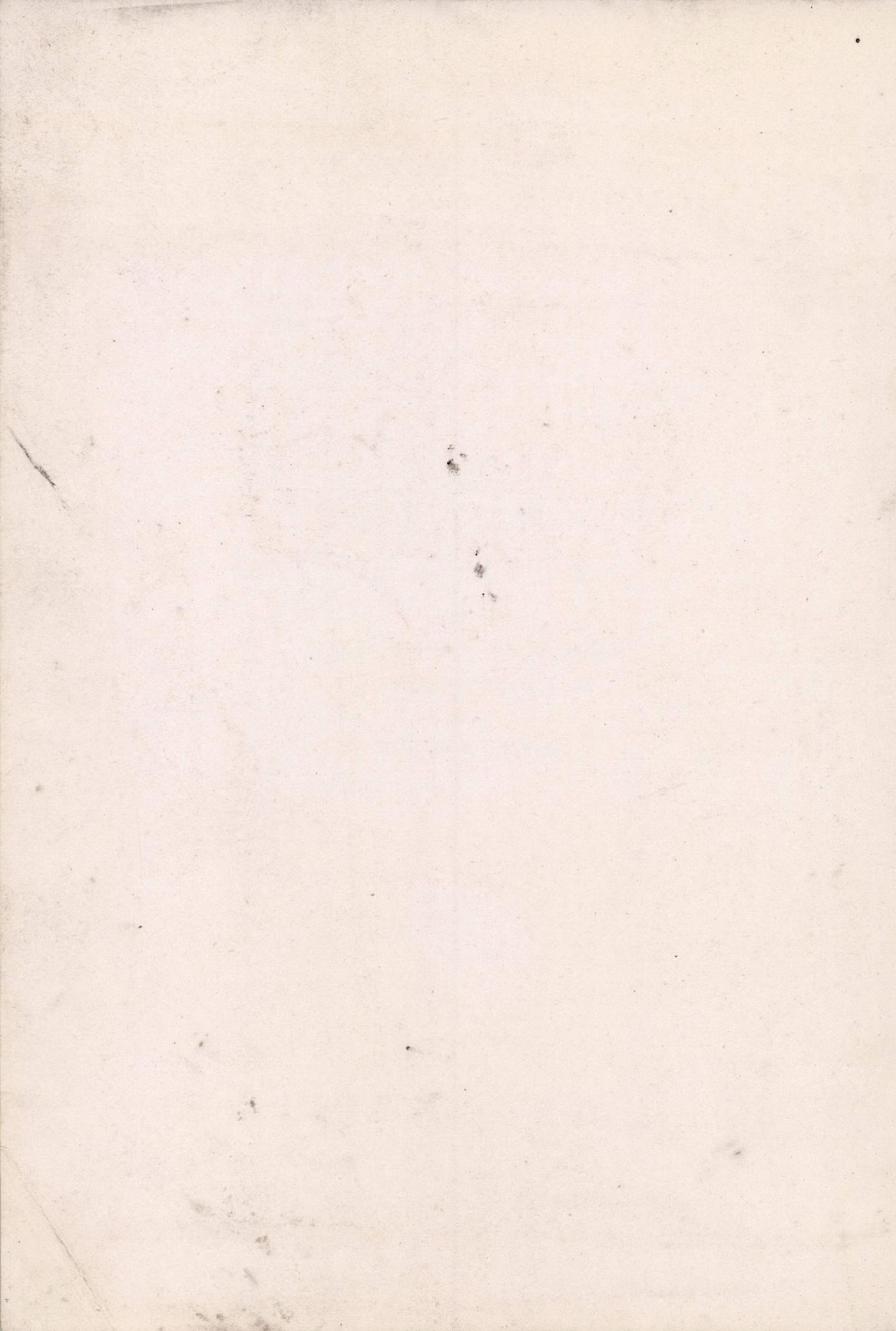


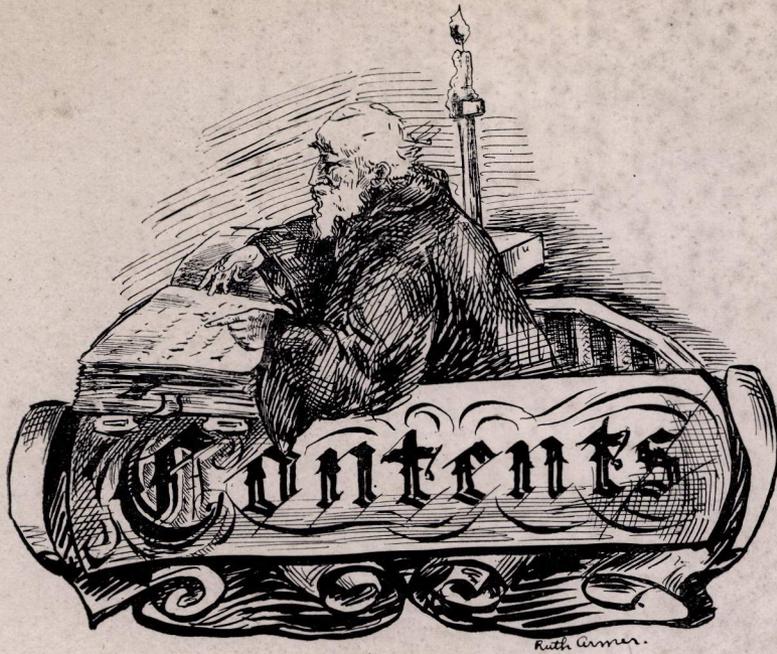
Girls High
Journal

June '14

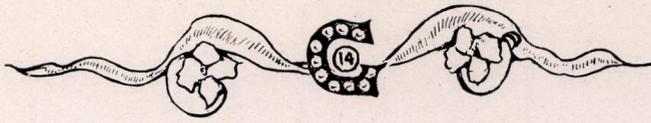


To the
Faculty of the Girls High School
This Journal is lovingly dedicated
by the
June Class of 1914.





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To Alma Mater.

O Alma Mater, with thy gentle hand
Guide thou thy children, who from thee must turn
With tears into the world. Oh, may we learn
Thy greatest lesson then to understand,
Taught by the good and true of every land;
Which neither high nor low can ever spurn,
If in his breast the sacred fires burn
Which he has lighted from thy flaming brand—
“Firm in the path of Truth hold thou thy way,
Love thou thy God and all His handiwork,
Spurn not thy brother lying at thy feet.
So shall thy life give pleasure day by day.
’Though in thy path a bitter grief may lurk,
Thou shalt have joy according as is meet.”

ADELAIDE HARRISON, June, '14.

The Faculty.

Dr. A. W. Scott.....	Principal
Mrs. Mary Prag.....	Vice-Principal and Head of Department of History
Martin A. Centner.....	Head of Department of Latin
Miss Adelaide B. Croyland.....	Head of Department of English
Miss Laura Daniel.....	Head of Department of Mathematics
Edward J. Dupuy.....	Head of Department of French (on leave of absence)
Franz M. Goldstein.....	Head of Department of Drawing
Miss Nell E. Ford.....	Biology, Physiology
Miss Helen Flynn	English
E. M. Gregory.....	French
Miss S. A. Hobe.....	History
Miss Fidelia Jewett.....	History of Art
Miss Marion Jones	Drawing, Design
Mrs. H. B. Lempke.....	Sewing
Miss Blanche Levièle.....	French
H. N. Massey.....	Physics, Geology, Astronomy
Miss Emma L. Noonan	Mathematics
Miss E. M. Owens	History
Miss Nathalie Roth	English
Miss Clara M. Stark	Latin
Miss Edith Stevenson	Mathematics
William Zimmermann	German
Mrs. N. J. Tharp.....	Oral Expression, Physical Culture
Miss Grace Wolcott	Biology, Physiology
Miss Florence Brooks.....	Substitute in Latin



Dr. A. W. Scott
Principal



RUTH ARMER
 FLORENCE BURNS
 HAZEL COMBELLACH

CARRIE BRUNNER
 VIOLET BUTTNER
 JEANNETE CORWIN

VERA BULLWINKEL
 CLAUDIA COHN
 GERTRUDE DIETZ



JESSIE EASTON
EDITH EULER
ROSE FRANK

JOSEPHINE EICHBAUM
DOROTHY FEDER
BEATRICE GERBERDING

ALICE EPHRAIM
MILDRED FINNEY
EDNA GOLDSTEIN





DOROTHY HAMILTON
ANITA JACKSON
ROSE KATZ

ADELAIDE HARRISON
JENNIE JONES
LUCY KELLY

ENID HIGH
EDNA KAIGHIN
HELEN KURMAN



BERYL LAW
VIOLET LERCARA
GERTRUDE MATTEER

ANITA LERCARA
ALICE LINDSAY
HELEN McGEE

FRANCES LERCARA
LOTTIE LOVERICH
LILLIAN McHUGH



MARY McLEAN

GRACE MENNIE

MARION MILLER

NATHALIE MULLEN

VALERIE MULLEN

FRANCES MURRAY

RUTH QIMBY

BLANCHE REYNOLDS

MARIE SAUL

PAULA SCHOENHOLZ



BLANCHE SCOTT

ZELLA SEVERANCE

DOROTHY SICHEL

MAECIE STEINER

AGNES TAYLOR

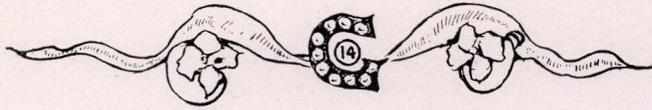
EDITH WERTHEIMER

RUTH WETMORE

CAROLYN WITHINGTON

ERMA WALLENBERG

MIRIAM ZELINSKY



On Leaving the Girls High School.

To-day we have, and, having, fail to rate
To full and just appreciation; but
Tomorrow, when our hands seize only air,
We then deplore lost opportunities
Which once were ours, but now are vanished quite
Into the distant fog-lands of the Past.
They say that Youth, drunk with the wine of Life,
Scatters the precious moments to the wind,
And fails to realize the golden worth
Of this, the Present. But, heavy with regret,
Age ponders o'er the Past's dim-lighted hours,
And rues the wasted years, alas! too late.
Our lives are but as roses in a garden,
Our days but petals on a drying stalk.
Bared to relentless elements, we lie
In the grim grasp of swiftly-moving time.
Ah, let us think, and squander not the hours
Of this all-beautiful Today; but know
That those who laughed and scattered the young days
Can never say of us in pride of Youth:
They, too, have, thoughtless, left the school's embrace
To meet the great Unknown that is to be!

AGNES STANFORD TAYLOR, June, '14.



Class Prophecy.

One bright summer morning, Puck was aimlessly wandering along the "Road to the Future," when he saw a dejected-looking little creature sitting forlornly on a rock, and on approaching nearer, he saw, to his amazement, that it was Cupid, but sadly changed. His wings drooped pitifully and his head was downcast.

"Good morrow, little stranger. Why this sadness on such a bright morning?" It was Puck speaking.

"You too would be sad if you had been slighted as I have."

"How now?—I——" He was interrupted by an impatient little gesture from Cupid.

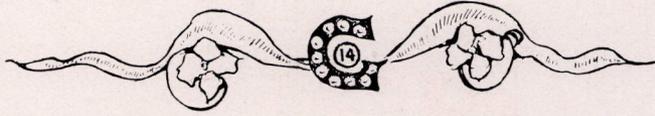
"Do you remember the class of June, 1914, of the Girls High School, whom we so vigilantly watched in the trials and triumphs of their school life? Do you recall what promising young ladies they seemed to be? Out of that vast number, one, and one only, have I been able to conquer. The rest I can learn nothing of. Have you heard of them?"

Puck answered in the affirmative, with a smile.

"Yes, I have a few scraps of information regarding them. Listen and I will tell you. Do you remember Claudia Cohn and Fern Combellac? They've gone into partnership. Claudia is still writing poetry, and Fern is still trying to publish it.

"Then there's Ruth Armer—she's a quick-sketch artist on the Orpheum, and has taken as her specialty, "Cartoons of the Faculty."

"Carrie Brunner, I hear, is doing extraordinary work in china-painting. She has just finished some cups which are beautiful studies in black and white check.



"Dorothy Feder, with her usual progressiveness as traffic 'cop,' is ably handling the Exposition hordes. Be calm, Dorothy; don't lose your head!

"Beatrice Gerberding and Alice Ephraim are the crack tennis players on King Zulu's team. It is rumored that they have lately challenged the Faculty of G. H. S. Be on the alert, teachers, and we'll root for you.

"Dorothy Hamilton and Marie Saul have opened up a voice-culture establishment on Twin Peaks. Any day their charming voices can be heard droning out, 'It was many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the sea,' etc. Keep it up, girls; we're proud of you!

"Lottie Loverich dances the tango for the stolid Hollanders, while her old friend Edith Euler accompanies her on the piano.

"Beryl Law and Gertrude Mattier have opened up a 'Happy Land for Kiddies.' It is a most inspiring sight to see these two young women strolling through the grounds, with forty or so youngsters trailing after them.

"Josephine Eichbaum is Speaker of the House of Representatives. It is said they have great difficulty in keeping her down.

"Edith Wertheimer and Mildred Finney have answered 'the call of the heart' and gone on the stage. Edith does the driving, and Mildred yells out stations. (If you don't get this quickly, pass it on.)

"Anita, Violet and Frances Lercara, otherwise known as the 'Inseparables,' have opened up an 'A la Mode Fashion Shop.' Originality is the keynote of this establishment.

"Adelaide Harrison, our Senator from California, is ably defending her side of the great debate which is taking the country by storm. The question is, 'Is the Use of Fly Paper Cruel?' 'How is it in California,' Adelaide?

"The two Roses, Katz and Frank, have formed a society in Africa, which is endeavoring to teach the monkeys to appreciate the jungles. This monkey business is hard work, I'll tell you.

"Anita and Edith Jackson (not brothers, no relation) are cowgirls at Wildcat Ranch.

"Maecie Steiner is employed as a model in a prominent hairdressing establishment here in town.

"Blanche Scott and Enid High are performing their official duties as 'coppettes' on top of the 'Call Building,' preventing aeroplanes from lighting on chimney tops.

"Marion Miller is the treasurer for the city and county of Sausalito. If she extracts money from the natives over there as successfully as she does class dues, Sausalito will soon have enough for a dance. Nuff ced!

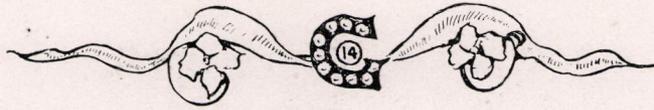
"Lucy Kelly has made good use of the knowledge of Latin instilled into her in high school days, and is now Head of the Department of Latin in one of the high schools at North Beach. I hear Lucy now spells her name Lucia!

"Paula Schoenholz is making good as a book agent, advertising Agnes Taylor's latest poem, entitled "Ode to a Gumdrop." The poem is a work of art and its good qualities are being admirably explained by Miss Schoenholz. Leave it to Paula.

"Carolyn Withington, according to the 'Suburban Weekly,' has been elected to the position of Sheriff of the city and county of San Anselmo. Can't you imagine Carolyn shouting, 'Stop, by Heck! in the name of the law'?

"Edna Goldstein and Miriam Zelinsky are doing famously as agents for the 'Automatic Sewing Machine.' Their interest was aroused in that line during the time they were making their graduation dresses.

"Irma Wollenberg and Edna Kaighin are startling Europe with their wonderful inspirational dancing. Their grace early developed during their course in 'Gilbert Dancing' under Mrs. Tharp.



"Ruth Wetmore, owing to the great ability she shows for 'yelling,' has become Yell Leader at the 'Petaluma Deaf and Dumb Academy.'

"Alice Lindsay has just completed her latest work, entitled 'How the Constitution of the United States May Be Amended.' There are two steps in amending the Constitution, Alice.

"Jessie Easton is responsible for the latest rag-time hit, 'And They Will Put Their Fingers in Their Mouths.'

"Lillian McHugh has revolutionized the world of Geometry by discovering a new kind of right angle!

"Hilda Kurman and Mary McLean are employed by the 'Killum' Moving Picture Company. Hilda does the hollering while Mary turns the crank!

"Helen McGee, Zella Severence and Frances Murray have taken charge of a caucus for 'Women's Rights' here in town. It is said they will soon rival Mrs. Pankhurst.

"Jeannette Corwin and Vera Bullwinkel (still the best of friends), owing to their great executive ability, have been unanimously elected President and Vice-President, respectively, of the 'Solano Irrigated Farms Company.'

"Jennie Jones and Violet Buttner have gone into vaudeville, booked as 'The Long and Short of It.'

"Gertrude Dietz is doing famously in the musical world. She has come to be the "cellist of the hour."

"Grace Mennie is doing missionary work in the northern part of California. There are not Mennie who could do what Grace is doing! (Did that penetrate?)

"Ruth Quimby is about to make her debut as a public speaker. We wish you success, Ruth. Remember to stand erect and keep your feet in front of you!

"Florence Burns, whom you referred to as the one and only one who has not slighted you, is peacefully domiciled at Sebastopol with her husband. They say she is very happy.

"Nathalie and Valerie Mullen, the Siamese twins, are busily engaged in writing their famous book, entitled 'Which Is Which?'

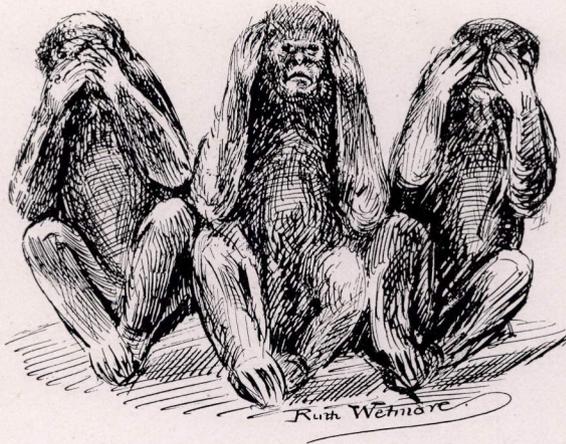
"Blanche Reynolds, owing to the great success she made on Field Day, has taken up 'hurdling' in earnest. She is now in Sweden visiting her old friend, Dorothy Sichel, who is court jester to the King.

"There, you have it."

Puck turned to Cupid with a smile, but the latter heeded him not. He sat swaying back and forth, with head bent, murmuring, "And I expected so much of June, '14."

DOROTHY SICHEL,

BLANCHE M. REYNOLDS.



Class Motto.

Speak No Evil, Hear No Evil, See No Evil.

Class Yell.

Walla gazook, gazook, gazook,
Walla gazook gazine!
Hoorah! Hoorah!
June '14!

Class Colors.

Gray and Gold.

Class Song.

(Tune: "Giannina Mia.")

Class Flower.

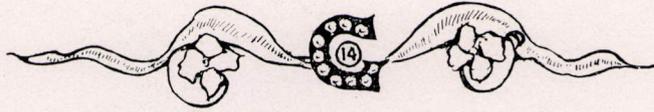
THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

'Tis but a little flower
With a tiny heart of gold,
But in Nature's spacious bower
None sweeter we behold.

'Tis but a modest flower
With petals azure blue,
Far above it others tower
And hide it quite from view.

Still 'tis the chosen flower
Of the class of June Fourteen;
'Twill recall each happy hour
That at Girls High we have seen.

VIOLET LERCARA, June, '14.



A Petition.

For the Continuance of an Act Passed Anno Domini I.

Whereas, in the year One, a bill was passed enjoining one and all at Every Season of the Year to render thanks unto those who in any way, either by word or by deed, made better their fellow-mortal's life.

In pursuance, therefore, of this most excellent art, and to further the object of the aforesaid bill: We, the Class of June, 1914, do hereby offer our most sincere and hearty thanks, together with best wishes, unto the Faculty of the Girls High School.

Given under hand and seal

This second day of June.

Last Will and Testament.

I, The Class of June, 1914, of the Girls High School, being declared of disposing mind and sound judgment, and not acting under undue influence, being in my fourth year and about to depart this life forever, do hereby declare this my last will and testament, in manner following, to wit:

First—I do bequeath my most heartfelt gratitude to the Faculty for its earnest efforts to broaden my intellect.

Second—I do order that my possessions be variously distributed as follows:

I. To the Low Seniors, my supreme and much-honored position in this school, together with the classrooms I am about to vacate.

II. To any low-spirited student who feels the weight of impending destruction, Jeannette Corwin's ever-ready smile.

III. To any tongue-tied Freshman, Edith Wertheimer's renowned volubility.

IV. To some Senior-aspiring Junior, Adelaide Harrison's superfluous supply of first sections, and to the "Jolly Sophomore," Adelaide's dignity and self-possession.

V. To aspirants to literary heights, Agnes Taylor's over-abundance of erudition and poetic genius.

VI. Dorothy Sichel's exuberance of spirits—to the meek (?) and mild (?) Freshmen.

VII. Edith Wertheimer's and Mildred Finney's hard won ability—to the Tennis Club.

VIII. My two constitutions—to the incoming Civics class.

IX.—My artistic ability—to Mr. Goldstein to keep in reserve for the struggling artist.

X. The cohesion existing between Valerie, Nathalie and Violet, as an illustration of that law learned in the very rudiments of Physics—to those about to indulge in the pleasures of that subject.

XI. Maecie Steiner's height—to Paula Schoenholz.

XII. The perfect example of style, so well illustrated by the three Lercaras—to the fashion books.

XIII. My privilege of guarding the good name of the Recreation Hall—to those most worthy of the honor.

XIV. Lottie's aptitude for playing the piano—to her who would accompany the school to the tripping of "the light fantastic toe."

XV. The superfluous pennies left by the cafeteria—to that charity which most needs them.

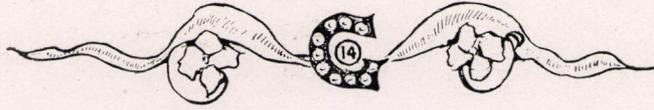
In witness whereof, I, The Class of June, 1914, of the Girls High School, have hereunto set my seal.

THE CLASS OF JUNE, 1914.

“ If you bring a
smiling visage to this
glass, you meet a
smile. ”



Lisle Hubsch 4/14



Washington, the Statesman.

(Delivered by Vera Bullwinkel at exercises on Washington's Birthday.)

You have already heard of Washington, the man and the soldier. In fact, ever since you entered school you have known Washington's military ability. To-day, I should like to say a few words about his ability as a statesman. Of course, you know that during his Presidency, Washington showed great statesmanship, but do we often think just what this statesmanship meant? Just a quotation or two from his Farewell Address will show us some of his qualities and his powers.

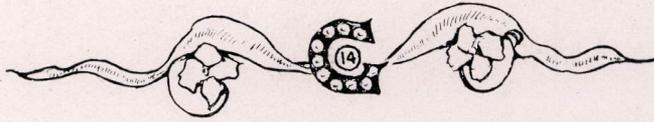
If the people of his time could only have realized how clearly he saw some of the dangers that were to come to them, I am sure they would have taken many precautions which might have saved a great deal of bloodshed in our country. For instance, Washington in his address speaks of the "unity of government." He says: "It is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union, to your collective and individual happiness, and indignantly frown upon the first dawning of an attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

Who then knew that it would be less than a century before thousands would be fighting for their country and a United States? It was during the Civil War, that the truth of Washington's words concerning the "unity of government" first became apparent. It was at that time, that the people first discovered that the United States could not live while there were factions within it, and that there could be no "collective and individual happiness" while the National Union was severed.

A second problem which faced the Nation in later years, but which Washington discussed, was the one concerning neutrality. "It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with foreign powers," is one of the many statements which Washington makes in regard to neutrality. In the many wars between the foreign powers, we have striven to remain neutral, and in this way, have saved our country and ourselves from many injuries. The question of neutrality is before us in the case of Mexico, and even now we see what a difficult problem it is to decide which will be better for our country—to remain neutral or to take part in a war.

A third instance in the same address, where Washington shows his foresight, is that in which he speaks of education. He says in this regard: "In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened." That is, Washington believed that there should be education, not only for the wealthy, but for everyone. If this country is to be a true democracy, everyone must have some education in order that he may do his duty toward the Nation. The first trial of this common school system has been in our country. It has been found to be of such a great benefit to our Nation that the European powers are to some extent taking the school system of the United States as an example. It has been with the aid of Washington, as well as that of other educational leaders, that our school system has become what it is. In the beginning, this system was purely experimental, but now that it has proved so successful, it is a permanent system. It has been steadily improved, and now we may say that the school system of our country has been one of the great factors that have made it possible for us to prosper with a rapidity unknown to any other country.

From these few remarks we find one of Washington's greatest qualities as a statesman, his keen foresight. This quality, though seldom sufficiently impressed upon the minds of young people, has greatly helped to make him what he is—"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."



The Dream World.

All hands on board; the whistle blows,
And forth our fairy steamer goes;
Our jolly captain's visage beams;
We're launched upon the Sea of Dreams.

First to the land of ice and snow,
Where lives the fur-clad Eskimo,
Who hunts and fishes all the day;
But here it is too cold to stay.

A beauteous landscape now we see,
'Tis that of Sunny Italy,
Where bold Mt. Etna looms above
The vineyard and the olive grove.

In Spain th' Alhambra fair we see,
Veiled in a shroud of mystery.
In France, behold the luscious vine
Which gives the world its sparkling wine.

Next toward the distant Orient
Our lightsome bark her prow has bent.
In Turkey black-eyed folk we see,
With turbaned heads and drapery.

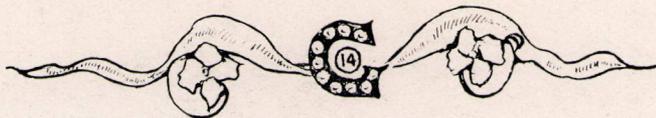
In Japan Fujiyama smiles
Upon the maiden who beguiles
With oval eyes and silken hair
The traveler who visits there.

Now, gliding o'er the ancient Nile,
We see the Sphinx with knowing smile,
Pyramids many ages old,
Defying Time with strength untold.

The day has dawned, our trip is o'er,
But in our hearts this dream we store,
With hope that some day we may see
These countries in reality.

ANITA LERCARA, June, '14.





Address on Abraham Lincoln.

(Delivered in the Auditorium on Lincoln's Birthday.)

We are assembled here to-day to honor the memory of our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln. We do not attempt to fathom his genius, for who could find less promising conditions and surroundings than his, from which a great man could rise? There were none of the little comforts and enjoyments that seem to make life worth while, no helping hand to make his way less rough. Yet he rose steadily, step by step, until he obtained his first position in public life as a member of the Illinois State Legislature. After that the climb was just as hard, just as painstaking, until he became a Congressman, and finally President of the United States.

Even when he had attained the highest office, the struggle did not cease. A nation torn with war, a people battling among themselves, a union on the verge of destruction, were his reward.

This great, ungainly, sad-faced man led our country safely through its awful crisis. What qualities did he possess that he was able to accomplish this enormous task? We know of his courage, his perception, his wisdom, his foresight. These all were necessary, but there were others. He possessed an inexhaustible patience and a humor which could turn aside many an unpleasant or difficult situation. His great, loving heart was ever open with sympathy and understanding for the unfortunate and the distressed. Why was he so quick to relieve and to comfort? In all of his portraits, we notice the expression of tender sadness, the deep lines of sorrow, the evidence of suffering that none knew better than he, and his heart responded to all others in need.

Is there a nobler example for us to follow and revere? Can we realize, can we comprehend his greatness? Only in a small measure.

We may be justly proud of the words of Smith, the British historian, in speaking of our great President: "Only America has produced his like."

JEANNETTE CORWIN, June, '14.

The Awakening.

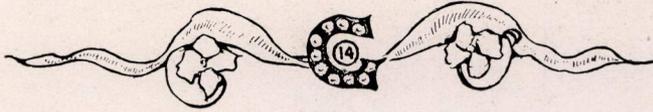
The moon no longer rules the realm of night,
Her stars attendant hide their silvery light,
The sullen darkness yields its gloomy sway
To sunbeam vanguards of the king of day.

O'er yonder hills his heralds bright, behold!
All clad in crimson dashed with lustrous gold,
His courtiers gay, in cloth of brilliant hue,
With armies far and wide arrayed in blue.

As now the sun into the eastern skies
Does in full splendor o'er the mountains rise;
As every dismal shadow fades away
Before the brightness of the new-born day;

So on my life its hopeful light is shed;
The fears of night have with night's darkness fled.
How trivial all my griefs and sorrows seem!
And e'en my soul has caught the 'wakening gleam.

ADELAIDE HARRISON, June, '14.



L'Ingrata.

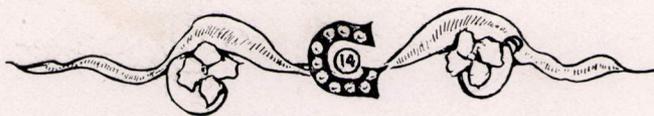
(With apologies to Milton.)

Hence, ye cold lunch forlorn,
Of sandwiches and enchilades red,
With gravy black o'erspread
'Mongst lettuce leaves and butcher paper torn.
Find ye some other spot,
Where brighter welcomes you shall ever reap,
And cafeterias sleep.
Here under anxious care and watchful eye
Our four-cent lunch we buy—
But as for food, alas! we see it not.

But come, ye dishes fair and free,
Called in the "caf" what you shouldn't be,
And by us—well, never mind—
Ye solemn pies of every kind,
Ye hash sans meat, ye chocolate rare,
So sweet and nice that we don't care.
Variety doesn't come our way;
And this is our menu day by day.
What if your tidbits fail to fill—
With all your faults we love you still.

DOROTHY SICHEL, June, '14.





His Son.

Bill Hawkins lived alone in a rude, solitary cabin, built on a bleak clearing near the top of the Tchimese Mountain. A quarter of a mile below him, the country road wound up over the barren spots and lost itself among the dense trees, only to soar upwards again until it met the sky. For twenty long summers, Bill Hawkins had watched the daily mail stage rattle along that narrow, rocky road every evening. For nearly the same number of desolate winters, his only companion had been the merciless wind, which fairly shook the mountaintop and piled the cold snow into impenetrable, engulfing drifts. For twenty long years he had buried himself and his identity. The world had forgotten him except as "The Hermit of Sour Dough." Sour Dough was remembered only because it was half-way to the next stop, where fresh horses took up the task of hurrying on with the United States mail.

One fall evening, Bill Hawkins slowly made his way down the steep path from his cabin. He was no longer a young man, and he trembled violently from the unusual exertion when he reached his destination, which was a rather heavily brushed rock projecting from the mountainside some hundred yards on the other side of the road. He leaned feebly against a scrub-oak and gazed intently at a far distant mountain, where the last level rays of the dying sun were reflected in some of the glass windows in the little town of Blocksburg. Bill Hawkins' white head drooped, and an expression of deep sorrow and hopeless misery passed over his hard features. He threw himself onto the ground. A hoarse, dry sob, which ended in a pitiful groan, broke from his parched lips. He fixed his bloodshot eyes once more on the reflected light, and stared across those intervening miles, transfixed with an overwhelming sense of guilt and anguish.

"My boy lives thar," he mumbled, and with a stifled moan he reached forth his palsied arms, as if he could touch what he longed for.

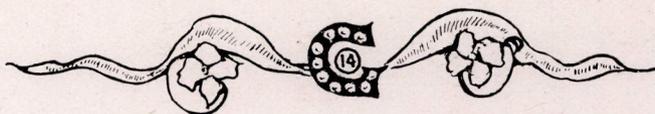
"'Taint no use tryin'. If I could jes see him onct! But I done it; I broke her heart. I done it myself, an' he wouldn't believe I was his ole man, anyhow." These thoughts crowded in on him until he was dazed with remorse.

Soon dusk descended on the mountainside, transforming that world of beautiful color and outline into shadow and chaos.

Suddenly there was a rustle in the brush at the foot of the overhanging rock. Bill Hawkins cautiously squirmed to the edge of the precipice and looked over. A tall young man, half hid by the gloom, stood beneath him. The stranger lit his pipe and the flare of the match illuminated the slightly changed baby features which Bill Hawkins did not know how much he loved until it was too late. Conflicting emotions overcame reason. He was capable only of looking with glassy, expressionless eyes which did not clearly convey what they saw to his bemuddled brain.

The boy was apparently listening for something. He looked at his watch, nodded, took off his coat, tied a bandana over his face, pulled down his soft hat, calmly cocked two pistols and started around the cliff up to the road.

In a few moments, Bill Hawkins heard the familiar rumble of the stage. He lay still, scarcely daring to breathe. A pistol shot rang out savagely on the still night air, and the stage stopped short. The scream of a frightened woman echoed through the forest. Another shot silenced the angry protests of men into muttered oaths. A few moments more and the stage went on. The men regained their courage and swore aloud until their voices were drowned in the rattle of the wheels.



Two emotions blotted all else from Bill Hawkins' life. One was torturing fear that his son would be caught; the other, questionable pride in the fact that the boy had courage to do it alone.

It was too dark to see now, but the father heard his son run to the base of the rock, rip open the mail bags, fling them on the ground, pick up his coat and start down the mountain.

Half an hour passed, and still Bill Hawkins' gray head leaned motionless over the jump-off, his glittering eyes trying to pierce the darkness.

At last the majestic moon glided above the eastern ridge and made the shadows more nearly black. A far distant screech-owl hooted its nightly lamentations. Bill Hawkins clambered to the foot of the rock and buried his face in the torn mail bags. He pressed his trembling lips to a clearly defined footprint; it was his only kiss in twenty years. The habit of a lifetime prevailed; he swore, but softly, under his breath in a caressing tone so that the drone of his repeated oaths sounded more like a lullaby than blasphemy. Suddenly he jumped up, caught the mail bags in his arms, fondled them as if they were infants, and started toward the cabin.

As he reached the hut, he stumbled and fell against the door. Gently he laid the mail bags on the table, sank into a chair nearby, rested his elbows on the bags and supported his head in his hands. Thus he sat, perfectly silent and motionless, forgetful of the world, of himself, of time. Reason had temporarily deserted him. Only a twitching of the old man's pallid eyelids told that the "Hermit of Sour Dough" still lived. All night long the stupor lasted. The early morning sun flooded the cabin with light and warmth, and yet Bill Hawkins remained immovable.

A posse of mounted men galloped up the road to the Hawkins' cabin and came to a sudden stop. The clatter of the horses' hoofs, and the excited voices of the men had partially brought back the hermit's senses. He met the men at the door with a bewildered, curious, half-questioning expression on his face.

"The stage was held up near here last night and we've come to see if you know anything about it," commenced the leader of the gang.

"Was it?" Bill Hawkins lied, easily, with a note of surprise and incredulity in his voice.

"What's this here?" drawled one ruffian in the crowd, as he chuckled and pointed to a torn shred of a mail sack.

The men rushed pell-mell into the cabin and found the dilapidated mail bags. Such evidence was positive proof that the "Hermit of Sour Dough" was the guilty man. Two men in the crowd, who had been passengers on the stage the previous evening, now remembered that the man who had held them up was rather bent in stature. One was positive that he had seen a long lock of gray hair hanging out from under the soft hat of the daring highwayman.

Two horsemen galloped into sight. Jim Jenkins had made good time in going after the Sheriff.

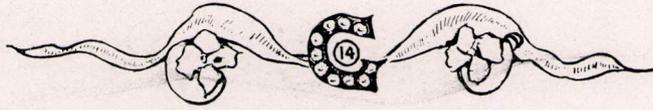
"The Sheriff's here!" The shout from each man of that crowd, now frenzied with anger, was identical, simultaneous.

A happy light shone in Bill Hawkins' eyes. A faint little smile of perfect contentment played about the corners of his mouth. He was thankful for the chance to do his boy one good turn.

"I'll go peaceful, boys; 'taint no use my trying for to get away now," he said.

Bill Hawkins gave a noticeable start, and then hung his head, apparently from despair, in reality to hide the peculiar light which shone in his eyes at the thought of his boy.

"Wouldn't you think such an old feller would be turnin' over a new

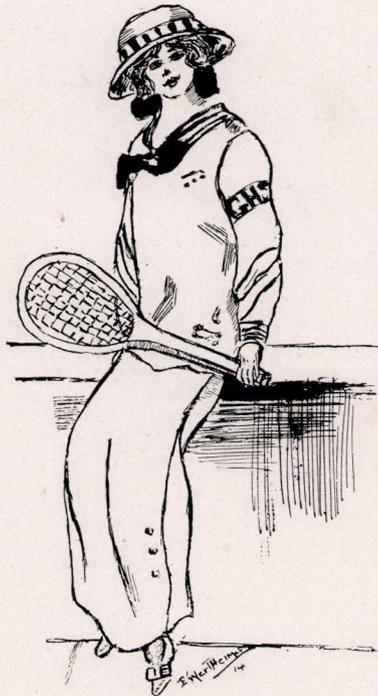


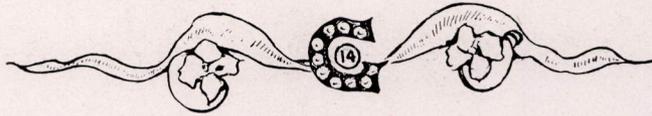
leaf by this time, seein' as his end's near?" was the officer's comment as he buckled the handcuffs on the culprit.

The men filed out of the cabin, gloating over their success. The Sheriff and Bill Hawkins brought up in the rear. The father threw back his head and strained every muscle in his old, decrepit body, struggling to walk with the easy, swinging gait peculiar to a young mountaineer.

Only one idea disturbed his peace of mind: "Suppose somebody on that thar stage warn't such a big fool but what he could see it war a young feller what did the work."

GERTRUDE MCGOWAN.





The Two Copies.

It was a cold, raw night in December, so wintry that the fire, blazing away on the hearth, was startled into fitful sputtering by the rain that came down the chimney. My study was comfortable. I had a good book, and an easy chair in front of the fire was waiting to embrace me, but before taking advantage of these comforts I wanted to be sure that my documents were safe.

I had an important law case on hand which involved a sum of one hundred thousand dollars. I was working on the side of the prosecution, and my case was complete. Only that day I had secured the documents which would destroy their defense.

I had had former experience with the lawyer who was defending the case, and I knew that he would stop at nothing in order to get possession of that paper, and so I carried it on my person.

But to-night I had a feeling that my precious paper was not safe. I knew that if they resorted to violence they would attack me first, knowing that I carried it on my person, and so I formulated a plan. I decided to place a dummy in the envelope and hide the real paper in some safe place. The place on which I decided was a copy of "David Copperfield" in the bookcase, and so with the dummy in my inside pocket, I settled myself to read. I had read half-way through my book when I began to doze and was soon fast asleep.

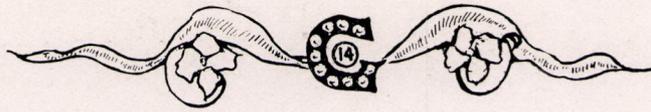
I had a terrible dream, a regular nightmare. I dreamt that I was dragged out by thugs, gagged and bound and beaten to a pulp, and, worst of all, that my precious document that I had concealed in my hollow, wooden leg was gone! To make matters worse, all the time I was being man-handled, the lawyer for the defense danced around and beat me with a whip and made faces at me, and at last he grabbed my wooden leg and ran off with it, saying he would use it as evidence to convict me of having pauperized John D. Rockefeller. The night was pitchy black and I was miles from home, trying to balance myself on one leg in a mud-puddle that alternately grew large and disappeared, when I awoke with perspiration streaming down my face. Involuntarily my hand went to my leg, and I tried to laugh, but I could not. Standing up, I discovered that my right leg was asleep.

I went to the bookcase and took down "David Copperfield." The document was gone! Heavens! Someone had been there while I slept. I cursed myself for a fool, striding up and down the room and going through the book in my hands again and again. I searched the shelves and even went over the floor on my knees in the hope that the document had fallen out and lay on the carpet. The door was locked on the inside just as I had left it. The windows had not been touched. They were all locked. The document was nowhere to be found!

I sank into a chair, dejected, my eyes staring vacantly at the bookcase, when through my bewildered brain came the realization that I was staring at a book one shelf below that from which I had taken "David Copperfield." For fully five minutes I remained motionless, my eyes fixed on this book, which bore in gilt letters the name "David Copperfield." I looked from it to the book in my hands. I wondered if my mind were leaving me. Slowly I went and took down the book. I was afraid to open it, but with an effort I did so, and there safely reposed my thrice-precious document.

I had forgotten that I had two copies of "David Copperfield."

ADA O'BRIEN, Dec., '15.



“Gran’ Stan’ Seats.”

“An’ yuh needn’ think I’m gonna go trampin’ along the streets with Willie carryin’ a soap-box. No, sir, I wouldn’ do et fer the fines’ p’rade ever goin’.”

Amelia took one last dab of strong perfume and then stepped into the next room to declare herself more firmly. Mrs. Simpkins was vainly endeavoring to pin on her last year’s turban with the aid of a rusty hatpin and a cracked mirror. She paused in her operations long enough to say, “Well, ef ud ain’t too bad about you, now! Ta think I’ve raised a family, an’ they hev’ sech high an’ mighty notions, as thet their poor mother can’t even hev’ a box to set comf’table on durin’ a p’rade. Indeed’n he’s gonna take et, an’ ef et don’t suit yer highness, you kin set by yerself.”

With these words she flounced out of the room, and down the hall stairs, pausing only to call back, “Be sure an’ lock the back door when you’re goin’, Miss Petic’lar, an’ don’t stay out after the p’rade is over. Willie—Will-i-e!”

Amelia heard the front door close, and stood contemplating the course to pursue. Was her mother very angry? Would she be punished for not going? She walked quickly to the window, just in time to see the red cockatoo on Mrs. Simpkin’s hat disappearing down the street. At her heels tagged Willie, beating a tattoo on the soap-box, which bore in large green letters the words, “Fels-Naphtha.” Amelia watched until they turned the corner, and then cautiously ventured out. It was a warm May morning, rapidly becoming hot. Everyone was hurrying and scurrying to get to the parade.

“Mornin’, ‘Meelia!”

Amelia looked up into the face of Selina Snow, in dismay. How annoying! She had wished to be alone, and now to have met Selina,—her above anyone. However, she concealed her real feelings and said with freezing politeness, “Mornin’, Selina! Goin’ to the p’rade?”

“Yes, I didn’ care about goin’ in the auto with paw and maw an’ the rest, so I thought I’d walk. Glad I met yuh! How’s yer maw? I s’pose she’s gone in the Smiths’ buggy!”

Amelia started! She was thinking of red cockatoos and “Fels-Naphtha” soap-boxes, and it was some minutes before she gained her equilibrium sufficiently enough to say, “Er—a—no, maw says she hates buggy ridin’; et allus makes her seasick! So she’s gone on ahead.”

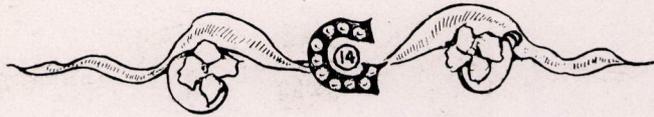
For a few blocks they stalked along in silence, until Selina burst forth. “I s’pose yer gonna git a gran’ stan’ seat! Well, you jes’ give me yer money an’ I’ll run ahead an’ order ‘em ‘fore they’re all gone. I allus git the third row up; et’s jes’ right, an’ yuh kin see fine!”

Poor Amelia! Grand stand seats! She had never even thought of such a luxury! Hurriedly she felt in her pocket and luckily drew forth the required amount. Would she spend it? Why, certainly she would. S’pose Selina Snow’s paw did hev’ a “Ford,” that wasn’t enny reason why she, Amelia Simpkins, couldn’ buy gran’ stan’ seats, ef she wanted to! With this soliloquizing she mechanically handed over her money to Selina without a word. The latter made a wild dash through the crowd, and returned shortly, jubilantly waving two red tickets.

“Come on, ‘Meel.” She was very familiar now. “We got the fourth row—bes’ seats on the stan’!”

When they had arrived at the fourth row, Selina settled herself comfortably on the rickety board bench and beamed complacently.

“Ain’t this gran’? I tell yuh they kin all say what they like, but autos or no autos, give me gran’ stan’ seats every time.”



Amelia was in a daze, but managed to nod a feeble assent to this last remark of Selina's, and then proceeded to look around her. The stand was rapidly filling up, although the parade had not yet commenced. Oh, there were Rose and Annie back in the sixth row, and they were looking at her. Unconsciously Amelia straightened up and gave them a broad smile. "Gran' stan' seats ain't so bad, after all," she thought. Down on the sidewalks the people were standing ten and twelve deep, pushing and shoving each other in an effort to get nearer the rope.

Suddenly there was a commotion! Looking out into the street, Amelia felt her heart getting weaker and weaker within her as she saw the cause of the excitement. Mrs. Simpkins, with the red cockatoo at an angle, her face a flaming purple, followed closely by Willie, still the possessor of the soap-box, came marching across the street. A policeman advanced to meet them as they neared the sidewalk, and asked how they had gotten across. At this remark, Mrs. Simpkins, who was heated to the boiling point, burst out, "Well, how do you s'pose we got across? On our feet, a'course! An' why wouldn' we come across, ef we wanted to, after trampin' along that side ef the street all mornin' an' not gettin' one decint place to set our box? Why wouldn' we come across?" She spoke in a loud tone of voice. The crowd roared, but Mrs. Simpkins, not in the least daunted, elbowed her way through, until she reached a spot directly below the grand stand.

Amelia had been silently watching this performance, and now she turned, half fearfully, to her companion, expecting the worst; but, to her great joy, near-sighted Selina had failed to recognize her mother or Willie.

"Gee, I wish this ole p'rade ud start!"

Selina rose restlessly in her seat and gazed anxiously down the street. Every minute the heat was becoming more oppressive.

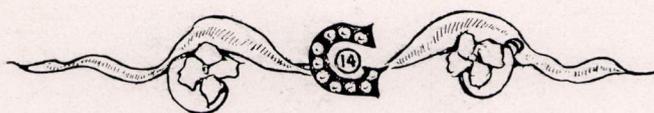
"Guess I'll open my per'sol," and she put up a huge red silk creation, which afforded ample shade for them both.

"Well, ef there ain't 'Meelia settin' up in gran' stan' seats, maw!"

Willie's shrill voice rang out and sounded like the roaring of a cannon to Amelia's startled ears. Of course, everyone turned to see who "Meelia" was, including Mrs. Simpkins herself. Evidently, what she saw increased her wrath tenfold, and rising, she ejaculated loudly, "Of all the nerve I ever see, this beats anything. Ef a soap-box is good enough fer yer mother ta set on, I guess et's sartinly good enough for the likes of you! Amelia Simpkins, jest trot right down here."

And poor Amelia, conscious that all eyes were on her, rose and blushing scarlet, did "trot right down" to the red cockatoo and the soap-box from those gran' stan' seats!

BLANCHE M. REYNOLDS, June, '14.



Not in Ours—Surely!

“Spaghetti, coffee, pie, all kinds of salads,— mince, apple and lemon,— stew, beans—. G’ on, please take some of these beans to-day. They’re particularly good. What? You’d rather have pie? Well, of course, take both.”

“Now, don’t pay any attention to her,” as a weak voice from the spaghetti counter piped up, advertising her wares, for sale at the cafeteria.

“Go on, dearie; please take beans, ’cause as soon as they’re gone I can leave, and then we can have the first dance together. Won’t you? There, that’s a dear. Why, of course you grab a tray! Did yer think they had King George here to present you with one? Yes, we lend a tray, a fork, a spoon, and a plate with every purchase. Certainly, and cups lent free with all beverages. You really must drink something. Toothpicks? Well, of all things! You expect all kinds of luxuries, don’t you? Pretty soon you’ll be wanting a napkin. You know we don’t pretend to be as stylish as a high-toned cafe. Our aim is to satisfy the appetite, please the customers, insure your health, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed. What’ll you have? Sugar? With stew? Well, I should say not! The sugar aisle is the third to the right just before the cashier. You can’t miss her. Don’t talk to the lady, because when she gets interested she forgets to stop. We’re just that generous down here, we don’t even count the sugar in the bill. All right, dearie, good-by. I’ll see you later in the dance hall.”

She, behind the bean counter, paused for breath and smiled a contented smile on the crowd of girls before her. Someone gliding past her, headed in the opposite direction, arrested her attention.

“Where are you going, Sue?”

The girl seemed intent on reaching the door, and the far-away, hungry look on her face denoted the fact that food was her main object in life at that moment.

“To get some lunch,” came back the answer.

“Well, of all things, leaving the cafeteria to get some lunch! I suppose, maybe, a cornucopia and some peanut candy, with perhaps an olive or so to fill out. The idea of eating that, when we have a perfectly good, wholesome lunch here! Yes, home-cooked, wholesome and pleasing! That’s our motto.”

The conversation was interrupted at this point by a piercing voice from the rear.

“Will the girls who had mince pie for lunch yesterday kindly refrain from tramping it on the floor to-day? We found great difficulty in scraping it up.”

The voice was lost amidst shrieks of laughter. A little Freshman glided up to the counter to invest in a piece of apple pie. The glories of mince had been shattered, but her face held a sweet smile. A question rose to her lips, but at sight of a Senior behind the counter she became embarrassed and blushed instead. A smile reassured her.

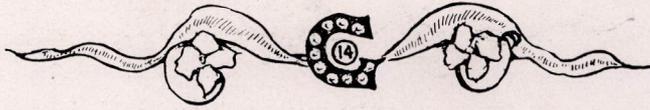
“Please, would you,—that is, if you don’t mind,—I mean if you were I, would you dare eat a piece of pie on top of a bottle of pop soda? I’m not really sickly, but the Dr. says—Oh, thank you for telling me, but I really did want some pie.”

The maid of the bean counter had sold another plate. “No,” she had told her, “pie and pop soda was a bad mixture, but beans were just the thing.” The dance hall was only two plates off. If worst came to worst she would eat them herself. Thus she was meditating when—

“Three plates of beans?”

“Oh, I’m awfully sorry, but I have only two left. But have you ever tasted our apple pie? Well, you must right now. Here are two of beans, and to your right as you go out is the pie counter. Many thanks. Good-by.”

And off walked the maid of the bean counter to the realms of the tango, leaving all waitress worries behind her. DOROTHY SICHEL, June, ’14.



The Ghost I Saw.

It was a late October evening; October, the month of the beautiful Indian summer. The haze which comes with this season hung over the landscape, and the hillsides were gorgeous with color.

We, the girls of Marylhurst Academy, were enjoying our annual holiday and nutting party, and had just finished our evening meal around a bonfire. Many of the party were engaged in toasting marshmallows and roasting freshly gathered chestnuts, but one girl was leading a group of fascinated listeners deep into the awful mysteries of a ghost story.

I sat just outside the range of fire light, glaring angrily at the narrator. This was my fourth year at Marylhurst, and never before had any girl, "old" or "new," dared to trespass on my rights. I had always been respected as the champion story-teller among the lower-class girls. Now a rival bold had come on the horizon, and Hazel Driscoll, a girl who had entered but this year, bade fair to take my laurels from me. Small wonder, then, that I sat apart from the rest, hurt and angry.

The deep, dreamy dusk of the evening and the romance of a day in the woods, clamored loudly for a ghost story, and more than that, an Indian ghost story. Hazel had responded with the sad tale of a dark-haired maiden who, having been the unconscious cause of her lover's death, died of a broken heart, and every night during Indian summer she might be seen wandering aimlessly near the spot where her lover had died. "And," concluded Hazel, "'No-man's cabin' is built on that very spot."

"No-man's cabin" was an old log structure standing on a secluded corner of our six hundred acre campus. The windows and doors of the building were gone, the roof was falling in, and Virginia creepers had grown in a riotous mass over the ruins. The whole appearance was one of mystery, a fact which had caused many stories to grow up among us concerning it, not a few of which sprang from my brain. The fact that Hazel Driscoll had created a new romance of her own around a nook I regarded jealously as mine, was, when added to her offenses of the past two months, more than human patience could bear.

The long-drawn sigh of terrified satisfaction that greeted the conclusion of the last sentence proved too much for me. "I don't believe a word you've said, Hazel Driscoll," I said hotly, "and I think you're a perfectly horrid girl to get everyone worked up as you have, when you know we have to pass that way going home."

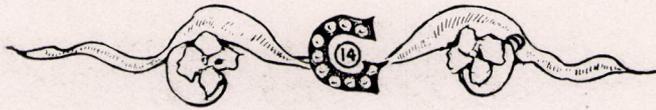
"All right, but I'll dare you to go up there, Marie Kelly. I suppose you don't believe in ghosts, and I suppose Clinton told you there are no such things," Hazel replied with cold, biting sarcasm.

This was too much. I didn't believe in ghosts, and Clinton had told me there were no such things; but that the brother who was at once my idol and champion should be spoken of with sarcasm by one whom I felt to be my natural enemy constituted the last straw on the camel's back. I, myself, was to blame for this remark, for I was continually quoting Clinton.

"Very well, I'll show you if I'm afraid of ghosts, and once and for all I want you to understand that you are not to speak of my brother so. He's better than Sir Galahad, wiser than Socrates and braver than Richard the Lion-Hearted. To prove I've really been to the cabin, I'll bring back a piece of Virginia creeper."

With this I left the group and hurried out into the twilight.

I knew it was very foolish of me to go alone through the woods to this deserted cabin. All the time I was feeling the silent disapproval of the others for my conduct, but I was too proud to turn back. The pictures of



all sorts of fearsome things came to my mind, and as I drew near the cabin, I walked softly upon the deep moss under foot. Suddenly I stopped. I became cold as ice. Down the path came a white, shadowy figure, which paused several yards away from me!

For a long moment we stood still, this unknown Something and I. During that time the deeds and misdeeds of my twelve years of life crowded into my mind with persistent and uncanny regularity. The thought of my brother's behavior under like circumstances restored in me a little of much-needed bravery.

The ghost had begun to advance again—the wandering spirit of the Indian maid! I closed my eyes and waited, hardly daring to breathe. Finally I ventured to look up. As I did so my ghost uttered a startled exclamation, and in the flare of a hastily lighted match, I faced—Clinton!

For a moment neither of us spoke. We just stared at each other, he in white flannels, I in a white middy suit. When the match had burned to the end and scorched his fingers, Clinton gasped: "Why are you here, alone?" "Why are you here, at all?" I retorted.

In a very few breaths Clinton explained how he had rowed down from the village where he was attending school, and they had told him at the Academy that we were still in the woods. He had come in search, "And I've found you," he finished, with a nervous laugh. When I had accounted for my presence in the lonely spot I added, as an afterthought, "But I do believe I'm afraid of ghosts."

Clinton solemnly held out his hand. "Shake," he said; "we're even."
MARIE KELLY, June, '17.

"A Secret."

I.

Listen, my schoolmates, and you shall hear
Of a story strange, and to me most queer.
A maiden—her name I would not breathe,
She, a Senior—about to leave,
Told me this secret, and I, in turn,
Reveal it to you, so that you may learn.

II.

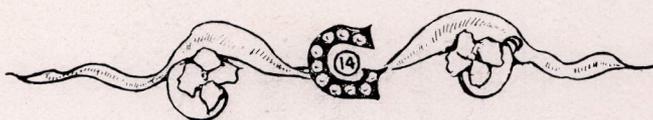
'Tis a story of "crushes" or "cases" or "flames";
You may say what you will, for they have many names.
'Tis a story of roses and violets in bunches.
'Tis a tale that is whispered and relished with lunches.
This one ha sa 'case' on that girl over there,
Each day she brings her an orchid to wear.
That is the girl who is fond of Miss Green,
Red roses she offers to the shrine of her queen!
And little Miss Blank—see her right down the aisle,
She is dazzled with joy if her "crush" will but smile!

III.

The secret is out, and you may not believe,
So just to convince you I would not deceive,
Whenever you walk through the halls—on the stairs
And see certain girls who are strolling in pairs,
Watch the younger one gaze in a rapturous way,
Note the other one wearing her favorite botiquet.
If you find that these incidents all are quite true,
Then I think that there's something wrong somewhere—

Don't you?

EDNA R. GOLDSTEIN, June, '14.



Everything Comes to Him Who Waits— and Hopes.

Exasperated, Miss Crane closed her book with a bang which startled the drowsy class into alertness.

"If this is the way you prepare your lessons," she began, "I shall have to mark down the class as a whole and detain you fifteen minutes after school for disobedience. Is there anyone in this room who really knows his lesson?"

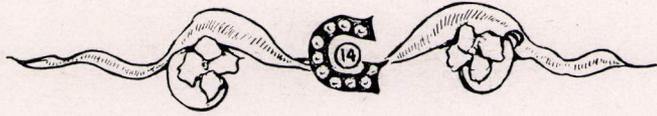
No one moved; a complete silence fell.

"Very well, I shall give you fifteen minutes now for study, but you will make up the time at three o'clock. Open your geographies to page twenty-four."

A hurried opening of books, a turning of pages, and the class gradually quieted down until only the ticking of the clock could be heard. The room was warm, there were forty-three uninteresting people inside these four walls, and Dodo Smith, properly called George Porter Smith, yawned with increasing regularity. Did anyone ever hear of such luck as he had? Fifteen minutes after school,—and his mother would never in the wide world believe that the whole class had to stay, for the last time he had remained a solitary prisoner, he had told her that the whole class had been unavoidably detained, and she had calmly replied that Bill Hawkins, his chum, in the same class, had whistled for him at least ten minutes before. After the sad occurrence the two boys were not seen together for three whole days.

Fifteen minutes after school! and he had started off this morning resolved to be good for this day if for no other, for if he brought home a clear report to-day, a gray and red baseball suit would be forthcoming on his birthday, exactly one week and three days off. His bad luck had commenced when he passed into the school yard and had been reminded by several bright and uncomfortably clean companions that to-day was inspection day. Oh, horrors! Dodo glanced down at his own honorably scuffed shoes and wrinkled stockings, and realized with a gasp that it was now almost time for the bell to ring. Excitedly he rushed to the water faucet and dashed water all over his shoes, but when he was half through the process, the bell rang. After he was in the ranks with twenty-four other small boys, he had time for only one or two surreptitious rubs first of one shoe, then of the other, on alternate stockings, before the monitor passed by on his duties of inspection. Dodo gazed down complacently on his black and somewhat glossy shoes, and reflected that, all things considered, he was pretty clever to do so good a job in such a short time. Imagine his surprise when he heard his name called on the list of those who were to report to Mr. James, the principal, for corporal punishment! The front of his shoes were all right, it must be the back! He twisted himself around until he could see the offending parts, and beheld a ghastly sight! The heel and back of his shoes were spattered with mud and all up and down his stockings were streaks of clay and mud all too plainly visible. Let us pass over the painful scene that followed. Suffice it to say that Dodo came out of the office with very red hands, and a note in his pocket.

This note he now felt for carefully. It was addressed to his father and bore Mr. James' signature. Visions of the gray baseball suit vanished. Oh, well, this was a crazy world, anyway! Whoever heard of giving a fifteen-minute study period right in the middle of the day, and then of giving such a stiff questioning that, if he were called upon, Dodo had no doubt that he



would have to remain an extra fifteen minutes after school? On the very day, too, that Chester Dunbar, who served as a very convenient screen, was absent. Wouldn't Dodo like to teach him a thing or two? The very idea of being absent and leaving him, George Smith, with no one to hide behind while Miss Crane's eyes were glancing all over the room in search of unsuspecting mortals. He glared savagely at the place where the innocent Chester usually sat, glared so savagely and so intently that his eye fell on a yellow-covered book half sticking out of the desk. With a quick reach he grabbed it. "From Hut to Palace, or Bill Wright's Revenge." Soon the boy, absorbed in the story, was following Bill Wright on his eventful journey through the African jungle in search of the wonderful black orchid.

Meanwhile, the recitation had commenced, but Dodo, unheeding, read on. Mr. James, entering the class, had taken charge of the recitation and was questioning the pupils on the subject of the North Pole. Still Dodo read on. The hero had just seen the cave in which grew the orchid, but "at the entrance lay coiled an immense boa-constrictor at least twenty feet long, with a flat skull, and scaly head with poisonous fangs that darted in and out of the creature's mouth as if awaiting to seize our hero, who is just coming down the river in his light canoe."

All this was absorbing Dodo while Mr. James was imparting knowledge to those bright young minds about him.

"Then," said he, "after Peary sighted the Pole, what happened? George Smith may recite."

All eyes were turned in his direction, but Dodo read on. "Bill Wright, determined to have the orchid, had securely fastened the canoe, and though he had but one shot left, and nightfall was coming, had carefully taken aim and was about to—"

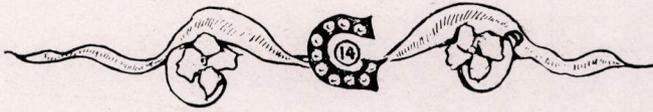
"George Smith!" exclaimed Mr. James.

"Fire!" screamed Dodo, suddenly roused to consciousness, but his thoughts still following the adventures of Bill Wright.

"Here, boy!" exclaimed the worthy principal. "What do you mean? How dare you shout 'Fire' in that manner? Are you crazy? Do you regard this attitude as a fitting response to the kindness and consideration I have been showing you? By the by, are you not the same fellow I had occasion to chastise this morning? So-so! Well, you may follow me upstairs."

Mr. James said all this as quickly as his asthma would permit him, but by the time he had finished, he had worked himself into such a fit of anger that he himself was beginning to feel just a little pride in the display of such magnificent wrath. Taking advantage of the divine situation, therefore, he delivered to the class an inspiring speech regarding their duty to their elders, their city, their country—but most particularly to their elders. During this speech the eloquence born of wrath was so majestic and awe-inspiring, that in order not to lose any of the attitude which he felt to be so suitable and overwhelming, he stalked to the door, ordered the limp and passive Dodo out, followed him, and banged the door on a stupefied class and an astounded teacher.

Once in the office, Mr. James ordered Dodo to give him the note he had written in the morning. Almost immediately, however, when this request had been complied with, a man entered the office and was greeted so enthusiastically by Mr. James, that Dodo was completely forgotten and was left sitting on the very edge of a hard wooden chair. Visions of gray baseball suits still ran through his mind, although now they were very far away indeed. A note for untidiness, fifteen minutes after school, and now this new offense, also a promise of no baseball suit at all, unless he came home to-day with a clear record.



Half an hour passed. Still the visitor talked on. Half-past two! Dodo altogether forgotten! Quarter of three! Fifteen minutes more, and all the school children would go past the door and see Dodo sitting there, limp and miserable. Slowly the minutes crawled by. At five minutes of three the two men rose, took their hats, and were about to go out, when Mr. James turned and said, "You may go now."

Oh, joy of joys! At five minutes of three, too! Could anything be more heavenly? Rapturously Dodo rushed downstairs, grabbed his hat, and ran all the way home. When he reached the house he paused only long enough to get his breath, and then sauntered with assumed indifference into his mother's room.

"Why, Dodo!" exclaimed that worthy lady. "You're early! How did you get home so soon?"

"Oh," responded her son, proudly, "Mr. James excused me, but all the rest of the class had to stay after school."

RUTH WETMORE, June, '14.

I.

Sing a song of pennies, a pocket full of cents,
Four for a stew which is very, very dense;
Three for a sandwich, carried on a tray,
And three for a little dish—salad, so they say.

II.

Pennies buy the salads, and pennies buy the sweets;
Pennies now buy everything in the way of "eats";
Pennies for your "doggy," resting on a roll;
Pennies for a little soup, in a china bowl.

III.

Let us save our pennies, pennies by the score;
Pennies mean a lunch, and sometimes even more—
Pennies are most useful, soon they will be rare;
So patronize the lunch-room and spend your pennies there.

EDNA R. GOLDSTEIN, '11.



My Neighbor, Miss Jane.

When we moved to the suburbs, the first thing I looked for was congenial neighbors. It is so pleasant to run next door when lonesome and discuss the neighbors, their breeding, and assets in general.

To the right of us lived the Joneses, very congenial people, and to the left, Miss Jane Thompson and her hired man. Miss Jane was a little pink-eyed bundle of shawls whom I held in horror, and her hired man a bewhiskered demon who made me shudder every time he looked at me. She had always reminded me of a woman I had seen at the circus, who was termed an Albino, and so I decided to resort to the dictionary to find out what an Albino really was. In Webster I found that Albinos are pink-eyed people who came from Africa. Webster didn't say that they were cannibals, but from Miss Jane's looks and queer manners, and from the appearance of her hired man, who reminded me of the wild man from Borneo I had seen at the same circus, I came to the conclusion that both of them were savages.

Miss Jane had but one great object in life—her garden. She never picked a flower, and one day I discovered that she called each flower by a child's name. Another sign that Miss Jane was "queer."

One afternoon, on arriving home from town, I discovered that our maid of all work had gone out, taking the key, and so I was forced to go through the alleyway, the division between my home and Miss Jane's, and climb in the back window. Some of Miss Jane's windows faced on the alleyway, and as I passed one of them I heard voices. Not that I am a bit curious, oh, no! but then sometimes bits of interesting news can be heard when a person keeps her ears open. Two people were conversing, and I recognized the voices as those of the hired man and Miss Jane.

"I've got her."

"Where did you catch her?"

"In the garden."

"Have you killed her yet?"

"Yes."

"Suppose the Joneses find it out?"

"Then let them keep her home."

"But what shall I do with her?"

"Eat her, of course."

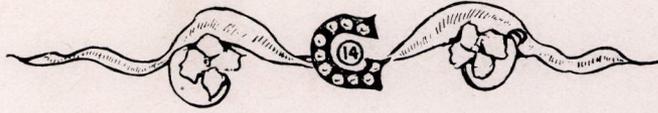
"All right." And then I heard them leave the room.

I stood in the alleyway, paralyzed with fear. Miss Jane and her hired man were cannibals. Cannibals! I had known it, I had felt it in my bones. They were going to eat Dorothy Jones, the three-year-old darling of the Jones family. Alas for poor little Dorothy! She had just told me that morning that she had been "'tealing fowers from Miss Jane for kitty's grave," and that pink-eyed demon and that bewhiskered horror had murdered Dorothy for taking a few flowers!

Just then I glanced up and saw that my house was lighted, and so, knowing that my mother had arrived home, I stumbled blindly from the alley toward our front door. I rang the bell, and my brother came to the door.

"What has happened?" he queried.

Afterwards he told me that my face was white as a sheet, my eyes were almost popping from my head, and my face had the most frightful expression of terror and horror he had ever beheld. Then in some way or other, I managed to tell him the terrible tale. When I had concluded, with one look of mingled horror and excitement, he hurried into the dining-room, and I followed.



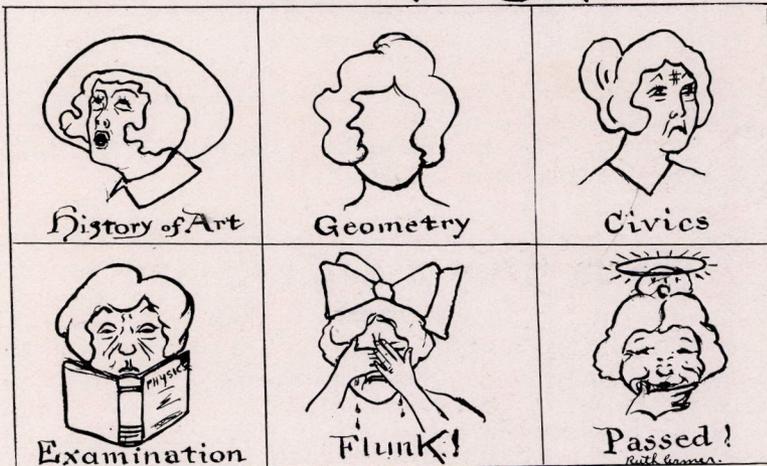
Quickly he drew up the shade and looked into the room just opposite—the room of horror and mystery. I hid my face in my hands, not daring to look at the grewsome sight. I stood there, quaking with fear, waiting to hear my brother's exclamation of horror, but instead a peal of laughter greeted my ears. Was he insane? Had the horrible sight bereft him of reason?

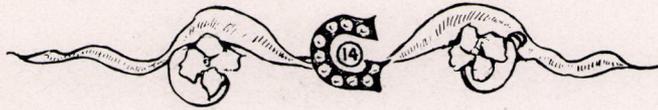
I nerved myself to look, and saw in the room just opposite, which was Miss Janes' storeroom, the Jones's prize hen and digger-up-of-gardens, suspended from the ceiling. Then I laughed—laughed in fact until I became hysterical.

A few days later, I found out that the hen had rooted up all Miss Jane's garden and that her hired man had caught her in her operations. And now, whenever I mention that I'm going to run over to Miss Jane's, who has become a dear friend of mine, my brother murmurs something about "trusting myself with a cannibal."

MILDRED BREMLER, June, '15.

Our Expressions= What They Signify





Salmon Industry in Alaska.

A great deal may be said regarding the salmon industry of Alaska. The chief commercial importance of this vast territory when it was first bought from Russia arose from the value of the furs it produced. Now, since the American occupation, the value of the salmon-fisheries is far greater than that of the furs.

The season begins about April, when large ships carrying from one hundred to five hundred men push their way up north through the Pacific Ocean, and then into the rivers through the ice-covered Bering Sea. The men land after a trip of from twenty to thirty days, and, for about a month, spend their time in repairing machinery, wharves, etc., and, in general, making good the damage done in the winter to the canneries.

In July the fish begin "to run," that is, they go up the rivers from the ocean, their winter home, to spawn. On their way up they are caught in large nets by Italian fishermen, and are taken out of the net by means of a "pew," or long spear. From the boats they are put on large barges, and steam launches convey them to the canneries.

The fish are first thoroughly washed and then are put into the cutting-machine, which cuts off heads and tails, and divides them into pieces according to the size of the can. They are then put into the filling machine, a wonderful invention which not only fills the cans with the right amount of fish, but also drops a teaspoonful of salt into each can! The cans are rolled down to a place where the tops are put on, and from there into the soldering machine, where they are soldered in place, while a tiny hole is left in the top of the can. From there the cans are rolled into the steam-cooker, where they are cooked for one-half hour. The hole in the top, which was to let out the steam, is then soldered up, and the cans are dropped into a hot solution of lye, which cooks the fish still more and cleans the can. This also tests whether the cans are air-tight, for if they are not, tiny bubbles will form at the top of the can. They are then taken into the warehouse to cool and are there tested by means of a wooden mallet, determining by the sound whether or not the can is good. The cans found leaking are set aside, labeled "do-overs," and are resoldered. At the end of the season the cans are labeled, boxed, and shipped all over the world.

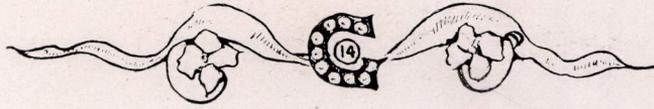
Thus from start to finish no human hand touches the fish, and so one can never question the cleanliness of the process.

'Twas Only a Little Button.

(Adapted.)

'Twas only a little button,
Made of bone or mother-of-pearl;
'Twas only a little button,
Possessed by a high school girl.
'Twas only a little button,
Holding on by a broken thread;
'Twas the only little button,
For its mates had long since fled.
Then here's to the little button;
Let's hope it will keep its place,
For that only little button
Is the last of its useful race.

E. A. H.



Julia.

“Non, mon enfant, ma Julia, tu n’iras pas seule à Rome.”

“Mais, mon père, si je pouvais seulement le voir !”

Les deux, le père et la fille, présentaient un triste spectacle pendant qu’ils marchaient lentement le long de la grande Voie Appienne vers Rome. Le vieillard courbé s’appuyait lourdement sur sa jeune et jolie fille, mais en prononçant ces derniers mots il se redressa et son corps trembla d’émotion lorsqu’il pensa au danger d’une telle action. Sa force ne dura qu’un moment, car après un instant il s’affaissa sur le sol, épuisé. La jeune fille se pencha sur lui, lui releva doucement la tête à ses genoux et, en caressant son front ridé, elle pensa au grand malheur qui leur était arrivé en si peu de temps.

A peine deux jours avant, ils vivaient dans l’opulence à Pompéi. Alors l’éruption terrible de l’ancien mont survint, et elle se trouva privée des siens, son père sur le point de mourir à cause du coup effroyable qu’il avait éprouvé. Ils avaient marché depuis Pompéi, espérant trouver du secours à Rome. Mais maintenant le vieillard était trop faible pour continuer la marche, et il lui défendait d’aller seule à Rome. Ils étaient chrétiens, et quoique les persécutions eussent diminuées jusqu’à un certain point sous l’empereur Titus, le père avait des idées exagérées des choses qui se passaient dans la ville impériale.

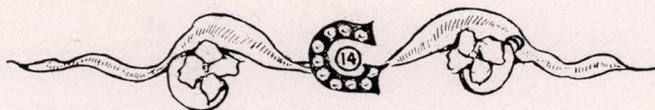
Pourquoi tenait-elle tellement à aller à Rome ? Son seul espoir de sécurité et de bonheur lui semblait être au-delà des murailles obscures et sombres qu’elle voyait devant elle. Marc Valérien, un préteur romain et favori de l’empereur avait gagné l’affection de la douce Julia, et elle savait que si seulement elle pouvait le voir, elle et son père seraient sauvés.

En pensant tristement à ses pertes, elle regardait le paysage qui l’entourait. Le spectacle était triste, lugubre. Devant elle la Voie Appienne s’étendait sans âme vivante sur la route. De chaque côté le triste cimetière romain s’étendait, et à l’horizon les collines Albaines se dessinaient contre les monts Apennins.

Pendant une heure au moins la jeune fille contemplait le triste tableau devant elle, tandis que son père restait toujours immobile sur la route. En vain essayait-elle de trouver un moyen d’améliorer leur triste état. Il était grand matin et personne ne s’était encore levé. Elle n’osait pas quitter son père pour aller chercher du secours, et cependant il fallait bien faire quelque chose pour lui sauver la vie.

Elle contemplait l’effet de la lumière du soleil qui se levait au-delà des montagnes rocheuses d’Apennin, leurs pointes acérées silhouettées à l’horizon. Elle était si absorbée à regarder l’effet réjouissant du soleil levant, qu’elle avait presque oublié sa peine. Le son aigu d’une trompette la fit retourner toute surprise et elle regarda de nouveau la ville éloignée. Cette fois elle vit plus que les sombres murailles. Une cavalcade lui semblait s’avancer vers elle. C’était l’empereur Titus avec plusieurs de ses officiers, sa garde du corps habituelle. Aussitôt qu’elle se rendit compte de ceci, elle sentit l’espoir renaître dans son âme, et elle essayait de reconnaître celui qui la sauverait. En vain, cependant, le chercha-t-elle, mais elle ne l’aperçut pas parmi des officiers magnifiquement habillés qui entouraient l’empereur. A mesure qu’ils s’approchaient de plus près, elle se penchait sur son père pour cacher ses larmes, tellement grand était son chagrin.

Elle entendit distinctement le piétinement des chevaux. Ils devaient être tout près. Elle espérait qu’ils la passeraient sans l’apercevoir. Mais ils s’ar-



rétèrent, et quelqu'un lui parlait. La voix qu'elle entendit était si douce qu'avant de se rendre compte de ce qui se passait, elle avait raconté son histoire à cet étranger distingué. Il ordonna à deux soldats de porter le père à Rome chez Marc Valérien, et lui dit de suivre son père à cheval.

Titus, l'empereur romain, continua son chemin. Le même soir à table, il ne pouvait pas dire, "J'ai perdu une journée," comme on écrit de lui quand il n'aida pas quelqu'un pendant le jour.

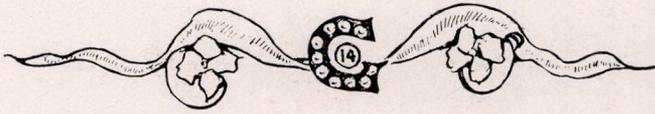
Ruth M. Quimby, June, '14.



A Des Violettes Blanches.

Mes fleurs fragiles! Encor humides
De rosée; Symbole de la Mort!
Quel parfum de vos âmes timides
Éxhale dans l'air sa douce odeur
En une délicate fraîcheur,
Suave et fine. Par quel jeu du sort
Êtes-vous ici entre mes mains aimantes?
O petites fleurs, frêles, tremblotantes!
Vous êtes pour moi un souvenir
Du passé vécu en tourbillon;
Pétales féeriques
Hélas, toujours tragiques,
Mon soupir vous fait frémir
Comme les ailes d'un papillon!

AGNES S. TAYLOR, June, '14.



(Der nachstehende Brief von Schiller war viele Jahre lang im Besitz der Familie Vest aus Lsthofen am Rhein. Vor etwa 20 Jahren brachte ein Mitglied derselben den Brief nach San Francisco und erlaubt jetzt die allererste Veröffentlichung in unserem Journal.)
Helen Stauffer.

..., 6. Novemb. 178..

Thuerste Schwester.

Gestern Abend erhalte ich Deinen lieben Brief, und eile, dich aus Deinen und aus unserer besten Eltern Besorgnissen über mein Schicksal zu reizen.

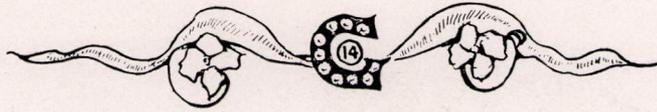
Daß meine völlige Trennung vom Vaterland und Familie nunmehr entschieden ist, würde mir sehr schmerzhaft seyn, wenn ich sie nicht als die notwendigste Führung des Himmels betrachten müßte, welche mich in meinem Vaterlande nicht glücklich machen wollte. Auch der Himmel ist es, dem wir die Zukunft übergeben, von dem ihr und ich, **gottlob nur allein**, abhängig sind. **Ihm** übergebe ich euch, meine Theuren, **er** erhalte euch best und stark, **meine** Schicksale zu erleben, und **mein** Glück mit der Zeit mit mir theilen zu können. Losgerissen aus euren Armen, weiß ich keine bessere, keine sicherere Niederlage meines teuersten Schatzes als Gott. Von seinen Händen will ich euch wieder empfangen und — das sei die letzte Träne, die hier fällt!

Dein Verlangen, mich zu Mannheim etablirt zu wissen, kann nicht mehr erfüllt werden. So wenig es auch im Kreis meines Glücks läge, dort zu seyn, so gern wollte ich die nähere Nachbarschaft mit der meinigen vorziehen, und dort Dienste zu erlangen suchen, wenn mich nicht eine tiefere Bekanntschaft mit meinen Mannheimischen Freunden für ihre Unterstützung zu stolz gemacht hätte. Ich schreibe Dir gegenwärtig auf meiner Reise nach Berlin, wo es mir in mehr als einem Fach nicht fehlgeschlagen kann, wo, nach dem einstimmigen Urtheil aller Menschen, denen ich meine Umstände vorlegte, mein Glück aufgehoben seyn muß. Auch ist es möglich, daß, wenn mich bedeutende Commissionsen zu Berlin unterstützen, ich nach Petersburg gehe. Erschrick nicht, beste Schwester, daß so viele Meilen zwischen euch und mich werden zu liegen kommen. Ihr sollt jedes meiner Verhängnisse mit mir theilen; ich suche mein Glück eben so sehr für euch als für mich. Innerhalb einiger Jahre soll, wenn Gott will, kein Schuh breit zwischen uns liegen. Bis dahin wache der Ewige über euch und mich.

Deine zweitnächste Sorge wird ohne Zweifel mein Auskommen seyn. Zu Deinem und unserer zärtlichsten Eltern Trost kann ich Dir sagen, daß ich bis izt auch keine Kleinigkeit habe entbehren müssen, welche ich zu Stuttgart gewohnt war. Auch in die Zukunft kann ich zuversichtlich sehen, weil mir meine Arbeiten gut bezahlt werden, und ich fleißig bin. Sobald ich in Berlin bin, kann ich in der ersten Woche auf festes Einkommen rechnen, weil ich vollgültige Empfehlungen an Nicolai habe, der dort gleichsam der Souverain der Litteratur ist, mich schon im Voraus schätzt, und einen ungeheuren Einfluß hat, beinah im ganzen teutschen Reich der Gelehrsamkeit. Ich habe keinen anderen Gedanken, als mein Glück mir allein durch die Medicin zu machen, und werde suchen, innerhalb eines halben Jahres Doctor zu seyn. Da ich durch Sachsen gehe, so habe ich gute adressen an große Gelehrte, auch an Fürsten, wenn ich die letzteren benutzen will.

Für meine Schulden können meine Eltern stehen, denn ich hätte bereits schon die Hälfte davon abgetragen, wenn es nicht meine erste Pflicht wäre, zuerst mein Glück zu etablieren. Meinen Schuldnern verschlägt es nichts, ob sie 3 Monat früher oder später bezahlt werden, da die Zinsen fortlaufen; mich aber kann das Geld, das ich ihnen izt schicken würde, an den Ort meines Glücks bringen. Das ist eine Billigkeit, die jedermann erkennen mus und wofür wäre ich denn **solang** ein rechtschaffener Mann gewesen, wenn mir dieses Prädikat nicht einmal auf ein Viertel-oder Halbjahr Credit machte? Sage dieses den Leuten, so wird alles sich zufrieden geben.

Noch einmal meine inniggeliebte Schwester, vertrau auf Gott, der auch der Gott deines fernern Bruders ist, dem 300 Meilen eine Spanne breit sind, wenn er uns wieder zusammengebracht haben will. Grüß unsern besten allertheuersten Vater und unsere herzlich geliebte gute Mutter, meine liebe redliche Luise und unsere kleine



gute Nanette. Wenn mein Segen Kraft hat, so wird Gott mit euch seyn. Ein inneres starkes Gefühl spricht laut in meinem Herzen. Ich sehe euch wieder. Vertraut Gott. Es wird kein Haar von uns allen auf die Erde fallen.

Ich werde zu weich, Schwester und schließe.

Wenn du die Wolzogen sprichst, so mache ihr tausend Empfehlungen. Auch der Verheim empfiehlt sich. Ich kann nicht weiter schreiben. Du schreibst mir wie bisher über Mannheim.

Wieg dein treuer zärtlicher Bruder

Fried. Schiller.



Le Parfum de Rose.

Il ya un parfum exquis et pénétrant
Qui s'élève tout doux du jardin odorant
De mon penser.

Il emplit, vague et faible odeur impérissable,
Mon être tout entier, d'une extase ineffable
Comme un baiser.

Doucement répandu dans ma chambre dorée
Il embaume mon âme, hélas toute éplorée,
Et mon soupir.

Qu'est-ce qui fait, dis-moi, battre mon cœur mutin
Le sais-tu, mon ami? C'est le parfum divin
Du souvenir!

AGNES STANFORD TAYLOR, June, '14.



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Editor

ROSE FRANK
Business Manager

Senior Edition of the Girls High School Journal

San Francisco, California, June, 1914

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Editorials



THE USE OF DEFINITELY ASSIGNED COLLATERAL READING.

Are the benefits to be derived from definitely assigned collateral reading such as should assure its promotion as an educational tool in every possible way? Really, to ask this question is to answer it, for, after all, it resolves itself into asking whether or not the reading of literature, properly directed, is worth while.

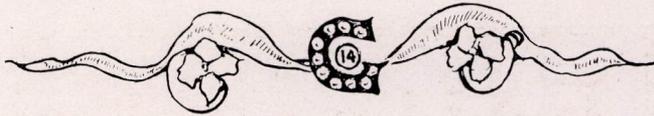
That collateral reading helps to broaden the mind is undeniable, in that it presents new aspects of the subject; it stimulates a desire for wider knowledge; and it opens new fields to the imagination of the pupils, heretofore unknown, and therefore unappreciated. But when such reading is definitely assigned by one who knows, the work is doubly important, for the young, curious mind is thereby directed into wholesome and safe channels; the acquaintance of the pupils widened along lines which the guide thinks best and from which the most benefits will be derived. The presentation of different views of a subject by a teacher, whose maturer judgment is most necessary in the reading of literature by pupils, tends to enlarge the intellectual horizon, to arouse the faculties to a deeper and more profitable interest, and to insure in the pupil a certain amount of poise, the result of a well-trained, well-informed mind. There can be no doubt that the more we know the more we wish to learn, and definitely assigned collateral reading is a great incentive for acquiring knowledge.

Under the guidance of a maturer intellect, the work assumes a different and more beneficial aspect than were the collateral reading carried on simply by the pupils themselves, without the supervision of a guide. It is undeniable that a teacher incites the desire to acquire knowledge, and when the collateral reading of great literary works is definitely assigned, the pupils receive a mental impetus in the right direction, which might otherwise be ignored. The one who knows never ceases to weigh the worth of this thing or that, and presents the subjects to the pupils which she feels will be a benefit, always keeping in mind the moral effect the reading will have on them. The pupils thus under the careful supervision of a guide, pursue the collateral reading of literature, which will give to them the very best advantage possible.

I can think of no other means of broadening the intellect so extensively as definitely assigned collateral reading, and as such it should be greatly encouraged in the schools, for the taste can be trained as well as the eye or the hand. And the taste, the love for good books, is the key that opens a wonderful door behind which many treasures of thought lie ready to enrich the eager, inquisitive mind, and make life worth the living; for, in the words of the well-known phrase,

"Vita sine Literis Mors est."

EDITOR.



THE CAFETERIA.

The advent of the cafeteria on February 3d, realized the fondest dreams of Dr. Scott, and, we are glad to say, proved a great success, being heartily supported by the pupils of the High School.

There is so much to say in favor of the cafeteria, that one hesitates where to begin. In the first place, good, wholesome, hot food is served at minimum prices, making it a source of economy to parents as well as of physical benefit to the pupil. The varied menu is a refreshing change from the few possibilities of the cold lunch, and by stimulating the appetite tends to keep up a better average of health. When the cafeteria simply supplements a cold lunch with warm beverages, it still serves a valued purpose, and this very fact should be one to warrant its existence, if for no other.

In the second place, having a lunch served in the school, there is no necessity for buying it elsewhere, and thus the aspect of the home is in a way duplicated by the pupils' gathering around a common board.

Lastly, in inclement weather the cafeteria serves as a blessing even to those who do not avail themselves of its benefits in fair weather.

Probably no one is more grateful for the cafeteria than the perplexed mother, whose daily quandary as to what shall be put in the lunch-basket is now permanently solved.

We wish to express our gratitude to Dr. Scott, through whose efforts the cafeteria has been made a reality, and we wish it continued success.

EDITOR.

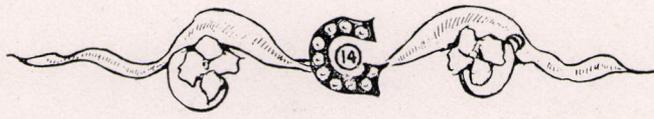
We wish to express our deep appreciation to Miss Armer and to Mr. Goldstein for their kindly supervision of this publication of the Girls High Journal, and we realize that The Journal has added an extra burden to the work of the closing term. We thank them heartily for their generous help, and we are sincerely grateful for their assistance and advice in furthering our earnest desire to make this issue worthy of the Girl High School.

Girls, why is the solving of the financial problem of The Journal so difficult? It should not be. If you all would combine as one, and, with your utmost enthusiasm and love for the school, strive to make The Journal a success because you want to be proud of it, there would be not only less financial trouble but also less tendency of The Journal's becoming a High Senior publication, which it is bound to do unless the whole school takes an active interest in it.

When you patronize our advertisers, mention the Girls High School Journal, for in so doing you will convince them that advertising in it is really worth while.

Probably, if a few of The Journal staff were representatives of classes other than the Senior Class, a keener interest would be taken by the entire school. I leave this as a suggestion to my future business manager.

ROSE FRANK, Business Manager.



A Camera Club.

The revival of school spirit offers a splendid opportunity for introducing a new activity into our school. We have no camera club, and this is an excellent time to establish one. They exist in other schools and are found to furnish much enjoyment as well as valuable instruction. Since past experience has proved such clubs to be benefits in other schools, why not allow future experiment a trial in the Girls High?

The plan of the camera club in other schools is somewhat as follows: Each member must, first of all, possess some kind of camera or kodak, not necessarily an expensive one. Then with the combined funds of all the members, they purchase a developing and printing apparatus, which they are allowed to use in some convenient place at school. Of course, the aid and instruction of some teacher who understands photography is needed, and the pupils are enabled to develop and print their pictures at very little expense. Besides the pictures they take at home or about the city, they go on outings for the purpose of taking scenes of nature. These outings form the chief enjoyment of all of the camera club members. Expeditions are made into the country, or nearby woods and hills to obtain beautiful landscape and other outdoor scenes. In this way much is learned about the art of picture-taking, and many happy hours are spent in pleasure as well as in instruction. During the term, exhibits are given and prizes offered for the best nature studies, child and animal life, buildings and landscapes. These exhibits not only stimulate the interest of the school in the club, but also furnish the members with something to work for.

And why should not such a club succeed in our school? In some future day, who knows but what some great photographer would proudly say she had made her first attempt at her art in the "Camera Club of the Girls High School"?

LISLE HUBSCH, Dec. '14.





RUTH ARMER
President

VERA BULLWINKEL
Vice-President

MARION MILLER
Treasurer

CARRIE BRUNNER
Secretary



Alumnae.

The Girls High School Alumnae Association held a reception on January 31st, in the Red Room of the Palace Hotel. Under the auspices of Mrs. Eichbaum, the president, a most delightful afternoon was spent, the members and guests enjoying music, dancing, and refreshments.

Mrs. Walter Pregel Coffin (Christina Lindsay), June, '09, has a little son.

Clara Lowenberg, '09, is now Mrs. Ludwig Rosenstein, and has a delightful home near the University of California.

Bessie Langendorf, '10, is now Mrs. Louis Young.

Mabel Christensen, June, '11, is teaching at the Bay View School.

Gladys Hazelrigg was married to A. Nicoll last June, and is now living in Salt Lake City.

Florence Bloch, who was assistant manager of our December, '11, Journal, is teaching school in the country.

Ruth Davis, December, '11, is a teacher of music.

Lilas Adams, December, '11, is attending the Butler-Nelke Dramatic Academy.

Mrs. William Singer (Emmeline Willis), December, '11, has a little daughter.

Margaret Street, December, '12, is teaching at the Success Business College.

Fanny Juda, December, '12, has been traveling in Europe for the past year, and expects to remain there indefinitely.

Helen Lieber, the business manager of our December, '12 Journal, is now Mrs. Harold Getz.

Mildred Little, June, '13, and Dorothy Peyser, December, '13, are now attending Miss Hamlin's.

The representatives of the June, '13, Class at the University of California are: Sarah Unna, Loretta Baum, Angie Stacey and Maude Meagher. Jessie Smiley, December, '13, is attending the San Jose Normal School.

Lily Rehn and Ida Schloss, both of December, '13, are taking a special course at the High School of Commerce.

Helen Kalischer, Hortense Fisher, Sibyl Sykes, Helen Dixon and Pearl Jacobs, from the December, '13, Class, are at Normal School.

Jennie Kennedy, June, '13; Dorothy Macdonald and Anna Cattell, December, '13, are back at school, taking a post-graduate course.

Carolyn Caro, December, '13, is attending the Butler-Nelke Dramatic Academy and intends to make use of her profession. We wish her much success.

Gladys Rosenbaum, June, '13, is attending the San Francisco Normal School.

Mrs. Marion Mayers (Ruth Mayer), June, '09, has a little son.

Erna Sultan, December, '10, is engaged to a prominent lawyer of Philadelphia.

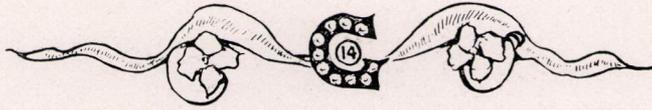
Doris Dickinson, Marion Evans, Irene Mosbacher, Perlie Stanford and Ruth McGlynn, December, '13, are at the University of California, and according to the statistics sent out by the University, are doing work of such excellence, that the Girls High School leads in scholarship not only the other San Francisco and Bay Counties high schools, but also those of the State, with but two or three exceptions.

Maude Finney, June, '11, is teaching at the Portola School.

Gertrude Rosenthal, December, '10, was married a few months ago to Arvin Shaw, a lawyer of Los Angeles.

Anne Bremmer, whose delightful studio is in the artistic Studio Building in this city, is a graduate of Girls High. While abroad, Miss Bremmer exhibited in the Autumn Salon in Paris, the most difficult salon to which to gain admittance.

Clarissa Mitchell is taking a Normal Domestic Science course at Lux.



School Notes.

January 5th—After a vacation of two weeks, school reopened, and the Auditorium was again filled with smiling girls, eager to begin work again. Dr. Scott delivered an introductory speech, and, after welcoming the Freshmen, told us of the new schedule on which the school was to be run. Much to our dismay, we learned that the school day was to be lengthened until half-past three, but after the buzz caused by this announcement had been subdued, we learned that these hours were to last only until the opening of the cafeteria—the realization of Dr. Scott's dream. We were then assigned to our proper classrooms, and thus the first day of the new term began. Owing to the size of the class, the High Seniors were registered with Mrs. Prag and with Miss Croyland.

January 29th—This day will certainly be remembered as one of the great days in Girls High history. Such an outburst of enthusiasm probably has never been shown before. During the sixth period a candy, a popcorn, and a pennant sale, together with a poster auction, were held, the proceeds of which were for athletics. The auction was carried on in a most lively fashion by Gertrude McGowan. Every one of the posters was sold at a high price. The proceeds of the day were as follows:

Candy sale	\$ 64.00
Pennant sale	22.40
Poster auction	23.65
Total	\$110.05

With this money we aquired:

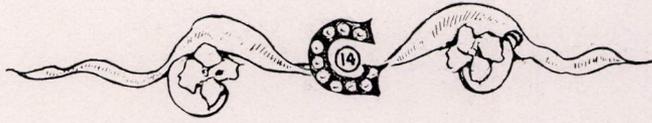
- 1 tennis court.
- 2 dozen tennis balls.
- 1 tennis net.
- 1 indoor baseball set.
- 1 basketball.
- 2 basketball courts, with portable, adjustable posts.

After the auction the meeting was called to order. Dr. Scott made a few remarks and then turned the meeting over to Marion Evans, President of the Student Body. The Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were read, but on account of the shortness of time, all business had to be transacted rapidly. All the organizations could not make reports, and the presidents of the lower classes did not speak. Nominations for officers of the Student Body were then made. The results of the election were as follows:

President	Jeannette Corwin
First Vice-President	Claire Kelly
Second Vice-President	Beatrice Schaefer
Third Vice-President	Anna Jaehne
Fourth Vice-President	Evelyn Evans
Secretary	Alice Lindsay
Treasurer	Miss Daniel
Yell Leader	Gertrude Levy

Miss Stark and Miss Noonan were elected as Faculty representatives on the Executive Committee.

February 3d—After many preparations and much work on the part of Dr. Scott, the cafeteria was opened. The patronage was surprisingly large, in fact, so large that everyone could not be accommodated. Everything worked very smoothly, and as matters stand now, the cafeteria has been a great success.



February 6th—The High Seniors all returned to their childhood days by wearing their hair down. During the noon hour they had a rousing time by playing such games as "Farmer in the Dell" and "Frog in the Middle."

February 7th—The Low Seniors assisted the High Seniors in welcoming the Freshmen. The recreation-room was artistically decorated in hearts. The school orchestra furnished the music for the dance, and the afternoon was spent most enjoyably by all.

February 12th—An excellent program was given in the Auditorium in honor of Abraham Lincoln. Jeannette Corwin presided and gave a most interesting address, and I am sure every girl enjoyed it, and appreciated the graceful and simple manner in which Jeannette Corwin delivered it. We were fortunate enough to have with us several Civil War veterans, who told us many interesting tales of Lincoln and the Civil War.

February 20th—The school assembled in the Auditorium to listen to an interesting program in memory of George Washington. The exercises were presided over by Ruth Armer, President of the High Senior class, and the program was certainly a most commendable one.

March 13th—The High School Orchestra gave its first concert in a year. The program was most delightful, and we hope the custom will continue.

March 26th—The time when the Student Body were called together to hear Mr. Flower, Chairman of the Board of Managers of the Stratford-upon-Avon Shakespearean Players, will continue to live pleasantly in our memories for many days to come. The personality of this cultured Englishman was so delightful that we quickly imbibed some of his great love and enthusiasm for the Stratford playhouse, and the propaganda work of these English players.

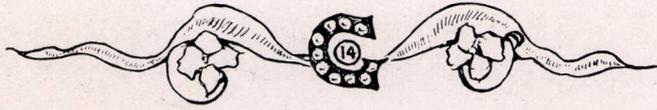
At all the Shakespearean matinees, Girls High pupils were very much in evidence.

March 27th—This day was surely a gala one for the girls of our school. Who will ever forget what a jolly time we had on our first Field Day? We had races of all kinds—peanut, spoon, relay, hobble, three-legged, fat and thin ladies' races. On either side of the court were scores of rooters, and the girls certainly showed their school spirit and ability to root. The "Freshies" and "Sophs" did their best to outdo the high and mighty upper-classmen, but in spite of all effort the latter carried the day, the score being 30 to 29.

April 14th—The High Seniors gave a candy sale for the Journal, and the Low Seniors assisted with a cornucopia sale. For the first time in the history of the school there was more candy than could be sold. However, the sale was as satisfactory as could be expected, and the High Seniors wish to express their thanks to the Low Seniors for the generous impulse which prompted them to aid the cause of the Journal.

April 22d—The girls enjoyed on this day a very interesting talk on the subject of "Peace," by Mr. Berwick, who is the active President of the American Peace Society. It came at a very opportune moment, as the newspapers were filled with war talk. It is to be sincerely hoped that the full import of Mr. Berwick's words was realized by the pupils of the school.

April 23d—Hurrah! A contest in which all the high schools of San Francisco took part was opened by the San Francisco Center of the Drama League of America, who offered a very fine etched portrait of Shakespeare to the school that sent in the ten best essays on Shakespearean subjects which had been assigned by the league. The result of the contest was declared at the Cort Theatre, and Girls High was unanimously proclaimed the winner of the contest! Imagine our joy on hearing this announcement!



Girls! keep up the good work, and let us hope that we will be able to enter other contests and again carry off the laurels!

The ten winners of the contest are:

Vera Bullwinkel,
Gertrude Dietz,
Edith Euler,
Adelaide Harrison,
Jennie Jones,
Ruth Quimby,
Agnes Taylor,
Dorothy Brownley,
Renee Gable,
Lucille Graham.

April 24th—A rally was held in the Auditorium in celebration of our triumph of yesterday! Dr. Scott, Mrs. Prag, Miss Croyland and Miss Armer spoke, and the papers of Gertrude Dietz, Ruth Quimby and Agnes Taylor were read. There was a great deal of enthusiasm, and we earnestly hope that the Girls High School will be as successful in future contests as she has been in this!

Don't—

Look vicious when a Freshie looms in sight. (They're inclined to be nervous).

Bring your class dues on time. (We might have a dance.)

Make a wild dash into the building at 1:05. Go quietly home. It will save a half hour after school and lots of excuses.

Study too hard. You'll contract paralysis of the brain.

Hand material into the Journal. We might have a better one than some other school, and that would make them feel bad.

Wear high collars on art tours. They're liable to be in the way.

Turn the recreation hall into a dancing school. It takes business away from the academies already in existence.

Let a little thing like an ex worry you. You'll probably flunk it, anyway.

Do the tango. You might get thin.

Keep your hand flying in the air. We know you know the answer. The teacher's looking for someone who doesn't.

Worry; you might not get a four. In 1892 someone escaped.





STUDENT
BODY

ALICE LINDSAY
Secretary

CLAIRE KELLY
First Vice President

ANNA JACHNE
Third Vice President

JEANNETTE CORWIN
President

MISS LAURA DANIEL
Treasurer

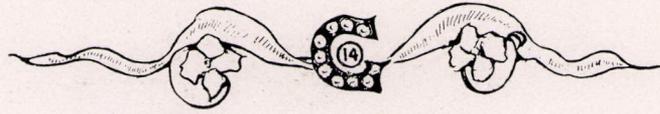
GERTRUDE LEVY
Yell Leader

BEATRICE SCHAEFFER
Second Vice President

EVELYN EVANS
Fourth Vice President



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The Tennis Club.

The tennis club was organized at the first of the term, and the large attendance was very encouraging. Several of the girls who already knew the game, offered to teach all beginners at lunch time and after school. Probably all this enthusiasm was due to the joyful fact that we now have a tennis court of our own. A tryout for the team was held and the two successful girls were Ruth Mitchell and Beatrice Gerberding. A challenge was sent to Lowell, and we hope to play them soon. Miss Burke's school has accepted our challenge, but owing to the fact that the weather has been bad the tournament was postponed. The officers are: Beatrice Gerberding, President; Ruth Mitchell, Manager.

Basketball.

Girls! Teachers! Everybody! Last year a big wish was expressed by many souls living, of course. Now, that big wish has come true, and others besides those souls are extremely happy. If we could only have a basketball court in the school!

Owing to the great expense of building our lovely, big school, the Board of Education could not provide us with basketball courts. But the girls did—provided two. No school could be prouder of the fact than we are. Of course, the courts are of no use without players, and we certainly do not lack them, for the most vivacious and athletic-loving girls could not resist the sight of a basketball court, and so we have an abundance of good players. And such good times as we are going to have this term, besides our practice—we'll be the object of envy.

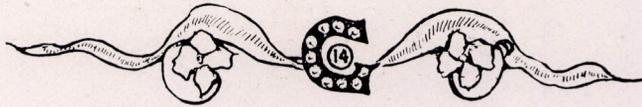
Last year a tombstone, showing the burial of Basketball, appeared in the School Journal. This year we ought to have a picture showing its resurrection, but there is so much to say, space forbids. However, through the untiring efforts of Miss Flynn last year, basketball did not entirely vanish, and the girls worked mighty hard to show their appreciation of her interest. But this year, the basketball girls were rejuvenated by the possession of their own courts, and through the added efforts of Miss Ford. Words can never express our love and appreciation for both Miss Flynn and Miss Ford, but we hope we can show a little by winning inter-scholastic games.

Owing to the large number of entries it was necessary to make a division between the girls. Thus we have the Freshmen, in charge of Miss Flynn, and the three upper classes, in charge of Miss Ford. The teams as yet have not been entirely decided upon, but the Freshmen have chosen their captain, Agnes O'Neill; and business manager, Dorothy Levy. The upper classmen have chosen Dorothy Greene for their captain, and Marguerite Tehaney for business manager.

The Reading Club.

We're proud of the Reading Club! The longest-lived activity in the school!—others die, but we live on—we hope forever. Miss Armer kindly consented to take charge, and it is to her that the Reading Club owes many a delightful hour. This term's work has been absorbingly interesting. A continuation of the work that started with the ancient dramatists has brought us to modern times, and we have gloried in the "Piper" of Peabody, Kennedy's "Servant in the House," Rostand's "Cyrano," Ibsen's "Doll's House," the tragic "Aglavaine and Selysette" of Maeterlinck, Shaw's comedy, "Arms and the Man," and Stephen Phillips' "Ulysses." With a dip into Galsworthy, Synge and Yeats, during the rest of the term, we feel that we have at least touched the surface of the great contemporary modern drama.

The following are the officers for this term: President, Blanche M. Reynolds; Vice-President, Ida Salsman; Secretary, Lucy B. Kelly; Treasurer, Frances Murray.



The Girls High School String Orchestra.

The Girls High School String Orchestra gave only one concert this term, but assisted at many other of the school functions. It contributed several numbers to the school celebration of Washington's Birthday. A very good program was rendered at the alumnae reception at the Palace Hotel. The girls of the school who can play any instrument other than the piano, are earnestly urged to come to the meetings Wednesday afternoons at 3:15 o'clock. Besides the pleasure that they will get at the meetings, the practice will be very helpful, since only good classical music is played, under the leadership of Dr. Scott.

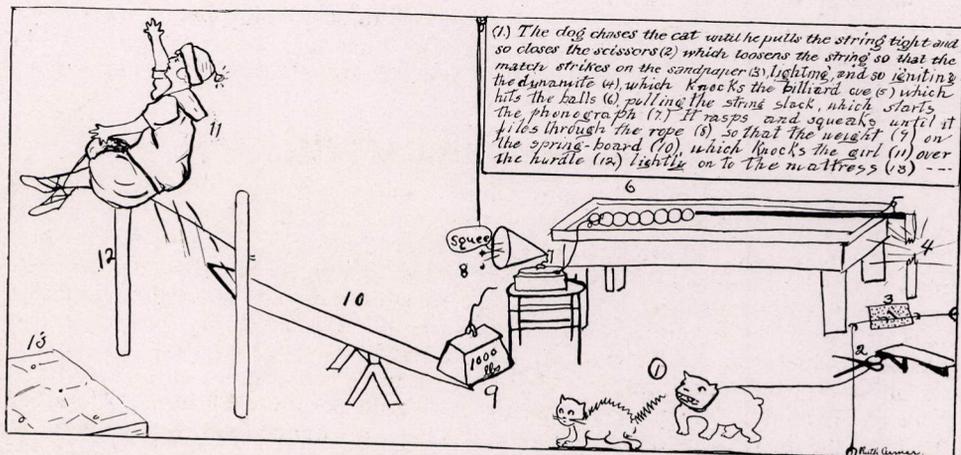
The present members of the orchestra are: Piano and organ, Edith Euler, Vera Carr; violins, Paula Schoenholz, Marjorie Mauzy, Pauline Weilheimer, Vera Voigts, Elsa Newman, Ruth Lobree, Elizabeth Davis; cello, Gertrude Dietz.

The Art Club.

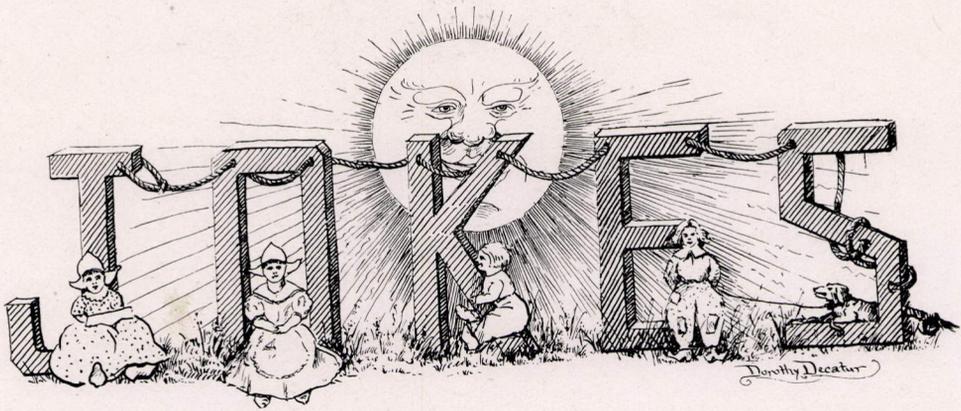
For the past two years girls have been meeting informally, twice a week in Mr. Goldstein's studio to work in watercolor, pastelle, or charcoal. The meetings this year have been successful as ever, and take place on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, during which time Mr. Goldstein devotes all his attention to the work on hand.

Last May the Art Club contributed a great deal of work to the Junior Exposition, and among the girls who received medals of honor were, Edmée Artigues, Lucile Bresse, Dorothy Decatur and Lisle Hubsch. The Junior Exposition is to open again this May, and the present prospects indicate that we shall have a larger representation in the Art Department than we had last year.

Every girl is most cordially invited to join in our work. Even if you find it impossible to include drawing in your course of study, do not hesitate to feel free to come and work with us after school, or at least come and visit.



How to Jump a Hurdle.
We learn this mechanism in Physics.



Query Column.

(This journal has secured the services of the celebrated Madame Brizzi Ba—at a tremendous salary—to conduct our Query Column for the coming year. Madame is quite proficient and has gained her knowledge not only from years of study, but also from companionship with other wise minds and from supernatural sources. She will endeavor to answer all questions, from how to beautify the complexion to how to end the war in Mexico. Those desiring to take advantage of this splendid opportunity address Madame Brizzi Ba, care G. H. S. Office, San Francisco, California.)

Dear Madame: I am very fond of flowers, but as soon as I plant them my little dog tears them up. What shall I do? WORRIED.

Worried: Plant your little dog first; then your flowers will grow much better.

Dear Madame: I am 4 feet 4 inches and weigh 320 pounds. Can you tell me how to lose a bit of superfluous weight? A SCHOOL MAID.

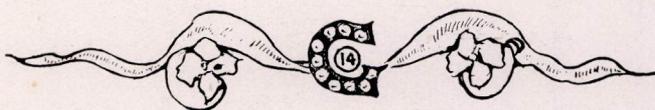
Dear Girl: Tango! It will make you as thin as you like. If by any means you should lose too much, just sit out a couple of dances and watch the others. You will then laugh enough to gain all you ever lost.

Dear Madame: Can you suggest a method by which this josh column might be improved? JOSHER.

Josher: Each joke should be accompanied by an arrow and an inscription, "Laugh here." Each joke should also be accompanied by a statement regarding its age, as 380 B. C., or 1492 A. D. This is not only a protection to the josh editress, but helps the reader as well.

Dear Madame: My complexion for the last few months has been looking muddy. Can you suggest a remedy? PERPLEXED.

Perplexed: Try washing it.



Dear Madame: Can you please tell me how to get down from an elephant's back?
INQUISITIVE.

Inquisitive: You don't; you get it from a duck's.

Dear Madame: As everyone laughs at everything I say, I think I am a comicer (?). Should I go on the stage?
LYDIA.

Lydia: By all means. Take the stage that will get you the farthest.

Dear Madame: The baby at our house is very sick and we can't get any food to agree with it. What shall I do?
AN OLDER SISTER.

Dear Sis: I am sending a patent feeding bottle. When the baby has finished drinking, it should be unscrewed and placed under the hydrant. If the baby doesn't thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled.

Signs of the Times.

When you see:—

A large mob in front of the cafeteria—there's lemon pie for lunch.

Paper and pens on the teacher's desk—something's going to happen.

The sewing-room crowded—graduation is the next day.

A group of girls talking seriously—someone got a V.

About fifty of your friends gazing at the top of a building, mouths open and a look of intelligence on their faces—they're probably looking for gargoyles.

A hurry and a scurry down the hall—teachers' meeting's over.

The whole school marching out in eights—it's probably a fire drill.

Wanted—

By Mrs. P.—A few girls to learn amendments.

By B. R.—A seat big enough to sit on without falling off.

By the Freshman—A little spunk.

By the Senior—A few recs.

By the Business Manager—A few ads.

By the hash—A little meat.

By the teachers—More first-section girls.

By Dr. Scott—A glee club.

By Miss N.—A few girls who can understand geometry.

By the tardy pupils—One minute more.

Synonyms.

Trouble—M-L-D-R-D—F-N-Y.

Kindergarten—The Freshman.

Smiles—J. C-R-WIN.

Noise—E—HI.

Worry— { M-R-ION H-R-P-R.
R-M-N-A G-R-Y.

Giggles—M-L-D-R-D B-R-M-L-R.

Enthusiasm—G. McG.-W-N.

Manager—D-R-T-H-Y D-N-G-L-D-A.

Curls— { D-R-T-H-Y W-D-B-R.
C-H-L-T-E H-L-G-O.

Devotion to upper class girls—Foolish Freshmen.

Pouts—B-M-CH-E S-K-T.

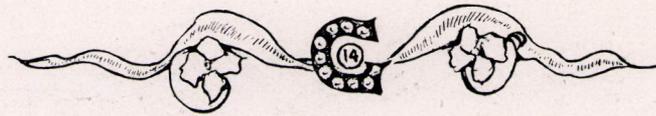
Bangs—L-L-A. W-D.

Dignity (?)—Seniors.

I should worry—D-R-T-H-Y S-C-H-L.

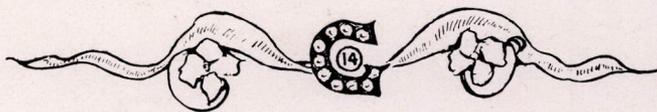
Brains—Sophomores.

Knockers—Juniors.



From the Library of Life.

"The Pilot".....	Dr. Scott
"The Seats of the Mighty".....	The Faculty
"A Thorny Path".....	Our School Career
"A Study in Shadows".....	Our Reports
"At Last".....	Graduation
"Under Fire".....	The Journal
"The Woman with a Purpose".....	Ruth Armer
"The Quiet Heart".....	Carrie Brunner
"The Lovely Lady".....	Vera Bullwinkler
"Elusive Isabel".....	Florence Burns
"Claudia".....	Claudia Cohn
"Our Little Lady".....	Fern Combellach
"My Lady Laughter".....	Jeannette Corwin
"Little Miss Dee".....	Gertrude Dietz
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"Three Partners".....	Nathalie Mullen, Violet Buttner, Valerie Mullen
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"Three Sisters".....	Frances, Anita and Violet Lercara
"Friends: a duet".....	Edith Wertheimer, Mildred Finney



Why Not?

Problem 1.

To show that $1 = 2$.

Suppose that:

$$\begin{aligned}
 & a = b \\
 \text{then} \quad & ab = b^2 \\
 & ab - a^2 = b^2 - a^2 \\
 a(b - a) &= (b - a)(b + a) \\
 & a = b + a \\
 & a = 2a \\
 & 1 = 2
 \end{aligned}$$

Problem 2.

To show that all numbers are equal.

Let a and b be any two numbers, not equal, and let c be such a number that

$$\begin{aligned}
 & c = (a + b) / 2 \\
 \text{then} \quad & 2c = a + b \\
 & 2c(a - b) = a^2 + b^2 \\
 b^2 - 2bc + c^2 &= a^2 - 2ac + c^2 \\
 (b - c)^2 &= (a - c)^2 \\
 b - c &= a - c \\
 b &= a
 \end{aligned}$$

Problem 3.

To show that $+1 = -1$.

Let x be a quantity which satisfies the equation:

$$e^x = -1$$

then square both sides,

$$\begin{aligned}
 & e^{2x} = 1 \\
 \text{therefore} \quad & 2x = 0 \\
 & x = 0 \\
 \text{therefore} \quad & e^{2x} = e^0 \\
 \text{but by hypothesis} \quad & e^{2x} = -1 \quad \text{and} \quad e^0 = 1, \\
 \text{therefore} \quad & -1 = +1
 \end{aligned}$$

Problem 4.

To show that $-2 = 1$.

We know that:

$$\log(1 + x) = x - 1/2 x^2 + 1/3 x^3 - 1/4 x^4 + \dots$$

If $x = 1$, the series is convergent, hence we have,

$$\log 2 = 1 - 1/2 + 1/3 - 1/4 + 1/5 - 1/6 + \dots$$

hence $2 \log 2 = 2 - 1 + 2/3 - 1/2 + 2/5 - 1/3 + 2/7 - 1/4 + \dots$

combining terms having a common denominator we get,

$$2 \log 2 = 1 - 1/2 + 1/3 - 1/4 + 1/5 - 1/6 + \dots$$

$$= \log 2.$$

$$2 = 1$$

Problem 5.

To show that $\log 2 = 0$.

We have:

$$\begin{aligned}
 \log 2 &= 1 - 1/2 + 1/3 - 1/4 + 1/5 - 1/6 + \dots \\
 &= (1 + 1/3 + 1/5 + \dots) - (1/2 + 1/4 + 1/6 + \dots) \\
 &= (1 + 1/3 + 1/5 + \dots) + (1/2 + 1/4 + 1/6 + \dots) \\
 &\quad - 2(1/2 + 1/4 + 1/6 + \dots) \\
 &= (1 + 1/2 + 1/3 + 1/4 + \dots) - (1 + 1/2 + 1/3 + 1/4 + \dots) \\
 &= 0
 \end{aligned}$$

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Bright Scholar—Round.

Teacher—How do you know?

Bright Scholar—All right, then, it's square. I don't want to start anything around here.—Ex.

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Dot—I'm sorry, but the one I lend is out at present, and I've got several girls' names down for it when it comes back.

Overheard in the Hall.—Miss A. (excitedly)—This is a great secret! I wouldn't tell it to a human being, so listen.

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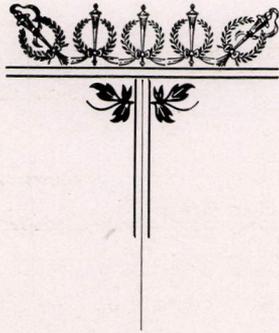
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Miss N.—What is the next step in this problem, Miss B.?
Miss B. (dreamily)—A two-step, I think.

Miss A.—What was Washington's Farewell Address, Miss M.
Miss M. (just waking at the sound of her name)—Dress? Oh! white
taffeta, with three rows of ruffles and a large lace collar with—
Oh, well, it's only a slip of the tongue.

Miss C. (admiring a piece of geranium)—Yes, you know I'm awfully
fond of flowers. Why, when I was born I had two palms in my hands.
(Don't crowd round. Give her air.)

Latest Discovery.—A new law in physics: The deportment of an indi-
vidual varies inversely as the square of the distance from the instructor's
desk.—Ex.

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First Student—How near were you to the answer to the first question?
Second Student—Two seats away.—Ex.

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The contents of the joke box for this issue were as follows: One broken hairpin, three transfers, a recipe for cold cream, a powder rag which had seen hard service, and two pieces of lemon pie from the cafeteria.

Mrs. P. (with exasperation)—Well, I suppose you don't even know who Adam was!

Miss B. S. (dreamily)—Which Adam?

"Does history repeat itself?"

"No, but many repeat history."—Ex.

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Miss C.—How is that?

Mr. M.—I gave them an ex on electricity.

Instructor—How did the Papal Line of Demarkation offset Spain?

Student—Spain couldn't get over it.

Mrs. P.—What can you tell me of Gouveneur Morris?

Brilliant Student—Oh, he writes for the Cosmopolitan.

A Poem on Courtship.

Insp }
Sel }
Aff } action.
Rej }
Dej }

—Ex.

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Call it Wherta,
And some do caretta
Say Hoo-airta.
We can't think Yoorta
Call it Hoorta.
It makes us Jeerta
Hear it Heerta.
All wrong, Alberta;
Name is Wherta.
W'ere all scairta
Call it Wareta.

—Ex.



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Jane—Mary.

Teacher—Now, Lucy, who followed Mary?
Lucy (absent-mindedly)—Her little lamb.

In the Astronomy Class.

Miss R.—Oh! Mr. M. I saw Mars on Devisadero street last night.
Miss L. in back)—Oh! I saw him on Golden Gate.

Freddie—Are you the trained nurse mamma said was coming?
Nurse—Yes, dear; I'm the trained nurse.
Freddie—Let's see you do some of your tricks then.

In the History Class.

Miss H.—Jane, who fought against Richard the First?
Jane E.—The soldiers.

"Say, papa," cried little Tommy at dinner, "gimme some butter."
"What did you say?" papa corrected. "If—if——"
Tommy—If you kin reach it.—Ex.

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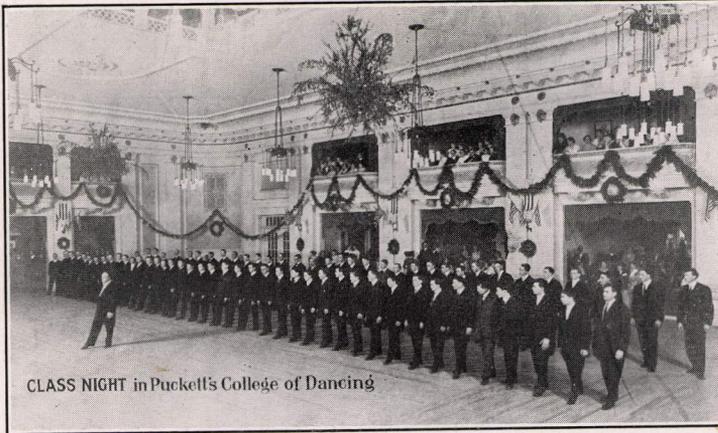
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“Me,” said the spoiled child on the front seat.—Ex.

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Voice (from rear)—Of the unemployed.



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We sincerely thank H. Pierre Smith & Co., Sierra Art & Engraving Co., and The Althof & Bahls Printing Co. for their kindness to us.

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