



John P. Smith

GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL



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JUNE '18

Published by the
SENIOR CLASS *of the*
GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL

In Memoriam



Franz M. Goldstein

DIED MARCH 15, 1918

A WELL BELOVED TEACHER IN
THE GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL

Dedication

THE SENIOR CLASS

HAS THE HONOR
TO DEDICATE THIS
JOURNAL TO

MR. WATSON L. JOHNS

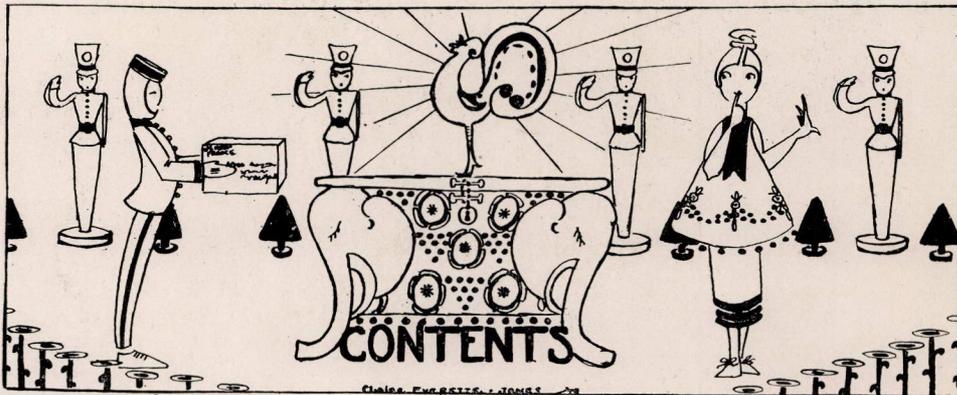
THE FIRST MEMBER
OF OUR FACULTY
TO ENTER OUR
COUNTRY'S SERVICE





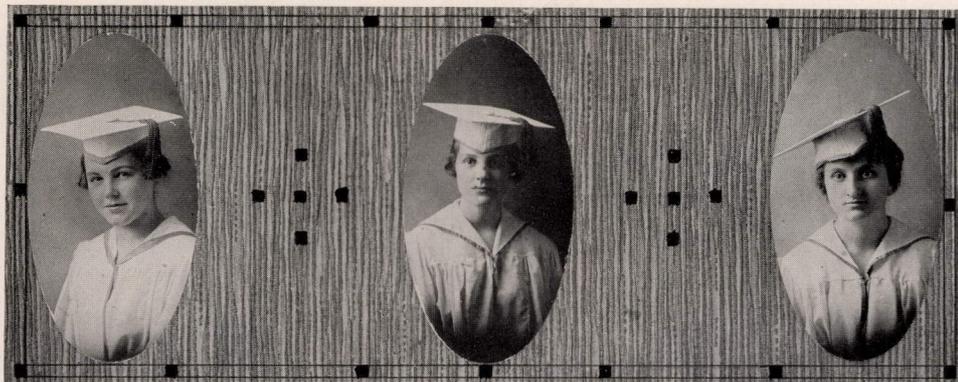
Faculty

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MARTIN A. CENTNER.....	Head of Latin Department
MISS A. B. CROYLAND.....	Head of English Department
MISS L. DANIEL.....	Head of Mathematics Department
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MISS E. CASTELHUN.....	German
MISS M. J. FITZGERALD.....	History
MISS H. FLYNN.....	English
MISS S. HOBE.....	History
MR. V. JOHNSON.....	Physics, Astronomy, Geology
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MISS V. KELLY.....	Cooking
MISS E. KING.....	Biology, Physiology
MISS B. LEVIELE.....	French
MISS MCKINLEY.....	English, Mathematics
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MISS C. STARK.....	Latin
MISS G. SULLIVAN.....	Sewing
MISS H. TABOR.....	Sewing
MRS. L. THARP.....	Oral Expression, Physical Culture
MISS E. DE T. WALKER.....	Spanish and Italian



COVER.—The design on the cover, by Marjorie E. Gay, is the emblem of our class. The flag is our symbol, and signifies Patriotism; the torch stands for Truth, and the shield and sword for Honor; the joined hands typify Unity and Friendship; the lions represent Strength, and number three for Equality; on the helmet there is a Red Cross, to which we pledge our services.

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MARJORIE GAY

HELEN GLASSFORD

LEONTINE LOVOTTI

Class Organization

MARJORIE E. GAY	President
HELEN GLASSFORD	Vice-President
LEONTINE LOVOTTI	Secretary
GWYNETH READ	Treasurer
MARIAN FITZHUGH	Yell Leader
AMY FOTTRELL	Sergeant-at-Arms

CLASS MOTTO:

Non pro Nobis—sed pro patria.

CLASS YELL:

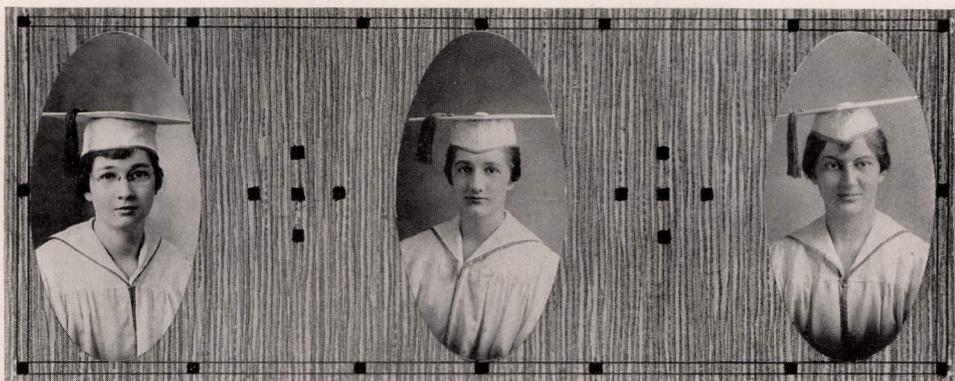
S-s-s! Rah! Rah!
 (Long whistle) *Rah! Rah!*
Sis, boom, bah, bean!
Aren't we classy, spiffy, sassy?
Oh! we're the comets of June, '18!

CLASS EMBLEM:

The American Flag.

CLASS COLORS:

Red, White and Blue.



AMY FOTTRELL

MARIAN FITZHUGH

GWYNETH READ

HARRIET ALLISON

To 1 tbs. of noise add a large handful of excitement. Bake in a quick oven. Sprinkle with a little chopped fun and generosity. This is considered the best recipe for an Allison Almond Tart.

IVA BINGHAM

Take 11 tbs. of shyness and stir well for one-half hour. Then add one-third cup of subduedness. Bake in a hot oven. Sprinkle with sweetness and let stand 1 hour before serving these tempting Bingham Buns.

HAZEL BORDEN

Put into a large sauce pan 3 cups of bluffing ability; add "chumminess" for two. Beat to the consistency of determination. Bake in moderate oven, and serve without delay. This is a tested recipe for Borden Brown Bread.

MARIAN CHUNG

Boil a pleasant disposition for ten minutes. Add slowly 2 oz. of sociability. Remove from fire and add 1 cup of cheerfulness. This delicious recipe for Chung Clam Chowder cannot be excelled.

ANNETTA BROCATO

Mix well with 2 cups of languor 1 large tbs. of knitting fever. Season well with cheerfulness and steam for 1 hour. This makes delicious Brocato Baked Spaghetti.



RUTH BARE

To a very short height add 4 oz. of French fluency. Bake in a hot oven and baste with much needed pep. This is the best way to prepare Bare Baked Beans.

STELLA BOEHMER

Place a large measure of optimism into a bowl and stir in gradually several hundred questions in Physics and thicken with one-half cup of slowness. This well-tried recipe results in the best Boehmer Bouillon.

PHYLLIS BOZZA

Take 25 cents worth of sunny disposition and 75 cents worth of wonderful yell leading and mix well. Add 6 quarts of beautiful dancing. Serve with 4 slices of ukelele music. Bozza's Biscuits will serve two people.

AGNES CAREY

Make into a ball 4 lbs. of knowledge in Civics. Add one-half lb. of aloofness and roll in a large quantity of efficiency. Serve, while hot, these wonderful Carey Cookies.

ELVIRA COBURN

Procure a large quantity of knitting ability. Add twice as much dramatic perception. Sweeten with delightful manners and let stand 15 minutes in a mold before serving. Do not fail to try this recipe for Coburn Caramel Ice.

LOUISE COUNTER

Mix together 2 tbs. of mildness in 6 cups of gentleness and put in a pan. Fill with 2 cups of willingness and serve immediately this delicious Cherry Pie a la Counter.

HELEN DAVIS

To a very mild voice add 2 cups of reticence. Heat together 5 minutes. Pour onto a platter and cover with a sweet and gentle smile. This recipe for Davis Dainty Fingers comes directly from the White House.

OLGA ERICSSON

Melt together 8 oz. of fun and 2 oz. of recklessness. Beat in one and one-half tbs. of good intentions and garnish with plenty of tardiness and an equal amount of excuses. When ready to serve surround with a few long curls. This is the only recipe for Ericsson Entree of Oysters.

ANITA FITCHEN

Put between 2 slices of dancing fever 1 thick slice of never ceasing chatter and the result will be a delightful Fitchen Tongue Sandwich.

RUTH FLOETHE

Place 53 grains of graceful dancing in a bowl with 40 grains of kindness. Sift in 10 grains of friendliness. Beat well before serving these fresh Floethe Fanchonettes as a dessert.



LECIL BRYANT

To a large quantity of baby looks add a happy disposition. Cut into very small pieces and pour over a little "soldier craze", making delightful Bryant Berry Bisque.

MYRTLE DANIELSON

Beat 8 tbs. of excellent ability for speech making and 6 tbs. of brilliance in Physics. Cook in a large quantity of animation. This recipe for Danielson Doughnuts will serve an unlimited number.

EUGENIA DECATUR

This is a celebrated recipe for Decatur Date Pudding. Take one-half cup of business ability and 5 tbs. of longing for ads. Stir well and add 9 large sweet smiles. Place aside to cool and garnish with beauty before serving.

MARIAN FITZHUGH

To a talent for singing add 2 cups of merriment which should be thoroughly sifted. Thicken with an aptitude for talking and pour into a casserole. Cook with low fire 30 minutes or longer. This is the well known Fitzhugh Fruit Pudding.

AMY FOTTRELL

With 5 oz. of height mix 2 quarts of worry over Civics. Cover until tender. Serve with 2 long strides. This is the world renowned recipe for Fottrell French Fried Potatoes.

LILLIAN FRATER

Beat well a large amount of musical ability. Add a desire to speak perfect English and sweeten to taste. Garnish with determination, serving immediately to complete this excellent recipe for Frater Feather Cake.

DOROTHY FRANKENAU

To a great faculty for cramming for ex's add a large quantity of pleasantry. Sprinkle with many attempts at Spanish and boil for 10 minutes. This is the latest recipe for Frankenau Frankfurters.

MEROE FERGUSON

Mix 7 tsps. of studiousness with a retiring disposition. Boil for 10 or 15 minutes. Then pour onto a platter to cool and surround with first sections. This is considered to be the best recipe for Ferguson Fudge.

BERNICE FRATIS

Mix slowly 2 cups of demureness and one-fifth pt. of simplicity. Fry in plenty of thoughtfulness until crisp and brown. Serve in a gentle manner. This is the only real recipe for Fratis Fritters.

META GERKEN

Take 9 oz. of devilry and drop in a little slang. Add 2 oz. of ginger and a speck of wit. Sweeten to taste. Seal and keep quiet (if possible) in a cool place. This is the best method for making Gerken's Ginger Snaps.



HELEN GLASSFORD

Prepare 36 pts. of charming personality, sifting out all defects. Set in a large quantity of dramatic talent and add a little coyness. Everybody loves this celebrated Glassford Butter Scotch.

RUTH GOLDSTONE

Bake in a hot oven 4 large cups of violin playing and 2 cute, little dimples. When browned remove from oven and set in a refrigerator until ready to use. Serve with 2 large brown eyes. This is one of the best recipes for Goldstone Gingerbread.

MARTHA GRAHAM

Let an affable manner be kneaded well with a quiet disposition. Let rise over night. Bake in a quick oven 45 min. and cover while cooling. Spread each slice with a large quantity of sincerity for delicious Graham Bread.

MARIE GUNDERSON

Take 1 large square of dramatic ability. Add 4 tbs. of splendid scholarship. Let stand until it is very cool and hard. Serve with large amount of fun. This is an excellent recipe for Gunderson Grape Jelly.

KATHERYN HERNAN

Mix a huge apprehension of 4th sections and 7 oz. of acquiescence. Add 9 oz. of good marks. Cook quickly and the result will be delicious Hernan Hermit Cookies.

CECILIA HERRERIAS

1 large cup of animation dissolved in 4 tbs. of fun, with 2 small dimples used for garnish is considered the purest recipe for Herrerias Highball.

CORINNE JACOBSON

Prepare carefully 4 cups of ability to serve on committees. Sprinkle with keen perception in Physics and add a few curly locks. This is a tested recipe for Jacobson Jelly-Roll.

MARJORIE GAY

Have 2 lbs. of gaiety and 6 qts. of pep heated to the boiling point. Add slowly 3 oz. of artistic ability. When cool drop in a small pinch of happiness to obtain perfect Gay Croquettes.

MARGARET KNORP

To a complacent disposition add a large quantity of smiles. Flavor with a strong liking for "Jackies" and serve while hot. This is the famous method of making Knorp Kream Kookies.

SELMA KURMAN

Place the desired quantity of Civic's scares into an aversion to ice skating. Place in a saucepan and boil slowly for 20 minutes. When cool serve with an abundance of fun. Try this splendid recipe for Kurman Karo Kandy.



ROSALIE LANDECKER

Thicken 1 pt. of brilliancy with 2 tbs. of sagacity. Add, gradually, 1 cup of charming manners. Flavor and serve without delay. Anyone who has tried Landecker's Lemon Pie knows that it cannot be excelled.

MARGARET LINDER

Make a thick paste of the following ingredients and bake in a hot oven: 2 cups of friendliness, 1 cup of bright golden locks and 1 tsp. of stately behavior. This recipe calls for 1 Doz. Linder's Lovers Knots.

THELMA LINFORTH

Beat together one-quarter lb. of dancing ability and 2 lbs. of good recitations in Civics. Add slowly 1 cup of business training. Let cook slowly for one-half hour and serve very hot. This Linforth Lobster Newburg is delicious.

DOROTHY JOHNSON

Thicken a pint of reticence with a large quantity of excellent marks. Sift in a great admiration for "uniforms" and cover with crushed knowledge for a beautiful Johnson Shortcake.

ALEXANDRIA MANDILLA

Measure out equal parts of a beautiful character and captivating manners and add to 2 qts. of writing ability. Beat well and cut into shape. Cook 15 minutes. This recipe for Mandilla Macaroons will serve an unlimited number.

LEONTINE LOVOTTI

Separate 1 pt. of earnestness from an equal amount of straightforwardness. To the former add a small stature. Mix all together and you will have a luscious Lovotti Lettuce Salad.

MARGARET McLEAN

Mix 17 tbs. of hilarity with 1 tsp. of rashness. Add 1 cup of camouflage in studies and flavor with several silly streaks. Let stand over night. This recipe for McLean Maple Mousse will serve a very small number.

HELEN MOORE

To a great apprehension of ex's add 4 tps. of talkativeness. Pour into a large bowl and heat. While warming stir in a few giggles, giggle by giggle and put aside to harden. Next day you will have a wonderful Moore Moon Pudding.

FRANCES MORRIL

To a very reticent disposition add a faculty for home study. Season well and serve with a meek and humble voice. This is a tested recipe for Morrill Mince Pie.

RUTH MORRIS

Dissolve 4 oz. of flaxen locks in a small quantity of writing ability. Mix well and cook slowly 1 hour. Then strain and when cold serve on slices of careful conduct. Morris Mint Jelly is delicious.



ALTA NOLAN

Beat together 2 heaping teaspoons of cleverness and 1 cup of perpetual blushes. Cool slightly and garnish carefully with a staunch friendship. Serve with a large amount of efficiency. This recipe for Nolan Nougat Creams can not be excelled.

GLADYS OPPENHEIM

Arrange 5 tbs. of executive ability on a large platter of firmness. Add a small quantity of serenity. Beat well. Pour into a hot saucepan and cover. Cook quickly. Fold over and serve Oppenheim Omelet which if prepared according to these directions will not fail to please.

LOUISE PALMTAG

Strain a large quantity of shyness and heat slowly. Then add immediately 3 cups of utter contentment and sprinkle with sincerity. If followed exactly this makes a perfect Palmtag Pineapple Sherbet.

DOROTHY PEABODY

Preserve 11 oz. of fast talking in a charming personality. Place in a box (chatter box preferably) over night. In the morning add 12 quarts of excellent marks and 1 huge cup of debatability and the result will be wonderful Peabody Pop-overs.

VERNITA PELLOW

A sweet disposition mixed well with 2 lbs. of good friendship and 1 ounce of demureness. If baked in a hot oven about 30 minutes it is found to result in a wonderful Pellow Pound Cake.

MARGARET PERKINS

Take a large piece of worry over Civics and add enough social activity to make a consistency of cream. Beat well for ten minutes. Then pour in mold and cover with a large quantity of dramatic talent. Serve in 1 hour to obtain a perfect Perkins Peach Parfait.

VERA PERNAU

Dissolve a large quantity of grace and beauty in 1 cup of delightful manners. Serve with a little anxiety over marks. After adding all the ingredients of a Lady, you will have 2 dozen delightful Pernaу Lady-fingers.

LOLA PLUMB

To one cupful of smiles add plenty of worry over a negative quantity in the journal box. Put into a small bowl. Season well with ability to cut periods and steam one hour. This is found to be a perfect recipe for Plum Pudding.

BEATRICE PON

Use a large cup of French fluency and one-fourth cup of aloofness. Cook slowly for one-half hour. When cooled add 1 and one-half cups of modesty and seal immediately. Pon Pear Preserves are particularly good.

RUTH PRAGER

Bring to a boiling point 9 cups of love of music. Add a little preciseness. Let cool. Then garnish with wonderful ability to speak French and serve quickly. This is the real French recipe for Prager Prune Pudding.

GWYNETH READ

100 grains of tranquillity lost in worrying over class dues and 10 tbs. of difficulties in Civics. Mix and pour over a small piece of self determination and serve quickly. This is excellent Read Raisin Pudding.

STELLA ROSSI

Take 1 qt. of conscientiousness and 4 pts. of affability. Serve with 1 pt. of domesticity. This recipe for Rossi Rolls is delicious.

HELEN SALSURY

2 and one-half tps. of good fellowship mixed slowly with one-fourth cup of coquettishness. Sift in an immense desire for a good time. Bake 20 minutes and serve while hot with a large portion of vivacity. This makes a delicious Salsbury Sponge Cake.

HELEN SCHMIDT

Take quietness the size of an egg and add a little simplicity. Sprinkle with aspirations and steam. Serve these Schmidt Steamed Raisin Puffs hot.

VERA SCHMITT

Warm a teacupful of laughs in a pint of humor. When nearly cool add enough sunshine to make a thick batter. Beat well and when light, work in gradually any amount of perfect recitations. When cooked roll in an over-abundance of knowledge to make superfine Schmitt Spice Cookies.



LETA SCHWARTZ

To a retiring disposition add a large desire for a good time. Bake in a quick oven and serve meekness in Civics. This Schwartz Sweet Potato Puff appeals to good cooks.

HELEN SNIDER

Boil together 1 qt. of cheerfulness and 1 pt. of ambition. Shake in a little enthusiasm. Set in ice chest to cool. This is the well-known recipe for Sniders Catsup.

EMILIA SHERWOOD

Beat 4 cups of athletic ability for 10 minutes. Add gradually 1 qt. of friendliness and 3 cups of capability. Flavor with 9 drops of dramatic talent and you have delightful Sherwood Soothing Syrup.

MIRIAM SIRBU

Three heaping tsps. of serenity dropped in a bowl of much needed pep and stirred slowly. Add a placid and kind disposition and bake 1 hour. This recipe is sufficient for a small platter of Sirbu Stew.

THUSNELDA SOZIN

3 oz. of studiousness and 1 and one-half cups of sincerity heated together for 20 minutes. Add 1 heaping tsp. of brilliancy. Stir constantly. Remove from fire and serve with a serious expression to obtain excellent Sozin Souffle.



ANNIE STAENDEL

Mix slightly 1 and one-half cups of "flunks in Civics". Add a beautiful profile and saturate with acquiescence. This is a perfect recipe for Staengel Succotash.

LUCY STEELE

To a great quantity of auburn curls add a prudent disposition. Mix well and let stand 1 hour. Then beat in slowly a desire for reading books. Steele Sunshine Cake is particularly good for invalids.

FLORENCE STRIEGLE

3 and one-half cups of giggles in Physics added to a quiet demeanor. No seasoning is necessary. Set over night and before serving surround with excuses. If thickened to the right consistency this Striegle Strawberry Cake is delicious.

AGNES TERRY

Measure 1 pt. of shyness cut into small pieces. Cover with minute measures of nervousness in Civics. Melt in 8 lbs. of sweetness and serve with solemnity. This results in tasteful Terry Turnovers.

LOUISE THAYER

Take 9 heaping tsps. of graceful dancing and 1 cup of good tennis playing. Let simmer slowly. Then add a little worry over Spanish. Season to taste and pull until hardened. This recipe for Thayer Taffy is very good.

Class Song

(TUNE: "Somewhere in France, the Lily.")

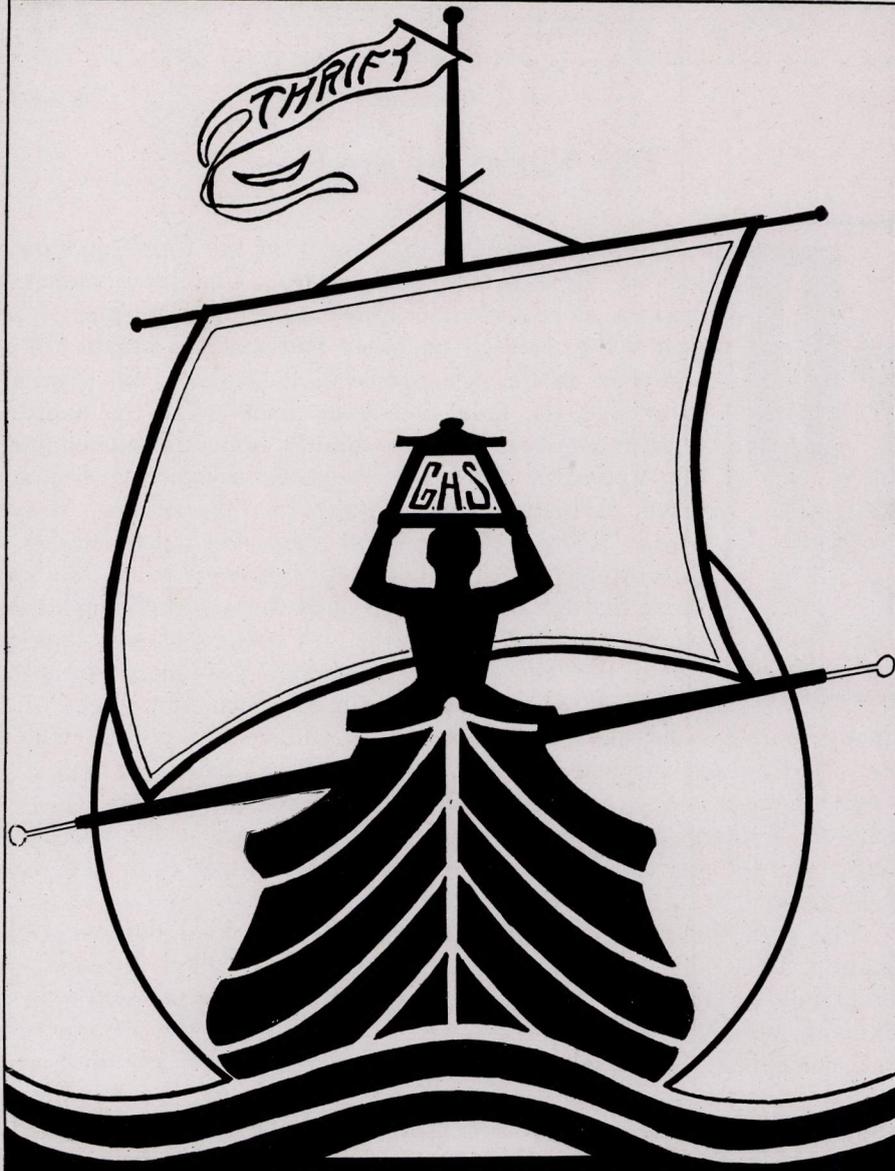
*Four years—how swiftly they did fly—
And we must say good-bye;
It breaks our hearts
To leave this school
And its dear old golden rule;
Friends we've made, we now must leave behind
And others we must find.
All graduating from High Four
Should aid in this great war.*

CHORUS:

*Now at this hour of commencement
We bid you all farewell;
The teachers here
To us have been dear—
In each one's heart they will dwell.
Out in the world we are going,
Facing it with a sigh,
But we'll never regret
And we'll never forget
Our dear Girls High.*

—RUTH GOLDSTONE.

LITERARY



M.E. Day '18



1A CLASS

FOR THE CAUSE

IN AMERICA

The Valley of the Opal



IT WAS springtime in the Valley of the Opal, and springtime in the heart of the people. The snow mountains, high up in heaven, had called upon the Sun God to melt their white mantles, and they had sent the mixture of sun and snow to the wee people of the valley; for you must know that the great mountain giants were the guardians of their children. These children were the inhabitants of the Valley of the Opal—a great, shimmering stretch of green, surrounded on all sides by tall columns of misty blue. When the sun shone from the great heights the days were sparkling days of romance; when the moon shone through the twilight veil of the world, the nights were luminous nights of romance. A soft, opalescent hue pervaded the atmosphere; mysterious perfumes, the gift of Spring, filled the air, while music from fairy pipes caused harmony to reign supreme. Everywhere man's heart was at one with his spirit. Did I say everywhere? Ah, no, that is not true. Far away, at the foot of one of the great mountain giants, dwelt a man whose heart was filled with Winter. It was cold as the snow, and hard as the icicle. He suffered, yet not realize his suffering. His whole life was dark and dreary and loveless.

The gods looked down from their heaven and pitied the poor, blind creature. They knew what he needed; and so they called a council and decided how to right the wrong, for to have one unhappy person in the Valley of the Opal—their valley—was to break the charm of the place. Cupid came first, for he always overcame all obstacles. He shot arrow after arrow, but not one even pierced the man's heart, for now it was entirely frozen. Then some of the fairest of the goddesses attempted to beguile him; but alas! with no better success. All was in vain. Finally the gods gave up in despair and turned their eyes away from the earth.



1 B CLASS

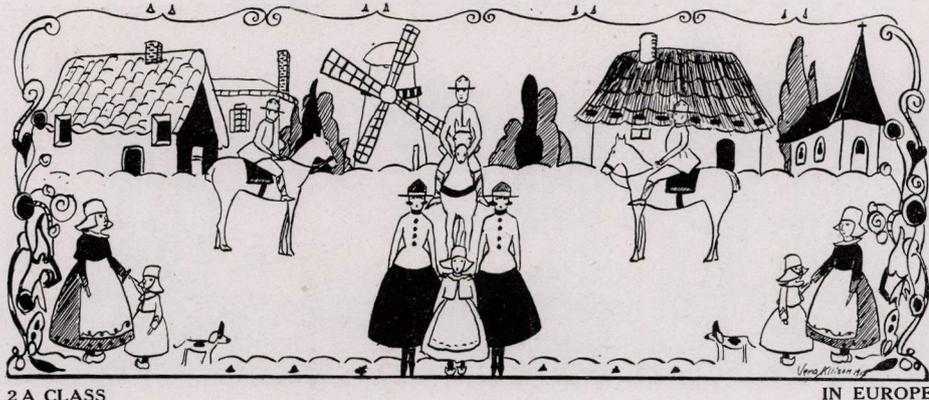
IN AMERICA

One day they wished to see how the rest of the valley fared, but their eyes turned first to the one lone man. "But what a change!" they all cried, "What has happened?" For there, in his tiny hut, sat the man, holding tightly in his arms a wee lad. He was alone no longer. His face was aglow with happiness, and his eyes had a soft, tender light. A child had entered his heart.

Now the anxiety of the gods was relieved, but not their curiosity. They turned their eyes to the great earth reflector, which pictured every incident in the lives of humans. Each god was in haste to satisfy his curiosity and to gain that knowledge which he deemed at that one moment all-important. As a result, the reflector was turned this way and that, until it seemed that every mortal's life would become one unending, revolving existence. Suddenly, Cupid arrived on the scene, and, as usual, had his way, for at his gentle request the gods all gave up their places and stood around, waiting for Cupid to pierce the mystery of the once lone man's life.

Cupid looked and looked, but at first all he saw was a great, blank space, where should have been the days of childhood, boyhood and young-manhood. Then, apparently at the age of thirty, came the first incident. A cavalcade of horses, men and women were passing near the abode of the man cut off from the rest of the world. It was night, and a veil hung over the heavens. Through the mist a figure was creeping up to the one dwelling in sight and it dropped what seemed to be a large, heavy bundle. Then the figure stole cautiously back to its companions, and the cavalcade wound on, up into the mountains, to the region of clouds.

Hours afterward, just as dawn broke over the edge of the valley, a cry of distress, surprise and joy evidently, broke the quiet of the early morning. The man, hearing the cry, awakes suddenly and hurries to the door, for visitors to him are unknown. What he sees is nothing but a child. He is rather surprised, but not so much so considering that a child has never before been near his hut. He scarcely even wonders how it has come, but re-enters the door with his usual listless manner. A few minutes later seemingly another cry rents the air—this time it expresses fright and despair. On hearing it the man seems to think the child will pick itself up and go away; that perhaps some wanderers have taken the little thing from its home and tired of it.

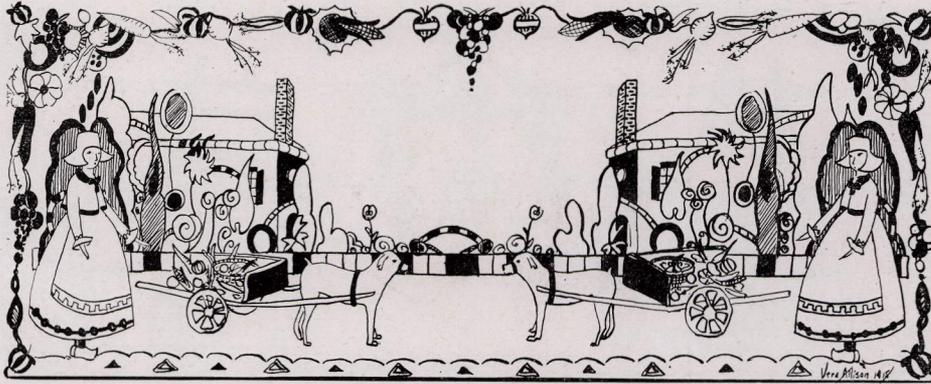


A drowsy kind of sleep overcomes him, when it seems as if he hears a slight noise—pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat. He is too sleepy to notice, but suddenly he feels something soft and gentle touch his cheek. What can it be? He had never felt anything like it before. Again he feels it, and now he is wide-awake. Oh! it is the child again. With a few angry words he drives it away, and again sleep comes to him, and a dream with it, a dream of soft, gentle caresses. Again he awakes. He feels that he is being watched closely. What is the matter with him? Then he remembers the dream. Surely something is wrong—he has never dreamed before in all his life. Then he opens his eyes and looks up, and there he sees the child. Now he notices it is a curly-headed boy of no more than three, with eyes as blue as the curtain that divides the world of the gods from the world of mortals. When the eyes see they are holding the attention of the man, a voice speaks. It isn't a very big voice but it seems as if it is made of beautiful broken chords. "Man, nice man, talk to Barrie. See, Barrie's lonesome." Was it the music of the voice, the look of the eyes, or the remembrance of his one visit to Dreamland that makes the man stretch out his arms and gather the bundle of love into them? When the warm, loving heart of Barrie touches the heart of the man, the child finds it warm and loving, too.

Slowly, Cupid stopped gazing through the reflector. He felt glad, yet sorrowful; glad because another winged bit of happiness had flown into the heart of a mortal; sorrowful because he had pierced the elusive secret that the man was cherishing within his inmost self—the secret of a human's suffering and sadness, locked away tightly, where no ordinary eyes might discover it, with a key that only the quick, loving eyes of a child might seek and find. Still more slowly Cupid turned away from the reflector, while the rest of the gods stood around in an anxious circle waiting for they knew not what. Slowly, slowly, with infinite tenderness, the generally frivolously gay Cupid related the story of the once lone man's life, and each god thrilled with joy and love, happy because the chosen World-Spot of the gods was happy, too.

A thick carpet of snow covered the land, for it was winter in the Valley of the Opal, but springtime in the heart of all the people.

—HARRIET ALLISON, *June*, '18.



2B CLASS

IN EUROPE

Don'ts in War Terms

Don't

study more than four hours at a time, as your brain may become too convoluted.

That means you will be in a state of over PREPAREDNESS.

Don't

smile during a recitation, as such an expression shows you neither know nor care what all the fuss is really about.

That will make you a SLACKER.

Don't

show that the teacher's questions are foreign to you, for

That typifies an ALIEN.

Don't

frown during an examination, as frowning at that time may mean you are thinking objectionable thoughts.

That will stamp you an ENEMY.

Don't

have any expression but a natural one during a discussion.

That will show you are a NEUTRAL.

Don't

bluff.

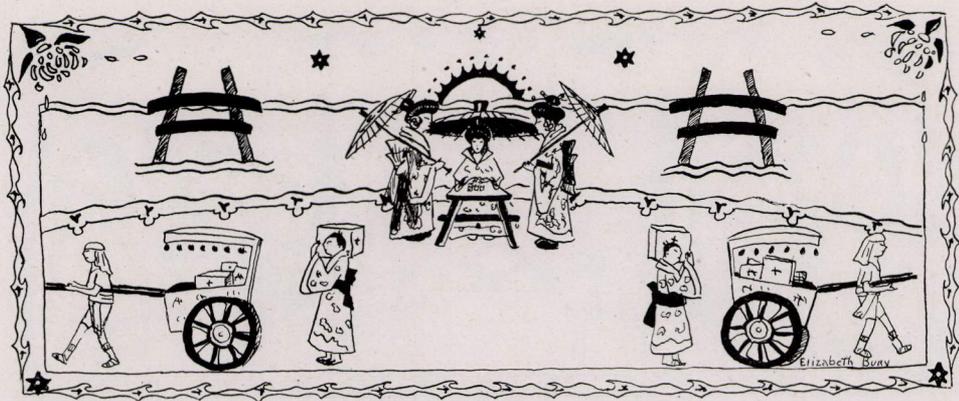
That's CAMOUFLAGE.

Don't

fail to give assistance when a classmate wig-wags S. O. S.

That will prove you are an ALLY.

—LILLIAN M. PHILLIPS, Dec. '18.



3 A CLASS

IN JAPAN

The Miracle of the Candles

EVERYBODY told the tale, the strange tale of the miracle of the church candles. The village of Prinla was excited, worried; the only topic of conversation on the street, in the home, after the church, at gayeties, was the strange story. It was in the summer of 1894 or '95; the small, verdant village had been robbed of one hundred pure silver candlesticks just the day before Easter. The church had been beautifully decorated that morning, and the new candlesticks were placed about the altar, and intertwined with lovely lilies. The three-foot, stately, yellow candles made a striking picture beside the white flowers with their delicate yellow calyxes. The priest was the sole person entrusted with the keys of the church; consequently, first mutterings, and then audible assumptions spread about the entire village that he was the only one who was first and last, always, in the church.

"Who else dared to put his hands on those sticks but the priest? In the name of the Virgin Mary and all the Saints—I cross myself—I don't see who else took them sticks," said a talkative dame, with her hands on her hips, and a cunning smile on her sarcastically-turned lips. Indeed, there were few, very few, of those simple villagers who did not blame the minister. It is a fact that, when a report concerning anything unusual spreads out among the uneducated peasant-folk, the voice of the originator is taken up by others and repeated without any forethoughts: "Really believe so, too;" "Yes, I am almost sure of it now."

"I am of the same mind neighbor Brine is; I was thinking the same way all along, but I didn't say anything about it," said another.

And more than this—"Anyhow, neighbors," exclaimed a wrinkled, disheveled-haired old woman, whose never-ceasing tongue served as the daily newspaper, "that preacher is not as saintly as he looks; just the other day I heard that he was seen with that Miss Crune at eleven o'clock at night—but I never like to whisper it; I cross myself, and God be with us!" (The custom of those southern people, whenever wishing to emphasize anything, being to make the sign of the cross three times.)

The good man (the minister) was horrified to hear such false accusations cast upon him, but being strong in the belief that Time does not fail to mete out justice wherever it is due, began the Easter services the next morning with such a solemnity of manner that many of those yesterday remarks by the gossipers were changed to sympathetic ones. This is the common occurrence, however, for the mind of those simple



folk—not merely on the Mediterranean coast alone, but everywhere in Europe and the East—may be swerved by any opinion that happens to be begun by the first bold one among them; or, if an intelligent person should talk a few moments to a group of them, the majority, without any reflection upon their part, agree entirely with him—good or bad.

Suddenly all whisperings were stopped; total silence was in the little church, with the exception of the minister's soft words of prayer. "Oh! what did he say, eh? I can't hear from back here!" remarked a robust, elderly woman, giving her nearest neighbor a shove in the back.

"The priest just prayed that God would soon reveal the thief, aunt," replied a young, black-eyed girl, "that's all."

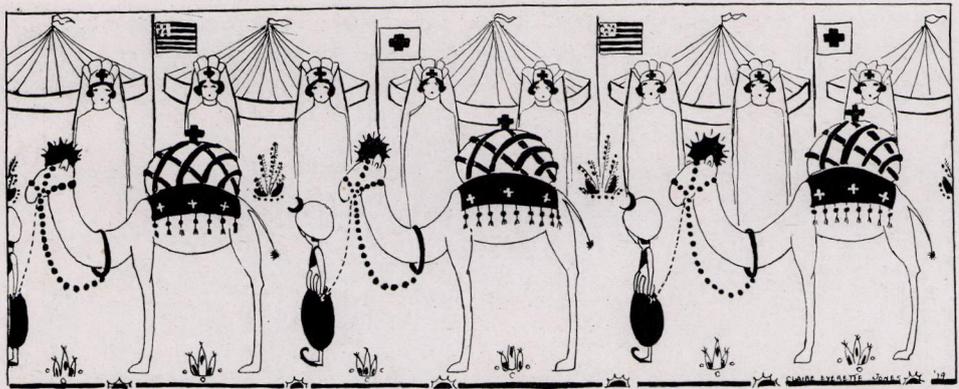
The following morning a group of men from the same village was going towards Corfu. Somewhat ahead of them was the priest, in a carriage, accompanied by the parish doctor. The pedestrians had walked quite a distance on the highway, when, all of a sudden, they saw the horses of the carriage leap forward as if frightened at something, and then dash wildly down the road. The men ran, and reached the slope of the descending street. In front of them, about twenty paces or so, they saw a strange and horrible sight. Between the horses' feet was the body of a man; beside the body stood the priest and the white-haired doctor, both with bewildered, mute faces. Glancing on the other side of the dead man, this met their horror-shaped eyes (if "horror-shaped" may describe the expression on their faces): beside the still body in the dust was a pile of shining silver, and just beside the metal were three upright candlesticks, with yellow candles which were lit!

So the prayers *had* been answered. The priest sadly lifted the coat from the man's face, and said, "Poor Nicholas, God forgive you."

Nicholas Trivinou had been one of the most frequent church-goers. So he was the thief! Why, nobody would ever think of *his* stealing! His face was one of kindness itself, and he always had a smile ready for everyone; surely no evil could be in those gentle, soft blue eyes!

(But are not faces masks? How they can deceive if they please!)

Now you may have a perfect right to say, "Might believe all the story except the part where the candles were seen suddenly lit;" and I reply that I surely can't *prove* this to you—that's the miracle part of it—but if you ever go to Corfu, take an afternoon ride of about thirty minutes, to the beautiful, mountain-shaded village of Prinla, and ask the first old man or woman you happen to meet on your way; he or she, I assure you, will tell the same story, only, of course, in Greek!



4 A CLASS

IN EGYPT

Ships That Pass

“PLEASE, your honor,” an unsteady voice asked, “instead of keeping me in jail, can’t you let me go into the trenches? France needs the men.”

The French police judge looked at the youth standing before him, bleary-eyed from dissipation, pale and thin.

“American citizens cannot enlist in our French forces,” he replied. “Furthermore, one who has been in jail several times for drinking will undoubtedly be sent to the firing squad.”

The young man quivered, then sought to straighten his rounded shoulders to a military posture.

“I think I can—quit,” he murmured. “If you will give me a chance, I might be able to join the Foreign Legion.”

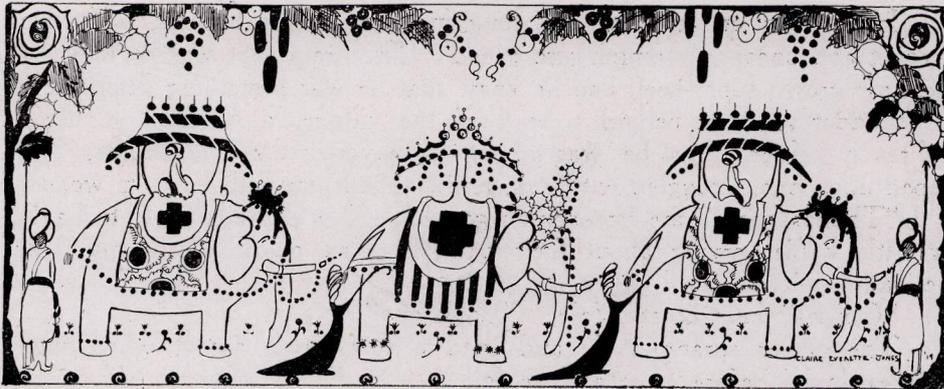
The judge studied the white face; the thin, colorless lips, and the weak chin. He knew that he was facing a derelict on the sea of life, yet something that shone through the unclear eyes prompted him to extend a hand and say, “All right, Vale.”

The Foreign Legion of France, where pasts are forgotten and every man gains hopes for the future, was situated a few miles out of Belloy-en-Santerre. Men from every corner of the earth, joined in the brotherhood of a common purpose, waited for the order to drive the Huns from the village.

The men clustered about the camp fire, singing, re-reading letters from home, and telling stories. One poor chap, whose sole fortune amounted to his weekly pay, laughed riotously as he drew up a million-dollar “last will and testament.”

“I say there, Vale,” one of the soldiers asked, “come over and talk a bit.”

Vale glanced at the speaker, and smiled. “Sure, Pascal. Let’s sit here by the tree. I’ve been wanting to ask you something ever since we met. Have you a relative in Paris who is a police judge?”



4B CLASS

IN AFRICA

Pascal started. "That's what I wanted to tell you," he said. "He's my father."

Vale grasped the other's hand. "He is the squarest man in the country," he cried. "I had been arrested three times for drinking, and yet when I asked him if I might enlist, he let me go. And it wasn't only the release," he added, "it was the fatherly talk and the kindness. I haven't touched a drop since."

Pascal winced. "I know it—now," he murmured, "I wish I had appreciated him before. When I was a youngster, I thought him unkind, and ran away to India. I couldn't make a success. I drifted. He didn't know where I was. I didn't want him to."

"Write to him, now," Vale urged, eagerly.

Pascal shook his head. "When we attack the village," he continued, "they're going to get me. I've had the feeling for a week."

Vale laughed. "Nonsense! you're only depressed."

"I've the premonition," Pascal persisted. "What I want you to do is to tell father I died fighting. Sort of vindicate myself, you know."

"I'll do it if I live," Vale promised, solemnly, "and if I'm the one to die, some day mention to your father that a certain Tom Vale who used to drink—quit."

The Legion sprang upon the village like a tiger upon its prey, and death reaped a bountiful crop. The Huns had been wary, but the Frenchmen were determined to drive, as others had been driven.

One of the first to fall was Pascal, and he died with a smile upon his face.

Vale, forcing himself forward from the rear, stumbled over a fallen body. A sob rose in his throat as he recognized the man who had predicted and welcomed his unkind fate, and he thought of the father in Paris who was yet to hear and grieve.

A light suddenly shone in his eyes. "I can make his father proud!" he rejoiced. Taking the name-plate from his own neck, he replaced it with that of Pascal's, and vowed, "His father helped to clear this blotted name of mine, and now I'll do something for the name of Pascal!"

He sprang up and dashed along in front of his fellows, with fixed bayonet and uncanny strength and speed. The brain that was so long dull had now grown super-keen and he knew that he was something lifted.

Suddenly, from behind a wall of the village, a German sprang at a French officer. As he was about to bayonet the Frenchman, Vale leaped upon him, struggled with him, and stabbed him with his own weapon.

"Thanks, man," the Frenchman gasped. "I was pretty close to having my little babies crying about their daddy. You ought to see my Jean. He can——"

"Quick!" interrupted Vale. "Look out!"

The officer sprang aside and sped a few yards away, when something exploded before Vale and he fell.

When Vale gained consciousness, he found himself in a field hospital. Three officers stood beside him. "I'm going West?" he asked. A nurse wept.

One of the officers spoke. "Pascal," he said, "we read the name on your plate. I have the honor of conferring upon you the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Is there anyone you would like it sent to if——"

"Yes," Vale answered, glorified in the misrepresentation, "to my father. He is a police judge in Paris—the squarest man in the country. Tell him I made good. I know he will be glad. And, by the way, tell him that Vale—Tom Vale, the drunk—thanks him again and that he—quit."

—BETH LYON, June '20.

Democracy

<i>Arouse! cruel war knocks at thy door;</i>	<i>But look! forth rides a gallant knight!</i>
<i>Dear land, sweet Peace is thine no more;</i>	<i>With purpose firm he joins the fight;</i>
<i>No more her quiet, protecting hand</i>	<i>His challenge right and left he hurls;</i>
<i>Rests calmly o'er her sacred land.</i>	<i>His banner to the breeze unfurls—</i>
<i>Beloved Maid, no more she roams—</i>	<i>The stars and stripes that ever wave</i>
<i>In tyrant's grasp her fate bemoans;</i>	<i>O'er Freedom's sons, the true and brave.</i>
<i>Ensnared in dread autocracy's toils,</i>	<i>List' to his call to set her free;</i>
<i>She weeps, the victim of its spoils.</i>	<i>For Peace's champion is he.</i>

*Lead on, Democracy, brave knight!
Thy army strong will win the fight.
Oh, noble warriors, heed that call
To storm the Hun's dread castle wall.
Though many fall ere Victory's won,
The world will say 'twas nobly done.
Thy power alone can set her free—
Her rescue, thine, Democracy!*

—GRACE OCKENDEN, Dec. '18.

The Origin of Birth-Flowers

LONG, long ago, when the world had not long been created, Jupiter and his immortal court assembled on Mt. Olympus, the dwelling-place of the almighty gods.

It was morn, for Aurora, on opening the gates of heaven, had tinged the sky with her rosy tints of dawn. Everything was bright and sparkling. The dew lay glistening on the grassy mounds, while the magic brooks near by caught the reflection of the sun—a shimmering sheen over their surface.

Since the beginning of time Jupiter had been wont to bestow gifts on those immortals who were deemed worthy.

Thus it happened that the celestial atmosphere was filled with bubbles, the gift of Jupiter to the ever-faithful months—"a gift," said he, "that will be a joy to you and to mortals." Beautiful and airy the bubbles floated away, but soon broke, their fragments falling to earth. And there at the feet of the gods, where the fragments had fallen, bloomed flowers of every color and description.

From January's bubbles blossomed snowdrops, pure and white; from February's, primroses, shy and sweet, while modest violets lifted their blue eyes for March. Beautiful Easter-lilies bloomed for April, and lilies-of-the-valley, white as snow, with leaves of emerald, burst into life for May. June's bubbles became magnificent roses, queen of all the flowers; July's were daisies sweet, while August's blossomed into pretty water-lilies. Poppies of Apollo's own golden lustre nodded for September, while starry asters did the same for October. November was enchanted over his fluffy balls of chrysanthemums, and last but not least, crimson holly-berries burst forth from December's bubbles.

Thus did Jupiter award to each worthy month a flower—an emblem eternal and everlasting, which shall bloom for all times and for all peoples.

—MARIAN CHUNG, *June '18.*

The Trench Band

*At night when the stars are twinkling,
I lie in the damp trench sand,
And I close my eyes and listen
To the Kaiser's big Jazz Band.*

*The rain that falls on the dug-out,
Has the banjo's steady strum,
And the boom of the ceaseless cannon
Plays the part of the deep bass drum.*

*The signal rockets a-flying,
And the painful moans and groans,
Grow loud, then low, as I have heard
The Broadway Saxophones.*

*It's a very dang'rous Jazz Band,
For it calls many lads from home,
And the man who leads the playing,
I'm afraid, is made of stone.*

*But still there's comfort in my heart,
Despite the awful din,
For I know that soon we'll hear it play
Inside of old Berlin.*

—BETH LYON, *June '20.*

A Movie Metamorphosis

“THAT fickle group of people known as the steady ‘movie goers’ had lionized Ernest Marvin for two years. Girls wrote him love letters, old ladies sent him cookies, advertising men paid hundreds of dollars merely for his signature, and even the *blase* youths of eighteen and twenty called him a ‘clever chap.’

“Children cried out in delight when he turned a trick upon the ‘villain’; women sighed and gazed open-mouthed when he made love, and crusty business men applauded loudly when he dove from a ship, rode horseback, or overthrew a dozen men single-handed.

“Suddenly the handsome idol disappeared, however, and hasn’t been seen on the screen since. Numerous stories of his whereabouts were circulated, but no one knows the truth of it except Tom Johnson, ‘camera-man’; Roman Orosco, ‘villain’; Violet Lee, ‘leading lady,’ and myself, ‘director.’

“We had been working for some time on a patriotic story called ‘Love and War,’ and were ready to take the closing scenes. It was the story of a young fellow whose *fiancee* tried to stop him from enlisting, but finally, after a series of circumstances, gave her consent. There was nothing new in the plot, but with Marvin in the lead it was sure to play to crowded houses.

“The closing scenes were to be Marvin on board a ship with a company of boys leaving for France, and Violet on shore waving ‘goodbye.’

“I received special permission from the government to allow Marvin to go aboard a transport that was just about to sail; have the scene filmed; come ashore again, and then take the ship as it disappeared.

“Marvin, six feet tall, and broad shouldered, looked like a model Sammy in the well-fitting uniform that “Props” had given him. He was more proud of himself now than he had been in the costume of Caesar, and he strutted about like a peacock.

“He had formerly called his friends who enlisted ‘boobs,’ and when asked why he hadn’t joined the colors, answered, ‘It’s much more fun kissing Violet.’ Yet as he stood aboard the transport, surrounded by the boys clad like himself, but who were sacrificing all for Old Glory, he seemed shy and wistful, for the first time in his life.

“After Tom had taken the scene, I called to Marvin to come ashore. He moved towards the gangplank mechanically, but suddenly turned and swiftly spoke to an officer. The gangplank began to rise and I called frantically for him to come.

“With a smile he stepped to the rail and cried, “I’m the real thing this time, old fellow. Captain, here, says that I can sign up on the other side.”

“The boys started cheering and Tom made an extra scene of it, while I was raging about losing the company’s star.

“As the ship sailed off, Marvin waved impishly, and Tom didn’t miss a move.

“When he turned the camera on Violet, her face was streaming with tears as she waved farewell, and they weren’t the result of dramatic effort.”

—BETH LYON, *June '20.*

To the Daylight Saving Plan

*I used to go to bed at night,
And waken when the day was bright;
But now it's quite the other way—
I waken when the day is gray.*

*I waken and dress hurriedly,
For it's become quite late I see;
And to escape the tardy class
I gladly a warm breakfast pass.*

*Now, what's the cause of all this rush—
Why do others past me brush,
All running wildly down the hall
To reach their room before roll-call?*

*There's something dif'rent in the air;
I can not find the why nor where.
Why, just reveal it if you can—
Oh! it's the Daylight Saving Plan!*

—M. EUGENIA DECATUR.

Ever Thus

*I've often heard a teacher say:
"Debating is simply grand—
 It'll teach you, dear,
 To think quite clear,
And with ease and poise to stand;
You'll learn to decide things for yourself,
And speak right out your mind."
 But, strange to say,
 It's not that way
In classrooms, you will find.*

*One day a teacher affirmed a fact
Which in theory wasn't strong.
 So I raised my hand
 And asked to stand
And show her she was wrong.
I aired my views respectfully—
My opinions pleased the class—
 She turned her head,
 Then to me said:
"Stay after school, for sass."*

—META GERKEN, June '18.

The War of Pupil vs. Teacher

Date.—The four years of any pupil's high school course.

Cause.—The necessity of developing, to a point of intelligence, the brain that any pupil is supposed to possess.

Scene of Combat.—The edifice for broadening the intellect, to which any pupil is sent.

Events.—First Year.—The pupil enters the combat and finds himself greatly handicapped. His old reputation and self-assurance forsake him, and he is forced to fight alone in a new type of warfare. Towards the end of the first year of war the unknown surrounding the pupil gives away, and he wins back several of the lines of defense that he had lost.

Second Year.—The pupil fights bravely, but at the end of the second year finds he has gained only a little more ground than the first year.

Third Year.—The pupil, helped by increasing intelligence, makes great advances, and at the end of this year has reached the first line trenches of the enemy.

Fourth Year.—The pupil, greatly reinforced by reputation and the experience of having been in the field three years, completely overwhelms the enemy and issues victorious from the battle.

Treaty of Peace.—The diploma.

Final Outcome.—Marriage.

—LILLIAN M. PHILLIPS, Dec. '18.

(Continued from the Journal Rally)

On the following day Doris found her evening dress, and Janet found her pumps. Hairpins were flooding every place, and stockings were plentiful. The things had all been put back in place just as cleverly as they had been taken away. To this very day only one of the boarding-school girls knows the "whys and wherefores" of the mysterious act, and that girl is—no, not Jeanne—but, Doris.

Yes, girls, it was Doris. Of course the boys had a hard time to persuade her to hide the things, and yet, what else could they do? How could the boys possibly give a dance with only five dollars and thirteen cents in the treasury, and why were they to think of such a minor detail as money, especially when other matters such as decorations, programmes, and punch were to be arranged?

Now please don't dislike Doris just because she carried out the boys' plans. Her big brother was one of the fraternity boys, and I am sure that even you would do anything you could to help your big brother out of a slight difficulty.

I've told you girls the mystery, knowing that you were girls, and knowing how well a woman keeps a secret. So please remember that the boarding-school girls don't know a thing about it, and I'm sure the secret will not spread as long as only you, Doris, the boys and myself know of it.

—RUTH MORRIS, June '18.

The American Girl

Were someone before me now to place
A maiden from each land
And give me choice thereat among
To take one, as a friend,

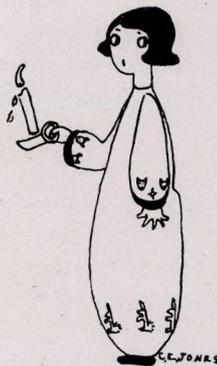
I would not cease to scan each face
In that long-extended row
Until I found the Western miss—
And would take her, with a bow!

She is not selfish and not proud,
But gentle, true, and kind.
Search, if you will, in th' Eastern crowd—
One thus, you will not find.

If she see someone in distress,
She's quicker to lend her aid—
By word, by deed, or by caress—
Than th' Oriental maid.

What more in one wish you to find—
Whose heart is kind and true;
Who always has kind thoughts in mind,
And lives for th' GOOD one can do?

—ALEXANDRA MANDILLA.



Just a Word for Thrift Stamps

*A War Savings Stamp am I, one inch by two;
I sit in a folder all stuck up with glue;
Very haughty am I, and I must have turned green,
'Cause before I am one, I must be sixteen.*

—H. B.

*One little Thrift Stamp
Purchased by you
Will set Willie tumbling
And his Kultur, too.*

—F. D.

*Mary had a Thrift Stamp,
And added Stamps each day,
And helped her country fighting hard
To keep the Hun away.*

—M. L.

*Kill the Mad Beast
That rumples and rants.
How shall we do it?
Why, buy Thrift Stamps!*

—F. F.

*Every little Thrift Stamp
Has a duty all its own;
Give up a quarter,
And one you'll own.*

*Just one little Thrift Stamp,
Pasted there alone!
Stop so many luxuries
'Till your card has grown.*

—B. S.

*Mary bought a Thrift Stamp
And placed it on a card,
And when the Kaiser heard of it
He said, "I've been hit hard!"*

—E. C.

*Every Thrift Stamp that you own
Makes Kaiser William sore.
The more you buy, the more he'll cry—
You'll help to win the war.*

—B. L.

In Humble Memoriam

To Our Beloved Teacher
FRANZ GOLDSTEIN

Let us all humbly lift one cry
Of gratitude for him
Who in *THIS* life will ne'er pass by,
Or be what he has been.
A tender soul, a gentle heart;
A deep, artistic mind;
Superior thoughts that did impart
A life sincere and kind!

How true it is that very few
Only for others live—
Who never weary good to do,
No thought of *GAIN* conceive!
How very true it is that few
There are who never pause
To set aside their own life's due,
And think about the cause
Of others' pain, of others' care,
And how they might them aid.
No egoism; no! not there
In the soul of th' Unafraid!

—ALEXANDRA MANDILLA.



The Reunion in 1928

IN June, 1928, just ten years after graduation, a reunion was held in Girls High Auditorium. We came together to hear the fortunes and misfortunes that had befallen one another during the last ten years.

Dr. Scott and our ever-faithful teacher, Mr. Dupuy, spoke a few words of welcome. The meeting was then turned over to the class president, Marjorie Gay. She made a short address of welcome, and said that she would call upon those members present to give an account of their own work. As she looked over the gathering her eye caught that of her former classmate, Meta Gerken. Meta told of how Emilia Sherwood and she had edited "Spalding's Official Tennis Annual" for several years. Emilia had remained in the East as instructress of athletics in the University of Pennsylvania, while she came West and took the position as instructress for the Golden Gate Park tennis club.

The renowned Dr. Florence Striegel spoke of the wonderful work accomplished in Europe by the American Red Cross nurses after the war. We were honored to know that four of those courageous nurses were our classmates. These young ladies—Helen Moore, Louise Counter, Agnes Carey and Bernice Fratis—are now doing splendid work in the Doctor's hospital in Pasadena.

The president then read a newspaper clipping from the Washington Gazette telling of a speech in the Senate by Beatrice Pon, Representative from California. Her stirring address, of more than three hours, convinced the Senate of the importance of the bill entitled "Less hours for school children—more time for play."

Marjorie then told the girls that they should be honored to have with them a classmate who had traveled all the way from Japan to attend the reunion. Then, Vera Pernau gave some of her experiences of learning the Japanese language while at college. She then went to that beautiful country, Japan, as secretary to the United States Consul.

The Palmtag-Kurman Establishment in Massachusetts was represented by Selma Kurman, who chanced to be in this city on business. She told of years of study at the university, where she devoted her time to designing, and Louise to dressmaking. They have been very successful in carrying out that business.

Miriam Sirbu was next to be called upon. She said that all her time had been devoted to the improvement of conditions surrounding the tubercular ward at the San Francisco County Hospital.

Miss Gay remarked at this point that the decorations were furnished by the De Luxe Florist, on Powell Street, which is owned by Lucy Steele and Iva Bingham.

Congress not being in session, Misses Sozin and Alta Nolan, Representatives from California, told how they had been re-elected two terms. Their knowledge of the principles of government received at High School must have been a great asset to them.

Suddenly the auditorium was darkened, and the class was delightfully entertained for a half hour by a "movie," in which Helen Glassford and Eugenia Decatur were the principals. Eugenia has been taking the vampire parts in the recent screen productions.

Ruth Prager, whom we all remembered as a great scholar, spoke of her recent trip around the world. Everyone was delighted to hear her, as she had seen many of the girls in her travels.

In her first stop, at Honolulu, she explained how she met Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Proctor and spent a few days at their home. Mrs. Proctor will be remembered as Gwynneth Read.

In London she was invited by Lillian Frater and Ruth Goldstone to attend one of their piano and violin concerts. Their recitals had been the talk of the winter season.

In Havre, France, while searching through the library for a translation of one of Alexander Dumas' famous novels, Ruth said she was appalled to find that the translation was by Rosalie Landecker.

While in Paris she attended the Theatre Francais. Much to her surprise, the chief attraction was the dancing of the "Famous Little Four," who were none other than Louise Thayer, Phyllis Bozza, Ruth Floethe, and Cecilia Herrerias.

In Stockholm, Sweden, Vera Schmitt was instructing in the city university the American method of basket-ball.

At Corfu, Greece, while studying the antiques of that section she related how she met Alexandra Mandilla, who had returned to her native land to do much for the uplifting of the poorer classes.

Ruth read an article from a Turkish newspaper telling of the annual conference of the International Scientific Research Committee, held in that country. Stella Rossi had been elected president, and Agnes Terry secretary.

In Vladivostok she attended a reception given to the famous woman explorer, Helen Schmidt. Miss Schmidt had just returned from an exploring trip to the Behring Sea, where she had made important discoveries.

Returning to America, she had visited Helen Snider, in Boston. Helen had spent her years in inventing a device for the sewing machine, and had at last been successful. Helen told her that Frances Morrill and Marie Gunderson had the most up-to-date kindergarten, where they had introduced a practical method of teaching children.

Marjorie thanked Ruth for the delightful information she had given us.

The girls were startled by a thud on the roof and later by the appearance of Margaret McLean and Helen Salsbury garbed in aviatrix attire. They had just come from San Diego in their aeroplane, having spent their time in the studying of aeroplanes for everyday use.

The two business women of the class were called upon. Hazel Borden spoke of her success as president of the Borden Condensed Milk Company, and Anita Fitschen gave a few words on her career as leading buyer for the White House Art Department. Her ability to talk had been of great value to her.

A letter was read from Olga Ericsson telling of her experience as a worker in one of the villages of Calcutta. Annie Staengel and Anetta Brocato, after taking a course at Normal, joined Olga to help in the education of the Indian children.

Prof. Leta Schwartz, of the University of California, had an important lecture in hygiene at this hour and was unable to attend, much to her regret.

Vernita Pellow, who has done a great deal in San Francisco for the education of children, from four to eight years of age, in music, demonstrated her method before us.

Meroe Ferguson, who has won great fame in the agricultural world by discovering a seedless watermelon, is now the superior of Luther Burbank. She was unable to be with us.

Ruth Morris, who showed ability in her school days for play-writing, has followed this vocation, and has written many splendid dramas. Some of these are being read by Margaret Perkins, in her usual pleasing manner, at the St. Francis Theater.

Corinne Jacobson told of her work at the Children's Hospital, and we know that she has been a fairy godmother to those unfortunates.

Thelma Linforth told of how she had received early training in San Francisco in the art of dancing, went to New York and there established the now famous Winter Garden.

Dorothy Peabody and Myrtle Danielson, our esteemed debaters, are touring the State and chanced to be in San Francisco at this time. Dorothy, in her forceful manner, convinced us (as they have been convincing the people) that women are just as capable as men in holding government positions. Their campaign is in support of Dorothy Frankenau as our future Governor.

Dr. Kathryn Hernan, the famous pyorrhea specialist, spoke a few words of welcome, in her modest manner.

Stella Boehmer, who had always been a "hiker," has now become famous. She made the trip from Philadelphia to San Francisco in two weeks, and arrived just in time to be with us. She gave us the pleasing news of Elvira Coburn's marriage to Major K. Doun, of Utah.

Someone had brought in a newspaper, the "Winnipeg Daily," which gave an account of the rise of Lola Plumb to editor of that paper. The paper praised the work of Amy Fottrell in the poorer parts of that city.

Martha Graham has just returned after completing various courses at five universities in the United States.

Margaret Linder, after a few years abroad, has retired to her farm in the southern part of the State.

Ruth Bare and Dorothy Johnson are now appearing in their famous skit, "A Study in Contrasts." They are with the Orpheum Circuit.

Harriet Allison is now directing the San Francisco branch of the Y. W. C. A., and after years of faithful work received the position she has desired.

Marian Chung sent a telegram from Korea wishing us all good luck, and informing us of her marriage to a noted Korean lawyer.

Marian Fitzhugh excitedly told us of how she had won the Indianapolis speed race on her motorcycle. Marian must have had experience with a motorcycle in her High School days. Who knows?

Marjorie was then asked her accomplishments in the last ten years. We were pleased to hear that she had won the Beaux Arts prize in 1928, after attending the Art Institute for several years.

Helen Davis, though a newcomer in our class, had not forgotten to be present. She told us that she was a promising architect and had designed several rows of homes in Eastwood Park, the now popular part of San Francisco.

Margaret Knorp arrived with two of her pet dogs. She related that she had a farm, just outside of San Jose, for homeless dogs. The farm extends over forty acres.

The last person to be called upon was Leontine Lovotti. She told of how she and Gladys Oppenheim had taken up a course in mechanics, and finally had perfected a silent motor. Automobile experts have been so taken by this practical motor that the motor vehicle department of the Government thinks it advisable to have it installed in all Government-owned machines. Gladys is in Washington today demonstrating the merits of the motor to the President.

The glad reunion seemed to bring back the old class "pep" and spirit. Soon the meeting broke up into the old happy, noisy groups. The laughter and talking only repeated again the characteristics of that memorable Class of June '18.

—LEONTINE LOVOTTI.
GLADYS OPPENHEIM.





EDITORIALS

BEFORE the war many women were leading extravagant and useless lives. The women of the upper or moneyed classes led lives of luxury, with apparently no care in the world but shopping. The less fortunate (or, perhaps the more fortunate) classes of working women, led more worthy lives. Before the war young girls, growing up and leaving school, were being taught ways of ease and care-free happiness. Even now, some of the American girls do not realize the importance of helping, by lending and working to the utmost. But gradually, not only in the United States but also in Europe, the girls and women are heeding the call to service—the call to knit, to make surgical dressings, to organize home food-conservation, or to buy thrift stamps; others are heeding the call by taking the man's place in the munition factories, on street cars, in hospitals, and in every part of the industrial world. The war is revealing the existence of women's emancipation and equality of service with man. In many countries, particularly in Germany, the majority of home workers are women.

The girls in the schools of today, too, are being trained to help. There is not a school which has not a Red Cross Society. There the girls learn how to make bandages and other necessary hospital clothing for the wounded boys "over there." In the school cooking departments, food-conservation is being taught, in strict accordance with Hoover's regulations. The Red Cross rooms are open to girls who wish to help outside of school. In many schools War Savings Societies are established, and good work is resulting. The Junior Red Cross is steadily growing.

So it is that the girl of today differs vastly from the girl of yesterday. She is being taught ways of economy and thrift; and as she is taught, so should she practice. What will the girl of tomorrow be? We have always loved the girl of yesterday, and we believe the girl of today to be splendid. What will be thought of the girl of tomorrow?

With the Puritan, reticent instincts of the girl of yesterday, and the practical, frank ideas of the girl of today, she will combine active service. We make an appeal to those who are endeavoring to enter into active service today—to those who are proving that they are "not for self, but for country."

We cordially welcome Mr. McGlynn and Mr. Johnson to the ranks of our faculty, and wish them all success and happiness. We also wish to express our sincere gratitude to Mr. McGlynn for the splendid way in which he has helped us with our Journal, and also for his kindness in coaching the girls in baseball. He is surely very much appreciated. We hope that Mr. Johnson will not find the students of the Girls High School too difficult to teach. We are also grateful to have Mr. Johnson with us, as he is the official camera man for our school.

We also wish to extend a hearty welcome to Mrs. McGlade. We were very sorry that, owing to severe illness, Mrs. McGlade was not able to come back after the December term. But when she did return, it was with welcome smiles that she was received. We wish you the best of health, Mrs. McGlade, and hope that you will stay with us for good this time.

Mr. Watson L. Johns, in entering the navy, gave to us our first star in our service flag. Though Mr. Johns was with us only such a short time we grew to think of him as belonging to us. We are sure he had his trials in trying to reveal the mysteries of physics to girls. But we were glad to have him go to add one more to those who are proving their love for country and certainly there is no higher service.

To Miss Jones and Miss Hobe, the Journal staff can never express the true measure of gratitude. To Miss Jones for the wonderful way she has managed the art department, turning out the cuts in a very limited time. We feel sure that our cuts are just a little better than the cuts of any other journal; judge for yourself. To Miss Hobe we owe a debt of gratitude for the capable way in which she assisted in the literary side of our Journal. The work is tedious, and the editor is sure that in no way could anyone be more patient and helpful than Miss Hobe has been. We are indeed very grateful.

On the 5th of April, at the Palace Hotel, the High School Press Association held its annual convention. The editor and staff attended, and spent a very profitable day. We heard the troubles of the other high school editors, and also some very splendid talks by Mr. Johnson and Prof. Weigle.

Because of the subsequent rise in prices on account of the conditions of the country at large, the expenses of the Journal have been more than heavy this term. The business manager greatly appreciates the splendid support given her by the girls of the Senior Class who enlisted the various advertisers to aid in the publishing of our periodical. The fact that the Journal is a school institution was fully realized, has been shown by the splendid way in which the school at large backed us, and we feel sure that they will continue to give their loyal support to the Journal in the future.

The business manager here takes the opportunity to thank the following girls, who so capably assisted her in collecting Journal subscriptions: Irma Bley, Elizabeth Geene, Helen Perkins, Kathryn Morris, Roberta Dunbar, Gladys Oppenheim, Helen Hirsch, Edith Solomons, Helen Stringer, Flora Marx, Dorothy Gerrie, Muriel Allison, Bernice Peiser, Dorothy Tonn, Therese Josephs, and Lillian Schwerin. The editor also wishes to extend her deep gratitude to the members of her staff who so faithfully performed their duties. Our deepest thanks are also due to Vera Pernau, Milla Zenovitch, Lillian Frater, Dorothy Frankenau, Elvira Coburn, Helen Salisbury, Leontine Lovotti, and Ruth Goldstone for their helpful co-operation in the publishing of our Journal.

War Activities

Below is a compilation of all the war activities which Girls High School has done. Of course, the girls will be interested in learning just where we stand and what we are doing. There are 630 pupils enrolled in this school, and the following will show their good work and what they are accomplishing along war-working lines:

Red Cross Activities

This work is under the capable supervision of Miss Croyland and Miss Sullivan.

I. Knitted Garments (up to May 1st)

650 sweaters and mufflers
70 helmets
80 wristlets
450 pairs socks
650 squares made into three blankets

II. Sewing Department

88 pajama suits	50 house gowns
72 bed shirts	18 convalescent robes
500 bags	18 bed jackets
100 comfort kits	250 handkerchiefs
250 housewives	96 pillow cases
50 chemises	12 baby kits
7 dozen pairs bed socks	

Red Cross Fund

This department is under the able supervision of Miss Armer.

Monthly contributors	550
Amount per month	\$30.00
Dollar memberships	382

Miscellaneous

The art department, with Miss Jones' supervision, made 11 posters for the Third Liberty Loan.

Speeches on War Activities

1. *Mrs. Vernon Kellogg*, for Belgium.
2. *Sergeant Farnum*, for Serbia.
3. *Dr. Clark*, for Italy.
4. *Signaller Tom Skyehill*, for England.
5. *Madame Dupriez*, for the refugees of Belgium.

6. *Capitaine Rouvier*, on conditions at the Front.
7. Throughout the year we have had speeches on Conservation and other war phases by *Dr. Wilbur*, *Mayor Rolph*, and others.
8. Contest for Four-Minute speakers.

Financial Activities

Total for War Savings Societies formed April, 1918. members

War Savings Investments

From December, 1917, to	
January 1, 1918.	\$529.00
From January 2d to May 2d:	
Room 101.	\$636.34
104.	239.58
105.	174.76
107.	430.35
108.	183.10
109.	167.00
112.	192.79
114.	257.89
115.	168.91
116.	504.88
119.	142.25
205.	200.95
210.	247.63
212.	115.75
214.	242.76
216.	140.10
	4045.04

Total amount. \$4574.04
Belgian Relief Fund. \$1055.00

The Thrift Stamp and War Savings investments are under the excellent management of Miss King and she is surely kept busy exchanging money for stamps, as our girls have a large savings spirit.

The first monthly rally of the War Savings Society was held in the early part of May, under the direction of Miss Stark. All of the class War Savings Societies were represented.

The first four-minute-speech contests were held May 3rd and 5th. The speeches were very splendid, and from the upper classes Gertrude Rosenthal was chosen as the best, and from the lower, Sybil Graves. These girls are surely to be congratulated upon their excellent work. The Junior four-minute contests were held under the direction of Mrs. Prag.

On Saturday morning a few of our more enthusiastic and earnest workers go down to the Red Cross headquarters and make surgical dressings. We thank them, in the name of our brave boys "over there," who need all possible support.

**The following letter, which explains itself, was received
by the Student Body this term:**

Chère Miss Christensen:

La Haye ce 26 Fevrier 1918.

Le Ministre de Belgique à Washington vient de me faire connaître par sa lettre du 24 Xbre 1917, la généreuse initiative des jeunes filles du Girls High School de San Francisco.

Je ne veux pas tarder à vous dire avec quelle profonde reconnaissance j'ai reçu le don de \$1055 destiné aux oeuvres de l'Enfance belge, et avec quelle gratitude je vous écris.

Cet argent si généreusement donné va donc apporter la joie à tant de petits, il fera sourire ces pauvres babies que la misère ronge, il fera revivre leurs petites faces pales! J'ai vu tant de ces yeux bleus de Flandres retrouver leur joie grâce à vous toutes qui vous dévouez pour eux aux Etats-Unis.

Voulez-vous, je vous prie, dear Miss Christensen, être mon interprète auprès de vos élèves et ce qui est mieux, l'interprète de tous les petits qu'elles ont aidés, dites-leur que Dieu les bénira d'avoir dans leur bien-être pensé à sécher toutes ces larmes.

Veuillez recevoir, je vous prie, l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

PRINCESSE A. DE LIGNE.

Dear Miss Christensen:

The Hague, Feb. 26, 1918.

The Belgian Minister at Washington has just let me know through his letter of the 24th of December, 1917, the generous initiative of the young ladies of the Girls High School of San Francisco.

I do not wish to delay in telling you with what deep gratitude I received the gift of \$1055 destined to the welfare of the Belgian children, and with what thankfulness I write to you.

This money, so generously given, will give so much joy to many little ones, it will make so many poor babies smile, that misery has wasted, it will make their pale little faces revive with health! I have seen so many of those blue eyes of Flanders become joyful again, thanks to you all, in the United States, who devote yourselves for them!

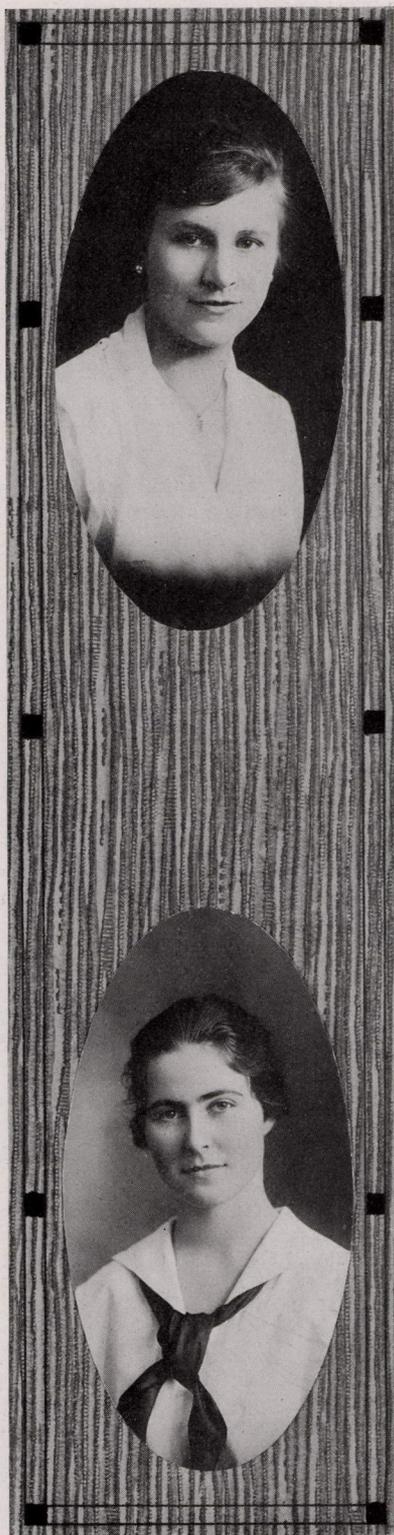
Will you, I beg of you, dear Miss Christensen, be my interpreter to your pupils, and what is better, the interpreter of all those little ones that they have helped, tell them that God will bless them for having thought of drying all those tears, while in comfort.

Will you please receive, I beg of you, the assurance of my distinguished considerations.

PRINCESSE A. DE LIGNE.



EDITOR



BUSINESS MANAGER

Journal Organization

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LOLA PLUMB
Editor-in-Chief

DOROTHY PEABODY
Literary and Exchange Editor

MARJORIE GAY
Art Editor

META GERKEN
Joke Editor

EMILIA SHERWOOD
Activities

ALTA NOLAN
Alumnae

HELEN GLASSFORD
Society

VERA SCHMITT
School Notes

LILLIAN PHILLIPS
Low Senior Assistant

Business Staff

EUGENIA DECATUR
Business Manager

BERNICE PEISER
Assistant Business Manager

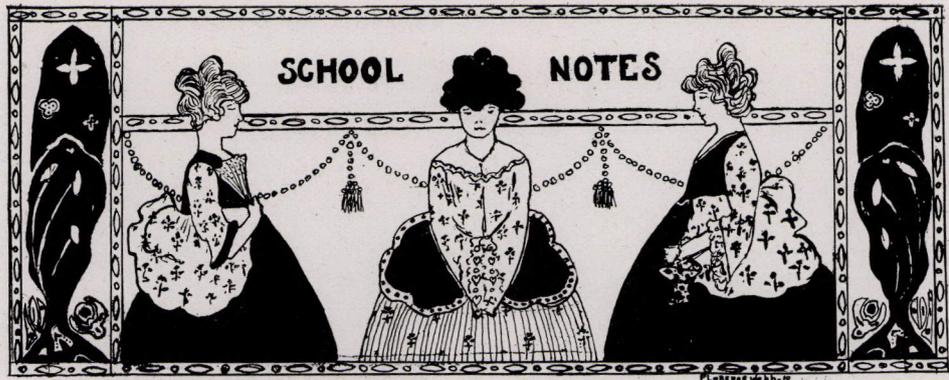
Journal Staff



MARJORIE GAY
HELEN GLASSFORD
LILLIAN PHILLIPS

DOROTHY PEABODY
ALTA NOLAN
META GERKEN

EMILIA SHERWOOD
VERA SCHMITT
BERNICE PEISER



THIS term has been an unusually busy one, and anyone visiting Girls High would find it a perfect hive of activity and industry, for Red Cross sewing and knitting have taken a prominent part in the school activities. A great campaign for Thrift Stamps has been waged, and, by competition between the classes, Girls High has been able to raise several thousand dollars to aid the Government in this war. We have been most fortunate to have had the opportunity of listening to many wonderful talks and lectures on topics of burning interest today, by speakers who have seen and know. There has been no lack of fun, either, for exciting Student Body meetings and spirited rallies have supplied that need.

Lectures

After school on February 6th, Madame Dupriez spoke to the teachers of the city about the German destruction of Louvain, and told of her own personal experiences. The third- and fourth-year girls were also privileged to attend, and those who heard these tales of the ravages of war certainly considered this talk well worth listening to.

On March 20th, Signaller Skeyhill spoke before the school and brought a message from across the seas. We were made to see, as never before, by this brave youth who had been blinded in the service of his country, what our part in the war was to be and how we were to win this terrible struggle.

Italy and her part in this war was the subject of another splendid lecture which our school had the privilege to hear. It was given by Dr. Clark, of the American Academy at Rome, and was accompanied by slides, which everyone agreed were most interesting and instructive.

Again, in the "X" period, on Wednesday, April 24th, we were summoned to the auditorium to hear the message of France and Belgium, which Miss Everett gave to us. In a most touching manner she told us of the spirit of those brave, heroic peoples, and as she spoke of the terrible things they had to endure all eyes were wet and all were deeply stirred.

We have had almost every phase of the war put before us, but it was not until Sergeant Farnham, the only American woman who has been honored by officership in an Allied army, spoke to us, that we learned of

the heroic struggle of little Serbia, the Belgium of the eastern front, and realized how much the western world owes to that brave nation of fighters.

On another occasion the oral English and harmony classes, together with the Seniors, were invited to a reading by Mrs. Tharp. The play was Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," and Mrs. Edward E. Young played Greig's music, which accompanies it. The reading and the music were so very wonderful that everyone was deeply thrilled.

Rallies

The first rally of the term was the semi-annual Student Body meeting, which was an enthusiastic one. The activities were all heard from, and the basket-ball team was presented with blocks and stars. The nomination of candidates at the rally, for Student Body officers, was followed a week later by the election, the interim being used for electioneering.

On February 8th, all the high schools of the city assembled in Dreamland Rink to hear Harry Lauder. Girls High was there with Scotch bonnets, and banners flying, and carried off the honors of the day with her songs. His talk finished, Harry Lauder sang his "Wee House Among the Heather" for us, and was duly presented with a bouquet of Scottish heather.

Our next rally at school was a Journal rally, and took place on February 15th. Its purpose, as its name implies, was to get up enthusiasm for the Journal, and from the number of Journals bought, we judge it a great success.

"The Senior," given at a rally to honor the five G. H. S. graduates who made Phi Beta Kappa, the honor society at U. C., made a great hit, and kept us in hysterics till the end. The Review of Feminine Positions in Life was equally humorous, and equally successful.

Our debating rallies have succeeded in arousing a lot of "pep" and enthusiasm, as was shown by the splendid support the school gave the team on the night of the G. H. S.-Mission debate.

We are anxiously looking forward to the 2 B rally, to be given in the near future, and the Senior rally, to be held early in June. The Seniors intend to give "Miss Doulton's Orchids," and all expect it to live up to the standard set by that class in the past.

Patriotic Exercises

Exercises of a patriotic nature were held in the auditorium on Lincoln's birthday. A novel idea was introduced into the Washington Day exercises. Instead of the usual speeches and addresses, tableaux depicting the Spirit of '76, a Modern Joan of Arc (Red Cross Girl), the Minute Men, and the Cherry Tree were successfully given, and all agreed that the program was charming.

The latest thing in patriotic speeches is the four-minute talk on the Third Liberty Loan, and from the ten best speakers of the school was chosen one girl to be the Junior Minute Speaker from Girls High.

Student Body Officers



PENELOPE BODEN
Secretary

META GERKEN
President

PHYLLIS BOZZA
Yell Leader

GEORGIA COLOMBAT
Third Vice-President

GRACE OCKENDEN
First Vice-President

HELENE VOSPER
Second Vice-President

ELEANOR BENSON
Fourth Vice-President.



Society

THE opening event of the social season this term was the reception given on January 26th by the Seniors to the Freshmen. The afternoon was spent dancing in the Girls High recreation hall. Hooverized refreshments were served.

In the forenoon of February 12th, patriotic exercises were held in our auditorium, and we were visited by two Civil War veterans, who entertained us with personal remembrances of Abraham Lincoln.

Like exercises on February 21st, in remembrance of George Washington thrilled us with a sense of patriotism only to be understood by a generation engrossed in such a war as we now are. The tableaux of the Spirit of '76, the Minute Men, Betsy Ross, the Modern Joan of Arc, and others, all bore a more realistic symbolism to us on that day.

In the school auditorium, on February 15th, we had a Journal rally, including two very novel plays, both of which excited much interest in the Journal.

The next interesting event in order was the Girls High Alumni reception, held at the St. Francis Hotel. The High Seniors were invited and certainly enjoyed themselves dancing and chattering with some of their old friends.

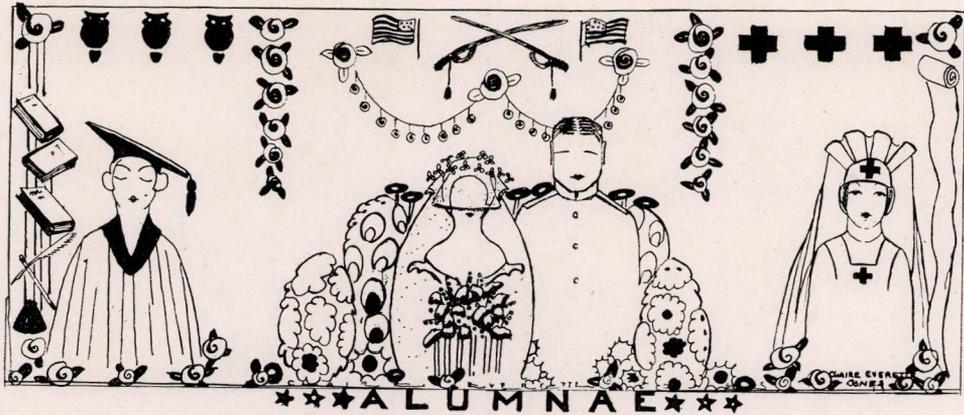
The rally given to the Phi Beta Kappa girls who, graduates of Girls High School, are now graduating from the University of California, was a rally surely not soon to be forgotten for fun and merriment and enthusiastic pride in the splendid record of our Phi Beta Kappa girls.

The Alumni was again a source of pleasure when it gave its elaborate luncheon, on April 20th, at the St. Francis Hotel.

"The Forest Princess," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay, which was given on May 10th by the Dramatic Club, was certainly a great success.

With several class rallies, among which special mention must be made of the splendid Senior farce, and, with the French play, "Les Femmes de France," by M. Dupuy, which we are now awaiting with eager expectation, the crowded season closes.

—HELEN N. GLASSFORD.



Alumnae Notes

Births

Mrs. Dean Scovel (nee Alma Lang, of June '14) has been blessed with a baby girl.

Mrs. J. Mc Gowan, who was Mildred Roberts, of June '15, has been made happy by the arrival of a baby girl, Patricia McGowan.

Marriages

Among the late marriages of G. H. S. graduates are the following:

Marie Saul to Joseph Richards, who is now at Camp Lewis.

Erne Lyons to Leslie Jacobs.

Florence McMurray, of June '15, to Horace Stevens.

Leah Levin to Julius Feinberg.

Irene Staengal to George Hogan.

Lucille Goetting, a former G. H. S. student, to Jerome B. Mitchell.

Esther Bull to Edward Bullard.

Engagements

Margaret Wood to Russell Dean, who is a lieutenant at American Lake.

Blanche Dugan to William Nutter.

Clara Gingley to Lieutenant Horace Rice.

Jean Glasier to Walter Roberts.

Miscellaneous

Among the former G. H. S. graduates at Munson's are: Ersilia Balcom, Margaret Stealey, Marie Edstrom, Margaret Gross, Clyde Mc-Ternan, Constance Tutlich, Lillie Grethen, Anita Kohn, Ruth Hockwald, Louise Maino, Helen McKnight, and Belle Hendry.

Evelyn Evans, of June '17; Irma Belle Bibo, of Dec. '15; Violet O'Keefe, Eleanor Wood, Pearl Hanna, Dorothy McCullough, Helen Sand, Mary Thomas, Anna Dunne, Dora Garibaldi, and Charlotte Euler are attending the University of California.

Gladys Schwartz, Mary Ebner, and Ruth Quinlan are taking a post graduate course at Girls High.

Margaret Sloss is attending Mills College, in Oakland.

Edith Christianson, of Dec. '17, a former president of G. H. S. Student Body, is in training at St. Luke's Hospital.

Virginia Herty is now living in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Girls High graduates who have been elected this year to Phi Beta Kappa (a high scholarship honor society, founded in 1776) are: Loretta Baum, Doris Beplar, Fanny Juda, Paula Schoenholz, and Marguerite Templeton.

Glynneth Boatman is at Normal. Eugenia Peabody graduated from Normal this term.

Myrtle Bush and Marguerite Landfield have been traveling in the East. Ruth Langar has also gone East.

Norma Bacigalupi is attending the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in this city.

Irene Curtain and Marion Kantner are at Gallagher-Marsh Business College.

Dorothy Maling is attending the Bradford Academy, in Boston.

Marion Malcom is in Portland. Agnes O'Neill is on a ranch in Watsonville.

Dorothy Levy and Dorothy Harrison are attending Miss Miller's School, in the Phelan Building.

Elise Powers is attending Miss Carpenter's School.

At a meeting of the Girls High Alumnae, on May 2nd, at the Girls High School, the following officers were elected: President, Marian Dick; First Vice-President, Mrs. H. C. Worth; Second Vice-President, Miss Genevieve Sullivan; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Charles W. Wilson; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Edward R. Wobber; Treasurer, Mrs. George Keil.

—ALTA C. NOLAN.



Exchanges

JUST as I was thinking of how splendidly the exchanges had come in, in spite of the facts that we had decided to limit them just to those in California, and that our Exchange Department had been neglected for several years the telephone bell rang. I took down the receiver, and said, "Hello." It happened to be the editor of the Journal, and I ran to get some of the exchanges so that I could tell her all about them.

"Hello; I've brought a good many of the journals back with me. The first one here is the December '17 issue of 'The Potter Shield,' published here in the city by the boys of Potter's School. This is certainly gotten up nicely, and the literary department is very good. One of the funny stories, 'I'm Deutschland,' ends up by the Kaiser speaking silently as follows:

*"The Hymn of Hate is a wonderful thing
For all the blessings it doth bring;
Without it I would have to die,
For even Gott has passed me by!
You see, we had a little fight,
But he was wrong, und I was right;
Me und Gott could not get along,
For I was right, und he was wrong!"*

"The school notes are very good, and the jokes are splendid. But I wonder why they don't have an index?

"The next is a journal with a pretty cover and a very large Literary Department. It's the "Tokay," from Lodi Union High School, in Lodi, California. They have a great many good poems, especially some on the war. Let me read this one to you:

"ALAN SEEGER.

*"The muse of poetry called him,
And swift he answered her call;
He wrote of life and beauty—
She held him in her thrall.*

*"The cry of battle urged him;
He answered that stern command—
He fought for a cause he honored,
In a far and foreign land.*

*"He heard the call of One Greater,
Amidst the struggle and strife;
Once more he answered the summons—
He answered with his life.'*

"Some of their jokes and cuts could be better, but on the whole it's a fine journal."

"Well, what's next?"

"The Item,' for February '18, published by the Pasadena High School. It is one of the best little monthlies we have received. The literary department and the cuts are very good. Too bad they didn't put a little more in about their activities. Their cartoons and jokes are fine. These are two of the latter:

"Say, Mike, who came out of the Ark foist?"

"Noah.

"You're wrong; de Bible sez "And Noah came forth." "

"I got a letter from my friend.

"Yes?"

"He says, "Every rib is gone; I've only one shoulder, and I expect my legs will be gone by the time you get this letter."

"Poor fellow, is he in France?"

"No, he is in a butcher shop."

"Oh! there is one journal here with a splendid literary department. The stories are so good; I wish I had time to read you some. It's the 'Mission,' from Mission High, here in the city. From the looks of its journal, the school certainly must have some fine organizations."

After we had laughed at "The Seven Lies of Man," I closed the "Mission," and turned to the "Commerce" journal, also from the city.

"This is a very good journal, and Commerce evidently has its athletics well organized. There is no exchange department, however."

"Are there any more San Francisco journals?"

"Yes, the 'L.-W.-L. Life,' for March '18, published by the Lick-Wilmerding-Lux student bodies. Everything in it deserves credit. The journal would be still more interesting, however, if the literary department were larger. Their cartoons, especially 'The Evolution of a Dollar,' are very clever. This is from 'The Poets' Corner':

" "Cast your bread upon the water"—

That is what the preacher said—

"Stop!" cried Hoover, the Food Board's head,

"Don't do that; it's a waste of bread." "

"The Hitchcock Sentinel,' published by the Hitchcock Military Academy, at San Rafael, is a good little paper. In the February number was printed 'Advice to Cadets.' A few of the suggestions are:

"Don't, on making a call, keep talking about your departure and then forget to go until the hostess sends the butler, the footman, the chauffeur, and the kitchen boy to help you home.

"Don't giggle, gargle, or gurgle.

“Don't chew gum, pencils, erasers, chalk, carbon paper, or rulers. They are equally bad for the complexion.’

“The ticklers in the March issue are very good. Here are a few:

“L.—Why do the words have roots?

“S.—So the language can grow, I suppose.

“V.—Why ain't I red-headed?

“B.—Because ivory does not rust.’

“We have received three issues of the ‘Madrono,’ published by the Palo Alto Union High School. These publications are good, although the art department could be improved. However, the cover of the patriotic number is very attractive. A few snap-shots would be a welcome addition. Let me read you this poem, from the October issue:

“THE KNITTERS.

“*You have seen them standing in the halls,
You have seen them everywhere—
The army of knitters the country calls
To knit for them “Over There.”*

“*Their knitting appears when they stop to talk,
As they wait for the bell to ring;
They knit whenever they ride or walk—
And this is the song they sing:*

“*“Our soldiers in France will never submit,
For the world and Uncle Sam.”’
And this that we knit is part of our bit
For the world and Uncle Sam.’*

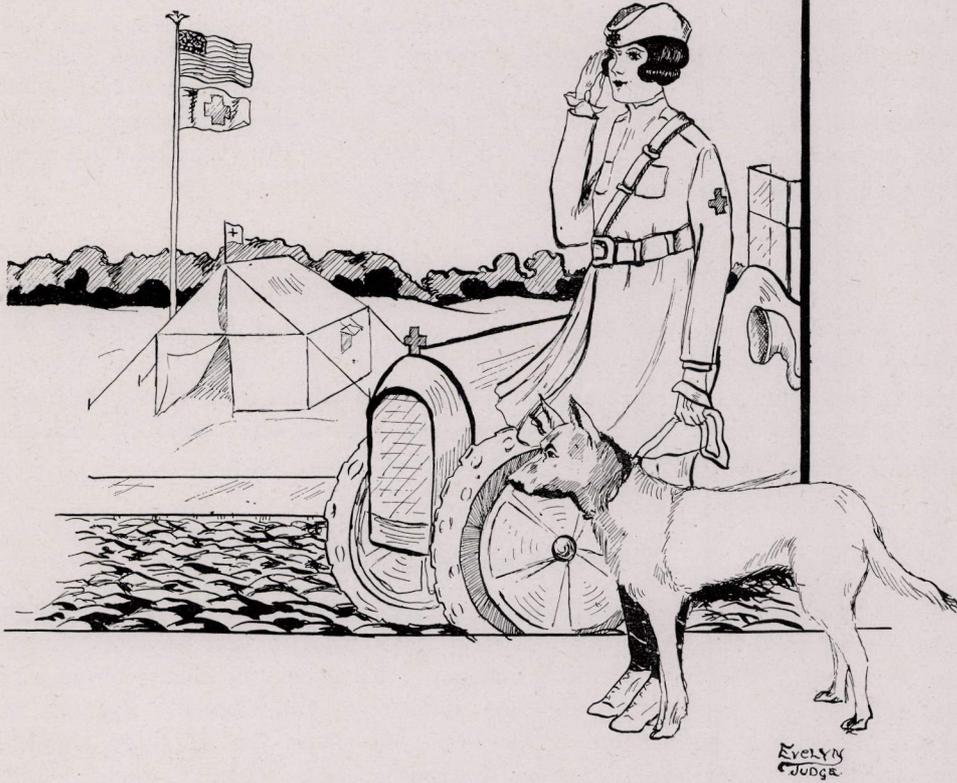
“The ‘Wild Cat,’ from Los Gatos, has a very good class prophecy and——”

Just then Central cut us off, and still I wanted to speak about “The Searchlight,” from San Rafael, and about two weekly papers with lots of “pep”—the “Visalia News” and the “Reed College Quest.”

—DOROTHY H. PEABODY, June '18.



+ ACTIVITIES +



Evelyn
Judge

Activities

The Reading Club

THE attendance of the Reading Club is so large that two new requirements of admission have been passed, the first of which bars all students having more than one III as a passing mark on their term's card, and the other which expels all who are absent from readings more than three times a term for other reasons than absence from school. By means of the old rule of admitting only third-and fourth-year girls, and these two new ones, we feel that only the most desirable students will be members of the Reading Club. It is such a privilege to belong that we would like the school to think of the club as an honor society. Watch your marks, girls—that you may be known by your membership in such a club. We meet every Wednesday after school, in Miss Armer's room, and it is to Miss Armer that we are most grateful for the many enjoyable afternoons we spend during her reading of such plays as "The Twelve Pound Look," and "Rosalind," by J. M. Barrie; "The Piper," by Peabody; "The Great Adventure," by Arnold Bennett; "Disraeli," by Parker, and many others, that provoke our tears or laughter. The officers of the Reading Club are, Helen Glassford, president, and Elise Meyer, secretary.

Tennis

Meta Gerken was elected captain, and Marjorie Gay manager of the Tennis Club. As a result of the tryouts for the school team, Meta Gerken and Emilia Sherwood represent the school in doubles, and Eunia Hilliard in singles. We have already sent out challenges to other schools, and are going to work hard to win the much-coveted block "G."

The Debating Club

At the first meeting of the Debating Club, in January, Marion Fitzhugh was elected president, Dorothy Peabody vice-president, and Myrtle Danielson secretary. One of the most thrilling occurrences for many terms was the Mission vs. Girls High debate, which was held on the evening of April 24, in our auditorium. Our team was made up of three capable girls—Myrtle Danielson, Dorothy Peabody, and Meta Gerken. The question at issue was, "That all immigrants who cannot read or write some language should be excluded from the United States." Our team had the negative side. Although Mission won the debate, we are not discouraged, and know that we will win next time. The team and members of the club wish to thank Mr. Ash, their coach; Miss Noonan, Miss Croyland, and Mr. Dupuy, for their hearty co-operation and interest.

Basket-Ball

As usual, basket-ball was the first activity to organize this term. Vera Schmitt was elected captain, and Emilia Sherwood business manager. Our school team played the Lux team on their courts early in January, and was defeated. We are optimistic, however, and hope to win from Poly when we play them, on May 17th. The girls of the basket-ball club wish to take this opportunity to thank Miss McKinley and Miss Reeves for their kind help and encouragement.

The Dramatic Club

Under the kind and able supervision of Mrs. Tharp, the members of the Dramatic Club have rehearsed for the presentation of a very delightful masque, "The Forest Princess," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay. The play offers splendid opportunities for the talent of the school, and will be given in our auditorium on the evening of May 10th. The members of the Dramatic Club have felt very deeply the loss of their dear friend and helper, Mr. Goldstein. The officers of the Dramatic Club are Phyllis Bozza, president; Bernice Peiser, vice-president; Emilia Sherwood, secretary, and Miss Stark, treasurer.

Baseball

Indoor baseball is a new sport which has been introduced this term. We have two splendid baseball diamonds—one in the gymnasium and one in the court. At the baseball meeting at the beginning of the term, Georgia Colombat was elected captain, and Elizabeth Geene manager. So much enthusiasm has been shown by the girls that we expect great things from our baseball team next term. The girls wish to express their gratitude to Mrs. Tharp and Mr. McGlynn for their kind help and encouragement.

The Art Club

The Art Club took a new lease on life at the beginning of the term, and has done wonders since. The death of our much-loved Mr. Goldstein discouraged us temporarily, but since he organized the club we rallied our spirits and determined to make the club a fitting monument to his

memory. Miss Jones, of the designing department, and Mr. McGlynn, our present art instructor, have taken the despondent club in hand, and we are an enthusiastic and "promising" group of would-be artists. We have constituted ourselves a board of censors, and now pass judgment on all posters and Journal work done in the school. Have you noticed any improvement?

The Swimming Club

With the opening of the new term, the Swimming Club reorganized, with Marjorie Gay as captain, and resumed its weekly pilgrimages to Sutro Baths. Under the supervision of Miss Sheffield, our beginners are learning to navigate, while the advanced swimmers are learning the arts of diving and racing, and are preparing for a snappy inter-class meet. One of the new features of the club this term is the heart test. To think that one may not defend her colors if her heart flutters, gives one an idea of what a recruit goes through upon examination for enlistment.

Bird Club

The Bird Club, which was organized last term, has proven to be a great success. With the help and guidance of Miss King, the girls have created a great interest in bird life. This term we have already made five trips—to Moss Wood Park, in Oakland; the University of California campus, Golden Gate Park, and Mt. Davidson—and on each trip we have become more acquainted with our feathered friends. At the meeting which was held at the beginning of this term, Emma Brune was elected president; Helen Hulme, vice-president, and Emily Heilmann, secretary.

The Orchestra

The Girls High School Orchestra, consisting of fifteen girls, was organized in June, 1909, by Dr. Scott. Through the earnest efforts and able direction of Dr. Scott, the orchestra became a fixed activity in the school. Last term, Mrs. McGlade took charge, and the result of her endeavors is excellent. One of the features of our orchestra is the new organ, which replaces the 'cello and adds greatly to the quality and volume of the music. We all surely feel indebted to Mrs. McGlade for her sincere co-operation in making our orchestra a success.

The Joke

Volume 23

Edited by PICKLES GERKEN

Price 1 Giggle

EXTRA! Great Debate Won by "Smishem" High Girls Have THEIR Say!

On a certain peculiar day in the Windy Month each girl was given a piece of foolscap paper and asked to air her views on "Supervised Study," its vices and virtues. Every girl filled her paper—mostly with protests against the teachers' taking away the pupils' study periods for continuation of recitation. Freedom of the press was never so universally enjoyed. No wonder—it was the first time that a girl could give her truthful opinion without being "docked" in the report card.

To the question, "In what period do you find the twenty-minutes study period most beneficial?" one girl answered: "The third, because then I can go down in the 'cafe' and eat in that twenty minutes."

They say that girls are always thinking of their faces, but there are a few old-fashioned ones left, who think only of their stomachs.

DISASTER IN FACULTY Teacher HAS Never Eaten "Dogs"

Miss Marjorie Gay, one day in class advanced the fact that the price of frankfurters had gone up. In reciting, however, she used the "puppylar" expression, "dogs," whereupon our knowledge-imparter (our teacher) brought forth the startling fact that she had "eaten frankfurters and sausages,

(Continued on Page 58, Col. 1)

Affirmative Side Wins in Vital Question—Resolved that Spaghetti should be Sold by the Spool

Arguments for both sides were Heated and Enthusiastic

Following are briefs of both sides:

AFFIRMATIVE.

We, of the affirmative, realizing that this question is of universal import, have put the proposed method to test, and have come to the conclusion that from a social and economical standpoint the new plan far exceeds the old in efficiency.

The spool of the Roman food may be attached to the table and unwound at the eater's leisure, and at the speed desired. When the eater has had enough, a slight snip with a scissors serves to bring his repast to an end.

In the old method, consisting of the mobilization with a fork of pieces from one to six inches, much extra energy was wasted. As there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, so is there between the fork and the mouth, owing to the evasive qualities of spaghetti. This "slip" necessitates a tedious repetition of the trip from plate to mouth. The new method would eliminate such a waste of labor. Then, there is the social embarrassment of having to play a game of tag with your food before cornering the elusive pieces.

For these reasons we believe and conclude that the

old method is a waste of energy and time, which is not caused by the use of the new method, and so recommend the sale of spaghetti by the spool.

NEGATIVE.

We, of the negative, believe the adoption of this new method superfluous.

Why! there lives a people who have for centuries manipulated this food the old way, and without any disaster—in a nation where spaghetti is the national flower. This argument of precedent in itself is convincing. Then, should we do away with the old method, we would lose that physical exercise and agility that is afforded by the pursuit of the food around the plate.

Also, we consider the new method impractical for should the spool become unattached from its place of anchorage, it might unwind and in rolling become entangled with the other foods.

Feeling convinced that spaghetti is more healthful in the present way of eating, with the invigorating exercise that it provides on the

(Continued on Page 58, Col. 3)

THE JOKE

DISASTER IN FACULTY

(Continued from Page 57)

but had never tasted dogs," and had never known them to be eaten.

A person learns things every day.

Why Not a Weepers' Society

The pathetic and "straight to the heart" talks that have been given of late in our auditorium to the girls usually call forth multitudinous tears from many a beautiful pair of orbs.

However, disadvantages accompany these manifestations of emotion. It is not pleasant to have a girl weep on the shoulder of your new dress, especially when dyes are not fast any more.

Therefore, I suggest that a weepers' section be formed, and an inveterate weeper elected to lead the weeps at the right moment. In this way a little harmony can be developed. For special occasions we might have a high soprano solo.

We hope the Student Body will give this proposition careful consideration.

TEACHER. I look upon you, Miss, as a liar.

PUPIL. You are privileged to look upon me as any character you may assume, sir.

Lives of Seniors all remind us

We can strive to do our best,

And departing leave behind us

Notebooks that will help the rest.

ELVIRA C. Last night I dreamed my watch was gone, and got up to look.

VERA P. Was it gone?

ELVIRA. No, it was going.

MRS. T—P. Georgia, write a short article on the subject of indoor baseball.

This is what she received: "Rain; no game."

No matter how high an awning is suspended from the ground, it is only a shade above the sidewalk.

ASMA. Does the 'son of battle' mean that the boy was born on the field?

ALFALFA. Sure, borne on a stretcher.

*ALTA. What is school, anyhow?

VERA P. School is what Sherman said war was!

*Editor's Note.—This is no joke; it's the truth.

MR. D—Y. (to noisy Senior class). This class is like a barnyard.

VOICE FROM THE REAR. Chickens!

SENIOR. Can a person be canned for anything she didn't do?

ALGEBRA TEACHER. No, of course not.

SENIOR. Well, I didn't do my Algebra.

An axiom is a thing that is so visible it is not necessary to see it!

TEACHER. Sit down!

IMPUDENT SENIOR. I won't.

TEACHER. Well, stand up; I will be obeyed.

MR. J—N. Miss Frater, explain about the moon's cone.

LILLIAN F. What is a cone?

BERNICE P. (from the rear). The name of a Jewish family.

She flunked in 'math',

She flunked in 'chem',

And then I heard her hiss: "I'd like to kill the man who said

That ignorance was bliss."

O, the dew is fresh in the morning,

And the flowers are fresh on the grass;

But never was there anything So fresh as the Senior Class.

GREAT DEBATE WON

BY "SMISHEM" HIGH

(Continued from Page 57)

side, we conclude that there should be no change made.

The judges declared that the Smishem team spoke with the conviction of the experienced, and so convinced them. But our firm opinion is that the spaghetti (a la new fashion) which Smishem High served to the judges in the intermission was duly doped.

Both schools were well represented, and there was a large audience, evidencing that much interest is manifested in the way spaghetti is consumed.

TEACHER. How far have we gotten in the "Merchant of Venice"?

PUPIL. To where Bassanio presses his suit on Portia.

GRANDMA. Did you remember the text of Rev. Smith's sermon this morning, Willie?

WILLIE. Uh-huh! It's "You should worry, you'll get the quilt."

The real text: "Fear not, the comfort will come."

THERESE J. Did you know that a cat had nine lives?

YVONNE P. That's nothing; a frog is always croaking.

LOST—A fox terrier by a lady with one black eye, and answering to the name of "Spot."

LOST—A Ford by a delivery man with one bad lamp and a worn top.

FOUND—A stray cat, by a man running around loose.



JUNE '18 WITH THE COLORS

THE JOKE

The sweetest words from home, by heck, Are only these, "Enclosed find check."

MISS F—N. Suppose I should say, "I have a million dollars." What tense would that be?

RUTH MCM. That'd be pretense.

MISS H—E. What is a stable government?

THERESE K. When the party in power displays horse sense.

FRENCH PROFESSOR (holding up his watch). Translate this.

GIRL. Junk!

TEACHER. What is diplomacy?

MARIAN. Laughing at a teacher's jokes.

A woodpecker sat on a Sophomore's head,
And settled down to drill;
He drilled away for a half a day,
And then he broke his bill.

They must have purchased motor cars

In the dear old days gone by,
For the Bible says: Isaiah
Went to Heaven, on high.

A minister was called to deliver a lecture in another city. One of the foremost pastors was asked to announce the lecture from his pulpit. This was it:

"The Rev. Dr. Whitman will lecture on 'Fools' in this church on Tuesday evening, and I hope many will attend."

"For what is Switzerland famous, Willie?"

"Why, Swiss cheese."

"Oh! something greater, stronger, and more tremendous!"

"Limburger!"

Well known books and what they mean to us:

"The Tempest"—A peevish teacher.

"Much Ado About Nothing"—Civics.

"All's Well That Ends Well"—The Seniors.

"Love's Labour Lost"—A 'case' on a teacher.

"As You Like It"—Senior singing.

"A School for Scandal" and "Old Curiosity Shop"—Girls High School.

"Eavesdropping!" exclaimed Adam as his wife tumbled out of the fig tree.

"Children," said the Sunday School teacher, "this picture illustrates today's lesson. Lot was warned to take his wife and daughter and flee out of Sodom; here are Lot and his daughter, and his wife just behind them; and there is Sodom in the background. Now has anyone a question before we take up the study of the lesson? Well, Susie?"

"Pleathe, thir," lisped the latest graduate from the infant class, "where ith the flea?"

Theorem: If anything equals impossibility it is geometry.

Given: anything = impossibility.

To prove: geomerty = impossibility.

Proof:

1. Suppose Latin = impossibility.
2. Latin = impossibility (by supposition).
3. Latin = Geometry (things equal to the same things equal each other).
4. But this is impossible (because Geometry is not Latin).
5. ∴ the supposition that led to this impossible conclusion is absurd and ∴ nothing but Geometry = impossibility.

—Q. E. D.

THE MODERN MAID

Blessings on thee, little girl—
Modern maid, with unreal curl;
With thy skirt up to thy knee,
And thy limbs so free to see;
With thy red lips reddened more,
Kissed by stuff from the druggists' store;
With the powder on thy face,
And thy syncopated grace.
Hats off to thee, modern girl,
Who delays Time in his whirl—
Queen thou art; the grownup child
With baby ways, but not so mild;
Of convention's censure unafraid—
Blessings on thee, Modern Maid!

—META GERKEN
June '18.



THE JOKE

Morpheus

BIG NEW BILL

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Introducing her new Interpretative Dance, entitled
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in their latest song hit,
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in a bear of a play,
"The Ups and Downs of Life"

Helen Glassford

the Prima Doughnut, in
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**Ye
Skule Gossip**

M. M. G.

EARLY ONE morning

ANOTHER GIRL and I

WERE WORKING

IN THE Journal office

BEFORE SCHOOL.

TEACHERS CAME in

AND "G'MORNING'D" us

AND WROTE something

ON A register

AND WENT out

AND FINALLY a teacher

WHO CAME in

SAID

THAT THEY wrote down

THEIR AGES,

WHEN THEY came in

IN THE morning,

AND I swallowed it,

AND WHEN he was gone

I DOUBLE-QUICKED

TO THE register

AND LOOKED

AND THE figures



THE JOKE

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are shockingly successful	your new evening gown

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ALL WOOL—A YARD WIDE

I SAW

* * *

WERE A revelation

* * *

FOR ACROSS the line

* * *

FROM TEACHERS

* * *

WHO HAD boasted

* * *

OF TEACHING

* * *

FOR TWENTY years

* * *

WAS THE number 35

* * *

AND ACROSS

* * *

FROM SOME

* * *

WAS 25

* * *

AND FROM others 20

* * *

AND EVERYTHING.

* * *

AND THE figures

* * *

AND THE names,

* * *

SEEMED POOR matches

* * *

AND THEN

* * *

IT DAWNED on me,

* * *

THAT MOST likely

* * *

THEY WERE "shy like"

* * *

ABOUT WRITING

* * *

THEIR REAL age

* * *

AND SO lessened it

* * *

JUST A few years.

* * *

AND I grinned,

* * *

'CAUSE THEY'RE

* * *

THE JOKE



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"The Freshman Class"

ONLY WOMEN

* * *

AFTER ALL.

* * *

BUT IN glancing

* * *

DOWN FARTHER

* * *

I SAW

* * *

OPPOSITE ONE name

* * *

THE FIGURE 10

* * *

AND I was just thinking

* * *

THAT, THAT,

* * *

WAS GOING a little

* * *

TOO FAR,

* * *

WHEN I saw

* * *

AT THE top

* * *

OF THE page

* * *

THE HEADING

* * *

"TIME ARRIVED"

* * *

AND

* * *

"NO. OF min. after 8:00 A. M."

* * *

AND I knew then

* * *

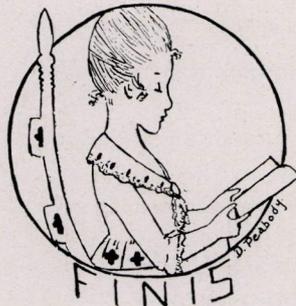
THAT I had been spoofed.

* * *

AND EVERYTHING

* * *

I THANK you.





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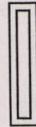
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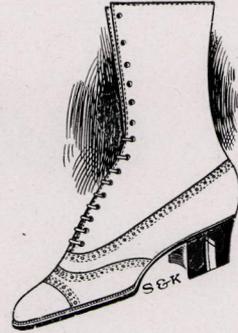
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