

Athletics.

FOOTBALL.

At the close of the football season the Oakland Tribune published a cartoon, representing Oakland standing with the ball and Alameda and Berkeley trying to reach it. In the background was a small, puny looking object, labeled "Stockton," and attached to it these two words, "Cold Feet." That is the opinion the people of the State have of this school. There is no reason for this. We have material enough in the school to make a good showing in football, but there is a total lack of enthusiasm. Many evenings there were not eleven men out. When we did have a fair show of beating Alameda, Eichelberger was injured. With fellows in the school that had the grit and determination of the football captain, the S. H. S. would not have had the percentage she did. If the High School does not take enough interest in the game to put a winning team in the field let it devote its time to a track or baseball team.

BASEBALL.

In baseball we made a good showing. This sport was always thought more of and fellows were always willing to come out. Bert Fithian was captain, and it was due to his management to a great degree that the High School team finished the season with a percentage of .500. If one of the players had not acted as he did we would have had the pennant. The local team would have been the victor of the Berkeley-Stockton game. As it was, we surprised the teams around the Bay and will be respected in baseball next season. If the fellows would confine their interest to this branch of the sport the school would have a team of which to be proud.

TRACK.

The S. H. S. has not had a track team for five years. When we did have one there was little interest shown. In material the school is rich, but, as it is with football, the spirit is lacking. We have

men who can take the hundred, two-hundred, shot put, hammer throw and jump, but no one ever makes an effort. Next year let the fellows think of this and send a team to the big meets.

BASKET-BALL.

Basket-ball is now a thing of the past for this season. Nothing but the memory of our glorious victories now remains, but that memory is sweet when we think how we have brought honor to our dear old S. H. S. and leave behind us a record worthy of our faithful practice and of our new High School. May all the future teams be able to say with pride at the end of their career, "We have not lost a game!"

We alone hold the honor of winning the first game away from home. Besides meeting all our expenses, we have a full treasury, which is another point in our favor.

Our last game with the Alumni team we consider our best game. Of course, every one knew the Alumni team was composed of older and better players than our team and expected to see us defeated. Although the majority of our girls are new to the game, yet we won with a score of five to one (5-1).

May all the future teams show as much enthusiasm as this first team of the new Stockton High, is the wish of its Captain.

BERNICE AMY, '05.

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Personals.

S. N.—Where did you get that hair-cut?

P. Rice—If any one cut my hair I'd have them punched or do so myself.

We have seen the last of our "Bronco Buster."

No more rice, please. I can't eat any more.

Who has a toy pistol?

Rice—I'll have to get a hose to give you drinks from. Free Drinks.

Ralph Coleman had a time with Rice.

Alex is looking for bargains in wigs.

"William," stop hugging that post with your feet.

I wonder where M. R., '05, will find her cozy nook?

D. D., '08—Anything about me?

Ask G. L., '06, what is the meaning of 3.

Where did you get that hat (with the water on it)?

A. H., '08, looks fierce with hat turned up.

Stockton needs a barbers' school.

How about the reception given Allen at Novelty?

Senior (in Novelty)—Help! We are surrounded in front (only).

H. A., '05, to M. R., '05—"O come on, Elsie."

S. M., '05, to Mr. W—ms, the day after the Senior grades were passed in—"May we study?"

Mr. W—ms—"By no means."

The members of 10:30 civil government period greatly admired B. B.'s, '05, graduation present—an open faced silver "turnip."

Prof. McIntosh, as he was reading the song "Adeline" was informed by E. C., '05, that it was a very sentimental song.

"What do you mean by sentimental, Miss Colt?"

"It is something small boys should keep away from."

Of course Mr. McIn— blushed.

H. A., '05, presented Miss Lane with a very beautiful bouquet of flowers—artis-

tic, but rather variegated.

Mr. Wms. had grown very tired of asking the 2:15 civil government class questions and then answering them himself, so he very kindly remarked: "Slumber on! Slumber on!"

These last few days of fun have amply paid the Seniors for their four years' hard work.

It seems very strange that the teachers grow more dear to us just before the time comes to say "Good-bye."

We are all glad to know that there has been very little weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth of the Seniors at their final judgment day.

The members of the Senior Class have tried to avoid the "Auditing Committee," but on all sides it is "Dues! Dues, please."

The Seniors heartily thank the Class of '06 for decorating so beautifully the Assembly Hall in their honor.

The Seniors are going to "wind up" with a class day on the afternoon of June 21st, with the commencement on the evening of June 22d, with a garden party on the evening of June 23d, with the Alumni on the evening of June 26th, and last, but not least, with a dance to be given on the evening of June 28th.

S. M., '05, translating in Latin—"She looked at him with a 'soft' look."

Mr. G—n—"Oh, Stella! don't ever look at any fellow that way. I wouldn't want a married, unmarried woman or a child to look at me with that kind of a look."

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The Nasturtion.

Flowers are the most beautiful things
 God ever made,
 And forgot to put a soul into.
 —Henry Ward Beecher.

"Yes, my Mercedes, I would that I did not feel in duty bound to leave you thus, but my King and yours has decreed that I must surely start at the appointed hour. You will not let me go away with the much coveted boon to call you my wife because of the late death of your father? Believe me, therefore, for I am no longer a boy with love like a spluttering candle. I shall go to this new land, lately discovered by Spain, and bring rich treasures from there to you. For if it is as they say, that this place so abounds in gold and silver to afford the Viceroy to ride over streets paved with ingots of silver, upon a horse shod with gold and every hair of its mane and tail strung with pearls, the colors, entrusted to me and embroidered with your own hands with the nasturtion, shall be as a flaming, victorious guide to lead me to you."

"Oh, Soroco, you forget that your duty binds you first to our King. With that thought in mind, have I not embroidered the magic Moorish cloth with nasturtions, because of their meaning, that of patriotism, and because it has been the favored flower of this house long before the Moors, my fathers, came to this wondrous land of Spain? I know I am only a many colored bubble by nature, loving only delightful music, bright colors and sweets, because my father has told me so many times, but, oh, I do know that loyalty to our King must be counted as of more value than our lives."

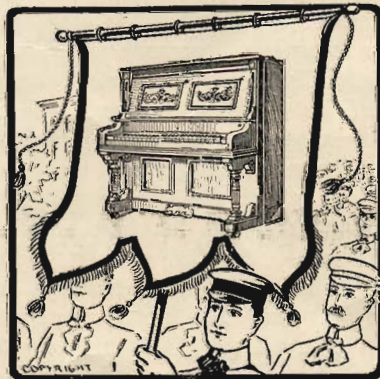
"You would turn me from my course, my love, that of saying good-bye. But before I go I ask another favor."

He turned and viewed the court from the entrance of this old Moorish Castle of Carmona, seeing first the balcony above, upon which opened the private apartments; then the swinging glass doors,

opening out from the balcony above the court, and these windows which formed admirable places for many baskets and jars of nasturtions, which fell in long ropes or strands, covered with blossoms, to the colonades beneath and then wound around them over the wonderfully carved arches. He noticed how the plants clamored over gorgeous tapestries and brocades with the figures richly outlined with gold or silver threads, which hung from the windows of the balcony. The sweet music of many birds, in cages, hung among the nasturtions, caught Soroco's ear, as he glanced rapidly around the court.

Stepping quickly and lightly to one of the strands of nasturtions, he plucked one of the blossoms and said: "Touch your lips to this flower, so full of color and sentiment, Mercedes. It is to be a reminder of you and to be treasured by me while in this new land. It is as you are in character, delicately and frailly formed. Again, in its truly brilliant and never fading color, its most striking characteristic is the similarity to your most beautiful, yet undeveloped, trait."

"Ah, you would ever talk so to me, Soroco, but if you must really go, torture me no longer thus, but take your leave



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for this new country if you will, and return as you say, more worthy then to call me your own."

Soroco silently knelt, after kissing her hand, as silently arose and disappeared through one of the arches, leaving Mercedes alone in the court. One would have said with Soroco, that there was more in this girl's face than mere frivolity, for her big, sorrowful eyes looked as if doing penance for the merriment and witchery depicted in her month. Now her eyes had more than sorrow; they showed that she had been baffled. It was her plan to be to Soroco Valdivia as a peevish and wistful child, and never revert to his departure, but she had not done as she had intended and he was gone. Then did he think more of his country than of her, she wondered. She did not exactly know before he came how she was going to manage to keep him from going, but thought of it, as a spoiled child connives for a something that it wishes, never thinking but what it will get it. Then, when it finds that it will not get the article, begins crying. Mercedes wanted to cry, but then the thought came, "Would it help matters any if I cry?" What could she do to get rid of this feeling of hurt pride, longing and sorrow? There was no one to turn to. Ah! Suddenly the sun streamed a flood of bright light into the court. She would go to her own room, with its perfumes, dates and sweet music, where it was still sunnier.

As Mercedes moved toward her apartments her soft, clinging silk garment clung in beautiful folds to her form and trailed noiselessly behind her. As she passed the window the wind caught the material and blew it out, while the sun caught the sparkle of the jewels in the belt around her waist and in the band about her throat and likened them to the myriad drops of the near-by fountain. The string of pearls intertwined in her long black hair made of her an Oriental picture, indeed. She had forgotten Soroco now, for the minute; not so with her lover.

As Soroco Valdivia wound in and out

of the narrow streets of Carmona, he thought of Mercedes. He rode carefully on account of his rich attire of silk and satin. His doublet and hose were of the latest, while his linen ruff was immaculate. His was a happy and agreeable countenance, finely modeled after the Spanish, with a clean-cut, straight nose and black, deep-set eyes. His thoughts of Mercedes were happy thoughts; of his home-coming in the future; how worthy she was of all he might bring her from this new land to the west. Then these brought thoughts for the needed preparations for the overland trip to his ship lying at anchor, awaiting him.

It was two days later he waved his adios to his many friends. His departure would have been sweeter but for the absence of the one he loved. Many months must needs pass ere he reach the rich country, unknown then as South America.

During that time Mercedes was slowly realizing that there was a great void in her life. She was no longer as a child in its petulance or as a laughter-loving girl. She had learned from Father Navarin that there were other things in this world. She learned what this new religion was that her Moorish father had been so loath for her to know. Also, that she must abide by this suffering, that the death of her father and departure of Soroco had caused her. If it was rightly accepted, it would mellow her, and, if not so, would make her life miserable and less far from the attainment of a lofty and noble character. She had learned that there were other pleasures than the mere pleasing of the senses; those of doing good in the world,

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thus making others happy. A year had passed in this way, a new life for Mercedes, when one day a messenger, another Father of the Holy Order, came.

Father Comana brought, he said, word from Signor Valdivia and a small silver case. Mercedes opened it and found reposing upon a moist, spongy substance a gorgeous nasturtion. "Another than the one he took with him, but more beautiful," she said.

"Yes," answered the priest; "come, I will tell you of the trip, the landing and what he told me to tell you. The trip, as we expected, was a hard one, but the landing was, indeed, a glorious one for our leader. With your colors fastened to his arm, he led the little van up the shore and then planted the flag of Spain. Before us and on all sides of us grew the most wonderful flowers in colors and profusion. They were nasturtions. The island, which our master named Mercedes, was completely covered with these flowers. They climbed up into the trees and hung down in long ropes, much as the grapevines do here. The natives here proved too strong in numbers for us to overcome in order to find out the merits of the island and to rule it in the name of Spain. One tribe, though, seeming against the rest, told us the island was very wealthy, and at the main place of worship, a low-spreading mud building, a rich treasure was hidden, consisting of gold moldores and an immense packet of huge diamonds. The whole was contained in an enormous copper kettle."

"O Father, tell me about Soroco; you waste time," interrupted Mercedes.

"Much to our sorrow Signor Valdivia became ill with the terrible fever, which attacks new-comers. So nothing was accomplished. While ill, every day he commanded that large quantities of nasturtions be brought into his tent and later into the mud house, which was turned over to him by one of the natives. The last day that he was with us, he took one of the flowers, abounding in beautiful hues of gold, red and flecks of brown, and held it to the light. 'This, as well as my

Mercedes, stands the test of the light upon its soul,' he softly said. Then his last words to me were: 'Father, takes this cherished gift of the Almighty One to her in the silver case yonder. Tell her to let the perpetual image of God reflected in this flower, through centuries and centuries of its multiplication, be as a guide to me.'"

J. L., '06.

BY 'PHONE.

The telephone had been ringing furiously all morning, but the crowd which had occupied the foyer had kept the manager busy, and the bell was unheeded. The seats for a banner attraction had been placed on sale that morning, and, though the town was not large, there was only one theater in it, and the demands of its patrons were sufficient to occupy the manager's time. He had, however, a promise of many such busy mornings, for he had secured a number of good one-night performances with which to entertain the theater-goers throughout the season. Finally, in desperation, as one customer was hesitating over the box sheet, he took down the receiver and received an order in a very pleasant, girlish voice.

"Three orchestra seats," he repeated; "for whom, please?"

"Miss Croffelson," was the answer. "I will call this afternoon."

"Croffelson?" thought Hilburne; "that's the girl Dick Moreland was telling me about. A friend of his. Well, she'll have the best seats I can give her."

In the afternoon the rush subsided. It was generally over after the first morning, and Hilburne was seated alone in the af-

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ternoon when an elderly lady presented herself and asked for her seats. Evidently she was accustomed to being known and had not taken into consideration that Hilburne was new in the town. But as he asked her the name she smiled in such a way that took some ten years from her countenance.

"Pardon me," she said; "Miss Croffelson."

When she was gone Hilburne was surprised to find how disappointed he was. The voice in the morning had been that of a young girl, and that she was Dick's friend was a warrant that she was charming. He had really been waiting to see this girl, who promised so much, and now a lady old enough to be his mother comes and asks for her seats, and they are Miss Croffelson's. And, besides, they were different voices. But, after all, it wasn't worth worrying over.

It was the early fall, and the beginning of a very promising season, and a week later another sale was begun, which brought out the town's aristocracy.

Mr. Robert Hilburne made it his business that morning to answer the telephone as often as possible. About 10 o'clock he was gratified by a call in the same voice as he had thought to be Miss Croffelson's.

"This is Miss Croffelson," she said.

"You infamous little prevaricator, you are not!" thought Hilburne, but he took the order with a very polite "Thank you, Miss Croffelson."

Then he returned to his tiresome work and to wait till some one called for the mysterious lady's seats.

In the afternoon a tall young lady with black hair and a rich olive complexion asked for the seats of the unknown in a very quiet and gentle voice, which no telephone wire could change to the girlish accents which had ordered the seats in the morning. He longed to question her, but, of course, this was impossible. So he took down the telephone and called up Moreland. But that young gentleman was out of town, so no help could come from that quarter.

The next morning he deliberately placed seats on sale for an engagement two weeks ahead, and from 9 till 12 he waited on his customers automatically, dutifully answering each telephone call. Miss Croffelson would want seats for the coming attraction, no doubt, and she had them for the play that evening. So with these two opportunities of seeing her, Hilburne determined to solve the mystery without further delay. He had but little appetite for lunch that day and was away from his post only fifteen minutes, for Miss Croffelson's order had not come in, and fear lest he lose her call held him to his duty. First it had been a desire to please his friend, then to see the owner of the voice which appealed to him, and now it was mad curiosity to see who the owner really was. He could think of nothing else; he waited on his patrons so absently that when a very pretty little girl came in she found him so absent-minded that her own face was drawn with disappointment. He surveyed her features listlessly while she looked over the sheet. Her curly hair was yellow, her large eyes clear and blue, her dainty cheeks delicately pink; a very pretty girl, indeed, but—

"You'll have to excuse me, if you will, please. I didn't know when I left home that these seats were on sale. I haven't quite enough money with me. But I will come back in an hour, if you'll hold them for me."

There was something very alluring about her smile and under ordinary circumstances Hilburne would have been exquisitely gracious, but he made no other remark than the occasion demanded.

"Certainly. What name, please?"

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"Oh, pardon me," she stammered. "I am Miss Croffelson," and her heels hit the tiled floor of the foyer hard as she moved away.

Hilburne dropped the tickets from his hand.

"You are, are you? Well, by the great horn spoon, I believe you, you little beauty!"

He looked out into the foyer. She was gone, but she would be back in an hour. In the back of his office hung a mirror, an institution which he did not heartily approve, but which had been established by his predecessor, and not abolished by him. In it he surveyed his countenance scrutinizingly with his keen blue eyes.

"And I scarcely looked at her," he thought, ruefully. "What a dub she must think me! And I did so want to please—Dick, of course. O you're a cad," he said, maliciously, to the reflection; "you're a blooming cad!"

A slight wrap on the window arrested him. She was there. To be gone an hour and back in five minutes, to find him looking at himself! Well, hit it up, old man; you've got to face the bills!

He came forward and gave her the tickets.

"I didn't have to go home, after all," she said, as she gave him a gold piece, which had to be changed. First he gave her too much, then not enough, and she stood by all the while with an amused smile. When he finally gave her the right amount, he said meaningly: "Thank you, Miss Croffelson," to which she answered in the familiar tone, "And thank you, Mr. Hilburne. You have certainly been very kind in reserving seats for us when you really didn't know us." And with a characteristic little smile she walked away.

That night he saw her at the play with the elderly lady and the tall brunette, and when she came out she smiled to him, and he answered with enthusiasm. He saw the young lady smile and speak to the elder, who, in turn, smiled to the girl. What that all meant Hilburne did not know, nor did he try to fathom more that night. He locked the little office and came

out. Outside there was a jolly crowd, he knew; a hearty welcome. But there was something more congenial in his lonely room, which he sought, determining to let sleep solve the mystery of the three, further.

It was more than a week before Hilburne heard from Miss Croffelson again. Then, as a new sale was opened, the order came in her name, but in the voice of the tall brunette.

Late in the afternoon Moreland himself came in and asked for Miss Croffelson's tickets.

"Not on your life," said Hilburne. "I've been waiting to see you for a month, but I don't wait all day for Miss Croffelson and then take you as a substitute. Who and what and which is she? Tell me all you know about her and her family history or not one sight of her tickets do you get."

Dick looked anxious.

"Say, which one has hit you so hard?"

"The little one—the little blonde. Who is she?"

Dick realized that he was nailed. He looked at his watch; he also looked relieved.

"It's 5 o'clock," he said. "You'd better come out with me. I'm in a hurry, but I'll tell you on the way."

Hilburne came out and they walked to the street together. Then Hilburne stopped. There in a surrey sat the tall brunette with the reins in her own hand, smiling hospitably upon them, and in the back seat blushing and smiling, too, was little Miss Croffelson.

"Miss Croffelson," said Moreland, "Mr. Hilburne here is under some mental disturbance concerning you—your name, I



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should say, perhaps. So I think the best solution is by introduction. Miss Croffelson, Mr. Hilburne, and Miss Estelle."

"I'm more than pleased to meet you, Mr. Hilburne," said the lady. "And I'm sure you have no definite engagement just now. Won't you come with us?"

"Come on, Bob; it's the chance of your life," said Dick's eyes, but Miss Estelle moved to one side and Mr. Moreland took his seat by Miss Croffelson, so what was there to do.

Robert Hilburne, as many other foolish young people do, kept a diary in which he retained records of the many affairs of interest which composed his experiences. In this important document Miss Croffelson had been mentioned before. When, after the drive that afternoon, he returned to his room he made an addition to his memoirs:

"October 30.—Solution of the problem of Miss Croffelson. The Miss Croffelson and her sister, Miss Croffelson, are the most charming girls I ever met. The elder one is engaged to Moreland. Her name is Aileen. The little one is Estelle; the grey-haired lady is Miss Croffelson, their aunt; a resident, with whom they are spending the winter. They are from Washington and are going home next spring. Aileen is lovely, dignified and polite; however, not eligible. Estelle is wonderful. She is the real Miss C. who first rang up, but if I have my way she'll not remain Miss C. long."

This was the beginning of what Estelle Croffelson, aged seventeen, and Robert Hilburne, aged twenty, thought to be their divine and passionate love for each other. For the rest of the season Estelle both telephoned and called for the tickets on all occasions. She was always smiling, always delightful. Hilburne waited for her, held seats for her and with frantic enthusiasm procured as many plays as possible for his theater. They saw much of each other. Often they drove together when the weather permitted along the pretty, quiet country roads.

Then spring came on, the beautiful, rich California springtime that fills men's hearts

with gladness. Golden sunshine, blue skies and velvet fields. And dainty pinks and blues took the place of the Eastern girls' fur collars.

Then one day Estelle came into the theater. His alert ears detected her step and he was at his window waiting. Her greeting was a little quiet for her and she asked him to come at once to drive. He was surprised to find the carriage empty, but her moody manner soon explained some unforeseen calamity. His instincts and the glorious spring day, however, revealed the secret.

"Estelle," he said, "you have something to tell me. You are going home?"

She nodded.

"Well, I should have expected this, but—I'm sorry. It's been an episode. You and your sister aren't like the girls here. It's the difference of two sides of a continent. I guess we're like barbarians to you, but, nevertheless, I had hoped we might keep you."

"We're only children," said the young philosopher. "I'll go back and try to forget the good times we have had here. But it will be pretty hard. We go Wednesday. Aileen wants to be in Washington for the opera season. I wanted to tell you myself. Aileen can tell Dick, but I wanted to tell you. But, after all, I was the first Miss Croffelson whose voice you ever heard, so call me C and you B, for I've heard Dick call you Bob. So then, if A is to B as C is to D, and that's true, you know, then A is to D as C is to B. So she can tell Dick, now that I've told you."

Curtain.

Curtain, indeed! It was four years later when his business took Robert Hilburne to Washington. And, strangely, it did not occur to him that this was the residence

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city of Estelle Croffelson. Dick Moreland had gone to New York and Hilburne had not since heard from him. He had not heard the name Croffelson since the young ladies went home. And it must be confessed that after six weeks' elapse of time he had not thought of it. He was introduced to a Miss Croffelson at a society function which he attended in Washington and in her he recognized the little Estelle of his former acquaintance. She was taller, but otherwise she did not look very different. Each was delighted by the meeting in a cordial, polite manner. Naturally he asked, when the two were together, after her sister.

"She is well," said Estelle. "You know she is living in Boston now—since her marriage."

"Well," said he, in surprise. "Is that where Moreland has been hiding?"

"Moreland?" Then she laughed. "O dear, Mr. Hilburne, you're just as ridiculous as you ever were. We haven't seen Dick Moreland since we came home. You certainly overrate the fidelity of girls spending the season. We don't deserve so much. But, really, I was only an infant then. I thought it was my first real love affair and that I was very old. But I've found out since that I was scarcely young. We were silly infants, without sense or decency, but there was a contagious sort of glamour about us, and Dick caught it. But I'm sure he recovered when we left. Don't you know where he is?"

"He went to New York," said Robert. "I guess he is still there. But I don't know. What you say applies to us as well, Miss Estelle, although we were not spending the season. I left that theater business soon after you came home, for better work. That's all right for kids, and I was a kid then, but I've grown old in the last four years, too. Miss Croffelson, I don't believe you have forgotten. Is the proposition still true? Is A to D as C is to B?"

Estelle smiled.

"You remember that? Well, so do I, and that ridiculous ride we had together,

when I told you we were coming home. Well, Mr. Hilburne, if Dick and Aileen were to meet now I am sure they would be the best of friends. Yes, I think, I'm quite sure, the proposition still holds true."

They shook hands.

"Here's to you, Miss Croffelson, and the time when we were kids."

In his room alone that night he thought it over. The little episode, the mystery, the solution, and then their friendship and his desperate passion, and, above all, the incidents of that little winter, and the last drive with Estelle.

She was a dear girl then, and a good fellow now, but where was that youthful ardor with which he had once thought he could die for her? He sighed heavily, then smiled, called himself a cad, then walked over to his table and filled his glass.

"Here's to your health and your future, Miss Croffelson; and, as he replenished it, "Here is success to your successor."

M. D., '06.

A TRAGEDY.

I.

One day in May, or perhaps it was June,
A girl stood in the history room.

II.

A boy then walked across the grass;
He was cutting a period, alas, alas!

III.

What happened next? Oh, I won't tell,
For all who saw it know right well.

IV.

The girl smiled at him (in the blue suit),
And then she said: "Oh, ain't he cute!"

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Phyllis strolled languidly up Sutter street. She was dressed in white and carried a silk parasol. In one hand she carried a brown volume, printed on the cover of which was, "Bergen's Elements of Botany."

It was nearing 1 o'clock of the noon hour, and Phyllis was slowly betaking herself toward the High School, where she was a stu—I mean, a pupil.

Her thoughts were not of the pleasantest nature, for there was to be a botany examination the first period.

"That horrid old ex. is coming off today," she mused, "and my knowledge is as scanty as are two-bit pieces when the baseball boys are soliciting funds. Well, I suppose I can't do anything worse than to flunk, so I may as well be a sport. But I was a fool to take botany. I only took it to get out of history, anyway. Deluded goose that I was. I thought it would be easier, and it isn't a bit. Verily, the way of the snap-hunter is hard. My word! but it is hot, and only the end of April, too. Just think what Room 20 will be like by June. How I pity the boys with their hot coats. I think it is all nonsense that they are not permitted to go without them, even if they don't wear shirt waists.

"It's altogether too hot to go to school. I have an idea. I believe if I can get any one to go with me, I will play hookey!"

As she neared the school, Ione, Phyllis' chum, came down the walk to meet her.

"Hello, girlie," said Phyllis, putting her arm around her friend's waist. "I want to ask you a favor. Will you play hookey with me this afternoon?"

"Why, Phyl," cried Ione, "we are going to have our monthly ex. in botany the first thing."

"Why, yes," Phyllis answered. "It wouldn't matter. That is all we have. The other two periods are only study periods."

"But Phyl," answered Ione, "I can't miss the botany ex. I would get flunked for the month if I missed it."

"Well, you don't know beans about the subject, any more than I do, and would flunk for the month if you took it. You need some fresh air more than credits, anyway."

"All right," said Ione, slowly; "I will go, but what shall we do?"

"Ah, you're the goods!" cried Phyllis. "I knew you wouldn't desert me. Where shall we go, you ask? Let's go down the river. We can go in Tom Dalton's boat. He told me I could use it any time I wanted it. You and I haven't rowed for two weeks, have we? My palms are positively hungry for the oars. I guess we had better not go back down Sutter street, because the principal can see us from his window. We will go around to the west entrance and rush violently in back of the Rossi house and come out at Vine and San Joaquin streets and then do some tall sprinting toward McLeod's Lake."

They did as Phyllis said, and in less than fifteen minutes were at the ark where Tom Dalton's rowboat was moored.

When the boat was untied, the oarlocks adjusted and the oars put in place, the girls made the boat glide quickly over the water and in a few moments' time had left the sluggish waters of the lake and were in Stockton channel.

Both of the girls were muscular, being members of the Athletic Club, and as for Phyllis, she was more of an adept at climbing trees and galavanting over the country on a horse than she was at studying.

Their long, even strokes could not fail to command comment from the stevedores on the wharf and schooners, and from the men working in the ship yards, as the boat passed by.

In twenty minutes they had passed the

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lone poplar tree, which marks the half-way point to the river, and in fifteen more minutes they glided into the cut-off behind Cornazzani Island. Going through the cut-off, they came out into the San Joaquin with the bow pointed up the river.

The April current was very hard for them to pull against, but with much exertion they were able to buck the current for about five hundred yards, after which they turned the boat and let the current take them where it willed.

The banks of the river were thickly grown with willows. Beneath them the wild blackberry vines bloomed and in places where there was a small beach wormwood and tules grew. In one place where they drifted Ione grasped a spray of wild pea flowers.

These fair banks were like the walls of paradise, for on the other side were those far-famed orchards run by certain Celestials. Adjoining these was the possession of Signor Fugaci. Here, during May, grow the most luscious cherries ever eaten. (Ask any of the boys about them.) When the boys obtain them, they are apt to receive a coup de fusil composed of rock salt or pepper, but that only enhances the value of the cherries.

When the river had carried the girls to the lower end of Cornazzani Island they took the oars and rowed up the mouth of Stockton channel, until they were opposite China Sue's wharf, where they moored their boat on the north bank. They got out and clambered up the levee.

The country looked beautiful. At their feet the truck gardens stretched to where they gave way to the verdure-clad plains, dotted here and there by spreading oaks.

To the east they beheld the tall buildings of Stockton that lifted themselves above the city's tree-lined streets, and they saw, as an evil dream, the dome of the High School. Back of the city the blue summits were lifted to the sky. To the west, Mount Diablo pierced the ozone.

"I've got an idea," exclaimed Ione, suddenly. "Do you remember Miss White (the botany teacher) told us yesterday that we would all have to make a herbarium

of twenty specimens? What a fine opportunity to collect the flowers here and take them home to press."

"Quite an idea," rejoined Phyllis. "Those wild pea flowers you picked will be the nest egg of the collection, and then we can get some wild roses from that bush, and there is a wild blackberry bush by that willow tree with a few blossoms on."

"And look up the levee," pointed Ione.

"There is some California mustard and wild radish. They belong to the Cruciferae family."

The girls also found a few butter-cups, some poppies, and a stray lupine plant.

"Miss White said we could have specimens of the Gramineae family in our collection, and there are just dozens of different grasses here."

In a little while they had found the required number of wild flowers and placed them in the bow of the boat.

Our examination today was to be on the willow family," said Ione, suddenly. "What a fine chance to study it. There are all kinds of willows along this bank. You had your botany text-book with you when I met you at the schoolhouse today. What did you do with it?"

"It's in the stern of the boat."

"Good; then we will be able to classify the different kinds, with the aid of the flora."

So they put in the time, having an object lesson in botany. When they got started toward home it was four o'clock.

"Now, this has done us lots more good than a poky old afternoon at school, hasn't it?" remarked Phyllis, with a vigorous pull at the oars.

"Yes, I guess so," Ione answered.

"Now, why don't you say yes in an enthusiastic manner?" Phyllis exclaimed, briskly. "You're no sport at all. You

LOGAN

MAKES THE BEST

FOTOS

have more conscience than a New England church mouse. You must get over it, because a conscience is so inconvenient. Of course this has done us more good than the afternoon at school. We now have a knowledge of the willow family, and before we didn't even know if it were composed of phanerogams or cryptogams. And, beside that, we have collected all those flowers for our herbaria, and we would never have done it otherwise. And we have, also, had a delightful and healthful outing. Now, in the name of reason, can you tell me why that is not more beneficial than handing in a blank paper to the botany teacher and spending the other two periods in the sultry study-room, smiling across at the boys? You know, too, that Miss White thinks we have too much indoor work as it is. We have only been following out her ideas."

"I was wondering," said Ione, "how we would get our excuses."

"Oh, don't let a little thing like that disturb you. We can write our own. I always write my own, anyway. Ma is too busy playing bridge whist and trotting to teas, so she tells me to write my own."

When the head of McLeod's Lake was reached, and the boat tied where it was found, the girls took their flowers and Phyllis' botany, and skipped up a back street, being careful to avoid Center street, where was located a boarding-house that was habitated by several members of the High School faculty.

* * * * *

The hot weather typical of the end of June had come, but the temple of learning known as Stockton High School had a very busy atmosphere, notwithstanding.

The members of Naughty-Five were bustling about the halls completing arrangements for their graduation, and were possessed of that self-formed idea held by all Seniors that they were the most important class that had ever graduated.

The editor of the "Guard and Tackle" and her aides were getting ready the last bit of copy, before it went into the printer's hands.

The other students were assembled in

groups in the halls or studying for the final examinations.

When at half after one the second bell sounded, and the botany department was called to order, Miss White rose from her seat.

"Away back in April," she remarked, "I assigned for outside work the making of a herbarium, and I gave you until the end of June before I would call it due. Tomorrow, when you come into class, I will expect you to bring them. How many have completed them?" She looked around the room for upraised hands.

Two hands were in the air, Phyllis' and Ione's. The other pupils stared at their neighbors and murmured.

"Only two?" asked Miss White, in amazement. When she demanded their reasons, the pupils had different excuses to offer—some that they had not had time, others that they had put it off until all the flowers were gone, while some confessed that they had forgotten all about them.

Miss White was truly vexed.

"Of course, you all know," said Miss White, gravely, "that tomorrow comes the final examination, and, as I stated several weeks ago, it would cover anything we have had, from germination down to microscopic structure of cryptogams. It will be very thorough, and will last two periods."

Phyllis and Ione sighed, audibly.

Continuing, Miss White said: "I am very much disappointed in the way you have failed to respond with your herbaria. Phyllis and Ione have surprised me, especially Phyllis. They have more application to their studies than I gave them credit for. I shall excuse them from taking the examination." (Tableau.)

The next day was extremely hot and the

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mercury in the thermometer of Room 20 threatened to burst its glass tube. But examinations were held just the same. In the morning Phyllis and Ione successfully passed the examinations in their doubtful studies.

It was a weary appearing set that betook themselves to the botany examination at 1:30 o'clock, noticeable for the absence of Phyllis and Ione, who had been given the botany time for their own disposal.

However, they spent much of their time at that corner of the building, for here was located one of the drinking stands. Through the open door they saw their late classmates, with woe written on their

faces and perspiration on their brows. Through the open window they could see the heat waves rising from the slate roof of the gymnasium and could hear a harvester bee in the stubble on the campus. Nothing was heard in the room but the scratching pens and an occasional sigh.

"As I once told you," said Phyllis, after her ninth cup of water, "too good a conscience is bad to have. You remember the month we skipped the ex. we were flunked, but in the long run the stolen afternoon benefited us. As a rule, I don't believe in playing hookey, but, of course, you know there are extreme cases."

S. D., '07.

Sing Tangent, Co-Tangent.

I.

There was a professor in Stockton did dwell;

His name it was Ritter, we know him quite well;

He taught a big treatise on angles and lines,

With chapters on spheres, surveying and sines.

Chorus—

Sing tangent, co-tangent, cosecant, cosine:
Sing tangent, co-tangent, cosecant, cosine.

II.

Prof. Ritter from cones cut by planes that passed through,

Made all kinds of figures that ever he knew;

Some round like an apple, some lengthened like eggs,

Some rounded like sand hills, some pointed like pegs.

Chorus—

Sing origin, focus, directrix, and curve;

Sing origin, focus, directrix and curve.

III.

There was once a poor student in Stockton did dwell;

The first in his class and all liked him right well;

He drank some cold cones, supposing 'twas wine,

And screeched as he died: "I am choked by a sine."

First Chorus—

Beware, then, of sines, now, my classmates, I pray,

And follow not tangents, but a straight-forward way,

And then by plain sailing your port shall be made

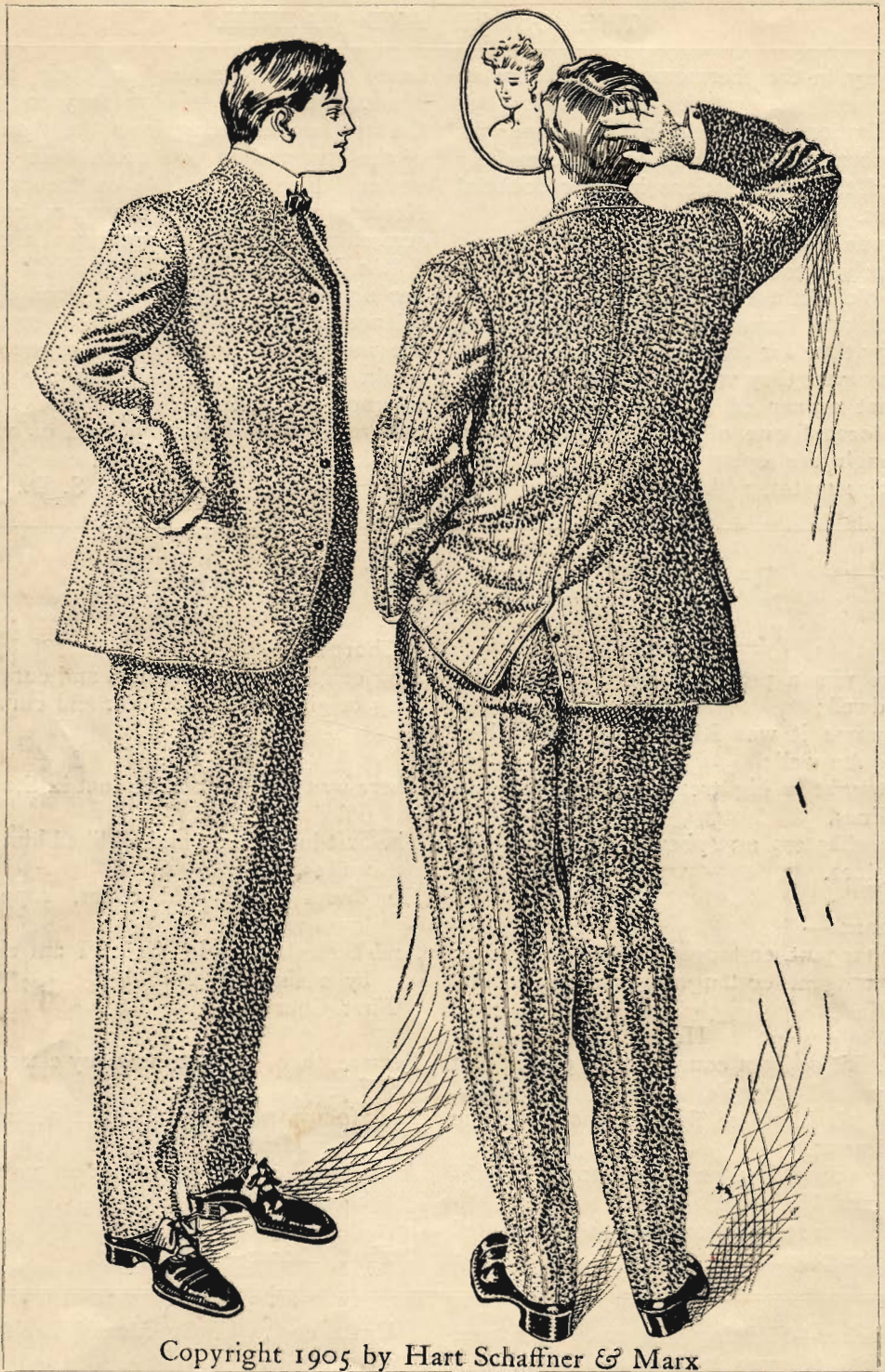
In a harbor of rest by no mortal surveyed.

First Chorus—

Teacher—Fighting again, Johnnie?
Didn't I tell you to stop and count to a hundred whenever you were angry?

Johnnie—But it didn't do any good.
Look what the Jones boy did while I counted.

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Second Row—Howard Cowell, Maynard Holley, James Arkin and Redwood Fisher, Bert Fithkin (Captain) and Fred Smith.

Freshman—May I borrow your mug to shave?

Senior—Shave your own mug.—Ex.

Mrs. Flannigan—I want a pair of shoes for my boy.

Salesman—French kid, madam?

Mrs. F.—No, sir. Irish.

When money talks,

What does it tell?

It only says,

Hello! Farewell!—Ex.

Girl—When I go to Heaven I am going to ask Shakespeare if he wrote his own plays.

Boy—What if he isn't there?

Girl—Then you ask him.—Ex.

A boy's idea of a reception: Giggle, gabble, gobble, git.—Ex.

Office boy's diary:

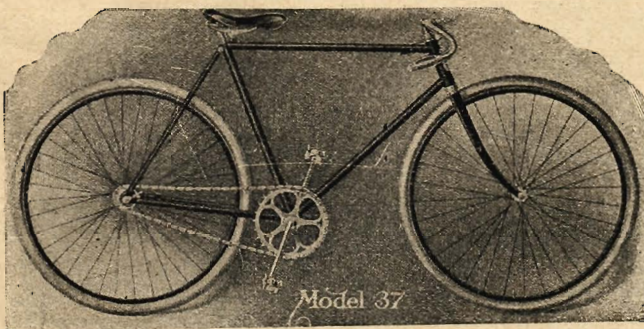
Monday—Hired.

Tuesday—Tired.

Wednesday—Fired.—Ex.

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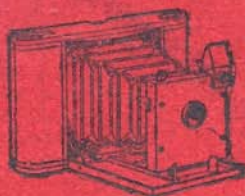
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