

GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

DECEMBER, 1916



PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIOR CLASS *OF THE*
GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL

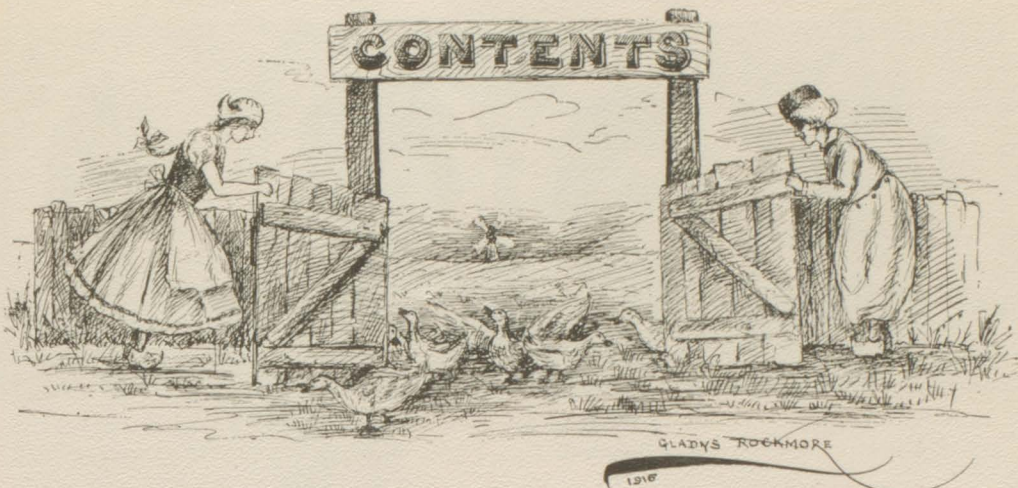


Girls High School

To
Miss Fidelia Jewett
this Journal
is lovingly dedicated
with deep affection and sincere gratitude
for the many years of service and
devotion she has given
to the
Girls High School

Faculty

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MARTIN A. CENTNER.....	Head of Department of Latin
MISS ADELINE B. CROYLAND.....	Head of Department of English
MISS LAURA DANIEL.....	Head of Department of Mathematics
EDWARD J. DUPUY.....	Head of Department of French
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MISS MABEL WOOD.....	Sewing



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CLAIRE EPPINGER
President

RUTH QUIVEY
Vice-President

BLANCHE DEWEY
Secretary

JANE ELLIOTT
Treasurer

CLASS ORGANIZATION

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RUTH QUIVEY	<i>Vice-President</i>
BLANCHE DEWEY	<i>Secretary</i>
JANE ELLIOTT	<i>Treasurer</i>



CLASS MOTTO

"A posse ad esse." — "From possibility to actuality."



CLASS YELL

"Pep, ginger, steam,
December '16."



CLASS FLOWER

Tea Rose



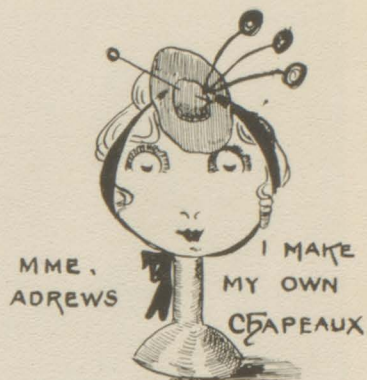
CLASS COLORS

Orange and Green

Girls High School



MURIEL ANDREWS
"Madcap Muriel"



MARION AYER
"Mumbling Marion"

HER SWEET VOICE
HAUNTS ME STILL



ELIZABETH ARMER
"Laughing Liz"

ELIZABETH IN ACTION
WATCH THE SPARKS



MABEL BINGHAM
"Mischievous Mabel"

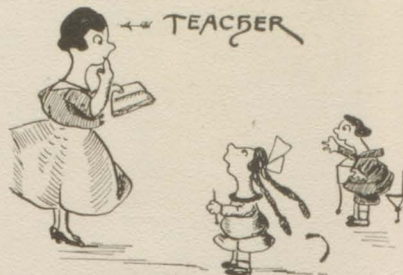
WHY DO THE BOOKS LIKE
MABEL SO?





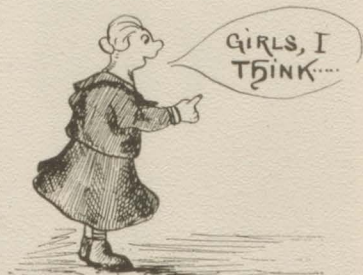
MARIE BROWN
"Mesmerizing Marie"

THREE YEARS FENCE
 - (MAYBE)



VIVA BRUCE
"Violent Viva"

VIVA LA BRUCE HAS
 THE IDEA ANYWAY



NAOMI CHAMBERS
"Natty Naomi"



WENDOLINE CORBIN
"Wistful Wendoline"



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GENEVIEVE CORDREY
"Genial Genevieve"



PAULINE COUTARD
"Punctual Pauline"

SHE SPEAKS FRENCH
LIKE A
FRANCAISE



GLORIA CURTIN
"Giddy Gloria"



THIS IS THE ONLY WAY
MY FACE FEELS
COMFORTABLE



EDITH DASEKING
"Entrancing Edith"



ONE OF OUR
BERNHARDS.



CATHERINE DAVIS
"Klever Katinka"

A SHINING LIGHT



A VERY HANDY WORK

LILLIAN DAVIS
"Loitering Lilly"



BLANCHE DEWEY
"Babbling Blanche"

CLUTCHING HAND
MYSTERY



JANE ELLIOTT
"Jolly Jane"

LAUGH AND
GROW THIN
WITH ME



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CLAIRE EPPINGER
"Effervescent Epp"

A GOOD SPORT



MARION FILMER
"Mystic Marion"



"DREAMING OF YOU"



CORINNE FLECK
"Carefree Corinne"

"BIG BEN" LARGEST COMB FOUND IN CAL.- OWNER C. FLECK.

MARION FLY
"Magnanimous Marion"

I USE FLY'S HAIR TONIC DO YOU?

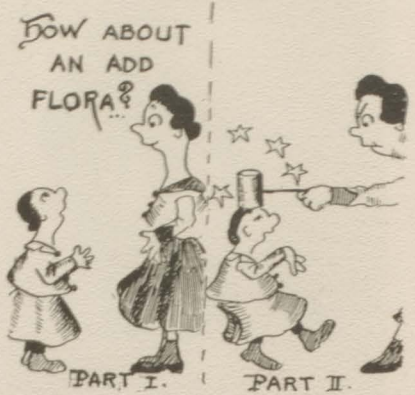




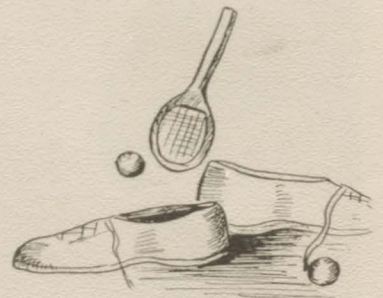
FLORENCE FROST
"Faultless Florence"



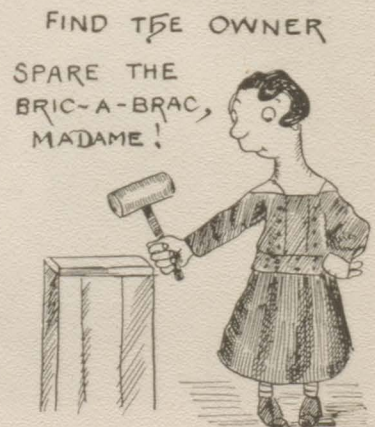
FLORA GROVER
"Fozy Flora"



ROSE HALLER
"Romping Rose"



BEATRICE HARPER
"Busy Bee"



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HELEN JOHNSON
"Heroic Helen"



FLOATS LIKE
 IVORY SOAP



NINA LEDERER
"Nifty Nina"



NO, SHE'S
 NOT A
 JAILER

LOCKER KEY



MADELINE LUCAS
"Maddening Madeline"

WE ALL HAVE OUR
 CUTE POINTS



PATHE' WEEKLY NEEDS
 HER



ERNE LYONS
"Efficient Erne"



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DOROTHY MALING
"Dainty Dot"

TINY DAREDEVIL SOON
TO JOIN SELLS- FLOTO



EILEEN MATEER
"Ironie Eileen"

WE SINCERELY APPRECI-
ATE HER EFFORTS

TAKE THE
LITERARY
DIGEST
ONLY
10¢!



GRACE McDEVITT
"Gabby Grace"

AN EXCITING MOMENT



GENEVIEVE McGIVNEY
"Gentle Genevieve"

SHE MADE
THIS DRESS
WITH
ABSOLUTELY
NO ASSISTANCE



VOGUE PATTERN.

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EDYTHER McGLYNN
"Energetic Edythe"

A CRITICAL PERIOD IN
 AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

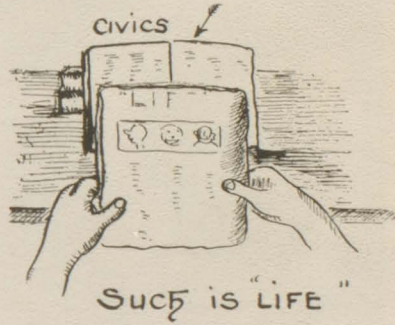


McLEAN & Co. FREE
 DEMONSTRATIONS ON THE
 EVERREADY "SANDWICH."

FLORA McLEAN
"Frisky Flora"



EDWINA MEREDITH
"Elfish Edwina"



CAMILLE MIDDLETON
"Coquettish Camille"



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MILDRED METZNER
"Massive Mil"

10 YEARS HENCE, DOC.
METZNER OFF ON A CASE
AT 1 A.M.



BESSIE MORRIS
"Blitheful Bessie"

I THINK HOFBRAU
MEANS CHOCOLATE
CREAMS



MIRIAM MORRIS
"Merry Mim"

SOME GIRL-
SOME MUSIC



EILEEN MULCAHY
"Iconoclastic Eileen"

SING SING HAS
NOTHING
ON HER



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MARGARET OESTREICHER
"Malicious Margaret"

WHEN YOU NEED A NEW
 NECK, JUST SAY THE
 WORD.



CAROL PETERSEN
"Peppy Pete"

I POSE FOR
 "BOSS OF
 THE ROADS"



RUTH PEYSER
"Rambunctious Ruth"



GOLF FAN

SHE
 EVEN HITS
 THE BALL
 AT TIMES.



VIOLET PHILLIPS
"Vivacious Vi"

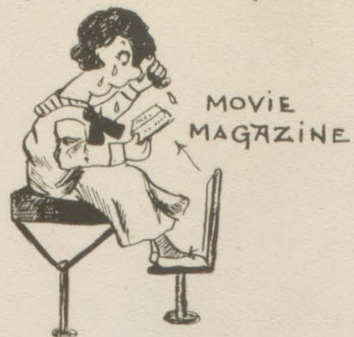
THE MOVIES NEED HER





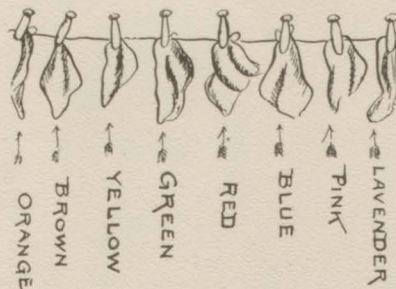
RUTH QUIVEY
"Riotous Ruth"

HEART THROBS



HELEN RADIN
"Humorous Helen"

WHO OWNS THESE HANDKERCHIEFS?



LORRAINE RODNEY
"Languid Lorraine"

BULL DOG GRIP



HENRIETTE ROUMIGUIERE
"Hilarious Henriette"

GRADUATION - NIGHT



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HANNAH RUEGG
"Happy Hannah"

I MUST STUDY MORE,
I HAVE ONLY SIXTEEN IS



ADELINE SCANDRETT
"Admirable Adeline"

WELL KNOWN ANIMAL -
AND INSECT -
PHOTOGRAPHER



EVEN EXPERTS MAKE A
SLIP SOMETIMES

GRACE SPENCER
"Gliding Grace"



MARIE STAUFFER
"Memorizing Marie"

BAUXITE OCCURRING IN
ROUND, CONCRETIONARY
DESSEMINATED GRAINS ETC.

MME.
STAUFFER
WILL ANSWER
ANY QUESTION





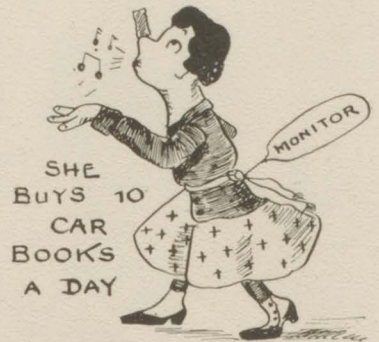
NEVA STEVENSON
"Noisy Neva"

WORLD'S FAMOUS
 HIKERETTE



SHE SHOULD WALK

FLORENCE TORASSA
"Flamboyant Florence"



SHE MOVES MORE
 PEOPLE THAN THE
 BEKINS STORAGE CO.

THELMA WALTHER
"Theatrical Thelma"



AN OPTIMIST

VIVIAN WEISSMAN
"Vimful Vivian"



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MARGUERITE WELBORN
"Midget Marguerite"

GLADYS WILEY
"Gabbling Gladys"

JOSEPHINE WITT
"Joking Jo"

ANNETTE WOLFE
"Absent Annette"

IRENE WRIGHT
"Irrepressible Irene"



MME. WILEY
ROBES DESIGNED AND
REHASHED.



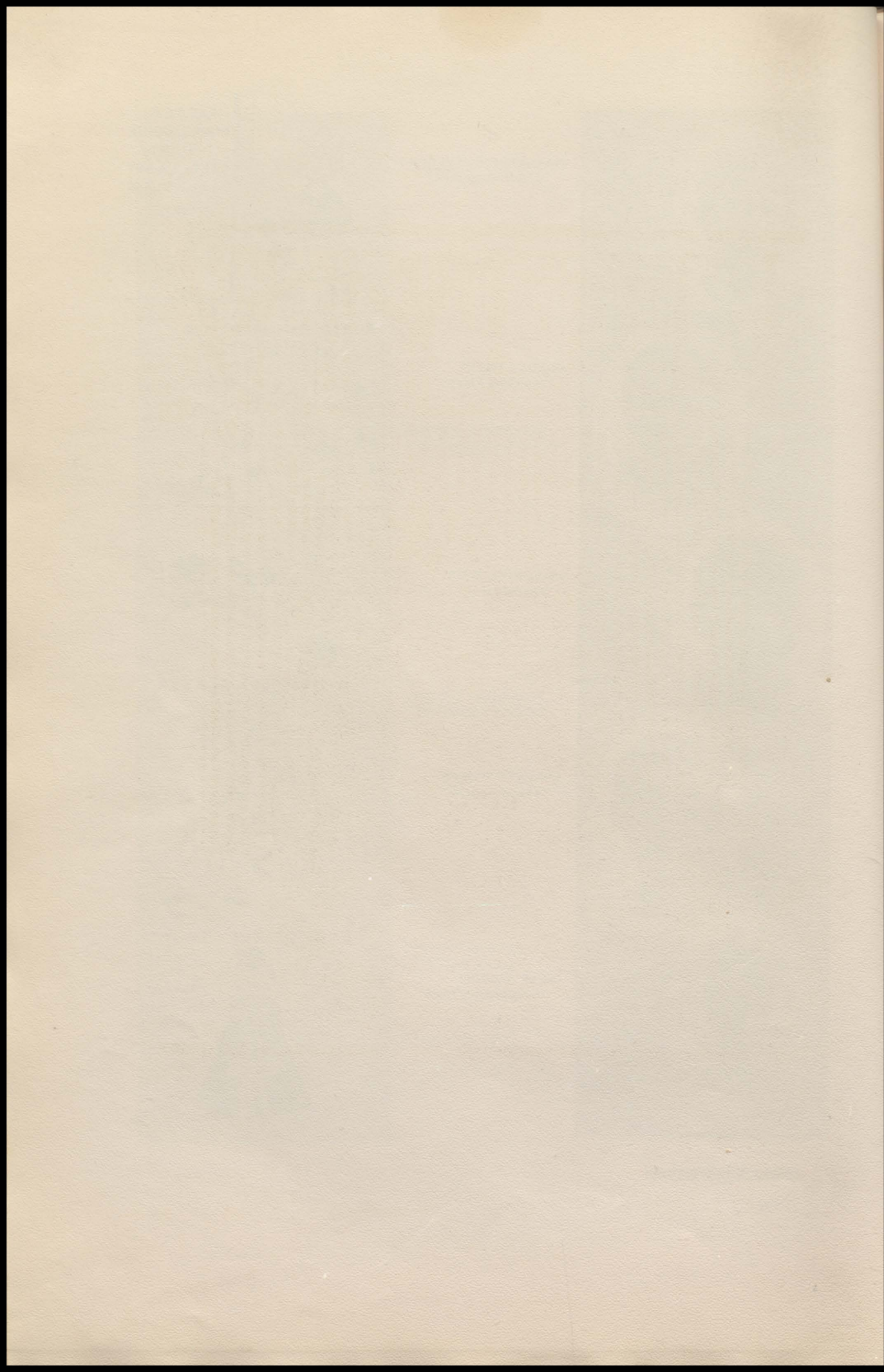
A GENTLE PLAYER

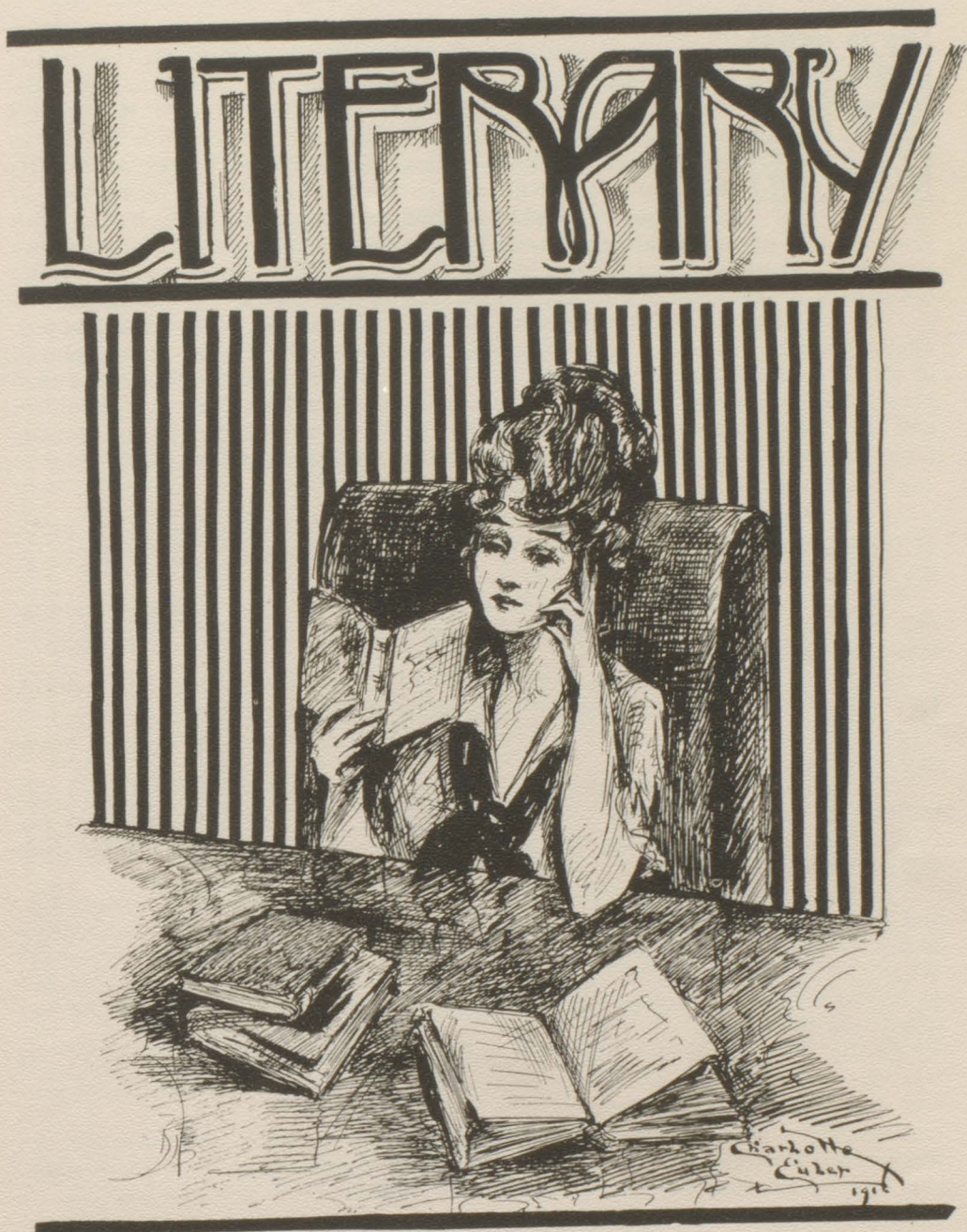
RACE WITH TIME



"END OF THE TRAIL"







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The Man Who Came Back



HE electric silence of the room was finally broken by the cold, cutting tone of the commanding officer, as he read the verdict of the court-martial—"and therefore are dishonorably discharged from his Majesty's army." The eyes of the officers fastened expectantly on the rigid figure of a fellow officer, as the colonel continued. "Have you anything to say as to why this sentence should not be carried out?" The gray eyes of the prisoner traveled around the group until they locked with those of one of his superior officers, Francis Everard, whose shifty blue ones were the first to drop and nervously seek the floor. Then the accused, turning his gaze again toward the colonel, replied quietly and clearly, "Nothing, sir."

This was the end of all! He, with the tall, lithe figure, the laughing, boyish mouth, and the fearless gray eyes, was branded a thief! He, the much beloved of all his comrades, and the son of one of England's proudest families had ended his brilliant career in this way! The epaulettes were torn from his shoulders and then he moved as a man struck by his death blow; his eyes closed and his fists clenched, but, with head erect, he marched unfalteringly toward the door.

* * * * *

It was "somewhere in France." The air was thick with smoke. The crack of the muskets and the sullen boom and roar of the cannon pounded dully on the ears of the men in the trenches.

"Back, boys, retreat! The Germans are advancing," cried the commanding officer above the din of the battle. The men climbed out of the trenches and slowly but surely fell back.

"Oh, see, sir! One of the men from the other company has been left behind. He's wounded"—this to the captain, who, under the name of Robert Somers, had risen from the rank of private in France's Foreign Legion to be captain, brave and beloved of his men.

"I'm going back to get him," he shouted, and he crept back toward the trench they had just left. He found the man, lying face downward half way between the trenches. Raising the prostrate figure in his arms, he gazed into the still, white face.

"God," he cried, "Francis Everard!" But this was no time for retrospection, and so, bearing his burden, he started back. It seemed miles, nay, leagues, back to the friendly protection of the sheltering trench. But what cared he for death? What had he to live for? Just as he reached the trenches, he felt a red hot pain, and fell back, unconscious. His men hastily drew him and the man he had saved into the trench.

Hastily sent to a hospital in Paris, he had hung between life and death. It was three weeks later, and he was commencing to recover. A white-haired general was seated at his bedside.

"My boy, you are honorably discharged from the army and awarded the distinguished conduct medal. I know we ask no questions, but isn't there someone whom I can notify that you are disabled, and to whom you can go?"

Bob Somers turned his face away for a moment, so that the general could not see the pain reflected in it.

"No, sir," he said sadly, "I haven't a friend in the world, nor is there anyone to whom I can go. I was dishonorably discharged from the English army. I have disgraced my name (for of course you know Somers isn't my real name), and have broken my old father's heart. I can't go back to England, but must

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drag out my useless existence in some obscure village here in France,—an out-cast, whose life was spoiled by “a youthful ideal of loyalty.”

The general looked away, and said huskily, “I’m sorry.” And then he rose to go.

“One moment, sir,” said Bob. “How is the man I—”

“The man you rescued? He was so severely wounded that he died. An addressed, sealed package found among his effects, was mailed to some young woman in England—the rest to his relatives.” And then with a friendly farewell, the general departed.

* * * * *

It was spring in England and Joan Alwyn lay back in the hammock and opened the package which had been found on the body of Francis Everard. With reverent fingers, she opened the little leather diary and read. After a few moments, the silence of the old garden was broken by a low moan. Joan tightly closed her eyes and then, brushing a mist from them, she read on. It was true; here was the whole truth. Oh, the shame of it, the pity! Carefully she re-read each word.

“I know you’ll despise me. I know the whole world will despise me for the kind of coward that I am. I couldn’t say that I had committed such a crime. Confession meant the ruin of all my hopes. It meant losing you. I knew Bob’s great love for you, and that he did not think you returned it, as I knew you did. His blindness to the fact made everything so easy. Altho he knew that I had committed the crime, because he thot that it was I you loved, and because your happiness was far more to him than his own life, he kept silent. I knew he would never tell, and I thot, fool that I was, that you might forget him, and turn to me. I fought the temptation. God! how I fought it, but I couldn’t conquer it. I was there when they accused him, and I kept silent. I saw him taken away by the guards. I was there thru all the nightmare of the trial. I saw him condemned, and when his eyes looked into mine I wanted to cry out, ‘It was I’; but I couldn’t, and so I let him go off alone, all alone, into nowhere, to the port of missing men. Then I knew that I couldn’t stay in England. I had to come away. I wanted to forget. Always I can see his eyes looking into mine. It’s driving me mad. So I came to France, and joined the Foreign Legion, and I have tried to forget. But I can’t—they’re always there—his eyes—thru the battle smoke, in the quiet of the camp, I see them. In the night I find myself crying his name. Always, he is looking—looking.

“I am coming to the end of my little book. It is a pitiful chapter out of a man’s life, isn’t it, Joan? A story of a fool’s dream that was shattered by his own weakness. Joan, Joan, don’t hate me! Be sorry for me. Whether I live or die, I enjoin upon you as a solemn duty to send this, my confession, to the colonel. I hope this will reach you in time to make reparation for the wrong I have done you and Bob. That is the only hope left me. Good-bye.”

* * * * *

“Bob Somers” sat on the porch of a house in a small village in France. He longed to be back in the thick of the fight, to hear the thunder and roar of battle. He sighed. Just then a light footstep sounded behind him.

“Bob,” said a sweet voice.

“Joan, you—how did you find me?” and then, struck speechless by the wonder of her presence, dumbly gazed at her while she explained.

“And so you see—all is known,” she ended, “and you’ll come back?” she asked.

“Yes, I’ll go back,” he answered.

ELAINE M. MOSEBACH, June ’17.

LILLIE C. GRETHEN, June ’17,

Girls High School

Peace



ALL weary of the turmoil of each day
We sought for Peace—but vain indeed the search
Through thoroughfares of ceaseless, hurrying feet,
Until, by chance, we found a tiny church,
Within, a garden, hid by stone walls high—
We knocked for entrance, knowing Peace was nigh.

We stepped into the garden—there a spell,
The mystic drowsiness of afternoon
Crept o'er us; only the low-toned lazy croon
Of one half-hearted bee, slow-winging there
Broke the enchanted stillness of the air.

The red leaves of the flow'ring plum bent low
To catch their clear reflection in the pool
That showed a bit of blue sky from above,
A softer color, lying calm and cool;
While on the path a wavering pattern spread,
Thrown by the rustling branches overhead.

In silence then we wandered up the walk
And came at last before the chapel door,
Which opened wide—it welcomed us within
As it had welcomed wanderers there before;
We stood a moment in the dim half-light
Which seemed the darker to our dazzled sight;

Lowered our voices, held us hushed and still,
While through a half-closed window came a breeze,
Hesitant, curious, drawn against its will,
But, frightened by the silent, holy place
It turned again to sunshine and to space;
We were content, for Peace had bid us stay.

When came the end of day,
We left the garden, ling'ring at the gate
For one last look upon the quiet spot
That for the hastening shadows seem to wait;
Within our hearts the miracle was wrought,
The gift supreme bestowed—the Peace long sought.

C. A. D., Dec. '16.

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A Fight For Conservation



YOUNG American traveling through the farms of southern Hungary came across an old peasant who was laboriously engaged in planting a tiny oak tree in front of his little cottage.

"What are you doing?" asked the traveler.

"I am planting this little oak tree so that when it grows up it will shelter our home from the heat of the sun and the attack of storms."

The stranger laughed.

"Why, man, you'll be long ago dead and buried before that oak tree has grown big enough to shelter anything of importance!"

The peasant stared at him with surprise, and then answered calmly:

"I know, but my children will enjoy its shade."

In this simple anecdote we find a great underlying thought—that of marvelous unselfishness. It is a thought we are longing to instill today in the minds of the people of our own country. We live in a wonderful country with marvelous natural resources. From them has been acquired and diffused through the people a great amount of wealth. Still, no matter how extensive are these great sources of wealth, they are far from being inexhaustible. Our population is increasing at an enormous rate, these resources are being increasingly used, and a time will come when our coal fields will be barren, when our iron beds will be exhausted, and our forests, treeless. Then what will be the result? An age of poverty and suffering.

Are we going to be like the old European peasant and have thought for those who are to live after us? This does not mean that we have to deprive ourselves of our resources, but it means that we are not to use them in a wasteful manner. Our soil must not be worn out by an exhaustive raising of crops, our forests must be replanted, and our mines must be worked more carefully. Conservation must be had, but shall we entrust the task to state or nation?

In the first place, we must realize that the natural resources are possessions of the people as a whole. Would it not be well that that which belongs to the nation be managed by the government of the nation? Can it be possible that sections of the whole work together so harmoniously as to produce the same results as the whole itself? Hardly. If we are to have conservation carried on in a uniform manner it must be planned by the national government. The states may all be energetic and willing to do their share and to attend to the resources within their boundaries, but surely the plans, the manner of work, will vary, and possibly conflict. Moreover, certain conditions of nature would make it necessary to do work in one state for the benefit of another, for instance—the storing in one state of water which is to be used in another. It is hardly probable that a state would be very enthusiastic about working for another.

On the whole, if the conservation of our resources is managed by the Federal government, the work will be broad, uniform and free from all petty conflicts and jealousy. It will be a national task—one in which the whole United States will be interested.

HENRIETTE ROUMIGUIERE, Dec. '16.

Under Grecian Skies



THE hospitality and extreme politeness of the Greek islanders in their intercourse with strangers in their country, make traveling very delightful. As a matter of course, a stranger is given the best place at the inn, and receives the best service. The hospitality of some islands is of a more striking character than in others; for example, in the islands northwest of Corfu, when a foreigner arrives, a dispute sometimes arises among the inhabitants (who have come to the shore "to see the ship in")

as to who is to have the newcomer as his guest on the first day of the visit. Usually it ends with the stranger's promise to visit such and such a house on the morrow, and a certain house on the day after tomorrow, and so on, to the last day of his sojourn.

In social relations with their neighbors, the islanders maintain the same sense of hospitality. The hostess, whether she be extremely poor or in moderate circumstances, is always the possessor of two or three bottles of cognac, of which she often deprives her family, to preserve for the "passers-by." Should one of her neighbors drop in for a short chat, the lady of the house "treats" her with a small wine-glassful of cognac, after which she is given a piece of candy or a spoonful of preserves, and a glass of water. Then the pleasant chat begins. About five or ten minutes later, if the guest pleases the hostess, a tray of walnuts and almonds is brought in; the "lady of the house" cracks them, and offers them to her neighbor, who is never expected to refuse them.

The social gatherings of the islanders are another interesting phase of their daily life. In the evening, when the sheep have been carefully locked up for the night—usually each inhabitant has a flock of sheep or goats—and when enough water has been brought from the well for domestic purposes until the morrow, the young girls and their brothers (they are not permitted to go out with young men who are not relatives) may go to a neighboring house and pass a few hours in merrymaking. If it happens to be winter, all enjoy sitting round a bright log fire, cracking nuts, roasting corn, or telling weird ghost stories, while the girls knit or sew. But if the night should happen to be a clear, moonlight one, the merry-makers will go to the seashore, find a rocky spot and fish. When the lines are thrown, some one usually begins a song. He is soon joined by all the rest and one song is followed by another. One of the girls of the party may stop singing abruptly, scream with delight, and cry for someone to come and help her pull the line out with the hooked prize.

All the young girls from the ages of eight to ten years are taught to knit and weave. Each one is expected to furnish her own trousseau; and, as all are ambitious to marry, they begin the trousseau at a very early age. During all the summer days, these "young ladies" may be seen here and there in groups, watching their flocks, chatting merrily, and very busily employed in using the distaff. When winter arrives, sufficient wool has been spun for, perhaps, a new skirt, or a half-dozen pairs of stockings, which are to be a very handsome addition to the trousseau.

Many more interesting customs prevail on various islands, as, for instance, the custom of wearing a large silver or nickel button attached to the bodice a little above the belt-line, is a sign of the wearer's being engaged; if a ring is seen on your finger, why, of course, you are engaged, and if you should wear it on the middle finger of your right hand, you are married!

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But with modern education these queer but interesting customs are gradually being either dropped or forgotten. The mountaineers, however, will be the last to abandon their peculiar ways, for they believe in keeping up the manner of living of their grandfathers, and are, consequently, slower to yield to influence than those living in the valleys.

ALEXANDRA MANDILLA.

"Pride Goeth Before a Fall"

Milady sat before the glass
And gazed approvingly
At her dear self—a charmer fine
As far as she could see.

"I'm beautiful," said she, "I know
I look so very sweet,
I'll cut out all the other girls,
In rage they'll stamp their feet."

Alas, alas, sad tale is this
Of pride before a fall—
"Is that a ring? The telephone—"
She ran into the hall.

And down the stairs, most merrily
And speedily, she tripped,
But, oh, dear me! a thud, a cry,
Milady's foot has slipped.

Her heels came off, her back was hurt—
"I'm black and blue," moaned she,
"I cannot dance, I'm bruised so much,
And oh! ah! woe is me!"

And o'er the wire—"I've hurt myself,
With you I cannot go."
And he replied, "I'm sorry, Belle,
But I am, too, in woe.

"There's been a fire in our own house,
I could not go, you see.
That fire has burnt up all my clothes,
My suits and shoes," said he.

"We'll stay at home, I guess," said she,
"I'm sorry, and—good-bye."
And upstairs slowly went in pain,
To sleep—but first to cry.

Now, reader, dear, list unto me,
Remember poor Belle's fall;
And so, whene'er you vain would be
Don't run downstairs, that's all.

ELAINE M. MOSEBACH, June '17.

Girls High School

Tennyson as Geologist

"There rolls the deep where stood the tree,
Oh earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mists, the silent lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go."

—Tennyson.



HIS is one of the truest pieces of poetry ever written. Upon first reading the poem, you feel that it is an exaggeration, for it seems almost impossible to conceive of the rugged hills and mountains about us as "flowing from form to form." But it must be remembered that Tennyson was not thinking of the span of one short life-time, but rather of the almost countless centuries and centuries that the earth has been in existence. Taking the time as a whole, one finds that the changes on the earth are comparatively rapid. The interior of the earth has been shrinking as it has cooled, and the breaking, bending and folding of the earth's crust to conform to the interior, together with leveling agencies, have given us our varied and beautiful scenery.

We usually think of an earthquake, or a volcano, or some such phenomenon, as a cause for change in the earth's surface. Earthquakes and volcanoes do cause change and shifting on a grand scale. Huge volcanic islands have at times been thrown up in the Pacific Ocean where there was no sign of land the day before. In fact, many of our mountain peaks are the result of volcanic action. Volcanoes are always found in the newest land and surrounding the newest ocean, and as the vast Pacific is our newest and youngest ocean, the mountains about it are volcanic and the surface is dotted with volcanic islands. The mountains of Japan, of the Philippines, and of Hawaii have frequent eruptions. The earthquakes are caused by the friction of the slipping of two sides of a fissure or crevasse, one upon the other. When the slipping is gradual, we do not perceive the change, but when the slipping is spasmodic or sudden, the friction causes severe earthquakes. It has been estimated that there is not an hour of any day in which the earth is not shaking in some portion of its surface.

But it must not be thought that these sudden changes are the only alterations of the earth's crust, because by far the most important changes are those which have come about gradually. The slow movements of elevation and depression, constantly going on, but not perceptible to man, have brought about mighty changes. The whole southern part of the South American continent has been slowly rising from the sea until the old shore line is now three thousand feet above sea level.

The Scandinavian countries, Norway and Sweden, have been for a long time rising bodily out of the sea at the rate of two or three feet a century. Old beach marks have been found up to six hundred feet above sea level, and these countries are still rising. The United States has been rising, too. Formerly there were only the two mountain ranges above sea level, the Appalachians and the Rockies. Then the surface between these two ranges gradually rose until it was above sea level. This central region was then occupied by enormous lakes, which drained off through the region that is now near the Colorado River. These huge lakes might be taken as an illustration of the lines, "There where the long street roars hath been the stillness of the central sea," for now that region has many large cities, Salt Lake City, St. Louis, etc. Many of the great cities of Europe, Berlin, Hamburg, Vienna, occupy the site of former inland seas.

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In contrast to this elevation, many places on the earth's surface are subsiding. There are evidences that there was once land far to the north of the present shores of Scandinavia and Russia. This land near the North Pole has subsided until now it is covered by the great Arctic Ocean. Still more recent subsidence, in fact, that which is going on at the present time, is the sinking of the floor of the Pacific Ocean for an area of many millions of square miles. The geologist can estimate the amount of subsidence by a study of the coral formations on the volcanic islands of the Pacific, and it has been estimated that the amount of vertical subsidence is not less than ten thousand feet. There are evidences to show that there was once a large area of land northeast of the present Atlantic Coast of the United States. This area has been lost by subsidence. Tennyson had changes like these in mind when he said, "There rolls the deep where stood the tree."

But even yet we have not taken into consideration those changes which have been brought about by glaciers, by rivers, by waves, and tides. All these are factors in altering and shaping the earth's crust. Waves, by beating upon the shore, have broken down miles of hard rock into the finest sand.

Even these few instances of the changes in the earth's crust give us an idea of how interesting the earth's life history would be, if the earth could only talk.

GERTRUDE VANDERWOORT.



Donum Omnium Deorum

Dicitur consilium pestis mittendae in forma feminae ad homines ab Jove initum esse quod erat iratus Prometheo, natus Iapeti. Itaque Pandora, puella formosissima, in Olympo creata est, et omnes dii deaeque ad eius perfectionem contulerunt. Venus ei pulchritudinem dedit et dixit eam pulchriorem facturam esse, si fidelis esset. Mercurius ei donavit acumen quod narravit uso recto in sapientiam mutari posse. Apollo dedit artem musicae monuitque eam ut sineret hanc se tentatione prohibere. Ita ornata, ad terram vecta est et Epimetheo, fratri Promethei, ad ducendam in matrimonium donata est. Monitus ab suo fratre ut Jovem eorumque dolos caveret, tamen donum laete accepit. Ubi Pandora venit, arculam admirabilem quam aperire vetita est, secum obtulit. Dictum est eam magnam miseriam dolumque effecturam esse, si non paruisset. Sed Pandora arbitrata est eos se terrere tantum conari. Non existimavit mala in arcula esse. Itaque olim, cum sola esset, adducta studio noscendi quid in arcula includeretur, operimentum sustulit et partem interiorem scrutata est. Statim fugit infelicibus hominibus multitudo pestilentiarum, morbus dolorque suo corpori, invidia, iracundia, malevolentia suo animo, et omnia genera miseriae longe lateque dissipata sunt. Ad hoc tempus enim in mundo solum fuerant sanitas, felicitas, bonitasque atque hoc tempus Saeculum Aureum appellatum est. Tum Pandora misera arculam quam celerrime clausit sed iam milia malorum evaserant. Sed Minerva sapiens, quae genus humanum amabat, in arcula ima Spem posuit atque accidit ut haec benigna amica hominum cum reliquis non evaserit. Non nulli nunc dicunt hac de causa cum miserrimi sumus, Spes nos numquam deserit.

VERA SCHMITT, Dec. '18.

Girls High School

"Marcella"

The novel, "Marcella," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, was written some years ago. The events take place in London and on country estates near by during, probably, the beginning of the nineteenth century. No definite date or events by which a date could be decided upon, are given.

To raise the standard of living of the peasants of England through a change of relations between rich and poor was the economic principle involved. How wretched those who worked the estates were, but how patient! Under miserable housing conditions, with a contaminated water supply, and often, in the winter, with so little food and fuel as almost to perish from hunger and cold, they eked out a bare existence. One evil dealt with most vividly was that of the laws restricting hunting on the estates and of punishing poachers harshly and unjustly.

Socialism with its growing strength is suggested as the power that might bring about the necessary reforms. The Cravens were true, radical Socialists, but the methods they advocated could be of no avail at the time. England was not ready for such great changes even in a sane manner, and the civil strife that would of necessity have accompanied Socialism would have destroyed the fibre of the nation rather than strengthened it.

Although Mrs. Ward does not solve the problem as applied to the country at large, we feel confident that at Mellor and Maxwell Court, under the influence of Aldous and Marcella, the hero and heroine, conditions will improve. For a long time, Marcella had thought that the all-embracing, strenuous methods were right, but at last she realized that she must be content with doing good in her own little sphere. Still, this is only a solution in an individual case, but since those days the government has taken up the work of reform and such miserable conditions no longer exist.

AGNES O'NEILL.



Girls High School

The Wishing Well

The little elfin creature, dear,
Just whispered softly in my ear,
And tipped his tiny cap askew,
And nodded as away he flew;
Then such a little tinkling sound
Came from all the air around;
I tightly closed my eyes just then,
And counted quickly up to ten.
As soon as that, the merry fay
Cried gently, "Come away! Away!
And now, O Mortal, you shall see
Just how happy you can be."
And, Oh! My dear, in the wink of an eye
I was carried swiftly through the sky,
And dropped right down in the fairy dell,
Close to the side of the Wishing Well.
As soon as my feet had touched the ground,
I took a startled glance around,
For tiny lanterns hung in air
And mystic lights gleamed everywhere.
Twinkling eyes peered into my face,
And little forms with eerie grace,
Danced lightly on, from blade to blade,
And pirouetted through the glade.
And then they pulled and pushed me, dear,
Not right into, but, oh, so near
The lovely fairy wishing well,
Saying things I cannot tell.
But when I looked, the sweetest face,
In that or any other place,
Smiled into mine and softly spoke,
And then—ah, yes!—Then I awoke.
What's that? You want me now to tell
Whose face smiled out from the fairy well?
Then, little one, since you *must* hear,
That smiling face was yours, my dear.

GENEVIEVE CORDREY, Dec. '16.



Girls High School

Daphne

Daphne filia Penei dei fluvii erat. Pulcherrima puella erat et patri suo carior erat quam omnia in mundo. Sua domus antrum erat quod Peneus inter scopulos in ripa ei fecerat. Ibi Daphne beatissime et aequo animo habitabat. Omnia de arboribus floribusque cognovit et venatione maxime delectabatur.

Olim rex Apollo eam venantem in silvis vidit. Ille admiratus pulchritudinem, secutus est, vocans, "Mane pulchra virgo," inquit, "Ego non sum inimicus. Nonne me cognoscis? Deus carminis musicaeque sum et omnia praeterita, praesentia, futuraque scio." Sed virgo audire noluit; itaque velocius quam ventus fugit. Phoebus iratus illam sistere acrius conatus est atque ad eam capiendam manum suam protendit. Daphne manum eius vidit et auxilium suum patrem oravit. Peneus suae filiae vocem audivit et statim pedes eius simile radicibus ad humum haeserunt. Cortex corpus eius texit et crines pulchri frondes lauri facti sunt. Tum Phoebus tristis paucas e frondibus carpsit, et earum coronam fecit. Arborem cum suis brachiis complexus est et dixit, "Quod tu mea uxor esse non potes mihi sacram semper eris. Tuae frondes semper virentes erunt, et victores frondibus tuis in signo victoriae coronabuntur.

ANNE STONE, Dec. '19.

Guglielmus Tell

Ante permultos annos Helvetia sub Austriae imperio fuit. Gubernatores, qui singulas civitates regebant, valde crudeles et superbi erant. Inter hos omnes crudelissimus erat Uri civitatis gubernator, cuius nomen erat Gessler. Helvetiae incolae libertati studebant et servitudinis condicionem oderunt. Itaque coniurationem fecerunt ad patriam liberandam. Gessler, qui id suspicabatur, novo quodam modo, cognoscere conatus quae sit sententia civium, in foro publico malum erexit in quo pilleum positum erat. Inisque, qui forum transibat, inflexo genu, pilleum adorare iussus est. Tell, qui patriae amantissimus erat, cum forum cum filiolo transiret, id facere recusavit. Milites eum comprehenderunt. Gessler crudelissime eum coegit malum in capite filioli positum sagitta transfigere. Tell maxima cum arte hoc confecit sed postea cum Gessler obviare veniret eum occidit itaque patriam ab hoc tyranno crudelissimo liberavit.

MARGARET MINEHAN, June '17.

Good Intentions



HE old lady in the bakery shop patted her white curled hair under the neat cap, and looking out of the window, said, "Ah, here comes my young man."

Across the street, which she could see thru the brightly burnished glass of the windows, came a young man, dodging but languidly the passing vehicles. There seemed to be an air of utter despondency about him. His thin, unfashionable sack coat, which was tightly buttoned up to the throat, hung from his thin frame. His hat was old and battered, and it seemed certain that his shoes had seen better days.

As he entered the warm bakery with its delicious smell of fresh bread, he seemed to expand in its cheery atmosphere, and his young, yet tired face lit up with a smile as old Mrs. O'Dwyer came from behind the store.

"How do you do, Mrs. O'Dwyer," said he. "Have you my loaf of bread?"

"Yissor, that I have! The air is quite sharp this evenin', ain't it—and faix, you poor lad, with that t'in coat on."

"Well, well," he said hurriedly, "I don't mind the cold at all, and besides I'm young and vigorous. Here's the money." He smiled charmingly, as he took his parcel, and lifting his hat gracefully, he walked out into the cold air again.

The old lady chuckled to herself so loudly that her daughter, coming from within, asked the cause of her mirth.

"Mary, you know that young gentleman that comes here for a loaf of stale bread every other evenin'?"

"Yis, mother, an' they do be sayin' he's quite poor and must buy stale bread because it's cheaper."

"Well," she chuckled again, "he came this evenin', a-lookin' quite pale an' cold, an' I felt sorry for 'im, so I gave 'im a nice loaf of crispy hot bread with butter inside it. My, won't he be surprised when he finds it instead of his old stale bread?"

And again she beamed with the consciousness of a deed well done.

"Yis, indeed, mother, that was quite right, and I am sure the Lord will reward you well."

The next evening the young man came in, looking, if possible, more dejected than ever.

"Mrs. O'Dwyer," he said, "do give me a loaf of *stale* bread this time."

"An' sure, phwat was the matter with that lovely fresh bread I was afther givin' you last evenin'?"

"My dear woman, I am an architect, and have been working on some city plans for over a year now, and they were almost completed when last night I went to erase some pencil marks with your fresh bread, and never noticing the butter on the bread, rubbed it over a part of my plans. Unless I am able to remove the grease my plans are ruined. I don't eat the bread—I use it to erase pencil marks."

"Oh, wurra, wurra, ain't it a shame!" said the old lady, handing him his loaf of stale bread.

"Good evening," he said sadly, and lifting his hat, walked out of the store.

ELAINE MOSEBACH, June '17.

SYBIL PRICE, June '17.

Girls High School

Il y a Toujours Plus Malheureux que soi



PENDANT plusieurs jours je ne savais guère si j'étais vivante ou morte. Malgré tous mes efforts j'en ne pouvais réussir à rassembler mes idées confuses; j'en ne savais pas où j'étais ni ce qui ni était arrivé. Je vivais dans un autre monde où tout était noir et vague, où des ombres silencieuses se glissaient autour de moi et m'enveloppaient d'un voile épais que je ne pouvais déchirer. Je ne me souvenais que d'une chose—un désastre quelconque ni'avait frappé et avait paralysé les fines sensibilités de mon esprit, me plongeant dans se néant affreux et indicible.

Mais quel désastre?

Je l'ignorais Pendant un instant j'eus peur. Peut-être mon esprit si frêle, abattu par cette cruelle calamité avait succombé, tandis que la partie physique de mon être existait toujours. Que cette pensée était terrible! Ivre de douleur, exaspérée par cette incertitude, ce vague indéfinissable, je me débattais avec fureur. Enfin de mes lèvres s'échappa un cri rauque et aigu, un cri violent. J'entendis le bruit de pas auprès de moi. Une main se posa doucement sur mon front. Je la saisis avec ardeur et la serrai de toutes mes forces, tandis que je fixais mes prunelles flamboyantes sur le visage de son possesseur.

C'était la douce figure d'une femme.

"Dites moi, qui que vous soyez," lui criais-je, "suis-je devenue folle?"

Je la dévorais des yeux, mourant d'envie de connaître la vérité. Je vis se former la réponse sur les lèvres plutôt que je ne l'entendis prononcer "non."

Quelle délicieuse nouvelle! Enfin je possédais encore une âme, un esprit. Et cet esprit était avide d'en savoir davantage.

Où étais-je?

Je jetai un regard autour de moi. Soudain au fond de la chambre j'en vis quelque chose qui me fit trembler de tous mes membres. C'était le portrait de mon fils! Ah! miséricorde! tout me revenait maintenant! l'épouvantable désastre, l'atroce douleur, tout reparaissait!

"O! c'est lui que j'ai perdu! Mon pauvre fils!" m'écriais-je avec angoisse. J'eus une crise de larmes; à travers mes pleurs j'entendis la voix de l'étrangère qui m'encourageait et s'efforçait de me consoler. Je ne redressais comme en une secousse fiévreuse en lui jetant un regard plein de dérision et de colère.

"Oh! vous ne connaissez pas la douleur que je ressens, vous! C'est facile de parler d'encouragement, de joie, de bonheur quand dans sa vie ou n'a point eu de chagrins! quand la destinée vous a souri et a éloigné de vous et des vôtres même, l'ombre sinistre de la mort! Mais quand elle arrache à une mère son propre enfant, quand elle déchire les liens qui les unissaient, alors il n'y a rien qui puisse consoler une mère de ce coup meurtrier!

"Oui, je l'ai perdu là-bas—là-bas où ils se battent, s'entre-tuent, s'entredéchirent. O! fatalité."

Le désespoir et la douleur étaient trop forts. Je me cachais le visage dans les mains et sanglotais. Je sentis sa main qui me caressait. Folle de douleur je me redressais.

"Laissez-moi! vous ne savez pas, vous qui n'avez jamais souffert!"

O! Dieu quel regard! Je frémis en y pensant. Ce doux visage s'était transformé en quelque chose de terrifiant. J'y vis tout d'amertume, de reproche, de douleur que je ne m'arrêtais, confuse et tout ébahie.

Enfin elle parla d'une voix emue.

"Hélas, pauvre âme! moi j'en ai perdu trois!"

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Je la regardais un instant d'un air hagard et stupide, puis soudain je tombais à ses pieds.

"O! pardon, pardon!"

Elle me releva en me souriant tristement:

"Oui, pauvre mère, je vous pardonne parce que j'ai souffert."

Ce que j'avais ressenti pour la mort de mon unique, elle l'avait subi par trois fois.

HENRIETTE ROUMIGUIÈRE, Dec. '16.

"Leave Thy Low-Vaulted Past!"

Do I profess an ideal
To nourish in my heart?
Then from the Low Valley of Life
Must I, feeble one, depart!

And climb, for the Snowy Summit
Where air is fresh and pure—
Tho the slope be steep and rocky
The pain I'll fain endure.

For I'll keep in mind the treasure
That lies there, for the strong;
For those who suppress'd Ignorance,
Who scorn'd and conquer'd Wrong.

They search, they seek, they ponder
To grasp a lab'ring soul—
With their sting and their venom of
Lowliness to make it foul!

Strive, O my soul, to baffle these
Crushers o' your heavenly Spark,—
Awake! Arise! Step boldly
From the low-vaulted Dark!

ALEXANDRA MANDILLA.

Smart.
Energetic
Noble.
Independent.
Optimistic.
Rambunctious.
Sociable.

Girls High School

San Joaquin



It was "In the days of old,
In the days of gold,
In the days of '49," when the sun sank with a last fond
caress over lovely Sonoma, the "Valley of the Moon." The graceful curves of the gray hills that jealously guarded the blooming valley were outlined by the sunset in a deep orange fading off into the faintest pink. On top of a hill, standing out in dark silhouette, was the solitary figure of a rider and his horse. The

man, a Spaniard, with a dark, handsome face, was clothed in his native dress, from his head, crowned by a picturesque, broad-brimmed sombrero, to the shining silver spurs on his feet. This was the famous San Joaquin, the bandit. For a year now he had terrorized the stage coaches of the West, appearing in the most unexpected places and then disappearing again, as if into space, with his booty. He took from the white man always and never from the Mexican or Spaniard, as if he, too, hated the invaders of their California. The sheriff and his posse had scoured the surrounding country for the man, only excitedly to follow his trail and then have him mockingly vanish.

Now with a last look at the dying sun, he turned his horse's head down the hill, and gayly sang

"Long years ago, in old Madrid
Where softly sighed the old guitar—"

and then with a laugh he leaned forward and gently stroked the shining black of his horse's neck, saying in soft, musical Spanish, "Tired, mi Capitan? We did have a hard day, didn't we, boy? But we led them a fine chase, and," in a voice of exultation, "they didn't catch us. They will never catch us, Capitan mio. The gold we got today was much. Poor Maria with her sick Miguel and the little ones will not suffer from hunger any more. You and I, mi Capitan, shall feed the hungry ones. And they are trying to catch us for that! But they cannot catch us, can they, my swift one?" And again his laughter rang out.

Suddenly the sharp report of a gun rang out, and echoed faintly in the distant hills. San Joaquin reeled in his saddle and clutched convulsively at his left side, where a crimson stain of blood was spreading rapidly. With a sharp exclamation he dug his spurs into his horse and dashed down the hill. Down the road came the sound of the galloping of many horses, and the sheriff with his posse swept into sight. Urging his horse on faster, the bandit turned in his saddle. If he could but reach the bend in the road! Ah! he had made it! When the posse swept around the turn, they looked amazedly at the empty road. San Joaquin had disappeared into the thick underbrush of trees. Somewhere in their tangled darkness he was smiling at his baffled pursuers. Somewhere—but where? It was the same old story; once again, as many times before, the earth had swallowed up San Joaquin.

An hour later, the half-fainting figure of the bandit dropped to the ground close to the entrance of a huge cave hidden by rocks and thick vegetation. San Joaquin lay on the bed of sweet-scented pine needles. With a superhuman effort, he opened his eyes, and with a smile looked at the faithful horse at his side.

"They didn't get us, Capitan mio. Always they looked for San Joaquin and they never found him. Buenas noches . . . mi Capitan . . . the Gringos didn't get . . . Buenas . . ." And the figure of San Joaquin lay still.

LILLIE GRETHEN, June '17.

Opal



HE violets had raised their heads and nodded to the daisies, and the roses were sending their sweet perfumed messages to Venus. The humming birds were telling their secrets to the honeysuckle, and not far away the swans were gracefully moving along the quiet stream.

Beside this stream, the Naiads were dancing and frolicking. Now and then the dance ceased, while these dainty and light-footed nymphs stopped to pick flowers. Some were making wreaths, some garlands. How well the lilac wreaths suited the fair-haired nymphs, and those of glowing scarlet poppies the dark-haired maidens. As they danced, gentle Aura laughingly blew upon their mantles and made them float like beautiful butterflies.

Hastening toward this happy group was another nymph who surpassed them all in beauty. As she ran, the sunlight shimmered through her mantle and reflected the many beautiful rainbow tints. This nymph was Opal, the sister of Iris, whose gorgeously colored mantle Opal wore this day. As she approached nearer, the nymphs ran to meet her, and, throwing their garlands and wreaths around her, claimed her their prisoner. She laughingly tossed back their flowers, and once again the dance went merrily on. Soon the nymphs were breathless, and so they sat down to rest upon the banks of the stream.

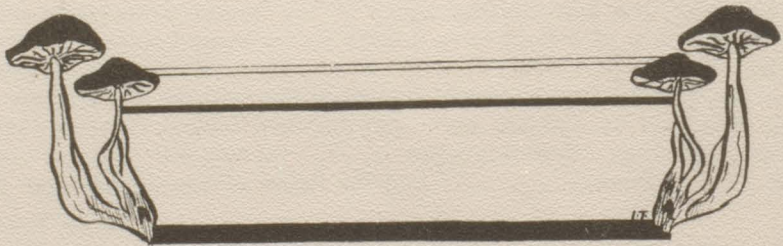
Suddenly one of them merrily exclaimed, "Once in yonder curve of the stream, they say a youth from Hades came up. Who dares to call him up now?"

Opal, quickly picking up a pebble from the ground, said, "Come forth, O youth of Hades! We dare thee come up into the bright sunlight, and dance with us." With these words, she threw the pebble into the stream, and, as the circles where the pebble struck the water widened, up from the very center came the youth from Pluto's realm.

All the nymphs except Opal shrank back with fear as the youth uttered these words, "O maiden fair! Since you have called me forth, you have now given me the power to take you back to Hades." But Opal stood up bravely and said, "Thou hast no such power, O youth. Come touch me, if you dare."

Nevertheless, he approached Opal and tried to seize her. In fright, she called upon her father Jupiter to save her. He heard the call of his daughter, and at once sent a flash of lightning across the skies. The youth was so startled that he fled back through the waters into Hades, but he had with him a fragment of Opal's mantle. He called back to her and said, "Fair maiden, even if thou hast escaped me, I bear with me a fragment from thy garment. It shall be imbedded in the crystal of Pluto's realm, and I shall be revenged upon Jupiter through his children on earth. They will dig down into the earth and find this seeming treasure and will want to possess it. But with it shall go the omen of evil."

ANNE STONE, Dec. '19.



Girls High School

Jack and Jill

(Annotated)

*Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.*



IN QUOTING this delightful little verse, we endeavor to present to the English-speaking public one of the best examples of a complete word-picture ever written. Anyone, after glancing at the first line, can repeat the remaining lines from memory, for has not every child learned them as soon as he could talk? They form only one poem out of a great number that have been collected for us—a collection that has been of inestimable value to the public, as it enables everyone to become familiar with the simplest, and yet the greatest, bits of English poetry. Who has written these beautiful fragments, which awaken such poignant emotions in every reader's heart? Who has put into rhythmic form the tender recollections of childhood, and caused the familiar words to bear such deep significance? Alas, prolonged and exhaustive research has been conducted along these lines, but has as yet been productive of no definite return.

If we consider the structure of this type of poetry, we will be amazed at the variety of form it takes, and the profundity of thought in the finer extracts. The rhythm in general is musically smooth, and renders the task of learning the words an easy one. The trochaic accentuation of each line gives a finish to the verse which poetic aspirants have in vain endeavored to rival. In fact, it is this very admirable quality which assures the author of enduring fame, and so endears him to his readers. The alliteration in the names "Jack" and "Jill," and the rhyming of "hill" with "Jill," and "crown" with "down" are extremely pleasing both to the eye and ear. The only criticism (if it were possible or laudable to criticize one whose work ranks so high in English literature) that one might make, if he desired to be hypercritical, and run the risk of calling down contumely and revilings upon his head, is that the rhyming of "after" with "water" might be termed rather weak. This defect, however, might be due to the errors of pronunciation into which the present generation has fallen, as there is no doubt that so great a poet as the author of the verse under discussion could not commit even so slight a fault.

When we come to the subject-matter of the lines, there indeed we get fine arrangement and delicate handling of material which other writers would do well to copy. We are interested not only in the ideas with which the author deals, but also in the several clues as to the probable period in which the poem was written. As for customs of the times, a writer can seldom produce anything of worth, without describing the customs of the people concerning whom he speaks.

We see from the first two lines that Jack and Jill must have lived in a town which had a large well for the common source of water-supply. This condition of affairs in small towns can be identified with a certain century, a time in which each group of inhabitants had but one well from which to draw water. One difficulty in the way of our assumption is, however, that the well is located on a hill. This fact seems strange, but being plainly set forth in the text, is undeniable.

Girls High School

The peculiar placing of the well might have been due to geological conditions, and this is indeed the explanation insisted upon by many eminent searchers after truth. True it is, that under peculiar geological circumstances, wells can be bored only on tops of hills, but as we have very little evidence that such was the case in this particular town, we leave the decision of the argument to the reader.

What we most especially deplore in the picture of town-customs is the strange lack of judgment and foresight in the parents of Jack and Jill. To allow two small children to go up a hill with a large pail in earnest pursuit of well-water is carelessness which cannot be excused even by the most lenient of observers. Anyone who is at all versed in the habits of the young child might know that two such children as Jack and Jill could not possibly arrive in safety at the bottom of the hill with a large pail of water still intact. We follow their ascent with watchful eyes, and see Jack gallantly take the pail from his sister and with difficulty fill it to the brim. Then comes the perilous descent—the children start slowly with the heavy pail between them, meanwhile watching each step carefully. But Jill's attention is distracted by a bird; she bids Jack notice it; they proceed on their way with their eyes following the bird, when suddenly the dreaded accident happens. Jack stumbles—clutches Jill, who is not strong enough to hold both pail and brother—and we gasp with horror as the two children roll swiftly down the hill with the now empty pail rattling briskly after them. Jack's head is seriously injured, and—but here, to our disappointment, we are forced to stop our dramatic recital for lack of material with which to continue.

We stated in the beginning that we were dealing with a mere fragment, and at the most intensely interesting part of the story we are abruptly halted. This, it is true, adds a touch of interest to the poem, but we would like to be assured that Jack and Jill were carried home by penitent relatives, and that the mother of the children took better care of them in the future. The ascertaining of these important points must be left to time, however, and we hope that diligent research will aid in determining the answers to our questions.

CATHERINE A. DAVIS, Dec. '16.



Girls High School

A Visit to the Fish Markets

The 2 A Physiology class has been studying vertebrate animals, and besides taking up the internal structure, we have studied the economic importance of each group. As fish are of such great economic importance to man, we have given special attention to them.

An interesting trip which the class made was to the fish markets, one Friday morning. The wholesale markets were not prepared to receive visitors, and if we had not been bent on seeing and learning as much as possible, in a scientific way, we should probably not have enjoyed our trip, because of the unpleasant smell of the fish, and the sloppy, slippery floors. We were told that if we wanted to see the markets at the busiest time, we should have come at midnight, and stayed till morning, because by that time, almost all the men had finished their work and very little business was being carried on.

When we first arrived, since the men were not used to having a crowd of girls sweep down upon them without notice, we seemed to be as much of a curiosity to the men as the fish were to us. Several of the men were very kind to us and took the trouble to point out, and tell us the prices of the various food fishes, such as smelt, halibut, mackerel, salmon, cod, white mullet, barracuda, rock cod, flounder, tom cod, striped bass, and sand dabs. The most expensive of these fish, at that time, was the striped bass, selling for sixteen cents per pound, and the cheapest were sand dabs, selling for five and six cents, and flounders for four cents per pound. We were shown the squids, which are eaten by the Chinese, and also other products which are classed in the markets as fish, such as clams, mussels, lobsters, crabs, shrimps, oysters, turtles, abalones and frogs.

We were allowed to go into the refrigerator, which has the walls covered with ice-coated pipes in coils. It was so cold that I could readily understand how anyone locked in for any great length of time would freeze to death. The large bins, along the side of the walls, were filled with the immense flat halibut, sand dabs, and many silver smelt. The long, snake-like barracuda, with their slender, pointed noses, and their sharp tongues, were very interesting. One fish with which we were not very familiar, as a fresh fish was the albacore, but we have probably all eaten it canned, under the name of tuna.

On another trip to the fish markets, one afternoon, during the middle of the week, we were taken into the reserve refrigerators, downstairs, shown how the ice plant was run, and how the ice for shipping was made. Fish were already packed tightly with ice in large boxes to be sent away.

The retail market was quite a contrast to the wholesale as it was prepared to receive customers, and everything was very clean. The white mullet, which we saw at both markets, is very scarce, and that accounts for the high price, which was ten cents, wholesale, and twenty cents per pound, retail.

On the whole, the trip showed the girls what a large amount of nourishing, palatable food could be obtained, so easily, for such low prices.

DOROTHY PEABODY.

"Kim"

Scene after scene crowds upon us at the mention of "Kim." All in disorder, completely disregarding limitations of time and space, the visions come.

Now we see little Kim, in defiance of rules astride the great gun Zam-Zammeh, and from his perch deriding Chota Lal and Abdullah.

That picture fades away, and we see Kim, a young man, heaven-sent chela of old Teshoo Lama, kindly allowing a hill-man to acquire merit by bestowing upon the holy disciple a coat to protect him from the cutting winds of the Himalayas.

Chela of Teshoo Lama—those words conjure up before us a picture of an impudent little beggar, piloting an old man, unworldly and guileless, through the mysteries of a railroad station and safely onto the "te-rain." Still we see this same little boy, no other than Kim, begging for the lama, following him all over Hind on the great Search, and loving him with the accumulated devotion of a neglected little life.

But the lama, too, knew how to love. For, when Kim's "red bull on a green field" came, the Tibetan, with never a murmur, gave up his disciple, that the beloved might go to Lucknow to acquire the wisdom of the Sahibs. Dear, pious old man, how our hearts go out to him as he sits in his cell in the Temple of the Jains, counting his beads and waiting, waiting for Kim, without whom he knows his Search can never be accomplished.

At Lucknow, we see still another Kim. In Englishman's clothing, in an Englishman's dwelling place, absorbing the Englishman's knowledge, he is at first ill at ease and restless. But even as we look, he becomes almost as much at home in the new surroundings as in the old.

Then comes his wonderful interlude with Lurgan Sahib. Playing the "jewel game," "dressing up," learning to imitate the walk, speech, and manner of every caste in India, he passes the days.

Now we behold Kim joyously making his first play in the "Great Game" for which he has been preparing such a long, long time; yes, a very long time, for the beginning was not even when Mahbub Ali, the scarlet-bearded Mohammedan horse-trader, sent him to Umballa so many years ago, with the message about the pedigree of the white stallion.

But the pictures are becoming less distinct. They blur, and melt into each other so that we catch but fleeting glimpses of Kim, of the lama, of Hurree Babu Mookerjee, of Mahbub Ali, and of the many, many others. Hurree Babu, oily, fat and nervous, stays long enough to explain to Kim with an apologetic giggle, that he is a "very fearful man." Another who waits a moment is the Maharanee, one more who loves our "Little Friend of All the World." She pauses but long enough to ask the lama for still another charm for her grandson and slips away to join the rest.

Then all fade away. But no, once more, with an impudent grin, Kim stands before us, his hands crooked in mock supplication—a picture which melts into that of Kim sitting at the feet of the transfigured lama who has at last won freedom from the "Wheel of Things" for himself and his beloved.

Through the medium of his masterly style, Kipling has given us vivid pictures of India with its filth, heat, color, and motley crowds. Throughout the book, as inseparable from the story as from India itself, the Indian Secret Service weaves its mysterious way, revealing to us the dark as well as the bright side of Indian life. But, though we are shown the faults of the people, as well as their virtues, Kipling has made us respond to their joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments. He has shown us India as it is, and through his own love for it has given us sympathy with and for this strange land and its strange people.

RUTH LANGER, Dec. '17.

Girls High School

Wie Unsere Lieblingblume Ihren Namen Erhielt



vor einigen Wochen waren hundert Jahre verflossen, seitdem unsere all-
gemein bekannte und beliebte Eschscholzia ihren Namen bekam. Da-
mals kamen der deutsche Dichter und Botaniker Adelbert von Chamisso
und sein Freund, der Zoologe Johann Friedrich von Eschscholtz auf
ihrer wissenschaftlichen Reise um die Welt nach unserm Staat. Sie
fanden zu ihrem Erstaunen unsere Hügel mit wunderschönen goldenen
Blumen bedeckt. Die spanischen Einwohner nannten sie „copa de ora“
Goldene Becher. Chamisso aber war über ihren Anblick so erfreut, daß
er sie zu Ehren seines Freundes Eschscholtz nannte.

Und nun sprechen die Deutschen in San Francisco davon ein Chamisso Denkmal
zu errichten das den Namen des Dichters auch wegen seines schönen und edlen Lebens
ins Gedächtnis rufen soll.

Adelbert von Chamisso wurde am 30. Januar 1781 auf dem Schlosse Voncourt
in der Champagne, Frankreich, geboren. Als er neun Jahre alt war, wanderte die
Familie nach Deutschland aus wo er in Berlin als Page der Gemahlin Friedrich
Wilhelms II. von Preußen diente und zugleich das französische Gymnasium daselbst
besuchte.

Im Jahre 1815 machte er als Botaniker auf dem russischen Schiffe *Nurik* eine
wissenschaftliche Entdeckungsreise auf welcher er am 2ten Oktober 1816 die Eschscholtzia
auf den Hügeln des jetzigen San Franciscos entdeckte. Dieses Schiff besuchte nicht
nur die westliche Küste Nord und Süd Amerikas, sondern auch die Inseln des Stillen
Ozeans, besonders Hawaii und die Philippin Inseln. Nach seiner Zurückkunft schrieb
Chamisso seine „Reise um die Welt“ die zuerst in dem ersten und zweiten Teil seiner
„Werke“ erschien. Seine letzte wissenschaftliche Arbeit war die interessante Schrift:
„Ueber die hawaiische Sprache“. Im Jahre 1813 schrieb er das originelle Märchen
„Peter Schlemihl“ und viele Balladen und Romane, welche in ihrer Art als vollkom-
mene Meisterstücke bezeichnet werden können.

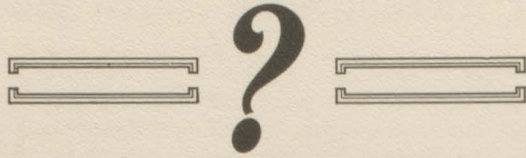
Außerdem hatte sich Chamisso durch seine Gedichte einen Weltruf erworben. Einige
seiner beliebtesten Gedichte sind: „Das Schloß Voncourt“, „Die Löwenbraut“, „Das Nie-
senfräulein“, „Frauen Lieb' und Leben“ und die humoristische Tragische Geschichte. Wir
können nichts Besseres der Nachwelt hinterlassen, als einem solchem Manne ein Denkmal
zu errichten, das als Beispiel und Nachahmung für alle Generationen dienen soll.

Wenn wir die Hügel und Wiesen im Frühling mit der schönen Eschscholtzia gold gefärbt
sehen, denken wir an die schönen Worte des Dichters: Frühling ist es, voller Frühling,
und wir sind doch erst im März! Grün die Wälder, grün die Felder, Blumen, Blüten
allerwärts; Und in Fülle gold'nen Glanzes grüßt uns die Eschscholtzia, Die vor allen
andern Forschern hier zuerst Chamisso sah.

Eschscholtzia, seinem Freund, zu Ehren hat die Blüte er benannt, Und den harten
fremden Namen führt sie nun im eignen Land, Sie, dein Sinnbild Kalifornien, Land des
gold'nen Sonnenscheins. Gold'ner Aehren und Orangen, lichten Goldes, gold'nen Weins.

Marie Stauffer

Dezember 1916.



His hair is like the deep, mysterious night
That is without the moon or any stars;
The raven's wing it rivals in its hue,
Nor one rebellious lock its slickness mars.
His eyes are dark, and volumes can impart
In one long look that thrills and fascinates;
No words he needs to intimate his thought—
He simply looks—and then his answer waits.
His profile is as perfect as a god's;
His proud-held head suggests a hidden fire
That might be roused in battling for his right;
It were not well to stir his sleeping ire.
I could not, with mere words at my command,
Describe, by choosing first this trait and that,
His strong, calm character; for need I say
He is my darling black Angora cat?

CATHERINE A. DAVIS, Dec. '16.

Class Song

(Sung to tune of "Underneath the Stars")

Comrades we have been—our race is run,
And tonight we know the goal is won,
Yet with all our gladness
There is still some sadness
That the years of toil and play are done.

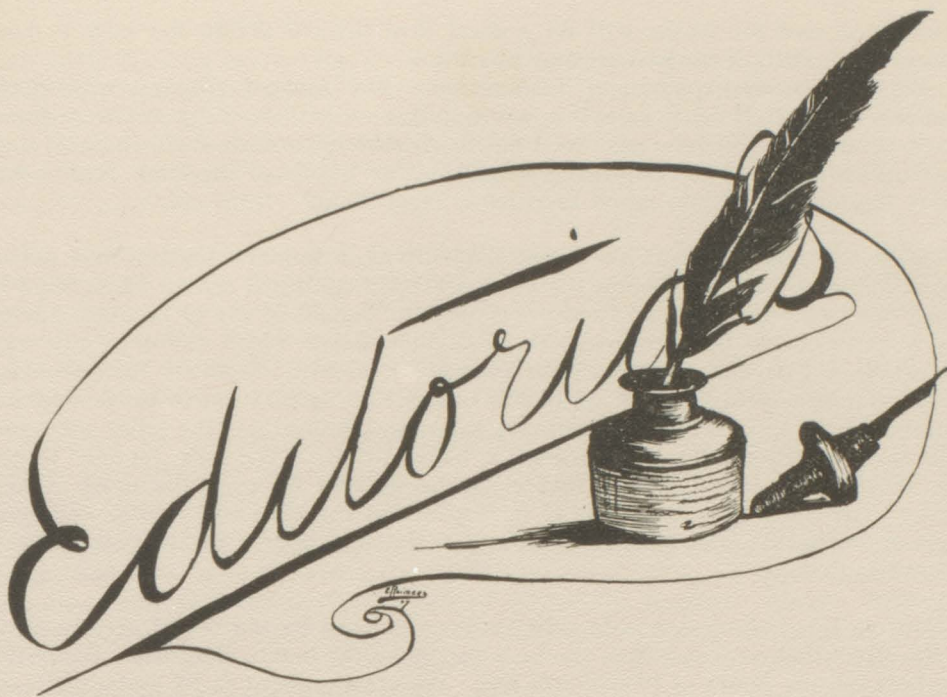
Chorus:

Dear Girls' High, farewell to thee we're saying,
With our love and loyalty repaying
Debts which fondly in our memories dwell
As at last we bid Farewell.

As we part, beneath our joy is grieving;
For the threads of friendship we were weaving
May too soon be broken—
Though the thoughts unspoken,
Still we know our dearest friends we're leaving.

C. A. D.

Girls High School



It was with lasting regret that we saw Miss Jewett leave our school last term. Miss Jewett has given the most devoted service to Girls' High School for over forty years, and although the intimate relations and daily presence in the school have passed, her interest in the school has, as she says, not been broken. Her interest has expressed itself in many other ways beside that in the classroom, and her work for the girls has been woven closely into the history of the school. She gladly sacrificed herself and her time in order to instill into her pupils a true love of art in all its forms, which she understands so thoroughly and made so clear and interesting. We affectionately dedicate our Journal to Miss Jewett, and hope it is worthy to express the grateful esteem with which we regard her.

THE HOLMES MEMORIAL LIBRARY
TO HONOR

ELLIS H. HOLMES

Principal of the First High School in San Francisco, 1856-1864,
and of the Girls' High School, 1864-1876.

The Work shall praise the Master.

It is to be wondered just how many girls understand the manner of our acquiring the latest addition to our library, the new case of books, which bears the above inscription. Every student of Girls' High will be interested in knowing that the newest and finest books in our library were purchased with the contributions made by former pupils of our high school, those who graduated while Mr. Holmes was principal. To these contributions were added others, made by later graduates, and the entire sum was collected by a committee, of which Miss Kate Atkinson was secretary. A question was at first raised as to what would be the most fitting memorial to Mr. Holmes and of benefit to the school. It was at last decided that the money should be used for the purchasing of books for our library, and, as a result, we are in possession of some beautifully bound and illustrated volumes covering a wide field of subjects. The fine illustrations are an education in

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themselves, and the books will do a great deal toward giving the girls a more appreciative attitude toward art and literature.

We quote here a portion of a letter from Mrs. Augusta Holmes, who is the widow of Ellis H. Holmes, herself a former pupil and still residing in Los Angeles:

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am to all that have done their share toward accomplishing the end. I sincerely hope that the pupils of the High School will enjoy the books and gain much knowledge from them."

With the completion of our latest acquisitions, a modern kitchen and dining room, our high school becomes the most perfectly equipped school of its kind in San Francisco. In fitting up these rooms for the benefit of the girls, those having the work in charge have not omitted the slightest detail which could, in any way, materially aid earnest cooks in their pursuit of scientific methods for preparing food. Our cream-white tiled kitchen is in itself an inspiration to those who are endowed with least skill along culinary lines, and, altogether, the latest introduction into our curriculum has proved a huge success. We now include in the course of study every subject that could be desired by even the most earnest seeker after knowledge, and it is to be hoped that the girls will realize and seize their opportunities with proper spirit and a desire to benefit by the new subjects offered to them.

During this last term, an old rule has been revived by the Board of Education to the effect that no girl, unless she be going home for lunch, shall leave the building between the hours of twelve and one. We are supposed to be under the care of the faculty from nine in the morning until three-fifteen in the afternoon, and it is hardly right that we wander on the streets near the school during the noon hour and compel someone to be continually watching out for our well-being. We have a spacious, pleasant court in which to roam at will, and we are allowed to amuse ourselves in any way we choose inside the building. Therefore we won't grumble when there is nothing to grumble at, for our freedom is not curtailed in any way, and no one can honestly say that she has suffered hardships because she has not been allowed to view the outside of our building at noon time.

Our cafeteria is more of a success than ever, since the new rule was passed. The caf. was doing very well before that time, but a large share of the trade which should have gone toward its support was being given to stores outside of the school. Some very indignant members of our Student Body seemed to think that we were being cruelly imposed upon and restricted by the carrying out of such a rule, but when one stops to think that we were almost the only high school in the city that enjoyed unlimited freedom during the lunch hour, it does not seem that the prohibition is so very unjust after all. Our cafeteria was immediately supplied with everything which had formerly been purchased at stores near by. Mrs. Vanderbilt is only too glad to obtain for the girls anything within reason that they ask for, and, if the select few who insist on grumbling will only speak to her concerning the things they want, all will be well.

Owing partly to the fact that, as the Journal is the representative of our school work, and therefore should have examples of work from each department, and to the fact that, as time rolls on, we find it a more difficult task to wheedle girls into putting their brilliant ideas on paper, we have inaugurated with this term's Journal a new idea. Each department has been invited to contribute to the Journal an essay or story dealing with the subjects taken up during the term, and in this way a large amount of material has been supplied, which we would otherwise have had difficulty in extracting from the girls. Modesty concerning one's accom-

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plishments is certainly a very good thing in some cases, but when it comes to supporting your school paper, we prefer that you let your light shine forth instead of hiding it under a bushel. Here's hoping that the next editor (who little suspects what trials and tribulations she is doomed to undergo!) may obtain a little sympathy from our hard-hearted "shining lights," and may she emerge triumphant from all her difficulties!

We cordially welcome Miss Reeves, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Moore and Mr. Altmann into the ranks of our Faculty, and hope they will not find us difficult subjects to lead in the way we should go. Our sincere thanks is extended to Miss Reeves for her assistance with basketball, to Miss Kelly for the kindness with which she responded to our pleas for aid with the candy sale, and to Mrs. Moore, who has sacrificed her time so willingly in order to train us with our graduation music.

Although we exceedingly regret that Miss Nell E. Ford has left us, the fact that she has gone in order to complete her medical course at Stanford makes us wish her every success in the new work she has taken up.

To Miss Croyland is due our sincere gratitude for the splendid way in which she has helped us with our Journal. Without her assistance, we should never have been successful in carrying out the task of editing the Journal. We also desire to sincerely thank Mr. Goldstein for his invaluable aid with the artistic side of our work. His willingness to lend a helping hand at any time has been more than appreciated.

Has everyone noticed the unpretentious little cards tacked up in our library next to the new bookcase? If you desire to note the difference between a graduation-invitation of fifty-one years ago and now, just compare the small red one in the library with a present-day card. Evidently the taste of "the girls of '65" ran to colors and early hours, for the time set is "seven o'clock!" Speaking seriously, however, a gift of that kind is of the greatest value to Girls' High as a link connecting us with classes that have had the same varied emotions we Seniors are now experiencing. It is hard to realize that we are actually leaving, because the last four years have been so happily and profitably spent, with the kind assistance of Dr. Scott and our teachers, that we dread just a little the thought of being mere "visitors" when we shall sometimes yield to the desire to roam around the halls and visit our teachers and old classrooms again. Ours is not a unique case, however, for other classes before us have felt the same regret at severing connections with Girls' High; and though we shall not be able to resume our accustomed studies after this term, still we shall keep a corner of our memories for our High School and the remembrance of all our good times and the lasting friendships we have made here.

To Charlotte Euler is awarded the prize for having submitted the finest contribution to our Journal this term, as her full-page drawing, "Literature," has been judged the best work handed in. The editorial staff desires to thank Charlotte, not only for the drawing, but also for the willingness with which she responded to our frenzied call for assistance at the last moment. We certainly appreciate Charlotte!

The Business Manager here takes an opportunity of thanking the following girls who have so capably assisted her: Miriam Morris, Sybil Price, Eleanor Wood, Loretta Bellani, Meta Gerken, Vera Schmitt, Emilia Sherwood, Helen Koheneman, Lucille Goetting, Adeline Cann, Esther Miller, Vera Allison, Phyllis Nelson, Ruth Brandenstein, Madeline Rothstein, Sarah Bloch and Beth Lyon.

Girls' High School

School Notes

JULY 31. School began today with the usual jabberings after the seven short weeks' vacation. The hubbub of the high pitched voices kept on until Dr. Scott made his opening speech, and the girls were assigned to their different rooms. The chatter continued to burst forth spasmodically in the last few moments of liberty, before we put our noses to the grind and took up our troubles where we dropped them seven weeks ago. And such big troubles, too!

AUGUST 7. At 8:55 this morning the high Seniors had a meeting for the organization of their class. At 9:00 the results were: President, Claire Eppinger; vice-president, Ruth Quivey; secretary, Blanche Dewey; treasurer, Jane Elliott. (Perhaps Jane was chosen because of her peculiar methods of extracting money from the girls, but I'll not commit myself.)

AUGUST 10. The bravery of the entire Senior class was brought to light today. At noontime the said class in a compact but slightly turbulent body, advancing fearlessly toward the office and retreating in not quite such a fearless mood, finally gathered enough courage to enter the office of the amazed Dr. Scott for a redress of their grievances. But the unforeseen happened and they met their Waterloo. Alas, the Light Brigade which had charged so bravely to the office now charged most ungallantly in the opposite direction and fled in a most undignified manner, and a stampede ensued on the stairs. Two girls were left from the retreat of the "valiant six hundred," but they stammered something incoherently and made their exit with all their injured dignity.

AUGUST 11. The first Student Body meeting of the term was held today. A new nominating system was introduced, and all the candidates, instead of the Seniors, were arrayed on the platform. Everything was conducted smoothly, and we are all anxiously waiting for election day.

AUGUST 18. The election of Student Body officers took place today, and the results were as follows: President, Beatrice Harper; first vice-president, Elinor Wood; second vice-president, Meta Gerken; third vice-president, Rosalie Landecker; fourth vice-president, Azaline Eaton; secretary, Josephine Witt; yell leader, Dorothy Levy; teachers, Miss Noonan, Mr. Dupuy; treasurer, Miss Daniel.

AUGUST 25. We blasé Seniors bored ourselves for the amusement of others by wearing our hair down—but it was fun. The ever-famous Pig Tail Day has arrived for us. And such a revelation of hair or lack of hair met our eyes! Everyone was more or less an object of curiosity and comment during the day. At noontime, the usual things were done—the girls played ring, and danced the Virginia Reel, and all had a fine time. But for all its roses, there were some thorns, although we overlooked the pricks and tried to forget them.

AUGUST 26. The Freshman Reception was held today and we all helped to make it a success. We had a large crowd and danced all the afternoon and—the punch certainly was good. We think (at least we hope) that it was successful—that is, the reception, not the punch.

AUGUST 29. We were presented, or, in fact, we presented ourselves, with two beautiful etchings today, and by adding them to the picture given by the last class, we at last have started an art gallery. Dr. Scott, Miss Croyland and Mr. Goldstein spoke to us and Mrs. Moore led us in a few songs. The pictures are to be hung in the corridor where all can have the benefit of them.

SEPTEMBER 5. It is a cold and dreary day in spirit, for the first cards of the term are due. Agony and suspense are plainly written on everyone's face as she

hurries along to her classroom. It reminds one strangely of a dime novel which might be bloodthirstily entitled "The Mystery of the Red and White Card; or Hanged at Sunset."

SEPTEMBER 6. I was told by one who knows to put this down as a red-letter day, because a clean towel was put in the physics laboratory. She was very much excited and visibly impressed. Before the current events lecture this afternoon, Dr. Scott spoke about the girls' bringing newspapers, which would be sold, and the proceeds of which would be used for the purchasing of soap, paper towels and mirrors. We need mirrors more than we need soap. You can never tell whether you will come out alive when you try to see yourself in the cloakroom mirror. We have some vicious characters who make it a point to use elbows and hat pins, to say nothing of stepping all over you, when it comes to yielding their places at the mirror. Mirrors for the safety of the public and the continuance of our friendship!

SEPTEMBER 7. The Journal Box was opened this morning, and the following contributions were gratefully received: One hair ribbon (quite the worse for wear); one orange peel (wasn't she thoughtful?); several minute scraps of paper (no doubt intended for a puzzle to amuse the gentle editor. Piece it together and find the masterpiece). It would probably be more profitable to start a second-hand junk store than edit a journal. We are proud of our editor. She's a poetess and has been exercising her mind all over the study hall boards. She's so temperamental that sometimes she uses green chalk, sometimes red, and sometimes yellow. But it's only to catch the eyes of the drones and make them follow her example and exercise their minds.

SEPTEMBER 13. Mr. Foley entertained us immensely by reciting poetry of the most fascinating kind this morning, and we certainly appreciated his hour's talk. P. S.—We also had a visit from the Board of Education.

SEPTEMBER 14. We presented Mr. Dupuy with a "vaze" and a bowl for his flowers today. He made a speech and so did Claire, and everything went along nicely.

SEPTEMBER 21. We were visited by a thunderstorm today. We all laughed about a girl's crawling under the table in sewing after the storm was over, but probably there were many others who would have followed her example if they had had strength enough.

OCTOBER 4. This day is set exclusively aside for Hannah, the class heroine. (Civics! You remember!)

OCTOBER 5. We had another student-body meeting today, and some enthusiasts have decided to form a skating club. Everybody is quite excited about it.

OCTOBER 10. The Skating Club was organized with Miss Jones at the head. Aside from the fact that Ersilia spent most of her time picking herself up from the floor, the meeting did not create much excitement. Tuesday was the day decided upon by the girls to go to the rink. Long live the Skating Club, our newest activity!

OCTOBER 12. Thanks to Columbus we had vacation today.

OCTOBER 13. Thanks to the Board of Education we had another day of vacation.

OCTOBER 14. The 1 B's gave a masquerade to the Seniors and we all had a fine time. The hall was decorated in their class colors, and nearly everybody appeared in costume.

OCTOBER 17. This was the first gathering of the Skating Club at the Winter Garden, and it was marked by a large attendance of enthusiastic girls. Nobody injured herself fatally, but once in a while a girl's dignity would be injured by an ungraceful fall.

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OCTOBER 20. A candy sale was held for the benefit of the Journal this morning, and it was a huge success. The girls cleared sixty dollars, and the gloom that's been lurking in Flora's vicinity evaporated, and she cheered up.

OCTOBER 21. The 1 A's gave the Seniors a masquerade, and many of the girls had very clever costumes. The girls danced and had a splendid time.

OCTOBER 23. Our valedictorian, Henriette Roumiguere, has had only two II's since she has been in high school. From now on Henriette will be a subject to be studied with awe and respect by the poor people who struggle along on mere II's. Mildred Metzner is our salutitorian and our other "orian" is Hannah Ruegg. Oh, we are bright and shining lights, we are!

NOVEMBER 15 is the day on which the Senior Farce is to be given. There is a mantle of secrecy covering the movements of the distinguished actors and actresses, but we expect wonders upon wonders and genius second to none when we proudly view our performing classmates.

DECEMBER 13. This is the day which we have been looking forward to for the whole of our four years. A night full of fascination and also fear—for it is the beginning of the end. Very soon the door will shut upon us, and, away from our girlhood friends, and with the memories and dreams of these happy four years already fading in the distance, a new life will have begun.

BLANCHE DEWEY, Dec., '16.



HOW MENDELSSOHN MIGHT HAVE COMPOSED THE SPRING SONG

While Mendelssohn played aimlessly on his piano a wonderful vision of fairy-land appeared before him. A beautiful melody accompanied the scene. From each note he struck there seemed to leap another fairy of spring, until the entire space was enlivened by their festive mirth. They danced on a patch of green before him. The sun was shining brightly, and everything seemed joyful. They accompanied their dances with happy songs. Mendelssohn played on and on, until slowly that wonderful light died out of his eyes, and with it the fairies danced slowly out of his sight, but they always return with the first notes of the Spring Song.

HOW POODLE FOUND HIS RIBBON.

"My gracious, you naughty little dog, you've lost your ribbon!" Poodle's big mistress was giving him a dreadful scolding. But his little mistress happened to be peeking through the keyhole and she saw and heard everything. "Go right out and find it, Poodle," the lecturer continued, "or you'll sleep out tonight."

Poor little Poodle came out of that room feeling and looking very sad at heart, so that he ran upstairs to his little mistress to tell her all his troubles. Imagine his joy when he saw her holding a great big pink ribbon! Of course, she gave it to Poodle, and of course he ran downstairs to give it to his big mistress, and everybody forgot that the bow he had really lost was blue.

HELENE VOSPER.

Girls High School

Last Will and Testament of Class of Dec. '16

By MILDRED METZNER and HELEN RADIN



Be Remembered, That we, the members of the 4 B Class GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, the City of San Francisco, in the State of California, do make this our last will and testament in manner following; That is to say,

We direct that said possessions hereinafter named, with all due ceremony and regard for all wishes, be respectively distributed to our chosen heirs.

We give unto our worthy successors, the 4 A's, our high (?) standing with all the teachers, our dignity, and the student-body secretaryship.

To the Junior Class we bequeath our good natures and our extraordinary ability in all things whatsoever.

On the Sophomores we bestow our undying school loyalty.

To the Freshman Class, otherwise and more appropriately styled "Scrubs," we bequeath our infinite wisdom. May they cherish and honor this possession as befitting those who have yet to reach maturity.

To Mr. DUPUY, our dearly beloved class teacher, we leave the memory of our smiling faces, and hope that these will express our gratitude for all he has done for us.

As individuals we do hereby bequeath, give and devise our property as follows:

I, HENRIETTE ROUMIGUIERE, will divulge my vast knowledge of Civics to MARTHA BARNES. May she always receive a straight 1 as did her benefactor.

Realizing that hereafter I must cast aside all appearances of a frivolous nature, I, MABEL BINGHAM, do sorrowfully donate my dimples to CLARA GINLEY.

I, FLORA GROVER, not knowing whether my "bad luck" in collecting journal funds is due to my ability in athletics or inability in finance, do willingly leave both virtues to the next business manager.

I, BEE HARPER, bequeath my love for attending senior farce rehearsal to KATHERINE MORRICE.

Wishing to see futurist art live in GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, I, ADELINE SCANDRETT, leave my ability along that line to SUSIE McMACKIN.

We, ROSE HALLER and DOROTHY MALING, feeling that we have gained a great deal by our constant association with each other, hand down our sisterly love and affection to ELAINE MOSEBACH and LILLIE GRETHEN.

My first name has greatly disturbed many people, so I, WENDOLINE CORBIN, commission JEANNETTE ROCHEX and MARION MALYS to an everlasting search for the missing "G."

I, ERNÉ LYONS, leave my fondness for the terpsichorean art to EVELYN EVANS.

Hoping that I may become fat and jolly by casting aside my quiet and serious disposition, I, NEVA STEVENSEN, give said serious nature to RUTH HOCKWALD.

I, CAROL PETERSEN, having serious intentions of starting a hairdressing establishment in the next world, and wishing my present mode of head-dress to continue in this world, do hereby leave it to ELSA PETERSEN.

I, MARION FILMER, having other plans in view, leave my home-making ability to GLADYS DOWLING.

Girls High School

As the price of platinum has advanced \$20 an ounce, I, MARIE BROWN, have decided to make a supreme sacrifice and leave my beauteous wrist watch to ADELAIDE NEWMAN. Its tick is most cheerful, but when addressed by the pet name of Ingersoll it responds more melodiously.

I, loquacious LILLIAN DAVIS, leave my liveliness to LOUISE MAINO.

Realizing that I am no longer a little girl, and desiring to put my hair up, I, MADELINE LUCAS, will all but my psyche to MINNIE TSUKAMOTO.

I, GENEVIEVE CORDREY, give my love for high school into the gentle care of VIOLET O'KEEFE.

After much deliberation, I, BESSIE MORRIS, have decided to add to the girlish charms of ESTHER BULL by leaving her my much-envied lisp.

I, EDWINA MEREDITH, being very fond of that little book known as "English as she is spoke," leave my knowledge of the contents of said book to LILLIAN ALEXANDER and MURIEL BUCKLEY. May they never disregard the rules.

To-wit:—I, JOSEPHINE WITT, unwittingly will my wittiness to the unwitty.

I, RUTH QUIVEY, sadly dedicate my love for the movies to LYDIA FLOETHE, on the condition that she will go at least four times a week to see my favorite actor.

My mouth is tired of smiling and my vocal chords are tired of giggling, so with doleful countenance, I, MARION AYER, give up my smiles to JULIA CHARNOCK.

I, FLORENCE TORASSA, having for many terms filled the office of car-ticket monitor, gladly turn my position over to any one who desires it.

Being in my right senses and fully aware of the great sacrifice I am making, I, RUTH PEYSER, give to HILDA NELSON my lovely brown eyes.

I, NINA LEDERER, leave my reputation for cutting up in "study halls" to HANNA OKADA.

Wishing to remove the "Maxim Silencer" from my voice, I, FLORENCE FROST, willingly bequeath it to IRMA SCHAERTZER.

I, ELIZABETH ARMER, having in mind a definite "object," after many "observations" draw the "conclusion" that JUNIETTA GOODALL will profit by my knowledge of physics.

Wishing to dispose of my conceited disposition, in order that it may not hamper me thru the rest of my life, I, MARGUERITE WELBORN, hand it, together with a hand mirror to MINNIE WALSH.

I, ANNETTE WOLFE (my favorite name is NETTIE), wishing to bud out into society, cast off my manly stride in hope that GENEVIEVE GURRY may pick it up.

To BELLE HENDRY, I, CATHERINE DAVIS, do bequeath my ability to "put things over" in history. Here's hoping that she "gets away" with it.

I, HELEN JOHNSON, give unto the worthy LUBOV BUJANNOFF as much of my excess avoirdupois as said legatee would care to accept.

Having been forced to give up my ideas of ever becoming a French dressmaker under the disguise of "Madame," I, GENEVIEVE MCGIVNEY, leave my fondness for sewing and my artistic temperament to REINE COUTARD.

I, VIOLET PHILIPS, leave my Junoesque stature to BESSIE MENDLER.

As the price of dye has gone up, I, HELEN RADIN, leave my raven locks to any poor soul with extravagant ideas.

Girls High School

I, EILEEN MULCAHY, leave my demure and quaker ways to MARGARET STEWART.

Among my various personal possessions, I, IRENE WRIGHT, value my drawing ability most highly and, therefore, with sad heart, I lay it at the feet of HELEN McARTHUR.

I, EDITH DASEKING, knowing that the GIRLS' HIGH DRAMATIC CLUB would cease to exist without my generous gift, do hereby give up all ownership to my dramatic ability and present it in all its glory to my heir, JULIE SIMMONS.

Being cognizant of the fact that the detention class will still be in existence after my departure, I, MARGARET OSTREICHER, dedicate my place in it to HELEN McKNIGHT.

I, HANNA RUEGG, fearing that I can no longer bear the heavy weight on my brain, do bequeath my remarkable brilliancy to EDNA OTOMO.

Wishing to show that I am strictly neutral, I, PAULINE COUTARD, will to any German girl my French vocabulary.

I, FLORA McLEAN, feeling that I must make known my recipe for reducing, give it into the secret keeping of ELIES POWERS.

Having contemplated for a long time as to who would be a suitable stepmother to my "child," EDITH WORMSER, I, GRACE SPENCER, entrust her to the loving care of MARION DICK. Please take good care of my "child" and bring her up to be a "perfect lady."

I MARION FLY, leave the six months which I skipped to any poor mortal who has "flunked" and wishes to catch up with her regular class.

Wishing to share my freckled skin with some worthy being, I, MURIEL ANDREWS, generously bestow some of it upon ELINOR WOOD. I am sure that sun-kissed cheeks will become her greatly.

I, BLANCHE DEWEY, having obtained faithful service from my dilapidated Latin note book, do hereby leave it to GERTRUDE VANDERWOORT, to sustain her during any emergency that may arise.

Since "brevity is the soul of wit," I, NAOMI CHAMBERS, leave my brief height to MIRIAM SMITH, who on receiving it will become, I hope, very witty.

I, MARIE STAUFFER, having perused volumes of books on many varied subjects and languages, hereby give unto ALMA STEELE and KATHRYN MORRICE my infinite knowledge thus gained.

Knowing that a sweet smile is always a great asset, I, CAMILLE MIDDLETON, leave my smile to ALMA CALESTINI.

I, GLADYS WILEY, leave the classical outline of my face and neck to CHARLOTTE EULER to serve her as a model when she opens her art studio.

Not that the school orchestra is inadequate, but feeling that perhaps some day it might want to become a symphony orchestra, I, MILDRED METZNER, most graciously will my brass bands (two in number) to that deserving organization.

I, JANE ELLIOTT, having kept in storage "oodles of pep," bequeath it to MARGARET MINEHAN and direct that she use it for arousing school spirit.

I, MIRIAM MORRIS, give my girlish blushes, which are especially noticed in Physics, to CAROLINE HIRSCHLER, the professional skater.

Having decided to forsake the forum, I, VIVA BRUCE, willingly leave my argumentative ability to EDITH MENARY.

Girls High School

I, GRACE McDEVITT, give unto DOROTHY HARRISON my much-coveted ingenuity of so arranging my program that I may "go to the doctor's" every day sixth and seventh periods.

Wishing to outgrow my shyness, I, LORAIN RODNEY, gladly share it with DOROTHY LEVY.

I, THELMA WALTHER, leave my self-possession in acting to SYBIL PRICE and order that she use it to the best interests of the school.

I, EDYTHE MCGLYNN, give unto RUTH HIMMELSTERN my cheery nature and sweet disposition.

I, VIVIAN WEISSMAN, gladly offer my artistic taste in millinery (Have you all seen my evening hat?) to RUTH PINKERTON.

On my departure, I, EILEEN MATEER, leave my proud and haughty high senior airs to VIRGINIA HERTY.

I, CORINNE FLECK, confer upon ANITA KOHN the honor of sitting in the front seat, center aisle, room 106. May her husky shoulders conceal something (I wonder what?) which may accidentally be open on the desk behind her.

I, CLAIRE EPPINGER, bestow the pivot on which my tongue is set to MARGARET WALL in hopes that she will make good use of it.

After cataloguing my charms, I, GLORIA CURTIN, find that I can do without none and therefore leave nothing but "mes sincerer compliments" to MARGARET STEALEY.

We hereby revoke all wills by us, heretofore made, and constitute this our last will.

In Witness Whereof, We, the above-named testators, have hereunto set our sign and seal, this tenth day of October, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and sixteen.

Then and there signed, sealed and published, by the testators as and for their last will in the presence of us, who at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereto set our name as witnesses:

A. W. SCOTT.

EMMA L. NOONAN.

EDWARD J. DUPUY.



Girls High School

Class Prophecy; or Ten Years Hence

Miss Thelma Walther and her company of stars, including Miss Edith Daseking, Miss Adeline Scandrett and Miss Helen Johnson, are making an extended tour of the Aleutian Islands.

Miss Ruth Quivey, in spite of aspirations to be an instructor of the young, has been led by Hymen's torch to the altar, and will reside in a rich lumber region of Oregon.

We are pleased to announce that the new garage of which Miss Dorothy Maling and Miss Rose Haller are proprietors, is very successful.

"The Vogue," an up-to-date hairdressing establishment, has been opened by Miss Eileen Mulcahy and Miss Corinne Fleck.

Miss Mildred Metzner and Miss Nina Lederer are associate business managers of the largest advertising concern on the Pacific Coast.

The prominent Socialist, Viva Bruce, is delivering a series of lectures in Dreamland Rink on "The Psychology of Socialism."

Harvard students are overjoyed at the prospect of obtaining Miss Wendoline Corbin as coach for their yell leaders.

Two new appointees on the Hamilton Square Playground staff are the Misses Edwina Meredith and Lillian Davis.

The noted French instructresses, Mademoiselles P. Coutard and F. Frost, have recently established a select French seminary for young ladies.

San Francisco golf enthusiasts have welcomed into their ranks the noted champion, Miss Ruth Peyser.

We regret to state that Miss Claire Eppinger, renowned for her capacity for making friends with trouble, has just emerged from an enforced seclusion.

A new fashion model who is creating a furore in New York is our local beauty, Miss Violet Phillips.

Bulletin readers are delighted with the clever daily cartoons originated by Miss Irene Wright.

Owing to her incapacity for sustained mental exertion, Miss Catherine Davis has just completed her tenth year at college.

The dramatic screen success, "We Three," featuring Miss Marion Ayer, Miss Neva Stevenson and Miss Grace McDevitt, has recently been released.

The Misses Eileen Mateer and Hannah Ruegg are as yet undecided as to their future occupations. Supplying geology classes with marble-cake recipes seems to be their forte, and may aid them in their future life-work.

Miss Genevieve Cordrey has at last attained her ideal state of existence, and is living harmoniously with herself in the African jungle.

Miss Elizabeth Armer has completed plans for a model dairy farm in Podunk County. She will be ably assisted by the capable Miss Lorraine Rodney.

Not only in the commercial world, but also in scientific realms, are we ably represented. Miss C. Middleton will become the head of the Physics Department in the College of Kalamazoo.

Miss Oestreicher, in spite of all odds, is now the distinguished leader of the three hundred and ninety-nine Coney-Island-ites.

Miss C. Petersen, in her latest screen drama, bids fair to rival her far-famed prototype, Theda Bara.

At last we may announce the opening of the exclusive "Handkerchief Shop" by Miss Radin, who has made a profound study of her occupation.

The latest dance step, the "Circular Triangle," is being introduced at the Hip by Mme. Ern  Lyons and Annette Wolfe.

Girls High School

Society is flocking to the new Ice Palace in order to be instructed by the latest exponent of fancy ice skating, Miss Grace Spencer.

Our California song bird, Miss Miriam Morris, is making a grand tour of the world, accompanied by the modern Al Jolson, Miss Marie Stauffer.

A daring feat, the oblique, upside down, sideways dip, accomplished by Miss Flora McLean in her own poly-plane, has startled the world of aeronauts.

A miraculous rescue was enacted yesterday, when Miss Flora Grover, the far-famed swimmer, heroically dove into the abysmal depths of Stow Lake, to save a drowning woman from a horrible fate. Upon being resuscitated, she was found to be no other than Miss Grover's former schoolmate, Miss Beatrice Harper.

The art of elocution has received a new impetus from the unusual and artistic ideas introduced by Miss Marie Brown.

The coming of the Sells-Foto Circus is being heralded with delight by the friends of Miss Jane Elliott, who is employed by the management in the capacity of "spieler."

Miss Marion Filmer has issued invitations for the Social Assembly, of which she is a prominent patroness.

Through her experience as banker for the car companies at G. H. S., Miss Marion Fly has risen to a prominent position in the First National Bank.

As a welcome to their new house-mother, Miss Margaret Welborn, the Eta Beta Pi sorority gave a large housewarming last Thursday evening.

Miss Blanche Dewey has nobly volunteered to go into the Far North to teach the intricate art of tatting to the Eskimos.

The inhabitants of Centerville are delighted to have in their midst Miss Mabel Bingham, the greatest scientific farmeress of the age.

We are proud to state that Miss Vivian Weissman has soared to the height of fame in the capacity of traveling agent for the "Grow-it" hair oil company.

An effort is being made by Miss Gladys Wiley, the competent organizer, to convert the unresponsive inhabitants of Borneo to a superior state of culture.

The Misses Gloria Curtin and Naomi Chambers have formed a partnership to carry on Robison's bird business, to which they have succeeded.

We have received news that the inhabitants of the Sahara are humbly grateful for the fashionable clothing sent them by the marvelous seamstresses, Miss Genevieve McGivney and Miss Madeline Lucas.

Among those receiving dentistry diplomas at the Affiliated Colleges is Miss Henriette Roumiguere.

Miss Bessie Morris and Miss Josephine Witt have become great favorites at the Kaiser's court because of their ability properly to introduce American tourists to the sovereign.

We call the attention of the public to the fact that Edyth McGlynn is a competent coach for Civics sufferers of G. H. S.

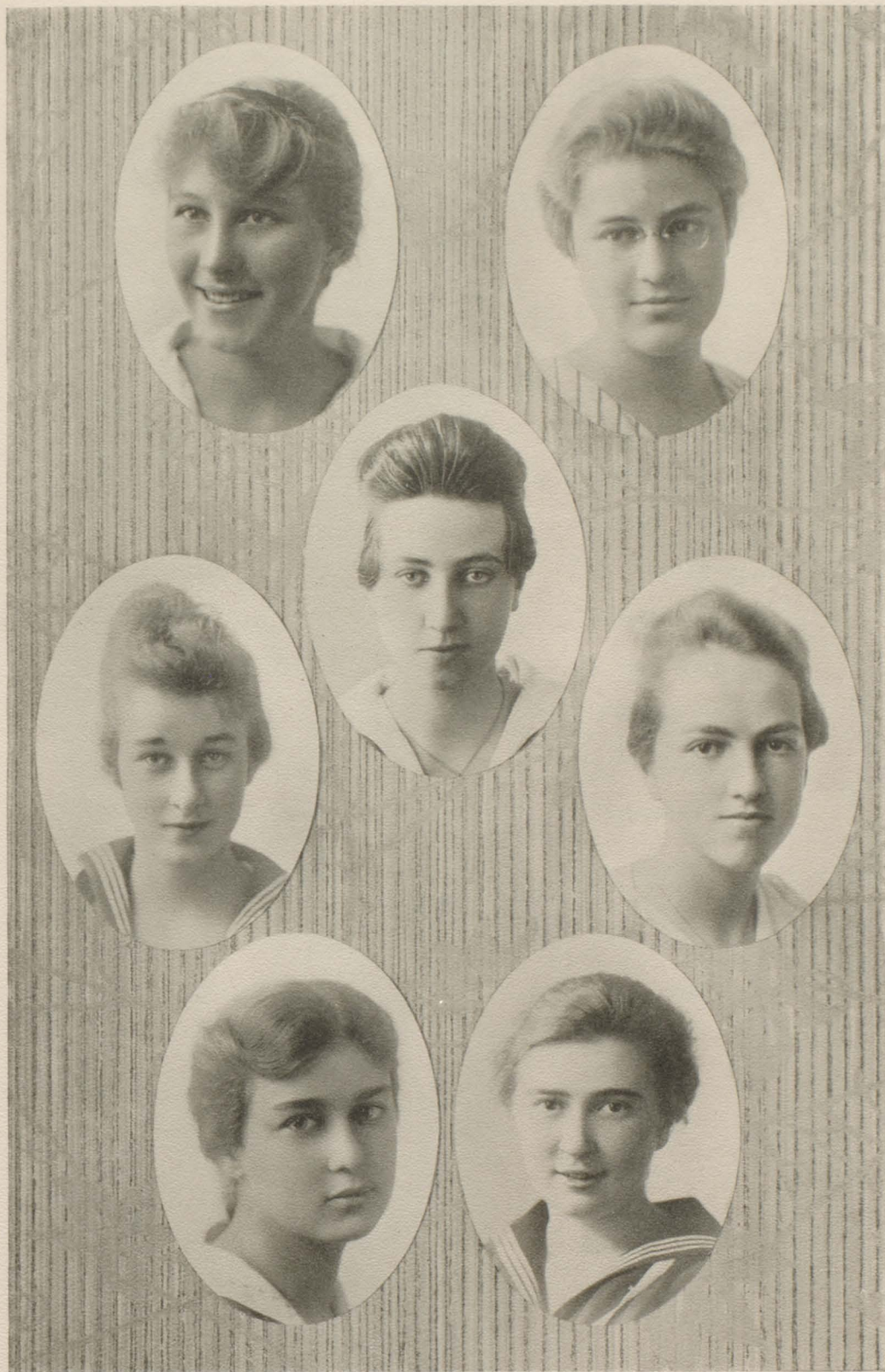
Miss Muriel Andrews is contemplating a world tour, the object of which is to imbue her sister with feminine ideals.

Owing to her surprising ability as librarian, Miss Florence Torassa has been chosen by the President of China to be State Keeper of the Books.



Girls High School

Student Body Organization



JOSEPHINE WITT, Secretary

DOROTHY LEVY, Yell Leader

BEATRICE HARPER, President

ELINOR WOOD, First Vice-President

META GERKEN, Second Vice-President

ROSALIE LANDECKER, Third Vice-President

AZALENE EATON, Fourth Vice-President

Girls High School

Journal Organization



EDITORIAL STAFF

CATHERINE DAVIS	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
CLAIRE EPPINGER	<i>Literary Editor</i>
ELIZABETH ARMER	<i>Art Editor</i>
IRENE WRIGHT	<i>Cartoonist</i>
BEATRICE HARPER	<i>Joke Editor</i>
JOSEPHINE WITT	<i>Activities</i>
BLANCHE DEWEY	<i>School Notes</i>
MIRIAM MORRIS	<i>Alumnae</i>
ELAINE MOSEBACH	<i>Low Senior Assistant</i>

BUSINESS STAFF

FLORA GROVER	<i>Business Manager</i>
SYBIL PRICE	<i>Low Senior Assistant</i>



CATHERINE DAVIS
Editor

FLORA GROVER
Business Manager

Girls High School

Staff



ELIZABETH ARMER
Art Editor

CLAIRE EPPINGER
Assistant Literary Editor

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Our Cartoonist

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Alumnae Notes

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JOSEPHINE WITT
Activities

ELAINE MOSEBACH
Low Senior Editor

MR. GOLDSTEIN
Art Advisor

BLANCHE DEWEY
School Notes

SYBIL PRICE
Low Senior Business Manager

Girls High School

Class History

JANUARY 6, 1913. Wind! And it blew in a sorry, sad sight of scared-to-death newcomers. We were ushered into the "never-saw-a-plumber" room ($\frac{99}{100}$ of the old, congenial G. H. S. building) by a welcoming glance of daggers from the Old Timers. In spite of all odds, we were soon settled comfortably (?) into the unusual routine.

One lone, big invitation to a reception from the Seniors made us feel as if we were a component part of that honorable edifice of learning. It was gr-r-and! (That is, the reception.)

Time went on and so did we. The opening of next term found us carrying desks across the street to the magnificent structure destined to be our home, or whatever-you-call-it, for the next three and a half years. After getting lost in the maze of unfamiliar corridors, and finding ourselves again, we celebrated by holding a mock Track Meet. The Sophs and Seniors came, saw, and conquered, but—we were still young.

In our second term we organized, and so were put on the same footing as other classes.

The opening of the big Fair saw the beginning of our third year. We were nice girls, but not generous, as we were kindly informed by the Seniors, who lost a perfectly good theater-party because of our poverty. But this semester, at least, saw a "thrilling" Student Body, thanks to us. "School Pins!" was our cry, and we got 'em.

Although we were Juniors, we once more assumed our infantile apparel, and filled the corridors with our appealing baby cries—but just for the entertainment of the visitors who came to our big school bazaar. We made \$1,000,000, more or less (emphasis on the less).

As 3 B's we picnicked—and at Surf Beach at that.

A Rodeo of the West was staged in our spacious court one sunny day, when the girls distinguished themselves in relay races, broad jumps, and rooting—with lots of it.

Student Body of next term found us sitting with elation on the platform, our orange and green decorations proclaiming the dignified and elevated stage we had at last attained.

Duty called—and we answered nobly by giving a regular luncheon to the Seniors. Such decorations and eats! Our class-teachers, together with Dr. Scott and Mrs. Prag, were on the board of speech-makers, and they were amply repaid for their labors by a delightful sufficiency (they said).

A select few attended the class picnic at Cottage Baths, but despite the minority, they enjoyed a good time.

And now we're Seniors—high and flighty, with a journal to publish, affairs to participate in, graduation to achieve, and then—good-bye.

CLAIRE EPPINGER,
RUTH QUIVEY.



Girls High School



W-O-O-K-E-T-Y

Girls High School

ALUMNAE

ELISABETH ARMER, Nov '16

Ethel Brown, Ruth Daniell, Agnes Gilchrist, Norma Guinasso, Florence Hale, Eugenia Peabody, Clara Schaefer and Mabel Witt, all of June '16, are attending Normal School.

Adelaide Corbin, Beatrice Dorn, May Freitas, Anna Hertzmann, Anna Jaehne, Margaretta Lindsay, Mary Oliver, Margaret Wood and Edythe Selling, of June '16, are furthering their education at University of California.

Doris Wirtner, June '16, is attending Miss Head's School, Berkeley.

Florence Johnson, June '16, is making a special study of French and Spanish at Miss Hamlin's School.

Dorothy Poor, editor of the June '16 Journal, is now a pupil of Reed College, Portland.

Pearly Saul, June '16, is now taking up a kindergarten course.

Amy Carlen, June '16, is studying dentistry.

Rosella Gogel, June '16, is taking a business course at Gallagher-Marsh Business College.

Ruth Nicholson, June '16, is taking a course in Domestic Science at the Lux School.

Lorien Welch, June '16, is attending Heald's Business College.

Agnes Lillis, June '16, and Amy Liebenbauer, June '14, are at Munson's Business College.

Marjorie Brooks, June '16, and Ida Salsman, June '15, are at the Standard Business College.

Charlotte Hallego and Helen Briscoe of December '15, and Mary McLean of June '14, have completed a course at Munson's Business College. Miss McLean is now studying law.

Helen Kearns, June '16, and Jessie Easton, June '14, are both at school again taking a P. G. course.

Vera Gardner, June '15, having completed a P. G. course at G. H. S., is now attending University of California.

Ruth Patterson, June '15, is now a pupil of Miss Hamlin's School.

Hester Webb, Viola Nordman and Margaret Stevenson, former students of G. H. S., have graduated from the Lux School, having completed a two-years' course there.

After an absence of two years, Helene Hickman, June '12, is again attending University of California.

One of the recent marriages which has taken place in our immediate midst was that of Lucille Nucchols, June '16, to Mr. Martin A. Centner, head of the Latin Department of G. H. S.

Girls High School

Ethel Frank of Dec. '11 is now Mrs. Arthur Roth.

Hilda Netter of Dec. '11 is married to Mr. F. Simon.

Helen Rosenberg, June '12, is now the wife of Mr. Sidney Kahn, a prominent business man of Oakland.

Dorothy Meyers is now Mrs. Daniel Aronson.

Evelyn De Wolf of Dec. '11 has announced her engagement to Mr. W. E. Davis, a graduate of University of California of the class of June '14. The wedding will take place December 16th, and the young couple will live in Lihue Kauai.

Ruth Proll is now Mrs. James Wallace Marsh, and Vivia Radevitch, Mrs. Thomas Dozier. Both brides were pupils of G. H. S.

Helen Kuykendall of the June '15 class is now Mrs. Romaine.

An engagement recently announced was that of Ruth Solomon, June '13, to Monroe L. Hirschfield of Gridley, who graduated from Lick in the class of '09.

The engagements of Jessie Cook to Henry Rohr, and May Suydam to Harold Barker have both been recently announced.

Veida Wood, a former student of G. H. S., is now Mrs. Claire Crossfield.

Pauline Hart of the class of June '12, has recently announced her engagement.

The home of Mrs. Michels, who was Irma Stein of the June '08 class, has been made happy by the arrival of a baby boy.

Mrs. Oscar Schilling, who was Edith Hooper of the June '12 class, has a daughter.

Mrs. W. G. Walkup, who was Edith Dick of the June '09 class, is now the mother of Mary Elizabeth Walkup.

Mrs. G. W. Pritchard, who was Amy Dick of the December '11 class, is the mother of Amy Elizabeth Pritchard.





CLASS OFFICERS.

MARION DICK—Class President.
 'Tis sad indeed for "Dickie" dear,
 When the roll she calls at our class
 meet,
 And not a soul doth answer "Here."
 From one-o-seven to one-o-eight, on
 willing feet
 She goes. She has the "pep"
 And wants us all to keep in step.

DOT LEVY—School Yell Leader.
 "June 17," Dot Levy cries
 In a loud voice—'twould reach the
 skies,
 In front she stands and she's not small,
 She may be seen thruout the hall,
 She wears such great big black-rimmed
 "specs"
 To look at her all crane their necks,
 For she's the one to make them yell,
 Of her good leading, all do tell.

SYBIL PRICE—Low Senior Asst. Busi-
 ness Manager.
 With Sybil Price to lead the race,
 Upon whom Freshies get a "case,"
 Next term *our* Journal ads,
 From the Freshies and their dads,
 Should be so very many
 They'd bring a pretty penny.

VIOLET O'KEEFE—Class Vice-President.
 Oh, Violet O'Keefe!
 You shake like a leaf
 As for wisdom you seek
 And in class-room you speak
 But when o'er our meetings
 You must preside
 Your calmness is then
 A great cause for pride.

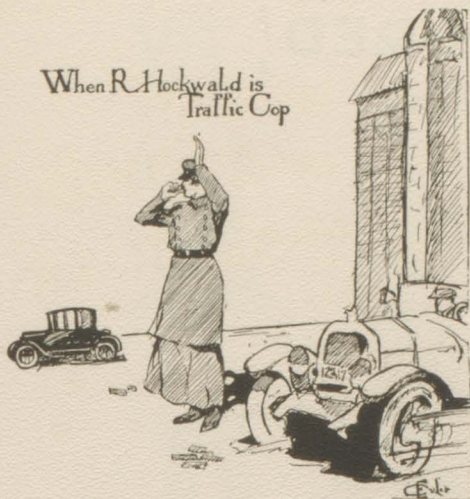
ELINOR WOOD—First Vice President.
 As first Vice
 We have Elinor Wood,
 And for the place
 We think she is good.
 In the Book Exchange she also
 aids
 And sells the books to studious
 maids.

ELAINE MOSEBACH—Low Senior As-
 sistant Editor.
 Assistant Editress Elaine,
 To all of us it would give pain,
 Should she become quite thin and
 gaunt,
 And look as though she were in want.
 She's added ten years to her age
 Just looking over this small page.

JUNIETTA GOODALL—Secy. and Treas.
 Our old friend, J. G.,
 Wants all of our coin,
 Every single cent that we
 Can beg, borrow, or purloin.
 But when the time to spend it comes
 She'll hand it out in great big sums.
 —E. M. M.

Girls High School

When R. Hockwald is
Traffic Cop



Mrs. Evans—You were out after two last night.

Evelyn—No, mother, only after one.

BRIGHT LIGHTS IN GEOLOGY.

Teacher—What is the hardest part of wood?

E. Wood (after deep tho't)—The knot-hole.

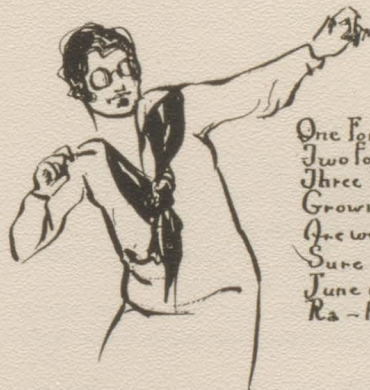
C. Euler—How was iron found?

C. Hirschler—I heard it said they smelt it.

IN ART.

Teacher—What makes the tower of Pisa lean?

Sybil Price—It was built in the time of famine.



One for the purple
Two for the gold
Three for the seniors
Growing old,
Are we happy
Sure we are.
June 17
Ra-Ra-Ra.

Dot Levy and Specs.

€

Girls High School

HEARD IN PHYSICS.

Judy—I don't see how Freshies keep their hats on, do you?

Dot Levy (Physics shark)—Vacuum pressure!

IN 4 A HISTORY.

Teacher—Describe social life in early America.

V. Herty—The people had coachmen with "livers" (liveries).

Teacher—Er—what did they do?

V. H.—They opened all the doors.

Teacher—I call that more gall than liver.

Teacher—If ignorance is bliss, you must be living in a heaven on earth.

Hana O.—The first oranges in California were bro't here recently by the Department of Agriculture.



Anita K. (reciting on Daniel Webster)—And of course he wrote the dictionary.

Teacher—Well, what about Noah, then?

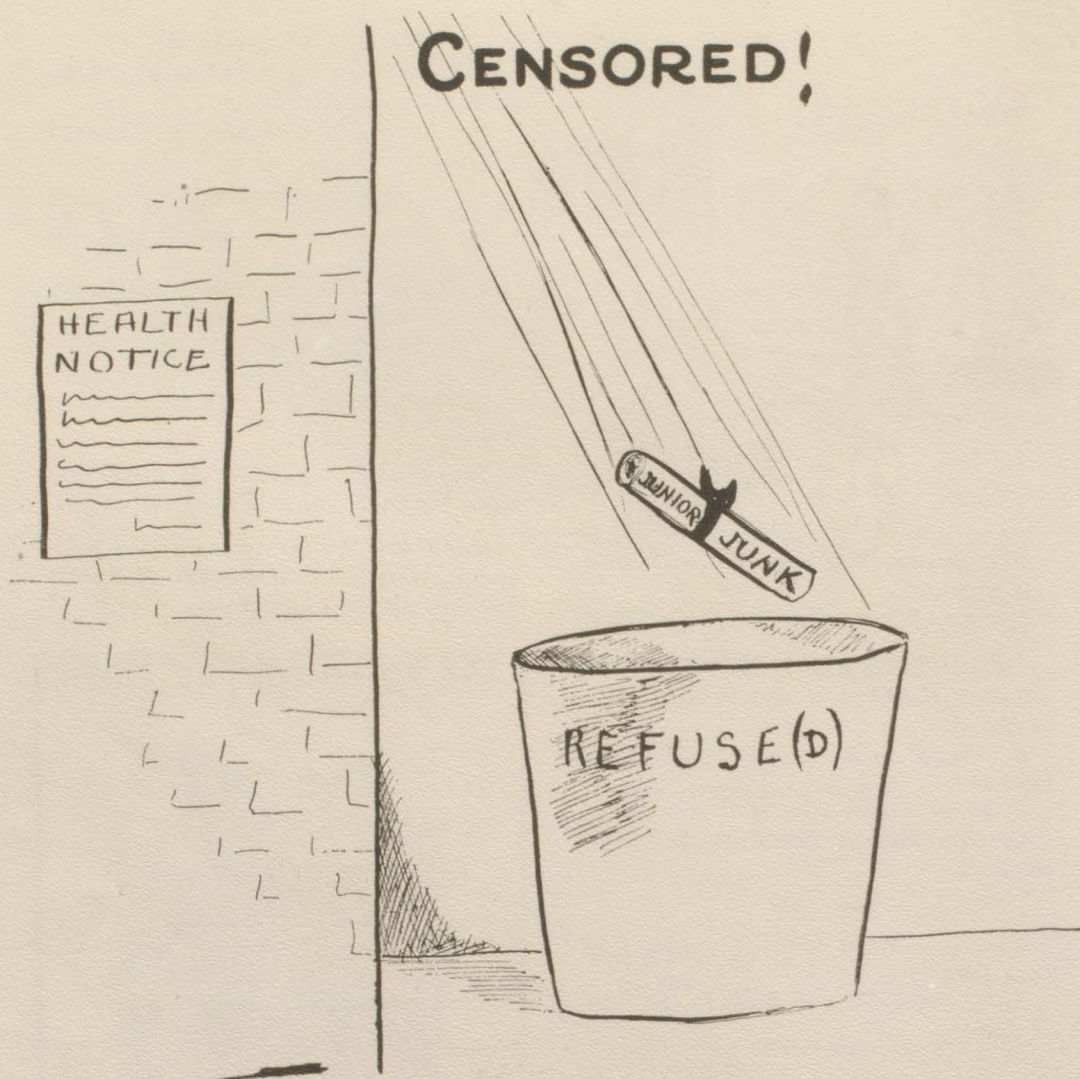
A. K.—Oh, he built the ark.

"Dot" Harrison—How can I keep my feet from going to sleep?

Esther Bull—Don't let them turn in.

Clerk (selling "pony")—This book will do half your work for you.

Lillie (eagerly)—Gimme two.



December '17

By permission of the editor, we may give a brief review of the class activities.

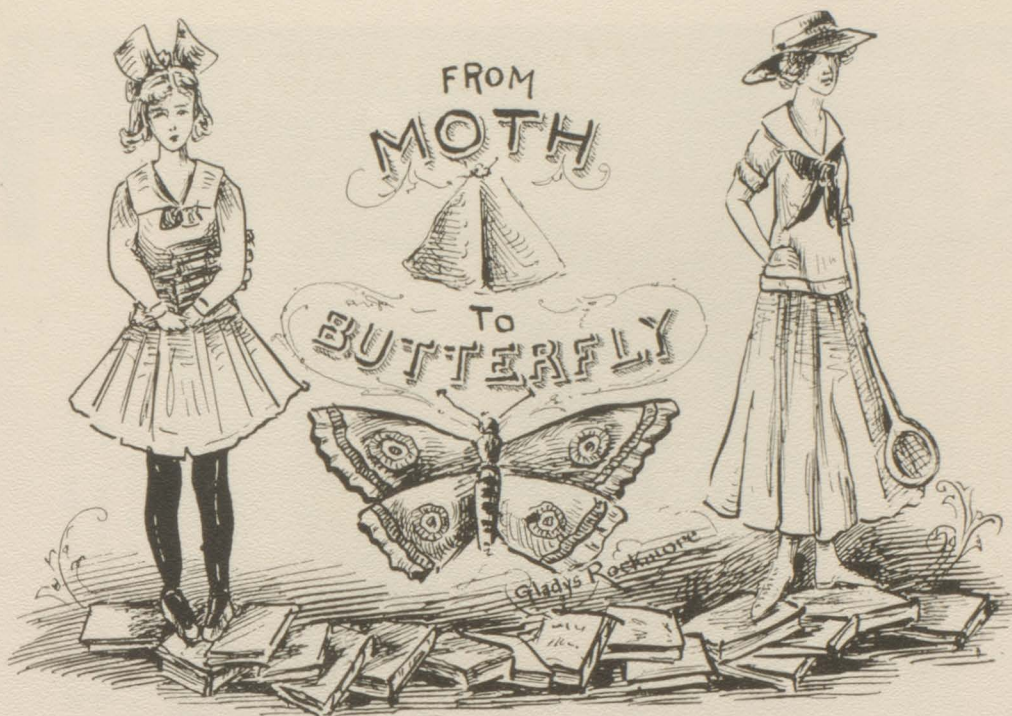
We had hoped, of course, that our nominee would be the one elected for second vice-president of the Student Body, but she was defeated by a 3 A girl.

Our class organization is as follows: President, Elsa Newman; secretary, Marion Gatley; treasurer, Agnes O'Neill; yell leader, Loretta Bellani.

The 3 B class has been exceedingly active in basketball, and this year again won the cup in the inter-class games. This is the third time our girls have won the honor.

On Saturday afternoon, the twenty-first of October, the class gave a theater party at the Alcazar Theater. Miss Daniel and Miss Armer kindly consented to chaperon us, and we all had a delightful time.

Girls High School



There once was a poor little freshman, dears,
 So modest she was, when she came,
 Who fluttered around the Sophomores, dears,
 As a moth flutters round a bright flame.

But time passed, as time always will, dears,
 And the girlie grew giddie with glee,
 No moth, but a butterfly gay, dears,
 For a fresh Soph she is now, you see.

No matter how low you begin, girls,
 You may hitch your car to a star;
 Though Freshie you start on your way, dear,
 You arrive as a "Soph" in your car.

MARION HARRIS.

Girls High School



We're only Freshies as you see, but think we're grown up as can be,
'Cause on this big, eventful day our hair is dressed the Seniors' way;
Some wear it high, some wear it low, as by this picture we can show.

ACTIVITIES



Girls High School

[75]

Charles
Euler 7/16

The Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club was reorganized on July 15th of this term. The outlook for the term was very encouraging. Officers were first elected and the results were as follows: President, Emilia Sherwood; vice-president, Julie Simmons; secretary, Sybil Price; treasurer, Miss E. Noonan.

The girls, with the help and careful consideration of the teachers, have chosen the play of "Sherwood," by Alfred Noyes. The play will be presented under the direction and with the assistance of Mrs. Tharp, Mr. Goldstein and Miss Sullivan.

We hope the play will please our friends, and that it will inspire more girls with the desire to join the Dramatic Club next term.

The Latin Club

The Latin Club, formed at the beginning of the term, is under the direction of Mr. Centner, the head of the Latin Department. To him we wish to express our appreciation for the giving up of his time to assist us. We are now reading Terence's *Phormio* in Latin. The club meets once every week after school, the membership being as follows: President, Hana Okada; secretary, Violet O'Keefe; members, Hilda Nelson, Adeline Scandrett, Marion Fly, Margaret Minehan, Genevieve Gurry, Henriette Roumiguere, Edith Daseking, Hana Okada, and Violet O'Keefe.

The Reading Club

The Reading Club continues to flourish. To hear good plays well read is our delightful privilege. Through Miss Armer's readings—and to her we extend our sincerest thanks—we learn to know and appreciate the beauties of the modern English drama and to enjoy it to the utmost.

This term we have heard Josephine Peabody's "Piper," a charming adaptation of the old legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin; "Sherwood," a story of Robin Hood, by Alfred Noyes; "Disraeli," a noble characterization of that great man, by Louis N. Parker; "The Arrow Maker," a tragic tale of Indian life, by Mary Austin; and "L'Aiglon," by Rostand. With selections from Shaw, Yeats and Goldsmith, we shall close our interesting work for the year.

The Reading Club is open to Juniors and Seniors, and all are urged to attend the meetings on Monday afternoons in Miss Armer's room. Come once, and you will come every time, for this organization presents opportunities not to be wasted.

Basketball

Before the second week of this term was over, a meeting of the Basket Ball Club was held with a fairly good attendance. The result of the election of officers was: Captain, Agnes O'Neill; business manager, Josephine Witt. The girls were told to begin the organization of class teams for the inter-class tournament, and to come out to practice regularly on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.

We were glad to welcome Miss Reeves, who takes Miss Ford's place as coach. Miss McKinley also has promised to help us again this term. Mrs. Tharp, who is general superintendent of our work, urged the girls to keep up their interest in this activity for its value as recreation, as well as physical exercise.

Practice has not been frequent because of conflicting activities and bad weather. However, on the nineteenth of October, the inter-class games were played. In the preliminaries, the results were: Sophomores 10, Freshmen 8; Juniors 30, Seniors 15. In the finals, the Sophomores were defeated by the Juniors with a score of 26 to 6. The Juniors (Dec. '17, June '18) have thus earned possession of the trophy cup.

No definite school team has been chosen as yet, but we hope to arrange games with South San Francisco, San Rafael, Lowell, and possibly two or three other schools before the end of the term.

The Art Club

The Art Club, one of the oldest of the organized activities of the Girls' High School, is as successful as ever this term. Every Tuesday afternoon the members meet in the Studio, where, under the capable supervision of Mr. Goldstein, they work in charcoal, water color, or pastel. The club is composed of some of the most talented girls of the school.

We cordially invite all who are interested in art to visit us, and we hope that more girls will in the future avail themselves of the wonderful opportunity of working under Mr. Goldstein's valuable direction.

G. H. S. Ice Skating Club

The newest club and one of the most enthusiastically received and participated in, is the G. H. S. Ice Skating Club. This club's membership consists of over two hundred girls, who go every Tuesday afternoon after school to the Winter Garden Ice Rink.

The object of the club is to bring together the girls who are interested in skating, and to teach all who desire instruction, both in fancy and plain skating. Incidentally, we have been fortunate in securing reduced rates (twenty-five cents instead of fifty cents) and, of course, a reduction of rates is an inducement to go. We hope that next term the club will be larger and will have organized teams for fancy and fast skating.

Girls High School

The Sewing Club

When we learned that boys, girls and babies were suffering because of a lack of proper clothing, we endeavored to aid in remedying conditions by organizing the Sewing Club. The members of the club, with the aid of Miss Roth and Miss Wood, have brought many a child happiness by providing her with well-made clothing of good material. The one hundred or one hundred and fifty garments finished during the term are given to local charities and deserving families. Any girl who brings the name of a family in need of assistance is gladly aided by the members of the Sewing Club.

The Senior Farce

For the first time in several years the Senior class has undertaken to produce a farce. But such a farce! Under the capable direction of patient and persistent Helen Johnson, Bee Harper has turned out to be a regular California cowboy, Jane Elliott a jolly porter, and Mildred Metzner a perfect example of an old-maid aunt. Carol Petersen as a college boy portrays a typical U. C. graduate, and Vivian Weissman makes a charming conductor. The parts of husband and wife are enacted with a delightful understanding of married life, by the clever Seniors, Claire Eppinger and Catherine Davis. The "baby" causes a great deal of confusion laughter. On the whole, Howells' "Sleeping Car" is a *howling* success.

The Swimming Club

Even the name brings thrills of joy to every girl who has ever gone on one of our swims! There are three classes: Good swimmers, poor swimmers and non-swimmers, with no "Class Affiliation" required for membership. We have enjoyed the privilege of having a delightful (free) swim at the North Beach Playground Pool. We have been chaperoned by Mrs. Tharp and have been under the instruction of Miss N. Sheffield, on every third Friday afternoon. On other Fridays we take our plunges at Sutro's.

The club was reorganized with a much larger membership than ever before, and at our meeting the following officers were elected: President, Flora Grover; vice-president, Josephine Witt; secretary, Beatrice Harper.



Tennis Club

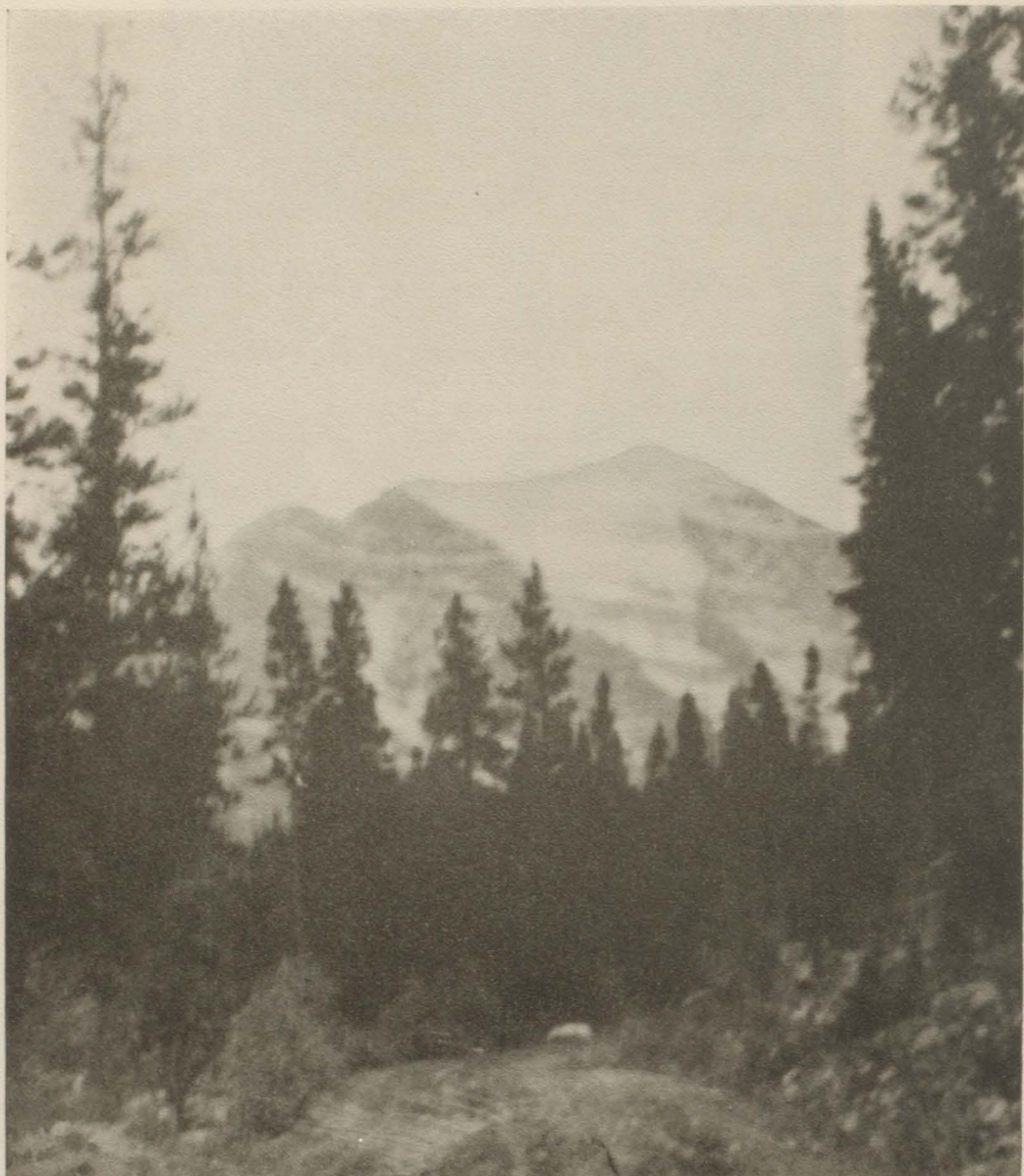
The Tennis Club was reorganized at the beginning of the term, and the following officers were elected: Captain, Meta Gerken; manager, Emilia Sherwood.

The tryouts for the school team were held in September, and great skill was shown, especially by Katherine Wilson and Marion Dick.

This term Meta Gerken represents the single team, and Eunice Hilliard and Emilia Sherwood the doubles team. The former doubles team, Vera Brown and Meta Gerken, resigned at the beginning of the term. We have sent out challenges to ten schools around the bay, and hope to maintain the fine tennis record that Girls' High has had in the past. The girls in the club who do know how to play are willing at any time to teach those who wish to learn.

Girls, the Tennis Club is a school activity and is open to you all. The team needs your support and encouragement at all times, and you can give support by being present at all the games and by rooting for G. H. S.

Girls High School



The Camera Club

A greater interest was aroused this term than ever before in the work done by the Camera Club. The number of members has increased and all the classes are represented. Elections were held at the first meeting, with the following results: President, Helen McArthur; secretary, Adeline Scandrett. Through Mr. Massey's kind assistance, the girls are learning to enlarge pictures, and this new occupation is proving valuable to the Club.

On October 13th, the club members, accompanied by Mr. Massey, went on a picnic to Joaquin Miller's Abbey in the Berkeley hills. The day was voted a great success by everyone, and other such good times are being planned.

Girls High School



Here's to the girl who reads her own journal
And reads her own Journal alone;
For many a girl reads another girl's Journal
When she should be reading her own.

Pupil—Oh, teacher, *please* don't call me Miss Black.

Teacher—But I can't be expected to remember everyone's first name.

Pupil—It's not that—but—my name's White.

"A fool can ask questions a wise man cannot answer."
Is that why so many of us flunk in our exes?

Did you ever take chlo-roform?
No; who teaches it?

Freshie—What tense shall I use for "I am beautiful?"
Senior—Past—remote!

In India many mosquitoes weigh a pound and they settle on leaves and bark
as the missionaries go past.

I don't believe it! Not a word!

Ah, why? Isn't it quite natural that a very great many—say a million—would
weigh a pound all together, and sure they settle on the bark of trees and leaves
and—

Oh!

A CONUNDRUM.

Chem. Teacher—If gold were left in the open air, what would happen?

Pupil—I guess it would be—stolen.

IN CURRENT EVENTS.

Pupil—I can add to the "High Price of Food."

Teacher—I hope not!

Girls High School

What's the matter with your ears that you can't see the mistake?

Sun—Wilt thou?

Collar—I wilt.

“Why do you turn, O high school girl,

The end of the novel to see?”

“Why don't you know?” she coyly said,

“'Tis the last chap, pleases me.”

Oh, yes, women always will have the last word! (Ed.)

Freshmen—Irresponsible.

Sophomore—Irrepressible.

Junior—Irresistible.

Senior—Irreproachable.

I heard of a pianist who can play with his toes.

That's nothing; my little brother can do that.

POPULAR FICTION.

Wonderful!

Isn't that cute?

Awfully glad to meet you.

I was detained at the office.

I left it home.

I studied *one whole* hour.

Gee, that looks g-r-r-and on you!

Don't put these jokes too near your face

Or you'll be blown to chowder,

'Tis dangerous to put hot things

So near a store of powder.

She laughs best who has the prettiest teeth.

Artist—May I paint you?

Debutante—Would it come off?

A timid little Freshman

To the Journal box did come;

She dropped in a penny,

And waited for the gum.

Teacher—What is your name?

Little Girl—I—don't—want—to tell.

Teacher—What! Heavens! What's the matter?

Little Girl (in a soft whisper)—Iona Ford is my name.

Yes, indeed! Congress itself shall decide what it shall sit on.



OUR SECRETARY
OUR CLASS PRESIDENT
OUR SOCIETY EDITOR

OUR EDITOR
OUR ART EDITOR

OUR BUSINESS MANAGER
OUR ASSISTANT ART EDITOR
OUR JOKE EDITOR

Girls High School

DEFINITIONS.

Our Journal—A high school paper which 25 per cent of the students buy and the other 75 per cent criticize.

Pious—Full of pie.
A square meal—Waffles.
Livery—Pertaining to the liver.
Fire drill—Temporary escape from embarrassing ordeal of recitation.
Saturday vacation—An oversight on part of Board of Education.
Steam—Water gone crazy with the heat.
Canonized—Tied to a can.

Is Neva Stevenson? No, his daughter.
Eat *Bingham* for breakfast if you don't like Armer's.
Does Ayer rise? Yes, when called on in Civics.
Is Irene Wright when she says Marguerite Welborn?
If Annette's A. Wolfe is Ernie A. Lyon(s)?
Is Edith Daseking? No, she's Maid Marion.
Does Marion Fly?

Mr. M.—What is Monumental Park?
M. B.—A cemetery.

"The proof of the preparation is the recitation."—Mrs. P.

Freshman—You can always tell a Senior.
Junior—But you can't tell her much.

Howell—Ah, back from Paris!
Harris—Yes—or rather from gay Paree.
Howell—Pardon—and how is Mrs. Harree?

Miss H.—In which one of his battles was Gustavus Adolphus killed?
Pupil (after great reflection)—His last one, I think.

CAKES—AND CAKES.

Cake for summer use—Cake of ice.
Best cake for fighters—Pound cake.
Gardener's cake—Hoe cake.
Cake not enjoyed by anyone—Stomachache.

Pupil—Why, wasn't that a good joke?
Ed.—Sure it was.
Pupil—Then what you laughing at?

Mr. M.—Powder will explode.
Miss M.—What kind?

I didn't know your little boy had to wear glasses?
Well, he ain't obliged to, but they was sech a good pair of poor Emery's I hated to waste 'em.

Lawyer—I protest against my client's being arrested for house-breaking. His whole body should not be imprisoned for what only one member did. He merely inserted his right arm thru the open window and removed a few articles—but I contend his whole self should not be sentenced.

Judge—A very peculiar argument—but following logically, I sentence the victim's right arm to one year's imprisonment, the man accompanying that member or not—as he chooses.

And, with the lawyer's help, the client removed his cork arm and left the dock.

DID YOU EVER SEE—

Claire Ep.—Not in Dutch?
Marion Ayer—Not giggling?
Bee Harper—Not bluffing?
Marie Stauffer—Not worrying?
Catherine Davis—Not dreaming?
Edith Daseking—Not loving?
Miriam Morris—Not fixing her hair?
Ernie Lyons—Not tidy?
Flora Grover—Not busy?
Irene Wright—Not smiling?
Viva Bruce—Not arguing?
Neva Stevenson—Not blushing?

ARE WE A REPUBLIC?

Claire Ep.—In Cleveland's reign—

Did the sand of California come from Arizona? Ask Neva S.

P.—A ruminant is an animal that chews—

Teacher—Will that ruminant kindly put her gum in the basket?

The fraction, leaning over confidentially to the whole number, asked, "Is my numerator on straight?"

A TOAST.

Here's to our parents and our teachers—may they never meet.

Do we have an ex. in Geometry today?

No.

Then what you studyin' for?

Pupil (to teacher)—I am indebted to you for all I know.

Teacher—Pray, don't mention such a trifle.

Senior—Oh! It's all over the school!

Freshie (gasp)—What?

Senior (calmly)—The roof, of course, little one.

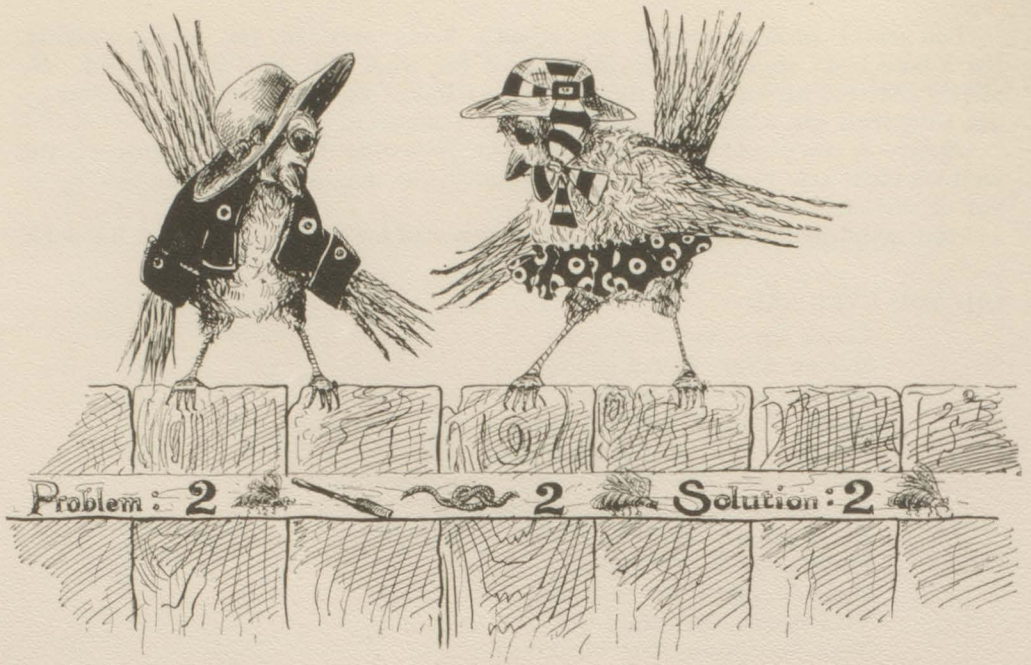
Is he ahead in his work?

Yes, a bonehead.

GRAMMAR RULES FOR R. A. Q.

Oh, he was driving the most adorable Stutz, with spats on!

Girls High School



Observant Child—O Mother, look at the funny man sitting on the sidewalk talking to that banana peel!

Don't say quite a few—say quite a many!

Who's teacher here—you or I?
Oh, I know I'm not.
Then don't talk like an idiot.

Will future contributors kindly put jokes on thin paper so that the Editor may see thru them?

END.

If this nonsense is a bore
Kindly throw it out the door.
We've tried our best to make you roar,
Laugh, and dance, and then some more.
Take it easy—we're off the floor;
This is the end—all is o'er.

Girls High School

Have You Ever Seen—

A mischievous wink from the eye of a needle,
The rosy-tipped nail on the finger of fate?
The teeth and the tongue in the mouth of a river,
Or white-crested waves on the bar of a gate?

It seems only reason to look for the feathers
Composing the wing of an army, you know;
And why not some hair on the head of a hammer,
At the foot of a mountain, a gigantic toe?

We'd expect to see sheets on the bed of a river,
And pages galore in a volume of steam;
A hand on the arm of the law should be fastened,
While the teeth of a saw ought to bite, it would seem.

Have you witnessed the races on courses of study,
Or tasted the lickin' good jam(b) of a door?
Or cashed all the checks that were drawn on a sand bank,
Or—seen people who get more satisfaction than those
trading with our advertisers?

B. H.

C. D.

Familiar Sayings of Great—

"Only children and fools don't change their minds; so I guess you're permitted to."

"Grand, oh grand!"

"Easy like a chicken pickin' corn."

"I'm busy now—come later."

"Sit up straight, girls!"

"Was haben wir heute?"

"Hurry up! Don't take all day! I've something else to do!"

"I'm not here as a policeman—I'm here to teach!"

"Absent!"

"We will meet in the laboratory tomorrow."

"My scrapbooks and bulletin board are to be used; they are there for a purpose."

"Shot at sunrise!"

"Tardy class!"

"Dr. Scott's orders!"

"THE WORK FOR TODAY?"

"Tommy-rot!"



Girls High School



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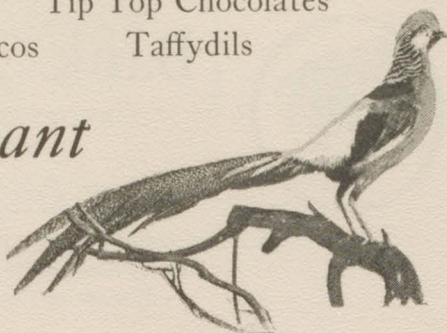
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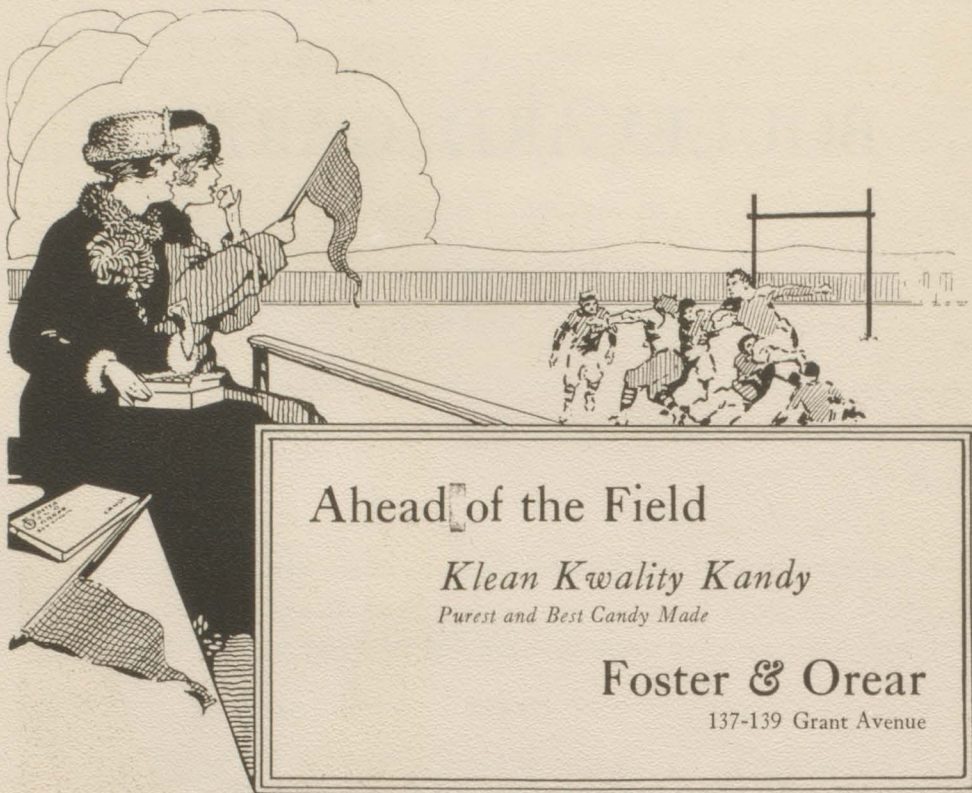
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