

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

The Girls' High School Journal

San Francisco, California
June, 1916



Published by
THE SENIOR CLASS
of the
GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL



To
Eleanor Marie Owens

This Journal is affectionately
dedicated by the
June Class of 1916



THAT WELL-KNOWN GRIN



GUESS WHO



LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE!



SWEET AND DEMURE



A NATURALISTIC
POSE



CONTINUAL CHEERFULNESS
IS AN ART



TWO GREAT INTELLECTS



BASHFUL

Faculty Autographs

<i>Al. Scott</i> Principal	<i>Frank M. Golden</i> Head of Department of Drawing
<i>Mary Prag</i> Vice Principal and Head of Department of History	<i>Genevieve W. Sullivan</i> Sewing
<i>S. Edith King</i> Biology, Physiology	<i>Ella Castethum</i> German
<i>Mary J. McGlade</i> Music	<i>Mabel Wood</i> Sewing
<i>Fidelia Jewett</i> History of Art	<i>Will E. Ford</i> Biology and Physiology
<i>Edward J. Dupont</i> Head of Department of French	<i>May J. Fitz-Gerald</i> History
<i>Saura Daisee</i> Head of Dept. of Mathematics and Instructor of Chemistry	<i>Martin A. Centner</i> Head of Department of Latin
<i>Laura H. Tharp</i> Oral Expression, Physical Culture	<i>Adeline B. Croylund</i> Head of Department of English
<i>Kathalie E. Roth</i> English	<i>Evelyn D. Ames</i> English
<i>Herbert Nelson Massey</i> Physics, Astronomy, Geology	<i>Sophia A. Robe</i> History
<i>Marion A. Jones</i> Drawing, Designing	<i>Helen Flynn</i> English
<i>Marie J. McKinley</i> English and Mathematics	<i>Clara M. Stark</i> Latin
<i>Blanche Levielle</i> French	<i>Emma L. Noonan</i> Mathematics



YEARS AND YEARS AGO



OH! THOSE HOT DOGS!!



WILDCAT CANYON!
BUT WHAT'S IN A NAME?



LOOKING FOR THE WILDCATS



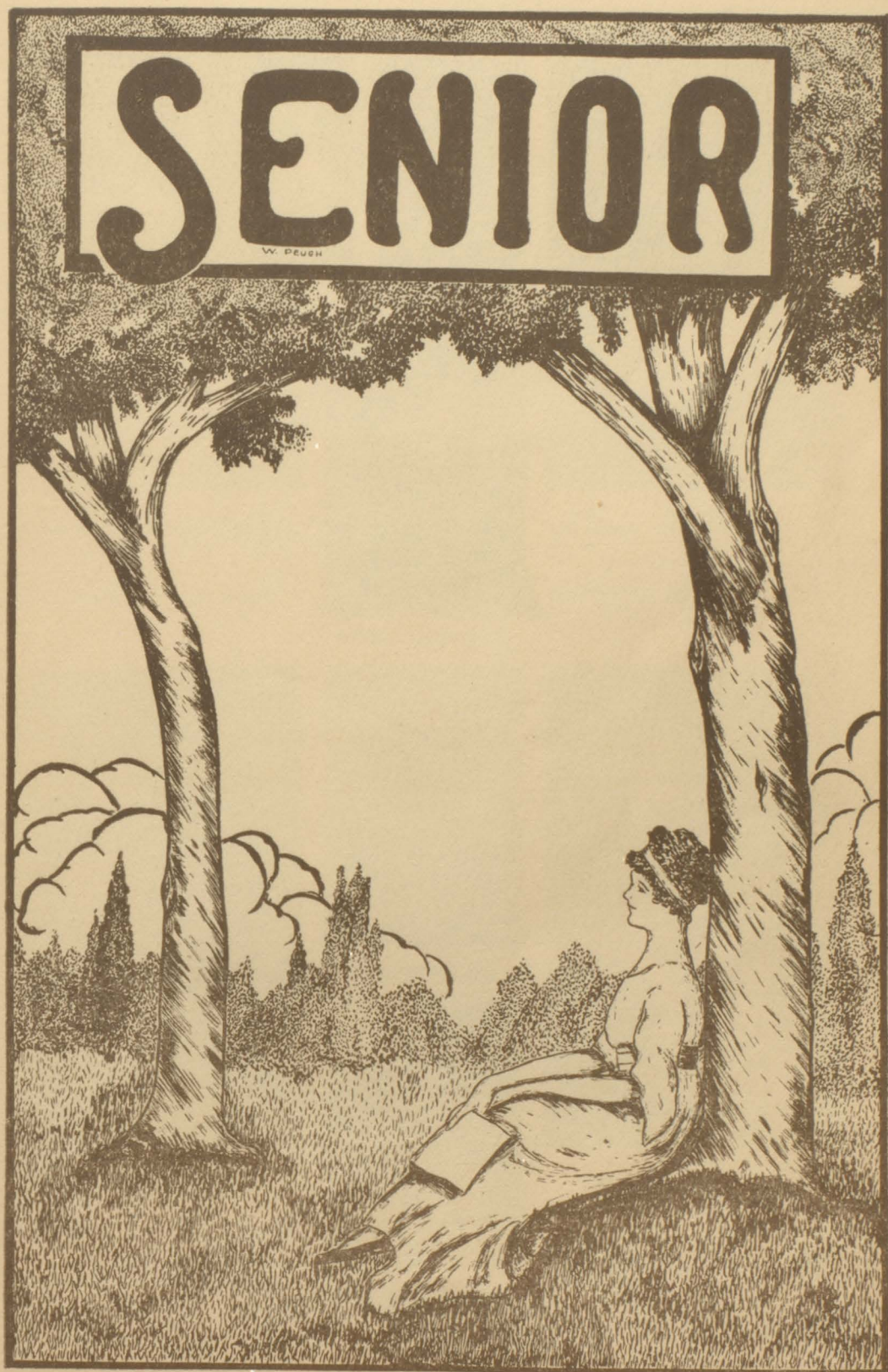
OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY
SENIORS WENT ON A PICNIC ONE DAY.



RELEASED FOR A FEW MINUTES

SENIOR

W. PEUGH





E PEABODY,
President



B DORN,
Vice-President



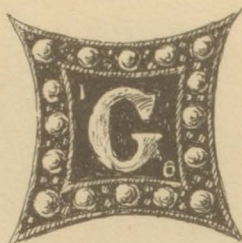
M LINDSAY,
Secretary



A LILLIS,
Treasurer



C SCHAEFER,
Sergeant-at-Arms



Class Organization

EUGENIA PEABODY	President
BEATRICE DORN	Vice President
MARGARETTA LINDSAY	Secretary
AGNES LILLIS	Treasurer
CLARA SCHAEFER	Sergeant-at-Arms

CLASS MOTTO.

Ne quid Nemine

"Of nothing too much."

CLASS YELL.

Ve Vo Vi Vo

Ve Vo Vi Vo Veen.

Hoopla, Hoopla,

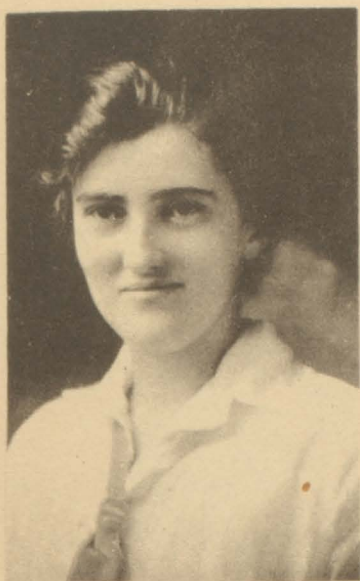
June Sixteen.

CLASS FLOWER.

Lily of the Valley.

CLASS COLORS.

Green and White.



Helen Ingram Bailey

No simplest duty is forgot.



HELEN BAILEY



AGNES BERNTHAL



Agnes Bernthal

Mistress of herself tho China falls.



Ray Mary Bromley

'Tis well to be merry and wise,
'Tis well to be honest and true.



RAY BROMLEY



MARJORIE BROOKS



Mayone Brooks

Yours is the charm of calm good sense.



Ethel Mae Brown.

A happy soul that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.



ETHEL BROWN



AMY CARLEN



Amy Carlen

And how thy fervent heart had
thrown
O'er all, a coloring of its own.



Adelaide J. Corbin.

A happy girl,
Eyes glad with smiles.



ADELAIDE CORBIN



RUTH DANIELL



Ruth Daniell.

There's quiet in that maiden's
glance,
There's rest in her fair counte-
nance.



Beatrice Dorn.

If she can, she'll find a way,
Working at it night and day.



BEATRICE DORN



ELEANOR DOUGLAS



Eleanor Douglas

Smiling the brighter, the darker
the day.



Lorene L. Fahien

A laughing face,
Fresh hued and fair.



LORENE FAHIEN



MAY FREITAS



May M. Freitas

Maiden with the meek, brown
eyes,



Agnes Gilchrist

Her presence is like sunshine,
Sent to gladden home and hearth.



AGNES GILCHRIST



ROSELLA GOGEL



Rosella Gogel.

Happy yourself, you feel another's woe.



Norma P. Guinasso.

So joyously, so maidenly,
So womanly, her demeaning.



NORMA GUINASSO



FLORENCE HALE



Florence S. Hale

The glory of a firm, capacious
mind.



Martha Hale

And sympathies which found no
rest
Save with the loveliest and the
best.



MARTHA HALE



MARY HARROUN



Mary J. Haroun

From tip to toe as sweet a maid
As careful neatness e'er arrayed.



Anna Hertzmann

A gentle girl and yet deep
hearted.



ANNA JAEHNE



ANNA HERTZMAN



Anna L. Jaehe.

Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought
a fact.



Florence Johnson

Thou whose locks outshine the
sun,
Golden tresses.



FLORENCE JOHNSON



HELEN KEARNS



Helen Kearns

Thy purpose firm is equal to the
deed.



Helen Kelly

Zealous, yet modest.



HELEN KELLY



ADELE LE MOINE



Adele L. Le Moine

A maiden gentle, yet at duty's
call
Firm and unflinching.



Ruth E. Lichty

Reserve in utterance and resolve
in act.



RUTH LICHTY



AGNES LILLIS



Agnes E. Lillis

I must admire her agile feet,
Her ready, willing hands.



Margaretta L. Lindsay

The secret charm eluding art,
Its spirit, not its letter.



MARGARETTA LINDSAY



GLADYS LITTLE



Gladys G. Little

Blue were her eyes as the fairy
flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day.



Irene Markowitz

Folly's self seemed wise in thee.



IRENE MARKOWITZ



ELIZABETH McKAY



Elizabeth J. McKay

Homekeeping hearts are happiest.



Adeline McTernan

She has a way to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to ease all care.



ADELINE McTERNAN



EHRMAN MORTON



Ehrman Morton

Stately and tall she moves.



Ruth M. Nicolson.

There is a majesty in simplicity
which is far above the
quantities of wit.



RUTH NICOLSON



LUCILLE NUCHOLLS



Lucille Nucholls

She had a hearty hatred of op-
pression.



Mary G. Oliver.

Of manners gentle, of affections
mild.



MARY OLIVER



EUGENIA PEABODY



Eugenia F. Peabody.

The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance.



Dorothy Poor.

That gift
Of a mind, earnest, clear, pro-
found.



DOROTHY POOR



PEARLY SAUL



Pearly Saul

An inborn grace that nothing
lacked
Of culture of appliance.



Clara M. Schaefer.

Her air, her smile, her motions
told
Of womanly completeness.



CLARA M. SCHAEFER



EDYTHE SELLING



Edythe Selling

A bright career's before her,
All tongues pronounce her praise.



Maude Van Buren

The mildest manners with the
bravest mind.



MAUDE VAN BUREN



PAULINE WEILHEIMER



Pauline Weilheimer

A music as of household songs
Was in her voice of sweetness.



Lorien A. Welch

Feet quick to run,
Eyes full of fun.



LORIEN WELCH



MABEL WITT



Mabel A. Witt

Fair haired, azure eyed, with
delicate Saxon complexion.



Doris D. Wirtner

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.



DORIS WIRTNER



MARGARET WOOD

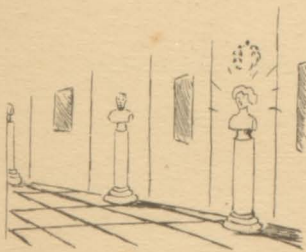


Margaret A. Wood

She's the completest
Of girls and the neatest,
The brightest and the sweetest.



MEET US FACE TO FACE PIGTAIL DAY



Class Prophecy



O'er our country Norma lectures well in French
On a bench,
Awestruck, sit and learn their lessons there,
Mère and Père.

Dresses, costumes, well designed, most stylish are
Above par,
When designed by Lorene Fahien, modiste now
Who knows how.



Soldiers die no more upon the battle-fields
By their shields.
Nursing them with care is Helen Bailey, kind,
As they find.

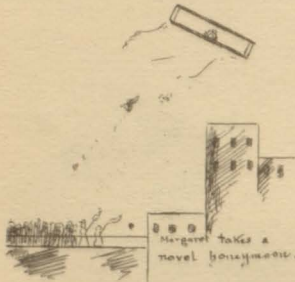
In society are busy with fine calls,
Teas and balls.
Chums of school-days, Doris Wirtner, Gladys, too,
Whom all woo.





Rising, rising, upward, to the highest place
At fast pace,
Agnes Lillis soon as President will rank
In a bank.

In the Senate now there are no party splits,
Markowitz
Represents our Golden State as best she can,
Like a man.



Wedding bells ring out for her whom all do love,
All approve
Margaret Wood, a lovely bride will soon become,
So blithesome.

Where the paintings of our countrymen are hung,
In among,
Is a hair-raising impression signed "The Gale,"
Florence Hale.

"Ex officio" exempt

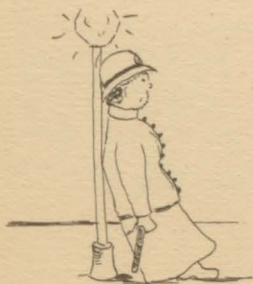


Mighty athletes strong are Mable and Lorien,
Tall and lean.
They have medals, prizes won, and records smashed,
So 'tis flashed.



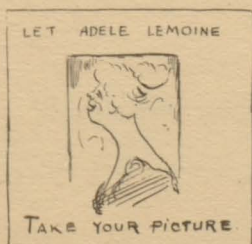
Dainty Florence Johnson flits upon the stage,
All the rage,
As she dances for sweet charity's fair sake,
Funds to make.

Hah! a great inventor in the farming line,
Bush and vine.
Leave for Agnes Gilchrist, Nature's path so straight,
She is great!



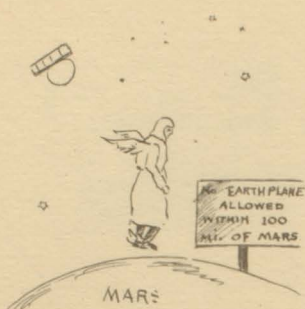
Citizens now peaceful sleep without a fear.
Ever near
Guarding us Copette McKay goes on her beat,
Trim and neat.

Mexico is quiet 'neath her gentle hand.
Every band
Bows to Mary Harroun, pacifying all,
Tho so small.



AN AD IN SOME HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

Pictures now Adele does take so flattering,
So charming.
She can even satisfy the graduates,
So she prates.



Mysteries of Mars have been explored of late,
So they state.
Anna Hertzman in her tetraplane there went
On that bent.

All take care, for near our sun's bright path there looms,
Earth foredooms,
A dark body seen by Adelene's strong lens,
Earth threatens.

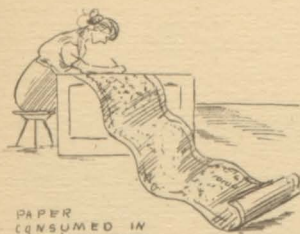


In one Spring time when the orange blossoms fair
Filled the air,
Adelaide and Margaretta were sweet brides,
Fair besides.

Unto Helen and to Clara children run,
Full of fun,
For to teach not any civics is a rule
In their school.



Pills and powders packed in dainty boxes small
Now cure all
Ailments that Lucille can find to use them for
Evermore.



PAPER
CONSUMED IN
FINDING THE
FOURTH DIMENSION.

Anna Jaehne has got all the world well shown
That 'tis known
Thru her labors what the fourth dimension is
By thesis.

Equity and law are now interpreted,
So 'tis said,
By Bee Dorn, who learned her civics lessons well,
All do tell.



Artists all do quake and tremble fore her gaze,
Seeking praise
From this girl whose judgment is the best, say all,
Pearly Saul.

O'er the violin her skillful fingers move,
For they love
To be guided by the music in her mind,
Pauline's mind.



Cannibals so fierce and all of darkest hue
Always do
That which Mary Oliver has preached to them,
Urged to them.



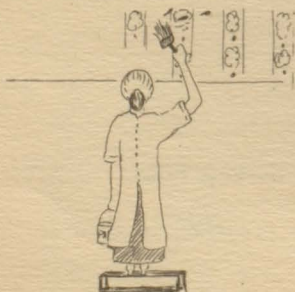
Now again Pacific bears all steamships large,
Every barge
Owned by Maude and Ehrman, who our flag unfurled
O'er the world.

Round and round she turns the crank of her machine,
As the queen
Of the moving picture world does pose for May
Day by day.



Business houses offer all states
Highest rates
To Ruth Lichty, who writes ads so cleverly,
As you see.

O'er the world Eugenia led a walking tour.
We are sure
That no one will e'er forget that crowd of damsels fair
Anywhere.



Black and Orange now the walls of homes adorn,
All else shorn.
Eleanor tells all what colors are the style
With a smile.



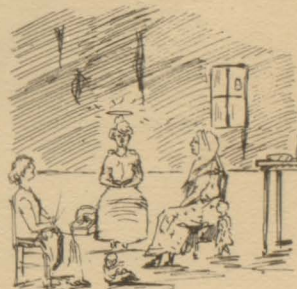
Poems of the newest order famous are,
Near and far.
Marjorie, their author, is a great success,
All confess.

Ray instructs the little tots and sings sweet songs
With the Gongs.
Kindergartners o'er the country learn from her,
We infer.



Many laws has Agnes Bernthal now disproved,
Nations moved.
By the laws of physics she has stated well,
So they tell.

In the darkest, saddest slums joy has been brot,
Kindly taught,
By our willing social worker, Ethel Brown,
Of our town.



Gathering statistics Amy Carlen goes,
I suppose,
For the U. S. Government in every part,
In each mart.



From the back yard of our city gath'ring pans
And tin cans,
"Martha's Followers" are making S. F. fair
Everywhere.

All the oceans of the world have seen her swim,
Lightly skim,
As Rosella Gogel won a champion's name
And its fame.



Snip-Snap-Snip! her needle with zeal she doth ply,
Fingers fly
As Ruth Daniels fashion's dainty gowns doth shape,
Cloak and cape.

Theda Bara, Mary Pickford, reign no more
On our shore.
Reels of films Ruth Nicolson doth fill,
Drives out ill.

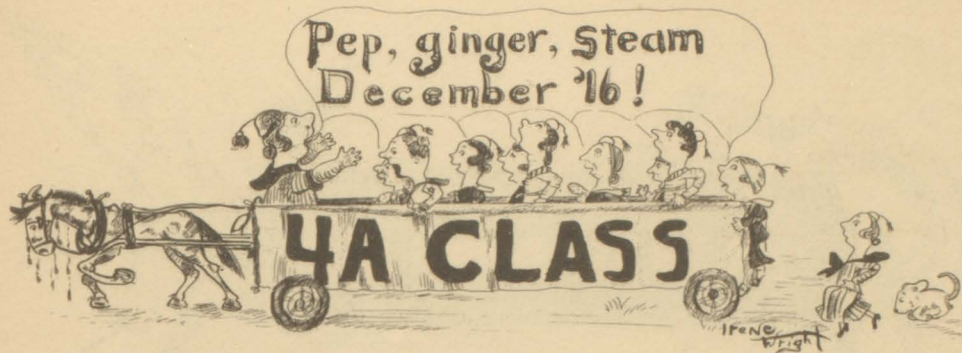


THIS IS THE CLIMAX.

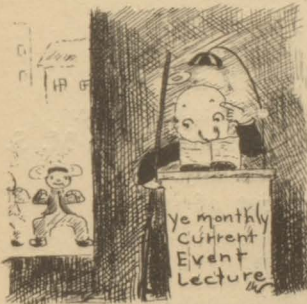


Helen Kelly's 'stablishment is sought by all,
Large and small.
Hair is dressed so stylishly at her abode
A la mode.

DOROTHY POOR
EDYTHE SELLING
FLORENCE HALL, *Cartoonist.*



The Swimming Club
Rah, Rah, Rah!



JOKES.

(Notice the labeling.)

Miriam (in whisper): "Mr. C——, someone's using a crib in your class."

Mr. C——: "Sh—sh—how do you know?"

Miriam: "I looked for it in the library and it was gone."

* * *

WANT AD SECTION.

Wanted—A megaphone for history.
—Marion Ayer.

Wanted—A penny.—Vivian Weissman.

Wanted—A job on the Orpheum circuit.—Thelma Walther.

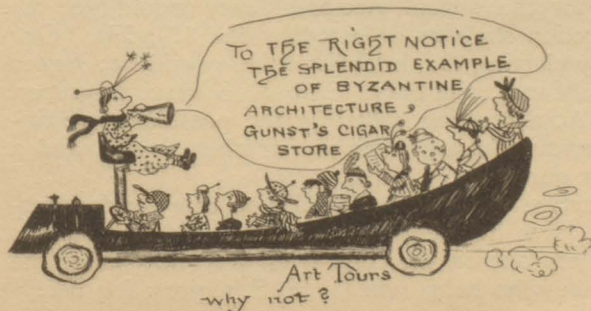
Wanted—An alarm clock for early rising.—Annette Wolf.

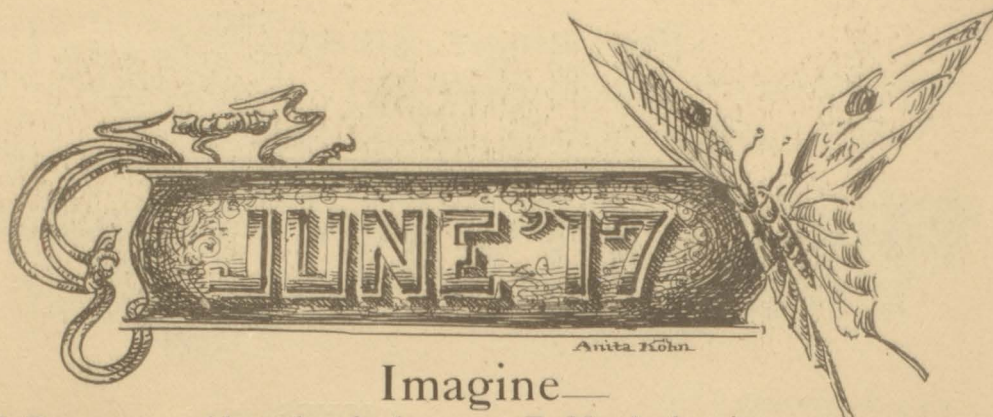
Wanted — Inspiration. — Genevieve Cordray.

Wanted—A rest.—I. Wright and C. Epp.

* * *

A little piece of rubber,
A little daub of paint,
Makes a bad report card
Look as if it "ain't."
(Valuable advice in a time of need.)





Imagine—

M. Barnes	without her books.	E. Mosebach	in a race.
E. Bull	untidy.	B. Mendlar	tall and thin.
M. Buckley	without a smile.	H. Nelson	with black hair.
L. Bryanoff	stout.	A. Newman	not talking.
R. Coutard	quiet in class.	H. Okada	failing in Chem.
J. Charnack	without a coat.	V. O'Keefe	with 1 in Geom.
A. Calistine	minus a mirror.	E. Otome	on time.
G. Dowling	frivolous.	E. Petersen	sensible.
M. Dick	without "pep."	E. Powers	not studying.
E. Evans	without freckles.	S. Price	with a long skirt.
C. Euler	bold.	R. Pinkerton	in a shirtwaist.
S. Floethe	minus her "puff."	J. Rochex	noisy.
G. Gurry	in bright colors.	A. Steele	with 1 in Latin.
J. Goodall	at a lecture.	M. Stealey	smiling.
M. Greenwood	not raving.	J. Simmons	without Elinor Wood.
S. Grethen	present for one week.	I. Schaertzer	at class meeting.
C. Hirschler	not talking.	M. Smith	not giggling.
D. Harrison	angry.	M. Tskamoto	noisy.
R. Hockwald	worrying.	M. Thomas	keeping still.
U. Herty	enjoying Geom.	M. Tubb	without curls.
M. Heggum	with curls.	G. Vanderwort	with a 4.
R. Himmelstern	uninjured.	M. Walsh	with a red nose.
A. Kohn	lipping.	H. Ward	separated from M. S.
H. McArthur	Pres. Art Club.	M. Wall	not shy.
H. Menehan	out of order.	E. Wood	out of style.
L. Mains	with rosy cheeks.		

3A Class Organization

By courtesy of the JOURNAL, we can give a brief review of the activities of the class during the past term.

We hoped that our nominee for the second vice-presidency would get the office, but in the Student Body election she was defeated by the 3B girls. Our class then began its organization by electing Edith Christensen, president; Agnes O'Neill, vice-president; Margaret Stewart, secretary; Elsie McGovern, treasurer, and Loretta Bellani, yell leader. At a meeting called by the president, we finished organizing by choosing American Beauty roses as our class flower, and a gray and American Beauty red for our color.

The 3A class has been most active in basketball, and won this year's inter-class cup as a trophy. Our girls have helped greatly in winning the school's victories for her, because nearly every one on the class team is a member of the big school seven, and so you can see who helps win G. H. S.'s glory for her.

2A Class Organization

President ALTA NOLAN
Vice-President . CATHERINE HERMAN
Secretary . . . KANTA CHANDRA
Business Manager . VERA SCHMITT

2B Class Organization

President META GERKEN
Vice-President . MERVE FERGUSON
Secretary . . DOROTHY FRANKENAU
Business Mgr. . EUGENIA DECATUR

June December

1919

Freshman



CLAIRE JONES '19



A Freshman sweet, a dainty bud,
Just blossoming to womanhood,
Grows fairer with the passing years.
Through Sophomore hopes,
Through Junior fears;
At last the gracious Senior glows,
A perfect, dainty, charming rose.



AZALENE EATON '19





CHARLOTTE EULER

Dante's Return

Tied for first prize.

"Gentle Virgil, we have traveled far to reach again this little earth. But if what thou sayest is true, that thou canst show me greater torments, greater depths of human agony, than those we witnessed when we took that pleasant little journey through the Inferno, many hundred years ago, I shall feel the time well spent." We now were passing through a scene of wondrous beauty. Between high Corinthian columns I caught glimpses of a fair lagoon upon whose breast floated swans and gulls. Flowers bloomed luxuriantly, and the air was heavy with the scent of yellow broom. I turned me toward my friend. "Thou sayest that this structure, this thing of beauty, is a house of torture? That we shall within find monsters more distorted than we saw in circle 9?" Virgil nodded.

"What hideous crime committed they?"

"They sinned against the sacred name of Art."

We now made pause before an open door. No grewsome thing with gaping, dripping jaws rose up to bar our entrance. Silent, and without company, we went, the one in front, the other after. Within, upon a massive stand, reposed an open book. Beside it stood a wily one in female form. One ghastly smile she gave, then whispered "Sign."

"Pass on," commanded Virgil. "Dante, friend, if thou hadst signed it would have been to keep for aye these monsters thou shalt see. Yea, mayhap, in time wouldst come some of more hideous mien." With this he took my hand and led me thus into the first Square.

Here I stood transfixed. Never on walls or galleries of our ancient Florence or Rome, of cities in that long ago, had I beheld such colors, such vast shafts of sunlight, such great daubs of unmired paints splashed on with lavish hands.

"'Tis said," spoke Virgil, "that in right manner they adored not art, and among such as these am I myself. Their punishment is light because, though they denied the need of knowing aught of structure or of form, and preached that thou shouldst not know what things are, but how they look, thou still canst recognize familiar forms. But hasten," said my gentle guide, "into the second Square." Taking my hand he led me into the chilly place and passed before an apparition that bore scant semblance to the human form. A woman, at sight of whose distorted face and limbs my poor weak knees did tremble. Great black and purple lines did sear her flesh, which was of such a ghastly shade I felt my own face whiten. "What has this poor soul done to be thus distorted?"

"She and all thou seest about thee revolted against discipline and maintained that it did not matter how things looked, the only point of importance being how you feel about them." While I listened to my guide this poor picture spoke. "O thou, pray do not listen to his gibberish. Wouldst know the truth? Why for all time I still must stand uncovered out of size and shape, before the mocking mobs? Then listen. I am that woman who on

earth whenever begged to go just here or there eternally replied, 'But no, for I have naught to wear.' If thou art married, friend, the phrase may sound familiar."

Shuddering, I turned at the sound of a new voice and saw a mother seated as it did appear atop the world, where she might cast her eye out over vast distances. But downcast was her head. Leaning against her back and knees were children three. Another child had fallen on the ground in such a manner I cannot describe. Such misery these poor creatures did depict my eyes were filled with tears. "Truly," thus spoke the mother, "our friend is right. For all time must I suffer and my poor children, with me doomed to stay out in this great loneliness, with all the vastness of this space about us, perchance, because when I was upon the earth I did insist to dwell in an apartment house. See my poor babe. So little used is he to any space that fall he did, and never having room to do this thing before, he knows not how to raise himself."

"We must away," said Virgil.

"Wait," I cried. "These men and women! Their heads resemble peaks! Their faces so misshapen!" Reader, when I beheld those frowns and eyes so crossed and faces so writhing out of shape, truly I wept. Then spoke a voice out of the picture of the Artist's Family. "Well may'st thou weep. But gaze upon us. Didst ever even on your journey through the outer world see greater marks of suffering? We are one family who while on earth mortgaged our home that we might ride as did our neighbors in that conveyance called an automobile, and our poor faces show the strain. How we did labor, save, deny our bodies, just to buy the gasoline. And still we labor and still it soars."

"Come," said my guide. "We enter now the bottomless pit, the last and blackest Square, where dwell the traitors." As we approached there, sighs, complaints, and lamentations loud resounded through the air without a star, languages diverse, horrible dialects, accents of anger, words of agony, and voices high and hoarse, with sounds of hands.

"Let us return," I cried to my good guide. "What means those sounds?"

"The words of agony are those of docents entreating the people to understand the meaning of 'dynamic sensation,' 'the painting of states of mind,' 'force lines,' 'symbolism,' 'soul expression.' The lamentations are by those who never will know and never will understand." With this we entered the third Square. "Behold," said Virgil, "the place where thou with fortitude must calm thyself." How frozen I became and powerless then—ask it not, reader, for I write it not, because all languages would be insufficient. Think for thyself, now, if thou hast aught of wit, what I became being of both deprived. On all four sides hung hideous swirling masses of conglomerations. Colors, confusion, but naught of human face or form except perchance an eye or portion of a head. I mutely looked at Virgil.

"These are the paintings of emotions of the states of mind."

"Virgil! Thou truly spoke. For if the thing I see before me is a state of mind, the creature must indeed have passed through all the circles nine of Hades, and endured still others that he dreamed not of before he reached this pass." The sight before me was a mass of daub, and lines and curves, while glaring in the midst were five great eyes.

"Most horrible!" I cried. "Do let us flee this place."

Then spoke an eye in anger loud:

"Oh, thou art Dante; now I recognize. Thou didn't write a tale long years ago of punishment for different crimes. But why wert thou silent? Not one word did'st thou say about the torments meted after death to critics. I a critic was of the 'new art,' and for fear I should pass by one who had genius and thus a careless blunder make, I kept peering, peering at these jumbled things, trying to read the emotions in their lines and see if I could find a reason for their being. So must I suffer, now placed in this puzzle torture house for aye with only these to gaze upon. And with my extra eyes I see far into a future filled with greater nightmare than these thou dost behold." Quickly I turned away from the malignant glare of those weird eyes, only to see a writhing mass of something I cannot describe. "Dynamic Energy of a Football Player," did breathe my gentle guide.

"Thou art deceived," screamed out from somewhere. What portion of that jumble spoke I know not, but speak it did.

"I am one of those who while on earth did'st own a little car. Its cylinders were two and 'twas my mad intent to pass and leave behind those cars of massive build whose cylinders were twelve. For that great waste of energy, the greatest known on earth, I here must whirl and twist out of all human form. abused, maligned, made sport of as I was on earth."

I turned to flee.

"Stay, just one more! Come, gaze upon the 'Decomposition of Mannetti.' He was the great exponent of this insanity. He it was who did forever turn his back on Art and all her ways. He led these maniacs along new paths. Nothing of beauty must they see or feel or think. Only energy, force, and movement must they depict."

He led me to this soul, and there I gazed upon this monster, whose face was here and there in parts across the canvas spread. I laughed with glee. "His punishment is just," I cried, and when I saw his mustache, which well I knew had been his joy and pride, directly cut in two, I clapped my hands. Half of it was where it rightfully belonged, the other half was flying into space. I waited long to hear the voice from out the picture, but none came. Said Virgil, "His greatest torture, he can never speak again. Never more can utter word against our great old painters and the goddess Beauty. Silent he stands among the monsters he did help create, unable e'en to speak a word in their defense."

Silently we left that dismal place and once more reached the earth, an earth of singing birds and blooming flowers.

PEARLY SAUL.



The Opal

Tied for first prize.

It glows and burns, this almost living thing,
With strange green fires that leap and sing again;
While at its heart a vagrant ruby gleams,
Unsteady, wavering, lingers yet, and then
As suddenly has vanished, leaving dull
The fires it lit with pulsing, living flame.
And then, as suddenly, a depth unknown
Reveals itself; and sea flowers without name,
Pale, waving things, that without will are moved
By the wash of currents, as the shifting sands
Are tossed upon the seashore by the waves;
And troops of water creatures play in bands
Among the rocks and caverns of the deep.
Again, the colors merge and thicken dark
As when the storm clouds o'er the sky are spread;
But still a vivid blue, swift-moving arc
Darts like a lightning flash before the storm
That rends the heavens in somber colors dressed;
Until, by gradual change, the fire returns,
And slowly burns; the opal is at rest.

December, '16.

C. A. D.

Wake! For the clock which scattered into flight
The wondrous dreams that cheered us thru the night
Drives joy along with them, whene'er it strikes,
And then we dress for school with all our might.

The Little Freshmen

Ten little Freshmen, giggling in a line,
One put her hair up—then there were nine.
Nine little Freshmen, always getting late,
One failed in spelling—then there were eight.
Eight little Freshmen, far removed from Heaven,
One was conscientious—then there were seven.
Seven little Freshmen got into a fix,
One was sent home—then there were six.
Six little Freshmen very much alive,
One started studying—then there were five.
Five little Freshmen, one of whom was sore,
The rest didn't care—and then there were four.
Four little Freshmen, all giggling with glee,
One was caught—then there were three.
Three little Freshmen, one feeling blue,
The others didn't like it—and then there were two.
Two little Freshmen, having lots of fun,
One got four in Comp—and then there was one.
One little Freshman had a little gun,
Teacher got angry—and then there was none.

L. T. JACOBS, June, '18.

To A Humming Bird

"Gay, red-throated epicure,"
Gath'ring honey, oh! so pure;
Darting here and darting there,
Flashing brightly everywhere.
Hanging on suspended wing,
Tasting daint'ly ev'rything;
Passing this and sipping that,
Visiting each garden plat;
Humming, humming all the while,
Making flowers sweetly smile.
Happy little feathered thing,
Will you take my offering?
May your heart be ever gay,
May your life be bright always.

M. VOEL HARRIS, June, '19.

What The Stars Suggested

The observer meditatively looked up into the starry sky. "Shall I, shall I not?" How persistently his eyes found the Hyades. Did their V give him an answer? Undeniably V stood for victim, for vented vengeance, for virulent vim. What else was needed to rid himself of his only rival for the favor of his beloved cousin Sue? Where victim was concerned, he didn't want Worth to be a real victim, you know, not a victim of death. Worth was a good fellow, and all that, but he must be removed as a rival. Vented vengeance, too, had a rather top fierce sound about it, melodramatic in type. But, as he thought about it, he came to the conclusion that vengeance could be shrouded in mildness; not too strong, just strong enough. Of vim there was plenty. He felt the strength surging into him as he thought about it. Since the sky had furnished him with his first ideas, he would map out his plan by the stars.

His eyes traveled down over the Milky Way. There loomed before him subtly suggestive Castor and Pollux, twins. Twins! Hah! He had it. And pausing only for a moment to formulate in his mind this hazy idea, the observer of the heavens bounded joyfully on his way, eager to carry out his plan.

Worth, the unsuspecting victim of a vented vengeance, including virulent vim, was strolling the next day along a main street of the town, remarkably happy when we consider the circumstances pending. But then he was to meet within the next much grudging ten minutes Sue, the adorable, for a delightful walk. He spent the time in thinking of her, of each detail of the costume she would probably wear. Turning around with an abstracted air, he found that he was unconsciously stationed in front of a jeweler's window. He winked surreptitiously at a magnificent solitaire, which knowingly flirtatiously twinkled back at him. Of course the ring knew whose finger he was thinking it on. Worth looked at his watch. The ten minutes were nearly up, and Sue was seldom late. How fortunate that some of his acquaintances were coming down the street to see her meet him! Ah, she comes! He espied her at a little distance, the flowers he had sent her lighting up the suit he liked her best in. Heavily veiled she was, most likely to avoid the cutting wind as they walked. As she approached he triumphantly saw the aforementioned acquaintances noticing her. But what was this! A haughty stride past him, head high, eyes straight ahead! He called after her; she did not heed. His friends were laughing at his discomfiture; his mind and heart were sore pressed.

But how came it that, after he had dejectedly, puzzlingly slunk off, the stately Sue appeared at the meeting place, restlessly waited a pace, and then went off alone? How came it that our starry observer met her within a block or two and was graciously received by her who would not speak of Worth? And how came it that Worth, for reasons unknown to Sue, went far away to hunt, never mentioning Sue's name again? Because, dear people, he was a victim—of vengeance—vented with virulent vim.

EDYTHE S. SELLING, June, '16.

A Trip in the Tropics

Chance found us in the tropics, hundreds of miles from our home on the middle plateau. Between us and our destination lay the Continental Divide, the Jungle, and many swollen rivers, making traveling in a carriage impossible. And so it was with a feeling of apprehension that we mounted our mules, trusty servants of many months, and started out on a long and rather perilous journey through the territory of Tepic, in Mexico.

The first part of our ride lay through luxurious tropical vegetation. There were great trees covered with moss and long hanging ropes of foliage, looped from branch to branch and forming a perfect network, from which parrots shrieked and chattered at us. Many high palms spread their shade over the ferns and moss which carpeted the ground. Orchids of all colors of the rainbow hung from the limbs of the trees, and vanilla beans perfumed the air with their fragrance. Brilliantly colored flowers peeped from between the ferns, and gorgeous birds and butterflies flew hither and thither, adding the touch of color which was necessary to brighten the scene.

On reaching the summit of the first range of mountains we turned and looked back. Nothing could be more beautiful than the panorama before us! The forest in the foreground stretched as far as the eye could see to the right and left, and beyond and directly in front of us was the Pacific Ocean. It sparkled in the sunlight as if it were set with millions of diamonds, and seemed to rival the sun itself in brilliancy. But out there in mid-ocean lay the four islands, Las Tres Marias, Maria Madre, Maria Magdalena, and Maria de Cleophas, dimly outlined, and the only things to break the monotony of the vast expanse of water.

As we climbed higher we left the tropical vegetation behind and found ourselves in a more temperate climate, where the mountains were covered with oaks instead of palms, and where grass had taken the place of the ferns. So it was that we journeyed on, coming to rivers where the bridges had been washed out and following the banks until we came to a place where they could be forded, going up hill and down dale, until it seemed that the ground moved under us and that we were perfectly stationary. No matter how far we traveled or how fast we went, we did not seem to be making any progress. But finally, at about midnight, we reached a little town called Jasmines, which stood on the topmost ridge of the Continental Divide! The moon was full and the stars were shining brightly so that we could clearly distinguish our surroundings. We stood there upon the plateau for some time and looked down upon the steep and narrow path we had so recently followed, and wondered how it had been possible to make the ascent. The grandeur of the surroundings awed us. As far as the eye could see there was nothing that we could look up to save the stars in the heavens above. How small and insignificant it made us feel!

Being chilled to the marrow by the cold at this high altitude, we dismounted to warm ourselves and drink a cup of hot coffee. As we were clustered around the campfire we heard the ringing of horses' hoofs on the rocky road, the rumbling of the coach, and the shouting of the drivers, and before we had

time to realize what it was, the old stage coach lumbered past, and at the sight of us every one in the coach who was not asleep called out a greeting.

Soon the wind whispered to the pines that we had been there long enough, and, taking the hint, we started down the other side of the mountain. The road was so narrow here that in places our mules had to go single file, and you could look down thousands of feet on each side and see streams which ran along smoothly for a short distance, only to fall a hundred feet or so and form a pretty cataract. As it grew lighter we could see the road winding, twisting and turning below us until it disappeared in the green valley far in the distance, and it was with regret that we saw that our journey had nearly come to an end, and that we were within sight of San Marcos, the railroad terminal.

MARY HARROUN, June, '16.



Simple Simon

(Annotated.)

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair.

Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Said the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."

Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed, I have not any."

The customs and thoughts of a people are always to be found in their noblest form, set forth in the simple verses and ballads which are handed down from one generation to another. Particularly is this so with the well-known songs and especially with the short poems of the English language, which are so forceful and direct in expression of the aspirations and ideals of the English-speaking race. The short selection which we have quoted above is an excellent example of the way in which an inexhaustible subject can be put in a terse, yet extremely interesting form, and it is to be regretted that the author is unknown. Who knows but that if the origin of these verses were traced a great and inestimable treasure from the pen of the same writer might not be unearthed?

The poem, taken as a whole, is replete with that dignified simplicity which only the daring of an original mind can achieve. "A commonplace subject," you may say. Yes, it is a commonplace subject, a fact which makes the lines sing themselves in the reader's memory, so skilfully have they been woven into a unified whole. The peculiar alliteration in the words "Simple Simon," which are in alternate lines, and moreover the rhyming of them with the word "pieman," give a fine swing and freedom to the verses which contemporary poets often attempt, but seldom achieve with the signal success attributed to the author under discussion. There seems to be a difference of opinion among critics as to whether the phrase "going to the fair" refers to Simple Simon or the pieman. The reference certainly is not clear, and raises a serious question. Was Simon going to the fair, and was the pieman following the same road in an opposite direction, or was the pieman approaching the fair and Simon leaving it? Or it might have been that they both wended their way toward the busy mart. We firmly believe that the words refer to Simon, but there is room for debate on the matter. We will not go deeply into each construction, but the reader can himself observe that unsuspected beauties are found in each line. Indeed, the subject presents a field for inexhaustible research.

As for the theme, it is a delightfully refreshing one to ponder upon in this age of bustling efficiency. First, we have an inexperienced youth, evidently of a trustful and confiding nature, as his interesting appellation denotes, who travels in a leisurely manner to a neighboring fair. It seems that he has obtained a holiday in order to enjoy the delights which he already anticipates, but we tremble at the thought of the dangers such an honest and unspoiled soul may encounter, dangers typified by so-called confidence games, which induce so many young men to part sadly with all their hard-won earnings. Our hero, however, seems certainly to be safe from such temptation, as his

own words later prove. For as he strolls serenely along the country lane he suddenly comes face to face with what was then termed a "pieman." Unfortunately such a person is lost to our present day civilization. At the sight of those delectable tarts, fresh from the oven, which loaded the man's tray, all Simple Simon's wordless longing is centered in his desire to taste a tart. Now Simon knows that he has not the wherewithal with which to obtain satisfaction for the sudden craving he feels, but with true nobility of character he blindly puts his trust in the kindliness which all true piemen should feel toward their customers. Simon does not dream that he may be refused, and the sudden demand for a penny is a rude shock to the sensibilities of so trusting a youth. However, he does not hesitate, but, with his usual honesty and fearlessness, boldly replies that he has no penny. And here the poem ends abruptly. The reader is left in a deplorable state of uncertainty as to whether Simple Simon received his tart (but we have reason to suspect that he did not), and whether he eventually reached the fair, that goal upon which all his dreams had been centered. It is hoped that some bit of manuscript may at a future day come to light to aid in the solving of this momentous and weighty question. To the thoughtful mind, once again do I say that the subject presents a field for inexhaustible research.

CATHERINE DAVIS.

Snowing

BY MARY OLIVER, '16.

Round and round as the wind doth blow,
Flutters and scatters the swirling snow,
Piling high in drifts so white,
Cov'ring the earth with a blanket light.
Ev'ry roof, and tree, and all
Is draped in white by the silent fall.
Then, at last, when the storm is o'er,
Forth comes the sun and its cheer once more.
Sparkling diamonds then are seen,
Dazzling the eye with their rainbow gleam.





The First Fluttering of Love's Wings

ESIDES being endowed with the honorary Position of Business Manager for the Girls' High School Journal, I was also the Participant of many Amusing and otherwise Adventures. Now, as I am of a very Generous Disposition, I am going to pass them on to Posterity in this short Chronicle.

For the benefit of those who are swimming in the Sea of Ignorance I will explain that the Chief and Foremost Duty of the Business Manager is to procure Ads (Short for Advertisements) for the Journal. Ads, Small and Large; Ads, Numerous; Ads of every Description.

When I first started out in Quest of these aforementioned Ads, my Step was Light, my Heart was Gay, and my Hopes beat High. But that was long ago, and now, when you have perused these Humble Pages, you will understand why I wear the Haggard Look that I do.

In the First Place, I want to explain that a Great Peculiarity of that Race of People, Advertising Managers, is their Abnormal Appetites. You can always rely on the fact that they will be "Out to Lunch" whenever you call. They lunch at 10 A. M., at 11 A. M., at 12 M., at 2 P. M., and at 4 P. M. After Repeated and Persistent Investigations I drew the Conclusion that Before and After those Hours these strange animals Hibernate to some far off Clime and it is impossible to obtain a Hearing before their Noble Presence.

Another Curious Fact is the Queer Places in which they secrete themselves. You will walk into a Store and inquire of some Dapper Young Salesman, with a Brilliant Orange Necktie, in regard to the whereabouts of the Advertising Manager. He then, with many Sidelong Looks at the Tell-Tale Journal, with the Flaming Cover, which you carry, will direct you to a Cubby Hole in some Far-off, Secluded Corner. There you will perceive a Man, and with much Business-like Talk you Spiel for about Ten Minutes, explaining to him just why he should advertise in the Journal; how many Books are to be Printed; when the Journal goes to Press, etc. After you have exhausted your Breath and Vocabulary, he will kindly but Forcibly tell you that he is not the Man you should see, and that this Man Holds Court in the K Building, Thirteen Blocks South, North of China Beach. Then you sheepishly Withdraw and trip Blushingly out past Mr. Orange Necktie, who again tries to decipher the Artistic Lettering on Your Journal, and which you again attempt (with a great amount of clumsiness) to conceal behind you.

Now after those few Preliminary remarks, I will relate a few Specific Incidents.

One day, at the Beginning of my Travels, I chanced to Aviate into a large Store. An Antediluvian Clerk told me that I would find whom I was looking for "Up those Stairs, at the Back of the Store!" At last, after many Wanderings about between Boxes and Counters, I found "Those Stairs." They

were located in the darkest Corner imaginable, and it seemed to me that the Steps had just been thrown there, without any idea of having them lead any place, but by some chance they had so grouped themselves as to finally arrive at a Door. At this Door I knocked, very, very timidly. Then I waited. By and by I knocked again, very timidly. Again I waited. I had just started to knock a third time (this time it was to have been merely "timidly") when a Voice howled "Come In!" I "come in" and found myself facing two of the Species of the Genus Homo, one with an enormous Volume on his knee dictating rapidly to the other, who was making Queer Hieroglyphics on a paper. They Greeted me Rapturously, by going on with their Toil. And I stood there, growing Hot and Cold by Turns, with my Heart coming up and my Courage going down. Eventually the Species with the Book gave me a Shriveling Glance, directed over a Pair of Spectacles, which (the Look, not the Glasses) nearly caused me to Pass Away. Somehow I gleaned from this Look that he wanted me to Say Something. And so I did, but to this Day I can't remember what it was. But it must have been something about Ads, Journals, Junes, and Business Manager, for he ejaculated (and I discovered to my Surprise that the Voice had come from him) "Come back Later! Can't do Anything Now!!!"

I realize perfectly that "Art is Long, and Time is Fleeting," but at that the Length of Art can't compare with the Distance out of that Office, down those Stairs, and out into Pure Oxygen again; nor can Time be any more Fleeting than were my Feet as they traversed that Path.

My next Adventure was after I had gained more Composure, as you will be able to see by the Graceful Way in which I carry myself. It was at one of those Unlawful Edifices where they dispense to the Unsuspecting Autoist a Piece of Rubber to Bind the Felloes (see Webster for "Tire") of their wheeled Vehicles. And the Youth was Young, Towheaded, and Simpish. He was located behind a desk, over a Counter. I spoke in a Well Modulated Tone, so all the Stenographers, who always seem very curious, could not hear, and I asked for the Advertising Manager. The Youth started Violently and then stood up (He was Lean and Lanky, too) and gazed at me wonderingly. Then he stammered "Oh, Yes," and started wandering about the office. An insignificant Molecule of the Masculine Gender came out from behind the Counter, and, as the youth passed him, he (the youth) whispered Something into his (the Molecule's) ear. Then they looked at me, and I could see with Half an Eye that they were Concealing Levity with Difficulty. But I stood calmly by. The Molecule regarded me, at a Distance, with an amused Smile. I turned my Back on him and hastily glanced down to see if anything were Wrong with my Apparel. Being Reassured on that Point, I directed my Attention to the Youth. He had been rushing about the Room gathering up little Booklets and Papers. When he had about a Hundred he brought them over and magnanimously held them out to me. A Hasty Glance at the Nature and Character of the Books, and I comprehended. His undeveloped Cerebrum had understood me to say "Advertising *Literature*" instead of "Manager." (Say them over and you'll see they do sound alike.) And so they were having a Great Deal of Fun at my Expense. I drew myself up

to my full height and uttered these Cutting Words, "I BEG your Pardon. I asked for the Advertising MANAGER!!"

Then the Tables were Turned! They looked at Each Other in Perplexity. They both had the Decency to Blush Scarlet, and all the Stenographers Tittered. The Youth was Red even to his Scalp. I gloated in their Discomfiture. I was Triumphant. The Molecule then shamefacedly told me that the Advertising Manager was in New York. Looking them in the eye with Freezing Coolness, I said, "Thank you!!" and turning on my Heel, quitted the Place. I must confess that I Stumbled a little going out, and this untoward Accident Detracted Considerably from my Dignity. And also when I got home, I reviewed that Freezing Look before the Mirror and—Well, it sort of looked as if I had just taken Castor Oil, but anyhow I guess I was Victorious.

To Conclude.

Everyone I talked to said I was getting "Wonderful Experience." I thought so too—more Experience than Ads. But anyhow, I've learned at least One Thing, and that is—Always be the Advertiser, not the Solicitor!!

Author's Note:

I suppose you are wondering why I named *this* what I did. It really hasn't any connection, as you can see, but I have always thought that titles held great promises, and, as the Editor said I had to name *this* something, I made use of *that*.

RUTH E. LICHTY. June, '16.

Geometric Abstractions of a Futurist

In his studio stands our artist, Citsirutuf, ready to paint a new picture. Inspired by the wonderful "Word Picture of a Friend," he will paint as no one else has painted. He will justify his epithet, the visual musician. As he gazes at the walls of his studio he knows he is in an atmosphere of spiritualistic inspiration. His eye thrills with satisfaction as it rests on a scarf of lemon and vermillion, draped in parallel lines over the limbs of a chair. There were the balances, lines and tones produced by a dark, ultra-marine-chrome-oxyde-green drape slung futuristically over the baby grand, strengthening the abstract appeal which was harmoniously discordant. Yes! He is in the right atmosphere and impressionable mood.

Now for the word picture. "There is all that there is when there has all there has where there is what there is." Wonderful!!! Lost for a moment in thought, he gazes into space. Then with a throbbing heart he slashes on his canvas a cool red, in a circular triangle, denoting the balance, the rhythm, the magnificent swing of "There is all that there is when there has all there has where." Oh! The days are wonderful and the nights are wonderful and the life is pleasant! Bargaining is something and there is not that success. How soulful! With a huge brush in his right hand and a huger one in his left, he smeared a smudge of a swirling sphere, seething with sadness and sympathy through startling violet hues, giving an external lack of cohesion and at the identical time expressing the soul of nature and humanity and of—oh, the wondrous word bargaining.

"So much breathing has not the same place when the end is loosening and the opening a beginning." He placed his hand on the spherical shaped ornament topping his neck, capped by three lone locks, mystical number, banded with a wealth of expressiveness in yellow and cerise which produced a skillful blending, ordinary and fascinating. How could he express the glowing thought? Whirl to the right down to the left, across the center up, down, in, out, around, and under, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. His conception was sublime. "Ending loosening, opening, beginning," all were there.

"So much breathing has the same place. There can be there the habit that there is if there is no need of resting." Once again those magic words. "There is that there is!" Chrome, vermillion, madder and madder and madder. Finished!!

A general concentric movement was absent, and the composition was left in all its glowing prominence, a tragic and passionate interpretation of friendship, the frenzy of our impulsive Citsirutuf.

There the marvelous, pulsating product glowed in its sudden angles, meeting parallels, parabolic curves, shrieking tones, hissing hues and conterminous colors, "a subjective substance in an objective shell."

C. EPPINGER, December, '16.

E. ARMER, December '16

The Strange Adventure

It was a cold, stormy, winter evening, and I fully appreciated my comfortable position before my fire. I yawned, stretched my arms above my head, and, placing my feet on the fender of the fireplace, thought how lucky I was not to have to go out in such disagreeable weather. But finally, in spite of my lazy, contented feeling, a nervous restlessness suddenly took possession of me, and I felt called to go out in spite of the wind and snow, and this feeling recalled an incident to my mind that I had hitherto forgotten.

As I was hurriedly leaving the office that afternoon, rapidly reviewing the headlines of the evening paper on the situation in Mexico and the condition in Europe, for I prided myself on my knowledge of world events, I had bumped against a little old man with the most striking eyes I had ever seen. They were very large, dark eyes, that seemed to penetrate into the soul of him at whom he looked; eyes that seemed to have an almost hypnotic power. He had thrust a card into my hand and had entreated me to go to his house some evening to look at his collection of rare antiquities, and perhaps buy something, and I had promised to do so.

At this moment, for some unknown reason, his face came before me again, and his eyes seemed to force me to take his card from my pocket and rise from my chair. So, with a heavy sigh of regret, I left my warm room and went out in the raging wind and sleet. It was a long walk on a dark road to the address on the card and I was almost frozen when I reached my destination.

The house was not large, but the style of architecture, the height of the narrow windows, and the massive front door, all looming out of the dark, gave it the appearance of something huge and gigantic. It was as silent as the grave and just as black, save for a feeble light that shone dimly through the latticed window to the right of the heavy front door.

After falling up the steps and making altogether a most undignified racket, and after looking in vain for the electric bell where any sane person would have had it, I bumped my head on the iron knocker above me. After pulling and tugging in every direction with my poor, frozen fingers, I suddenly drew from it a resounding clang, loud enough to wake the dead. Three minutes or so having elapsed, during which I couldn't have moved if I had to, the door creaked open, and my friend with the eyes came out and invited me to enter.

A strong, musty odor came to my nostrils as I passed into the large square hall. I was not too cold to be curious, however, and I hastily noted the objects surrounding me. A number of suits of ghostly armor stood around, and odd looking chests and old carvings dimly appeared. The walls and corners were shrouded in inky blackness.

I was interrupted from my survey by the old man's saying, "I have three celebrated guests visiting me this evening. Come in and meet them."

I followed closely at his heels for fear of losing him in the darkness, and entered a room resembling the hall in size and almost in darkness, except for the dim light which came from a sputtering candle on the wall. A roaring fire first caught my eye, and then I noticed that a round table, surrounded by three most extraordinary looking people, had been placed before the fireplace. A woman in grey, with a veil draped around her head in such a manner that it almost hid her whole face, was introduced to me first. A Mexican, with his hair pointing to all points of the compass and with a name as wild as his hair, was presented next. I stood still and looked stupidly at him, for he was dressed in faultless evening clothes.

The third one interrupted my rude stare by introducing himself as Frederick, a former ruler of Germany. I was rather surprised, but, when I saw his uniform and the scores of medals with which he had decorated himself, I smiled rather wanly at the joke he had made, and we four sat down to a game of cards.

I leaned toward the lady and asked her her name, for I had not heard what the old man had said. "Mary," she answered in a low voice. "I never knew I had a surname." "Mary—oh—yes!" I murmured, and then added to myself, "Queen of Scots, I suppose; royal like my friend the Emperor."

I was determined to be agreeable to my new acquaintances. My host came up presently and gave me a glass of some peculiar looking beverage to warm me, and, upon my asking if it were some of his antiques, he shot such a ferocious look at me that I choked on it in my hurry to drink it and please him. Then I turned to my new acquaintances and began to talk hurriedly on the topics of the day.

"What a terrible thing this war is!" I began.

"War!" bellowed Frederick. "War! What do you know about war?"

I pacified him immediately by saying that I knew nothing about it, and became so nervous upon seeing my host's uncanny eyes fixed upon me that I at once ceased speaking.

I know I had been lured by that maniac's eyes into a den of crazy people. How was I to escape? I was nearly frantic. In my efforts to quiet Frederick, I began, "The United States army——"

"The United States army! Ho! Ho! Ho!" roared the Mexican.

Now that was too much for any man. I sprang to my feet, glared at the man who had dared to dream of interrupting a discussion between an ex-Emperor of Germany and me, and yelled at the top of my lungs, "I know one thing, that the United States is going to——"

"What?" screamed both men in unison.

"It is going to——"

"Shoot him!" cried the Mexican.

"Throw him in the fire," yelled my host, rushing toward the fireplace.

"Toast his feet!" roared the Emperor.

Mary Scots gave a piercing shriek, and all three caught me and held my feet over the blaze.

"The United States," I shouted, and then—I awoke.

The wind was dying down to a wail, and I found that I had slipped down in my chair in my efforts to free myself from my enemies, and my shoes were being scorched by the embers of my fire.

"Oh, thunder!" was my disgusted remark, as I placed my hand to my aching head.

The old man's card slipped from my grasp, and I threw it on the coals and watched it burn with fiendish delight. I reached for my evening paper, and, for some unaccountable reason, I overlooked the war news, and began to read with great interest the items concerning the next prizefight.

BLANCHE DEWEY, December, '16.

The Woman in Black

A shrill cry floated upon the midnight air, breaking the depressing monotony of a chill, foggy London night. I opened my window and gazed out on the sleeping city, lighted only by an occasional street lamp, and silent except for the rattle of the solitary cab driven over the cobblestones. As darkness and silence did not give up their secret of the source of the cry, I closed my window and turned down the lamp to continue my pipe by the dying embers of the fire.

A rustle of silk! Who was in my room at this hour of night, unannounced and unexpected? I felt my way across the black room and turned the switch, but upon examination could find no one. Was my imagination playing me tricks?

I did not resume my chair, but quietly walked out to my veranda and there beheld the most beautiful creature I had yet seen, gowned in black velvet, unadorned, except for a jet crucifix, which was suspended on a fine cord.

Her death white face, coal black hair, parted scarlet lips disclosing perfect glistening teeth awoke in me a deep admiration and curiosity for this strange and fascinating woman.

"Allow me to pass," and without a further word she hastily crossed the apartment and vanished.

After collecting my senses, I ran into the corridor, but she was nowhere to be found. Some mysterious power drew me down the lift, out to the street. A hansom was waiting in front of the next house, but there seemed no sign of a cabby. I walked up to the hansom and finding the box unoccupied, looked in.

The silent, glassy stare of almost inhuman black eyes pierced mine. My heart stopped at the hideous sight and then resumed an uncertain motion, while my blood pounded furiously at my temples.

I shook him, knowing all the while how useless at was, for no eyes other than those of the dead could have looked as these did. No sign of blood or struggle was noticeable until I examined the neck.

There was a fine, clear and deep imprint of a cord.

JUNIETTA GOODALL.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
We pass our papers back, and there we sit
In torture, fearing what our mark will be;
We get them back, and lo! we have a fit.

Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,
The minute hand at twelve o'clock I spied;
An hour's time to eat our little lunch,
Then back again—in Civics to be tried.

Warning

(With apologies to Riley.)

A small and timid Freshie came to our school to stay,
To study hard each period—as is a student's way;
She wished to write an essay, or a poem, or a theme,
And by peculiar brilliancy fulfill her parents' dream;
But now, whene'er we see her fail, or lessons try to shun,
We older girls all gather round and have the greatest fun
A frightening her with stories of the Things that hide about,
"An' the fours an' fives 'at git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!"

An' once there was a little girl who said that she was game
To try and bluff in history—but when the moment came
Her classmates saw her shiver, and the teacher saw her pale,
For when she stood upon her feet she knew she'd surely fail;
And teacher's voice waxed louder as her brow o'erclouded grew,
For those who tried to bluff her were in number very few.
That little girl knows better now, and finds, without a doubt,
"That the teacher's sure to git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!"

An' once there was a little girl who always cut her class,
An' went to primp and comb her hair before the largest glass;
But when she flunked and flunked and flunked straight through that
fateful term,
She pleaded and she begged in vain; the teachers all were firm.
So when you want to dance at noon, instead of getting math,
But don't see how you'll possibly avoid your teacher's wrath,
You'd better mind your conscience and the warning all about,
"Or the Faculty'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!"

C. A. D., December '16.

Will Brangwyn Paint These Panels?

We all accept Brangwyn's panels at the Exposition as masterpieces in art. We all love them. My! How we all enjoy that delicious feast of color! They are, indeed, beyond the expression of words. We have not merely said this to put Mr. Brangwyn in a good humor so that he will be more likely to grant us the great favor which we are about to ask, but because we really feel what we say.

In the Girls' High Auditorium there are eight good sized panels, just enough to present the Girls' High School student life. Will Mr. Brangwyn decorate these panels? It has been some time, no doubt, since our friend, as we hope we may call him, has attended high school. Therefore we are going to take the liberty of giving him a few suggestions, hoping it will make the task easier.

Let us begin with the first panel. Perhaps the color scheme of green might be appropriate. Of course there would be numerous figures, but all parts subordinated to bows and curls and legs and feet.

The second panel could show what progress has been made in six months toward a more mature living. The beautiful spirals so significant in the first panel give way to interwoven, straight lines, a yard or less in length. Green, become mature, shows us dull brown color, lightened, however, by bows of radiant smartness.

Next would come the life of the Sophomore, high and mighty. It might be well to divide this third panel into two sections. On one side the Sophomore would appear as she sees herself. Here the main figures, with large bodies and exceptionally large heads, would prevail, and the other figures should be merely pigmies. The prevailing tones would be those of the modest violet. On the other half section she should be represented as she appears to the Faculty. Lenses of great power and magnifying glasses may be useful here. We are too modest to suggest what color to use for the teachers. Any earth color will do for the girls.

In the fourth panel we should like to suggest that you use the methods of Cubist Art, and be generous with right triangles, mixtilineal angles, contiguous angles, and a few other angles. The girl who understands might be drawn by method of the Futurist Art. You would have to look carefully to find her or fragments of her. Every color on the palette might be fitting.

The fifth panel we may leave for the portraying of the dreams of the Alchemist. He could have a narrow dark body, a blue visage, and a flaming cap. On his countenance would be an expression which bodes ill and foretells a disaster. Taunting him from below is a short, stocky object clad in yellow. His leers only incite the blue-faced personage to a greater anger. A great flash of light could break forth at the right, an awful blackness above, and then nothingness. Our only suggestion about painting nothingness might be a huge red *V*.

The sixth panel might likewise be humorous. What a queer human here appears! What an awkward specimen of humanity! She is a composite from the hands of two workers. Two arms hang vertically downward, wrists turned

inward, fingers pulling unmercifully at the corners of a garment. As for the feet, the complex angles they are trying to encompass are worse even than those a geometric student has ever tried to describe. White chased by flaming red might be appropriate colors.

There are but two panels left. On one, for the Low Seniors, might be pictured a wide, aspiring, wooden Greek building with L'Art Nouveau columns, spirally twined with fruits and flowers of Louis order; low, wide casement windows with awful gargoyles looking in; other fantastic grotesques colored in bright orange, cerise, green, represent little guttae under a Moorish arch. Far, far below, almost pigmies, are the long-suffering history of art students.

The last panel would be most difficult to portray. Perhaps even your art, Mr. Brangwyn, cannot attain the height of inter picting a Senior. In the foreground of the picture should begin a smooth, narrow path which gradually grows steeper and more rocky as it winds on into the distance. Here and there the difficult path might be cut by bright red pools and small crevices in whose depths a few struggling might be indicated, while around the brinks totter the uncertain ones. In a very few places, and far apart, the path should be of brighter shade; the joyful travelers turn happy countenances toward the end, their goal, where a bright white light, the girl graduate, sheds intense rays over all.

R. B., B. H., H. R.

Wake! For the clock, which scatters into flight
Vacation dreams, which visit in the night,
Tells of the day at school which now must start
With ex's and sore trials 'till twilight.

A book of Civics underneath the Bough
Of Knowledge-Tree; a History and thou,
O, Latin, helping me to graduate,
Oh, this is truly happiness enow!

And when your weary eye shall pass
Adown the card which I received aghast,
And in its joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One, raise up the flag at last.

Farewell

One fond goodby
From my cabin door
 To the meadow I love so well,
To the green moss dank
On the willow bank,
 And the gleam of the cattle bell,
To the noisy stream
That caught the beam
 Of many a summer's day,
And tossed it up
To the buttercup
 That lay in its friendly way.
Not least of all,
The wild birds' call
 And the sweetness of their trill
That came so high
From summer sky
 And echoed o'er the hill.
All comfort, too,
I ever knew
 Lay in your secret bowers,
E'er dear to me
In memory,
 O land of childhood hours.
Goodby once more
From my cabin door.
 I hear the parting knell,
A death it seems
Of hopes and dreams,
 Farewell, dear land, farewell.

GENEVIEVE CORDREY, December '16.

The moving clock doth tick; and, having ticked,
Ticks on: while we our eyes to it from books have picked,
 Wishing periods at their far off ends
That they no longer tortures might inflict.

And if the Art you learn, or French that you ignore
Ends in what all begins and ends in—Four,
 Think then you know today what yesterday you knew
And tomorrow you shall not know more.

An Unpublished Incident in the Life of Titania

Oberon and Titania sat at a mushroom table eating their breakfast of a big, luscious raspberry and honey mixed with dew. Before the two stretched a great forest that rustled its skirts and whispered and laughed merrily even when there was not the ghost of a breeze elsewhere. The weather was very, very warm, and Titania's eyes dwelt longingly on the cool green shade of the forest.

"Oberon, dearest Oberon," she said coaxingly, "are the Black Elves so very wicked and powerful that even with a strong bodyguard I would not be safe in their forest?"

"Yes, they are, and you know it perfectly well. And you know also that the subject is a painful one to me, as we are unable to conquer them," said Oberon wearily. This was an old, old dispute that recurred every time the two visited that part of the frontier.

"Well, I don't believe it," cried Titania rebelliously. "Some day I'll run off into that forest and get lost, and then you'll be sorry." Titania was a very foolish, wayward little fay, for all her royalty.

Oberon heaved a deep sigh and went off to review his troops. Titania sat still for a time, her eyes fixed on the depths of the forest before her. The branches beckoned. The birds sang a calling, coaxing song. She yielded and sped toward the elfin wood. She stopped short. Once the forest was entered there could be no turning back. The path was long and hedged in with dangers hidden and terrible. Twice her foot started forward to touch the enchanted ground beneath the trees, and twice drew back. The third time she put it down—*hard*. Then, frightened at her own boldness, she tried to pull her foot away, but could not withdraw it. She could move forward freely, but not an inch backward. The awful spell was on her. She must go forward. There was no help. A spasm of fear paralyzed her. The forest darkened, and, with the increasing blackness, her terror seemed to grow. But yet, was it not rather that the darkness increased with her fear? Out of the surrounding night loomed great black forms—trees—with limbs twisted as though in agony. The leaves laughed, but now mockingly, not joyously.

Hesitatingly, fearfully, Titania advanced a little way into the forest. Suddenly a stump moved, fell apart, and showed itself to be a group of black elves, who pointed at Titania, laughed harsh, cracked laughter, and ran off into the forest. Titania gave a scream, a wild, frightened scream, and fell to the ground, a little heap of misery.

Oberon returned shortly after Titania had entered the forest. He wanted to tell her some important piece of news, but could not find her. He began searching and grew more and more frightened. Nowhere to be found! Where could she be? In the Black Forest? A troupe of horsemen was summoned, and Oberon sat down to wait for them and meanwhile try to grasp the situation.

Then he heard a wild, frightened scream. Titania! In danger! He jumped up and ran like the wind, frightened at heart, but outwardly brave for the sake of his Queen. The dreadful apparitions which had frightened Titania rose before him, but he forged steadily ahead, determined to go on despite everything around him. He was half successful in conquering his fear, and the darkness, as he penetrated into the depths of the forest, grew less. But a low, choking sound, a groan, a piercing shriek, and a cruel, taunting laugh, startled him into notice of his fearful surroundings, and then the dark rapidly descended over the moaning forest. Nevertheless, he reached Titania, a little

white bundle huddled up against a great tree-trunk. He bent over her. "Titania, come," he said, "or our last chance of escape will be lost."

A hollow clatter of horses' hoofs came echoing down the aisles of trees. Titania started up, and hand in hand the two fled through the whispering, mocking, fearful wood. On and on. Would they ever see the blessed sunlight again? Run, run! The elfin horsemen are coming nearer! A chill wind, sweeping through the forest, set the trees rocking to and fro in derisive merriment at something it whispered to them. Then, slowly, a great knot on a limb of a tree moved and assumed the form of an ugly little troll, who jumped to the ground and ran off jeering. As their eyes followed him they saw a great black kettle with numbers of little humpbacked pixies circling around and chanting awful charms. Oberon and Titania knew that in the kettle was a horrible concoction from which genii could be conjured, more powerful than the elves themselves.

It was Oberon who first roused himself from the dreadful fascination of the scene before him.

"Come, Titania, we must be brave," he said. "Let us not flee from these dangers around us, but rather stand and face them, safe in ourselves and in each other." For a moment they stood, hand in hand.

"Why, the darkness is lifting," cried Titania, astonished. "Oberon, it must have been our fear that surrounded us with darkness. And the forest itself is fading away—dissolving into mist, and—why, it's gone!"

True enough! They found themselves standing in a broad, smiling meadow dotted here and there with clumps of stately trees, and all bathed in the soft, warm light of a glorious sunset. Over the grassy plain came Oberon's troop of horsemen to take back their sovereigns in triumph, for the Black Elves, the little imps of fear, had been conquered. RUTH LANGER. December, '17.



Dans Les Ruines D'un Vieux Chateau

Il était environ cinq heures de l'après midi, lorsque je m'aperçus que je m'étais égarés dans la forêt. Le soleil dorait les côtes, les petits nuages devenaient roses, et une légère brise soufflait à travers le feuillage.

En tournant à droite, je vis non loin de moi, sur une colline un peu élevée, un de ces vieux châteaux ruinés, fameux dans cette partie du Canton de Vaud. Pourquoi n'irais-je pas le visiter? C'est par un soix pareil qu'on ressent le mieux ce mystere des viêles choses, et qu'on voit bien dans ses pensées les scenes des siècles écoulés.

Dirigeant mes pas vers le château, je me trouvai dans un vaste jardin, bien vieux. Ici, un banc; là, un fontaine; quelques pierres écroulées, tout indiquait l'abandon complet. Je me trouvai bientôt sous le massif portait. Que de personnes avant moi ont dû passer pour des herbes folles, même dans les interstices des murs pendent de longs festons. Dans le hall, de grande escaliers majestueux. Je les gravis lentement. Un faible écho s'éveille derrière moi, c'est comme un esprit solitaire qui me suit de très près. Je me retourne un peu effrayée, mais tout est silencieux.

Il commence à faire nuit, les choses deviennent plus mystérieuses, mais je ne puis me décider à quitter ce lieu. Il me semble qu'une force étrange m'y retient. Dans le vestibule du deuxième étage une partie du plafond est tombée; je vois le ciel d'un bleu foncé semé de petits points dorés et scintillants. La lune, du côté du bois, monte lentement, projetant ses rayons à travers les arbres. Les cris de la chouette, l'aboïement d'un chien, tout retombe dans le silence.

Après avoir parcouru quelques salles je redescends pour quitter les ruines du vieux château. Tout en marchant, des pensées vagabondes passent au travers de mon esprit. Je me représente les bals et les fêtes que cette demeure a vus, je étois entendre la musique, et je ressens d'une façon très pénétrante ce qu'était la vie galante et brillante de nos chevaliers d'autrefois.

RUTH E. PRAGER.

Mercurius Et Signator

Olim, cum homines in permultos deos credebant, lignator quidam ad flumen altum arborem caedebat. Casu accidit ut ascia ferrea a manibus elapsa in aquam incideret. Vir miserrimus casum gravissime doluit, nam propter inopiam aliam asciam emere se non posse scivit. Subito Mercurius ei apparuit et ab es quaesivit cur tam tristis esset. Cum vir ei de ascia amissa dixisset, Mercurius statim in aquam se mersit. Mox emersus i flumine, auream asciam efferens; "Estne haec," inquit, "tua ascia, quam amisisti?"

"Non est," respondit honestus lignator.

Tunc Mercurius argenteam asciam ex aqua extulit eamque viro obtulit. Cum homo probus etiam hanc recusavisset. Mercurius ferream asciam extulit. Maxima cum laetitia, lignator asciam suam agnovit deoque pro beneficio summas gratias egit. Mercurius autem viro praeter ferream asciam etiam auream et argenteam dedit ut pro honestate eum remuneraretur.

Lignator, cum domum rediisset, uxovi, liberis, sociis, de fortuna sua dixit. Unus e sociis ad flumen iit et cum asciam consulto in aquam iecisset in ripa sedens lacrimis et tristitiae dolose se tradidit. Iterum Mercurius apparuit, in aquam se mersit, asciam auream extulit. Vix lignator eam aspexerat cum exclamavit; "Ista est ascia quam amisi, oh me felicem!" His verbis asciam avidissime capere conabatur. Mercurius autem asciam auream in aquam iecit et lignatori ne ferream quidem asciam reddidit.

Recte honesteque vivere, agere, dicere semper est optimum.

EDYTHE S. SELLING, June, '16.

Im Goldland.

Elsa war die Tochter eines reichen, aber geizigen Mannes, der nichts als Gold liebte. Sie war sehr einsam in der Stadt und wollte auf das Land gehen, weil sie dachte, sie würde dort die Elfen sehen, die im Walde leben und von denen sie so viel gehört hatte.

Eines Tages, als Elsa in dem stattlichen Garten ihres Vaters saß, wurde sie von einem Säuseln erschreckt, und als sie sich umwandte, sah sie ein kleines Wesen, mit großen gazeartigen Flügeln, in weiße Rosenblätter gehüllt.

„Willst du das Land, wo Gold gemacht wird, sehen?“ fragte die Elfe.

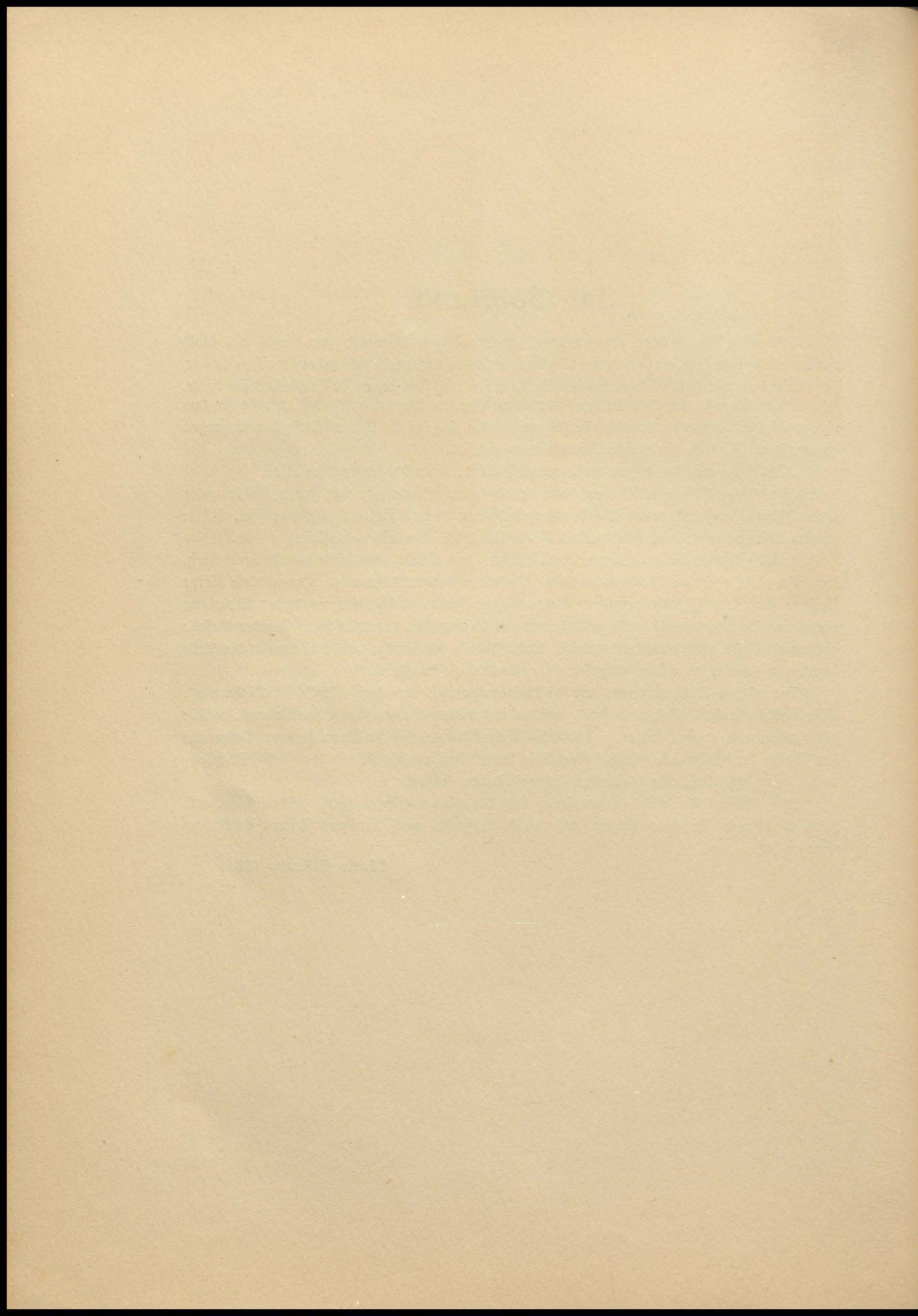
„Ja!“ rief Elsa glücklich, und als sie es sagte, öffnete sich eine große Höhle unter ihren Füßen, und während Elfe durch unendlichen Raum tiefer und tiefer fiel, fühlte sie sich kleiner und kleiner werden, bis sie so klein wie ihre Elfen-Begleiterin war.

Endlich kamen sie zu einem Platz, welcher „die Stadt vom goldenen Felsen“ hieß, wo Elsa viele niedrige Wohnungen sah. In einer dieser Wohnungen waren viele kleine fleißige Gesellen in schimmernden Kleidern von Gold. Ein Zimmer dieser Wohnung hatte eine Seite ganz mit Gold gefüllt, und als Elsa zusah, bemerkte sie, daß jeder Geselle ein wenig Gold nahm, und es mit viel mehr Felsen vermischte, und es dann in die Erde legte, um wieder von den Vergleuten gefunden zu werden.

Die nächste Wohnung war mit Goldstücken gefüllt, und hieß „Goldstück-Wohnung“. Elsa nahm ein Goldstück, und fand, daß es aus vielen kleinen Goldelfen bestand, welche dicht zusammen gepackt waren. Als Elsa hinaufschaute, sah sie ihren eigenen Vater auf der Spitze der Goldstücke sitzen. Die Elfe sagte, daß er der König der Goldstück-Wohnung wäre und daß alle Goldelfen seine Sklaven wären.

„Ach Vater! Sei nicht so grausam! Laß die armen Elfen gehen!“ schrie Elsa, und plötzlich öffnete sie ihre Augen und fand, daß sie noch in ihres Vaters stattlichem Garten saß.

Marie Edstrom, '18.





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School loyalty is a phrase we hear much of nowadays. I wonder how many have a very clear idea of its real significance. When we speak of school loyalty do we mean to insist on "My school, right or wrong," and to demand support for schoolmates, whatever they may do? Or do we mean loyalty to the highest ideals of the school, and support and co-operation for schoolmates when they are acting for the good of the school, trying to maintain its standards, and to keep its reputation untarnished? The purpose of our schools is to create in the minds of its pupils high ideals, a purpose that can never be carried out if a mistaken sense of loyalty to school and schoolmates causes an acceptance of lower standards.

Speaking of school loyalty, wouldn't it be showing more loyalty to our school if we patronized our school cafeteria instead of going out to neighboring stores? Surely there is nothing that you procure outside of school that could not be supplied in the cafeteria if you made your wishes known to the management. Better spirit would be shown if, when you think things are wrong, you would endeavor to suggest changes for improvement, rather than to make complaints loud and long.

Probably you have noticed that many of our columns are devoted to articles dealing with the new tendencies in art. Is it surprising that our minds are so imbued, so saturated, we might say, with art? Consider the year and more of advantages we have enjoyed in studying the Futurist, the Cubist, and the Impressionist in all his glory—and color. In view of the circumstances it is only to be expected that our ideas on the subject should be ultra-modern. Girls' High has no room for antiquated notions of any sort.

The Business Manager of the Journal takes this opportunity to thank her collectors for their earnest efforts and excellent results. Ehrman Morton, Ruth Quivey, Bessie Morris, Anita Kohn, Juinetta Goodall, Loretta Bellani, Valois Pendola, Marie Gunderson, Leontine Lavotti, Annette Brocoto, Alice May John, Blanche Kengla, Esther Miller, Gwenda Jensen, Gladys Cross, Margaret Neyt, Edith Constance.

We, the class of June, 1916, wish to take this means of expressing our gratitude to Miss Croyland and Mr. Goldstein for their invaluable advice and criticism without which this issue of the Journal would not have been possible. To Mrs. McGlade we are also grateful for her patient and untiring efforts toward making graduation a success.

Now that the time has come to say good-bye, we can only hope that our leaving the school will not sever the ties of friendship that bind us to our principal and the members of the faculty, who have been our friends as well as our teachers, during the four years of high school life.

We wish to extend a cordial welcome to Miss Sullivan, the new member of our faculty, and we hope that she will always enjoy her work in our school.

Mr. Dupuy, we are more than glad to have you back, and we sincerely hope that it will be a long time before you leave us again.

After many years of faithful service, Miss Eleanor M. Owens has resigned her position on the faculty of the Girls' High School. We regret her loss as a teacher, but we feel the vacation is due her.

Mr. Gregory is not with us this term, for he has been called to Polytechnic, where we hope that he will enjoy his new field of labor.

Owing to the fact that we could not decide between the two best contributions received by the Journal, it was agreed that a prize should be given to both Pearly Saul and Catherine Davis.





Enid High, '14, is a bride of a few months, having married Mr. Carlos Helderbrand.

Carrie Sanford, '10, now Mrs. Frank Price, has moved to Santa Barbara.

A marriage of interest took place a few months ago when Frances Ambrose, '13, became the wife of Mr. Leroy Bently.

Hazel Petry, June, '11, was married to Mr. Bert Davis recently.

Virginia Dunbar, '12, is now Mrs. Waldo Brown.

Edith Lichty's ('15) engagement has just been announced to Mr. Harry K. Sproull.

Mrs. Nelson, formerly Alice Knickerbocker, '12, has been made happy by the arrival of a son.

Claire Drayeur, '10, and May Lindsay, '08, are teaching at the Denman School.

Flora Daneri, '12, after graduating from Lux Normal, obtained a position at the Irving Scott School.

Nathalie and Valerie Mullen, the twin sisters of the June, '14, class, have opened a millinery store, which they call the "Bonnet Shop."

Dorothy Feder, '14, after teaching a year in Honolulu, returned to this city and is now at Munsona.

Helen Card, '14, is studying music.

Agnes Taylor, '14, is at Stanford.

Blanche Reynolds, '14; Mildred Finney, '14; Grace Mennie, '14, will be graduates of Normal this June.

Doris Wertheimer, '14, is at U. C., together with Beatrice Gerberding, '14, and Vera Bulwinkel, '14.

Jean Wirtner, the art director for the December, '15, class Journal, has entered the Arts and Crafts School in Berkeley.

Margaret Lehaney, '15, and Edna Weiss are at Heald's.

Helen Barnett, Renee Gable, Leah Levin, Irma Bibo, all of the December, '15, class, are now at U. C.

Sawaji Misawa is studying to be a dentist.

Beryl Law, Ruth Wetmore, Jessie Easton and Marie Saul of the June, '14, class, are to be graduated from Lux Normal this summer and some may return to take a post-graduate course.

Anna Dieckmann and Katherine Roth, Dorothy Widber and Catherine Ford are at Normal.

Louise Kahn, '13, is taking a special course at U. C.

All of the girls, I am sure, were proud when they found that the author, Maud Meagher, '13, of the Partheneia for this year was a graduate of Girls' High. Through this play, called "Aranyani of the Jessamine Vine," Miss Meagher has gained much well-deserved praise.

Charlotte Hallego, Doris Dickinson and Edith Gleason are attending Munson's.

Helen Wilkin's engagement has been announced to Mr. Irwin Dozier.

Caroline Caro has returned from New York, where she was visiting her aunt.

Vera Gardner, June, '15, is at Stanford.

Another graduate of whom Girls' High is very proud is Dorothy Wormser, June, '12, who has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa Honor Society.

PEARLY SAUL.





A LITTLE COUNTRY MAID



DON'T BE ALARMED,
THE BOYS AREN'T REAL ONES



HOW ROMANTIC!!!



SOPHOMORES. AREN'T THEY CUTE?



MUSIC IN THE WILDERNESS

ACTIVITIES





The Camera Club

The first meeting of the Camera Club was held at the beginning of the term and officers were elected as follows:

HELEN MCARTHUR	President
GENEVIEVE MCGIVNEY	Secretary

Through Mr. Massey's invaluable help in making boxes and other equipment, which greatly facilitated our work, we have succeeded in developing and printing many pictures. Under his instruction we are learning to be more careful in taking and developing pictures, and unwilling to be satisfied until we have obtained the best results possible. We hope soon to be able to enlarge some of our best pictures.

Previously membership was open to the girls of the two upper years only. It is now open to the girls of the whole school, and it is hoped that many will take advantage of the wonderful opportunity.

Glee Club

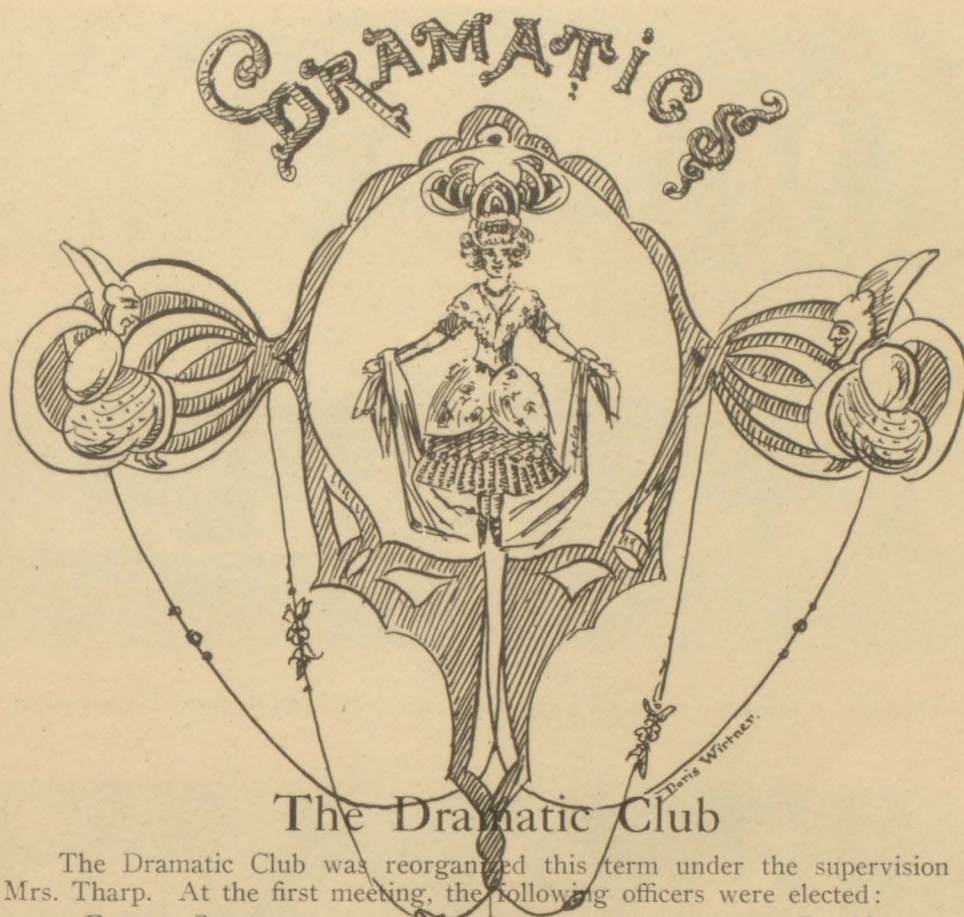
The Glee Club was reorganized at the beginning of this term under the leadership of Mrs. Mary McGlade. The club meets in the school auditorium on Thursdays. The girls are taught simple harmony, and for those who have studied instrumental or vocal music for two or more years, a special Harmony Class has been organized. One very successful concert was given by the club last term and we hope to give another in the near future.

At an election held during the term, the following officers were elected:

AGNES E. LILLIS	President
PAULINE WEILHEIMER	Recording Secretary

The San Francisco High School Orchestra

From time to time we have been indebted to the San Francisco High School Orchestra for their kindness in playing at our school functions, and we wish to express our appreciation to them. The orchestra is composed of pupils from the San Francisco high schools. Many of the members are pupils of our school, and we wish to call the attention of other girls who can play to the work they have been doing and the great advantages they have enjoyed under Mrs. McGlade's instruction.



The Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club was reorganized this term under the supervision of Mrs. Tharp. At the first meeting, the following officers were elected:

EMILIA SHERWOOD	President
JULIE SIMMONS	Vice-President
SYBIL PRICE	Secretary
MISS NOONAN	Treasurer

In the evening of May 19th, in the Auditorium of the school, the Dramatic Club presented five scenes from Shakespearean plays. The scenes were:

"Romeo and Juliet"	Act II. Scene 5
"A Midsummer Night's Dream"	Act II. Scene 1
"Much Ado About Nothing"	Act III. Scene 1
	Act II. Scene 3
"King Henry VIII."	Act III. Scene 2
"The Tempest"	Act I. Scene 2

Dances and songs were part of the scenes and a Herald and William Shakespeare were interestingly portrayed. We wish to express our appreciation for the patience with which both Mrs. Tharp and Mr. Goldstein directed our work, and for the time and trouble they took to make our production such a success. We also wish to thank Miss Sullivan for her time and help in the supervision of the making of the costumes, and also Miss Croyland, who was kind enough to select the scenes that were presented.

The Dramatic Club is a school activity, and its membership is open to all. While the membership of the club is large at the present time, we can assure any pupil anticipating joining that she will be accorded a hearty welcome. We know that the new members would in a short time become as much interested in the activities of the club as the present members are.



SENIOR TEAM—

Left to Right—M. MORRIS, A. LEMOINE, J. WITT, F. GROVER, M. WITT,
R. NICHOLSON, H. KELLEY, J. WELCH



JUNIOR TEAM—

Left to Right—P. HANNAH, R. ISAAC, L. BELLANI, A. O'NEILL, H. BROWN, E. McGOVERN,
E. CHRISTENSEN, D. LEVY



SOPHOMORE TEAM—

Left to Right—P. BOZZA, M. EDSTROM, E. HILLIARD, E. SHERWOOD, V. SCHMITT,
E. DYER, C. JACOBSON, R. MORRIS



FRESHMAN TEAM—

Left to Right—P. NELSON, E. COMSTOCK, G. GRIFFITH, E. MILLER, D. ELLIOTT,
G. OLSEN, M. MELLARS, M. UYEDA



SCHOOL TEAM—

Top Row, Left to Right—E. SHERWOOD, Substitute Forward; R. ISAAC, Side Center;
E. McGOVERN, Guard; A. O'NEILL, Forward; J. WITT, Guard
Lower Row, Left to Right—F. GROVER, Guard; V. SCHMITT, Side Center;
M. WITT, Top Center; L. BELLANI, Forward; D. LEVY, Substitute Center

Basketball

We basketball enthusiasts have been very active this term. Before the first week of school was over, we had held an overflow meeting and were glad to welcome new girls to our club. Agnes O'Neill was elected captain and Mabel Witt, business manager. It was decided that the first two months and a half should be given up to the organization of four class teams, one team to represent each year in the school. All the classes worked hard in practice, and each determined to win the cup in the March tournament. In the preliminary games, the Freshmen met the Sophomores, and the Juniors met the Seniors. The results were: Sophomores 26, Freshmen 11; Juniors 12, Seniors 8. Then in the finals the Sophomores met the Juniors and the result was: Juniors 25, Sophomores 17. Therefore the numerals on the cup are June, '17; December, '17.

When this interclass tournament was over, the school team was chosen, because challenges had been coming in from other schools. Several of these challenges from out-of-town schools we were compelled to refuse on account of the distance and present lack of funds. The results of the games we have played are as follows:

G. H. S.	.	.	.	45	Polytechnic	.	.	.	10
G. H. S.	.	.	.	22	Miss Head's	.	.	.	19
G. H. S.	.	.	.	18	Lowell	.	.	.	34
G. H. S.	.	.	.	20	Alameda	.	.	.	15



META GERKEN

VERA BROWN

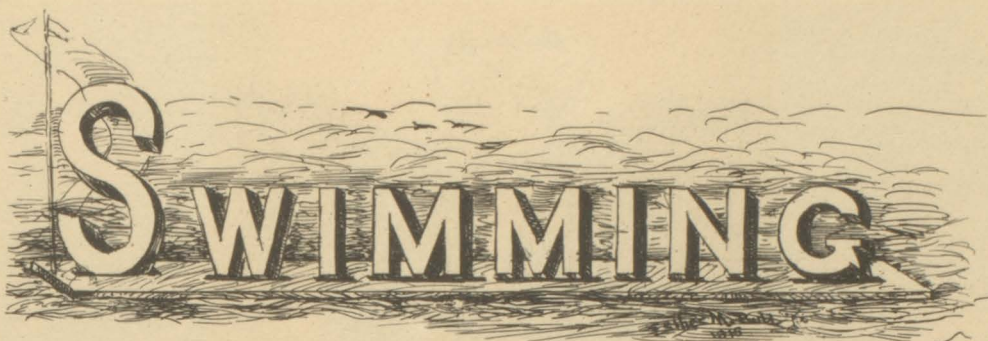
Our Tennis Club

The Tennis Club was organized at the beginning of the term with the usual enthusiasm. The election of the officers resulted in the choice of Meta Gerken, captain, and Marion Dick, business manager of the team. Through the efforts of Miss Noonan our team was able to join the Northern California Girls' Interscholastic Tennis Association. We have begun the season well by defeating our greatest rival, Lowell High, both in singles and doubles. Palo Alto also was defeated in two sets out of three. We look forward in the future to seeing our thus far victorious team, Meta Gerken and Vera Brown, return victorious from their matches with Miss Burke's, Miss Hamlin's, Miss Head's, and Alameda High.

We take this opportunity to thank our Student Body Association for their interest which enabled us to join the Tennis Association.

Sewing Club

The Sewing Club began its good work this term with an unusual amount of enthusiasm and the limited supply of material that had been furnished was distributed quickly. During the last fall term eighty-five girls busily plied the needle, and as a result three hundred and ninety garments were completed at Christmas. These were made of washable ginghams and flannelette and ranged in size from babies' garments to dresses for children of four years. The girls were privileged to bring in the names of all worthy families, and, upon investigation, these received needed articles of clothing. In addition to the individual families, six city institutions received donations from our club. Miss Wood kindly directed the work of the cutting and making of the garments.



The Swimming Club

The Swimming Club has more enthusiasm this term than ever before, and this fact is not at all surprising, because of the new and unusual features. All those who do not know how to swim are taught, remarkably quickly, by Miss Sheffield, who is an expert swimmer and for whose time and efforts we are very grateful. You should hear the splashing and swishing of the water when about ninety girls, eager to learn, are pushing across the tank. The girls who could swim before have the advantage of being taught new strokes and diving. But the beginners are learning so rapidly that they soon will outshine the experienced swimmers.

Miss Noonan has worked unceasingly for the club, and has procured for us special rates at Sutro Baths, not only for club days, but for all days. Although we have about 150 members, from whose ranks eighty or ninety always go, new members are more than welcome.

The Art and Crafts Club

After a lapse of five years the Art Club was reorganized in January, 1916, and it chose for its officers the following: President, Grace Spencer; Vice-President, Florence Hale; Secretary, Sybil Price; Treasurer, Julia Simmons. Under the name of the Arts and Crafts it has taken the place of the old Athenaeum.

The success of the club seems promising, as most of our talented girls are interested and are hard at work. An exhibition of the work will be given at the end of the term. We may mention that four of our charcoal pieces have been hung at the competitive exhibit of the San Francisco Art Club. The outcome of the competition up to this time is not known to us, but we are hoping for honors.

This club offers many advantages for any girl gifted with the ability for drawing. She may choose her material and Mr. Goldstein or Miss Jones will only be too pleased to help her on Tuesdays, immediately after school.

Student
Body
Officers



BEATRICE HARPER,
First Vice-President



JULIE SIMMONS,
Second Vice-President



AMELIA SHERWOOD,
Third Vice-President



MARGARET WOOD,
President



MARION WIRTNER,
Fourth Vice-President



EDYTHER SELLING,
Secretary

June
1916



JANE ELLIOTT,
Yell Leader

Calendar of School Notes

The most important events which occurred at Girls' High School as related by the recorder:

- Jan. 3. Chatter! Chatter! Exclamation! Exchange of greetings! What could it all be about? Oh, this was the first day of school after the Christmas vacation. Everybody wore a beaming smile and chattered away in a breathless manner to a girl, or a group of girls, near her. General Pandemonium in a short time was succeeded by General Silence, for Dr. Scott had delivered a few opening remarks and read a long list of names, a bell clanged loudly and a chattering mob of girls surged through the doors of the Auditorium and scampered to the proper corners of the building.
- Jan. 14. Into the Auditorium, after all the rest of the school had been seated in the proper places, the high and mighty, dignified Seniors of the whole fourth year marched in sober fashion, keeping irregular step, to the stage, where there was a scramble to see who could manage to get a seat in the front row. How the air was rent with "Rah! Rah! Rah! Green and White!" "Green and Orange!" The meeting was called to order by the Honorable Vice-President, Margaret Wood, owing to the unavoidable absence of President Irma Bibb. The usual business was transacted, such as "I nominate! I second the motion! I move the nominations be closed! I second the motion!" (all in unison.) Finally the yell leaders were called upon to exercise their own lungs and cause the rest of the school to use theirs. The teachers were called upon to deliver orations, but all of them had vanished into the atmosphere. "I move the meeting be adjourned! Second the motion!" came from somewhere, and then a clamorous exit followed.
- Jan. 20. A big rally was held in the Court, at which the candidates of the high Senior class presented masterful arguments why their candidates should be elected, and entreated everyone to support them at the coming election. But all that was audible was a general hubbub and the rousing yells of the excited Seniors.
- Jan. 21. The public spirited students of Girls' High School showed great interest in the election of the officers of the Student Body, for every one was at the polling places by 9 o'clock. At 10:30 the students crowded eagerly around the bulletin board, where they found the following:

MARGARET WOOD	<i>President</i>
BEATRICE HARPER	<i>First Vice-President</i>
JULIE SIMMONS	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
AMELIA SHERWOOD	<i>Third Vice-President</i>
MARION WIRTNER	<i>Fourth Vice-President</i>
JANE ELLIOTT	<i>Yell Leader</i>
EDYTHE SELLING	<i>Secretary</i>
MISS DANIEL	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS NOONAN, MISS STARK	<i>Teachers</i>

- Jan. 29. On this Saturday the girls of the 4 B class had a most enjoyable time at the reception given by the Girls' High Alumnae at the Palace Hotel. How they enjoyed the program, which consisted of singing, recitations, and fancy dancing! But the part which appealed to them most was the dance which followed, where they, the June graduates, circled round the room with some of the former graduates as their partners. What pleasure it was to hear these women tell how things used to be! The one-time graduates were just as delighted to hear the June graduates tell how affairs were conducted at the present time. Yes, everyone had a truly good time, and as she went home she said to herself: "When I am graduated from dear old Girls' High, the first thing I'll do will be to join the Alumnae, and thus, instead of severing all connections with the school, I shall be making the ties stronger."
- Feb. 11. The dignified Seniors went back to their childhood days by wearing their long, thick tresses in natural curls down their backs, as is the custom before the Freshman reception.
- Feb. 12. On this day the Freshmen, as well as the high and low Seniors, made their appearance early. Everyone had a delightful time, for there were no wallflowers, the punch and cake lasted until the very last dance, and the music was unceasing until 5 o'clock. The Freshmen were made to feel that the Seniors were not the haughty things that had been pictured and that Freshmen were an important factor at Girls' High School.
- March 2. The 4B's received from the 2B's invitations to attend a Hard Times Party which was to be given the next Saturday.
- March 4. What a wonderful affair the Hard Times Party proved to be! It was a success even though the rain poured unceasingly. The 2B's proved themselves to be the most original as well as the most delightful of entertainers. The program, which consisted of singing, recitations, and fancy dancing between dances, was very enjoyable. Amelia Sherwood and Harriet Allison were the most popular of the girls, for everyone swarmed about them to have her fortune told. What a wonderful world this would be to live in if only these fortunes would come true! Mention must be made of the refreshments, especially the home-made cookies, which vanished very mysteriously.
- March 8. The Revised Constitution of the Girls' High School was adopted unanimously by the Associated Student Body, even though the President nearly forgot to put the question.
- March 9. What an immense crowd there was at the rally for the Journal in the recreation room at noon! Even the suffering Journal feebly hobbled there, aided by a very charming nurse named Literature. The business manager pleaded in a heart-rending way for funds to be used to relieve the Journal. Dr. Scott told of three ways by which the Journal could be helped. Of course the school became very enthusiastic and gave some rousing cheers for the Journal.

April 13. On this day there were assembled at the Ferry a number of excited girls, who were armed with lunch boxes and cameras. They were anxiously awaiting the 9 o'clock boat, which would take them on their way to Wild Cat Canyon. They were hoping that the last-minute girls would arrive in time to embark. In about an hour all these same girls were climbing steep hills, following shaded trails and fording winding creeks. What a jolly time they had while lunching under the live oaks! How groups wandered about in in search of a drink of clear, cool water! How all ran back to their camping grounds when the rumor was circulated that tramps had been picking pockets while the girls were exploring the unknown region. Great was the increase of the velocity of some of these girls when ferocious cattle chased them! At 4 o'clock the sun shone upon a group of homeward-bound girls, who were not so neat as when they had started in the morning, for those who had not fallen into the creek were as dusty as those who had. When these girls have silvery heads, and they have to wear spectacles, they will let their knitting rest in their laps for a moment and with a dreamy look will say, "Oh, but that was a glorious day!"

SOME MINOR BUT INTERESTING FACTS.

- Jan. 10. Bing! Bang! Oh, that's nothing. Eugenia's only dropped the locker key money again.
- Jan. 17. The 4B's were shocked by an induction machine in Mr. Massey's room.
- Feb. 2. With shivers and shakes, we all made mistakes, for an Inspector of Knowledge visited us this day.
- Feb. 17. The 4B class was early on this day. Don't praise them. There's a secret, but maybe you know it.
- Feb. 23. Swimming lesson given in room 103. It must have gone swimmingly.
- March 2. The 4B's were almost brought before the Justice Court on a charge of failing to pay delinquent taxes. The case was dropped when money and flowers were presented to the monitor.
- March 7. Those electric bells almost rang our death knells, in Physics.
- March 12. How did your picture turn out?
- March 18. The reason Ruth looks so happy is that she received a five dollar "ad" for the Journal.
- March 23. It was learned that we could have a dance. Hurry and obtain a bid!
- April 4. No, that was not an earthquake. It was only Irene running after the nickel she dropped in the English room. The naughty thing wouldn't stop rolling.
- April 6. This day would have proved fatal if Amy had not arrived in time to keep the school from going up in smoke.
- April 7. Just think! We're to have no more school for two weeks.
- April 25. The North magnetic pole is moving. Even the North pole indulges in a moving day once in a while!
- May 2. At last the Journal goes to print! It is no longer feeble. Watch to see it bloom.

Household Hints

1. To entertain men visitors, feed them.
2. To keep rats out of the pantry, keep all food in the cellar.
3. To remove stains from linens, use scissors.
4. To entertain women visitors, let them inspect all your private papers.
5. To make biscuit light, drench them with kerosene and ignite before serving.
6. A little Portland cement added to oatmeal while it is boiling will give it body.
7. Do not fail to clean the inside of the incandescent light bulb.
8. Odor of boiling cabbage, onions or any other vegetable may be destroyed by coating the stove with rubber.

The Unusual Brilliance of Class Work

English Teacher: "Has anyone a copy of Mallory home?"

Pupil: "Who is the author, please?"

1916 History: "Who is the present chief justice?"

Pupil (little behind the times): "John Jay."

"Not only around our History
Doth failure with all its poor marks lie,
But daily with minds that try and plot
We Civics learn, and know it not."

English Teacher: "You must not use 'lady' when you mean 'woman.' Now, tell me the difference."

Freshman: "You are a lady till you are twenty-one, and then you are a woman."

Second Freshman: "No, you are a lady till you are married, and then you are a woman."

Teacher (drawing a dome on the board): "Now, girls, the corner of *my* dome is——" (Trying to find an excuse for the sudden laughter) "Oh, of course, a dome can't have a corner."

Pupil: "No, I have never taken any science."

Teacher: "Haven't you studied chemistry?"

Pupil: "Oh, yes; but that's not a science, it's mathematics."

(In French): Translate "Henry the Fourth."

Answer expected: "Henri Quatre."

Answer received: "Henry's cat."

OUR GIRGLY DEPARTMENT

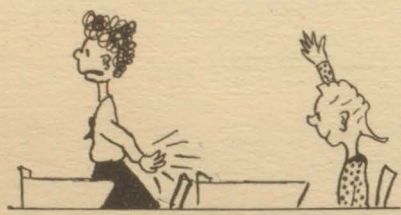
WELL KNOWN SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED.

BY R.E.M.



"NO RUNNING IN THE HALLS!"

The difference between perseverance and obstinacy is that one is a strong will and the other is a strong won't.



S.O.S.

Wanted—A Maxim silencer for Dorn in civics.

To push a High School paper is very little fun, specially when the subscribers will not remit the "Mon."

"Children, we are all made of dust."

"Then, are niggers made of coal-dust?"

The 4A Class girls are feeling sore,
They wanted to have just one dance more.

To Dr. Scott they made a plea,
But all they got was sympathy.

Teacher: "How would you punctuate this sentence: 'I saw a beautiful girl going down the street.'?"

Student: "I would make a dash after the girl."—Ex.



"HOW MANY I'S DID YOU GET?"

"Have you done your outside reading yet?"

"No, it's been too cold."

Girls, the best way to keep a man's love is not to return it.—Ex.

"I hear that Bill is going out West for his health."

"Is he? How did it get out there?"

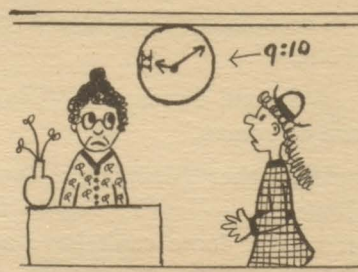
Teacher: "Johnny, if four men working eleven hours a day—"

Johnny: "Hold on, ma'am. None of those non-union problems, please."

"He's a cabinet-maker."

"Who?"

"Wilson."



"THE CATS WERE STOPPED."

"My face is my fortune."

"Oh, well, poverty is no disgrace."

The man who is his own worst enemy usually loves his enemy.



"GOT A SWAP FER YOU - LASS' GO!"

"Girls' High" is a journal to which 10 per cent of the students subscribe and which the other 90 per cent criticise.

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.—Ex.

"Say, John, I want to pay you that dollar I owe you."

"That's good, Jack. Delighted."

"But I can't."

Onlooker: "Do you like going to school?"

Every Pupil: "Oh, I don't mind coming and going. It's the staying between times I don't like."

"Speaking of relations, all of my people are fat on one side and thin on the other."

"Goodness, I'd like to see one."



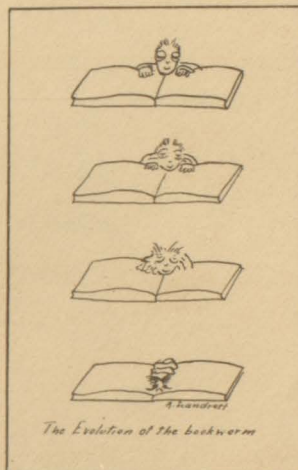
Two Dickens shivering coal at midnight.

A landlord may be square, but he's always round on rent day.

"I owe you a bit of money, don't I?"

"No, four bits."

The handsomest girl in this city is a reader of this paper, we are proud to state, and she is now reading this article.—Ex.



OUR NEWSPAPERS.

FOR SALE—A large bulldog, very gentle, kind, eats anything it gets, and is very fond of children.

Waiter: "Did you order beef a la mode, sir?"

Man: "I did! What's the matter? Waiting for styles to change?"

I wonder if Gladys Small is related to Gladys Little?"

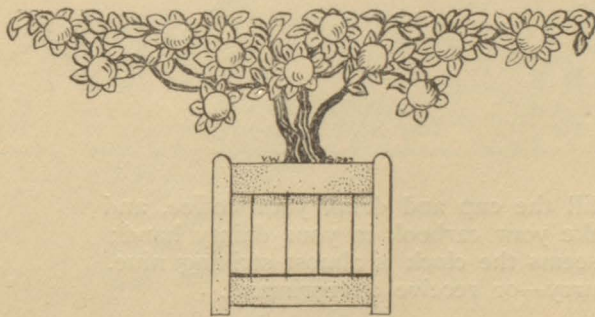
"What was Samson's last act?"

"I don't know, but it brought down the house."

The best way to balance an account is to square it.

ATTENTION

It is with great pleasure that we introduce our advertisers. Knowing that they represent the most progressive of our San Francisco merchants, we can assure you that any acquaintance you may make with them will be profitable for you. So patronize our advertisers, and in doing so you will be patronizing the friends of the Girls' High School Journal.



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FERRY BLDG.

Come, fill the cup and drink your coffee, and
Then take your carbook in your dainty hand;
It seems the clock is almost striking nine.
Now hurry—or receive a reprimand.

A book of Latin, tied up with our lunch,
A sewing bag, a spool of thread, a hunch.
The girl from whom we copied lessons long
Had gone out playing tennis with the bunch.

We patronize our advertisers.



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Leonardo Nunes

Honolulu Ukulele

The Honolulu Ukulele is made of genuine seasoned Hawaiian Koawood. It has a natural dull finish, done entirely by hand.

The one Ukulele with a perfect tone and absolutely correct scale, and is provided with patent easy turning, non-slip tuning pegs.

Free private lessons are given without charge by the noted Ukulele instructor, Prof. De Graca.

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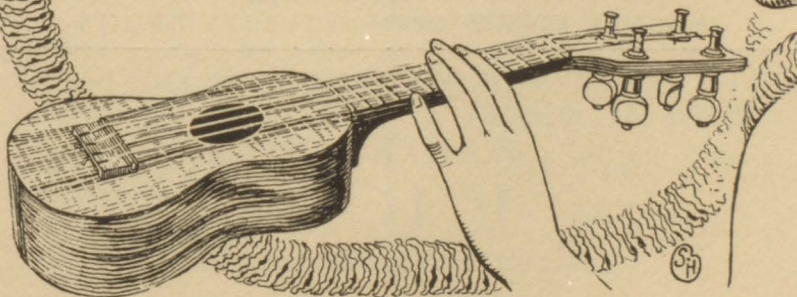
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Write for our Beautiful Hawaiian Ukulele Booklet

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ESTABLISHED 1880

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That stood along the floor and by the wall,
Took shapes of Fours before my very eyes—
I knew, if I were called on, I should fail.

We patronize our advertisers.

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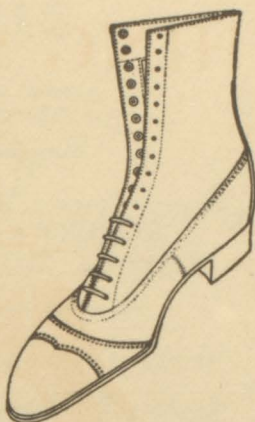
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Mayerle's glasses relieve eye strain, freshen your memory and strengthen your eyes.

"The Prong Grip Eyeglass Guards" are Invented, Patented and Owned by Geo. Mayerle.

Two gold medals and diplomas of honor awarded at California Industrial Exposition. Geo. Mayerle, graduate optometrist and optician, established twenty years, 960 Market street, San Francisco. Mayerle's eyewater freshens and strengthens the eyes. Sent by mail on receipt of 65c.

I live in the most quiet place you could imagine, right over a bowling alley. You can even hear a pin drop.

"What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

"Have 'em shined."



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218 Post St.

San Francisco

Student (struck with stage fright,
but starting out bravely): "Friends,
Washington is dead, Lincoln is dead,"
faltering, "and—and—and I'm not
feeling very well myself."—Ex.

"Rastus, what's an alibi?"

"Dat's provin' dat you was at a
prayer meeting whar you wasn't, in
order to show dat you wasn't in
somebody's chicken yard, whar you
was."

WHITE BROTHERS HARDWOOD



LUMBER
TIMBER
FLOORING
VENEERS
PANELS

FIFTH and BRANNAN STREETS

THE LARGEST STOCK OF HARDWOODS IN THE WEST

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

We patronize our advertisers.

Spring } 1916
Summer }

We are Showing a
Most Complete Line

OF

Misses' Sport Suits, Coats and Waists

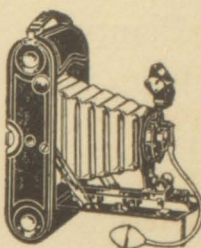
in all colors and prices

ALSO INTERESTING STYLES IN

Misses and Junior Tailored Suits

Davis, Schonwasser & Co.

Sutter and Grant Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



KODAK
HEADQUARTERS

Everything Photographic

High Grade

Developing and Printing

GEO. H. KAHN

34 Kearny St.

San Francisco

California



PERSONALS.

Is Dorothy *Poor*? No!!! Neither
is Margaret *Wood*, nor Mabel *Wit*
tea. Well, then, is Edythe *Selling*
journals.

If you can't laugh at the jokes of
the age, laugh at the age of the
jokes.

What is a polygon? A dead parrot.

THE AUTOPIANO CHICKERING

Luigi F. Galliani

FLOOR MANAGER FOR

**EILERS
Music Co.**

975 Market Street

Telephone Douglas 1400

San Francisco

California

Telephone Sutter 6030

Chas. Brown & Sons

ESTABLISHED 1857

Crockery

Glassware, Silverware and Cutlery
Stoves and Kitchen Utensils

Hotel

Restaurant and

Bar Supplies

871-873 Market St., near Fifth

LINCOLN BUILDING, OPP. POWELL

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

We patronize our advertisers.

Steinway Pianos
Pianos of All Grades
Pianola Pianos

Victor Victrolas
Victor Records

Player Music
Sheet Music

Hawaiian U Kuleles
\$7.50 Up. Free Lessons

Sherman,  Clay & Co.

Kearny and Sutter Sts., San Francisco

Hamilton Square Book Store

Headquarters for all
Books, Stationery and Supplies

Used at
Girls' High School

1205 GEARY STREET

Near Scott St., San Francisco

Junior I. "How do you know
Chaucer dictated to a stenographer?"

Junior II. "Just look at the spelling."

Teacher: "What was the Sherman
Act?"

Pupil: "Marching through Georgia."

When You Telephone Why Not SMILE?

Persons with whom you talk over the telephone cannot see you. The impression you make is accomplished wholly through the tone of your voice and what you say. Speak slowly and enunciate clearly when you talk. Half the art of telephoning lies in deliberate speech. This gives clearness and emphasis.

Politeness is Contagious

The more deliberate and courteous we are the more deliberate and courteous those with whom we talk become. The telephone voice should be clear and distinct, and have a pleasant, rising inflection.

THE SMILING VOICE IS THE WINNING WAY

The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company

We patronize our advertisers.

Compliments of

The
Banner
Millinery

925 Market Street
San Francisco

Wholesale and
Retail

Telephone Pacific 2

J. R. SAUL
REAL ESTATE BROKER

502 Clement Street
297 Sixth Avenue

San Francisco

The World's Largest Millinery Store
J. W. WOLF, Prop.

Zobel's
Millinery Importers

23 GRANT AVE.

Phone Douglas 4744

San Francisco

FROM
A
FRIEND

Phone Sutter 6573

Chas. W. Dahl
& Son

ELECTRIC COMPANY

Marine Electrical Installation

Repairs and Supplies
of All Kinds

111 Mission St. San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone West 1944

Holje Catering Company

Banquets - Weddings - Receptions - Etc.

2327 Sutter Street

Dishes, Chairs, Tables,
Linen and Silver Rented

Parlors Rented For
Social Functions

Phone West 10

Martin & Brown

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

1868 Geary Street

San Francisco

Visiting Cards Engraved
—and Printed at—

ROBERTSON'S

222 STOCKTON ST.

UNION SQUARE

B. M. JOSEPH

Telephones: Sutter 423
Sutter 424

Joseph's

We excel in all Floral Work
especially

BRIDAL BOUQUETS



233 Grant Avenue

Opposite The White House

We have connections with florists in all cities of the United States
which enables us to deliver flowers by telegraph

We patronize our advertisers.

COMPLIMENTS OF
DR. E. L. LICHTY
SEVEN TWENTY-SIX PACIFIC BUILDING

MAY JOSEPHI-KINCAID



Academy of
Dramatic Arts
and
Silent Drama

**Kohler & Chase
Bldg.**
Phone Kearny 5454

Telephones
Residence, Pacific 2962
School, Pacific 1655

Residence
720 Sixth Avenue

**Captain Dilhan
Mrs. Dilhan**

**SAN FRANCISCO
RIDING SCHOOL**

701 Seventh Avenue

Classes
By Appointment

Private Lessons
By Appointment

1B Latin: "Conjugate 'cold.'"
Freshie: "Cold, cough, coffin."

Why is the alligator the most deceitful of animals? Because he takes you in with an open countenance.

Civics Exam.: "If president, vice-president and all members of the cabinet should die, who would officiate?"

Answer: "The undertaker."

GEO. G. FRASER
President

MATEO S. GAME
Secretary

FRASER STUDIOS PORTRAITURE

116-118 GEARY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

TELEPHONES SUTTER 2180-2181

Successors to

VAUGHAN & KEITH - - VAUGHAN & FRASER
TABER-STANFORD STUDIOS

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

We patronize our advertisers.

THE JUVENILE

130 GRANT AVE.

Girls' and Misses' Exclusive Ultra stylish
Trimmed and Sport Hats

$\frac{1}{2}$ OFF

Wonderfully Clever Hats Sparkling with Newness, Superior Designed, in accordance with *The Juvenile Standard* including Milan Straws, Leghorns and Panamas. Formerly priced.

\$6.50 now **\$3.25**

\$5.00 now **\$2.50**

\$4.50 now **\$2.25**

\$3.50 now **\$1.75**

See the Sport Norfolk Coat, tailored like brothers, just the proper styling, an innovation at the Boys' Shop. All the girls will be wearing them. **Priced \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00.**

"Frederick Barbarossa? Where did he hail from?"

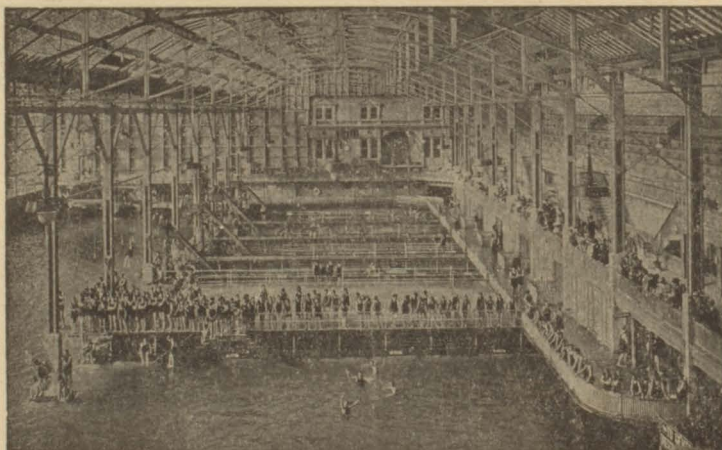
"He didn't hail, he reigned."

Teacher: "What is a dromedary?"

Johnny: "A dromedary is a two-masted camel."

"Say, is this solution an acid of a base?"

"Huh! Do you take me for a piece of paper?"—Ex.



SWIM AT SUTRO BATHS

OPEN DAILY 7 a. m. to 11 p. m.

SPECIAL RATES TO HIGH SCHOOLS

We patronize our advertisers.

Ickelheimer Bros. Co.

Gas and Electric
F I X T U R E S

439 SUTTER STREET

Between Stockton and Powell

San Francisco

TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 4535

Parisian Garden

358 11th Avenue

New York High Grade BUTTON WORKS

(Only Exclusive Button House west of Chicago)

Covered buttons made to order, largest variety, latest styles and shapes, Squares, Oblong or Olive Triangles, Bullets, Natural Acorn, Stars, Ridge and all plain and combination styles. Buttons guaranteed not to come apart.

166 Geary St. Phone Sutter 1905

Mitchell

Osen McFarland Auto Co.
DISTRIBUTORS

61 Golden Gate Ave., near Van Ness

Phone Park 140

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TELEPHONE WEST 19

A. H. GREENBERG

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

COAL

1409-1419 ELLIS STREET

Member San Francisco
Stock Exchange

PHONES:
GARFIELD 586
STOCK EXCHANGE
KEARNY 5192

S. D. Landecker

Stock Broker

OIL STOCKS

All Nevada Mining Stocks

For Cash or Margin

263 Russ Building

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone West 5663

The Sporting Goods Store

CLARENCE A. SON

SPALDING'S ATHLETIC GOODS

Bathing Suits
Base Balls

Fishing Tackle
Cutlery

Gymnasium Goods
Pennants

Tennis Goods

1726 FILLMORE STREET

Bet. Post and Sutter

From

a

Friend

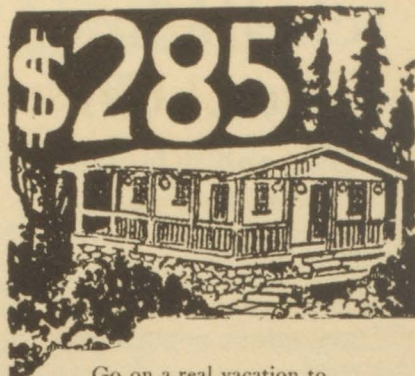
We patronize our advertisers.

Littlejohn Studios of Modern Dancing

SPECIAL RATES
FOR STUDENTS

435 POWELL STREET

Phone
GARFIELD 2509



Go on a real vacation to

WALDRUHE HEIGHTS

In the Sonoma Mountains Overlooking the
Valley of the Moon, near Glen Ellen.

BUY NOW. Lot and Furnished Bungalow Complete, \$285.00

Small deposit will reserve any lot for you—balance in easy payments.

NO INTEREST

NO TAXES

Fine home cooked meals at Tavern
only 25c. each.

See **T. F. A. OBERMEYER, Owner**
299 Monadnock Bldg. San Francisco, Cal.

"What is a volcano?"

"Please, teacher, it's a mountain
with the cork out."

"Did you look over your algebra?"

"No, I overlooked it."

"Marry my daughter? Why, she is
a mere child."

"Yes, but I thought I'd come early
and avoid the rush."

THE GIRLS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL RECOMMEND

Goldman's Cloak and Suit House

788 MARKET STREET

Opposite 4th

They Are Reliable

Suits, Coats, Dresses and Millinery

We patronize our advertisers.

Phone Garfield 1168

Terminal Florist

Choice Cut Flowers

Orchids our specialty
40c. each

7 Embarcadero
Opp. Ferry Building

SAN FRANCISCO

Carey & Lilly

Grocers

11th Ave. and Geary Street

Phone Orders Receive Prompt and Careful
Attention

Only One Quality
THE BEST

Phone Pacific 6943

Mann's Floral Shop

Pretty Flowers
Fine Plants

754 Clement St.

Phone Pacific 1995

Cor. 9th Avenue

BYRON MAUZY

Sells Everything in Music
Ukuleles \$4.00 up
Violins, Guitars, Mandolins
Music Rolls, Victrolas, Ed-
dison Talking Machines
Player Pianos, all kinds

250 STOCKTON STREET
UNION SQUARE

We patronize our advertisers.

Phone West 586

Emile Serveau

Florist



2110-2114 Fillmore Street

Phone West 4615

Phone West 6257

Levin's Flower Shop

HERMAN LEVIN, Prop.

1803 Fillmore St.

Near Sutter

SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Pacific 23

John T. Meinert GROCER

Distributor of
CORINTHIAN BRANDS

4135 California Street

Cor. 4th Ave.

San Francisco

COMPLIMENTS OF

DR. W. R. PHILLIPS
DENTIST



726 Pacific Building

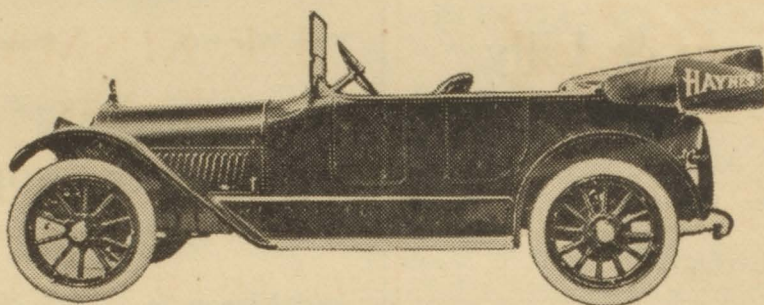
San Francisco

1916 HAYNES 1916

F. O. B. \$1600 SAN FRANCISCO

Profit By Our 23 Years' Successful Experience In Building Motor Cars

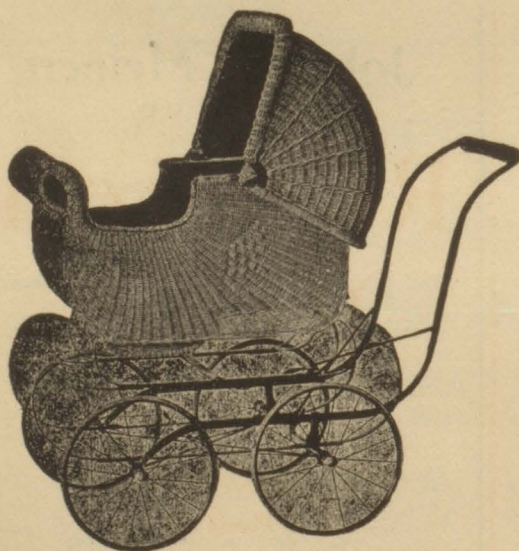
 America's Greatest "Light Six" 



DIRECT FACTORY BRANCH
HAYNES AUTO SALES CO., Inc.

TURK AT POLK STREET

PHONE FRANKLIN 1054



Style 1608, 36" x 14". Price \$22.50

You Know
Your Baby needs
Fresh Air and
sunshine

We Know
We make the Best
Carriage to supply it
Send for Catalogue

**PACIFIC COAST
RATTAN CO.**

Makers of
Baby Carriages, Go-Carts and Hand-
craft Furniture

7-9 Jones Street, San Francisco
Phone Market 4171

16th and Jefferson Sts., Oakland
Phone Oakland 375

We patronize our advertisers.

WE all eat
Hoyt's
Famous
Doughnuts
and Hoyt is OUR
Friend



Main Office for State of California
601 EDDY STREET

PHONE: FRANKLIN 2665

San Francisco . . . California

FREESE & CO.

Up-to-Date
GROCERS

The Best
at
All Times

1260 to 1266 Devisadero St.

Phones } West 25
 } West 4910

We patronize our advertisers.

Mail Order Department

Phone Douglas 4646

The Ellery A R M S Company

Manufacturers and Outfitters

For the Sportsman, Camper and Athlete
Equipment and Apparatus for Every Need

583-585 MARKET STREET

San Francisco, Cal.

Marine and Stationary Engines
Motor Boat Supplies and Canoes

J. F. KINMAN Kodaks

don't forget to see us about
that new KODAK you are
going to get before vacation

2207 FILLMORE STREET

Phone West 6347

COMPLIMENTS OF

Rathjen Bros.

272-276 O'Farrell St.

Between Powell and Mason

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JAMES A. MORGAN

659 PHELAN BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO

JEWELRY of gold and platinum
made to order-
handicraft finish.

G H S class pins for all classes
class rings

THE DEAN Studio of Dancing

437 TURK STREET

Phone Prospect 5411

LATEST DANCES
Special Attention to
Beginners



Classes
Monday and Friday Evenings
Advance Class
Wednesday Evenings

Hupmobile

Hupmobile



Roadster 1850

F. J. LINZ MOTOR CO.

1128 Van Ness Avenue

San Francisco, Cal.

We patronize our advertisers.

Office Telephone Market 5164

Leon Cohn Catering Company

PARTIES, BANQUETS and WEDDINGS
Promptly Attended To

CROCKERY, SILVERWARE, GLASSWARE,
LINENS, CHAIRS, TABLES, ETC.
Rented at Reasonable Rates

930 FILLMORE STREET
Between McAllister and Fulton, San Francisco

453 TWENTIETH AVE.
RICHMOND DISTRICT

PHONE PACIFIC 7751
FOR APPOINTMENTS

J. B. Spence Rideout, O.D.

Eye Sight Specialist

SUNDAYS BY APPOINTMENT

Take Geary Car B—Walk $\frac{1}{2}$ Block



R. Bujannoff

Designing and
Manufacturing
OF

ARTISTIC JEWELRY

Specialty Made of Fine Diamonds.
Platinum Mountings. Jewelry Remodeled
Into Latest Designs.

51 LICK PLACE
Between Sutter and Post, Kearny and Montgomery Streets
Phone Douglas 1833

The Green Parrot

1719-21 FILLMORE ST.
San Francisco

Candies, Ices, French Pastries
and Luncheon

Our Candies Mailed Anywhere

C. E. DORN

Phone West 9323

We patronize our advertisers.

*Compliments
of*

McCaw Bros.

401-405-411
Devisadero Street

Parodi & Fregosi Co.

FLORISTS
AND
DECORATORS

1215 McALLISTER ST.

Near Fillmore St.

Phone Park 794

San Francisco, Cal.

N. T. Treat

GROCERIES, ETC.

2101 Geary St.

Opposite Girls' High School

San Francisco

Toilet
Preparations

Manicuring
Shampooing

Madame Zenobia

Scalp and Facial Specialist

279 Devisadero St.

San Francisco

PHONE MARKET 3552

Exposition Views

Van Briggie Pottery

Oriental Objects of Art

Artists' Materials

Framing and Gilding

Schussler Bros.
285 GEARY STREET

Dairy Delivery Co.

3550-70 Nineteenth Street

The MOST MODERN and BEST
EQUIPPED milk distributing plant
on the Coast

OUR SPECIALTY IS
Pasteurized Milk and Cream

H. R. TIMMS
CERTIFIED MILK

Call and inspect our methods before ordering
elsewhere

In Physics: "What is the musical
instrument of the ear?"
Bright Pupil: "The drum."
"No, the organ (of Corti)."

Freshman—grassy,
Sophomore—sassy,
Junior—brassy,
Senior—classy.



**La Resista
and
Flexo-form
Corsets —**

Spira-bone
makes them
as flexible as
the human
form.

**Especially
Adapted for
Athletic Sports**

Models for
all Figures **\$1 to \$5 at Ramsay's
Style Shop--1608 Haight St.**

PATRONIZE
Shumate's Pharmacy Inc.
DISPENSING CHEMISTS

DEPENDABLE

7

STORES

- 1 Cor. Devisadero and Sutter
- 2 Cor. Haight and Masonic Ave.
- 3 Cor. Sacramento and Presidio Ave.
- 4 84 Post Street East of Kearny
- 5 Cor. Carl and Cole Streets
- 6 Cor. Union and Steiner Streets
- 7 Cor. Powell and Sutter Sts.

DEPENDABLE

7

STORES

**San Francisco's Leading
Prescription Pharmacists**

Physicians Prescriptions Properly Prepared
We patronize our advertisers.

DANCING

DANCING

Puckett's College

Assembly Hall

1268 SUTTER STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Classes - - MONDAY'S

Class and Socials - - WEDNESDAY'S

Assemblies - - FRIDAY'S

PRIVATE LESSONS DAILY

Phone PROSPECT 8025

Studio:
2095 FULTON ST.

Phone:
Pacific 7967

Lorraine Ewing

Pianiste-Teacher

Pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt and
member of Mansfeldt Club

Applications for lessons can
be made after July 20th

A PERFECTLY GOOD GEOME-
TRY PROBLEM.

To prove: That a poor lesson is
better than a good one.

- Proof: 1. Nothing is better than a
good lesson.
2. A poor lesson is better
than nothing.
3. Therefore a poor lesson
is better than a good
one.—I. E. D.

Compliments
3 A Class

We patronize our advertisers.

THE BOOK OF THRIFT

That is what your savings pass-book at the Anglo-California Trust Company may become.

If you will, you can make it tell an interesting continued story of progress on your part, every deposit entry recording another step toward the goal of success. Are you making such a record?

Anglo-California Trust Company Bank

Commercial—Trust—Savings

532 MARKET STREET

Grandma: "Bobby, what are you doing in the pantry?"

Bobby: "I'm just putting a few things away."

"Tell the gentleman I am not receiving today, Nora."

"But he ain't deliverin', mum; he's collectin'."

UYEDA PERFECTION

The New Sanitary Protector for Women. Hygienic, Comfortable, Economical, Clean and Convenient.

Uyeda Perfection is the best sanitary protector for women, especially for Misses who have not the time or convenience to look.

Anybody who once uses Uyeda Perfection would never be without it another time. It is the most satisfactory of all sanitary protectors known.

Order by Postoffice, Express Money Order, Bank Draft or Postage Stamps. Postage Paid for Parcel Post.

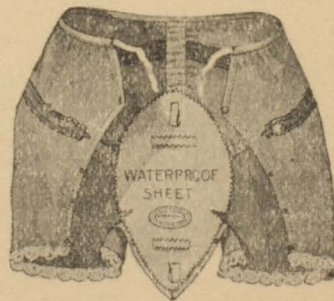
Orders will be sent promptly

Uyeda Perfection Mail Order House
1872 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

We patronize our advertisers.



Made by
The Protector Mfg. Co.
San Francisco, Cal.



Patented Jan. 6, 1914, Aug. 3, 1915

Made with	Waist	Price per	With
white	Size	garment	Lace
Silk	22, 24, 26, 28	\$2.25	\$2.50
"	30 to 36	2.50	2.75
Crepe	22, 24, 26, 28, 30	1.35	1.55
"	32 to 40	1.45	1.65

GOLDBERG, BOWEN & CO.

"Always Good" GROCERIES

Old
Reliable

Since
1850

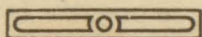
Father: "Mabel!"

Mabel: "Yes, father."

Father: "Just tell that young gentleman in the parlor if he is waiting for the morning paper he can get it more quickly down town."

"Oh!" exclaimed the suffragette fervently, "If the Lord had only made me a man!"

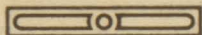
"Perhaps He did, dear," said the widow, soothingly, "but you haven't found him yet."



Compliments

of

Low Senior Class



We patronize our advertisers.

Fashion No Menace To Health

The human form may be safely covered up with as varied styles of dress as the imagination may conceive; no harm will result so long as there is no interference with the normal workings of the human machine.

The true art of modern corsetry is to make this garment of women physiologically correct as to design and fit and yet construct it to meet the demands of fashion so that the result will be beautiful according to the standard of the time.

We have developed a wonderful garment for the girl of today who desires health combined with beauty. This is not a woman's corset cut down but a garment designed especially and is far superior to anything offered elsewhere.

Twenty years experience in the art of corsetry enables us to offer valuable advice. Prices range from two dollars up.

THE K & S CORSET CO.

Successors to

THE LICHAU CORSET CO.

Makers of Scientific Surgical Corsets

345 STOCKTON ST.

"Willie, I told you not to go swimming."

"I know, but Satan tempted me."

"And why didn't you tell Satan to go behind you?"

"I did, and he kicked me in."

Student: "You sit on every joke I hand in."

Josh Editor: "I wouldn't if they had a point."

Here's hoping that the josh editor lives to be as old as her jokes.

Financial Independence

When you leave school is made possible by owning a Savings Account!

THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL BANKING CORPORATION

will welcome accounts from students in the Girls High School
UPON WHICH FOUR PER CENT PER ANNUM IS PAID

Sixteen Branches Around the World
HEAD OFFICE: NEW YORK

SAN FRANCISCO: Mills Building, Bush and Montgomery Streets

BRANCH: Geary and Fillmore Streets

The Fillmore Street Branch is open for the receipt of Savings Deposits Saturday evenings from 6 to 8.

E. W. WILSON, Manager

We patronize our advertisers.

P. VINCENT MATRAIA, Pres.

JULIUS EPPSTEIN, Secty-Trea

Art Floral Company

INCORPORATED

255 POWELL STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Telephones: KEARNY 3524

SUTTER 1372

Board of Health of San Francisco recommends the Daily Electro-chlorine Treatment of Water in Swimming Pools
and the water is changed as directed by them.

This System is Used by the

Lurline Ocean Water Baths

CORNER BUSH AND LARKIN STREETS

Salt Water Direct from the Ocean

Our own Modern Laundry. Towels and Suits thoroughly washed and sterilized. Inspection invited. HOT AIR HAIR DRYERS, Electric Curling Irons and Shampoo Rooms for women bathers free.

Open Every Day and Evening, including Sunday, from 6 a. m. to 10 p. m. Natatorium reserved for women every Tuesday and Friday from 9 a. m. to noon. Spectators Gallery open to the public free.

BRANCH TUB BATHS, 2151 GEARY ST., near Divisadero



Bank Stock Paper

Hold It To the
Light and
See the
Water-Mark

RELIEVES, STRENGTHENS AND
SAVES THE EYES

Pen or Pencil work equally well on its surface

Used and endorsed by the leading Educators of the Country

Every sheet protected by the Government

Beware of Counterfeit Blue Paper

SOLD BY ALL SCHOOL SUPPLY STORES

Made by

THE MYSELL-ROLLINS BANK NOTE CO.

32 CLAY STREET, San Francisco

We patronize our advertisers.



COMPLIMENTS OF THE 3 B CLASS

