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JOHN P. HARRIS

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NEW YORK

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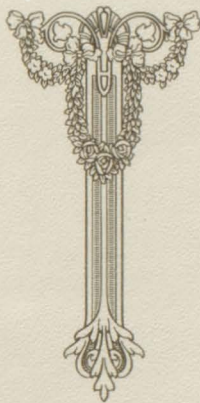
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GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

JUNE 1920



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



To her who has ever
been the guiding spirit of the
Girls High School and the friend
and counselor of all its students, to

Mrs. Mary Prag

We, the Class of June, 1920, do most
gratefully and lovingly dedicate
this Journal

In Memoriam



Jessie Lemon

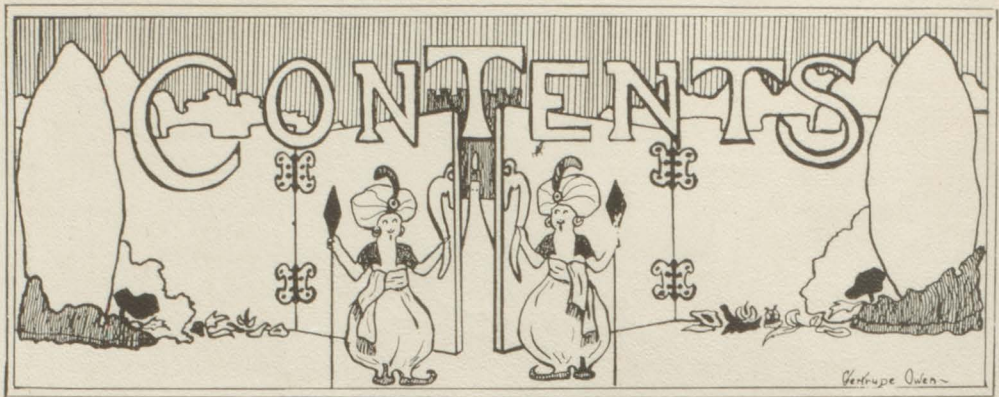
Died March 11, 1920

A Dearly Beloved Pupil and Classmate
in the Girls High School

Faculty

DR. A. W. SCOTT.....	Principal
MISS LAURA DANIEL..	Vice-Principal and Head of Mathematics Dept.
*MISS ADELINE B. CROYLAND.....	Head of English Department
MISS EVELYN D. ARMER.....	Acting Head of English Department
MISS SOPHIA A. HOBE.....	Head of History Department
MR. EDWARD J. DUPUY.....	Head of French Department
MR. MARTIN A. CENTNER.....	Head of Latin Department
MISS ELLA CASTELHUN.....	History of Art—Mathematics
MISS HELEN DOUGHERTY.....	Chemistry—Cooking
MISS MAY FITZ-GERALD.....	History
MISS HELEN FLYNN.....	English
MISS T. HESSELBERG.....	History
MISS MARION JONES.....	Drawing—Designing
MISS S. EDITH KING.....	Science
MISS KATHERINE LAHANEY.....	Sewing
MISS BLANCHE LEVIELE.....	French
MRS. MARY MCGLADE.....	Music
MR. THOMAS A. MCGLYNN.....	Drawing
MISS MARY MEEHAN.....	Commercial Work
MISS MARY MCKINLEY.....	English
MISS O. MATCHETTE.....	English
*MISS EMMA L. NOONAN.....	Mathematics
MISS HELEN PAPEN.....	Spanish
MISS EDNA REEVES.....	Science
MISS HELEN ROSENBERG.....	Physical Culture
*MISS NATALIE ROTH.....	English
MISS CLARA M. STARK.....	Latin—History—English
MISS GENEVIEVE SULLIVAN.....	Sewing
MRS. LAURA THARP.....	Aesthetic Dancing
MISS ALMA TOBIN.....	History—English
MISS EMMELINA DE TH. WALKER.....	Spanish—Italian
MR. RICHARD ZEIDLER.....	Science

*Absent on leave.



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CLASSES





*Yours Truly
A.W. Scott.*



Class Organization

VIRGINIA CUMMING	President
IRENE SUMMERFIELD	Vice-President
MIRIAM ASHER	Secretary
BERNICE MUNTER	Treasurer
LAURA DOLLARD	Sergeant-at-Arms
MR. E. J. DUPUY	Class Advisor

MOTTO:

Spectemur agendo.
(Let us be judged by our deeds)

CLASS COLORS
Purple and Gold

CLASS FLOWERS
Poppy and Iris

Girls High School Journal

JUNE, 1920

Page Eleven

*Class Prophecy
from
the Snapshots*



GWENFREAD ALLEN
Architect



JOSEPHINE ALLEN
Philosopher



KATHERINE ANTZ
Star Gazer



MIRIAM ASHER
Palmist





ELSE BARTH
Optimist



FRANCES BEALE
"Eye Specialist"



INEZ BEIRNE
A Pavlova

Inez A. Beirne



BEULAH BERGER
Missionary

*Sincerely
Beulah R. Berger*





HELEN BISSINGER
Seamstress



HELEN BONN
Playwright



RUTH BRANSTEN
"Champ"



JEAN BULLOCK
"Beech Nut"

Bestest love
Helen Bissinger
June 20



Yours forever as
D. F.
Jeanne Bullock



ESTHER CAUKIN
Naturalist



MALVINA COHN
Receiver



MAXINE COLEMAN
Coquette



GEORGIA COLOMBAT
French Doll



Don't look at me in that
tone of voice. Otherwise, I've
puna busy senior.
Esther Caukin

Remember me
at least when
you're playing
basketball
(We met then)
Sincerely
Georgia Colombat



VIRGINIA CUMMING
Beauty Specialist

*Virginia
Kerr
Cumming*

IRMA DAVIS
Dietitian

MARIE DAVIS
Quaker

ROSE DE MARTINI
Animal Tamer

*Lovingly
Rose
DeMartini*





*Livingly,
Frances F. Desmond*

FRANCES DESMOND
Charmer



*With Love
Laura Dollard*

LAURA DOLLARD
Loiterer



DOROTHY DUNCAN
Co-ed



RAMONA FERRARI
Housewife





NELL FRANCES
Stenographer



FRANCES FRIEND
Tomboy



EDYTHER GABRIEL
Mischief Maker



BONNIE GALBREATH
Bathing Beauty





PHYLLIS GOLDSMITH
Commuter



SYBIL GRAVES
President S. P. C. A.



HELEN HARRIS
Farmerette



MARION HARRON
Lawyer



*Love
A very dear
charming little friend
and always your friend
Marion*

*Love
Sybil Graves*

*Another Ophelia
Helen Harris*



MURIEL HATT
Milliner



GLADYS HEANEY
"Ivory Tickler"



*Musically yours
Gladys Heaney*



CAROLYN HOPKINS
Banker



ELEANOR HORN
Gym Instructor





SOPHIE HYDE
Ear Specialist



MURIEL JACOBS
Debutante



THERESE JOSEPH
Enchantress



MYRTLE KIMBALL
Botanist





MERLE LEMAIRE
Aviatrice

DORIS MARSH
Hairdresser

*Sincerely,
Doris Marsh.*

EVARISTA McCORMICK
Home-maker

RUTH McMURRAY
Child Welfare Worker





LOIS MERWIN
General Manager

Lois Merwin



BERNICE MUNTER
Plaintiff

*My Best Love to
Ruech from
Bernice*

Bernice



GERTRUDE O'HALLORAN
Pedagogue



GERTRUDE OWEN
Pilgrim





MAY PAUCHON
Interpreter



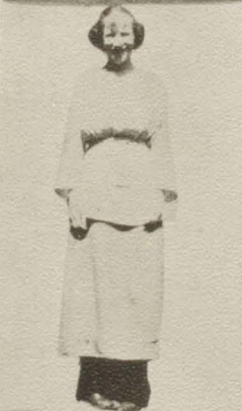
ROSE PETERS
College Prof.



ANNA PETERSON
Comedienne



DAPHNE PHILLIPS
Baby Vamp





*Sincerely,
Elise Phillips*

ELISE PHILLIPS
Wairy



MARGARET PHILPOT
Artist's Model



Marie Pops

MARIE POPP
School Girl



ALICE RATTRAY
Food Controller





FANNY REUTER
Huntress



MADELINE ROTHSTEIN
Playground Director

To Prudence
Love from
Madeline



To a very sweet girl,
"please remember me"
Augusta Rude
Sport



ERNA SCHRAUBSTADTER
not I. W. W.

Sincerely
Erna Schraubstadter



*Yours, with love
Henriette Selling.*



HENRIETTE SELLING
Bolshevik



BETTY SMITH
"Virtuous" Camp

*Yours as ever
Betty Smith*



LORRAINE SOHER
Nurse



NORMA SOHER
Matron





HENRIETTA SOSNICK
Scholar

*To little
richie with
his folks
from a dignified
senior
Henrietta*



EMILETTE STORTI
Humorist

*Love from
Emilette*



GERTRUDE SUGARMAN
Someone's Darling

*From someone
Gertrude Sugarman*



DOREY SULLIVAN
Circus Manager





IRENE SUMMERFIELD
Explorer

*True New Bestest
J. Summerfield*



LEONA SUMMERFIELD
Spinster



MARGARET VICINI
Belle



ANITA WAGNER
Chatterbox

*Sincerely,
Anita Wagner*





SARAH WALSH
Danseuse



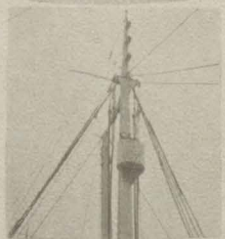
PAULA WATERMAN
Butterfly



LUCILLE WELLS
Athlete

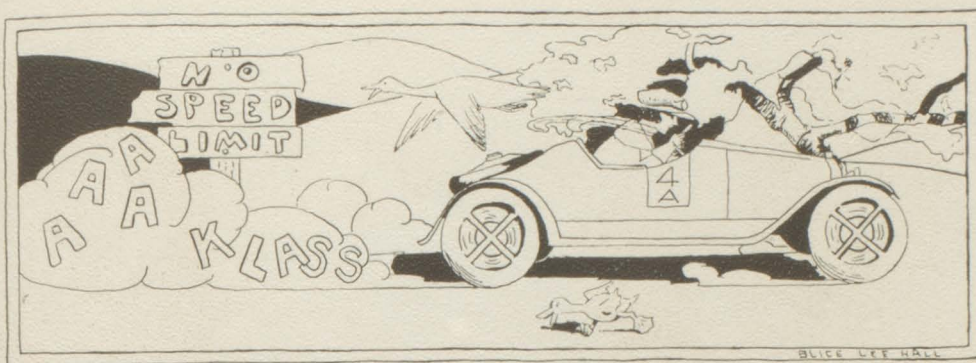


Dorothy Wolf
DOROTHY WOLF
Surfboard
Mr. Miller



EARLINE WRIGHT
Movie Queen





DECEMBER '20

BERTHA GRETHEN, President.

Wouldn't it be funny if—

Some lovely misty morning Miss Armer forgot to say,
 "Have you got an excuse from Miss Daniels, and who is absent today?"
 If Gwen Parks, gay and charming, while waving a powder puff,
 Came in contact with lessons alarming, and truly forgot to bluff?
 If Ethel Valencia were blasé and frail,
 And the mere word "athletics" should make her turn pale?

If—

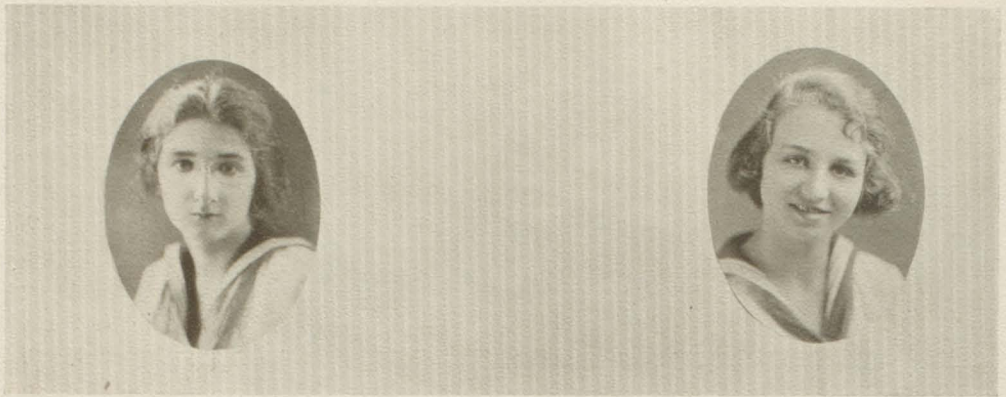
Helen Stringer should die by drowning, or blush for the size of her feet?
 Helen Harper couldn't play tennis, and had honestly grown "petite"?
 If Frances McDougall could know how she lived through period six?
 If Emma Brune were slow, and her business and ads couldn't fix?
 And wonder of wonders—if Alice Lee Hall,
 Should forget that Ruth Bransten existed at all?

If—

Estelle Weinshenk weren't talking, or getting up rallies and yells?
 If sweet Bertha Grethen weren't planning class meetings and parties as well?
 If Dot. Tonn with tremendous ambition, should sink to ninety-two pounds?
 And Betty Wilber, in spite of tradition, at that same lofty weight should
 be found?

If each girl in the class didn't powder her nose?
 If the moon were green cheese, and the sun never rose?!

HELEN FAULKNER.



MILLA ZENOVICH

DOROTHY DUNN

*I teacher's little darling yet
The sweetest, dearest, kindest yet.*

JUNE '21

MILLA ZENOVICH.....	President
EMILIE BLOCH.....	Vice-President
ELEANOR LYSER.....	Secretary
DOROTHY MORGENTHAU {	Yell-Leader
.....	Editor of "Whispering Chorus"

The sound of "June '21" will immediately recall to mind that most delightful of all afternoons ever spent in the Girls High Auditorium, the afternoon of the 3B-2A rally. The class then fixed a standard for itself that it is doing its best to maintain in all its activities. This term we concentrated our efforts on making the Honor System a success in our class. In the Country Fair the Student Body received its greatest donation from the 3B class. June '21, you may rest assured, will never be a "back number."

DECEMBER '21

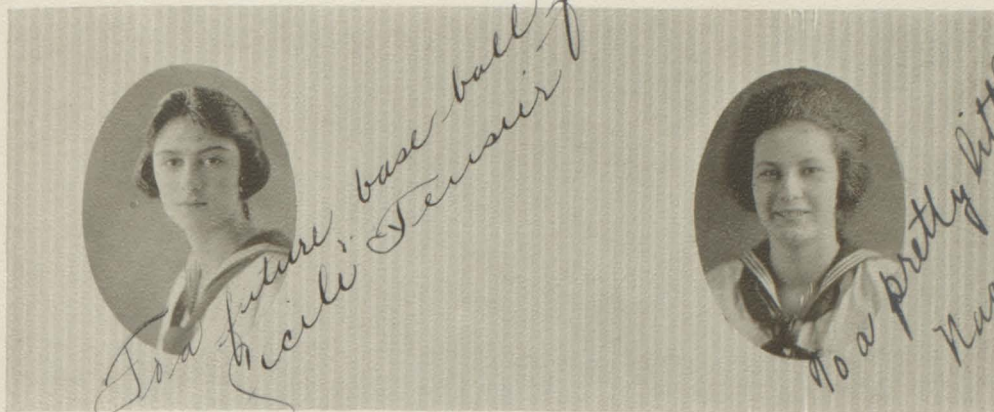
DOROTHY DUNN.....	President
RUTH COLLINS.....	Vice-President
GEORGIA SPEIER.....	Secretary
SOPHIE ROEHR.....	Sergeant-at-Arms
EDITH SOLOMONS. {	Yell-Leader
.....	Associate Editor of "Whispering Chorus"

Class Colors
Orange and Black

Class Yell
Pep! Fun!
DECEMBER '21!

Though our enrollment has been considerably depleted by so many of our girls going up into the class of June '21, apparently the supply of "pep" has not fallen short. The class has gone into everything this term with a good will and has come out on top. We are building the foundations for the Peppiest Senior Class yet.

Girls High School Journal



CECILE FUSIER

NAOMI CLOUSE

JUNE '22

CECILE FUSIER.....	President
ISABEL BLUHM.....	Vice-President
THELMA NIELSEN.....	Secretary
MARIE DOLLARD.....	Yell-Leader

The class had planned to give the school some idea of the amount of its talent in a lively rally this term, but because of the short time allotted to prepare it, it was decided to postpone the event until next term. Having abandoned this means of displaying our school spirit we put all our energy into making a success of our other activities.

In debating Anne de Gruchy helped win the victory in the debate with the Freshmen. The orchestra has grown with the additions from our class of Katherine Myers, Alice Cummings, and Kathlyn Woolf. With our present attitude toward all school affairs we expect to give the Student Body of the Girls High School some records of which to be proud.

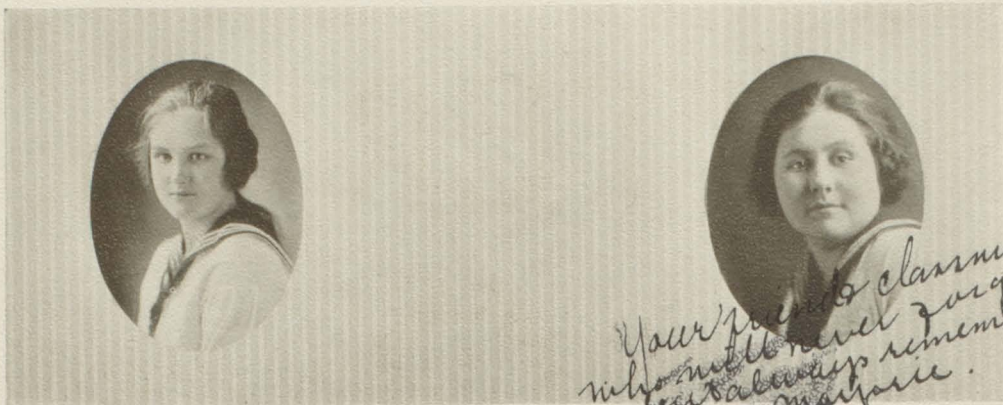
C. F.

DECEMBER '22

NAOMI CLOUSE.....	President
PAULINE DAVIS.....	Vice-President
NANCY HAYNES.....	Secretary
LAURETTE CULLINAN.....	Sergeant-at-Arms
ELEANOR THRONDSO.....	Yell-Leader

The class here wishes to thank its able management this term for the success that it has had in all the activities it has undertaken. The duties it has had to fulfill have been numerous and it is due only to the girls who hold the offices of the class this term that they have been so faithfully executed.

To Laurette Cullinan the thanks of the editor are due for her work on "The Sopheum." Anita von Husen is to be commended for her work as Third Vice-President. The class of December '22 may well be proud of its enrollment of so many enthusiastic girls.



ELECTA THOMAS

MARJORIE WHITEHEAD

JUNE '23

ELECTA THOMAS.....	President
EDITH SPINNEY.....	Vice-President
MARGARET PHILLIPS.....	Secretary
MARION MARSHALL.....	Yell-Leader

Last term the class of June '23 did not organize in full but was under the able leadership of Carolyn Eschen. This term, however, upon our advancement to the lofty position of IBs, we have organized a full staff of officers under Electa Thomas.

The interest of the class in the activities of the school is increasing by leaps and bounds and several of our class have already claimed the attention of the school through their participation in athletics, debating and orchestra work.

In the orchestra we are represented by Marion Meyer, Betty Libbey, Edna Gunsberger, Sophie Schainman, and Dixie Kennedy. The manager of the '23 basketball team is Electa Thomas of our class. Our debaters are Madeline Lackman and Bernice Dickoff. Though the '23 team was defeated in the debate, our debaters have not lost heart and are going ahead with renewed vigor. June '23 "knows how" and is going to prove it. Watch us!

E. T.

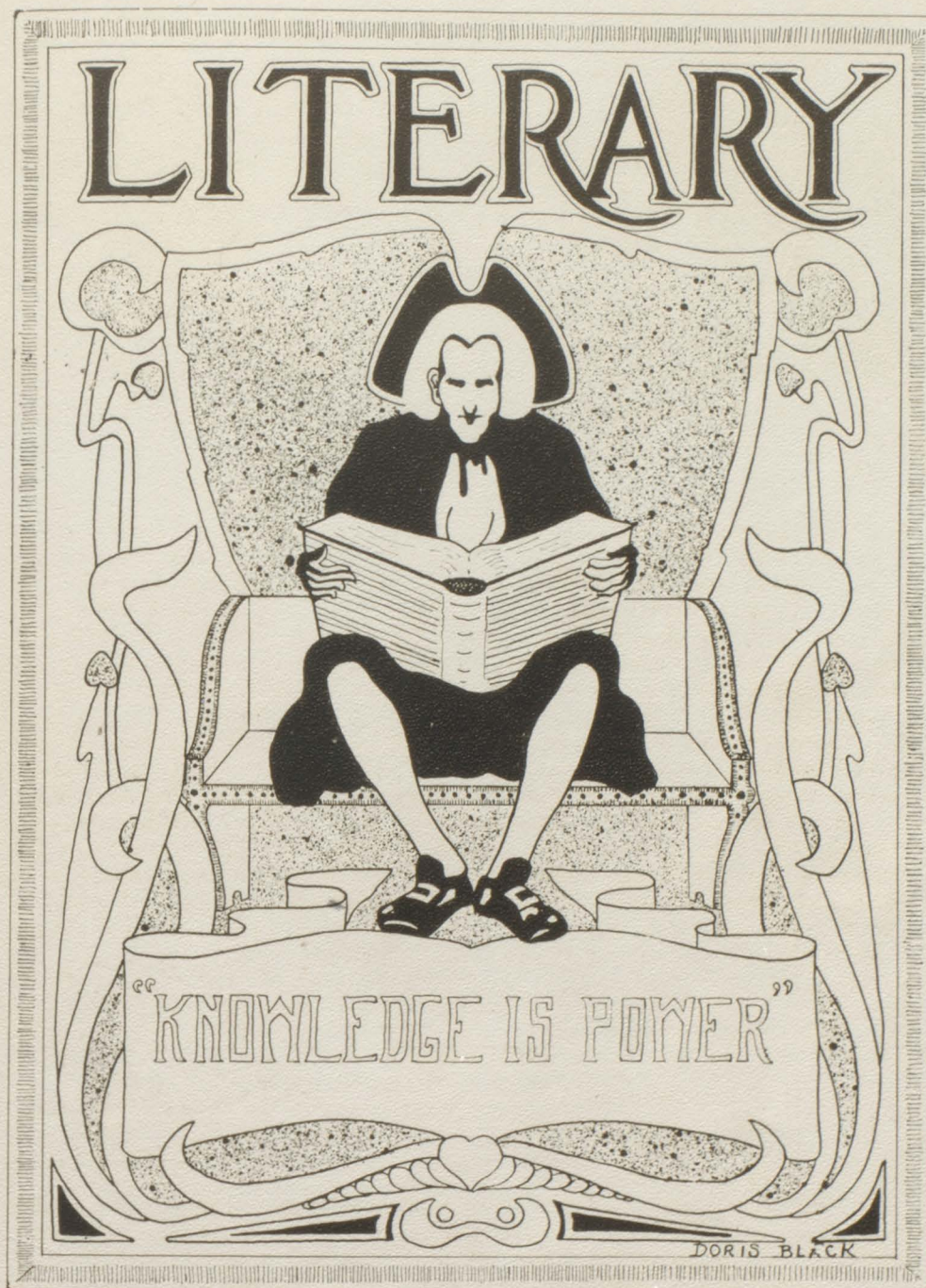
DECEMBER '23

MARJORIE WHITEHEAD.....	President
MARIE CHANEY.....	Vice-President
PAULINE HYANS.....	Secretary
BERNICE BONESTELLI.....	Yell-Leader

Under this active staff the class is earnestly and seriously advancing its interest in school affairs. We feel that we have shown the school through our active participation in the many activities that the class is a real part of the Girls High School. In athletics, especially tennis, a large number of enthusiasts from December '23 are showing considerable talent. The baseball list shows that a large number of our girls are aspiring to be feminine Ty Cobbs. The class is in the school to make a record and everything seems so far to point that way.

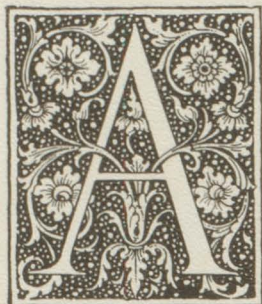
M. W.

Girls High School Journal



Laura's Doll

Awarded First Prize.



AFTER the last crumb of breakfast had been nibbled at, and the morning paper had been thoroughly perused, Laura generally stretched elaborately, yawned, and said, apparently with fine nonchalance,

"What would you suggest I should do this morning, Tessie?"

Tessie, the circumspect, then stopped clearing the table long enough to give her young mistress the benefit of some premeditated advice.

Laura despised herself at the bottom of her heart—despised the useless, aimless existence—the empty routine—and most of all, simply detested Tessie's efficiency. When Bob was with her, it was different; then the moments were filled with happy activity and pleasure. But when he had given her a kiss, grabbed his hat, and after a few loving words had slammed the big front door, a dullness crept into her lonesome heart, and a dreadful ennui overtook her.

This morning, as she put down the "Morning Post," Laura looked uncertainly at Tessie, who had ready on the tip of her tongue the valuable suggestion. Once in a while she paused and looked at Laura in a speculative manner, annoying the young woman immensely.

"Well?" Laura said, finally.

The maid jumped. Young Mrs. Warren had never used any but a soft, pleading tone when she addressed her servants. Tessie had boasted of this to the servant elite . . . But there was no mistaking the asperity of this tone.

"Nothing, Ma'am!"

Laura rose and swept to her room, there to change her delicate negligee for a pretty house dress. While she dressed, she looked at herself in the mirror, earnestly trying to fathom the new person, that lurked behind the charming little figure.

When her toilette was complete, she took a bundle of keys from a drawer in her husband's chiffonier, and dropped them into a pocket in her dress. Then Laura went out into the hall, and up a rickety flight of stairs, into the attic.

The great irregular attic was full of shadowy nooks and cobwebby corners. It was lit in a dim manner by one small window located in the front part of the house. Though the dirty panes straggled a few friendly sunbeams, that showed a great heap of trunks and boxes, covered with dirt and dust.

Laura gazed around her, with delight . . . She had been looking forward to rummaging in the attic since Bob had mentioned that there was supposed to be an important document in one of the old trunks.

Still being somewhat of a child, she closed her eyes and whirled herself dizzily around, a pointed finger out-stretched. When she opened her eyes, she found herself on the floor, pointing to an old trunk that had seen better days.

Drawing her legs under, tailor fashion, and smoothing her skirts daintily, Laura drew a long sigh of anticipation. Then she pushed at the lid of the trunk, but it resisted her efforts. Exasperated, Laura took the keys from her pockets, and applied them, one by one. To her joy, the trunk opened at last. She lifted the lid and gasped.

A large, beautiful doll smiled at her!

Laura forgot that she was a married woman of twenty, forgot all about her mature resolution—she was a little girl again. Carefully she lifted the doll from its excelsior bed, and set it on her lap, admiring its pretty dress.

Girls High School Journal

She peeped at the underclothes, and found them to be very complete, and neatly sewed. Her rapture knew no bounds. The little woman was a mother in every fibre of her being—and there lay the tragedy. For one day, not so long ago but what the memory of it hurt still, she had learned that she was never to have a child.

The complete realization of the emptiness and loneliness that was to be her portion had rushed over her as she examined the doll, and for a moment Laura had become a woman again, but with a sigh she cast away the sadness and was smiling over the doll.

* * * * *

"Mrs. War-r-en!"

The voice grew insistent.

"Ma'am, Mrs. Warren! Lunch is served. It'll be getting cold."

A loud knocking followed this announcement.

Laura roused herself with a start. She rubbed her eyes, and looked at the doll with an uncomprehending stare.

The door opened, and Tessie entered. She came forward, but when she saw her mistress on the floor with the doll on her lap she was dumb-founded, and retreated a few steps.

"I rung the gong, but you never heard me," she explained apologetically, "and so I called and called all over the house." "I must have been asleep," said Laura. . . She had been dreaming that the doll had turned into a real flesh and blood child. . . It had crept into her arms, and she had kissed it, and then she had tucked it into a quaint old trundle-bed.

"All right, Tessie," said she. She rose stiffly, and walked toward the door. Tessie started down the stairs, wondering if her mistress were "daft", while the person in question gave another look at the doll, which she had left sitting against the trunk. She was about to follow Tessie downstairs, when her glance was arrested by a queer object on the other side of the attic. It was a trundle-bed!

The lunch *was* cold when Laura sat down to it, but what did she care? All she could think of was the beautiful doll, and the thought gave her an exquisite pang of regret—a feeling which grew into deep yearning.

As Mrs. Warren was a newcomer in the neighborhood, she knew very few people socially. Therefore her afternoons were generally as empty as her mornings. Today it seemed that the hours were winged, as she dressed the doll in the many and varied clothes that were folded in the trunk.

At about half past four Laura put on her street clothes and ordered the chauffeur to bring her car to the front door, two pink spots of excitement burning on her cheeks, and a look of strong resolve shining in her eyes.

* * * * *

"Hello! Where's Mrs. Warren?" ejaculated Bob Warren when Tessie opened the door.

"I don't know, sir," returned the maid. "She went out, I'm thinking, but she never told me where to."

Bob had been alarmed when Laura had failed to answer the door-bell, but Tessie's words reassured him.

Tessie still stood there, regarding him.

"What's the matter?" asked Bob kindly.

"Please, sir, I think there's something the matter with the Missus!" she stated with conviction.

"Tell me quickly, what?"

"Well," began Tessie, in her slow way, "she acted queer-like up in the attie. When I went up to tell her that lunch was ready, she was staring at a doll in her lap; she played with it all afternoon!"

"Is it up there now?"

"I guess so, sir."

"Well, get it!"

Tessie stared at him. Were there two lunatics in the heretofore quiet, well regulated household?

"Get it, I said!"

When the doll was brought, Bob stared at it a long time. He grew very serious, and at first his eyes were very bright. Then they dimmed.

Pulling on his hat, Bob went out of the front door, shutting it with such a bang that Tessie jumped violently.

* * * * *

"Laura!"

"Bob!"

Bob had stepped out of his roadster just in time to see Laura get out of the limousine. She carried a small, blanketed bundle. So did he.

A sense of humor is a saving grace. Bob burst into a hearty guffaw, which his wife echoed merrily.

When Tessie opened the door, her smile froze to open-mouthed amazement. She swallowed hard.

"Is it babies?" she queried softly.

"Yes!" they answered.

"Are they alive?"

"Of course, goose!"

Tessie raised her hands in despair, and disappeared.

"How did you ever think of doing such a thing?" asked Laura.

"Tessie told me about the doll," her husband explained.

"Oh, Bob, we'll have to take one back!"

"We will not!" said Bob stoutly. "Mine's a boy; so there won't be any fighting about the doll, when they get bigger."

"Let's get through the adopting as soon as possible, Bob. How glad I am that I found that doll!"

"I am too!" said Bob.

E. P. S., June '20.



The Vision

Awarded First Prize.

The city is a-glowing with a million gleaming
eyes,
And a million hearts that beat with gasping
strain;
And the moon is rising lurid through the murk
the stars despise,
Rising like some creature torn with pain.
I can see the man-made glamour as it stretches
block on block,
I can feel the heated tension of the reeking city
fray,
And my head is swimming, swimming till the
buildings reel and rock,
And my soul is longing just to be away!
Oh I've watched the painted faces and the
tawdry restless crowd,
And I've seen them bent before the god of gold
and all it brings,
And my ears are ringing with the noise, and all
my being's bowed
With the yearning for the country and the
spring!
For the glory of a dawning spread on mountain
tops of gold,
For the purple of the distance with its veils of
shifting light,
For the glamour of the stillness stretched through
vastness all untold—
Oh I'm longing, longing for it all to-night!
Through the pine trees thrills a whisper where
they stretch in legions strong,
Over hillsides bathed in sunshine like some lovely
saffron sea,
And the murmuring in the river and its silvery
crystal song
Comes a-throbbing through the distance—unto
me!
Where the mighty open spaces meet the wonder
of the sky,
And the mists with clinging fingers on the wild,
sweet distance fall,
I can hear the mountains calling, and my heart
takes up the cry—
Oh I'm answering—I'm answering the call!

HELEN FAULKNER, Dec. '20.

The Barrier



THE night was the blackest in history. The wind blew over the furrowed sea, and the roaring thunder seemed to rend the very heavens. The lightning flashes revealed the raging storm and the breakers dashing high upon the rocks. The bright lantern of the Glasgow lighthouse sent a warning thru the blackness of the night—tossed about on the mighty waves a giant ship crashed, then sank.

In the gray shadows of the dawn there came a lull in the tempest—a sudden, breathless silence. Upon the rocks like a fragile bit of driftwood lay a white, still form.

* * * * *

Niel Richmond went to the "Olympic Theater" that night for the first time. He was discouraged and wanted temporarily to forget his work and himself. Lately he seemed to have lost his old fire and enthusiasm; his work, instead of a pleasure, had become drudgery. He was the most admired, most sought-after sculptor in England. His studio was the rendezvous of aristocrats. His teas were delightfully exclusive affairs, and at his receptions only the elite were gathered. But he was tired of the praise and admiration of men, and of the homage and adoration of women. He had enjoyed their patronage for a time but he was growing restive and discontented. He had one ambition—to chisel a masterpiece—the one work that was to receive its inspiration from his soul. To be sure the *world* had acknowledged his "Death" to be a masterpiece, to be to sculpture what "Paradise Lost" is to literature. It had received scores of prizes in public and private exhibitions. But it had not been a child of his inspiration; the fire of his genius had not been breathed into it; therefore he had called it "Death." He had hoped to mould "Life" some time but tonight that time seemed far away.

Tonight he had been absorbed in his own reflections and had been absent-minded during the first scene of the opera, "La Pescadora." But now when he turned his eyes to the stage, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen was singing "Yo soy pescadora." She appeared to be singing right into his box, and as he watched her he turned pale. Who was she? He drew his eyes from the lovely vision to look at the program. She was Cecily Forrest, prima donna with the Duval Opera Company. He again looked at her; she returned the gaze and he fancied that she smiled.

He was fascinated. As the curtain fell he admitted to himself that once more he felt that overwhelming desire to mould the immortal "Life"—the reawakened ambition—and once more dedicated his heart to his work. At the same moment he knew that Cecily Forrest had aroused within him the dormant hope and that she must be his model. For three nights he went alone to see "La Pescadora." Then one morning he called at the theatre, and when his card was presented to her, she recognised the name of the famous sculptor and he was admitted without delay. The formalities over, he stated his errand.

She accepted the proposition and as her stage contract expired at the end of the week, she promised to be at Richmond's studio ready for work in four days. He left the theatre with a light heart. The world now looked gay and bright; before it had seemed tired and dark. How slowly those four days crept by! It seemed an eternity before she came and the work was begun.

They toiled and played. She sang as he chiselled, and when she grew weary the soft plaintive music of his guitar soothed the aching muscles. They became more and more absorbed in the work—and in each other.

At length the figure was completed. Richmond had accomplished his aim, and "Life," in its marble beauty, shone like a precious jewel. As they stood looking upon it, he said, "Miss Forrest, I can't find words to tell you what your help has meant to me. Your inspiration has enabled me to fulfill my deepest desire." Then he told her this story:

"Years ago in the little village of Girvan, in eastern Scotland, lived a young artist and his girl-wife. He was winning the recognition of the world for the perfection of his statues. His beautiful wife was his model. Oh, how he adored and worshipped her! To him she was more beautiful than the sunshine and the flowers, more perfect than the mountains and the sky. Then—one night while they were making a voyage to Glasgow, a terrible storm arose, the boat was tossed up and down on the mighty waves and finally it sank. The wife was drowned." (Here Richmond involuntarily shuddered.) "I am that artist. My young wife was lost at sea. When I saw you on the 'Olympic' stage I thought she was standing before me. I felt my old fire and enthusiasm return, and I asked you to pose for me. You have been my inspiration. My heart is overflowing with gratitude to you for your interest and your earnest work. I need your inspiration *always*—Cecily."

As he was about to clasp her in his arms, there appeared an apparition of exquisite loveliness which glided between them. It was seen only by Cecily, who cried, "The eternal barrier! No, Niel, I can't." And she passed out of his life forever.

There was to be no golden harvest—no reaping of the ripened love.

MARIE POPE, June '20.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? (Or Initials?)

JUNE '20

R. B.—Ravishing Bard. (?)
S. G.—Simply Great!
M. P.—Much Pep.
V. C.—Very Clever.

DECEMBER '20

B. G.—Beloved Governor.
E. B.—Efficiently Businesslike.
H. S.—Highly Sensible.

JUNE '21

E. R.—Ever Ready.
L. B.—Lovely Back.
E. L.—Enchanted Lamb.

DECEMBER '21

M. A.—Mildly Annoyed.
M. M.—Much Magnitude.
D. D.—Delightful Disposition.
M. A.—Merry Arguer.

The Humming-Bird

The dart of a rubied breast,
An emerald flashing of wings,
 A graceful dip
 And a long-drawn sip
From the quivering blossoms of spring.

A pause in his busy flight
And, posed in a whirring mist,
 He pauses before
 And shadows o'er
The rosebud that has not been kissed.

Then in its deep-hid heart,
Seeking the nectar of gold,
 With his slender bill
 He probes, until
He has drained off the treasure it holds.

Shaking the dew from his wings
At the first gray gleam of dawn,
 From his blossoming bough
 He swoops, and now
Off to the meadow is gone.

All through the indolent day
Through the dreamy hours he gleams
 O'er a lucid pool,
 Like a flashing jewel,
Sending forth Nature's sweet dreams.

Or, past the cherry-bloom spray,
Brushing the petals in flight,
 He wings, till Day
 Scampers away—
Hearing the footsteps of Night.

Then, as the twilight falls,
The moon her radiance flings
 Where a humming-bird wee
 Is perched on a tree
With his head tucked under his wings.

E. P. S., June '20.

Girls High School Journal

JUNE, 1920

The Sea



THE NIGHT had fallen, inevitably and mercilessly. A dense, white fog rose from the sea and enveloped Mauna Loa. The moon shone through the pale shroud like a solitary beacon, for not a star twinkled in the firmament.

Up, up the rocky trail of the mountain came a little girl, slowly and haltingly, with outstretched arms, feeling her way along the path, step by step. Wandering, ever searching, but never finding, she plodded ahead. Large unseeing blue eyes gazed straight ahead of her as she carefully measured each tiny step. Wearily, she struggled to the top.

On the edge of the crater of the mighty volcano stood the child with the sightless blue eyes, looking far down into the seething depth. She could not see the fiery, boiling lava, bubbling and bursting, but she heard its distant, muffled roar as of the crashing waves of the sea. Her face then shone with a joyful, eager yearning. With an exultant cry, "I have found the sea!" she plunged into the crater.

* * * * *

Dawn, rosy and clear, broke over the mountain. The arch of the sky with its glorious burst of color was reflected on the blue, crystal surface of the sea. Then the sun rose and breathed warmth and freedom into the atmosphere. The sea had been appeased.

MARIE POPE, June '20.

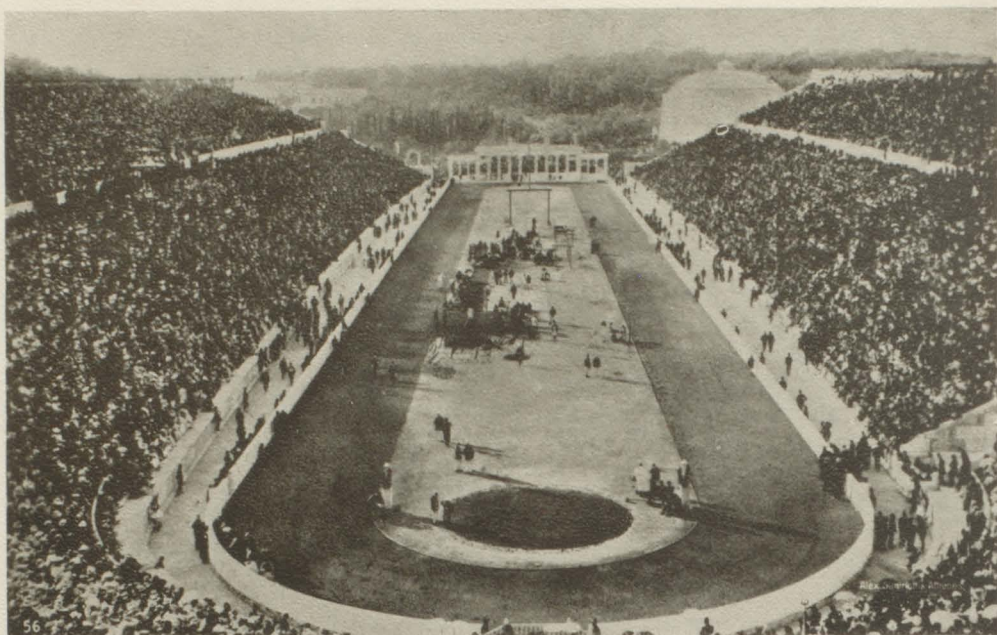
Desolation

I looked into a sunset, burning, gold,
Flaming its passion on a quiet sky;
Wreathing serenity in crimson folds—
A little moment—and I saw it die.

I looked into a life, and there a love
Had filled with glory what was gray, forlorn,
Bringing a glimpse of all the warmth above,
A little moment—and it, too, was gone.

Oh, sky that knew the passion of the light,
Oh, light that saw the glory by you roll,
How shall you bear the emptiness of night?
How live the desolation of the soul?

HELEN FAULKNER, Dec. '20.



THE STADIUM AT ATHENS

Women and the Olympic Games



THE WAVE of interest in, and the appreciation of physical culture which, toward the close of the nineteenth century, swept over the whole of Europe found a perfectly logical expression in the re-establishment of the Olympic Games. The origin of these Olympic Games dates prior to 776 B. C. Once every four years these games were held upon the plains of Olympia, in Greece, in honor of the Greek god, Zeus. The period of time between the holding of games was called an Olympiad. In 394 A. D. Theodosius I abolished the Olympic Games, and to a Frenchman, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, belongs the credit of their re-establishment, A. D. 1896.

Foremost among the many activities of the ancient Greek contests was the Marathon Race, so called because of the famous run of Pheidippides, from Marathon to Athens, which brought news of the Greek victory over the Persians at the Battle of Marathon. The distance covered was forty-two kilometers or twenty-six miles, and it is interesting to note that this same distance has been retained as the length of the course for the present Marathon Race at the modern Olympic Games. The reward for winning the championship of any of the events was a laurel wreath and exemption from all taxation.

Those first to participate were the men of the Peloponnesus. Later all Greeks who were inclined toward athletics took part. Women, even as spectators, were excluded from these games, and were threatened with the punishment of being thrown over cliffs if found in the stadium. The reason for the non-admittance

of women was that the old-time Greeks feared that if women should win over men in any of the contests they would claim the same rights and privileges as did the men.

The first of the modern games was held in the year 1896 at Athens, Greece. The original stadium was restored, and the Marathon was re-run over its original course. The winner of this Marathon was a Greek. Women were not allowed as participants, but were admitted as spectators.

At the second Olympic Games, held in Paris in 1900, American men were victors in eighteen out of twenty-four championships, making a very creditable showing for their country. Again, women did not take active part, but they were becoming more and more interested, and now we find that women spectators were very much in evidence. The third series of games was held in 1904 at St. Louis, in connection with the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Even in the country where women have the most freedom there were no women participants.

The first we hear of woman's participation was at the fourth Olympic Games in 1908, which were held in London in connection with the Franco-British Exposition. At this event British women entered into competition with their French sisters in the tennis events, and the honors fell to the players from the land of the Fleur-de-Lis.

At the fifth series, held at Stockholm in 1912, German women took part in tennis competition, playing in both singles and doubles. In the swimming events women of Scandinavia were prominent, carrying off the championship. They also took part in gymnastics and folk dancing.

The outbreak and duration of the late World War caused the postponement of the sixth series. This was to have been held in 1916, but those who were to be entrants had but little thought of Olympic Games, being occupied in serving their respective countries on the firing line or in the home trenches.

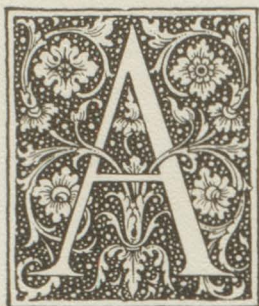
This year the proposed sixth series will be held at Antwerp, Belgium, and all moneys derived therefrom will go toward the rebuilding of the war-torn country in which they will take place.

Heretofore American women have never actively entered into this competition, but we have every reason to believe that they will give a sterling account of themselves, as interest in women's athletics in this country has been increasing by leaps and bounds, and we have many fine representatives to carry the Stars and Stripes to victory.

Thus, woman, after centuries, is allowed full privileges in the games originated by the ancient Greeks, and in these games which she was once not allowed even to view, we hope woman will emerge with her full share of victory, and that to the American woman and the American man who contests will go the glory and the laurel.

AUGUSTA RUDE, June '20.

The Pumpkin House



BIG, yellow house covered with cool, green vines and surrounded by shady trees and flower gardens, stands in the very middle of a very old town in Indiana. The house is quite the quaintest one in town, and it is always pointed out to visitors. The man who built it must have loved curves, for the gray-green, shingled roof curves at the eaves; the windows have rounded tops; even the door with its shiny brass knocker is curved at the top and has a little round window in it. All the little windows in the attic are perfectly round, and have little circular green shutters, and the roof, instead of behaving like any ordinary peaked roof, is round like a Japanese bridge.

Twice a year the gardens are filled with nothing but yellow flowers of every conceivable hue from the pale yellow rose to the deepest orange marigold. In the spring there are daffodils, narcissus, primroses, tulips and other yellow blooms, and in the autumn there are goldenrod, coreopsis and daisies, which make the garden one mass of gold. But the clever landscape gardener, as if afraid that even gold would pall, had planted vari-colored blossoms for the other seasons of the year.

The children who lived in the yellow house knew all about history, so they named the yellow gardens the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." For a long time they were undecided what to name the house, but one day when the pumpkins were ripe, little Tommy, the youngest Arden, with the help of Lydia, the oldest, laid a huge pumpkin on the yellow stairs and scampered off to play with the rest of the family. Afterwards, as they came up the walk, they couldn't find the pumpkin—that is, they couldn't see it until they were almost on top of it, for the yellow house was nearly the same color as the pumpkin.

"I know what we'll call the house," Tommy shouted, bringing the other youngsters to the scene. "We'll call it 'Pumpkin House!' See the old pumpkin is the very same color!"

And so the Pumpkin House was named, and it is called that to this very day. But there are no children living in the Pumpkin House now, for they have all grown up and gone away and married or died—that is, all except Lydia, who, you will remember, was the oldest of the Arden family.

Lydia never went away, nor married, and she isn't dead, or there wouldn't be a story to tell. Poor, dear Lydia! Whenever anything was to be done like staying home from parties to mind the baby or nursing Tommy and Amy and Jack through the measles, she was the one who did it, and so she grew older and older and the younger children grew up and left the Pumpkin House until only Lydia was left.

One day Lydia was working in the garden of the lonely yellow house, digging up some bulbs to store away for the summer. It was monotonous work and, since Lydia liked company she pretended that the children were there as they used to be, and she talked aloud to them.

"Tommy Arden, take your foot out of that flower bed, or you'll spoil the 'F. C. G.!' " ("F. C. G." was the nickname the children had for the "Field of the Cloth of Gold.")

"Amy, please bring me the watering can." She got the can herself, pretending that Amy had, and said, "Thank you, Amykins, now you can go in and ask Ellen to give you a doughnut."

She was talking gaily and was so engrossed in her task that she didn't hear the garden gate open and close; in fact, she didn't know anyone was there until a shadow fell over the ground on which she was working. She looked up and saw a tall man with tired brown eyes and brown hair just turning grey at the temples. His crazily patched clothes, hung on his thin frame in voluminous folds, and his pale face was covered with a several weeks' growth of beard. Lydia was undeniably frightened, but, being a strong woman, she merely said, "What do you want?"

"Lydia, Lydia, don't you remember me?" he asked.

She gazed at him critically for a moment, then, "No, no, I don't recognize you unless—unless—no, of course not!"

"Unless what? You are sure you don't know me?"

"No, I'm quite sure I never saw you before. Do you want work?"

"Lydia," he cried brokenly, "I thought you, at least, would remember me." He turned to go, but Lydia caught his arm.

"You're not Bob Marsh—the Bob Marsh who used to play here when we were children, ever so long ago? You can't be, and yet he might have looked like you if he had lived."

"Bob Marsh isn't dead, Lydia, he's—oh, I'm Bob Marsh!"

"You! Bob Marsh? It can't be true! It can't be true!" she almost whispered. "But if you are he why didn't you write? I got so few letters, and after a while they stopped coming altogether. Oh, why did you do it—why did you?" she said brokenly.

"I thought you might forgive and forget for the sake of the past, but I see I've been mistaken. My dearest idol is only clay after all."

He turned and walked down the path, his head bent forward, his arms hanging loosely—a picture of dejection. At the gate he stumbled and fell. Lydia ran to his side, found that he had fainted, called Ellen, the cook, and between the two they helped him into the house.

For many weeks the man lay babbling deliriously of many things, but the word most often on his lips was Lydia. One day he woke up quite sane but very, very weak. It was a long time before he was strong enough to leave his bed, but finally, in the autumn, when the goldenrod made the garden again the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," he was able to go out of doors and lie in the warm September sunshine.

As the days passed, the golden garden laid its spell on him and he began to dream that some day even he might hope for the greatest thing of all.

FRANCES I. FRIEND, June '20.



The Sopheum

G. H. S. Largest Vaudeville

STAGE MANAGER A. P. DE GRUCHY
MUSICAL DIRECTOR.....KATHRYN MEYERS

PROGRAM

Presented by J. Twentytwo

A

E. WALDECK and her unparalleled company, including
I. CLAYBURGH, I. COBLENZ, R. ROSENBERG and M. DOLLARD
in
"Dutch"
The production with the remarkable dialogues

B

Weird Sounds from M. CONNOR
Flute accompaniment by the noted young artist
MISS KATHLYN WOOLF
(Miss Conner has spent many years in studying the finest
Bolshevik professors. Her work on the harp is considered
the marvel of the twentieth century.)

C

"DODGING JIM"
An amazing new play starring
L. J. Heller and N. Hause.

D

FRANCES BARRON
presents
"On Time"
The novelty hit that made Miss Barron famous.

E

DORIS BELLO and LUCILLE WEBB
In—Separable
A play that sticks.

F

HELEN ATZEROTH
in
"Furs and Frills"

G

Exit March—"To Another Term".....Hisof Band

Girls High School Journal

The Sopheum

G. H. S. Largest Vaudeville

STAGE MANAGER LAURETTE CULLINAN
MUSICAL DIRECTOR C. DOLLARD

PROGRAM

Presented by D. Twentytwo

A *Laurette Cullinan*
122 DOWDELL and BEHRENS - *Edith Behrens.*
with the song hits
"We Dowanna Be Small" and
"Down Where The Perambulators Grow."

B
CHINN, WOO FONG and LEE
(of last season's hit—"A Thousand Years Ago")
in
"Too Much Noise"

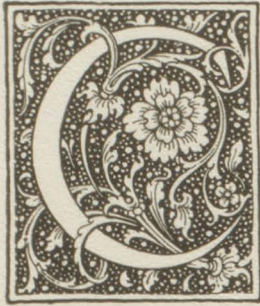
C
"The Chosen of the People"
CAST
The All-Powerful.....Naomi Clouse
The Occasionally Powerful.....Pauline Davis
The Scribe.....Nancy Haynes
Leader of Hymns.....Eleanor Thronson
Time—Spring, 1920 Place—Dr. Scott's Seminary

D
COTTINGHAM and McLEAN
World Famous Magicians
will produce
"The Sixth-Period Headache" and other Mysteries.

E
SENORITA ANITA
in the acrobatic number
"Life in the Gym."
(The great Heart-Thrilling Feature.)

F
RUTH JORDAN
in her first appearance in
"The Tardy Class"
with the Stentorian Chorus of
"What For."

A Little Soldier of the Cross



COMMOTION stirred the inhabitants of the quiet little town of St. James, for something dreadful had happened. At least it seemed dreadful in the eyes of the citizens, the majority of whom had gathered in front of Si Jenkins' store and were conversing in rather loud tones, gesticulating wildly at times, and pointing to the steeple of a beautiful church nearby.

The Church of St. James, from which the little village by the lake had gotten its name, was the pride of the community, and its tall, imposing-looking spire, topped by a magnificent gilded cross, was a landmark for miles around.

Strangers approaching the town would know that they were near when the cross came in view, and tourists would go out of their way to see the church so much talked of. Indeed, it was a beautiful sight to watch the sun rise up over the hills and throw its first beams of light upon the cross, causing it to glisten and shine as if a million diamonds were clustered over it. And when the red and orange hues of sunset were reflected across the lake, the cross would seem to look down and say that it would keep watch with the moon until the dawn.

Surely such an object was a thing of which to be proud, and the little band of citizens had good cause to be excited, when one day out of a perfectly calm sky had risen a terrific wind, which developed into a hurricane, uprooting trees, tearing the clothes from the lines, blowing in windows and doing considerable damage. However, the aforesaid things faded into insignificance when the villagers found, to their dismay, that, fluttering peacefully from the top of the steeple, and wound around the cross, was what seemed to be something resembling a woman's red flannel petticoat!

The mayor at once called a meeting to discuss the possible ways and means of removing the unsightly looking object from its elevated position. At the end of a lengthy discussion, it was decided that a steeplejack would have to be called from the city, over a hundred miles away, at the cost of considerable money, if, after a delay of a day or so and the offer of a reward, no one could be found who would remove the article.

The result of the meeting was a notice put up in front of the postoffice.

\$50 REWARD!!

To the person who succeeds,
before six o'clock tomorrow night,
in removing the red flannel
petticoat from the steeple
of St. James' Church!

It was before this poster that little Jean DuBois paused on his way home from school that afternoon. After carefully spelling it out, little Jean turned thoughtfully toward home, and threw himself down upon the little plot of grass in front of the simple but neatly kept cottage. He thought so long that

his head ached, and he went around in back for some water. The boy's favorite pastime was flying kites, and when not busy with something else, he could always be found on the hillside with one of his big ones. As he filled the bucket from the pump, his eye rested on one of his largest and most prized kites. Suddenly an inspiration came to him. He looked around the yard, and found a piece of wire. This he bent into the shape of a hook and attached it to the tail of his kite. Then, with the latter under his arm, he started toward the church.

Letting go of his burden, he allowed it to rise gracefully into the air to the height of several hundred feet. Then, guiding it to a position directly over the cross, he maneuvered until the hook at the end of the tail was dangling close to the gaily colored petticoat. By this time a breathless crowd had gathered around the church. The hook wavered and finally seemed to lodge in the folds of the garment. Jean pulled in quickly, but the petticoat did not budge. Again he tried, with the same result. The crowd gave a discouraged sigh. Once more the kite arose, and this time the hook seemed to fix itself firmly onto the object, for when Jean pulled in, the petticoat unwound itself from its high position and, dangling from the tail of the kite, made a hurried flight toward earth, leaving the beautiful cross once more resplendent in all its glory.

Cheer after cheer arose from the crowd as the little boy was carried off to the town hall amid the congratulations of the people. The mayor shook his hand with approval, as did also Father Anderson, the good priest of the church, and Jean was very happy indeed. But when it came to giving him the reward, he refused to take it, saying:

"I did it for my church, and if there is any money to be given, you give it to him," pointing to Father Anderson. All the persuading in the world could not make him change his mind, and so the people had to do as he said.

* * * * *

In a few days receipted bills for rent several months overdue made a mysterious appearance in the DuBois home, and all the unpaid bills, which had been worrying the father greatly, were just as mysteriously paid up.

Little Jean wondered how it all could have happened.

BUELL CAREY, June '23.

BEQUEATHALS

1. Upon the sad event of my leaving G. H. S., I, SYBIL GRAVES, do bequeath my beloved curls to DIXIE KENNEDY.
2. I, ROSE DE MARTINI, solemnly bestow my morning slide into 107, upon the Baseball Team.
3. To DORIS CANNY, I, GERTRUDE SUGARMAN, joyfully leave my experience.



Vol. P.D.Q.

JUNE 42, 1920 P.M.

Price 1Cent of Humor

Editor
DOROTHY MORGENTHAU

Associate Editor
EDITH SOLOMONS

EXTRA!!! EXTRA!!!

New interpretation in Milton's "Ode to His Deceased Wife" made by the eminent playwright, Pillor Henorwhich.

The other day, Miss Henorwhich explained to her English Club that Milton wrote an "Ode to His Diseased Wife." We were quite startled to hear that his wife had suffered from sickness. Miss Henorwhich will lecture next week on "Why Girls Leave School."

A Dirty Trick.

One of the task masters has been ostracized from such society as is found around these parts, for cruelty to animals.

One day Miss M——n wanted a watch with one of those little hands, and spying the brand new one of the poor little Arkush girl, shrieked delightedly, "Here's a second hand watch."

The poor child had to be carried out and is now delirious, moaning continually for a "Big Ben."

Turrible Blunder.

One of the knowledge imparters, a certain Miss A——er, ought to watch her step a bit. She insistently persists in saying, "Every time I have to talk it spoils the recitation." Such modesty is uncalled for.

A Pastoral Gem.

At eve the weary shop-girl,
Tho' illy she affords it,
Hails with a wave of her slender hand

A passing car and boards it.
For, oh, what a sweet relief to her,

Who has stood on her feet all day,

To stand on someone else's feet,
As homeward she wends her way.

Freshman Indicted by Grand Jury.

A terrible accusation was made by one of our most well known celebrities, Miss A——r, when a girl in her room said, "I left the book laying on the table." The zealous Miss A——r promptly said, "Lying, lying!" The innocent defendant, when confronted with this alarming exclamation, completely collapsed amid protests of, "I'm not, I'm not, it's the truth."

More Luck Than Sense.

One of our number, who refuses to divulge her name, is now at the Mount Olympus Hospital, across the way, suffering from a broken skull and shell shock.

The young woman was lawlessly buying nourishment at the little joint across the way one day, at 11:30, when she spied our Frenchman coming down the street. If he saw her!! Collecting what wits she had, and thereby breaking her head, she did a nose dive under the counter. Being portly, she was extricated with difficulty and was a nervous wreck at the end of the adventure. Luckily, her father is a noted physician.

For Sanitary addition to your lunch, try Marx's Baked Beans.—Adv.

STUDENTS!!

ARISE AND PROTEST! GREAT INJUSTICE DONE!

The pupils of the 3B Class are very indignant at the treatment of one of their classmates, Ebony Clock. Miss Clock was attempting to read her shorthand and had come to the chapter where the villain is about to kill the heroine, when she was disturbed by the deafening racket the teachers were making at the teachers' meeting. Consequently she only got a 2 in that day's recitation and fears that she is on the road to failure in life.

Big Robbery! Sleuths are Baffled!

Miss Yellanoar Hentzen has reported the loss of 12½ cents to the Student Body. Rat Been, noted ball-player, was yesterday seen with a new hair-cut, and suspicion points its finger towards her. Rat Been denies all charges and says that Yellanoar swallowed the money on the way to school and doesn't know it.

Lost, Etc.

Lost—One heart to E. Geen. Please return for future use, when no longer needed.

E. CLAYBURGH.

Wanted—To meet nice young man with black hair, blue eyes, and a good disposition. Must be rather tall and slender so as to look well with me. Object—Matrimony.
K. DORN.

Girls High School Journal

JUNE, 1920

SOCIETY NOTES

Debut.

Miss Presser Dorbell was formally presented to society last night, at O'Brien's Table d'Hote, on Battery Street. Miss Dorbell was attractively gowned in an exquisite creation of mosquito netting over cheese-cloth. The charming debutante was the recipient of many bouquets, among them one of cabbage and turnips. This she wore at her side, and it added greatly to her non-appearance.

Roof Garden Party.

Miss Spillucille Bergegoat entertained the members of the "Eta Psi Down" sorority on the roof garden of the family garage recently. Among those not present was Miss Bellena Gorrillas, who was confined to her bed with chilblains contracted while ice-skating at the Winter Garden, and so she could not attend even if she were invited. The evening was spent in playing "Button, button, who's got the button?" and "Pussy in the corner;" thus an appetite was created for the delicious refreshments consisting of Cream of Wheat mush and Van Camp's pork and beans. Miss Bergegoat, the delightful hostess, was the first to depart, retiring at ten, but the guests remained until midnight. All agree that the food was enjoyable.

At Home.

Miss Bandolene Bevy will be at home to her friends Sunday morning at 5 p. m. (Bill collectors need not call.)

Mistake.

Lot Morethanbau, belle of the Tardi Class, greatly surprised her fond mother the other day by appearing at home a half hour earlier than usual. The cause of this extraordinary behavior was the fact that, because of a teachers' meeting, there was no Tardi Class.

If.

If—
Edith Solomons yelled would Sophie Roehr!
Verna's Silver, is Eleanor Golden?
Virginia's a Peake, is Georgia a Speier?
Edith Schuetz, will Dorothy Ball?
Marguerite's Brown, is Doris Black?
Emilie Bloched the way, would Annie Lynch-er?
Mable's a King, is Geraldine a Knight?
Isabel Gadds, will Edith raise Cahen?
The weather's cold, would Jessie Freeze?
Aileen's Galland, is Henrietta Frank?

LITERARY

To the Brook.

N. B. This poem won first prize at the horse show.
Oh, Brook, oh laughing rivulet,
Oh flowing, babbling stream so wet,
I muse when e'er your prancing charms I seek,
Oh, who has turned the faucet on,
Ye gods, where is the leak?
Oh, H₂O, oh aqua pure and clear,
Your dancing and your prancing to a poet born are dear,
And as I gaze upon you, Brook,
with wonderment atrace,
I wonder what you would do to my dirty, dirty face.

Doings of Deborah.

Episode I.

Deborah was industriously laboring. A casual observer would not have pronounced Deborah pretty, but her blind sweetheart thought that she was beautiful. As I said before, Deborah was industriously laboring. Let us gaze upon her as she placidly peels onions for breakfast. Ah, Deborah, had your eyes been both of the same hue, had you not mistaken rheumatism liniment for hair tonic, had you weighed one hundred pounds less—ah, Deborah—were it not for these slight defects, then indeed you would have been beautiful!

But while we are thus meditating, Deborah suspended her labors. Hearing suspicious sounds emerging from the next room, she pricked up her ears and listened. The color fled from her freckles. At length, spilling her onions, upsetting three pans and tripping over a chair, she slipped noiselessly from the room. There, on the threshold of the adjoining grewsome room, she was arrested by a fearful sight. Alas, her suspicions had been too well grounded! That helpless soul shrieked with horror as she made an imploring gesture. Gentle reader, murder is grotesque, and so you will excuse the heroine if she displays feminine weakness. You, yourself, would have cringed with fear if you had witnessed such a spectacle, for—I shudder to say it—there within those four walls, Deborah saw her lover, the apple of her eye, in the act of shooting, yes, **SHOOTING**—shooting—craps.

Pome.

Breathes there a girl with soul so dead,
That never to herself hath said,
"Would waves look good upon my head?"

New Books.

"Our Humble Helpers," The Faculty.
"Everlasting Mercy," Dr. Scott.
"Toujours de L'Audace," Mr. Dupuy.
"The Lost Chord," Mrs. McGlade.
"Innocence Abroad," Miss Croyland.
"Little Women," Miss Hesselberg and Miss Stark.
"Motor Maids," Miss Jones and Miss Fitz-Gerald.
"Missing," Miss Roth.
"Star Rover," Miss Papan.
"J'Accuse," Miss Hobe.
"Strictly Business," Miss Meehan.
"When Patty Went to College," Miss Noonan.
"Come Out of the Kitchen," Miss Dougherty.
"Wanted—A Chaperon," Miss Rosenberg.
"Personality Plus," Miss Sullivan.
"Duty," Mr. Centner.
"Seventeen," The Above.

Our Question and Answer Column.

Edited by winner of the bronze medal, donated by Napa Institution for Feeble Minded and Insane.

Winner Bronze Medal:

They say my grammar are bad.
Does you think so? My heart am breaking. G. Speier.

Dear G.:

There's a little room for improvement, but don't worry. Once I heard someone who spoke worse than you.

Dear Ed.:

Is it true that the girls think we fake sickness to be able to recline in Miss Rosenberg's office? WE hope not, because nothing is farther from our throats.

M. Friend and L. Jewett.

Dear Girls:

Perhaps such thoughts do enter the minds of the jealous, but if you could stay away for half an hour perhaps public opinion would change.

Dear Editor:

We would like to know if class debaters should not be excused from all school work for one month before and after debates?

M. Marshall and E. Bentzen.

Dear Team:

Things are not always as they should be. 'Nuff said as to our sentiments in the matter!

WANTED

New Modes for Doing Newly Elevated Hair.

Attractive Prices Offered for Attractive Ways.

Notify Edith Solomons, Elinor Raas, Dorothy Morgenthau

In Old Japan

Veils of rose are rising where the river lies a-dreaming,
Glinting through the cherry trees of pale unearthly bloom,
And the moon is hanging golden where the river mists are streaming,
Yearning to the star-dust as it floats from out the gloom.

River mists are streaming where the star-dust lies a-floating,
On the golden tide deep swirling as it slips down to the sea,
And in the mists of memory again I am a-boating
On the lovely moonlit river where the cherry blossoms flee.

On the lovely moonlit river where the blossoms fall a-showering,
Through the glamour of the stillness with their faint exotic smell—
And one with moon and blossoms, Hanna San, you stand a-flowering,
And from somewhere comes the echo of a far-off temple bell. . . .

So I left you by the river, in the silver moonlight sleeping,
And I passed a-down the flood tide in the pale, celestial glow.
Broken blossoms! Years have passed, yet from the silence creeping
Comes the moonlight and the cherry trees, from out the long ago!
HELEN FAULKNER, Dec. '20.

Things Worth While

The things worth while on this little sphere
Are not the things the rest hold dear;
They're not the hard-won things you've earned;
The things worth while are the things you've spurned.
E. S.

Journal Organization

EDITORIAL STAFF

GEORGIA COLOMBAT	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
DORIS MARSH	<i>Associate Editor</i>
ERNA SCHRAUBSTADTER	<i>Literary Editor</i>
SOPHIE HYDE	<i>Art Editor</i>
SYBIL GRAVES	<i>School Notes Editor</i>
LOIS MERWIN	<i>Activities Editor</i>
MARION HARRON	<i>Joke Editor</i>
BETTY SMITH	<i>Snapshot Editor</i>
HELEN STRINGER	<i>Low Senior Assistant</i>

BUSINESS STAFF

HENRIETTE SELLING	<i>Business Manager</i>
EMMA BRUNE	<i>Low Senior Assistant</i>



GEORGIA COLOMBAT
Editor



HENRIETTE SELLING
Business Manager



Follow me
into the
"Spirit of '76"
June 20.
Lois Merwin

ERNA SCHRAUBSTADTER
BETTY SMITH
HELEN STRINGER

DORIS MARSH
SOPHIE HYDE
MARION HARRON

SYBIL GRAVES
LOIS MERWIN
EMMA BRUNE

EDITORIALS

At the beginning of this term the students and faculty of this school lost not only an excellent instructor but also their oldest and truest friend, upon the resignation of Mrs. Mary Prag from the San Francisco School Department. Mrs. Prag has been the spirit of the Girls High School for more than fifty years, and during that time she left nothing in her power undone to give this school its excellent rating among the high schools of California. She has always been the friend and counsellor of "her girls," many of whom now have daughters going to Girls High, who also know Mrs. Prag as their adviser and guardian. We cannot measure for the eye of an outsider the amount of gratitude due Mrs. Prag for the things she has done for us, but those who have attended Girls High School wish her to feel the sincere appreciation and deep thanks they cannot express. As the time goes on we miss her more and more, and we hope "our Grandma" will not forget her children down at Scott and Geary streets. We shall always look forward to her visits here.

The students extend a hearty welcome to Miss Matchette, our new English teacher, and to Miss Hesselberg, our new instructor in History.

We also wish to congratulate Miss Daniel upon her appointment as Vice-Principal, and Miss Hobe upon becoming the head of the History Department.

This term the school has again put into practice an idea which promises to bear the fruit of some time in the future. The students have long felt that, though Girls High School maintains very high standards, there have been occasional unfortunate instances of stealing and cheating that do not benefit the student morale. To the end of forcing these misdemeanors to cease, the students have met in their different organizations and adopted the Honor System. The school is going to prove that student control in Girls High is the best thing for the school reputation and honor. Self-government is going to be good government here.

Downstairs in the lower corridor, as most of our students have discovered, there is a flourishing cafeteria. Beyond the fact that very good food may be obtained there, little is known about it. Some of the girls have wondered who owned it and how it compared with those of other schools. These are things that Dr. Scott has long wished the public to know and understand. Our cafeteria is owned by the Student Body, and, as the girls could not possibly run it, outside employment is necessary. This term we have had in Mrs. Fredericks a very capable manager, and consequently the food served has been of the very best. The fact that the cafeteria has always been open to the criticism of the

students is probably the reason that very little complaint has been heard of it, as the girls have been active in lending valuable suggestions in regard to improving the facilities. We may well be proud of our cafeteria, for it is serving good food more inexpensively than any other high school.

To Miss Armer the Journal staff gives its sincere thanks for the inestimable aid she has given us in our work on the Journal. The advice and constructive criticism she so kindly gave have been indispensable in the preparation of this book, and the staff wishes her to know how deeply grateful it is.

To Miss Jones and Mr. McGlynn our thanks are due for the splendid way in which they have assisted in turning out cuts for the Journal. The work on the art side of this issue has been exceptionally great, and it is to these teachers that we may attribute much of the artistic success of this Journal.

Because of the great rise in the prices of publishing, the management this term was forced to devote a great number of the pages of this issue to advertisements. Even forty pages, more than ever before, did not quite cover the cost of our book, and so Dr. Scott allowed us to have a candy sale. We may safely say that never before have the girls so unanimously supported any school activity as they supported the Journal through the Candy Sale. Never before was so much candy contributed or purchased. The proceeds amply supplied our needs and enabled us to add some new features to the issue. We hope that the school will continue to give this earnest co-operation and support to the Journal, the activity that officially represents it.

The Editor takes this opportunity of thanking the Staff for its untiring work and co-operation in preparing this issue. The Class of June '20 may congratulate itself on having as members such loyal and efficient girls.

To those girls who have so kindly contributed literary material this term the Staff feels duly grateful. They have shown school spirit in an unmistakable manner, and deserve all commendation. The Editor particularly wishes to extend her thanks to Dorothy Morgenthau and Edith Solomons for their work on the "Whispering Chorus," and to Anne de Gruchy and Lorette Cullinan for their work on the "Sopheum." May the next Editor find these girls ready for work.





HELEN FAULKNER

ERNA SCHRAUBSTADTER

PHYLLIS GOLDSMITH

MARION BELLE POND

Honorable Mention

There have always been, since the beginning of activities in the Girls High School, girls who have distinguished themselves in so modest a way that little or nothing has been heard of their accomplishments. Very often the work they have done has been of infinite importance to some activity, yet only those immediately concerned have known to whom appreciation is due. It is to making the school acquainted with girls who deserve its commendation that this page is dedicated.

Heretofore, those who have helped make the Journal a success by their excellent work for the literary or the business side have not received any sort of public praise. The management of the Journal feels that it owes such a debt of gratitude to the girls whose pictures appear at the beginning of this page, that it is no more than just that the attention of the school be called to their work.

To Helen Faulkner of the Class of December '20 was awarded the prize for the best poem. "Laura's Doll" by Erna Schraubstadter was judged the best story. To these girls and to Phyllis Goldsmith, champion "ad-getter" and her close second, Marion B. Pond, is due a great deal of the success of this Journal.



STUDENT BODY ORGANIZATION

ETHEL VALENCIA, <i>First Vice-President</i>	DOROTHY GERRIE, <i>Second Vice-President</i>
MARION HARRON, <i>President</i>	
ISABEL CARTER, <i>Secretary</i>	ELIZABETH GEEN, <i>Yell Leader</i>
ANITA von HUSEN, <i>Third Vice-President</i>	BARBARA PERKINS, <i>Fourth Vice-President</i>

Girls High School Journal

JUNE, 1920

Page Sixty-one

SCHOOL NOTES

JAN. 5. "Then the whining school girl, with her satchel and shining morning face (apologies to Djer-Kiss and Shakespeare) creeping like a snail unwillingly to school."

JAN. 6. Debaters! The Blocks receive their "G's."

JAN. 7. Lowell goes down to defeat. G. H. S. debaters bring home the silver cup. It's been told before that there's no use to argue with women. Why don't they learn?

JAN. 7. Rally given in honor of debaters—and with all those perfectly good-looking girls around, Doctor Scott kissed the cup!

JAN. 9. Marion Harron elected to the presidency of G. H. S. Student Body. "There are mighty few Marion Harrons."

JAN. 12. Mr. Julian Arnold delivers a lecture on China. Missee Walkee teachee Chinees now.

JAN. 19. Movies exhibited by Western Electric Co. As an educational film this was a fine cure for insomnia.

JAN. 20. Mr. Oswald, champion typist of the world, illustrates to the typing girls.

Eighty-five years hence we expect to see some of our young hopefuls out-Oswalding Oswald.

JAN. 23. Open House! Our parents and friends pay us a visit and view the results of their taxpaying.

JAN. 25. We change periods for the new term—change everything but our Gym sentiments.

JAN. 26. G. H. S. presents a lamp to Mrs. Prag on her departure from our school. A gift however costly or beautiful could not in the least express our love and appreciation of this dear woman, whom each of us has known as a friend and counsellor.

JAN. 28. The new term opens. Traveling along a rocky road in a Ford is nothing to what we've got before us.

JAN. 31. Alumnae meets at the Hotel St. Francis. Who wants to represent the class? Don't all answer at once.

FEB. 3. Dr. Barker, physician to ex-President Taft, gives us an interesting talk on "Success in Life."

Girls High School Journal

JUNE, 1920

- FEB. 11. Pigtail Day!
They may be old but they
have young ideas.
"Where did you come from
Monsieur dear,
With that ribbon of blue
across your ear?"
- FEB. 11. Athletic girls receive their
block "G's."
- FEB. 12. Lincoln's Birthday.
We do honor to the "First
American."
- FEB. 13. The Senior Class plays host-
ess at the Freshman Recep-
tion.
The girls advanced in a
body on the eats—the objec-
tive was won and destroyed.
- FEB. 16. Tryout held for interclass
debates.
- FEB. 22. Washington's Birthday —
vacation.
- FEB. 26. An influx of budding young
geniuses entered Miss Ar-
mer's room to write a com-
petitive essay on "The Ben-
efit Derived from Enlistment
in the United States Army."
The upper classes were rep-
resented by Miss Eleanor
Bentzen.
- FEB. 32. Miss Hobe votes for Hiram
Johnson.
- MAR. 1. Seniors and Sophomores are
successful in interclass de-
bating.
It's easy enough to decide in
favor of the girls when they
debate with men, but when
eight women get together!!!
- MAR. 2. At a Student Body meeting
the Honor System was in-
stalled. Our school is to be
a model of cleanliness. We
may now witness the Seniors
in the capacity of K. P.'s.
- MAR. 12. The Spanish Class presents
"La Gargantilla." "Oh!
How They Could Spanish."
- MAR. 16. Dr. Miel speaks on "Extrav-
agance."
Any one would pay \$250 for
a pair of silk stockings, if
guaranteed not to run.
- MAR. 24. Mr. Foster Curry exhibits
some very lovely scenic pic-
tures of Yosemite Valley—
Mack Sennett nymphs 'n'
everything.
Candy sale is great success.
Note—No casualties.
- MAR. 26. Seniors defeat Sophomores
in interclass debate.
Miss Esther Caukin of the
Senior team wins the indi-
vidual cup—in other words,
Esther brings home the ba-
con.
- MAR. 29. School laborers walk out!
No strikebreakers available.
- APR. 1. Our Saint's Day.
- APR. 7. Senior singing begins. A
shrill note pierced the air. It
struggled; it glimmered; it
died.
- APR. 15. "Oh, How They Could Span-
ish." (By request).
- APR. 26. Rally for the Country Fair.
- APR. 28. Country Fair opens. Con-
tests many and stakes high!
Festivities begin with Ping-
pong Tournament. Pug Ga-
briel scored an easy victory
over Battling McMurry, but
it is being whispered about
that Hank Morgenthau, who
staked four hairpins and a
stick of chewing gum on Ga-
briel, extracted the ping from
McMurry's pong. McMur-
ry, the vanquished, was later
found in an awry-eyed con-
dition in the corner of the
Auditorium. After much
questioning she admitted to
a box of crisp and six pink
lemonades.

In spite of the lack of prunes in the punch and the ping in the pong, we have yet to witness a more thrilling spectacle.

- MAY 12. Twenty-five little Civic girls Sitting in the sun;
Miss Hobe sprang an "ex.",
And then there was one.
(Ask Esther, she knows).
- MAY 14. The 4A Class entertains the 4B's.

After the exodus the festive board looked as though it had been kissed by a Nebraskan tornado.

- MAY 25. We are here to state that Miss Helen Bonn has but 2+8 more Gym periods to make up. Helen adds by subtraction.
- JUNE 9. Graduation. "Presto! Educated."
- SYBIL GRAVES, June '20

G. H. S. Library

(Open 8:45 A. M. to 3:00 P. M.)

FICTION

"Gay Charmer"	Elena Barillas
"Wildfire"	Elizabeth Geen
"Partners of the Out-Trail"	Wanda Plinez Ruth Boole
"Saint's Progress"	Elizabeth Lange
"Modern Tomboy"	Isabel Carter
"Freckles"	Doris Peschon
"The Ruling Passion"	Marion Harron
"Modern Swimming"	Eleanor Lyser
"The Untamed"	Milla Zenovich
"Cheerful, by Request"	Ruth Schwerin

NON-FICTION

"Shot With Crimson"	Report Cards
"This Way Out"	Scott St. Entrance
"Fruit of Toil"	Graduation
"What Never Happened"	Best Journal Yet
"The Valor of Ignorance"	A Bluff
"The Road That Led Home"	Cutting
"Tales of Horror and Death"	Tardy Excuses
"The Land of Heart's Desire"	College
"Profitable Tales"	Recitations
"Rebels of the School"	Tardy Class
"What is Coming"	Vacation

Girls High School Journal



Our high school life is not entirely finished when we graduate, for the memories of Girls High become sweet with time and the years tend to strengthen the friendships we have made during our school days. The bond between us, our classmates and our school is the Alumnae Association. At its pleasant receptions and luncheons we get together, meet our old friends and renew the "good old times." The Alumnae during the past year has taken a vital interest in the activities of the school and started the Student Body on its campaign for a scholarship, by sponsoring the Mary Prag Scholarship Fund. This interest that the Alumnae has shown and the aid it has given will create a strong bond between the old students and the present students, and we urge that the high seniors every year join this splendid organization of our Alma Mater as a hundred per cent body.

Notes

BIRTHS

Mrs. J. Dunne (Violet Philips) is the mother of a baby boy.

Mrs. Max Goldman (Irene Straus) is the proud parent of a baby girl.

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Felice Kahn has announced her engagement to Roy Arnheim of Tracy.

Miss Elise Meyer has just announced her engagement to Louis Rose of Pittsburg, California.

Miss Gladys Cross is engaged to Mr. Sherman Pruitt.

Miss Ruth Gilmour is engaged to Percy Bailey.

Miss Therese Kutner is engaged to Horace Bloch of New York.

Miss Bernice Peiser will be married in a few months to Mr. Marco Wolfe.

MARRIAGES

Miss Elizabeth Armer was recently married to John Bissinger.

Miss Edith Selling recently became Mrs. Simon Katten.

TRAVELING

Misses Anita and Ruth Hildebrecht are now on their way to Honolulu.

Miss Anita Berendsen has left for Europe with her family.

MISCELLANEOUS

Miss Rosalie Landecker is teaching in Peabody School.

Miss Lillian Schwerin is doing welfare work in Visitacion Valley.

Miss Phyllis Bozza is now in Los Angeles with a large opera company, and it is said there is promise of her being a famous toe dancer.



Pierrot & Pierrette



Bring it to
School, Blanche!



Some of the "Bunch"



"Who's



AM ATTRACTING SOME ATTENTION



"Who?"



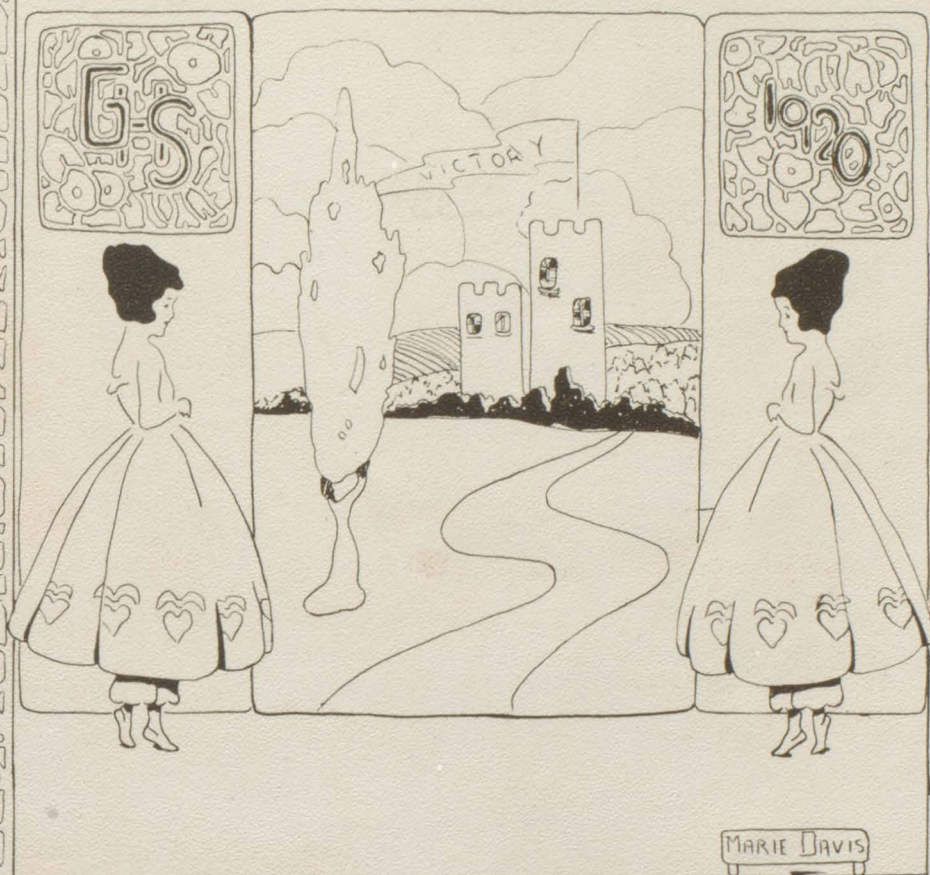
How Did They Get In?

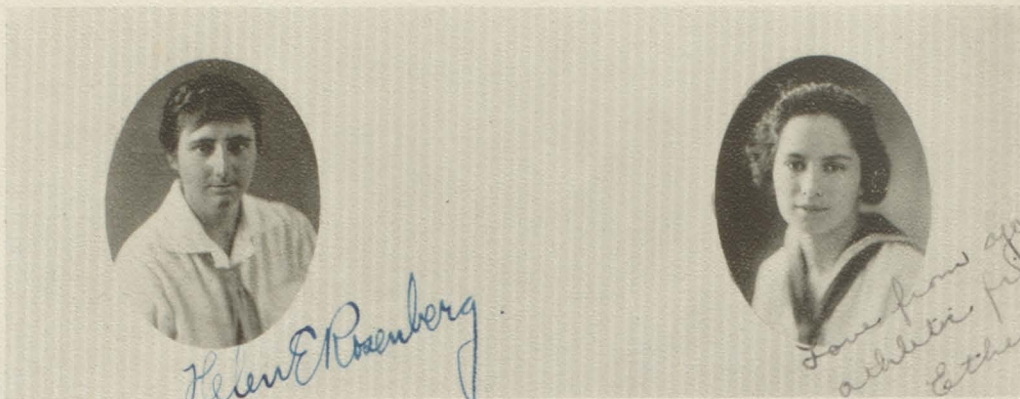
Oh!!
Ruth Boole



Hablamos Español.

ACTIVITIES





MISS ROSENBERG

ETHEL VALENCIA

The Sports and Pastime Association

OFFICERS

ETHEL VALENCIA.....	President
ELIZABETH LANGE.....	Vice-President
ANITA VON HUSEN.....	Secretary
FELITA LEE.....	Basketball Manager
HELEN STRINGER.....	Tennis Manager
ELEANOR LYSER.....	Baseball Manager
MARIANNE FRIEND.....	Swimming Manager
MISS ROSENBERG.....	Adviser and Athletic Coach

After much discussion and planning the long sought athletic association is organized! Now the athletes are going to "show the school how!"

As the name suggests, the purpose of the association is to promote interest and further participation in sports and outdoor pastimes. The girls who originated the idea felt that the benefits and enjoyment they had received from clean playing in the sunshine and fresh air should be secured to as many students as possible.

United effort always brings the best results. With this in mind, baseball, basketball, tennis, and swimming enthusiasts have banded together to encourage a more wide-spread participation in outdoor activities. The best idea of the aim of the association may be derived from a thorough reading of its constitution, a copy of which is posted on the bulletin board in the gymnasium. For outsiders who can not judge our objects this way, the best idea we can give may be expressed in the following words: We of this organization encourage, support, and further all sports and pastimes that tend to the physical, moral and mental fitness of womanhood.

In the selection of its first officers the club made a very wise choice. Under capable management the association has already planned some out-of-school affairs, and very soon we may expect to hear big things of this newest and largest club.



HELEN STRINGER

MARIANNE FRIEND

Tennis

Tennis this term was one of the major sports. At a meeting held at the beginning of the term Helen Stringer was elected manager. Practice took place twice a week. Thursday was devoted to advanced players and Friday to beginners. Much talent was shown by the girls who reported on Thursday, and beginners in their enthusiasm more than crowded the court on Friday. Interclass as well as interscholastic games will be played as usual. There will be no school team but the class teams will play a team of their corresponding class from another school. The schedule for this term is:

- Seniors vs. Commerce and Lowell.
- Juniors vs. Commerce and Polytechnic.
- Sophomores vs. Mission and Lowell.
- Freshmen vs. Polytechnic and Mission.

Swimming

Manager, Marianne Friend.

Last term swimming practice was held at Sutro Baths every Thursday afternoon. The swimmers were divided into two classes and Miss Sheffield instructed the advanced and Miss Wheaton the beginners. No "meet" was held but practice was kept up. Instruction in life saving and diving was interchanged with swimming practice so that the routine did not become monotonous. The girls show remarkable improvement in their swimming and many of the beginners are now advanced swimmers.

This term the interclass tryouts were held on May 13th and 20th, and the interscholastic contest was held on May 27th. It is due to the earnest efforts of Miss Sheffield and Miss Wheaton that Girls High has been prominent in swimming meets in the past and it is to be hoped that it will keep up its good record in the future.



Marie Pope
MARIE POPE
Se '20

Wanda Plincz
Wanda Plincz

Eleanor Lyser

Cecile Fusier
Cecile Fusier

Baseball

More lively than tennis, safer than football, simpler than golf, and more scientific than polo, baseball has come to be recognized as the king of outdoor sports. It is universal in its appeal and interest. It is no idle pastime, for the players get invigorating exercise besides wholesome recreation. Baseball is a sincere, honest, straightforward game and the players get out of it what they put into it. The spirit of the game uplifts and strengthens the players morally and physically.

The training rules are healthful as well as disciplinary. They include regulations which should be observed by everyone whether a baseball enthusiast or not.

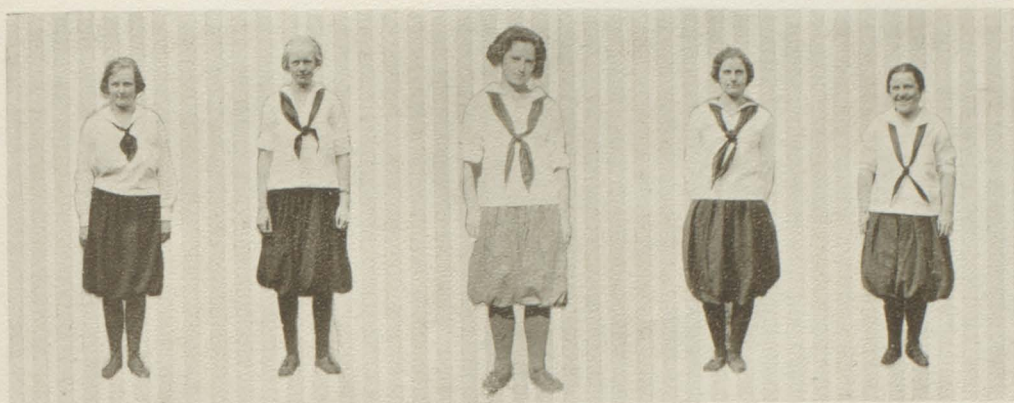
About sixty girls have turned out for baseball and we find splendid material among the recruits. They show a willingness to learn and to work hard, strong determination to fight and to win, and a great big love for the game itself. Regular baseball practice under training rules began April 5, 1920, and will continue until May 26 when the last game is played. We play under outdoor rules but with a modified diamond of forty-five feet. The teams consist of thirteen girls who are chosen for their efficiency and vivacity. The general Manager of Baseball is Eleanor Lyser, and the class managers are, for the Seniors, Marie Pope; for the Juniors, Wanda Plincz; for the Sophomores, Cecile Fusier; and for the Freshmen, Margaretta von Husen.

Six interclass games are to be played. The schedule with outside schools is as follows:

- May 5—G. H. S. 1922 vs. Commerce 1922.
- May 10—G. H. S. 1921 vs. Mission 1921.
- May 12—G. H. S. 1920 vs. Commerce 1920.
- May 18—G. H. S. Upper Division vs. Lowell U. D.
- May 21—G. H. S. 1923 vs. Lowell 1923.
- May 24—G. H. S. 1922 vs. Mission 1922.
- May 26—G. H. S. 1923 vs. Polytechnic 1923.

M. POPE, June '20.

Girls High School Journal



E. Thomas

A. von Husen
Anita von Husen.

E. Valencia

A. Rude

F. Lee

Basketball

Basketball is one of the well-known and well-liked sports of Girls High. Although the game may be played either on an indoor or outdoor court, the girls have played but one game indoors during the past term. Basketball encourages the love for the out of door life and our sunny California weather.

The training rules not only bring glory and honor to the girls but also systematic habits of daily life, a neat and healthy appearance, and a desire for good sportsmanship. The training rules are strictly enforced and observed by all girls who wish to play and make the basketball team.

The Senior girls, M. Cohn, G. Colombat, M. Rothstein, A. Rude, and H. Sosnick, who have played on the team for four years and have kept the training rules were presented with gold block "G" pins by Miss Rosenberg, on behalf of the Student Body of Girls High.

An interclass championship schedule was played with the following results: the Seniors defeated the Juniors and the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen in the first games. The final championship game was played and the Senior team under the able captainship of Augusta Rude, brought honor and the silver cup to the Class of June '20 by defeating the Sophomores.

Interscholastic championship games were also played and again the famous Senior team of Girls High brought glory and victory to our school and the Class of June '20.

The members of the Senior team are A. Rude, G. Colombat, M. Rothstein, M. Cohn, H. Sosnick, B. Munter, H. Selling, E. Storti, E. Valencia, and E. Weinshenk.

Ethel Valencia is the basketball manager and the class captains are: Augusta Rude, Seniors; Felita Lee, Juniors; Anita von Husen, Sophomores, and Electa Thomas, Freshmen.



*Pauline G. Davis
Dec '22.*

The Orchestra

The Girls High School Orchestra is rapidly becoming one of the most popular and progressive activities of the school. Under the able direction of Mrs. Mary McGlade the orchestra has assisted in making successful the plays given by the Dramatic Club, Choral Section, and the Spanish and Italian classes. That the girls are greatly interested in their work is proven by the fact that they report at school every morning at a quarter after eight for rehearsal.

The personnel of the Orchestra is as follows:

VIOLINS—Alice Cummings, Betty Libby, Natalie Hallinan, Edna Gunzberger, Madeline Frank, Marion Meyer, Adele Harris, Myrtle Kimball, Yvette Ruben, Margaret Joyce, Dorothy Field, Ottilie Teuchler, Virginia McConnon, Sophie Shainman, Lorraine Soher, Bessie Lawler, Elmire Goldwaithe, Lucille Wells, Betty Scoble, Margaretta von Husen, Olga Wegofer, Evangeline McEwen, Edith Weil.

FLUTIST—Kathlyn Woolf.

PIANISTES—Gladys Heaney and Kathryn Meyers.

ORGANISTS—Charlotte Seidkin and Genevieve Fiterre.

DRUMMER—Dixie Kennedy.

Choral Club

The Choral Club consists of over 125 girls who meet fourth period in the auditorium. Under the able direction of Mrs. McGlade they sing well-known classical songs, and those who remember "Florinda" will be glad to know that the Club expects in the near future to give another operetta. The Glee Club, an honor society, has been formed of the girls who sing well and whose scholarship is satisfactory. The officers of the Club are: Dorothy Wolfe, President; Frances Gorden, Secretary and Treasurer.

Accompanist—Frances Gorden. Alternate—Gertrude Shenson.



ESTHER CAUKIN
Secretary

LOIS MERWIN
President

MIRIAM ASHER
Vice-President

Debating Society

The Debating Society holds a unique position in the life of the school. This society, though one of the youngest, has become one of the most important organizations of Girls High. It plays a more important part in the daily life of its members than any other of the activities except athletics.

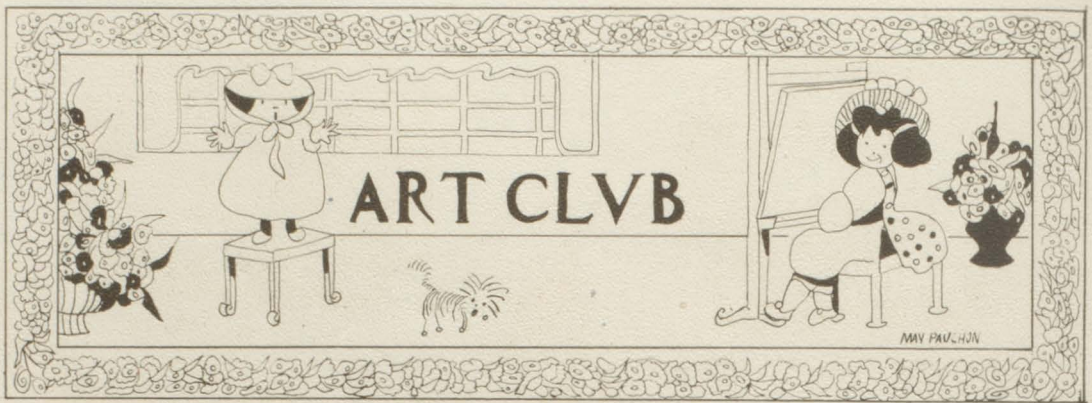
The primary function of the Debating Society is to cultivate independence, and individual and collective initiative in its members. It performs this function through teaching Parliamentary Usage and the art of debating.

It is unnecessary to tell of the achievements of the members in winning the championship of San Francisco in Debating last term. This term, believing that if Girls High is to hold her place among the high schools of the city, she must have a strong moral foundation on which to stand, the members have added an Amendment to their Constitution making it compulsory for all girls who wish to attend the meetings to pledge themselves to refrain from cheating in their school work.

The debating activities of the Society this term have taken the form of Inter-class debates for the cup so generously donated by Mr. Raphael Weill. The Senior team, Esther Caukin and Seville Smith, was the victor. The club takes this opportunity of thanking our faculty advisers, Miss Hobe, Mr. Dupuy and Mr. Zeidler, for their valuable aid to the Society.

The Reading Club

When this term opened a large number of third and fourth year girls were looking forward to enjoying Miss Armer's splendid interpretation of the works of eminent dramatists. However, word was soon passed that the pleasure was to be denied, as Miss Armer could no longer spare the Tuesday afternoons she had made so delightful. Next term, if we are good, and if we beg real hard——?



The Art Club

Under the kind supervision of Mr. McGlynn the girls of this Club are progressing rapidly in the course of Interior Decorating and Furniture Design. A pleasant hour is spent every Monday afternoon from three to four o'clock in Room 218 by a group of workers eager to learn more of this fascinating art. No special talent is needed and membership is open to all. Girls who are interested in this line of work should seize the opportunity to gain wider knowledge of this beneficial study, for every girl expects in the future to own a home, and in order to make this home a silent expression of her personality she should have some knowledge of the fundamental rules of interior decorating art.

The Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club of the Girls High School, in pursuance of its usual custom, met early this term to elect officers. They are: Lois Merwin, President; Ruth Bransten, Vice-President; Frances Friend, Secretary, and Miss Stark, Treasurer.

The work of the Club this semester will be confined to a rally of two or three short plays, among which will be "The Barringtons at Home." Mrs. Tharp has kindly consented to give the girls any assistance which may be needed to make this rally a success. The girls who take part will have gained valuable experience for the regular Dramatic Club play which will probably take place next fall.



"The Gang's All Here"



K. P. at Work.



Pat



Anit

The Kid

Izz

"Pat" "Izz" "Anit" "Kid"



Nuf Said!



Milla in Distress.



$1A + 3A + 2B^2 = \text{Fun}$



An Awful Racquet



"Rosie," Equestrienne



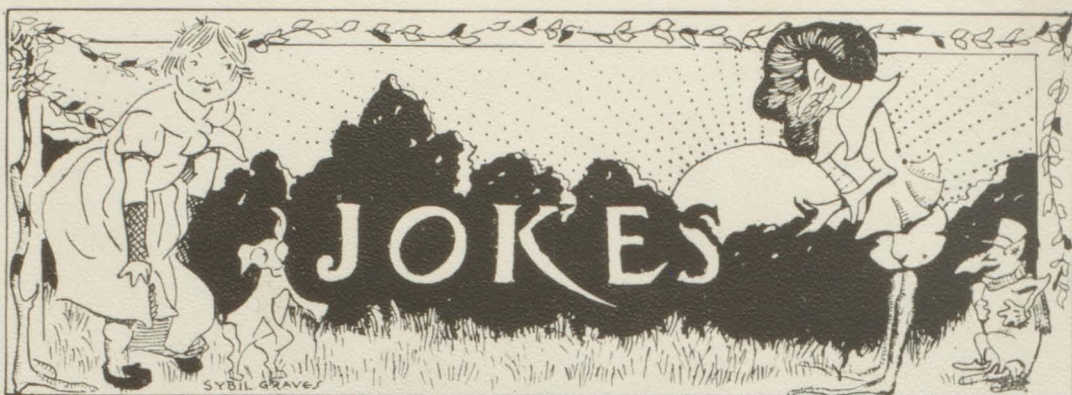
"Those Higher Up."



Slightly Werz



Tennis vs. Dancing.



(Joke Editor's Note—Don't ask us about the age these jokes belong to. This is a Joke department, not an Archaeological Survey.)

Helen Bissinger—What ever possessed Miss Fitz-Gerald to name her goldfish "Columbus?"

Irene Summerfield—Why, because it goes around the globe.

Ashes to ashes
And dust to dust;
If Caesar doesn't kill us
Geometry must.

RECREATION HALL

Betty Smith — Do you know
"You're So Pretty?"

Merle le Mair—No! Do you really
think so?

PRACTICAL SHAKESPEARE

I had a brass alarm clock,
It rang quite loud and deep.
"Macbeth" I called the nerry thing,
Because it murdered sleep.

WIG-WAGGING

Miss Rosenberg (registering *Scrub*) —
What's your name?

Scrub (faintly)—Maud.

Miss R.—Pardon me?

Scrub (murmuring)—Maud.

Miss R.—I don't understand you.

Scrub (stuttering)—M-m-aud.

Miss R.—Speak louder.

Scrub (irate, putting her hands to her ears)
—Hee-haw! MAUDE!

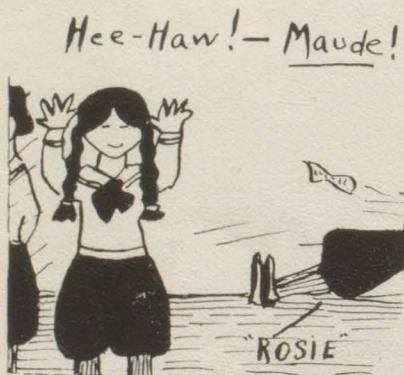
Anne de Gruchy—All foolish people are
happy.

Pauline Davis—You look happy.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Milla Zenovich has made several visits to G. H. S. this term, and tho' they have been brief, they have been exciting.

Miss Stark—Who are the Reds? *Scrub*—The Indians.



PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES—

D. Gerrie—I'm going to have my picture taken today. I hope it does me justice.

Ruth Boole—So do I—justice tempered with mercy.

EASY AIDS IN RECITATION (THE BLUFFER'S BARRAGE)

"Were you speaking to me?"
"I was absent yesterday."
"Why! We didn't take that for today."
"I didn't hear the question."
"Where's the place?"
"I don't know what you mean."
"Oh! I studied the next chapter."
"I can't see the board from here."
"Somebody stole my book."
"I know it but I can't express it."

E. Caukin—How long should a girl's dress be?

Marie Pope—Oh! A little over two feet.
(Cartoon Censored).

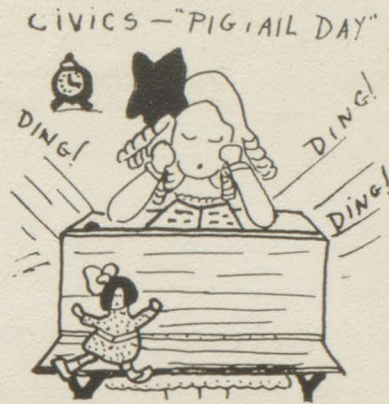
"What are the children of the Czar called?" "Czardines."

OH!! WANDA!!

Wanda Plincz was watchfully waiting in Sherman Clay & Co.'s when the clerk "came to" and interrupted her reverie with a sudden

"What can I do for you?"

"Hold Me," she replied.



THINGS U SELDOM C

Ruth Bransten not worrying about a Civics Ex.

A teacher emphatically in favor of all school activities.

Milla Zenovich with a "case" on a teacher.

A lesson that will take fifteen minutes.

Virginia Cummings' hair 1-119th of an inch out of place.

Marion Belle Pond not hunting Augusta Rude.

Elena Barillas without Catherine Robinson, or *vice versa*.

Dot Morganthau quiet.

Refer to Prof. Hairchhoff's
998 volumes—pages
676 to 919—also 593—
on—why Aztecs wore
gold teeth in
summer—etc.



"Are you a surgeon?" a young lady asked a young man who operated a soda fountain.

"No, ma'am, I'm a fizzician," he replied.

(Editor's Note—Cheer Up! The worst is yet to come.)

(Continued on the next page)

IN THE DARK AGES

When Rastus Johnsing's son arrived
He looked just like his poppy.
In fact, the doctah done declared
He was a carbon copy.

Miss Armer—She must be here; when I called the roll I'm sure she didn't say "absent."

E. Thronndson (reading marks aloud)—2, 4,
2, 2, 1.

N. Clause—Oh, Eleanor! What did you
get "1" in?

Eleanor (laconically)—Favorite subject—
Days Absent.

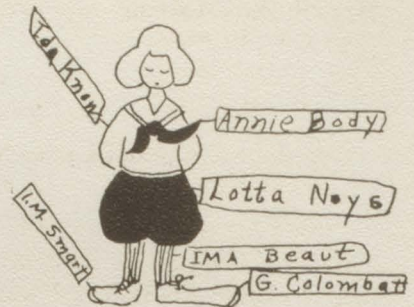
Miss Fitz-Gerald—Where do the Poles
live?

Barbara Perkins—On the River Styx.

"We do our cooking by electricity here."

"Well, take this egg out and give it an-
other shock."

A Victim of the
"Tag System"



Miss King—Why is the moon called silvery?

Ruth Schwerin—Because it comes out in quarters and halves.

NERVY PEOPLE

A neighbor in Chemistry who insists on borrowing your things and break-
ing them.

A Freshman trying to cut. "They're not old enough to know."

The absent-minded unfortunate who borrows your pens, pencils and library
books, loses them, and swears she didn't possess them.

Lecturers who rave on after three o'clock.

Miss H—e, who gives you a "3" if you forget the margin.

The teacher who musses your paper up with red ink ornamentations and
foot notes.

Miss R—n—g, who interrupts our study periods.

Edith Solomons—Are you trying to make a fool out of me?

Muriel Allison—No; I never interfere with nature.

Teacher—Albert, use "disguise" in a sentence.

Albert—Dis guy's me brudder.

SENIOR SINGING

Henriette Selling—Oh, stop-p-p-p!! Your voice is terrible!

Georgia (exasperated)—Huh! Yours is the worst in the school.

Mrs. McGlade—Girls, girls! You are forgetting that I am here.

SEEN IN THE PAPERS

Bulldog for sale. Will eat anything; very fond of children.

Girls High School Journal

Extra!! How to Cut Down the H. C. L.

By ANITA VON HUSEN *Ph(iddle) D. D.*

An old clerk asked his employer for an increase in wages. The employer counter-attacked with the following barrage of logic:

"You admit there are only 365 days in a year? You work only eight hours a day; therefore, there are sixteen hours a day you do not work. This amounts to 244 days in a year, leaving 121 days. There are fifty-two Sundays, leaving sixty-four days; you work only a half day on Saturdays, amounting to twenty-six days, leaving forty-three days. You take one hour each day for lunch, making sixteen days, leaving twenty-seven days. You take two weeks' vacation with pay, amounting to fourteen days, leaving thirteen days. There are twelve legal holidays, leaving one day, and that day being St. Patrick's Day, you do not come to work."

Pat Geen—We took a tramp thru' the woods the other day.

Lucille Bergerot—Who brought him back?

Miss Hobe—If you want to be well informed take a paper.

(Joke Editor)—Yes, even a paper of pins will give you a few points.

Now I lay me down to rest;
To study hard I've tried my best.
If I should die before I wake
I'd have no blamed exam. to take.

Mrs. McDonald—What made Vulcan lame?

Naomi C.—He slipped on a thunder peal.

A Freshman stood on the burning deck,
And, so far as we could learn,
She stood in perfect safety, for
She was too green to burn.

—*Exchange.*

Study economics and learn how to live on two bits a day. Also, how to save poison for a slow, lingering death.

Speaking of the success of the Journal, we must hand it to Henriette for being a Selling girl.

AXIOMS

Recitation is a science of bluffing.

"4" added to "4" is a flunk.

A teacher is a many-sided polygon
and equal to anything.

A proposition is a general term
for that which confronts a Senior at
the end of the term. —*Ex.*

Little words of wisdom,

Little words of bluff,

Make the teachers tell us,

"Sit down, that's enough!"

—*Ex.*



YE OLDE ANTIQUE SHOPPE CLOSED!

Jokes deceased.

Proprietor moved to Berkeley.

Girls High School Journal

JUNE, 1920

Page Seventy-nine

Margaret E. Thum June '23
Walter Mayfield June '23
Neosho Dunn '21 Autographs
Laurette Cullinan Dec '22
(Sisterly Love - Mutual Understanding)
Catherine D. Annan '23 Remember Chorus
Bessie Sawyer Lucile Rimmer '22 Ruth Mann
Margaret Crowley '22, S. A. Chinn Dec '21.
Erick Weir '22. 陳瑞仙 Edna Marie Appen.
E. Imobersteg '22. Gertrude L. Scheld '22.
Margaret H. C. Mellersh. Elizabeth Sargan '22
Dorothy Healey Marjorie Linken '22
Madolyn Doady '22 Mabelle M. Reinecke '22
Pauline Lewis '22 B. E. Sum
Nancy Stuart Haynes 李瑞愛 Grace de Bact
Minnie Gough Dec '22.
Erne Vauman.
Adeline Palmer '22
Millietta Bendina '22
Frances Marshall Dec '22
Himmie Sander '22
Yetta Rubin 'Dec. '22
Norma Warren '22
Elaine Fitch, Dec '22
Evelyn Vogel '22
Ella Valien '22
Joyce Victoire Cohn '22
Ruth Anderson
Dec '22
Page Eighty
Elinor Bryant June '22 李王芳蓮
Julia Nieto Marie Dallas Love to a bar ball chain
Sincerely June 22 Ruth E. Lee '22
Florence W. Hn. Ruth Clouse '22

Beatrice Partridge '23
Your friend
Anne Paula de Guichy (Bel)
Mary Hamilton
FANNIE LEE 李妙齡

Girls High School Journal
JUNE, 1920

Mothers and Fathers of Girls' High School Graduates



GRADUATION DAY—One of the high places in the road of life. As your daughter travels along through the years, she will often turn back to see every happening and to feel every emotion of that day.

Fill Graduation Day with happiness for her by giving her that thing dear to women—a “*surprise*.”

And let your “*surprise*” be a soft, rich, exquisite fur, because there is nothing that will delight her more.

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A "Kiss" is a noun, but is usually used as a conjunction. It is never declined, and it is more common than proper. It is not very singular; that is, it is generally used in the plural. It agrees with me.

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he come once, will come
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How was this?
He had two and one smelt.

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give them the care and attention
they require.

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What man had no father? Joshua, son of Nun.

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He kissed her on the cheek;
It seemed a harmless frolic;

He's been laid up a week—
They say, with painter's colic.

JOHN HOWELL

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Into his 40th.

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"Yes, my dearest daughter.
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Oh, pretty well. I'm trying awfully hard to get ahead.
You sure need one.

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FASHIONABLE MODELS
ESPECIALLY SUITED
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LADIES



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LOS ANGELES

OAKLAND

MRS. J. SHEEHAN

Coughlan Co.

MILLINERY

39 GRANT AVENUE

SAN FRANCISCO

Miss Armer—What are you doing, Kate?

Kate Dorn—Talking to myself.

Miss Armer—Well, there are wiser people you could speak to.

Compliments of the Columbia Theatre

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HAYNES AUTO SALES CO., Inc.

Direct Factory Branch

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With Best Wishes
Schwabacher-Frey Stationery Co.

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Teacher—Years ago the Kingdom of Spain ran clear around the world.
Freshman—Who chased it?

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YOUNG WOMEN'S SHOES
Dress, School, Sport Models

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Near 25th Avenue

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Santa Barbara, Cal.

PHONE SUTTER 4652

Nathan Bentz & Co.

*Objets d'Art from
Japan, China and Korea*

570 SUTTER STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

DEFINITIONS AND STATEMENTS GIVEN BY SCHOOL CHILDREN

1. About this time Columbus was cursing around the West Indies.
2. The Indians call their women squabs.

Chas. Brown & Sons

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, SILVER-
WARE and CUTLERY, STOVES and
KITCHEN UTENSILS

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GROCERIES, ETC.



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*We install and
Repair
Everything
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*Estimates Gladly
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*Large Assortment
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PORTOLA THEATRE
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showing

PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT
PICTURES

Distinctive Footwear

*Miss Graduate and Undergraduate
demand shoes that have originality
and individuality*

We cater to this demand

SOMMER & KAUFMANN

838 MARKET STREET

119 GRANT AVENUE

Have you done your outside reading for this month?
No, it's been too cold.



WHAT is it—when all is said and done—that makes so many people in this community almost extravagantly enthusiastic about the Cadillac? We believe it is not any one feature, or any set of features, of construction or operation. Rather, it is the positive knowledge that, whether they want to go 10 miles or 10,000, the Cadillac will go the distance without repairs or adjustment.

DON LEE, VAN NESS AND CALIFORNIA

SPECIAL DISCOUNT
TO HIGH SCHOOL
GRADUATES



San Francisco Studio

41 GRANT AVENUE

Studios in all principal cities in California

*Compliments of
The Home and
American Laundries*

Who was the fastest runner in the world?
Adam, because he was first in the human race.

DRINK HIRES, COCO-COLA, WHISTLE AND
CHERRY BLOSSOMS—
in bottles

Majestic Bottling Co.
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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

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B. Kantner
FINE FURS

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PHONE FRANKLIN 1352

Eat More Bread

—IT IS OUR BEST FOOD

TRULY THE STAFF OF LIFE,
THE BREAD YOU EAT GIVES
YOU, BY A BIG MARGIN, THE
MOST NUTRIMENT FOR THE
LEAST MONEY—EVEN AT THE
COMPARATIVELY HIGH PRICE
OF TODAY. AND REMEMBER,
AS THE FLOUR, SO THE BREAD.
GET FLOUR OF DEPENDABLY
HIGH QUALITY.

AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

Fire, Theft, Transportation, Collision, Property Damage and Liability

INSURANCE A NECESSITY

Every owner of an automobile should carry insurance for in case of an accident the peace of mind brought about by the knowledge that he is fully protected against loss is worth considerably more than the amount of cost.

SERVICE

We make a specialty of Automobile Insurance, and believe that by so doing we can take care of your interests to the best advantage and give you service that is surpassed by none.

ADJUSTMENTS

All claims for loss are promptly adjusted and upon receipt of satisfactory proofs are paid by us without delay.

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Standard Policy, Covering Anywhere in United States or Canada.

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Protects you in case you are legally liable for damages on account of bodily injuries, fatal or non-fatal, accidentally suffered by any person or persons by reason of the ownership, maintenance or use of your automobile, also defending you in case suit is brought, even though groundless.

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In case of collision with any other automobile, vehicle or object, whether moving or stationary, you are insured against damage done by your car to the property of others.

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In case of collision with any other automobile, vehicle or object, you are insured against the damage done to your own car.

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215 WEST SIXTH STREET
LOS ANGELES

General Agents
Our Service the Best
LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID

11 INSURANCE EXCHANGE BUILDING
433 CALIFORNIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

Sunday School Teacher—Can you tell me who built the Ark.
Pupil—Naw.
Teacher—Correct.

Manheim-Dibbern & Co. Brokers

Stocks and Bonds Insurance

420 MONTGOMERY STREET

Ring up Sutter

2945

*Compliments of the
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PHONES: PACIFIC 7200, 7201, 7202

The Clement Market

PHONE PACIFIC 8679

C. C. Graeber & Son
CHOICE MEATS

Louis Soprano
POULTRY AND FISH

CLEMENT and FOURTH AVENUE

"If I say," said the teacher, "the pupil loves his teacher, what sort of a sentence is that?"

"Sarcasm," said the boy.

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Proprietors

Visit the
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1423 POLK STREET

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Established 1890

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DROP TABLE.



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ON
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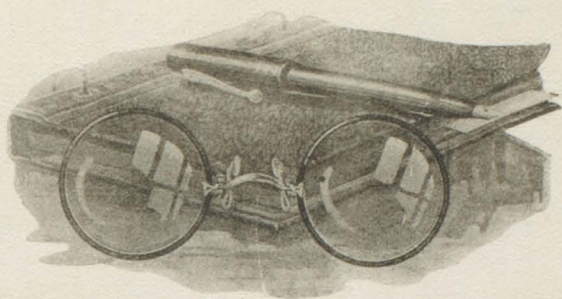
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THE WORK OF BRUNINGS

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SUITE 1177-1179

Teacher—Helen, you're getting behind in your lessons.

Helen—Well, all right.

Teacher—What makes you say that?

Helen—Well, if I wasn't behind, I couldn't pursue them.



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To dance well is Social Art.

Social Art carries Distinctiveness.

Distinctiveness marks the pupils of

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*Classes: Mondays, Fridays
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Socials: Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays

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Phone Market 2716

Our specialties are pasteurized milk and cream, certified
milk and FER-MIL-LAC, the great health drink.

A policeman found an intoxicated man lying in the street and asked him what
he was doing there.

"Well," said the drunkard, "I saw two lamp poles and I leaned up against the
wrong one."

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*Manicuring, Shampooing, Hair Dyeing
All kinds of Hair Goods*

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Iron and
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ALTA

COFFEE

JONES-THIERBACH & Co.

Don't you hate to think of Lent coming so soon?
My dear, what are forty days of Lent after twelve months of Hoover?

James A. Morgan

*Jewelry
and
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*Keep Morgan's
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Gymnasium for Men, Women and Children
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For further information enquire of

JOSEPH C. GASPER, *Physical Instructor*

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HOURS 9 TO 12 AND 2 TO 5

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Hours 12 to 2 and 5 to 7*

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Expert Watch Repairing

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*The Finest Art Shop
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The splendors of the Orient and Occident are here graphically reproduced. You are cordially invited to visit this interesting establishment.

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William Spreen

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*Goods Delivered to All Parts
of the City Free of Charge*

S. E. COR. CLEMENT ST. AND FIFTH AVE.

Teacher—Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren, or Bulwer?
Pupil—Warren wrote “Now and Then,” Bulwer wrote “Night and Morning,”
but Dickens wrote “All the Year Round.”

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Delicatessen, Fruits in Season, Cigars,
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*One of San Francisco's Finest and Largest
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What burns to keep a secret?
Sealing-wax.

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Smart Shoes for Women

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T. A. MEREDITH, *Manager*

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Superior Saddle Horses for Hire

Internationally Known Instructors

*New Large Covered and
Enclosed Ring*



The Restaurant Refined: Breakfast, Lunch, Tea, Dinner
Candies and Pastries: Achievements in the Confectioner's Art



The Golden Pheasant

32 GEARY STREET

Sixteen years in the service of San Francisco and San Francisco's visitors.

TEACHER: Name eleven of Shakespeare's plays.

PUPIL: "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," and "The Merchant of Venice."

A large advertisement for Del Monte Food Products. On the left, there is a detailed illustration of various fruits, including grapes, apples, and pears, arranged in a cluster. In the center, a large, ornate, dark-colored frame contains the text "Del Monte" in a large, stylized serif font, with "FOOD" and "PRODUCTS" in smaller, bold, sans-serif fonts below it. To the right of the frame is a detailed illustration of a Del Monte brand can of "FRUITS & VEGETABLES". The can has a label with the Del Monte logo and the words "BRAND QUALITY" and "FRUITS & VEGETABLES". Below the fruit illustration and the central frame, the text "DEL MONTE Quality is highest quality the wide world over." is written in a serif font.

Del Monte
FOOD
PRODUCTS

DEL MONTE Quality is
highest quality the wide
world over.

Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FRUITS & VEGETABLES

Last
BRAND



TRADE MARK

PHONE KEARNY 1640

The J. E. Shoemaker Company

MANUFACTURERS - IMPORTERS - WHOLESALE

POTATO CHIPS - HORSE RADISH - SAUCE
OIL - OLIVES - CHEESE - ETC.

320 DAVIS STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

OAKLAND BRANCH
PHONE LAKESIDE 862
541-545 FRANKLIN STREET

Pete: I ran all the way to the fire last night.
Ed: Did you save anything?
Pete: Yes, carfare.

*Compliments of a
Friend*



DO YOU WANT TO EARN A GOOD SALARY?

A salary that is paid while you learn the business
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*Do You Know How Much Telephone
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And what excellent opportunities they have for pro-
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Why Not Obtain The Facts?

Our Employment Supervisor will gladly tell you the
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OAKLAND.—1519 Franklin Street—8:30 A. M. to 5:00 P. M.

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CALIFORNIA
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OEST'S
HONEY
MARMALADE



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SWEETER THAN
THAT?

