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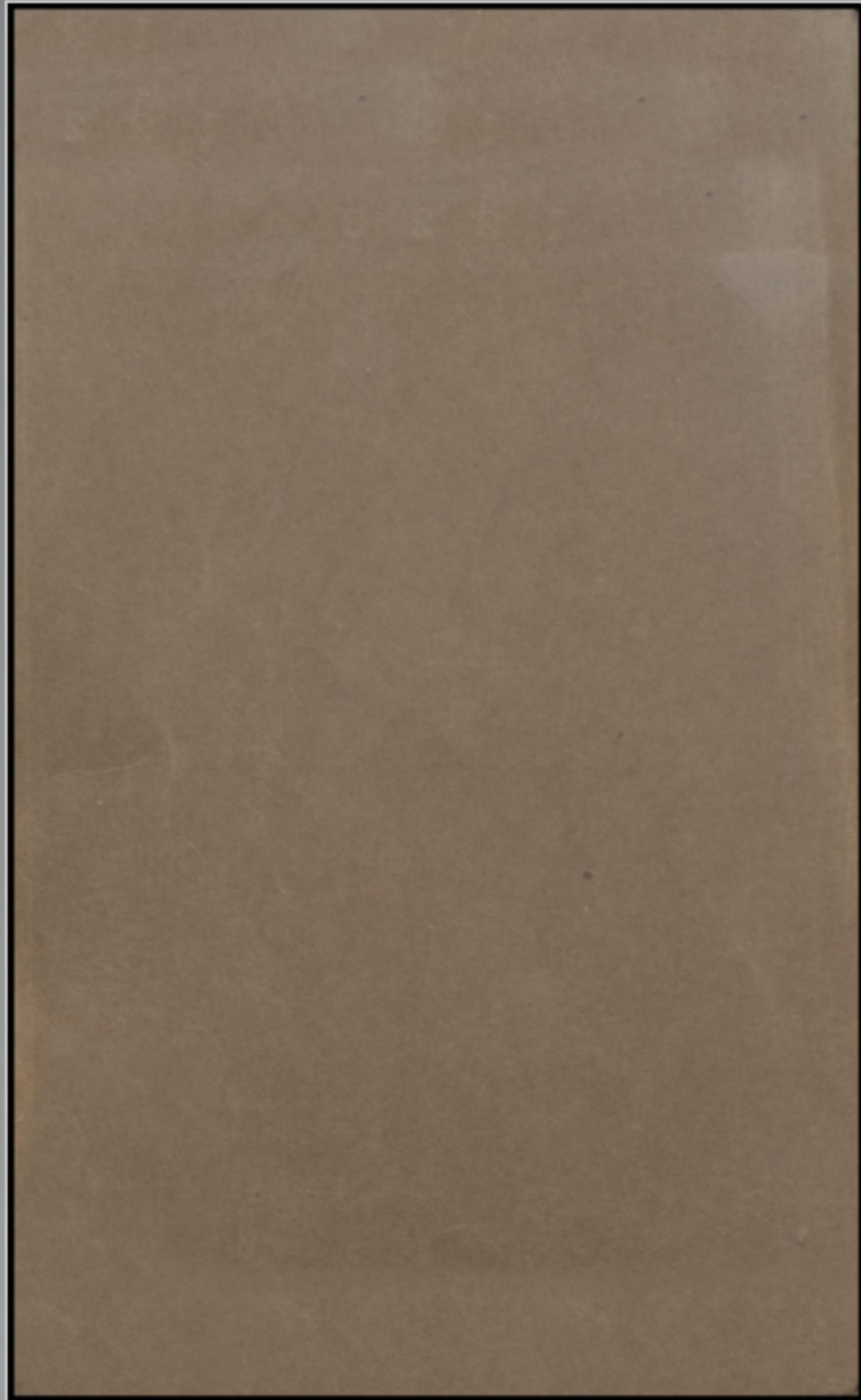
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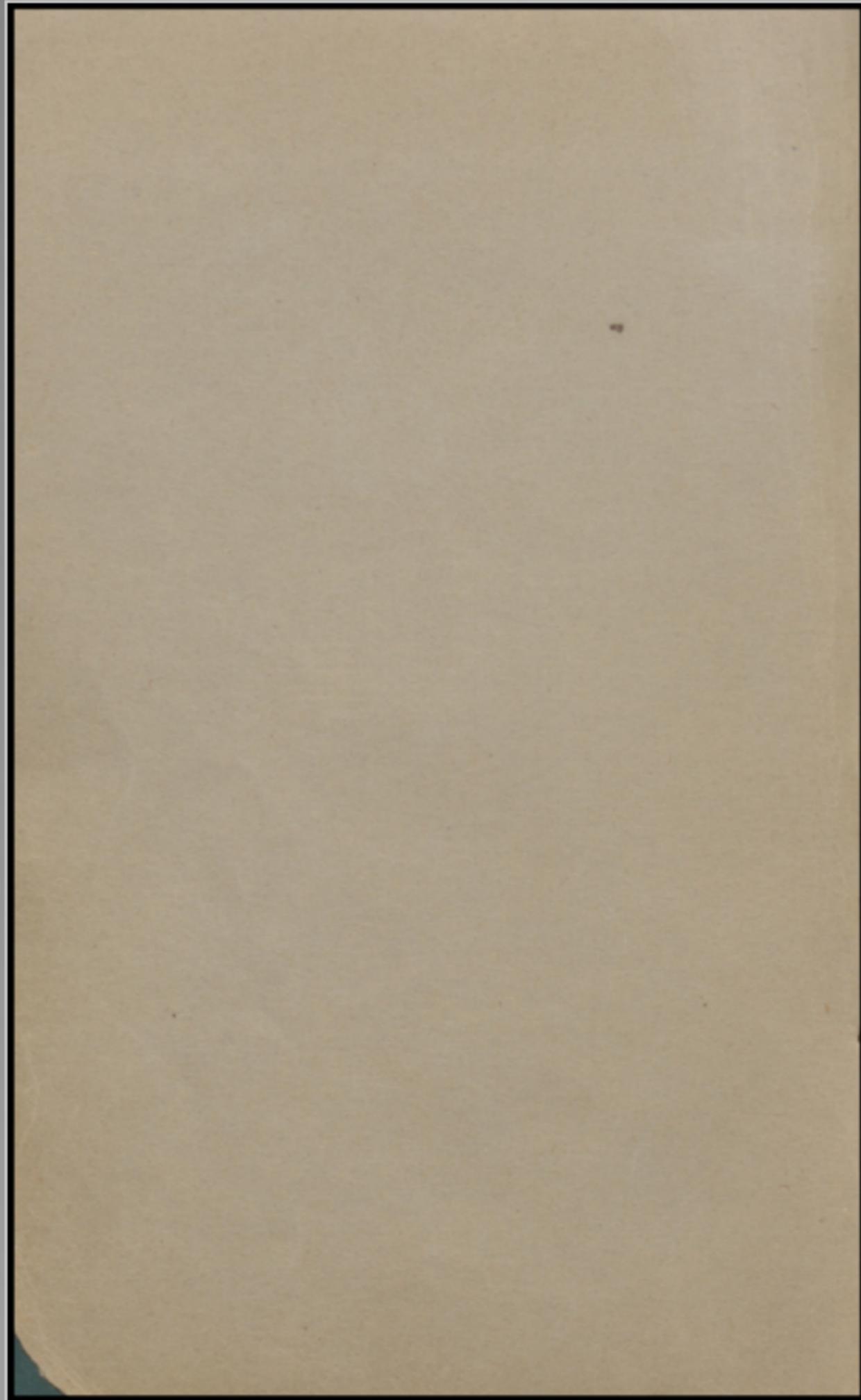
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JUNEAU HIGH SCHOOL
JUNEAU, ALASKA







TOTEM

1 9 2 0

*Fourteenth Annual
Number*



*Published by the Students of the
JUNEAU HIGH SCHOOL
Juneau, Alaska*

The Scarlet and Black



We know of many other schools
Throughout our mighty land,
And each for its own colors
Steadfastly, bravely stand;
Yet we will own no others,
No honor will they lack,
While Juneau stands defender
Of the Scarlet and the Black.

Our own dear school, we proudly strive
To place its name on high;
Loyalty, courage are our arms,
Let "Onward" be our cry—
May our foes be ever noble ones,
May victories never lack,
While we fight for Juneau High School,
And the Scarlet and the Black.

When our High School days are over,
Should college colors bright,
Throw their glamour all about us,
And to them our faith we plight:
Still our hearts will glow with love and
pride,
As turn our memories back
To those days we spent in High School
'Neath the Scarlet and the Black.

Dedication

To the Juneau Board of Education and to the business men of Juneau who, through their kindly spirit of helpfulness and cooperation, have made possible for us an education of a high standard which has equipped us for further development to take our proper places in the world's work, this Totem is respectfully dedicated.

C O N T E N T S

Dedication

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Faculty

Classes

Literary

Society

Organizations

Junior High

Features

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faculty

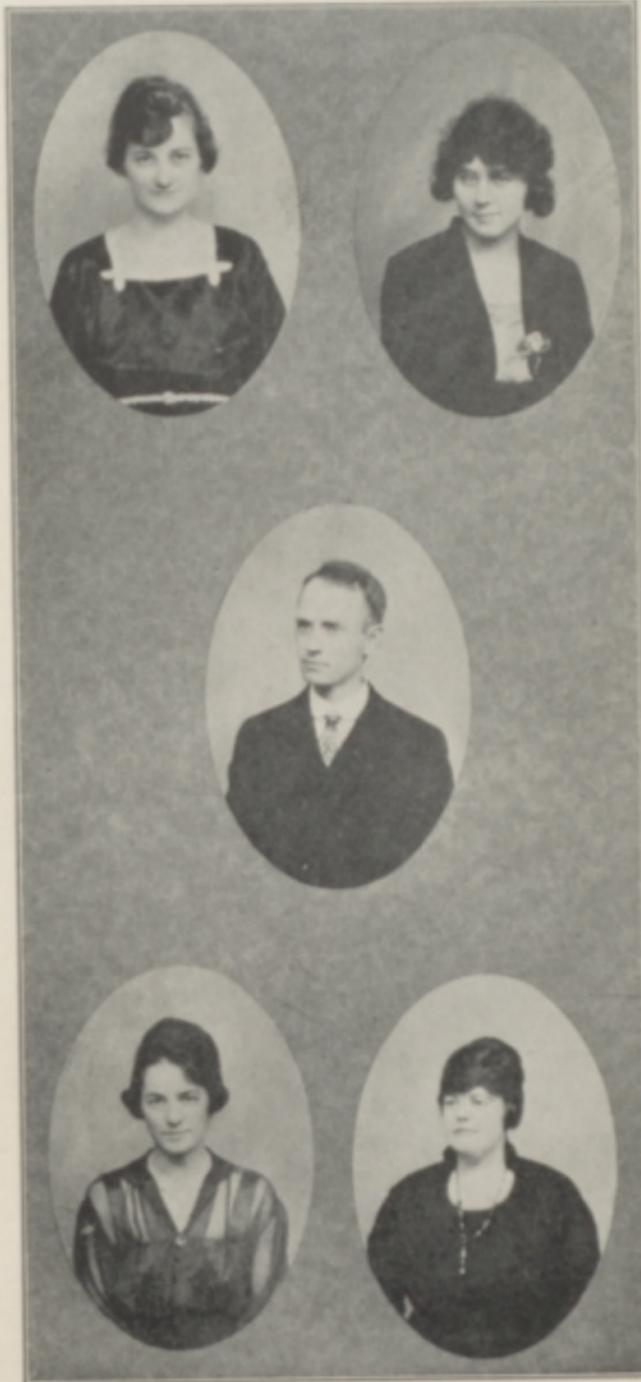
Miss Bertha Park, A. B.
English, History

Miss Irene Pope
Commercial

Edgar A. Stanton, M. A.
City Superintendent
of Schools

Miss Lucile Saxton, A. B.
Mathematics,
Science

Miss Marie A. Nelson
Principal Junior High
School





Miss Astred Ulleland, A. B.
Junior High School, History
Senior High School

Mrs. Clara Breakey
Domestic Science
Home Economics

Miss Jessie L. Rau, A. B.
Latin, Spanish, English
Junior High School

Mr. J. Lanz, A. B.
Science, Manual Training

Mrs. Lanz, A. B.
Normal Training



SENIOR III

Who would have thought that the little green Freshies that entered the High School would develop into such dignified Seniors?

Such was the case with the Class of 1920. In 1916, a class of twenty-one green Freshies were initiated into the wonders of High School life. They soon showed the other classes their ability to hold their own among them, for two of the boys, Donald McKinnon and LeRoy Vestal, held positions on the big Basketball and football teams. They were royal entertainers for they were the first class to give a school dance in the A. B. Hall. This dance was proclaimed by all classes as a great success. This was our Freshman record.

As Sophomores we kept up our reputation as all around good fellows. Always ready to help and always ready to put pep into everything that comes along. Some members held offices on the Totem Staff and others were very active in athletics.

When they attained the distinction of being Juniors, they were looked upon as a very promising class. The Junior Prom can truly be said to have outclassed any other Prom given in Juneau. The hall was beautifully decorated in pink roses and streamers. Both the boys and girls had kept their fame as wonders in the field of athletics. Many held offices on the Totem staff and in various organizations of the school. We felt that we had at last become necessary to the school as a class.

At last the long cherished year came and we were Seniors. Yes, really, truly, dignified Seniors. Our Senior year has been one long to be remembered. We will leave with feelings of regret that we must leave old J. H. S., but we look forward to the advantages that are offered to us in the outside world.

Three of the girls were on the girls' basketball team and two of the boys were on the first team. Many hold offices on the Totem staff and also are officers of the Senior Student Body. Three Seniors are on the Board of Control.

We chose "Nothing But the Truth" for our Senior play and it promises to be a grand success. Our Senior Ball was a grand success, being a regular ball and not a mere dance. The hall was beautifully decorated with Kewpie Dolls and "Splash-Me Dolls."

The class of 1920 has gone through all four years as a very successful and peppy class. We feel that our school years have been worth while and that we now can go out and hold our own among the rest of the world.

Class officers are as follows:

President Nadja Kashevaroff
Vice-President Sybil Campbell
Secretary Walstein Smith
Treasurer Walstein Smith
Class Historian Donald Condit

CLASS COLORS
Black and Gold

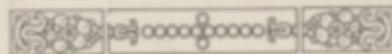
CLASS FLOWER
Pink Rose

CLASS YELL
1-9-2-0

We're the Class that's Never Slow
We're the Class that's on the Go.
1-9-2-0

MOTTO

"The Elevator to Success is Not Running—Take the Stairs."



Nadja Kashevaroff, 1916-'20.
Class Historian, '17.
President of Class, '18.
Totem, '18-'19.
Basket Ball Team, '17, '18, '19, '20.
President of Class, '20.
Secretary of Student Body, '20.
Editor-in-Chief of Totem, '20.
Senior Play Cast, '20.
Board of Control, '20.



Walstein Smith, 1916-'20.
Totem, '18, '20.
Treasurer of Class, '18, '19, '20.
President of Student Body, '19, '20.
Board of Control, '20.



Sybil Campbell, 1916-'20.
Sec'y-Treas Girls' A. A., '17, '18.
Totem, '18, '19.
Vice-President of Class, '19, '20.
President Girls' Glee Club, '19, '20.
Vice-President of Class, '18, '19.
Basket Ball Team, '17, '18, '19, '20.





Harriet Sey, '20.
Entered from Douglas High School
1919.
Normal Training Course.

Victor Hewitt, '20.
Entered from Douglas High School
1919.
Senior Play Cast, '20.

Vivian Sparling, 1917-'20.
Totem, '18, '19.
Totem, '19, '20.
Sec'y. Senior Class '19, '20.
Senior Play Cast, '20.
Girls' Glee Club, '19, '20.

Donald McKinnon, 1916-'20.
President of Class, '18, '19.
President of Class, '18, '18.
Basket Ball Team, '17, '18, '19.
Foot Ball Team, '17, '18.
Sec'y. Student Body, '18, '19.
General Manager Student Body,
'18, '19.
Board of Control, '20.
Senior Play Cast, '20.

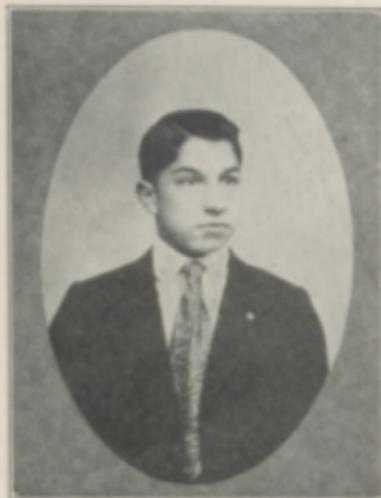


Liela Ptack, 1916-'20.
Basket Ball Team, '17, '18, '19.
Senior Play Cast, '20.



Edna Miller, '20.
Senior Play Cast, '20.
Normal Training Course.
Entered from Bellingham Normal,
'19.





Joe George, '20.
Entered from Douglas High School
'19.
Senior Play Cast, '20.

TO ANY SENIOR

Oh you high and mighty Senior
With that grand and lofty tread,
What's in an education
To inflate your simple head?

'Twas only a few short years ago
That a Freshman green were you.
A Senior was to you a God,
No matter what he'd do.

The year that you a Sophomore were,
A good and kindly kid;
All Freshmen got a helping hand,
Your very best you did.

Then came the year you were a Junior
Of yourself you were very fond,
You shunned your little plodding friends
You broke that tender bond.

You now at least have reached your goal
Your chin is tilted high,
And you can not see a Freshman
Unless he trods the sky.

Therefore be not so haughty
But have a human heart,
Above you stand the lofty peaks
You've only made a start.

—Lavina M. Carter—'23.

Class Will

We, the members of the Senior Class of 1920 of the Juneau High School, Juneau, Alaska, being in sound mind and good health, and influenced by no person, do hereby make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament.

ARTICLE I

Section I. To the Senior II Class we give what they are sorely in need of, our dignity, and also our "modesty," which will be of great benefit to them.

Section II. We give also to the Senior II Class our ability to stay up late at night and have a perfect lesson the following day.

Section III. The "Kewpie" which was bequeathed to us by the Class of 1919 we leave to the Senior II's. And we suggest that they in turn leave it to the Senior I's

Section IV. To the Sophomores we leave our ability to acquire knowledge which will help them to reach the end of their journey.

ARTICLE II.

Section I. To Mr. Stanton we leave our good will and wish him luck with the electric lights.

Section II. To Miss Rau we leave our ability to "kid" and we hope she will use it to good advantage.

ARTICLE III.

Individually we do solemnly bequeath the following:

Section I. I, Sybil Campbell, do bequeath: To Ben Burford, all my knowledge of chemistry. To Florence Casey, I leave my ability to come to school one-half minute before the tardy bell. To James Buzzey, I leave my tiny feet in hopes that he will be able to manipulate himself better. I leave my art of making faces to Marjorie Clark.

Section II. I, Donald Condit, do bequeath the following: To Billy Biggs, I leave three volumes of "Cupid's Flirtation" on condition that he reads one chapter a day. To Laura McLeod, I leave my ability to blush on condition that she will enjoy the privilege as much as I have.

Section III. I, Edna Miller, leave my dignity to Venetia Pugh. My knowledge to Luella Smith. To Frances Nowell, I leave my ability to look unconcerned so that she may use it when she returns from her noon "Day" walk.

Section IV. I, Victor Hewitt, bequeath to Laura McCloskey my curly hair. To Marie Goldstein my freckles. To Frances Morris, my temper.

Section V. I, Vivian Sparling, leave my knowledge of Spanish to Ben Burford. To "Red" Fortney, I leave my stand-in with the teachers on condition that he will take advantage of it during the summer. I bequeath my "ear puffs" to Jessie Mock. Last but not least, I leave my leadership in the J. H. S. Bolsheviki Club to Howard Case.

Section VI. I, Donald McKinnon, leave my ability to tease the girls to Allen Shattuck. My bow-legs to Cecil Bach. My knowledge of English grammar to Ollie Koskey. "That there" management of the M. D. C. to Everett Nowell.

Section VII. I, Nadja Kashevaroff, bequeath my ability to fight to Lillian Oja. My red hair to James Bussey. My few (??) freckles to Miss Park, and I appoint Alice Case to look after "Tezz a vous."

Section VIII. I, Walstein Smith, leave my art of flirting to Mark Kimball, on condition that he does not use it to "vamp" Lucille Bathe. My good marks to Jimmie McNaughton. My knowledge of parliamentary (?) law to Charles Perelle.

Section IX. I, Ljela Ptack, bequeath my position as the school "Crab" to Florence Bracken. The official count of School Days to Lena Korkhen. My position on the basket ball team to Luella Smith.

Section X. I, Joe George, will and bequeath my stand-in with the girls to Sinclair Brown (if Ideal does not object). My art of dancing to Legia Kash. And my coy (?) manners to Lance Hendrickson.

Section XI. I, Harriett Sey, hereby declare that Marion Summers shall be the sole owner of my Scotch accent, provided that she obtain a patent on it. My pet hobby (arguing) to Irene Nelson. The trick of rolling my eyes to Mr. Lanz.

Section XII. The Senior Girls jointly bequeath their long skirts, hair pins and powder puffs to Anita Garnick.

We do hereby constitute and appoint L. D. Henderson, Commissioner of Education, the executor of this, our last will and testament.

In witness hereof, we do herunto set our hands and affix the seal of the class, this 14th day of May, 1920.



Class Prophecy

Dear Miss Rau:

It has been so long since I wrote you that I have just car-loads to tell you.

As I was walking down Fifth Avenue, I was stopped by the sound of excited voices. So I, being naturally curious, stopped to see what was the matter. A large touring car, a perfect beauty, had collided with a Ford, and the man who owned the Ford was quite huffy about it. The man who was in the large touring car was calmly smoking a cigar and letting the poor man rave around. I looked at the man more closely and thought he looked rather familiar but I knew that I couldn't possibly know him. But what to my surprise I heard the policeman say, "Your name, please." (To the man in the large car.) The man said, "Walstein Smith." When the policeman had finished with his business I went up to the man, and sure enough, it was old Bud Smith. We rode around New York for a while talking over old times. He is the manager and sole owner of the "Good Luck" Mine, and it certainly has made him rich. But Bud is the same as he always was. The happy-go-lucky spirit he had when he was a Senior is still with him.

He left me at the store and rode off. I went to a grand and exclusive shop and who should come to greet me but Leila Ptack. She certainly has grown into a most charming woman. The store was her own and she was one of the most successful milliners in New York. She told me that Harriet Sey and Edma Miller were both superintendents of large schools in Wisconsin and that Joe George was the owner of Franklin and Simon Exclusive Shops. I told her of Bud's arrival in New York and she is going to look him up.

Vivian Sparling is living in Honolulu where her husband has a wonderful plantation. He is one of the richest steel magnates in the United States and they spend their summers in Honolulu. She is very happy and has everything that her heart desires. I am to visit her next Summer and I certainly look forward to that summer.

I read in the paper that Dr. J. D. N. McKinnon had leaped into fame through a wonderful operation he had performed on his old chum, Donald Condit, the Secretary of the Interior. You know Lockie always did have a desire to be a doctor. Donald Condit is a candidate for the Presidential election and indications show that he probably will get the people's vote.

Sybil Campbell is a very successful farmerette. She owns one of the most wonderful and modern farms in the East. Her farmerettes are too cute for words. They are drilled and carry out their commands to perfection. They call her Captain Campbell. I have a picture of her in uniform and she certainly looks

adorable. She has a few freckles sprinkled delicately on her nose but they only add to her wonderful charm. She wants me to stop at her farm when I go through, and I surely will make an effort to do so.

Nadja Kashevaroff is returning from South America after a successful buying trip for one of the large San Francisco firms. I wondered if she gained success through her freckles, she did have so many. She expects to go to Europe next and then she will probably take a vacation and go to see "good old Alaska," as she says.

Victor Hewitt has sailed for Russia, where he expects to join the Bolsheviki army. He had been disappointed in love and nothing can stop him now. Poor Victor always did have bad luck where girls were concerned.

Taken altogether the class of 1920 are very successful and they most certainly carried out their reputation of being good workers.

An Ode

There was an old man
Lived up in a hill
And when he made motions
He couldn't keep still.

His teeth were all yellow
And wobbly with age
And if he was mad
He'd fly off in a rage.

He lived mostly on pancakes
(Or so I've been told.)
And though he prospected
He never found gold.

He made his own drinks
And once in a while
He'd give a small party
Raking in quite a pile.

His friends they were rough
And alas! Sad to tell,
They got angry one day
And their teeth, out they fell

And now comes the part
I am loath to relate,
His heart ceased to beat
And he died, sure as fate.

—Kathleen Ward—'22.

In the Spotlight

NAME	KNOWN AS	AGE	OCCUPATION	EXPRESSION	DESTINY
DONALD C.	PERSON	60	BLUSHING	NONE	LEON TAMER
EDNA	LITTLE ONE	7	STUDYING	GOT YOUR CHEM?	MANICURIST
JOE	MUTT	10	GETTING NEXT TO THE GIRLS	IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME	BASEBALL STAR
HARIBET	SAY	60-60	ARGUING	OH, I DON'T THINK SO	FARMERETTE
VICTOR	CUTTIE	3	KIDDING MISS RAY	AW, GO'WAN	JITNEY-DRIVER
SYBIL	SY	6	GOGGLING	AW, I DON'T	FARMER'S WIFE
WALSTEIN	BUD	2	TAKING VACATIONS	THINK IT'LL RAIN?	CHICKEN RAISER
LEILA	WIGGLES	13	COUNTING SCHOOL DAYS	SURE!	CHAUFFEURSE
DONALD	LOCKIE	1-2	TEASING THE GIRLS	AIN'T GOT NO TIME	GOLD DUST TWIN
VIVIAN	ORIS	16	"RED HEAD" CHARMER	GEE! MY EARS HURT	DASHING WIDOW
NADIA	FRECKLES	5	HOLDING PENCILS?	PEACHY	LAWYER



Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum!
We're the Class of '21.
Let's fight and see them run.
Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum!

The Junior Class will never be behind when it comes to "pep." The girls and boys took an active part in athletics. Sinclair Brown being on the boys' basketball team. Lulu Koskey was the captain of the girl's champion team and Marion Summers also played on the team which defeated Douglas.

Can they play volley ball? Just watch the Junior Girls; they won the volley ball tournament, which means that they never lost a game.

Seven of the Juniors held positions on the Totem Staff and Ideal Hendrickson is an officer of the Student Body of the Senior High School.

The Juniors were the first to take advantage of the snow, having a merry sleigh ride after which they were entertained at the home of Carrol Webster.

We are looking forward now to the "Junior Prom." We know it will be a success, if it is judged by other social events of the class of '21.

Class officers:

Charles Perrelle President
Lance Hendrickson Vice-President
Ideal Hendrickson Secretary-Treasurer
Lulu Koskey Class Reporter

Class Flower

Westeria

Class Motto

"If We Rest, We Rust."





The Sophomore Class, the largest class in the Senior High School, is composed of twenty members. Three of these, LeRoy Vestal, Howard Case, and Allen Fortney, have held positions on the boys' basket ball team of the Senior High, each proving himself to be a star, which, however, is not surprising. The Sophomores have won the championship of the school through the basket ball tournament held during March. Leave it to the Sophomores! Helmi Janiksela has shown her ability to star on the girls' basket ball team. Another three of our members, Stanley Jorgenson, James McNaughton, and Kathleen Ward are on the Totem Staff.

The Cupid's Carnival, given on March 5th., by our class, was by far the most successful dance ever held in the school gymnasium. The hall was tastefully decorated with red and white streamers and presented a most charming effect.

Class officers are as follows:

President LeRoy Vestal
Vice-President Allen Fortney
Secretary and Treasurer Mark Kimball

Class Colors
Orange and Black

Class Flower
Marigold

Class Motto
"Launched, But Not Anchored"

Class Yell
1 — 9 — 2 — 2

We're the class that puts things thru'.
We're the class that's never blue.

1 — 9 — 2 — 2

—Lydia Kashevaroff—'22.



EDITORIALS



Totem Staff

Editor-in-Chief	Nadja Kashevaroff
Assistant Editor	Lance Hendrickson
Business Manager	Sinclair Brown
Assistant Business Manager.....	Stanley Jorgenson
Literary Editor	James McNaughton
Society Editor	Florence Casey
Art Editor	Lulu Koskey
Girls' Athletic Editor	Ideal Hendrickson
Boys' Athletic Editor	Donald Condit
Cartoon Editor	Kathleen Ward
Exchange Editor	Vivian Sparling
Alumni Editor	Marie Goldstein
Joke Editor	Laura McLeod

We hope that this Totem will carry to its readers a true and vital reflection of the student life. We know that to the former graduates, it will bring happy memories and to those interested in us, it will reach out and bring them in contact with our school.

This school year has been a most successful one as there were very few interruptions and much has been accomplished in the school work.

The socialized recitation that has been introduced this year has proven to be a very decided success. It develops self control and teaches one to stand before an audience and deliver a speech with ease. Most of the classes have been conducted on this plan.

The Normal Training course has been added to our High School curriculum. Many have taken advantage of this opportunity. After taking the Normal course they are entitled to



teach in Alaska. This is a decided advantage for the students as they need not go south for their Normal training.

The Parent-Teacher Association that has been organized this year is a very necessary organization as it draws the parents and teachers into a closer relation than ever before. This organization brings the parents into a closer contact with the real school life.

The students deeply appreciate the interest displayed by the business men of Juneau and also the citizens in general. Without this support it would be impossible to run such a large book. We assure you that as far as possible as our trade and influence extend, this advertising in the "Totem" will receive hearty support. WE THANK YOU.





Literary

The Moon Men

Several years ago, while taking in the sights in the circus, I decided to take my first ride in an aeroplane which was being exhibited at the side show. After a seemingly endless flight upward, the driver decided that it was time to start down. But no sooner had he finished speaking than the plane began to dart upward at a terrific rate of speed. The driver seemed to have lost control of the machine and what happened after that, neither he nor I have been able to recall. But when I finally came to my senses, John the driver, had recovered sufficiently to gain control of the machine. I was completely lost as to where we were, but upon looking over the side of the machine, I saw the moon immediately below us. We were going over the surface at about one hundred miles an hour.

Now, according to scientists, I had the idea that the moon was a dead planet, but I soon found that I was mistaken.

When John found that I had recovered he was very much pleased, as he had feared this being my first experience in the air, it might have proved fatal to me. He suggested that we land at the dark area, so we came down on a smooth place and began our investigation of the strange planet.

My first discovery was some human bones of a small type of man, also some clothes scattered about which had been lying there for years but were as good as new. The farther we went the more bones we found. Over our heads were many small birds about the size of bats with long arms and protruding claws with which they tore the flesh off their prey. In the distance we saw about twenty of these birds flying about a man, making terrible noises. He was stumbling at each step and before we could reach him, he fell and was unable to rise again. The birds were covering him when we arrived at the scene and had already torn most of the flesh from his bones. The birds circled above us with parts of him, and you may be sure we were very careful of our footing, since a fall would prove fatal to us. Afterwards we learned that these birds were called Allenloriesllespoffs.

After many hours of aimlessly wandering about, we reached a road which led into the dark part of the moon. On we traveled and almost dead from thirst and hunger, we even began thinking that the next man we met would be our prey instead of the birds. Many times we caught glimpses of men ahead of us but they always fled before we could reach them. Just over the top of a hill, a city lay before us, quite wonderful to behold. We could plainly see that our arrival had been foretold because armed men were waiting to receive us. We had to choose between giving ourselves up to these men as prisoners or going back to starvation and death.

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

We decided upon the former, thinking a treaty could be made with the king in some way because of our powerful influence on the earth.

Our first impression of the men was that they resembled monkeys, only larger. But the women—even our beautiful earth women could in no way hold a candle to them. They were more lovely than we had ever imagined humans could ever be, but they were very timid and when we tried flirting with them, they fled from us quite terrified. It seemed on the moon that the uglier the men, the bigger hit he made with the women. So in a little while, John and I were the most popular men in the city. With the old King, however, we made very little progress, for he soon had us put in a dungeon and made us understand that he would eat us for Xmas dinner. Now, we had no idea when they observed Xmas on the moon, so we did not know whether we would live a few days or months. We did learn, however, that the King always had a big feast, killing thousands of people of captured nations.

We were confined in the dungeon for three earth years, and by that time we had learned their language. I had still been able to keep in my possession a pocket searchlight with which I hoped we might be able to secure our freedom. In order to save the battery, I had not turned it on for two years, but now decided to try it out. Our fate seemed to hang in the balance. Suppose it wouldn't work—there seemed to be no other hope for us. With great fear and trembling, we tried the light and it worked. Then and there we got down on our knees and thanked Edison for his invention.

On Xmas day the King ordered his chief cook to bake us with great care, but at that moment I stepped forward and cried, "Oh, people of Zebrum, hear me, for I am God of all people on this moon. See the King will go blind this minute." I produced the searchlight and flashed it in his face. My plan worked successfully for the old King dropped to the floor dead, possibly from the power of the flashlight or from fright. The rest was easy, the whole city fell at my feet and they cried, "Oh, Bud Smith! You are a God. Forgive us for keeping you in prison. The Kingdom of Zebrum is yours." I thanked them and climbed upon the throne and began to give orders.

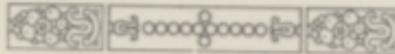
The first thing, of course, was to investigate the kingdom, so John and I traveled around for this purpose. While on this journey we found and married the two most beautiful princesses in the kingdom. Next I issued an order that anyone who disobeyed the laws would be blinded and, strange to say, no one caused any trouble.

Many years have passed in peaceful prosperity, but John for some time has been restless and wants to go back to the earth. So it is all arranged for his vacation. He insists upon taking his princess with him so that if he is unable to return he will have his

beloved with him. In case he does return he is to bring with him a goodly supply of the above mentioned flashlights, because I can never tell when trouble may arise.

I am sending this account of our experiences to our friends and in return I would very much appreciate the newspaper in which the account of my death was reported some years ago. I would like to see some of my friends again but I would never consider leaving my cherished kingdom and my beloved princess for anything the earth has to offer us.

(Signed) BUD SMITH, King of Zebrum.



Loyalty

Loyalty is to my notion one of the greatest things in the world. You must be loyal to your parents, your friends and to your school or any other organization to which you belong. Loyalty also means love of country and flag and the obedience of its laws.

When you have been away from your country for a long time, and there floating in the breeze is the Stars and Stripes, have you felt that thrill, that feeling of being all stirred up just the way you feel on Christmas morning? If you have, you are a real American. And in a foreign country have you ever had a feeling of loneliness and then of sadness when you saw the American flag flying over the offices of the American Consulate? In one foreign city I was staying at a hotel opposite the offices of the Consul. He had a flag suspended always from his window. Every evening at exactly five o'clock, a man, young, strong, with a firm and fearless eye, came along the street. Pausing below the flag and taking off his hat he would gaze up at it in a kind of silent prayer and at times I thought I saw his lips move. At other times he looked worried and discouraged, but after his prayer his shoulders straightened and he was himself again. This was a real man—and an American.

Have you ever noticed a dog and his master? Have you noticed the love, devotion and obedience of that animal? Albert Payson Terhune says that "if a person watches his dog, and is not too proud to learn the lesson, he can learn many things not to be found elsewhere." In this way imagine the dog as yourself and the master your country. Learn your lesson—Love, Devotion and Obedience! BE LOYAL!

—Anita Garnick—'22.

A Burglar

Jewel and I were alone in the house, for Mother and Dad had gone out to a party. Mother had told us that we wouldn't be a bit afraid, but the minute they had gone we were not quite so sure about it.

However, we started playing games and had a fine time, but whenever we stopped talking we always began getting afraid. The house was so spooky and still that it was enough to scare the bravest two girls living. At nine o'clock we went to the kitchen for a bite to eat and Oh! how dark it seemed when we turned out the light. We scurried up the steps and rushed into the living room quite out of breath. I was on pins and needles but I wouldn't let Jewel know it, for she was a little younger than I. At ten we thought it best to get to bed and everything was all right. Jewel asked me when Mother would be home and I told her about twelve or one, as they went to the Elks' Dance.

It must have been about half past eleven when Jewel woke me up. She was sitting up in bed shivering with fright. When she saw that I was awake she whispered to me, "Oh! I thought you would never wake up. There is a burglar in the house. What shall we do?" I was wide awake by that time and my teeth were knocking so hard together that I was sure the burglar would hear them. "I'm sure I don't know," I replied. "Let's go and see if he really is there."

I got out of bed boldly so that Jewel would not think I was afraid. When she saw me get up she thought that she might as well, so we both grabbed a slipper and softly opened the door. I saw a streak of light suddenly appear under the living room door and then it went out. I heard some one walking softly around and then stumble over a chair. Jewel ran back to bed when she heard that noise and left me alone in the hall. I was bound to see who it was so I crept noiselessly towards the room. Just as I was nearing the door I saw the door knob turning slowly. I

rushed back to bed, with my heart in my mouth. Jewel and I hid under the blankets. We heard the footsteps come slowly towards our door. A board creaked and some one said something under his breath. I sat up in bed and watched the door, but when the knob started to turn ever so slowly I ducked under the blankets, not daring to look any more.

Imagine our horror and fright when we heard him walk into the room and say, "Oh, they're in bed and sound asleep, but why on earth do they want to cover up their heads." I was shivering so by that time that I felt certain that the bed was rocking like a small skiff in a rough sea. He came towards our bed and pulled the covers down. Jewel and I screamed on the top of our voices. But, what to our surprise, instead of an awful looking burglar, there stood good old Dad. So here was our burglar!

We told him all about our awful fright and he thought it was the best joke imaginable. He has been teasing us ever since.

—Rae Stevens.

The Gold Quest

"Hello, yourself," came floating back to my ears from the cherub mouth on my inseparable chum, Norah, as she came swinging towards me on pair of skis, a blue-black curl streaming out beneath her thick fur cap, while her cheeks against the deep white of her face told you that she was a veritable Irish girl. A golden streak shot through her twinkling silver orbs as I queried, "Where away?"

"Just out for a stroll and dad wanted some tobacco, so I promised to get it for him; come along and I'll race you to the trading post," was her answer.

"I'm on," I said, as she drove abreast and we shot down the hill and through the hollow, traveling at a whirlwind pace (for the snow was hard as to crust), so that we were both out of breath when we finally arrived, if one might call such a shooting past an arrival.

"I won," crowed Norah.

"Just wait, my lady Norah, and I'll beat you yet," I threatened as we, having divested ourselves of our skis, entered the store.

It is only fair to state right here that for sixteen years out of eighteen Norah and I had lived alone in the Far Northland with her father and my brother until they decided when we were sixteen to send us both to a finishing school in 'Frisco and although we had only kissed this same school farewell three short months before this story opened, our superficial education was fastly evaporating into thin air.

Nora entered the door ahead of me and neary got capsized

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by a young fellow leaving. "Cheechako," she laughed to me as he said, "Beg pardon." She hollered, "Hey, Blue Mike, give me five pounds of 'baccy," and I added, "Give me ten pounds of sugar." He quickly put them up telling us meanwhile that our men folk had gone out on a stampede to stake on Lola Creek.

"That where that cheechako was going?" inquired Norah. Blue Mike nodded affirmation.

As we left I twined my free arm through Norah's. "Getting mighty curious about a ornery stranger, eh Honeybud," I whispered. Her cheeks flushed as she shot at me, "Well, what if I did like his manner."

"Why, you funny child, everyone says that in 'Frisco."

"But the look in his eyes," she murmured.

"Begorra and Norah's entranced," I teased, and was off like a flash, she following.

We skied merrily along, I teasing and she laughingly annoyed, "Sleep with me tonight," she urged, as we neared our cabin.

That night at supper I had a brilliant idea. "Let's go prospecting while the men are away," I suggested.

"Oh, Irene, could we really?"

"What's to hinder?"

"I don't know," she faltered, "but what of Dad?"

"Oh, we'll leave a note for him," I answered airily.

So, after the dishes were washed and we were lying snugly in bed we planned our campaign. The last thing I remember was hearing a sigh of, "Won't it be glorious!" escaping from my chum. But as for that you will have to wait until this story proceeds further before deciding.

Some one pulled my foot and I jumped, yelling, out of bed. "Hush up, you big boob," came Norah's voice, "do you want the wolves to keep you company?" and I did hear a timber wolf howl off in the distance.

"What's the big idea?" I hissed.

"You told me to waken you when I got up, didn't you, so hustle into those duds of yours and grab one of these packs I've made up." I did, also some breakfast.

We started out, the air was raw and cold, the thermometer registered fifty-three degrees below zero. We had decided to hunt for Dead Head Lake where I had heard an old prospector swear to my brother that there was a hill full of gold. We strapped up the husky malamute team we owned between us and set out. We left the sled behind us two days later and transferred our packs to the dogs' backs, taking our snow shoes with us, for we never knew where we would strike a glacier or when it would snow, forcing us to make our trail. "Into the vast unknown," I giggled.

"Well, I'm thankful for one thing," from Norah.

"What's that, Honeybud?"

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"Only, if we run out of matches your red hair will serve the same purpose."

"Smarty," was my only response.

"How many more days do you think we will have to travel?" she asked that night as we cooked supper.

"Oh, about three months more," I joked.

From then on we wandered unceasingly, making camp at night wherever we chanced to be, I building the fire in the snow, while Norah cut spruce boughs and laid our rabbit skin robe on top of them. We fed the huskies and they snuggled into the snow near the fire while we fell into the dreamless sleep of healthy though tired bodies and minds. For two days we went fireless for lack of timber, being above the timber line, and we gradually worked down, but it was a slow task, as we had to pack the soft snow with our snow shoes for the dogs to walk on. To add to our troubles the snow not only came down in a suffocating blanket the next night but a fierce wind hurled itself against the mountain walls, roaring and puffing, and we clung to each other as we huddled close together with the dogs in a cleft where the snow had drifted.

We dared not sleep, but drew our robes over our parkas and tried to cheer each other with unfelt optimism. At last the night passed, day dawned and as we crept out of our shelter, Norah shivered.

"What's the matter?" I questioned.

"Nothing, only I bet my claim-to-be on Dead Head Lake against five ornery hairpins that something awful will happen before this day is finished."

"Done," said I.

"I'll win again," chuckled Norah, "for I'm riding a hunch; don't forget, its small black bone hairpins for mine!"

"All right, and it's real gold for mine," I came back.

"Humph, you'll never see it," was her retort.

Just then we came through a narrow pass in a mountain ledge and saw a glittering level plain of ice lying about a mile beneath us, with a cabin nestling on the opposite shore.

"Dead Head Lake," gasped my pal, then recovering, "didn't I tell you something would happen?"

"H'm you've got to show me; you said 'something awful.'"

"Oh, wait and that will show up as sure as we're a pair of fools leaving home." And I doubted no longer her hunch as I glanced down and saw a man come into sight behind a pack of dogs and heard a shout ring out. Then I looked again and beheld the man lying on the ice.

"Hurry, but move stealthily," I spoke, and saw a sick, ghastly look overspreading my chum's face.

We moved on silently, down ever down, planning meanwhile

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what we should do, and our plan worked like a charm. I saw the would-be murderer sitting smoking and I stepped out, saying gruffly, "Drop your weapons, stranger."

"Search him," I ordered Norah.

And after we had disarmed him we went out on the ice to see what harm had been done to the other stranger. Norah ran forward and gathered his head into her lap. "Is he alive?" I queried, as she put her hand under his parka, and after a few moments she dumbly nodded. We saw that the bullet had clipped straight through his shoulder and we bathed it and he finally came to, and got up unsteadily and stared at us.

"The cheechako," breathed I.

"You've got my number," he grinned, "but who shot me?"

"This fellow here," I said, glad to relieve myself of our prisoner. "And he deserves to be hung," added Norah incensedly.

"I wanted some grub," whined the man.

"Danged pleasant way you took to get it. I'll attend to you," but before he sent him hiking for Dawson he divided his pack and dogs with the man. Then the man started out and that was the last we saw of him.

We repaid to the cabin and I started a fire; we cooked a regular sourdough meal, flapjacks and all, the stranger fixing up a fresh bed in the cabin meanwhile. Over the coffee we became acquainted and learned that the young fellow was called Stride Gonrell and that his partner, whom he called Silent Saunders, would arrive any time.

"Been long in this country?" questioned Norah.

And with a sheepish grin he answered, "Naw, I'm only newly arrived from 'Frisco."

"Oh," and Norah gave a little squeal of joy, "Irene and I were there for a few years." Then we sat and discussed mutual acquaintances while I ached to go out and look at our prospect. At last I broke in impatiently, "If you kids don't want to see what we've got here, I do. Come on," and I led the way outside, obliging them to follow, and there, after much digging, we came upon a fissure vein larger than any ever seen by mortal eye before.

While we were discussing it a voice behind me said, "Hands up." We whirled and Stride said, "Hello, Silent; shake hands with Miss Gosfend and Miss O'Shawn, friends of mine."

"Glad to meet you," he said coolly and fell to examining the vein while Nora and Stride talked mere nothings to each other. "It's a sure enough fissure vein," he proclaimed.

"I'm so glad you discovered it; now all we have to do it stake before all Dawson comes tramping over here, yelling like madmen," I sneered. And we set to work and had our claims all staked before evening, also one for my brother and Norah's dad.

Norah and I slept in the cabin that night. "Remember those hairpins," she whispered as she cuddled up to me.

"Sure," I answered, then tenderly, "Happy, little one?"

"Irene, do you think he cares for me?" she faltered.

"Oh, not at all," I laughed; "why, bless you, child, he couldn't take his eyes off of you even to look at the fissure vein."

The next afternoon she came to me, a deep glorious light shining in her eyes. "Oh, Irene," she breathed, "he kissed me and called me—Oh, Irene,"—but just then we saw Norah's dad and my brother coming towards us. Norah ran forward and her father held her to him, crooning brokenly over while my brother caught me in his arms and whirled me off my feet, talking excitedly.

We explained at luncheon all about our adventures and were showing them the lode when Stride and Silent came into view with a dead moose apiece and were introduced.

"Well, I guess the next thing to do is hit the trail for Dawson and a recorder's office," spoke up Stride. And hit the trail we did.

It was a week after we had recorded and the great stampede to the Dead Head Lake had become a reality that I was skiing swiftly along when I suddenly broke through the snow and went down, and when I attempted to rise the pains shooting through my foot and my side were so great that I promptly sat down again.

"Good morning," said a voice and there, cool as you please, was Silent Saunders.

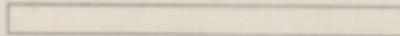
I felt non-plussed as he said, "Allow me to assist you," and he undid my moccasin after lighting a fire. I was soon able to relace my moccasin and get into my skis again. Then something unexpected happened as he helped me to my feet and our glances crossed.

"Where away?" challenged Norah's voice, and Stride's said, "Come up to the cabin and help us celebrate our engagement." For they had glided swiftly up to us.

"My darling," I whispered to Norah, "I'm so glad."

"Ugh," grumbled Silent, "come on, Irene, we have just time to get married before that preacher pulls out of Dawson on the Jefferson," and I heard Norah and Stride shout congratulations to us as I was borne swiftly away by my impatient escort.

—Harriet Sey—,20.



Cheerfulness

Why is cheerfulness one of the essential characteristics of a citizen?

There are numerous reasons, too numerous to name. Cheerfulness includes a sense of humor, jolliness and optimism.

It was fortunate for Napoleon that he married Josephine before he was made Commander-in-Chief of the armies of Italy. Her fascinating manners and her most cheerful disposition were more influential than the loyalty of any dozen men in France in attaching to him the adherents who would promote his interests. The secret of her wonderful personality has been told by herself. "There is only one occasion," she said, "in which I would voluntarily use the words, 'I will!'—namely, when I would say, 'I will that all around me be more cheerful.'"

"It was only a glad "good-morning"
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the live long day."

A cheerful disposition more than compensates for some of the defects of an individual. The most fascinating person is the one with the cheerful word and smile, not the one of the greatest physical beauty. According to the Greek's ideals, beauty must be the expression of attractive qualities within—such as cheerfulness.

Mirabeau was one of the ugliest men in France. It was said he had "the face of a tiger pitted by small-pox, but the charm of his most cheerful manner was irresistible.

Cheerfulness often proves a fortune to a person. One can very easily answer this question: "Who will be the most successful and happiest in life—the man with the grouchy disposition or the one with the cheerful mind?"

Cheerfulness brightens the world; it chases away the dark clouds that so often overhang the earth.

Let us try and have more cheerfulness in this world by everyone doing his bit and the world will be better for it.

—Edna Miller—'20.

Freshman's Lament

(To the Tune of "Everybody Calls Me Honey.")

Everybody calls us greenie
We don't know why they do,
Maybe it's because the Seniors
Call us greenie too.

We won't be Freshmen very, very long,
'Cause we must grow up too.
Everybody calls us greenie
So you can call us greenie too.

—E. T. & D. O.—'23.

A Dog's Life

Reginald Algernon Montgomery Fisher was bored, absolutely, positively, and without question, he was bored.

Now Reggie (as we will call him from now on) was a dog. A poodle dog, to be more exact. He had a pedigree a half mile long; he wore a red ribbon around his neck, a beautiful green blanket over his back, had a maid to see that he had his two baths each day, ate the finest foods on the market, and slept on a silk cushion. And yet, you say, "he was bored?" Yes, he was bored and felt that he had reason to be. Reggie's special cause for grievance was his baths. Two a day is rather steep, you will have to admit, and, dear reader, when you contemplate your own aversion to even two a week, you can see Reggie's point.

Reggie had just had his morning bath and was left by his protectoress, the maid, in the state of semi-slumber. But Reggie awakened a few minutes after her exit, and lay there as I before stated, bored, absolutely, positively and without question, bored.

Soon a wonderful idea popped into his head. Ah! And what an idea it was too. He would go for a stroll and would go alone. Away you maids and butlers! Reggie for once is going for a siesta without your protecting influence around him.

Since all the household were busy in their respective tasks, it was no great job to gain his freedom. Indeed, Reggie walked out of the sun-porch door without any interference whatever. Down the walk, out through the big gate he went, strolling along very nonchalantly as though he were no more than a common, everyday dog rather than a prize poodle dog, the pet of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fisher.

Ah! What a day it was. The sun never shone so brightly as on this day, that Reginald Algernon Montgomery had chosen for his fling of free life.

And how handsome he felt! Who wouldn't with a beautiful red ribbon around one's neck and a clean sparkling body.

On and on he walked, but somehow the great adventure did not show up. He even began to get rather doubtful as to the advisability of continuing on his journey, when upon turning a corner, he ran smack-dab upon a dog. A little, pudgy, smudgy, black dog. But what was that fascinating thing upon which he was munching so contentedly? Reggie smiled, a condescending smile, a smile of one who belongs to the perfect class gives to those who beneath their notice have something which they desire.

The black dog said, "Hello, Old Top; come on over and help me pick this bone I found in the ash dump. You don't have to be introduced; just tell me that you like bones and you're welcome to stay and enjoy the feast."

"I'd be delighted," murmured Friend Reggie, "and I would enjoy the bone immensely."

And so it was. Reggie and Rags, which was the black dog's

name, settled down to their repast and became friendlier every moment. Such bliss Reggie had never enjoyed before, and really bones are delicious things if a poor dog gets fed on nothing but nut sundaes and their like. But suddenly, as from nowhere at all, a big shaggy head appeared between the smug contented faces of Reggie and Rags. The bone, the wonderful bone, disappeared and to where, Reggie could not say, but Rags, with a sad but knowing smile, departed, and as he went, called back, "Too bad, Old Man, but it was bound to happen. Us guys, because of our size, are bound to be imposed upon. Snipes always takes my bones. I'm used to it now. So-long."

So Reggie learned his first sad lesson. No one can keep a good thing from the bigger fellow if he parades it around in public, at least that's the way Reggie looked at it.

Reggie decided to go along the walk for a ways at least, before turning home. He walked very slowly, and as he was about to turn back and call it a day, his attention was attracted. A young lady, dog, of course, was walking long that part of the walk shaded by trees. She went by, but as she did so, she turned her shapely head and winked. Yes, she winked, and with that wink Reggie fell. He started to stroll leisurely after her, but as she quickened her pace, Reggie followed more speedily and was soon running. At last she came to a building, and Reggie never hesitated, but went straight through the door through which she passed before and came into a room, the door of the same being open. As he made his appearance, a shout arose. Astounded, he looked around and saw a crowd of men sitting and standing around a closed circle. A big burly man came forward and picked up our hero, who was badly frightened. "H-m," murmured his captor, "not worth much to me; still, he'll be just right for fighting Bob."

It was then that Reggie realized his predicament. He was in the hands of the man who promoted dog fights and was going to be made to fight against some other dog. Reggie's aristocratic soul revolted from engaging in conflict with the lower class and once more he was a pacifist, which explains a lot. But there was no way out. He was placed in the ring and his opponent led in. Reggie shuddered, for Fighting Bob was certainly a tough looking character, but still he was a poodle, and was Reggie's size.

The men blew the whistle and the dogs started. Such a fight! Flying hair, growls, blood and lastly yelps. The latter arose from our hero, who was getting the worst of the deal by far. But quickly he went after his opponent and fought and fought with all his might. At last he managed to get a grip on Bob's neck and Bob was utterly helpless. A yelp from Bob and all was still! Reggie had beaten. His opponent lay there still, but only unconscious. However, our hero's thoughts were of home. He lit out of the ring, through the open window he shot, and up the street. At length, bloody and filthy, he arrived at his door. In

spite of the spanking he received, he was happy. No more was he bored, no more had baths any terror. He had seen the world and had conquered. The worm turned and aristocracy had triumphed over Bolshevism.

—James McNaughton—'22.

A Landslide

Landslides! Everyone had been talking landslides for the past three days, for it had been raining heavily and steadily all that time and we and our neighbors were situated in a dangerous spot, when it came to landslides.

I had been nervous, depressed, and had an uneasy sort of feeling all the time that I was in the house, for I couldn't get the thought of slides out of my head. On the third day, while dusting in the living room I suddenly heard a sickening thud! With my heart in my mouth I was through the door and into the next room without knowing how I got there. My little sister was calmly picking up a large dictionary which had fallen to the floor, and I flopped into a chair laughing hysterically. My nerves were so raw by this time, that I decided I must put the subject from my mind.

It rained heavily all that night. The next day my mother and sister left for an appointment with the dentist. I sat down to sew, could not stick to that, so picked up a book. Suddenly I heard a loud rumbling noise. I thought there must be a fire and that the fire truck was out, for it sounded like a large car. I went to the window and looked out. It was singular that my thoughts had been so centered on landslides for the past couple of days, and at this moment such a thing never entered my head.

There was a dreadful crash intermingled with shrieks of fear, and I knew no more for what seemed to me a long time. Then I became conscious. My shoulders were pressed down most cruelly and I breathed with difficulty. The odor of moist earth filled my nostrils. All around I heard cries and groans of pain, mingled with the voices of men and confused sounds of chopping and of running water. I could hear only out of one ear, the other being full of mud; and I could see nothing, for a warm moisture trickled from my forehead into my eyes.

My hands were somewhere underneath, numbed, for I could not feel them. Of course I tried to get out, but something sharp stuck into my side whichever way I moved.

There suddenly arose the shrill scream of a woman close by, and I could hear the gruff voices of the men encouraging her as they hacked away at her prison. She must have been unconscious after that, for I could tell when they had her out and some of them took her away.

They then discovered me. Up to that time I had made no

noise, for I was in no real pain, though cold and wet. They immediately set to work to dig me out. Finally, becoming free once more, I rubbed my eyes as clear of dirt and blood (for I had been struck by a piece of broken glass) as was possible with my hands, and looked about; the scene was impressive, to say the least. In the pouring rain men in shining slickers hustled about, some in groups, digging, some overseeing, while others ran here and there investigating the piles of mud and timbers. Our house and others in close proximity to the slide had collapsed completely under the pressure of the earth; some had been carried on down to the foot of the hill.

But worse than the wreckage of the buildings was the human wreckage, or so I thought as I stood for a moment feeling for broken bones. I was somewhat surprised to find myself whole, with the exception of some rather severe bruises. But afterwards it turned out that comparatively few had been caught in the slide, while of those who were, only two were badly injured.

I was hustled over to a neighbor's house and presently my mother and sister appeared, half frantic with fright. Then we got busy and helped keep the men supplied with food and hot coffee while they worked.

It was a horrible experience, and I made up my mind right then that if I ever again had that same premonition of danger from a slide, I would not wait for the slide to come.

—Kathleen Ward—'22.

The Enchanted Prince

Patricia's mother had died when she was a baby, but her father, being a king, had been forced to marry again. Patricia's step-mother was an extremely cross woman and the only happy moments Patricia ever had were when her busy father had a few minutes to spare.

Patricia was very beautiful and her father loved her dearly but her beauty only increased her step-mother's hatred toward her.

Patricia's step-mother was Queen Sophia and she had a magic mirror which would answer all of her questions. One day she went to the mirror and said:

"Mirror, Mirror on the wall
Am I not the most beautiful of all?"

The mirror answered:

"Oh, Queen, fair as thou be,
Patricia is fairer far than thee."

The Queen was very angry at this and stamped out of the

room determined to get rid of Patricia. At last she hit upon a plan which she thought would work.

She would give the mirror to Patricia and then tell the King Patricia was so proud and vain that she sat for four or five hours every day admiring her beauty. The wicked Queen knew that the King hated vanity.

She followed out this scheme by giving Patricia the magic mirror. Patricia thought that she had won her step-mother's favor at last and she was overcome with fear when she fell and broke the magic mirror.

Imagine her surprise when a little old man, with a long beard, appeared through the hole in the mirror and demanded that she pull out his beard. The dwarf fell on his knees and begged her to comply with his requests. At last she allowed herself to become persuaded. When she had done so the dwarf disappeared and in his place stood a handsome Prince with a troop of servants.

He told her of the wicked enchantress who was her step-mother and how, when he had refused to marry her, she had condemned him to live in a mirror until rescued, in this manner, by a beautiful Princess. Little did she dream, in passing this sentence, that her own step-daughter would be the means of his escape.

Patricia went and told this story to her father who had his wife burned at the stake. Patricia married the dashing young Prince who joined his kingdom to her father's. The older man, in his wisdom, helped his son-in-law to govern his kingdom wisely and justly through every difficulty.

And they lived happily ever after.

—Dorothy Lange—'25.

THE MILITARY DRILL

Listen to the stamping!
Like horses on a hill.
What in the world can it be?
Oh! It's just the Military Drill.
Gee! I was almost choking,
I thought I'd need a pill.
But it was just shoe blackening,
Oh! That Military Drill.
I went to a hotel,
And saw a boy in gray.
I thought he was a Bell Hop,
And to him I made my way.
I asked him to come with me,
My time I sought to kill,
But, alas! He wasn't what I thought him,
He was from that Military Drill.

—Ideal Hendrickson—'21.

A Detective Story

WANTED: Anybody who knows anything concerning the mysterious disappearance of Rachel Jamieson, last seen two days ago on her way to school, will do him a great favor by seeing Mr. Jamieson.

Sherlock Holmes read this in his room at the Gastineau Hotel. He had just come to Juneau that very morning on the "Alaska" and he thought to himself that he would have a visitor shortly. He was not mistaken, for half an hour later a lady was announced and she proved to be Mrs. Jamieson. She was greatly excited but Holmes found a little more than he had read in the "Empire." Her daughter had disappeared with no apparent reason. She had had no quarrel with her parents. She was fourteen years old and well grown for her age. Holmes decided to take the case. He asked if she had received a letter from anyone asking for a ransom, but she hadn't. After she had gone he went to the Alaska Steamship Company's office to get the passenger list of the boat that left on the day of the disappearance but he was informed that all of the passengers were well known and so, though he telegraphed the Seattle police to search the boat, it resulted in nothing. In the meantime he was busy. He learned the next day of the murder of a man named Jackson. He found that Jackson had not been robbed and he learned also that Jackson was known for his poor memory. By a notebook he found in which Jackson had kept all sorts of reminders. In this notebook there was a note that caught his eye,—"See Mr. Jamieson as soon as possible."

Holmes was now sure of what he had thought before, that Jackson was perhaps murdered to keep him quiet, since he was honest, and would have accepted no quiet money. As Holmes was searching the shack in which Jackson lived and was murdered, he found a letter, concealed behind some books, offering five hundred dollars if Jackson would not tell what he knew of the abduction. It was postmarked "Juneau, Wednesday, 1 P. M.," the day after the abduction. It said, "Address your letter to James Holt, City, if you accept, and put to be called for on it. Be sure and burn this letter." Holmes knew what to do now. He addressed a letter to James Holt according to the instructions in the letter he found. It said, "I found the letter you wrote to Jackson and I will talk if you don't give me a thousand dollars tonight out on the road about a block past the Juneau Dairy." He signed it "Alfred Biggs." He didn't know whether the man would come to the post-office or not, but he arranged with the girl in the post-office that she was to pull down the blind when a man asked for letters addressed to James Holt. He arranged to have a man across from the post-office night and day, when he wasn't there. This she did a day

after he wrote the letter, just after a well-dressed man got the letter. Holmes blew a police whistle and ran up to the man. He held the man by his arms until a policeman came up and they took him to jail. The next morning the man was cross-examined and confessed that he had had the girl hidden above the Salmon Creek power house in an old cabin. The man was an enemy of her father's. He had had a man hired to do the murder. Both men were sentenced for long terms. The girl, Rachel, was found none the worse for her experience.

—Allen Shattuck—'22.

The Senior 1'S

(By a Soph)

There's Katy, so bright and beguiling,
And Vestal, the handsome and bold;
Venctia, the noisy and smiling,
And Allen, whose heart is pure gold;
There's Jim, the quick-witted and funny,
The splendid and lovely Irene;
There's Stanley, with temper so sunny,
And Lejia, the auburn-haired queen;
'da and Cecile stick together
Like a pair of those Siamese Twins;
Luella with poses is clever,
And Red is as active as sin;
There's Jessie, with musical talent,
And Howard, the ready to aid;
There's Ollie, the brainy and silent,
And Frances, the thoughtful and staid;
There's Helmi, whose smile is heart-warming,
And Bill, who at drawing's a shark;
Both Lillian and Lena are charming,
That "slow, but sure" thing hits old Mark;
And last—like a breeze from the heather—
Anita, the dainty and sweet;
Now, taking that bunch all together,
They're a hard combination to beat.
We're a bunch of good fellows together,
We're chuck full of ginger and pep;
In sunshine or gloomiest weather,
We never lose heart nor miss step.
We're ship-shape, from jib-boom to spanker,
Whatever we start, we see done;
Our motto's "Just Launched but not Anchored,"
We're the crew of the "Senior One."

—Howard L. Case—'22.

With Apologies to Poe

"Mack, you and Joe get your canoe and bring it up here."

I was working for a survey outfit on a certain Klahena River Southeastern Alaska. I was quite handy with the pole for poling a canoe and Joe usually steered.

Now, the Klahena is a glacier stream and, like all glacier streams, is muddy with glacier silt. In fact, you cannot see the bottom of the stream in water of three inches depth. When I reached the bank with the canoe and with a heave had sent it into the river, I called to Joe, "Quick, grab the tiller rope." But, I'll be blamed, the fool was so slow that the canoe started down the river. "Joe, I'm going to dive in after her. You stay here." I stripped and jumped and ———.

Gee! but that water was hot, but still I couldn't feel that it was wet and, too, I was walking—I opened my eyes—Good Lord! where was I? I couldn't see anything but impenetrable darkness and a feeling of vastness, and an outward pressure inside my skin. Also an intense burning. I could hear the pores of my flesh crack with agonizing heat. The perspiration evaporated from my body as fast as it appeared. All the moisture of my body seemed used up and my skin was shrivelling as a result. But the misery in my joints was the worst of all. First they became pasty, then dry and gritty and then like the wearing away of the teeth by a dentist drill. My throat began to swell when I regained consciousness so that I was unable to swallow. I tried to stop walking time and time again but ever was compelled to go on. I could feel nothing urging me, but could not stop my legs moving.

In the meantime the heat had become more intense. It was terrible. Finally when I thought I could stand it no longer, a coolness, a soothing oblivion overtook me.

"He's had enough. Bring him to," was the crackling voice which greeted my first conscious moment. My joints were no longer grinding but there was still the overpowering heat. There was firelight everywhere. Immense glittering ceilings and vaulted caverns, also the stupifying heat and the smell of sulphur burning. From the roof great streams of water were falling to the floor, but which turned to steam and immediately ascended to the roof, from whence it came. On five grates of magnitude, hags and crippled men of shriveled countenance and bodies, called and shrieked for water. The sight was too awful to behold and my eyes involuntarily turned to the first speaker of croaking voice. Certainly such a personage was not of mortal creation, although he had the outer appearance of being mortal. On his head was a slimy conglomeration for hair and no skull except where the upper parts of the eyes showed. His eyes protruded like globes from their

sockets and moved slowly and continually as if dazed. He himself was perched over a fire grate. These were his next words, "Biped, hasten that fire. I am cold." Imagine it cold in this agonizing heat.

Then I became conscious of others being present. Men of boys' stature but with old bodies, glared accusingly at me. Finally the personage on the throne croaked again: "Victims of the Volcanic Eruption of Mount Juneau, behold the accused. The charge is cruelty. Please proceed with the accusations in the name of the omnipotent Hades."

First Victim—"I hereby charge that when the accused tied the identification tags on our toes that they were tied so tight that they caused pain."

Second Victim—"I hereby charge that the accused left us without any covering over night and that we suffered from the cold."

Third Victim—"I charge that when the accused scrubbed my hair he used a scrubbing brush which ruined my pompadour."

Fourth Victim—"I charge that the accused joked at my not being able to talk back when he pulled my hair and I could not defend myself."

Here the crackling voice interrupted. "Enough. Throw him into the fire-pit," and with a raising of his hands, my limbs again started and slowly, ever slowly, brought me to the edge of a chasm, belching forth flames. Try as I might, I could not stop myself. Then the flames singed me and I took one last agonizing breath.

"Oh, Wow! Hey, stop it, Joe! Gosh, it's cold. What's the matter with my head?"

"You lucky dog, you dived in a foot of water and only knocked yourself unconscious."

"Gee, I'm glad it's only dreams," were my next words, and the fools wanted to know what I meant.

—Donald McKinnon—'20.

A Trip Through the Perseverance Mine

We, the boys of the Juneau High School, accompanied by Mr. Stanton, Mr. Lanz, and Mr. Jackson of the Alaska Gastineau Mining Co., left Juneau at nine-thirty one Saturday morning on the ferry, arriving at Thane at ten-thirty.

We then took a cable car up to the main level, number thirteen, where the electric train was waiting to take us through the snow sheds, and thence to the Perseverance Mine. We arrived at shoot number two, where we were let off so that we could see the different minerals as well as hear some valuable data that Mr. Jackson gave us. We were then taken to the dumping station where forty

cars, having a capacity of two tons each, are loaded in a very few minutes. The loading of these cars is most interesting; each gate on the side of the tunnel wall is operated very easily by pulling a lever and the rock pours out into the cars which are continuously moving underneath at a very slow rate. Here three men oversee the loading; the first man puts in as much as possible, the second man adds to it, while the last man fills the remaining space and levels the car. Surprising to say, it is done like clock work and with such care that there is very little spilled.

The noon hour drawing near and every one having a hungry look, we were taken to the mine shaft and rushed up to the Perseverance level in one minute. At the Perseverance, a lunch fit for a king awaited us and as soon as we were settled at the table the rattle of the knives and forks and the action displayed on the part of those present showed that an enjoyable dinner was being eaten. Comments are still heard with regards to that spread, so you may be sure that it was not only good but also appreciated by a very hungry bunch of fellows. After lunch we had time to play pool or read, which ever we wished.

At about two o'clock we entered the mine once more to visit the stopes which are two hundred feet below the Perseverance level. There is where the drillers work to get the mineral bearing rocks out with air drills that work with the agility of a machine gun and make a hammering noise. Holes are drilled into the rocks; dynamite is placed in them, and the dynamite is ignited and it explodes with great force, causing the rocks to break off and fall to the tenth level through a big hole.

Here the cars are loaded and taken to another hole, where it falls to level thirteen. We experienced explosions that made us think the world was at an end and which blew out our carbide lights. Also the smell of gas and presence of dust made us feel very uncomfortable for a while.

Our ascent to level thirteen in the elevator was of a pleasing nature, though we were rather tired after our climbing and were quite willing to go back to Thane.

After arriving in Thane we were taken through the mill. After the cars come out of the mine they pass into a drum-shaped affair, revolve with the drum and are dumped in short time. This rock passes into rock crushers, thence to a wide belt conveyor system is automatically weighed, dumped into elevators and sent through refining machines. It is then put into tanks where gold and different minerals are separated by quicksilver, which leaves a blue mud composed of thirty-five per cent lead and the rest gold and silver. The last of our trip was spent in the room where different metals are melted into a bullion. Just off the melting room is the safe where the bullion is kept.

We left for home on the four o'clock ferry with a better knowledge of mining done on a large scale and with a warm place in

our hearts for Mr. Jackson, manager of the Alaska Gastineau Mining Co., who gave this most interesting trip full of valuable knowledge to us, the students of the General Science Class and other boys of the High School. Also we want to acknowledge our thanks for the transportation expenses furnished by his company.

—Ralph Romatate—'23.

Ask Lucky Lippy

During the year 1898, the gold rush to Alaska was practically at its height. The main gold fields were in the Interior and the best paying claims were found in the beds of the creeks, tributary to the Yukon River. The Bonanza Creek, a small stream that joins the Yukon was probably the largest producer of the precious metal.

As can be imagined the social atmosphere the miners lived in was not of the best. There were many dance halls and gambling was carried on everywhere.

In order to do what could be done to better those conditions, the Y. M. C. A. of Seattle sent a man by the name of Lippy into the Interior. Before going he was given quite a little money with which to hire halls and set up reading rooms for the entertainment of the miners.

He left Seattle, by way of Skagway, traveled into the Interior as far as Dawson. Here he made short trips to the nearby camps, giving entertainments and setting up reading rooms for the prospectors. While doing this, he himself kept on the lookout for a possible good claim which he could stake, but not knowing anything about mining, he was unsuccessful in his attempt.

On one of his trips up the Bonanza he asked one of the miners if he could tell him where to stake a good claim. The man jokingly replied: "Why, sure! You see that hill over there? On top of it you will sure find a good claim." Of course, as everybody knows, placer gold is found in creek beds and not on hill tops.

But Lippy took the man seriously. He proceeded to stake a claim and on coming back to Dawson he told several people of it. Most of them laughed at him but an old man who knew the country well, said: "Lippy, in your ignorance I believe you have struck something good. Possibly that part of the country used to be a former river bed."

"Will you grubstake me to sink a shaft?" asked Lippy. The old-timer agreed and accordingly Lippy gave up his position with the Y. M. C. A.

He hired several men to help him and in about a month or so he had his shaft down to bedrock. He struck it very rich, and it was reported that Lippy took out three quarters of a million dollars out of this claim. Thus it became a saying in the Yukon: "Gold is where you find it; ask Lucky Lippy."

The Bear Capture

On Barants Island lived the largest polar bear that was ever known to exist in the Arctic region. He was known to live on this island, because his tracks had been seen by seal hunters. Nobody was able to capture him, for he would follow about half a mile behind them.

The Kinsington Zoo at St. John, New Brunswick, offered ten thousand dollars for his capture. All the bold hunters from the places around went to hunt him, but he seemed too wise. They went in groups but still they could not get him. Finally they gave up, thinking he had left the island.

On the outskirts of the city of St. John lived a boy named Robert Benton, nicknamed Bob. He was a boy of about nineteen; his father died about two years ago and left him a small amount of money and a small farm on which he had to support a mother and sister. This year his crops had failed, and he had not much success with his stock.

One night Bob sat in his cabin reading the *St. John Star*, which had been sent to him by a friend from the city. There was not much news of interest to him, so to pass away the time he read the advertisements. He caught sight of the offer of ten thousand dollars for the capture of the bear, which seemed a very large amount to him.

Robert was a hunter from a boy. He was very anxious to try his success, but thought he would have to borrow the money with which to travel on the island, and was afraid to ask anybody knowing that they would make fun of him. He sat up late that night planning for his trip, and thinking of the luxury they would be able to live in if he succeeded in his capture.

The next morning Bob was up bright and early. He told his mother all about his plan. She did not want him to go alone, being afraid he would get hurt. She packed him a basket of food, and he tied in the corner of his handkerchief all the money he could afford to take. Kissing his mother and sister good-bye he went down to the dock where the small boats came in. There, to his surprise, was one of the small boats that went as far as a small town on Melville Peninsula within about forty miles of the island. Bob saw the captain working on the boat, so he went up and asked him how much he would take him over for. The captain asked him a lot of questions, and when he heard he was going on the bear hunt he said he would take him for nothing if he would let him go in partnership with him. Bob thought it would be better if he had a partner, as he did not have enough money to go alone. The boat was used for passengers, but there were none this trip, so Bob took a turn at the wheel while the captain was resting. The captain was a Norwegian by the name of Gus Ruppert. He

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

had been over from Norway quite a while and could talk good English. He had made a lot of money traveling between St. John and the small town, but he wanted a new experience. They arrived in town about two days later. They went up to the store and bought food, supplies and guns, Gus paying for most of it, thinking that when they had captured the bear he would get rid of Bob and have the ten thousand dollars for himself.

The two men started for the island the next morning and arrived there about nine hours later. They left their provisions on the boat and went to find the cabin which had been built for the use of hunters by the zoo company. They found the cabin, and also the bear cage which had been left there. The cabin looked as though it had been recently occupied, there was some food and also some wood cut for the fire. The rest of the afternoon was spent in carrying their provisions from the boat. They had their dinner and were glad to lie down to rest.

The next morning Bob was out first, and when Gus awoke he saw signs of Bob's breakfast on the table. Gus ate quickly and started after him. He could not find him, but when Bob came back he found Gus lying on the road in a fit, and not knowing what to do in such cases he left him lying there. When Gus came to himself again he told Bob that he had a weak heart and often had those fits but he had never seen a doctor about it. They went back to the cabin again, and started out the next morning. They had no luck that day. But on the third day the bear followed them too closely. They turned around suddenly, but they were so surprised at his size that they could not shoot, and the bear managed to get away unharmed. The hunting went on day after day for about a week. On their return on the eighth day they heard a noise in their cabin. They thought they had visitors, but they were going to make sure before they went in. So they went and looked in the window and there was the bear eating all he could find. Bob went around to bolt the door, and just as he was doing so the bear ran for him, but he got it closed in time. While Bob was doing this Gus ran and got the cage which he put in front of the door.

The door was opened and the bear walked right into the trap. They then found some boards which were put around the cage, thus making it easier to handle.

Gus was thinking all the while of how to get rid of Bob. He thought he would shoot him when they were on the boat, but not before, because his help would be needed. They took the cage down to the boat and put it in the hold, which was just large enough to hold it. Some of the provisions were also brought down from the cabin.

Gus had directed Bob to do some work on the back of the boat while he took the wheel. He had not been working long when he heard a splash and the report of a gun close at hand.

He ran to the spot and tried to rescue Gus, but it was too late. He had drowned. Little did Bob realize that he would have been shot had not Gus had one of his fits, and fallen off the boat. Bob covered the body with a sheet and laid it on a mattress on the deck. Bob took the wheel and got the boat back in its course. He was very tired when he arrived in town but did not take time to rest. He tied up the boat and went to tell the company of his success. The company was very much pleased because they had given up all hope of ever getting the bear. They gave the boy twice the amount offered as the reward and also paid for the funeral of Gus.

Bob left his boat down at the dock and went home happy and light-hearted. He found his mother and sister anxiously awaiting him. They were all very happy while he told his story. The money was used to buy fixings for the house and farm, which prospered thereafter.

—Nora Ward—'23.

Honesty

"Think truly and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly and each word of thine
Shall prove a fruitful seed;
Live truly and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

Honesty means not only integrity and uprightness in our communications, but also in our deeds. An honest person never lowers his character by cheating or slandering others. He holds truth as his guiding principle and is loyal to it even when it would pay him better not to be. Pope was right when he said: "An honest man's the noblest work of God." To be honest, therefore, you must be sincere and upright. In this day and age we are liable to overlook honesty as applied to ourselves. Let us bring you an example of this:

There were two little girls, both chums, who were trying for the honor of having the largest pansy at the pansy show. Their names were Nancy and Boblinn. Boblinn went over to visit her friend the night before the show and observed that Nancy's was asleep, she stole out and, going over to her chum's house, she the largest. That night when Boblinn thought everybody was lifted up the pansy pot and scurried home. "I'll tear it up," she said to herself, and she took the pretty pansy and tore it in shreds.

"How I hate her," she sobbed, as she crawled into bed, but strange to say, she could not sleep.

"You're a fraud; you're a cheat," something kept repeating in her ears.

"Oh, what shall I do," she said to herself as she saw dawn

breaking. She thought and thought, then suddenly she exclaimed, "I'll tear up my pansy, too." For, you see, my dear friends, remorse was gnawing at her heart.

And that afternoon two sorrowful girls met at the pansy show. "Oh," Boblinn said, "won't you forgive me, Nancy?" and told her all that had happened.

"Oh, Boblinn, how could you hate me; but I'm so glad you confessed." and that night Boblinn's mother gave her a beautiful gold case inscribed, "Honesty is the right road to success."

Be honest and let whatever may happen, happen, but you will have a priceless gem if you acquire honesty and use it in all your transactions.

Honesty is a habit and a habit is hard to break; acquire it, and you will be bound to it with golden fetters, never regretting your captivity.

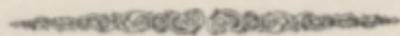
Be honest, sincere, upright; conform to justice and the moral rectitude; be frank; have integrity and you never need doubt your standing as an American citizen. For this trait commands honor and respect in every land, and when you look back on your life you will not be like the many Boblinns on this earth, but instead of remorse you will be filled with a great joyousness, and you need not fear the Judgment Day when God will say: "Well done, my good and faithful servant."

—Harriet Sey—'20.

Can You Imagine?

Sybil coming to school on time?
Bud saying his prayers?
Vivian dancing the Hula Hula?
Lockie as a matinee idol?
Harriett with black curly hair?
Joe six feet nine?
Edna cussing?
Nadja not happy?
Victor of a nymph?
Lella not crabbing?
How old Miss Rau is?
Mr. Stanton weighing 599 pounds?
Frances not thinking of a perfect "Day?"
Charles carrying a tune?
Marion without a "Case?"
Lance with his Spanish?
Laura graceful?
Donald Condit reading the Police Gazette?
Brownie not thinking its "Ideal?"
Florence not giggling?

Marie jumping rope?
Ben not wanting to talk?
Marjorie flirting?
Cecil with pink socks on?
Florence B. in pigtails?
Harold smiling?
James thin?
Cecile not taking a vacation?
Laura McCloud bashful?
Ideal not ideal?
Lulu getting a spanking?
Order in the study periods?
Miss Park with false hair?
All of us going to heaven?
Mr. Lanz using slang?
The Sophomore Class without a Bigg Billie?
Howard and Roy not arguing?
Red Fortney without freckles?
Anita with long skirts on?
Helmi with a shiny nose?
Stanley without a girl?
Legia not writing notes?
Mark kidding Miss Pope?
A Koskey without an Ollie?
Lena without a stutter?
Jim with a stub nose?
A piano without a Mock?
Frances Morris as a teacher?
Irene always a Nelson?
Lillian taking a swim?
Venetia as a Nun?
Allen as a minister?
A looking glass without a Luella by it?
LeRoy without the Kash?
Kathleen with an X?
No more rules this year?
What would happen if we could use all the lights possible?
The M. D. C.'s being held until 12?
What the school would do without the Seniors?
Miss Uleland spanking Joe George?
Miss Nelson in love?
Miss Saxton playing a cornet?
Mrs. Lanz liking to wash dishes?
Mr. Stanton leaving the lights on?



My Trip Down The Yukon

We left Juneau for our trip down the Yukon River, July 25, 1918. We arrived in Skagway the next day in time to catch the nine o'clock train for Whitehorse. As we would not arrive at Bennett until almost two that afternoon, we spent our time in reading and in looking at the scenery. We arrived at Bennett at two o'clock, where we stopped an hour for lunch, and then continued on our journey, arriving at Whitehorse at seven-thirty that evening. We went at once to the steamer "Casca," which would take us to Dawson. The nights down the river are always as bright as it is in the day, and the sun hardly ever sets until after eleven o'clock. The weather was unbearably hot and at one time we ran out of ice.

It takes nearly three days to reach Dawson from Whitehorse and on the afternoon of the second day, we passed through Five Finger Rapids. We were standing on the barge, that was on the front of the boat, and we could almost touch the rocks as we glided past. There is a cable attached to the rocks and also with the capstan which pulls the boats through the rapids. On one of these rocks is a little house that was occupied some time in '98 by a man who saved a number of people who had tried to shoot the rapids in a canoe.

We arrived in Dawson the following day, where we stopped for a week, during which we spent the time enjoying the scenery and taking a car to the mines and saw the dredges at work.

A week later we took the steamer "Yukon" for Fairbanks. The scenery is very beautiful as far as Eagle, but the scenery from there to Fairbanks is almost the same. We stopped at Eagle for three days and there we took an excursion boat to Fort Yukon, where we saw the midnight sun. We went to Fairbanks on the excursion boat, returning to Dawson on her also. We took the steamer "Yukon" for Whitehorse, where we were delayed for three days because of an accident (the very first) which had killed two people. Our train was the first train over since the accident. We had to take one train as far as the slide, and then got off and walked over the trestle, and there get on another train that took us to Skagway.

One of the worst things that is down the river are mosquitoes and the "no-see-ems." The men at the wood camps have to wear mosquito nets and carry a smudge in a coal oil can.

Most of the river boats are wood burners, but for the last few years some have been converted into oil burners. They are rather small boats, not very convenient, but comfortable. They have water wheels at the stern, and on the sides of the steamers are huge beams, which are used in pulling a steamer off a sand bar.

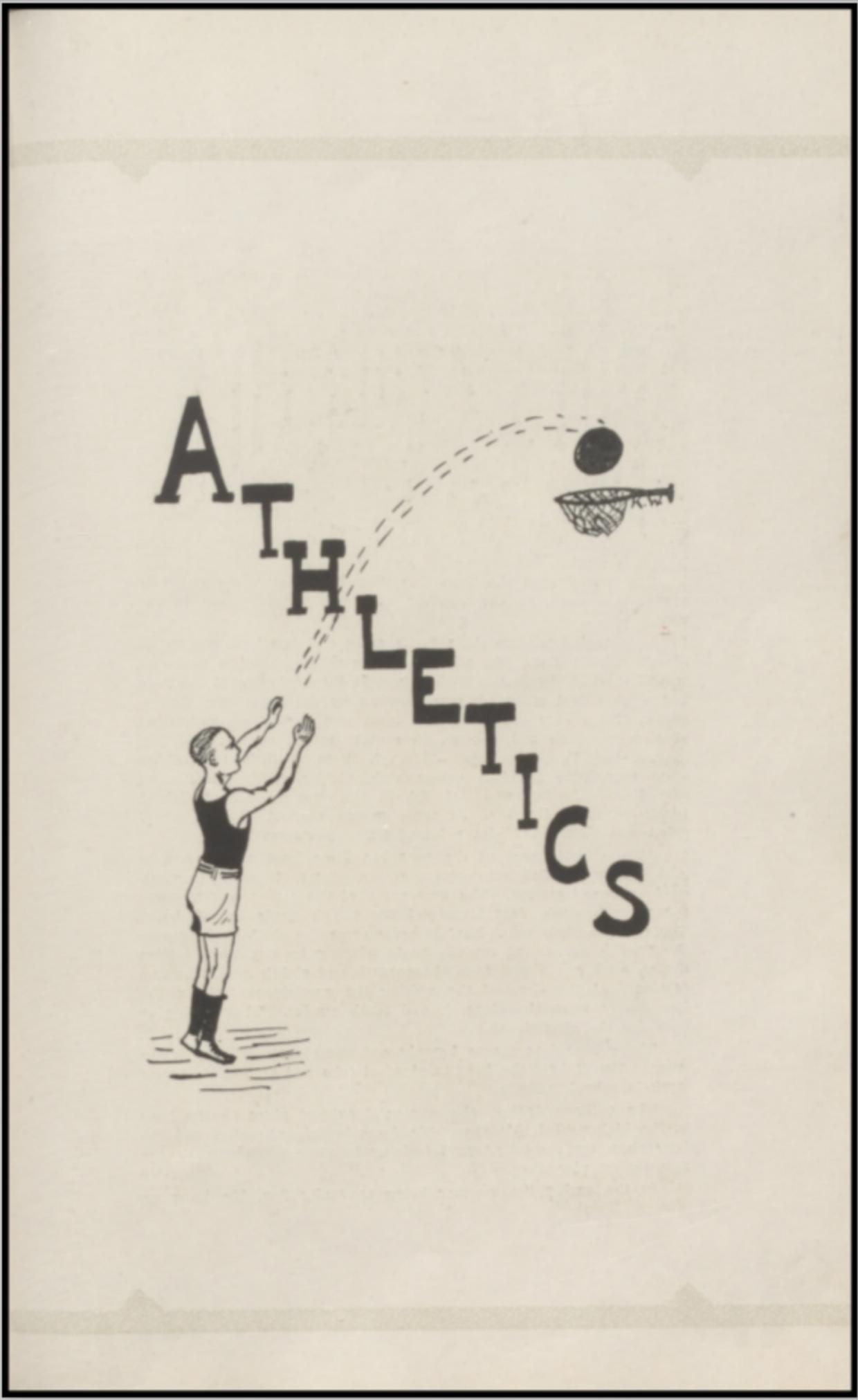
The water is very shallow and in some places and at times men will go out on the barge to take soundings of the depth of the water. Dogs meet the boats, howling and barking for something to eat. Most of these dogs belong to the natives and are used as their means of travel.

We arrived in Juneau on August 30, 1918, after a wonderful trip and were certainly glad to get home.

—Venetia Pugh—'22.









The athletics of the boys this year has been almost entirely gymnasium work, as the weather does not permit many outside sports.

Basketball has been the favorite game and has been played all the year. Mr. Lanz, the athletic instructor, organized a first and second team in the Senior High School at the beginning of the year and a good deal of benefit was received by the boys from the exercise, also a very creditable first team was worked up, consisting of Fortney, Case and George, forwards; Brown, center; and Mc Kinnon and Vestal, guards. Although there is little competition close enough to schedule games with, six or eight games were played with the Douglas High School, the only other High School within reaching distance. At these games a great deal of school spirit was shown and also a lot of clean sportsmanship.

At the latter part of the year Mr. Lanz kept up interest in athletics by scheduling interclass games, classes from the seventh grade up participating. The first game of the series was between the seventh grade first team and the eighth grade second team. The seventh grade won. Next in order came the ninth grade versus the twelfth grade, the twelfth grade winning by one point. Next the eleventh grade won from the seventh and eighth grades in succession. At the time of the writing the participants left in the tournament were the eleventh and tenth grades. They will play soon for the championship.

These interclass games brought out the class spirit and clean sport. Also it kept the boys in physical trim and able to do better work in school.

The military drill is also a special subject given to the boys in the high school this year. Mr. Lanz is the instructor, and the boys show the results of good training by their maneuvers on the grounds on nice days.

In the spring the weather being unusually fine, Mr. Lanz or-

ganized a baseball team and also a track team. The baseball nine took the boys out doors and witnessed a big turnout. Basketball had become rather stale and so baseball was hailed with a good deal of glee. The practicing was done on the city ball park, which is about a quarter of a mile from town up the basin. The grounds have two grandstands and much enthusiasm was shown by all the boys in the lower grades, not only the ones who played being interested.

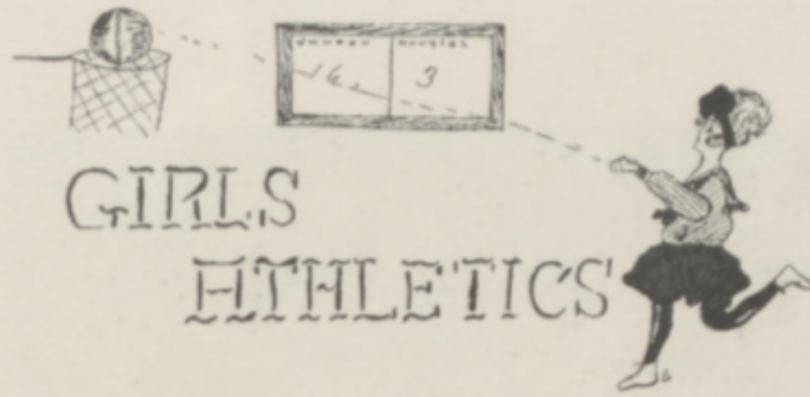
Several games were played, each one witnessing a big turnout, and lots of good spirit was shown.

A track team was also organized, the first organized in the history of the school. The boys turned out in a body to participate in the track events, and many recruits were found for each event. The high jump was the event which most interest was shown in and many entrants were found for this event. The track team is one of the best forms of exercise, as it exercises every muscle in a contestant's body. It also teaches clean sport and good spirit in the events. It can also be entered by all the boys in a school large or small, as the matter of size and weight is of no advantage. For these reasons the track team and the events which were scheduled were considered one of the greatest successes in the athletics of the year.

—Donald Condit—'20.







GIRLS ATHLETICS

Girls' athletics this year as a whole have been exceedingly successful. Interclass games have been played in basket-ball, volley ball, baseball and newcomb. Relay races also have roused the girls' athletic spirits to a great extent.

Miss Saxton has introduced this year many new drills, folk-dances, marches and games which are entirely new and decidedly different from any gymnastics ever displayed here before.

The first basket-ball game of the season was played in the High School Gymnasium against the Douglas High School team, January the sixteenth, in which the Douglas team was defeated by a score of 16 to 3. The members of the Juneau team were: Lulu Koskey, center; Nadja Kashevaroff and Marian Summers, forwards; Sybil Campbell and Liella Ptack, guards; and Helmi Janskela, side-center. This event, of course, was one of the best drawing cards of the season.

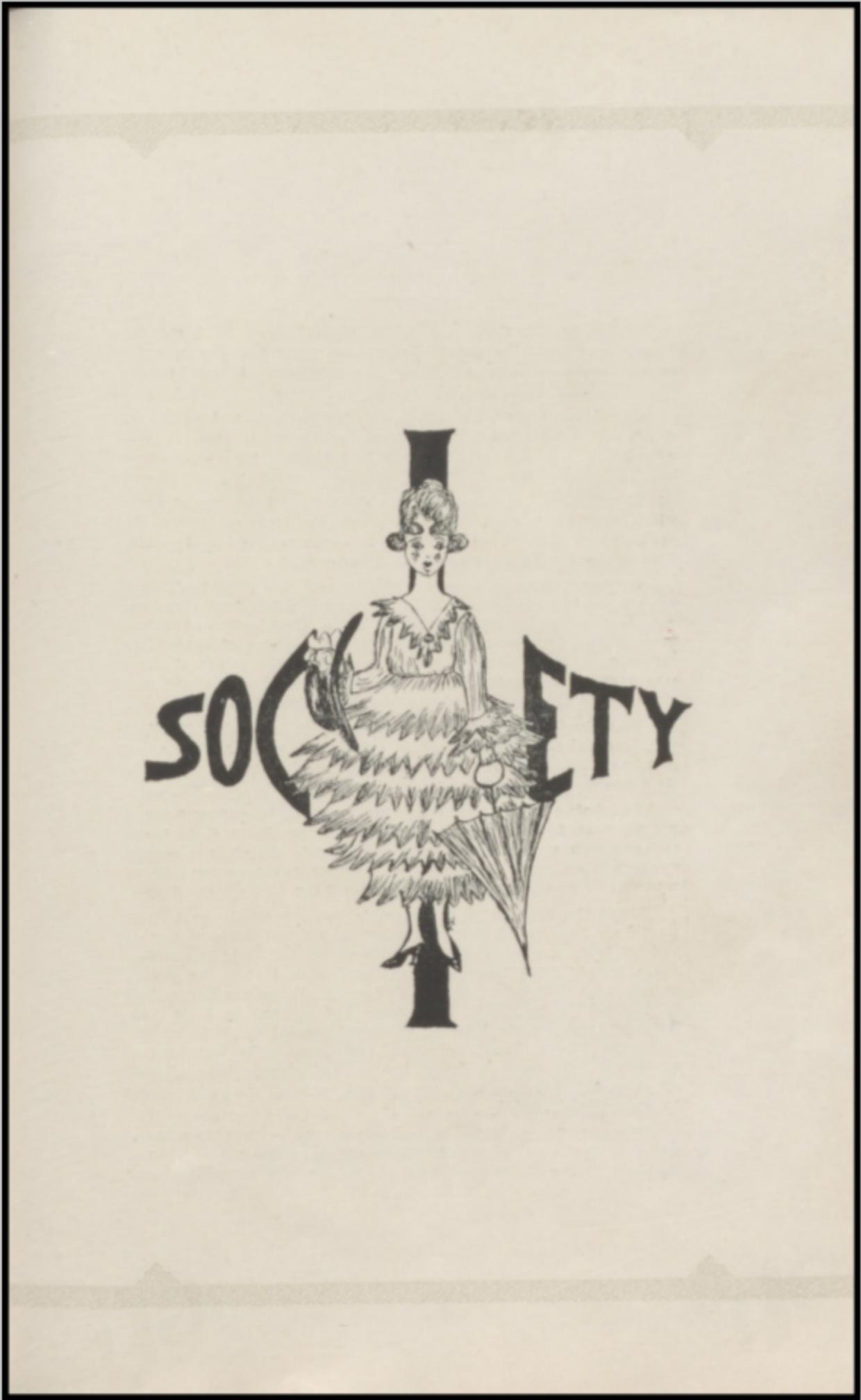
The Juneau teachers added a great deal of attraction to the gym. work this year also. They were defeated in an exciting game by the Douglas School Faculty by a score of 17 to 16 on January the twenty-third. The Juneau line-up for the game was as follows: Center, Miss Saxton; side-center, Miss Moss; forwards, Miss Park and Miss Ethel Nixon; guards, Miss Esther Nixon and Mrs. Lanz. A rousing throng witnessed the affair which brought in a large sum which will be used to purchase gymnasium apparatus.

On February the sixth, the Douglas Natatorium was crowded with enthusiastic rooters; the Juneau crowd, led by Yell Leader Lance Hendrickson led our girls to a victory of 14 points against Douglas' 3 points. The players retained their same positions held in the first game of the sason. On the same evening the Douglas teachers were victorious again, getting 17 points in their favor against the Juneau Faculty's one point.

A combat has been raging among the Senior and Junior High School girls all season in regard to the year's championship in gymnasium. The Senior II's won the championship in the "Volley ball Tournament," having defeated the other classes.

—Florence Casey—'21.





Society News

Where do you think a J. H. S. student could be found any Friday evening in the term? Home? One glance at the long list on the social calendar will show you how few and far between were the "stay at home" Fridays.

Our dances this year began at eight o'clock and closed at eleven. In former years it has been the custom to start at nine o'clock and end at twelve, but the first hours proved satisfactory to all.

There was a large crowd at the M. D. C., the first social event which took place September 12th. From the looks of things the graduates of 1919, in whose honor it was given, had a decidedly opposite feeling from being glad to leave us.

October 12th was the date of the next "hop," and although some fears had been rumored of everything being dead since the last year graduates were gone, the large attendance and happy faces, gliding feet and rippling laughter soon bespoke of happy days yet to come, and nothing will ever erase from the minds of those who were present, memories of October 12th, 1919. This was also given under the auspices of the Moonlight Dancing Club.

Then the Freshmen showed their ability to entertain. The hall was beautifully decorated in their colors, red, white and blue. A grand march took place at ten o'clock at which time confetti made its appearance and added more to the gayety.

Just before having our Christmas vacation, it always being a sad occurrence, another dance was given by the M. D. C. to "send us away with a smile." Mistletoe surely made the affair a success, although it did make the middle of the floor rather crowded above which the innocent looking little berries hung.

March the 5th is also a memorable date. Even the gym itself must have been proud of its trimmings of red and white streamers and the place was fairly swamped with cupids and their bows. This dance was to have been February the thirteenth, but the always unwelcome visitor influenza interferred, so St. Valentines Day waited until March for us. The Sophomores had to keep up their reputation of being a little different, so served sherbet and cake instead of punch. "Home, Sweet Home" did not appear to be very "sweet" as no one was ready to leave, but we had already been allowed an extra half hour, so with regrets and wishes for another party as enjoyable, it ended.

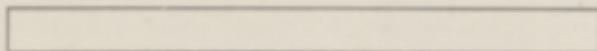
According to the class of twenty-one, another wonder will be added to the seven wonders of the world April the sixteenth when the best Junior Prom ever held in Juneau will be "pulled off."

Everyone is anxiously waiting for this promised good time. This will be the second school dance ever given in the A. B. Hall. The hall will be decorated in the class colors, purple and gold, in a very original way.

The Seniors will give their last dance on April 30th, and since it has the distinction of being called a ball, it will show some marked difference between a plain "dance" and a "ball." The gym will be decorated in their class colors and their mascot will hold a very prominent place. Evergreens and kewpies and "splash me dolls" will add greatly to the beauty of the hall. Japanese lanterns are to be hung low from the ceiling. Though there will be conflicting feelings of joy and sorrow, we will leave our tears at their departure to some later date and we can assure anyone asking us, without a second thought, that the Seniors will keep up their good reputation and let no other dance surpass their Senior Ball.

Besides these numerous dances there were skating, skiing and hiking parties, to say nothing of picnics. So were the social afternoons and evenings spent.

—Ideal Hendrickson—'21.



The Spelling Contest

The spelling contest that ended March 8th., was very close, but resulted in the Experts being victorious.

The losers banquetted the winners on Wednesday, March 10th, in the Domestic Science room. The banquet was prepared by the Junior II girls under the supervision of Mrs. Breakey and served by Lillian Perelle, Daisy Oja and Lucille Bathe of the Junior III. class. The table was decorated in purple and yellow, the Junior II. class colors.

After dinner Everett Nowell acting as toastmaster, called upon Leonard Honquist, Albert White, Jack Burford, Alice Case, Curtis Shattuck, Miriam McBride, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Lanz and Miss Nelson for talks, all of which were very enjoyable.

All present reported having a most delightful time.

—Naila Langdon.

The Indian Raid

In the days when Sitka was being settled by the Russians, the troubles which arose between them and the Indians were very serious affairs. As a precaution against raids, a high stockade was built around the settlement, which was always closely guarded and when the gate was opened, only certain Indians were allowed to enter. This wall furnished both the Indian and Russian children varied forms of amusement. They would dig holes under the fence and carry on "trading." The white children would offer slices of bread and lumps of sugar, while in return the Indians gave berries, spruce gum and young salmon berry shoots. Occasionally one of the Russian boys leaned under the fence too far and immediately the Indians would grab his hat or try to pull him through to their side, while his companions pulled frantically in the effort to get him back.

Governor V——, who was in charge at the time, was always in great fear of the Natives. In order to keep peace among the tribes he would prepare great feasts to which he invited all the chiefs in the village. The guests arrived in gaily colored blankets and decked in war paint. Speeches were always a part of the entertainment. Boiled rice was served and always "vodka." A feast counted practically nothing in their eyes if not served with many rounds of "vodka."

One trait which the Natives had in particular was their love of pay. If in any way an Indian was hurt or insulted by a Russian, the entire tribe was up in arms, and the Governor had to pay them a great many blankets.

The "Church of Resurrection," which was built for the Indian's use entirely, by the Bishop in charge, played a very important part in one of the uprisings. It was situated on the Russian settlement near the stockade. On the afternoon of the uprising, the Indians dug their way under the wall and quickly made their way to the church, which they used for a fort. Soon the alarm was sounded and the sixteen guns in the fort at the castle were soon in operation. At first the firing was more to scare the Indians, but soon the shots came in real earnest. The Indians were very careful of their shots and made each one count. In the church they wrought utter ruin. They cut the paintings to shreds and those they couldn't reach, they tied knives to poles and thus jabbed holes in them. The vestments which were worn by the Priests, were also slashed to pieces. Some of the Indians put them on, and danced wildly out in the yard. The battle lasted all that afternoon and was only brought to a close because so many Indians and Russians were killed and wounded.

The Natives had never reconciled themselves to the coming of the White men and though they professed friendliness they were continuously on the lookout to surprise the white men by attack.

—Lydia Kashevaroff







The Girls' Glee Club was again organized this year under the direction of Miss Helen Kelso, with an enrollment of fifteen. The following officers were elected for the year:

President Sybil Campbell
Secretary and Treasurer Frances Nowell
Librarian Vivian Sparling

Early in December the Glee Club began to work on the songs for their Annual Musicales which was given on April 23, in the High School Auditorium. The stage was very artistically decorated with pink and white streamers, while cherry blossoms, Japanese lanterns and a white trellis gave the effect of a Japanese garden.

The numbers were exceedingly well rendered and were enjoyed by a large audience.

The program was as follows:

1. (a) Picking Peaches.
(b) Some Time Frimi
(From "Some Time")
2. (a) The Tune You Can't Forget.
(b) Keep on Smiling Frimi
Solo By Nadja Kashevaroff
(From "Some Time.")
(c) Beautiful Night.
Duet by Lydia Kashevaroff and Irene Nelson.
(d) Cupid's Dance
By Gladys Naghel
3. Piano Solo—Witches Dance Mac Dowell

- 4 Limbo Land Friml
Solo By Nadja Kashevaroff
(From "Limbo Land")
(b) The Thot's That I Wrote on the Leaves of My Heart.
Duet By Lydia Kashevaroff and Venetia Pugh
- 5 Violin Solo—Romance Wienlawaki
Mr. Willis E. Nowell
- 6 (a) Jhirrickshaw Song Felix
(b) Good-Bye Cherry Blossom Stickney



Normal Training

The normal training course has been very successful this year although only four girls have taken it. This course requires two years study and the graduates are then entitled to teach in Alaska.

Those who are taking the course are Edna Miller, Impi Aalto, Verna Hannon and Harriet Sey.



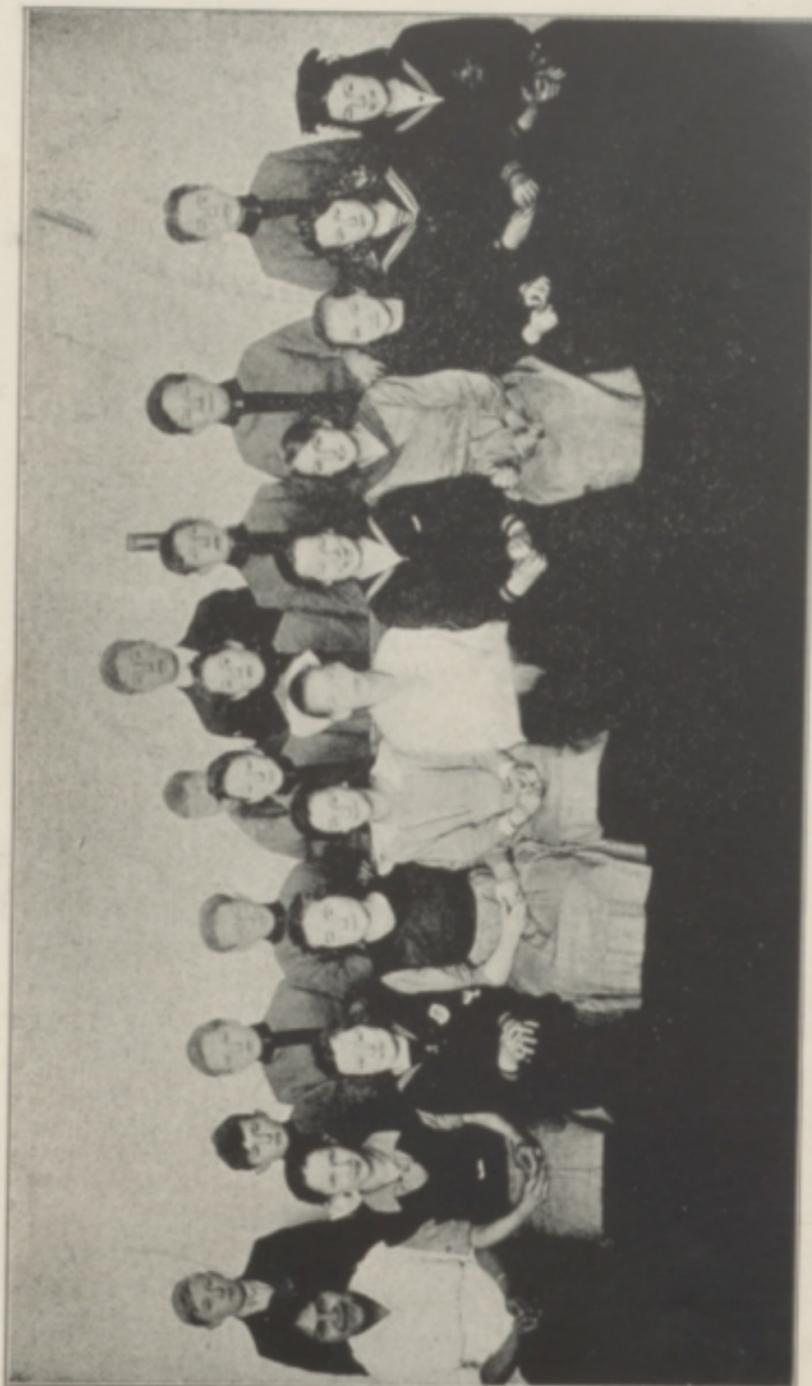
The Home Economic course for this year has been a great success and we hope that the work can be arranged so as to offer another year in the tenth grade. That an idea of the usefulness of the subject may be gained a short summary of the accomplishments of the term is given.

In sewing, the seventh grade girls have shown remarkable aptitude and have proved to be diligent workers. They have made cooking and bungalow aprons and bloomers. The ighth graders have proceeded for the more simple work of the previous year thru the advanced and more complicated processes of sewing and cooking. The ninth grade students have gained sufficient knowledge to enable them to make woolen dresses and some other things.

During the first months of school luncheons were served to the teachers three days a week. After that a cafeteria was established in the cooking room and hot lunches served daily to both teachers and pupils. The scheme has been found most beneficial as it gives the girls more practical epxerience and permits hot soup, chocolate and other dishes for those pupils who would otherwise have only a cold lunch. Several pretty luncheons and dinners have been served by the different classes. The ninth grade served a dinner in honor of the faculty, the school board and their wives.

In the Home Economics course we try to give the girls the practical as well as the scientific and artistic side of both cooking and sewing. The chance that any school girl will follow home making as her vocation in life is very much greater than that any school boy of corresponding years will follow the career upon which he has set his mind. Home Economic should bring about a proper unfolding and development of our girls nito a type of womanhood that will make not only a better community but thru a combination of these a higher type of national home and better citizens.

—Eva Tripp.





JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

The Junior I Class is composed of eleven boys and eleven girls. There were twelve girls, but Alice aBrnette left recently for the States.

In September we organized our class and officers were elected as follows:

President Frances Harland

Vice-President Dorothy Lange

Secretary and Treasurer Etolin Campen

They were to hold office for one semester only.

On Hallow'en we had a party in room eight. Miss Ulleland, who is our class advisor, helped the committee to select and plan our games and luncheon.

In January we elected new officers for the rest of the year. They were:

President Clayton Polly

Vice-President Fred Bussey

Secretary and Treasurer Elsie Pademeister

We gave a party on March 5th, to which we invited the eighth grade. We decorated the gymnasium in blue and orange and purple and white, the colors of the Junior I and Junior II classes respectively. This part was a combination track meet and basket social.

On March 25th., one half of the Domestic Science Class served breakfast to the other half. They cooked and served the breakfast without much help from the teacher. On April 12th., the other half of the class served the former waitresses.

The Manual Training boys have been making many useful things during the year.

The year has altogether been a very pleasant and satisfactory one.

—Dorothy Lange.

The Junior II Class

Early in the Fall the Junior II. Class met their class advisor, Mr. Stanton, for the purpose of organizing and electing class officers. The election resulted as follows:

President Albert White
Vice President Jack Burford
Secretary and Treasurer Robert Morris

During the year the class has worked hard and accomplished much. In addition to the regular work "Life Career" classes have been organized with Mr. Stanton in charge of the boys and Miss Nelson of the girls work.

On November 3d., the Junior II. Class were the hosts to the Junior III. Class at a progressive games party. Delicious refreshments were served and everybody had a good time.

On March 5th we were the guests of the Junior I. class at a "Laughable Track Meet." The Junior I.'s are good entertainers.

The spelling contest banquet was another enjoyable affair.

The class has presented to the Junor High School a beautiful picture of Stralford-on-Aron, which is to be hung in the auditorium.

So with hard work and a little play the year has been a happy one.

—Robert Morris.





Junior III

The enrollment of the Junior III. Class at the beginning of the year was thirty, fifteen boys and fifteen girls, eight of whom have since left, leaving up only twenty-two.

At the first of the year we all had our classes together, but we were too much for the teachers, so the girls and boys had to be separated. We all take the same studies, but under different teachers. All classes had to be separated except the General Science class. Only four pupils are taking Latin.

While the girls take Domestic Science, the boys work at their Manual Training, having during the year made many useful articles.

The girls' course in Domestic Science has also been practical. During the first part of the year lunches were served to the teachers, three days a week. Later, however, to vary the experience, cafeteria lunches have been served. These lunches proved very popular during the cold weather.

The first class meeting was held soon after school opened in the Fall. The following officers were elected:

President Donald Haley
Vice President Stewart Holt
Secretary-Treasurer Wayne Summers
Class Advisor Miss Nelson

The first social event of the season was the Freshman Dance, which occurred Friday evening, October 31st. Streamers were interwoven across the ceiling. Punch and cookies were served. Everyone had an enjoyable evening.

Other events were the annual sleigh ride, a jitney dance, and for the boys, a trip through the Perseverance mine and the Thane mills, as guests of Mr. Jackson.

All in all the year has been a pleasant and profitable one.
—Norah Ward—'23.





If on this page you do not find
The annual you had in mind,
Please don't blame us, but blame yourself.
We mentioned all upon our shelf.

—(Ex.)

THE CRITERION, Waupaca, Wis.—Your literary department is exceptionally good, and your Sense and Nonsense Department is clever.

THE REVIEW, John Marshall High School, Chicago, Ill.—Your stories show originality and your poems are very good.

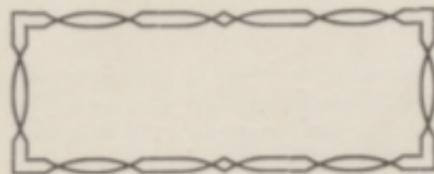
THE COMMENT, Cretin High School, St. Paul, Minn.—A good snappy edition. Your departments are handled excellently.

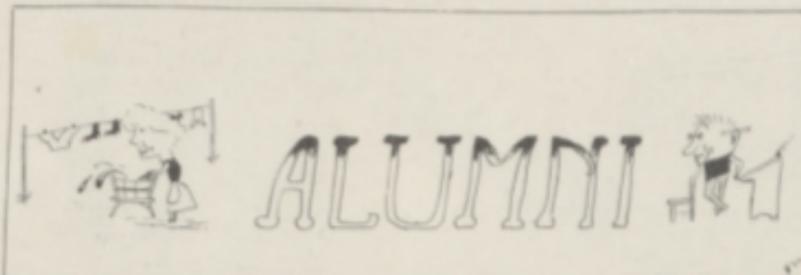
? ? ? , Puyallup High School, Wash.—As a first attempt your paper could not be improved upon.

THE CLARION, Salem High School, Salem, Ore.—An excellent paper. We enjoy your exchange.

The "Totem" wishes to express its appreciation to the various schools who have sent us exchanges. We sincerely hope that we will hear from them again. We always welcome exchanges.

—Vivian Sparling—'20.





- 1904—Ethel Kennedy, nee Ebner, residing in Berkeley, California.
Grover C. Winn, is married and practicing law in Juneau.
- 1905—Crystal Jenne, nee Snow; resides in Juneau.
- 1906—Frances Ross, nee Hamomnd; residing in Annapolis.
Frances Neiding, nee Shepard; residing in Carbonado, Wash-
ington.
- 1907—Edna Dow; teaching school in Seattle, Washington.
Edward Kennedy; deceased.
- 1908—Brilliant Carpenter, nee Olds; living in Juneau.
Juanita Anderson, nee Anderson; residing in Seldovia, Alaska.
Robert Cragg; is married and living in Juneau, where he is
employed by the Alaska Steamship Co.
William Casey; is married and living in Juneau.
Walter Ramseyer; living at Seattle, Wash.
- 1909—Blossom Price, nee Cragg; widowed, now head nurse in large
Portland hospital.
Thomas Cole; is married and making his home in Water-
ville, Wash.
Charles Johnson; deceased.
David Christoe; married and living in Douglas, Alaska.
Albert Rapp; employed in Engelmcs, California.
Cecelia McLaughlin, stenographer in local U. S. Land Office.
Cecelia Harried, nee Tibbits; teaching school in Mineral,
Wash.
Edward Christoe; now residing in Seattle, Washington.
- 1910—Mina Johnson, nee Sowerby; widowed, now living in San
Pola, Cal.
Ora Radcl, nee Morgan; is living at Latouche, Alaska.
Helen Denny; bacteriologist in New York City.
Carrie Bjorge, nee George; residing at Wrangell, Alaska.
Clement Riley; deceased.
- 1911—Carl Brown; manager of insurance company in Seattle, Wash-
ington.
Harry Harper, now living in Minneapolis, Minn.

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

- 1912—Frank Caraway; living in Seattle, Washington.
1912—Frank Caraway; employed at Thane, Alaska.
1913—Peter Johnson; has a position in Ketchikan, Alaska.
Paul Carpenter; married and making his home at Tacoma, Wash.
Charles Wortman; is employed at Chichagof Mine.
Leslie George; living in Juneau, Alaska.
Chester Tripp; employed at Thane, Alaska.
Mamie King, nee Morgan; deceased.
- 1914—Thelma Ninnis; teaching school at Springfield, Oregon.
Edward Beattie; in service at Fort Gibbons, Alaska.
Alma White, nee Sowerby; residing at Latouche, Alaska.
George Nelson; is attending the University of Washington.
Charles Sabin; living in Juneau, Alaska.
- 1915—Burdette Winn; attending the University of Washington.
Ann McLaughlin; teaching school near Seattle, Washington.
Almond Richards; is at Latouche, Alaska.
Cyril Kashevaroff; is married and residing in San Francisco, Cal.
Helmi Aalto; teaching school in Douglas, Alaska.
Paul Thompson; residing at Seattle, Washington.
- 1916—Hazel Jaeger; is attending Mills College at Oakland, Cal.
Mary Connors; is residing at Juneau, Alaska.
Walno Hendrickson; has a position at Thane, Alaska.
Gladys Austin, nee Tripp; living in Juneau, Alaska.
Luella Peterson, nee Gilpatrick; residing at Fort Seward, Alaska.
Ruth Umstead; residing at Redondo Beach, Cal.
Eugene Nelson; attending the University of Washington.
Suzanne McLaughlin; now living in Seattle, Washington.
Margaret Dudley; residing at Chicago, Illinois.
Lily Korhonen; stenographer in Seattle, Washington.
Charles Skuse; living on ranch at Mendenhall, Alaska.
Garnet Lahr, nee Laughlin; residing at Salmon Creek, Alaska.
Helen Troy; attending the University of Washington.
Simpson McKinnon; is attending the Naval Academy at Annapolis.
- 1917—William Taschek; is married and living at Seattle, Wash.
Emma Troupe, nee Sherman; residing in Vancouver, B. C.
Dorothy Haley; is now attending the University of Washington.
James McCloskey; has a position with the Canadian Pacific Steamship Lines in Juneau, Alaska.
Lillian Collins; has a position in the post-office at Juneau.
- 1918—Joseph Acklin; living in Wenatchee, Washington.
Helen Smith; is attending the University of California.
Harold Koskey; deceased.
Olive LaBounty; stenographer at Seattle, Washington.
Wilbur Burford; attending the University of California.

Frances Ptack; attending the University of California.
Roberta Coryell; attending the University of Washington.
Madge Case; attending the University of Washington.
Joseph McLaughlin; attending the University of Washington.
Rena Ellinger; is going to a business college in Seattle,
Wash.

Rose McLaughlin; is attending a business college at Se-
attle, Wash.

John Meir; has a position at Perseverance Mine.

Elvira Spain, nee Whitanen; residing at Treadwell, Alaska.

1919—Belle Hood; is attending the University of Washington.

Mary Kashevaroff; is attending the University of California.

Roy Torvinen; is attending the University of Washington.

Mary Monagle; is attending the Holy Names Normal in Se-
attle, Wash.

Gilbert Hodges; is attending the University of Washington.

Emma Perrelle; is attending the University of Washington.

Dorothy Troy; is attending the University of Washington.

Nadine Saum; stenographer in Skaneateles, New York.

Gertrude Nelson; is attending the University of Washington.

Harry Morgan; at Military Academy at Annapolis.

—Marie Goldstein—'21.





Jim—I heard you dyed your hair.
Eva—'Tis false.
Jim—That's what I told them.

Ben—I had a problem in my head all last night.
James—No wonder it's hard.

IN LATIN CLASS

Miss Rau—What is the construction of Axona)River)?
Allen S.—Water.

PETER SANDSTROM CAN DO THE WORK

Mr. Lanz—Nadja, how is potassium prepared?
Nadja—By the electrolysis of brine.

Discussion of the British government in English class: James
Buzzey—The House of Lords inherit their seats.

Miss Pope in shorthand—What is the prefix "anti"?
Lulu—A round circle.

Florence—My, but you look sober, Marian.
Marian—I'd hate to look drunk.

Miss Parks (in History)—Stanley, what did the Czechs do in Prague?

Stanley—Got cashed, I suppose.

Mr. Lanz—Marian, what will we have if we mix glycerine and nitric acid?

Marian—A funeral, I suppose.

(Brownie and Ideal in rear seat of car)

Don (driver)—Have you a match Brownie?

Brownie—Yes, right back here.

Ideal—I don't believe Thoreau's statement that the most memorable things happen in the morning.

Frances—I should say not; believe me the most memorable things happen after dark.

LeRoy—Aren't the Freshmen large this year?

Nadja—Well, don't you know that lots of rain makes all green things grow.

Ben—Why is a man like a worm?

Venetia—I don't know. Why?

Ben—He is born, crawls around a little while, then some chicken grabs him.

PETER SANDSTROM CAN DO THE WORK

Freshie—Who is the Joke Editor?

Junior—Laura McLeod.

Freshie—Well then, what do they want with jokes?

(In Cooking Class)

Mrs. Brackey—Now this meat must be basted regularly.

Teckla—Why can't we pin it?

(Heard in the Library)

She—You had no business kissing me.

He—It wasn't business, it was pleasure.

Miss Nelson—trying to roll up a map in the eighth grade history room during the test recently, but the blessed thing would not roll up. Curtis Shattuck, noticing her struggles offered the following suggestion. Stand in front of it, Miss Nelson, then we can't see it.

If you don't like these jokes
And their dryness makes you groan,
Just stroll around occasionally
With some good ones of your own.—(Ex.)

A school paper's a great invention;
The staff gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
The Editor all the blame.—(Ex.)

Early to bed, early to rise,
Love all the teachers and tell them no Hes,
Study your lessons that you may be wise,
And buy from the men who ADVERTISE.

PETER SANDSTROM CAN DO THE WORK

I used to think I knew I knew,
But now I must confess,
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less.—(Ex.)

Charles—You know, I never boast. Everybody knows that I don't. Why, even if I do say it myself, I don't think I've boasted a single time in all my life. It's SOMETHING to be able to say you never did boast in your life—isn't it?

Miss Park—What is velocity?
Allen Fortney—Oh, it is one of those three wheeled concerns that you pump up and down to make it go.

Mod. History Class, talking about climaxes:
Ben—Where is the climax in history?
Miss Park—Recitation.

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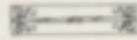
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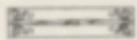
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Don't say "Rack-em-Up,"
say, "Assemble the Spheres
in a Triangular Formation."

Don't say "Scratch," say:
"Pulsome Flasco."
Don't say "Them Cushions
is Dead," say: "The Rub-
ber is Neckerized."
Don't say, "Let's All Have
a Drink," say: "I'll See
You in the Cellar."
Don't say "Time Off," say:
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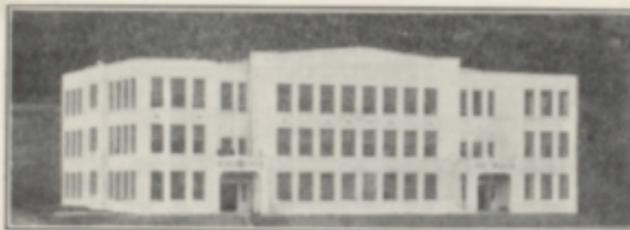
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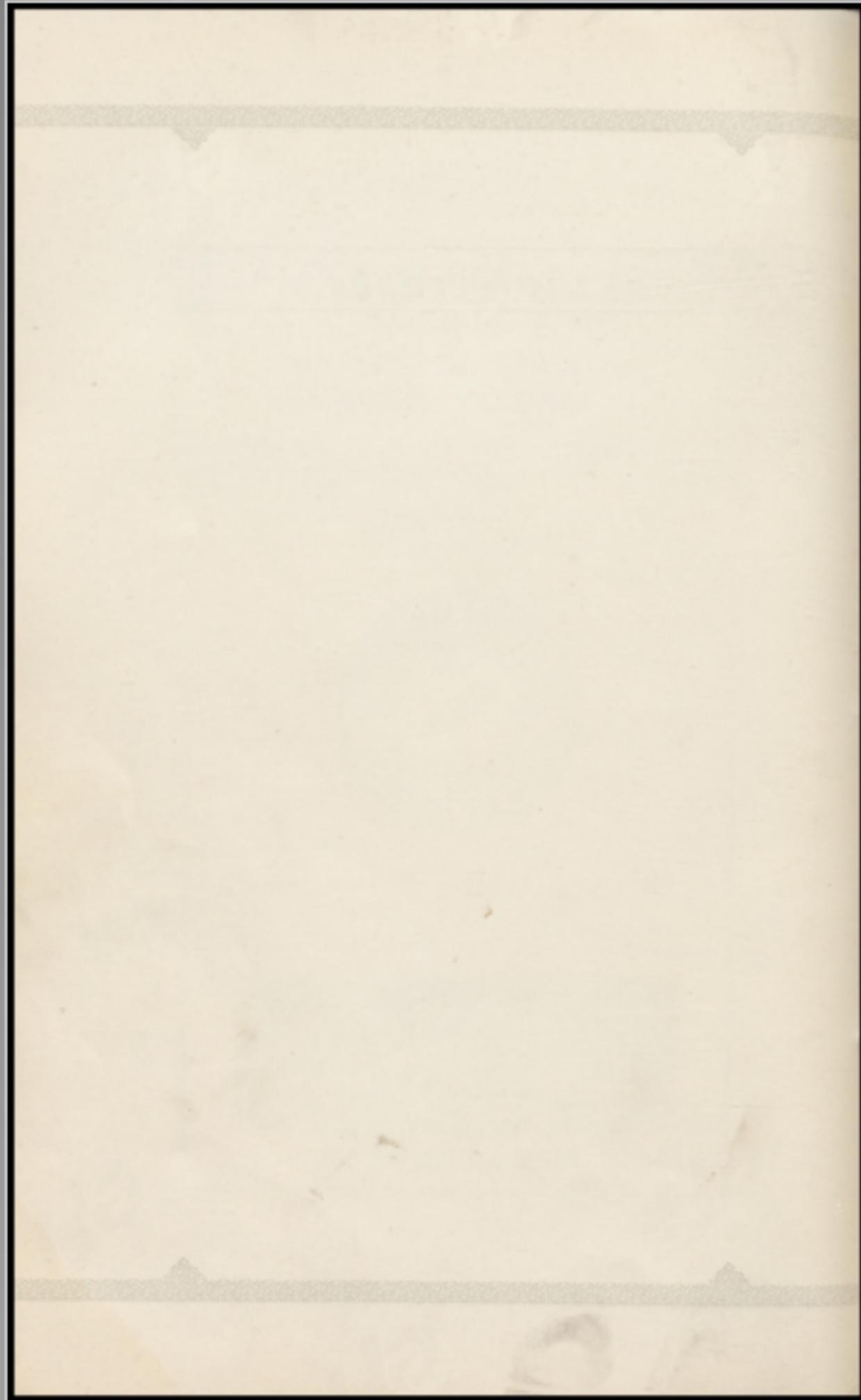
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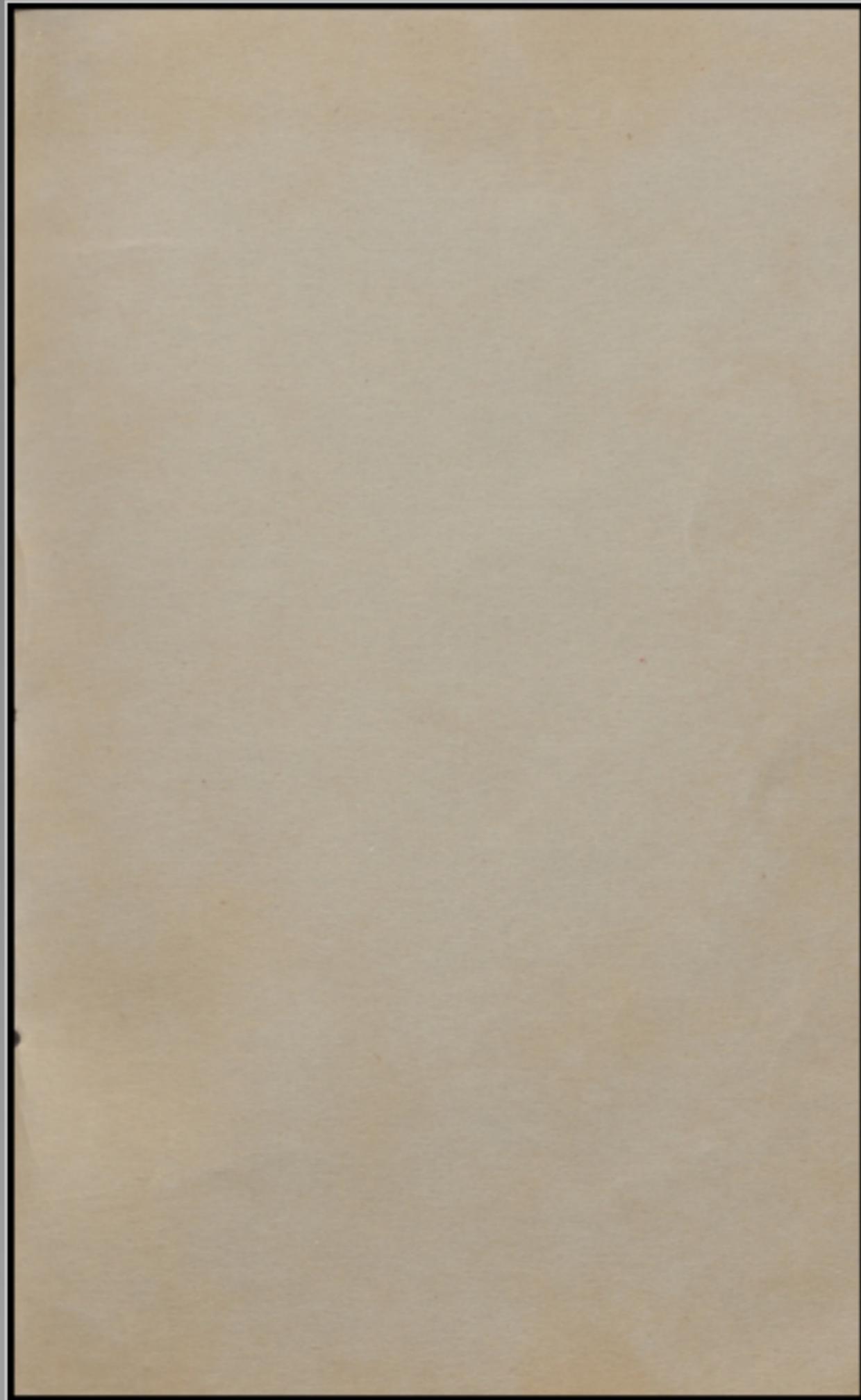
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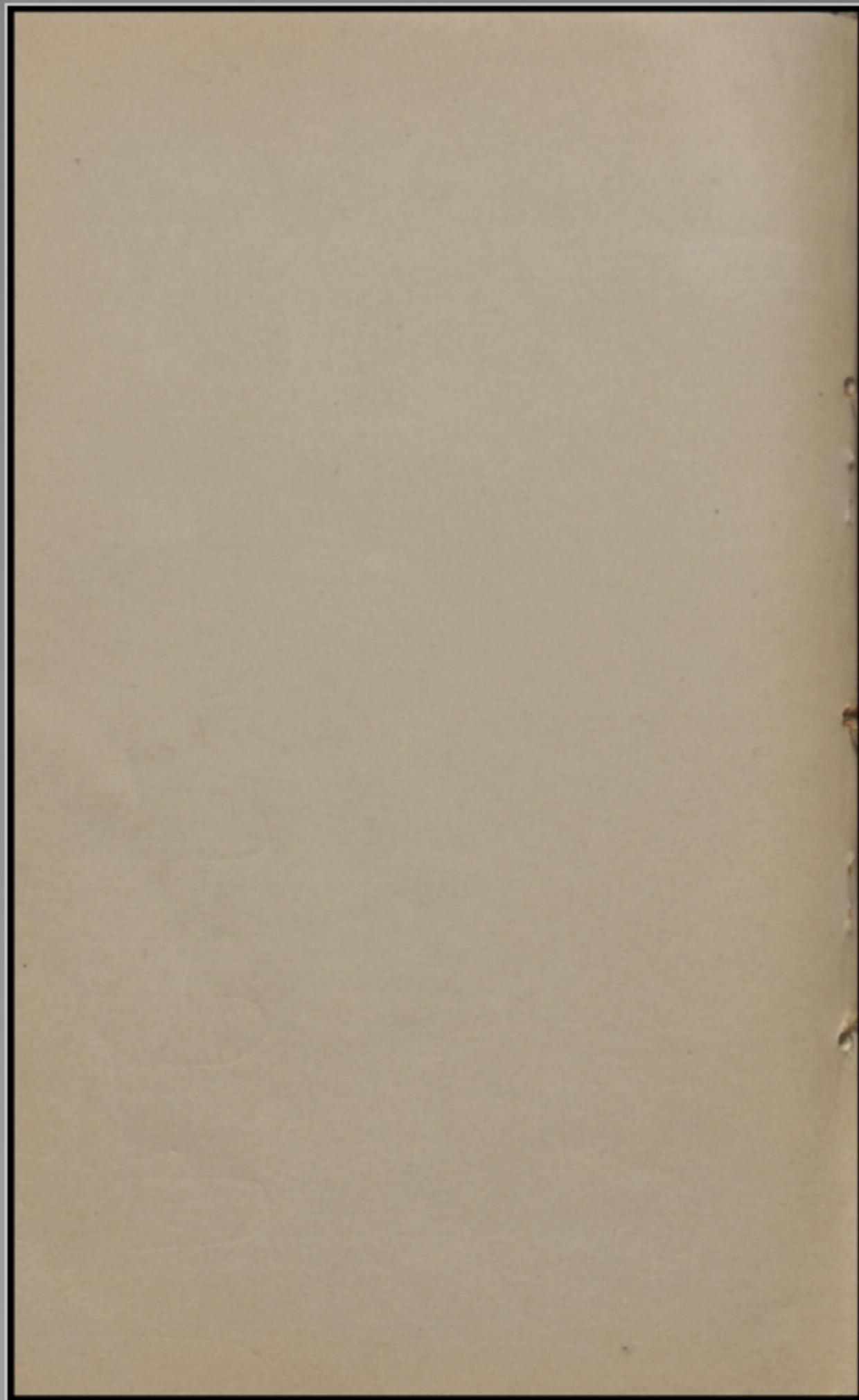


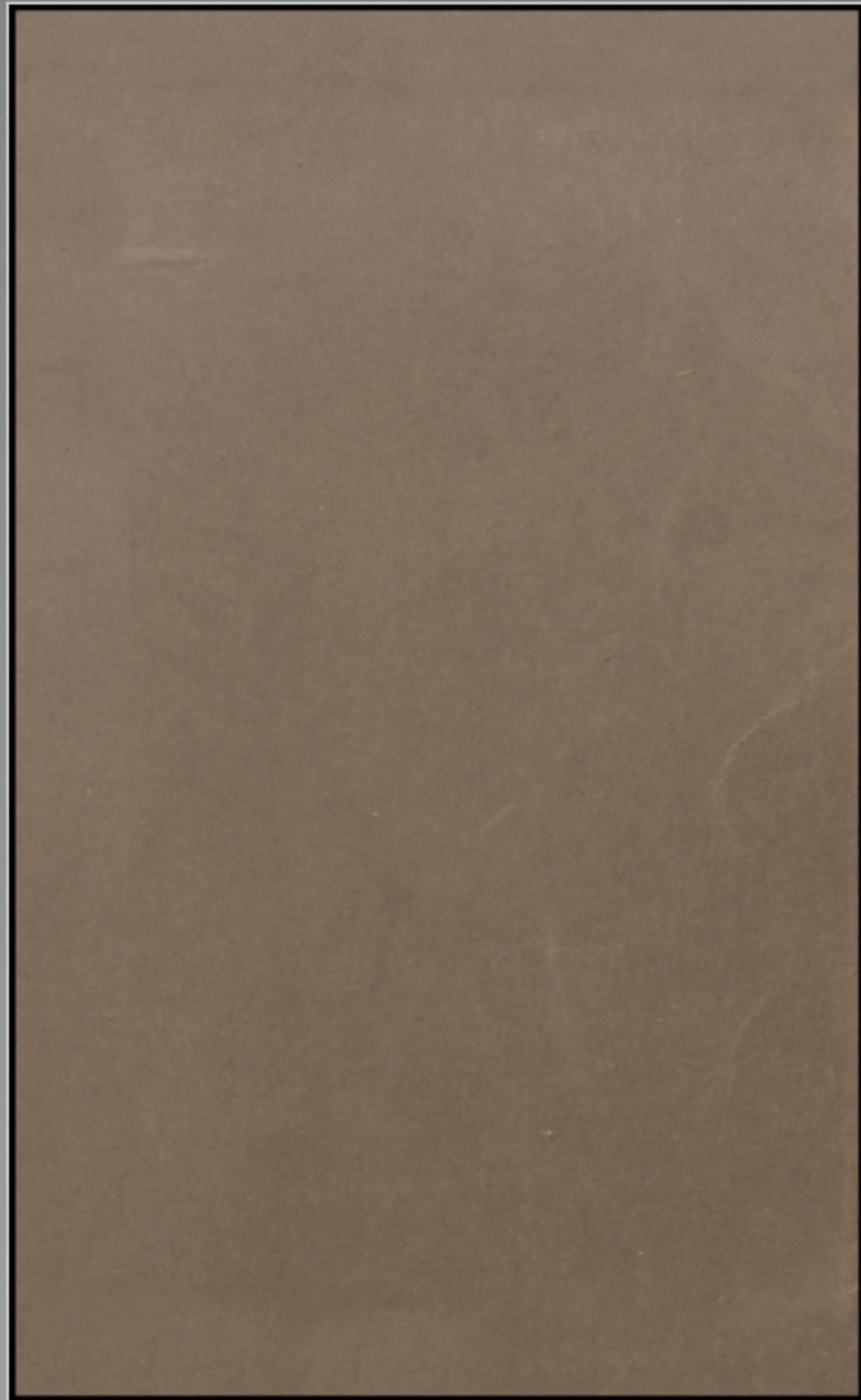
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