

1918

1917-1918 Firebrand

University Archives

<https://doi.org/10.33015/dominican.edu/archives.1917-1918.firebrand>

Survey: Let us know how this paper benefits you.

Recommended Citation

University Archives, "1917-1918 Firebrand" (1918). *Yearbooks 1916 - 1919*. 6.
<https://doi.org/10.33015/dominican.edu/archives.1917-1918.firebrand>

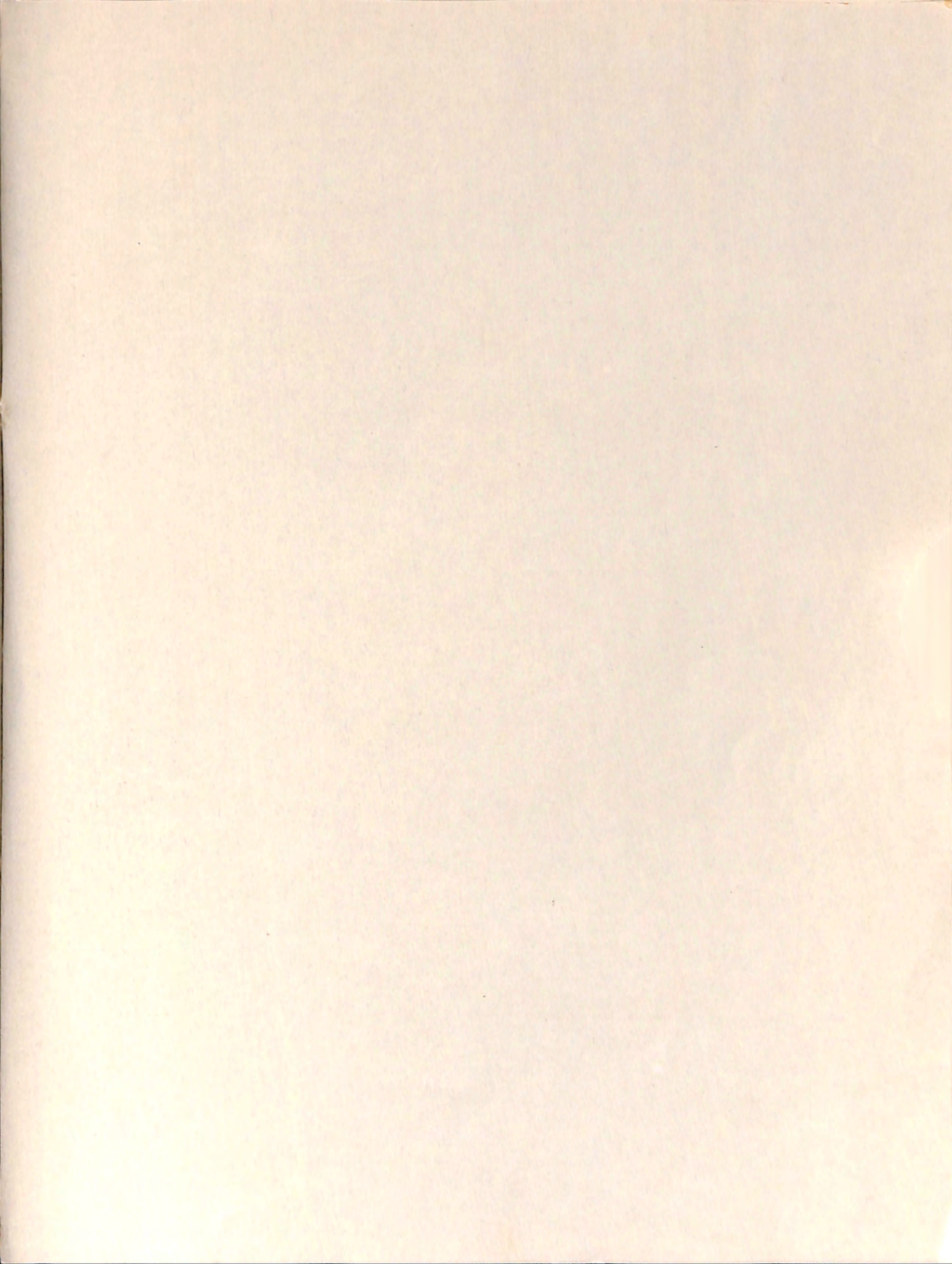
Disclaimer: It is the goal of the Dominican University of California Archives to serve as a research tool that is open and available to the public. As an institution established well over a century ago, there are materials throughout our collection that are no longer acceptable and not a reflection to the University's mission of social justice, dismantling racism, and promoting diversity.

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Dominican University of California Yearbooks at Dominican Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Yearbooks 1916 - 1919 by an authorized administrator of Dominican Scholar. For more information, please contact michael.pujals@dominican.edu.

Dominican College
Year Book

1917-18

case
378.794
D713Q
1917-18





DOMINICAN COLLEGE

DOMINICAN COLLEGE
YEAR BOOK

1917-18

(v. 2.)



*Sister M. Irene
from "Monie".*

SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

ARCHBISHOP ALEMANY LIBRARY
DOMINICAN COLLEGE
SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

case
9 378-794
D713G
1917-8

CONTENTS

Dominican College	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Dedication	page 5
Staff of Year Book	6
Editorial	7
The Spiritual in War Poetry	10
Wordsworth: An Appreciation	14
Barbizon Memories	17
George Wharton James: An Appreciation of His Lectures	20
Senior Class Pictures	22
A World Prayer	27
Democracy	33
Two Great and Much-Tried Presidents	34
A Miracle	36
Elizabeth Barrett Browning: As Seen Through Her Letters	40
In the Shadow	42
California	44
Junior Class Picture	45
Passing of Butterfly	46
To the Mediterranean	48
Sophomore Class Picture	49
To Assisi	50
Little Flowers of St. Francis	51
The Maid of Orleans	54
Freshman Class Picture	57
Demosthenes and the Belgians	58
Bobby's Trust	59
Alumnae Notes	62
Letters from the Alumnae	66
Wild Mustard	69
Spring—Summer—Autumn—Winter	70
Her Mother's Child	72
Dante	75
Our Convent Garden	80
God's Temples	81
Where Charm Lies	82
An April Dream	86
From a "Journal Intime"	87
Calendar	89
School Chronicle	92
Social Notes	101
Music and Dramatics	104
Realm of Bookland	114
Exchanges	117
Athletics	121
Bits of Fun	125

Printed by Taylor & Taylor, San Francisco

27108

TO THE FACULTY
OF DOMINICAN COLLEGE WITH
GRATEFUL APPRECIATION
WE DEDICATE THIS
YEAR BOOK

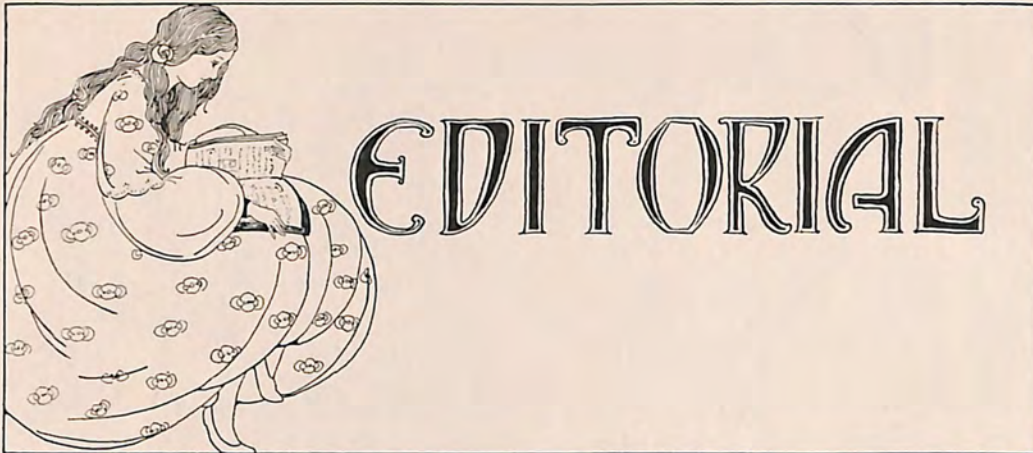
STAFF OF YEAR BOOK

NANCY PATTISON Editor-in-Chief
SYDNEY GOETZFRIED Manager
HELEN GAGAN Assistant Manager

ASSISTANT EDITORS

VERE TERWILLIGER School Notes
HELEN SHEA Lectures
DOROTHY BLANEY Social
DOROTHY MCGUIRE Alumnae
REGINA MCCAULEY Dramatics
ALBERTA BRIZZOLARA Athletics
ESTELLE GASSNER Bits of Fun
MARY E. GOSSAGE, FLORENCE WAINWRIGHT, CHARLOTTE MERKLEY .. Art

Under the supervision of the Sisters of St. Dominic



JUNE DAYS



WHILE the climatic conditions of New England may have had something to do with Lowell's inquiry

"And what is so rare as a day in June?"

there are several considerations, apart from atmospheric temperature and the aspect of fields and flowers, which render the first of the calendar's summer months a joy to humanity the world over. In so far as Catholic humanity is concerned, June, as the month of the Sacred Heart, is a season of intensified devotion to the Saviour of the world and of consequent blessings to all who pay Him the loving tribute of their faith and worship. The recent honors paid by Rome to the preëminent client of the Sacred Heart, Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, constitute an additional reason, this year, for joy and fervor in the human hearts that glow with love for the Heart Divine.

One favor that will be besought of the Sacred Heart by millions of Catholics during the next few weeks is—the safety of the dear ones, fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers who are exposed to the terrifying risks of the world war. And who can doubt that the prayers of the petitioners will be granted, if not in the precise form in which they are proffered to the Throne of Grace, at least in the heaven-sent resignation that will comfort the grief-stricken survivors of those who give up their lives for their country and for the freedom of the world? Even for the heroes at the front, June will be less of a trial in a number of ways than have been the rigorous days of winter and spring. Nature, at least, will not be fighting against them; and their daily round of duties will be measurably more supportable.

To broach a more cheerful phase of the subject, June days are a delight

to such college students as hail them from afar as vacation days, a succession of blissful weeks to be spent in the sweet intimacies of home life. And yet not all such students can view their advent with unalloyed pleasure. To those of us who leave college this year to return no more the coming vacation brings with it a strain of sadness as well as a note of transcendent joy. The graduates of 1918 may say good-bye with smiling eyes to preceptresses and schoolmates, but the smiles will surely be akin to tears. One consideration our class likes to dwell upon, the acquisition, during our year, of the property for the Junior College; and one hope it fondly cherishes—that its members may form the charter class of the new College Hall.



*"Here, each flower and blossom shy
Linger the live-long day in still delight"*

CRUSHED BLOSSOMS

I picked a bud from my garden,
So sweet it was and fair,
And I crushed it till its perfume
Rose Heav'nward through the air.
God chose a soul from His garden,
A soul serene and fair,
And He crushed it till its sweetness
Rose Heav'nward, pure and rare.

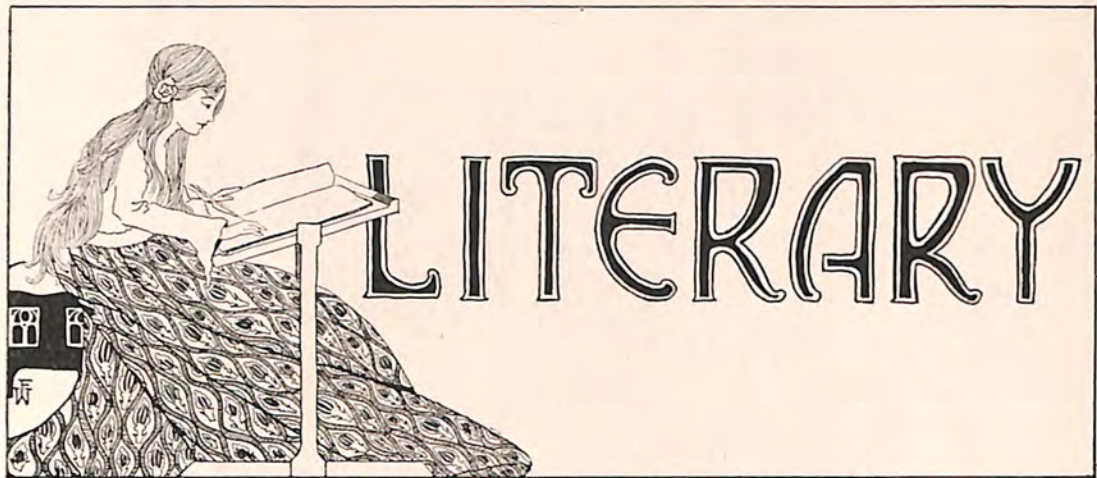
NANCY PATTISON.

JUNIOR COLLEGE

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18



LORRAINE THEISEN
San Francisco



THE SPIRITUAL IN WAR POETRY



IT IS an accepted conclusion that all wars influence the religious and moral life of nations, and also change for good or evil the literature which is so essential a part of the soul of the nation and a maker of its history. The atmosphere of pain that has enveloped the world for the last three years appears to have stimulated poetic souls with high and holy thoughts, to have developed the inner life and to have purified the hearts of those who sing, so that in all the finest war poems there is a striving after the infinite and a trend of abiding faith and trust in God. The great conflict seems to have deepened the religious spirit of the nation's ballad-singers, whom our Shelley calls "the unacknowledged legislators of the world," for holding the spiritual in their own hearts they can make it live in the minds and hearts of others.

One of the sweetest war poets of the most critical period in the history of our own loved land says:

"When falls the soldier brave
Dead at the feet of wrong,
The poet sings and guards his grave
With sentinels of song."

So the world-war of today is sending forth many sentinels wearing the colors of the Great Captain, and revealing the soul-fire glowing side by side with the fire of patriotism.

Charles Phillips in his beautiful article "Sursum Corda!" tells us that the real war poets are the soldier-singers. Their verse has been called into being amid the throes of a mighty conflict, and the tragedy and pathos of men's souls are in their songs, for they have felt the presence of the angel

Death, and have heard the rustle of his wings as he passed by. Much has been written about these warrior bards to whom suffering gave a clearer vision and the power to uplift and inspire. Rupert Brooke, who sang so splendidly of the "Dead," and soon himself

"Poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy."

Allan Seeger, who kept so faithfully his "Rendezvous with Death"; Julian Grenfull, ready at duty's call to sacrifice the life "that is Color and Warmth and Light"; and the dear young lance corporal, Francis Ledwidge, a pure idealist, with deep spiritual insight—"always homesick" and yearning for God and peace, yet with that "steadier will" giving his all that peace might come to others. All these brave soldier-singers have been tested and proven by fire and sword, and the echo of their words shall

"Roll from soul to soul
And live forever and forever."

Not only among the war poets who saw life and death and the mighty passions of human nature, working for good and ill while the "red rain" soaked deep into the earth, do we find poems of real worth and high spiritual tone; but the "singers of songs at home" have given to the world their meed of inspirational verse. Our own Charles Phillips' poem, "The Crimson Snow," is of rare beauty and rich in what Francis Thompson calls "strange sanctuaries of pathos."

"But the wind is bitter and chill, my Mother,
And the world is turning dark,
And the voice of Love is still, my Mother,
While the wolves of anger bark!"

His sonnet to the Soldier's Mother is so sweet and tender and true, that after reading it one seems to hear

"Played on the wind for echoings of prayer
And song commingled . . .
Still I smile, through tears and blood!
For to my ear, sweetly to heal and save,
That music sounds across the singing sea—
My mother's voice saying her Rosary!"

Katherine Tynan is another sweet singer who feels the pulsings of divine sympathy and uses her gift to remind the war-stricken world that suffering is the Royal Road to Heaven. How sweetly human and homely, and yet how deeply spiritual is the "Old Soldier"!

"Lest the young soldiers be strange in heaven,
God bids the old soldier they all adored
Come to Him and wait for them, clean, new-shriven,
A happy doorkeeper in the house of the Lord.

'My boys!' he greets them: and heaven is homely
He their great captain in the days gone o'er;
Dear is the friend's face honest and comely
Waiting to welcome them by the strange door."

In "To the Others" all home-keeping hearts are thrilled:

"Your son and my son, clean as new swords;
Your man and my man and now the Lord's!
Your son and my son for the Great Crusade,
With the banner of Christ over them—our knights new made."

"A Mother's Dedication," by Margaret Peterson, also expresses the living faith and patriotism of all the mothers who have made the supreme sacrifice:

"God guard you, son of mine, where'er you wander;
God lead the banners under which you fight;
You are my all, I give you to the Nation,
God shall uphold you that you fight aright."

Another sweetly sympathetic mother's poem in which the divine and human blend is Ada Tyrell's "My Son."

"I ask no honors on the field,
That other men have won as brave as he—
I only pray that God may shield
My son, and bring him safely back to me!"

The spiritual runs throughout John Oxenham's "What Did You See Out There, My Lad?"

"What was it you saw out there, my lad
That set such deeps in your eyes?
You've a right to your deep high look, my lad,
You have met God in the ways;
And no man looks into His face
But he feels it all his days."

"The Little Star in the Window," by John Jerome Rooney, will appeal to all who have loved ones "over there":

"The little star in the window is aflame with living fire,
For it was lit at the hearthstone where a lonely mother waits;
And she has stained it crimson with the glory of her heart's desire,
And brightened its pearl white heaven beyond the world's dark Hates.

Like the guiding star of the magi, its blessed rays shall shine,
A pledge of his heart's devotion, a sign of his people's peace.

"In Requiescant" Frederick Scott leaves us with thoughts heavenward and the memory of a soulful prayer:

"Dear Christ, who reign'st above the flood
Of human tears and human blood,
A weary road these men have trod,
O house them in the home of God!"

Winifred Lett's "Chaplain to the Forces" is a splendid tribute to the devotion to duty, courage and disregard of danger which characterizes the work of the Army Chaplain:

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18

"Ambassador of Christ, you go
Up to the very gates of hell,
Through fog of powder, storm of shell,
To speak your Master's message: 'Lo,
The Prince of Peace is with you still,
His peace be with you, His good-will.'"

A vivid word picture painted by Grace Ellery Channing is "Qui Vive?" It is vibrant with beauty and spiritual pathos:

"Uncover the head and kneel—kneel down,
A monarch passes, without a crown—
Let the proud tears fall but the heart beat high:
The Greatest of All is passing by,
On to its endless march in the endless Plan:
 'Qui Vive?'
 'The Spirit of Man!'

"O Spirit of Man, pass on! Advance!
And they who lead, who hold the van?
 Kneel down!
 The Flags of France."

All branches of the service furnish inspiration to the poetic soul in harmony with its Creator. Here is the heavenly thought of Paul Bewsher, the young "Scorner of the Ground," who, like Shelley's skylark, "singing still dost soar and soaring ever singest," and in his flight "poured out his full heart from heaven or near it."

"Then do I feel with God quite, quite alone,
High in the virgin morn, so white and still,
And free from human ill:
My prayers transcend my feeble earth-bound plaints—
As though I sang among the happy Saints,
With many a holy thrill—
As though the glowing sun were God's Throne."

So everywhere in the crucible of agony the gold of hearts is refined, while over the lurid horror of the battle-field shines the glorious light that streams from the Heart of Christ, to whom the world is turning in its sorrow and anguish. And always we hear the beautiful words of faith and hope and love which "sing through a nation's sighs" and "sob through a people's tears"—brave words of cheer, chivalric sentinels of song to guard the world's "Deathless Dead," for

"When marble wears away
And monuments are dust,
The songs that guard our soldiers' clay
Will still fulfill their trust."

WORDSWORTH

AN APPRECIATION



THE age of Romanticism has, and will never cease to have, an inexpressible charm for all lovers of English literature. Liberty, in action and in thought, allowed all poets for practically the first time to give free rein to their fancy, to create a national enthusiasm akin to that characteristic of the Elizabethan period, and to distinguish this era by an almost unprecedented list of poetic enthusiasts. Among the most representative poets is William Wordsworth. Influenced by Cowper and Crabbe of the preceding century, he too

“Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

Reared in the Lake country, distinguished for the charm of its natural beauty, it is no wonder that Wordsworth found his inspiration in what we often are apt to style the common things of life. The lofty mountains, the secluded dales, in general, the “unroofed school of Nature” were his delight even as a boy, and, in return, later received their worthiest enthusiast in him.

In vivid contrast to the spirit of France, which found its inspiration in conventionality, as evidenced by the over-dressed, fantastically-garbed “shepherds and shepherdesses” of Fragonard’s brush, is the simplicity which distinguishes Wordsworth. The plain and unassuming mountain daisy, the solitary magnificence of a yew-tree, and even the humble celandine, receive their worthiest appreciation from his eloquent pen and still more fervent heart.

Perhaps it is objected that his descriptions are exaggerated, or that his delight in Nature’s wonders is over-ecstatic. But never is he guilty of these faults—in fact, he depicts Nature with a truthfulness which is sometimes wanting in the poetry of Burns, and the tone throughout all his works is subdued and gentle. He always writes of things as they are.

Because he is such a lover of Nature, Wordsworth is “in tune” with her. His loving eyes are quick to perceive the changes which she effects and the wonders which she accomplishes. His keen insight “sees into the life of things,” so that his poetry has become a veritable book in which Nature lays open her great throbbing heart that all may seek to learn and to love her through Wordsworth’s perfect interpretation.

Many poets have well depicted the outer aspects of Nature’s glory, but to Wordsworth it was granted to ever see present

“A motion and a spirit, that impels
All living things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.”

In the clear answering of the mountain to the call of the cuckoo, Wordsworth sees the similarity in the relation of man's call to God. Nothing is more simply suggested, but it offers food for thought. In a short poem of merely eight lines he vividly compares, in a word, bubbles gliding under ice to thoughts, and a wind-swept meadow to life. In every poem we can perceive Wordsworth's trend of mind toward the spiritual, the inner nature, for, as he himself expresses it—

"To me the meanest flower that grows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

How different and how much more beautiful is this spiritual and moral criterion than the pagan-like conception of Keats, that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Although Wordsworth's poems are the embodiment of lofty thought, yet they are couched always in the most simple and generally unfigurative language. The effect is most excellent, for the words are consciously chosen and the result is a simplicity verging often on grandeur. For instance, in Wordsworth's "Lucy"—

"She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh!
The difference to me."

we have an example of the unadorned style of description, psychology and statement which so characterize Wordsworth and distinguish him from the obscure and mystic Browning.

Wordsworth found his inspiration not amidst the throng of men, but

"In that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

In the "Poet's Epitaph" he has painted his own portrait, he, who with head meekly bowed, walks alone in the silence of Nature's depths,

"The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

The quality of suggestiveness is one which Wordsworth possessed in full measure. "The Solitary Reaper," which illustrates this perhaps more than any other poem, has prompted Lafcadio Hearn, in describing it, to apply Tennyson's verse regarding "jewels five words long, that on the stretched fingers of all time sparkle forever." In four short verses we are given the picture of a Highland lass who sings of

"Old unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago,"

and of the poet who strives to imagine the message of her melancholy strain, which he bears in his heart, "long after it was heard no more."

We find the lesson of humanity in the "Leechgatherer," an image of the most firm strength and resolution, who still perseveres although he realizes that practically every circumstance is against him. "The Character of the Happy Warrior," is the embodiment of Wordsworth's own ideals and strivings. He,

"Who, deemed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train;
Turns his necessity to glorious gain."

has found the keynote of happiness, a happiness which is the more complete because he has struggled and strived and won.

It is impossible to give an adequate appreciation of Wordsworth; one can only understand this poet by reading and discovering for himself what a wealth of strength, consolation and delight the greatest of Nature's interpreters can bestow. C. T. Winchester in his admirable book "Wordsworth and How to Know Him," has explained the service which Wordsworth's poetry renders to us: "It can take us out of all passionate striving, away from the dreary intercourse of life, and set us in a solitude of nature as in a sanctuary filled with 'the breathing balm, the silence and the calm of mute insensate things'; it can infuse a healthy sympathy for the essential virtues of men, however homely; and it can dilate the soul with thoughts as lofty and as pure as the naked open sky."

LORRAINE THEISEN.

BARBIZON MEMORIES

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18



ART has always looked to nature for her inspiration, and has sought there the ideal—the ideal of beauty and the ideal of truth. Rebellious against the bonds imposed by the Classicists and encouraged by the well-known English landscapist, John Constable, who gave the trumpet-call, but saw the goal only indistinctly himself, the young artists of this second era of Romantic painting found a most fitting source of inspiration in the little village of Barbizon and in the neighboring Fontainebleau Forest. Nature here cast a spell over all—a spell of calm and quiet, differing from the majestic influence of primeval nature. The splendid trees, placid pools, oftentimes surrounded with a filmy mist, gave the appearance of a dream-picture to the entire landscape.

He who was “the skylark,” who sent forth “little songs in his gray clouds,” who was the Keats and Shelley of painting, J. Camille Corot, will ever be remembered for the beautiful lesson of simplicity and peaceful joyousness which he imparts. As he himself so aptly expressed it: “I dream my picture; by and by I will paint my dream.” Therein lies the secret of his success. He endeavored always to keep in tune with Nature, to be as a little child, so that he “might see her as she is, and make her, as a little child, without reserve.” Corot gives us the picturization of a landscape with filmy atmospheres, with misty distances, and peopled with the nymphs and fauns of the woodland disporting themselves in rhythmic dances among the trees—hence his instinctive classicism. Infused throughout all his pictures is that bright, ethereal fancy which characterized the man as well as the artist.

In contradistinction to Corot is Theodore Rousseau, leader of the Barbizon group and the epic poet of this era of painting. He it is who sees nature in its broader element, whose every picture has a different subject, from the quiet calm of evening to the majestic panorama as seen from the monster mountains of the Alps and the ravines and torrents of the desolate Auvergne district.

It has been truly said: “Those lives are worthiest that strike deepest root in the soil of our common life and are yet most responsive to the inspirations that come from the spaces beyond.” There is a life which, wearied by disappointments, by poverty, and by the over-sensuous pleasures in which his countrymen took such delight, turned for refuge to the Forest of Fontainebleau and to the Heavenly Father whose loving care for His children is never failing. Jean François Millet understood that it was his mission to “paint for eternity” and to illustrate “The Poem of the Earth,” as his work has been aptly styled. Those who denounce Millet’s world-renowned pictures of peasant life as having revolutionary tendencies will soon realize that he preached only the love of work, and the love of nature. He said repeatedly: “My programme is work, for every man is vowed to

bodily fatigue. 'Thou shalt live in the sweat of thy brow' was written centuries ago, an immutable destiny. . . . Is that there the gay, merry labor in which certain people would like to make us believe? It is there, notwithstanding, that I find the true humanity, the grand poetry." "The Gleaners," "The Angelus," "The Sower," all verify that, to Millet, the peasant, toiling in the field and battling for his existence against the hostile forces of nature, was the world's true hero.

True to his Spanish heritage, Narcisse Diaz was as impulsive, as tempestuous, and as romantic as any other in whose veins the warm southern blood has coursed. He reveled in exquisite flower studies, in vivid color contrasts, in the romance which is invariably associated with the Orient—in fact, in everything suggestive of luxuriance of form and color. His nature was equally buoyant and courageous. To Millet and Rousseau he served as a veritable staff in their moments of despondency and discouragement. A more engaging personality is seldom found among artists.

Constant Troyon has displayed his genius in his remarkable portrayal of pastoral scenes. His "Oxen Going to Work" is one of art's purest gems.

To Charles Daubigny, the painter of Normandy, blossom-time was a perpetual pageant. His lovely and delicate apple and fruit blossoms have never been surpassed in the painting world.

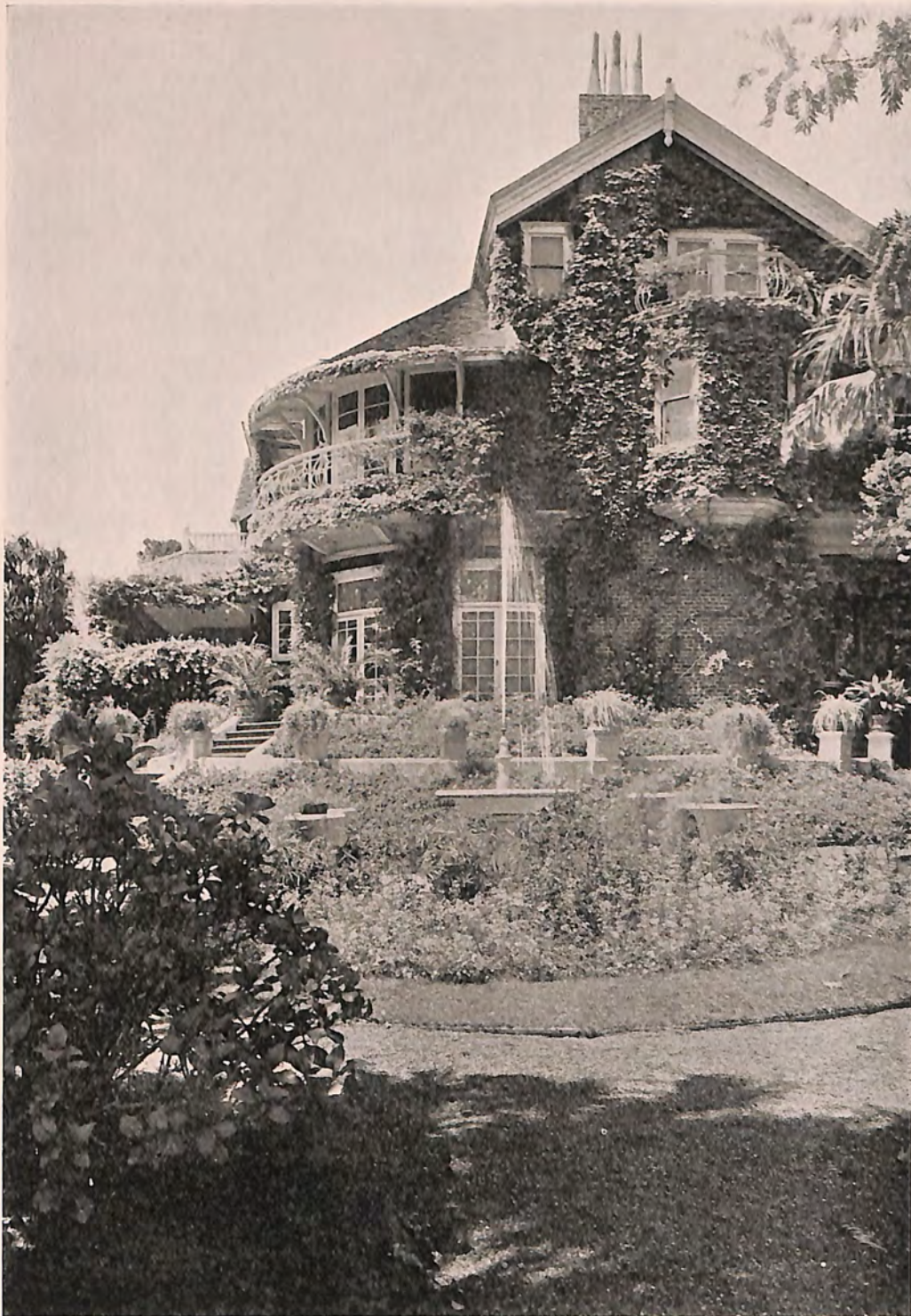
Sportive lambs and lambkins held especial charm for Charles Emile Jacque, and no one has more cleverly depicted these charming little animals.

Jules Dupré, who was the last exponent of this Barbizon group, was so reticent a man that even before his death his name was almost a myth. Withdrawing from the disappointments of picture salons, Dupré spent long years of retirement painting those subjects which had particular attraction for him—serene pastoral scenes, a flat country between the rivers and the distant hill, or a sinking sun seen beyond a level marshland. Of a contemplative nature, he too "finds sermons in trees and books in the running brooks."

That all artists, and particularly the Americans, are indebted to this brilliant school of painters, who desired a "free and original expression of each master's peculiar qualities," is easily conceded. It was the American who first brought consolation, encouragement, and even friendship to Millet. As we are especially lovers of outdoor life and outdoor effects, it is no wonder that Millet found his most enthusiastic admirers and his greatest championship in this country. Indeed, American painters have followed in the wake of the Barbizon group by continuing the nature-study and poetic feeling which these 1830 landscapists innovated. The subjects which appeared more true and realistic to the American than to the French people are still employed by our artists who first appeal to us through experience and then delight through imagination.

LORRAINE THEISEN.

History of Art and Travel Class.



GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

AN APPRECIATION OF HIS LECTURES



EACH State in the Union has had poets and writers to sound forth the wonders which others feel but cannot express, to portray the miracles which the loving hand of Nature has wrought—the beauty of Niagara, the charm of Yellowstone, and the majestic grandeur of the Grand Cañon have not been left unsung. Our Golden West has been rich in enthusiasts who have loved this glorious State with an intense passion and who have sung its praises in glowing terms.

Not the least of these has been George Wharton James, a man to whom every flower, every hill, and every vale is dear because he is sensitive to Nature's charms. He has felt and never lost the magic spell which the Yosemite casts upon all who see the wonders in her midst, and, with such a spirit, he came and imparted to us a love for that glorious valley almost equal to his own, because it seemed that we were seeing all with him. In our imagination we too ascended Half Dome, saw the peaceful panorama of mountain and dale from Glacier Point, heard the crashing of the Yosemite Falls, as, with a thunderous roar, it tumbled down to us at the foot of the cataract, viewed the filmy mist with which the delicate spray of the Bridal Veil Falls envelops its surroundings, and enjoyed the exquisite glory which Mirror Lake reflects when

"The heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east."

We ask wherein lies the secret of Dr. James' success, and find it in his fascinating personality. Although well along in years, he still retains the ardent fire of youth—aye, he even seems possessed with a spirited enthusiasm which puts to shame our too frequent air of languor and imagination of trifling ailments. Intermingled with this ever-present bloom of youth is a pungent humor, full of attraction because so natural. Mr. James therein proves his ability to adapt himself to any audience and, more particularly, to a group of school children, often the most difficult to satisfy.

Together with his love of nature Mr. James possesses a deep reverence for the early Franciscan Fathers who worked so faithfully and so heroically to bring their mission of Christianity to an idolatrous people. To create a greater enthusiasm for the history of California has been the life-long endeavor of Mr. James, and he has already partially succeeded in infusing a spirit of interest and reverence among Californians for the preservation of the missions which were so vitally concerned with the history and development of our State.

LORRAINE THEISEN.



ALMA MATER'S BLESSING

Having loved you since as wide-eyed little girls
You came to seek our guidance long ago,
Having helped you seek some deep-hid knowledge pearls,
Having helped you start your garden plot to grow,
Having seen small troubles, having helped you rise,
We beg God's blessing from his purple skies
 To follow you.

Dear graduates, by time and labor crowned,
 We wish you happiness, we pray success;
And if your name be humble or renowned
Put in your little world your soul's impress.
 God bless you, standing in our open door;
 God bless you, daughters, o'er, and o'er, and o'er,
 And then anew.

SENIOR CLASS



NANCY PATTISON
Freeport, Illinois



HELEN GAGAN
San Anselmo, California



SYDNEY GOETZFRIED
San Rafael



GUINEVERE TERWILLIGER
Merrill, Oregon

DOROTHY BLANEY
Reno, Nevada



DOROTHY MCGUIRE
Portland, Oregon



HELEN SHEA
San Francisco



REGINA MCCAULEY
Vallejo, California





ALBERTA BRIZZOLARA
San Francisco



ESTELLE GASSNER
San Francisco



MARY EDNA GOSSAGE
Petaluma, California



MARY SCHLOSSER
San Rafael

LORRENE TOWNE
Petaluma, California



KATHLEEN PARKIN
San Rafael



MARGARET COLLINS
Fresno, California



CARMEN MALLEN
Carney's Point, New Jersey





DOROTHY STAIGER
Auburn, California



GEORGIA STEIRLY
San Francisco



LOUISE VALENTE
Calaveras, California



CLAIRE GRIFFIN
San Rafael

A WORLD PRAYER

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18

GOD of our Fathers, give us faith,
Inflame our hearts with hope, new-born,
That with Thy aid we may remain
Unconquered still, though overborne.
Lord God of Hosts, oh, hear our prayer,
Lest we despair, lest we despair!

If in the tumult of the fight
We fall war-wearied and forget
That out of darkness light must come,
Thy courage, Lord, be with us yet.
Lord God of Hosts, oh, hear our prayer,
Lest we despair, lest we despair!

Lord, hast Thou turned Thy face away,
From this long night of bitter pain?
Then cast Thy tender eyes on earth,
Let peace come to men's hearts again.
Lord God of Hosts, oh, hear our prayer,
Lest we despair, lest we despair!

God of our Fathers, give us strength,
That we unconquered still may stay,
Till the faint light of dawn, at last,
Comes slowly, changing night to day.
Lord God of Hosts, oh, hear our prayer,
Lest we despair, lest we despair!

Around the dying fire of Hope there sat
Three ghostly forms. They shivered with the cold
And drew their mantles closer o'er their heads.
But from the ashes came no warmth, no light,
Save one faint, flick'ring gleam. And far away
The dull, incessant roar of bombs was heard,
As when some mighty heart throbs, throbs with pain,
Not knowing rest. And ever and anon
The ghostly forms would shiver and draw near
Unto the fire—the fire which gave no warmth.

And once a dim procession seemed to pass,
From whence, or whither—who knows? Death stalked in front
And yet Death stalked behind. And as it passed

The Spirits by the fire trembled and shrank
Away, although the shadows who passed by
Were their own sons—sons who had sacrificed
Their lives that right might be victorious—
But now it seemed that they must fail, despite
Those lives, despite the pain and those
Long years of strife, from utter weariness.
And as they shuddered at the thought, far off
A mother's cry, born of great agony,
Voiced that which they did fear.

“My boy, my baby boy,
Who used to lie within my arms
While I would kiss his golden head,
And smooth the curls on his damp brow;
Ah no, good God, he is not dead.

Hast Thou forsaken me, O Lord?
He came in tears but yesterday,
To show me where he hurt his head—
And would I kiss the pain away?
And now they say he's dead.”

One ghostly form, 'twas that of France, brave France,
Sank deep her face into her hands, war-soiled,
And sobbed dry pain-wracked sobs that knew
No tears, for sorrow such as hers
Knows neither tears nor tongue. It seemed
That she must fall worn out by suffering.
Then England rose and standing straight, defied
Those foes who dared blaspheme the name of God
Upon their lips, who knew not shame nor pride
Nor honor, but were all the pawns of one
Imperial Head. And far away the bombs sang on
Their song of death unto the night.

“Destroy and kill, kill and destroy
Amidst the dull, red glow.
Maim and wound, wound and maim
All those on earth below.

Destroy and kill, kill and destroy
Till naught of life remains.
Maim and wound, wound and maim
With our death-bringing flames.

Destroy and kill, kill and destroy—
On, on and never cease.
Maim and wound, wound and maim—
Death to the Spirit Peace.”

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18

And as the sound reached those three ghostly forms,
They rose and left the fire and passed on towards
The sea—the sea which holds within its silent depths
The secrets of mankind. And as the waves
Rolled on and on unto the shore, as time
Rolls on eternally, then did the sea
Lift up its voice and speak unto their hearts.

“Despair?
What can your souls know of despair?
There lives no sorrow or no woe
That cannot be relieved by prayer,
For God all suffering doth know.
Then rise and meet the foe again,
Prove that your sons are men of men,
And though the way is steep, can tread
Unconquered till they gain their end,
The Spirit Peace from Heaven sped.”

Then to the hearts of those three ghostly forms,
England and France and Italy, there came
The gift of faith once more; and thus the first
Answer unto their prayer. And comforted
They passed back whence they came. But suddenly
The sound of iron chains and heart-wrung moans
Broke through the silent night. And turning they
Saw Belgium, victim of the haughty foe.
Where once those tall cathedral spires, like prayers,
Rose towering unto God, black ruin stalked:
And where old volumes of forgotten lore,
Like jewels in God's own crown had been,
A few gray ashes fluttered in the breeze.
All that was left of Belgium's priceless wealth.
And everywhere the ravages of mad
Relentless foes were manifest. And as
They gazed, Belgium herself spoke low, as one
Who knows the fear of punishment.

“Do you hear my children weeping, O my Sisters?
They are hidden by their tears.

They are voicing all their sorrows in low whispers,
Lest they fall on alien ears.

They have seen their homes destroyed beneath their children
Burned and seared unto the earth.
They have seen their children homeless and half frozen,
While their foes were filled with mirth.

Then avenge me and my ruin, O my Sisters,
Free me from my bonds and chains.
Bring destruction to the robbers of my treasures,
Who have blackened all my plains."

Then came the second answer to the prayer
Of those three ghostly forms. Their hearts were filled
With courage at the sight of Belgium's grief.
To them 'twas given to right the wrong, subdue
Those haughty conquerors, who thought the world
Was owned by them, not God. But still the strength
They needed most came not. And as they sat
Once more beside the fire—not dying now—
They voiced the cry of universal man
Unto his Maker and his God,

"Lord, hast Thou turned Thy face away,
From this long night of bitter pain?
Then cast Thy tender eyes on earth,
Let peace come to men's hearts again.
Lord God of Hosts, oh, hear our prayer,
Lest we despair, lest we despair!

God of our Fathers, give us strength,
That we unconquered still may stay,
Till the faint light of dawn, at last,
Comes slowly, changing night to day.
Lord God of Hosts, oh, hear our prayer,
Lest we despair, lest we despair!"

Far off across the seas a spirit dwelt
Of buoyant nature and of youthful mien.
She knew not sorrow or despair, for all
Her time was passed in pleasure, and her land
Was filled with golden wealth. And then one day
She heard that clarion call of noble France,

Brave England and proud Italy. She knew
They fought that they might have what she possessed—
Freedom with all its glorious rights and aims.
Ah! who was she to dare deny the call,
The call of life and love and liberty?
And as she pondered, in her heart there rose
The knowledge that she, too, must fight. Her strength
Must help them lest they fail. And passing through
The night, she joined those ghostly forms beside
The fire, ablaze with Hope, and spoke to them.
And thus the third answer unto the prayer
That they had made. For at her words, the throb
Of strength once more coursed through their veins.

“My Sisters, rise, renew your strength,
For God must bless our righteous cause,
He cannot mean that we should fail—
We who are right by his own laws.
Lord God of Hosts, we trust in Thee:
Oh, grant us peace and liberty!

The world is torn with pain and strife;
High on his throne, the war-god Mars
Laughs loudly through the blood-red smoke
At Peace behind her prison bars.
Lord God of Hosts, we trust in Thee:
Oh, grant us peace and liberty!

Grant that before the light of truth,
The light of justice and of right,
Mars needs must flee, and thus at last,
Will end this long and bitter night.
Lord God of Hosts, we trust in Thee:
Oh, grant us peace and liberty!

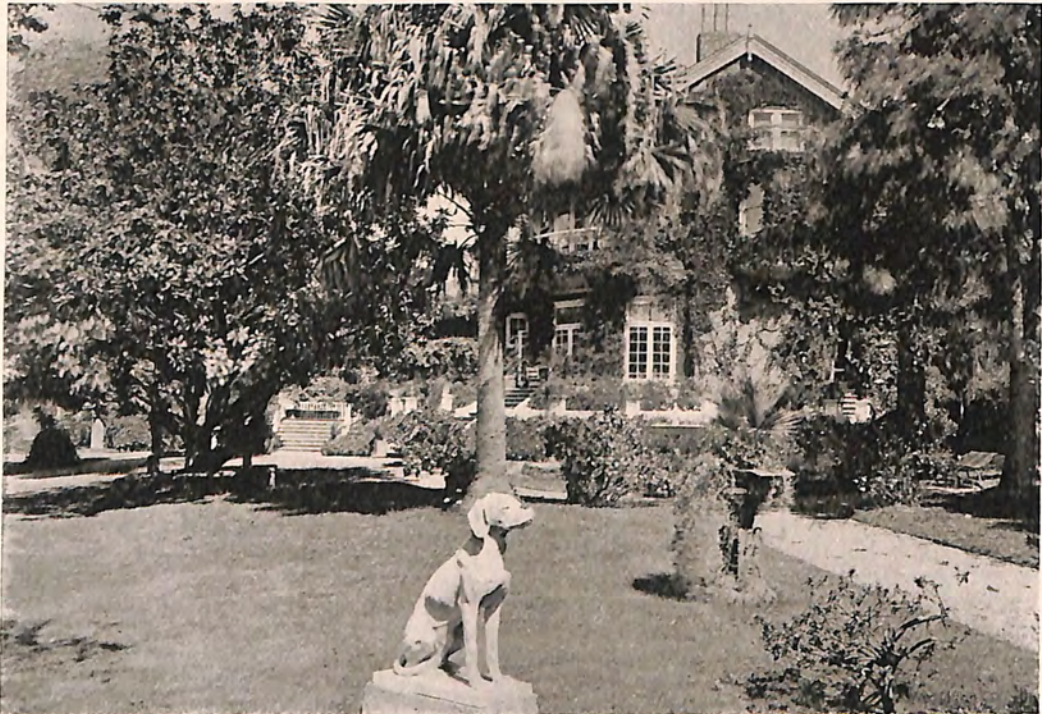
God of our Fathers, give us strength,
Inflame our hearts with hope in Thee,
Until we may achieve what Thou
Alone can grant us—victory.
Lord God of Hosts, we trust in Thee:
Oh, grant us peace and liberty!

Thy name is trembling on our lips,
Thy banner leads us to the fray,

Oh, Lord of All, forsake us not—
Let peace come to men's hearts, we pray.
Lord God of Hosts, we trust in Thee:
Oh, grant us peace and liberty!

Thy Church is calling, Christ, to Thee,
Thy people echo her great prayer,
The very world implores Thy grace,
'God send us peace,' rings everywhere.
Lord God of Hosts, we trust in Thee:
Oh, grant us peace and liberty!

NANCY PATTISON.



[32]

*"A sort of fairy ground
Where suns unsetting light the sky
And flowers and fruits abound"*

DEMOCRACY

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18



HEY stood together at the foot of the mountain, she and the mystic, invisible figure that hovered ever near her. It was dark—for many years now it had been dark—and the people were filled with a great longing for the light; yet he who held the mountain allowed no light to come, and they dared not dispute his word. Then from the yearning of the people she had been born—she and the mystical figure beside her.

One faint, solitary star gleamed in the heavens, and to that she raised her face and prayed. As she prayed the star grew brighter—and lo! another appeared beside it. And the figure, seeing it, whispered, "Come," and they began the ascent. Sharp rocks filled the path and often her feet were pierced, yet ever she pressed on, her face toward the star.

Once she fell, wearied from exhaustion, for the path was steep and she was tired; but she rose falteringly and continued. And as she rose, a third star appeared in the dark sky, and its soft light filled her with new hope and courage. Many years had passed since anyone had dared to ascend the mountain, and the way was overgrown with brambles and vines. Yet with her bare hands she tore them aside, though the thorns pierced her with their bitter poison, and the vines resisted her with their utmost strength. And ever and anon the figure hovered near her, though she saw nor heard it not.

One time there was when she fell and could not rise—when the figure seemed lost in the vastness of the night. Though she called, it did not answer, only the very silence seemed to mock her cry. As she lay there, from the valley below rose a long mournful note; it was the voice of the people—her people—crying for the light. So with a supreme effort she continued. But the mystic figure was no longer there. Perhaps the Spirit of the Mountain had killed it? Filled with anger she hurried on, though the path grew steeper and more treacherous.

Years passed, but she continued ever upward—up, up, up—whither she knew not. Only now the heavens were ablaze with stars, and by their light she could avoid the deep chasms within whose depths lurked a thousand unknown dangers. As the time passed the road grew easier, the ascent less precipitous, and the trial of strength less painful.

Then one day she saw the goal for which she had been striving. And the Spirit of the Mountain, who dwelled there, fell before the radiant glory of her face. For the light which she had sought was in herself, and went forth illuminating the world. From afar, below on earth, came the voices of the people, and the sound was one of great thanksgiving. Then once more the mystic figure hovered near her, and she welcomed it with a glad cry. "Who are you?" she asked. And it softly answered: "I am your sister Peace. Together we shall rule the world." NANCY PATTISON.

TWO GREAT AND MUCH-TRIED PRESIDENTS



VEN to one who has not made a special study of United States history striking similarities are evident in the administration of Thomas Jefferson and Woodrow Wilson. Both entered the White House under great opposition. President Wilson was elected only because of the split Republican ticket, and Jefferson was sullenly given the Presidency by the Federalists, who had overstrained their authority and then weakened their power by party dissensions. Wilson in his "History of the American People" writes: "The Federalists allowed Jefferson to come in, not with their votes, but without them, by refraining from voting at all in sufficient numbers to leave his friends the majority."

The Federalists had feared Jefferson because he represented the people whom Alexander Hamilton had declared to be nothing but a "great beast." Woodrow Wilson says: "The government had passed into the hands of the people's party. Mr. Jefferson had proved no monster after all, but an amiable and attractive gentleman, graceful in conciliation and apparently honest in his desire to serve the whole country in spite of what was said against him."

David Muzzy, in his "American History," says of President Wilson: "Practical politicians had some misgivings as to how this 'scholar in politics' would manage men at the Capitol. He had broken up the machine in New Jersey, to be sure, but he would find Washington a far different place from Trenton. Little by little, skepticism yielded to admiration as the scholar, with quiet confidence and unruffled tenacity, established his power over the Cabinet, Senate, House and lobby, and before six months were past made himself the most complete master of Congress since the days of Thomas Jefferson."

The political views of these great men, Jefferson and Wilson, are much alike. Both upheld the Democratic party and presented its lofty ideals to their fellow countrymen. Thoroughly versed in internal affairs and most deeply interested in home conditions, both Jefferson and Wilson had foreign troubles of a difficult and complicated nature forced upon them.

During their first administration both Presidents had planned peace policies which eventually resulted in failures, due to European situations. Jefferson had comparatively little trouble in these four years. Wilson, on the contrary, had to face the serious Mexican problem, and later the more serious prospect of becoming entangled in the European struggle. European diplomacy had favored the reduction of our army and navy in Jefferson's first term, and there had been no effort toward preparedness in Wilson's; consequently, the outbreak of the war in Europe found us lacking in men

and ships and discipline. Wilson also had to deal with the divided condition of the people. The dark possibility of war with Europe hung heavily over the country. Half of the people were demanding satisfaction for the sinking of the "Lusitania," while the other half were declaring that peace must be kept at any price. Wilson endeavored to keep peace as long as possible, and it was largely to this policy that he owes his second election.

Both had to contend with the problem of the freedom of the high seas and the protection of the lives of American citizens. Jefferson was informed by Napoleon that he must "keep away" from English ports or trouble would arise. England replied to Napoleon's commands by forbidding all neutral ships to trade with any countries under Napoleon's control unless such vessels had touched at a British port. America had built up an extensive commercial trade with other nations, and through it was well on her way to prosperity. The climax was finally reached when the British ship "Leopard" opened fire on the American frigate "Chesapeake" because of its refusal to be stopped and searched for deserters. Three men were killed and eighteen wounded before the "Chesapeake" surrendered. By this action the country was stirred as it had not been since the battle of Lexington. Resolutions poured in upon the President, pleading with him for the support of the most rigorous measures of resistance. So by an act of Congress an embargo was laid upon foreign commerce. The purpose of the embargo was to starve Europe into showing a proper respect for our commerce, and to prevent our ships from being captured. How Jefferson would have handled the complicated situation that followed the embargo we cannot tell, as three days later he turned the reins of government over to his successor, James Madison.

Wilson had to contend with similar conditions. Germany drew a war zone around England and forbade all neutral vessels to enter. America insisted upon maintaining the freedom of the high seas and became very indignant when Germany resorted to the use of the submarine, and refused to respect the accepted principles of international law. The British seizure of ships and cargoes in Jefferson's time violated the rules of international law, but the German destruction of neutral and non-combatant lives through the use of the submarine outraged all humanity. Like Jefferson, President Wilson labored to keep peace, but he found it impossible. Just as in Jefferson's time the firing on the "Chesapeake" caused universal indignation, so the sinking of the "Lusitania" by the Germans horrified the whole world and was the incentive of the American public to plead with Wilson for restitution or war. Wilson expostulated with Germany in note after note, while public opinion in this country turned more and more to questions of national defense. Scattered cases of unprovoked attacks on merchant ships in which American lives were lost added to the tension. Finally, when a German submarine torpedoed the French channel steamer, "Sussex," with the loss of several American lives, President Wilson served

an ultimatum to Germany. In answer to Wilson's note, Germany promised that merchant vessels should not be sunk without warning and without saving human lives, unless the ship attempted to escape or to offer resistance. It was hoped that the "Sussex" pledge had removed the danger of war between Germany and the United States. However, several months later, Germany, ignoring President Wilson's appeals, enlarged her war zone and removed all former restrictions on her submarine warfare. This breach of the "Sussex" pledge President Wilson met February 3, 1917, by breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany. Continued aggressions of the German submarines coupled with popular protest forced the President, on April 6, 1917, to declare war.

Thomas Jefferson inaugurated in America the truly Democratic regime; Woodrow Wilson is fighting to make the world safe for Democracy.

GEORGIA STEIRLY.

A MIRACLE



HOW the sun shone! God alone knew the suffering of the dust-covered regiment of French infantry limping along the road that led to St. Leon. The youthful colonel had cast aside his dignity and walked in the midst of his men, encouraging them from time to time with a few well-chosen words. One poor fellow, but recently recovered from a wound, stopped and gasped for breath, but after a short pause continued on his way.

"Mercy, Mary in Heaven," muttered one. "Water, water—"

Unnoticed by his comrades, a pale youth took from his breast-pocket a tiny medal with the "Little Flower of Jesus" inscribed upon it. Glancing at it with fervor for a moment, he replaced it and quickened his stride.

With the dust-clouds swirling round them, they tramped along in silence, turning a sharp curve and took advantage of the shade cast by a high wall facing the road on the right. Behind the wall stood a large rambling building, apparently deserted, though one window swung half open. Over the large door was a cross, showing the building to be a convent.

The soldiers' eyes brightened, and their slouching figures straightened as the foremost ranks halted at the gate.

"It's deserted," groaned a sergeant. With added weariness the troops resumed the march; but one soldier, ever hopeful, turned and saw a little nun hurrying after the departing column, carrying a pitcher of water in each hand. The soldier stopped and called to the others, "Comrades, water!"

In an instant the nun was surrounded by eager throngs, asking permission to relieve her of her burden, and seating themselves on the grassy banks

that bordered the road. Cups of various descriptions were produced, and the little nun silently poured the crystal-clear water till all had been refreshed. She appeared to be filling the pitchers just inside the gates of the convent. Finally, the colonel gave an order and the men formed their ranks, departing after the nun had given them her blessing.

The column had gone but a short distance when the colonel, Valiere by name, halted the troops and said: "Men, we forgot to thank the Superior of the convent. Lieutenant Thonon and Sergeant Vauclerc will return and express our gratitude. We will wait their return here."

The messengers designated set off at a brisk pace and soon arrived at the massive gates, which yielded easily to their touch. They entered. Before them lay a path ending in a flight of stone steps, which they ascended. After rapping and waiting for several minutes, the door was opened by a small nun in a black habit. The officers asked for the Superior and were ushered into a little parlor of dark and dismal aspect. Soon a gentle-faced nun entered, quite obviously the Superior. She bowed to them, and Thonon spoke: "Our regiment wishes to thank you for the courtesy of a Sister of your Order. As we were passing, fatigued and parched with thirst, she brought us water and revived the drooping spirits of the men. Our gratitude is beyond expression."

The Superior looked at the speaker with evident surprise.

"But sir," she said, "we would have given you refreshments gladly had we known of your need. However, I am sure no one has left the convent enclosure today. There must be some mistake."

"The time was about twelve. One of the Sisters came out. We all saw her," replied the officer. But the Superior insisted that the thing was impossible. "If we could be permitted to see all the nuns we would be able to point out to you the one who played Sister of Mercy."

Accordingly the officers saw each one of the nuns, but were unable to find the one they sought. "It is strange," said Thonon. "I remember her face and could recognize it at once. However—thank you for your trouble. Good-day, Sister. We must rejoin our men."

As the three passed through the corridor the sergeant happened to glance at a sacred picture on the wall. It was a painting of the "Little Flower of Jesus." "There she is," he cried excitedly; "right there in the picture. The little Sister that gave us the water. It was a miracle, my lieutenant."

Lieutenant Thonon and the Sister Superior knelt in prayer, then she gave the two men her blessing and they hurried on to tell their comrades.

In the dark hours of the night the little soldier took his medal from his pocket and said: "I knew, Little Flower, that you would never fail us."

DOROTHY MCGUIRE.

[37]

JEANNE D'ARC

Jeanne d'Arc, the France thou loved so well is bent
Beneath War's mighty cloud, and in her eyes,
Pain-dimmed with tears unshed, hot tears, there lies
The suffering which God omnipotent
Alone can understand. And yet the fires unspent
Burn on; and smoke, red smoke, fills all the skies.
But still she stands erect and still defies
Her foes. O Guardian of France! prevent
The death of Liberty, let right endure,
And through thy glorious martyrdom, teach men
The sacrifice of love—thy legacy—
That they may win. And as thy voices pure
Bade thee lead France to peace, so now again,
O blessed Maid, lead on to victory!

NANCY PATTISON.



NANCY PATTISON AS THE BLESSED MAID OF ORLEANS

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

AS SEEN THROUGH HER LETTERS



HERE is a quaint, dear little thought common among the Italian peasantry, that one must not inhale the fragrance of a flower which is to be placed upon the altar, lest God be deprived of some of its perfume. So it would seem that the earlier life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning was passed in more or less seclusion that she might give to her poet-husband, when he came, the fullness of her great beauty of soul. Nor could one deny that beauty. She was moulded and formed on the wheel of human suffering, which, if we submit to it, shapes our lives in the likeness of Christ. Sorrow and pain sweetened a naturally lovable nature, sweetened and strengthened it. But all these truths have come to me only since I have read her letters—the letters of both a great woman and a great poet. Not from anything I had ever read or from anything I had ever been told, but just from some personal prejudice I had always thought of Mrs. Browning as little more than a sentimental poetess.

Now all these thoughts are gone, all those strange ideas have vanished, and I see her as she really was—a noble woman, a woman of beautiful character and personality, an interesting personage. It is in our personal and intimate letters that we reveal our true selves; sometimes unconsciously, but nevertheless truly. So it was with Mrs. Browning. Her letters are especially good because she writes in an unrestrained manner—she admits this herself in a letter to Mrs. Martin: “I like to write my thought and feelings out of my own head and heart, just as they suggest themselves,” or, as one author expresses it, “Her own talk put on paper.” In her letters we see nothing but refinement, thoughtfulness, kindness for others, unselfishness and the other admirable qualities that go to make up a noble woman.

Her affectionate nature is shown most clearly in her condition arising from the death of her very dear brother Edward. Her health became much worse on account of this great shock, so that she stopped corresponding for a number of months. When relief finally did come, it was only through the medium of work, of busying herself with her literary problems. “I do believe that I should be mad at this moment if I had not forced back the current of rushing recollections, my work, work, work.”

From Mrs. Browning we all could learn one lesson—that of gratefulness for small things. We can scarcely read a letter that does not express appreciation for some favor; each one is brightened with at least one “Thank you.” In connection with this gratefulness for small things, she was always anxious to do small things for others. Her letters are not one long history of what she herself was busied with, but they evidence much interest in the events in the lives of her correspondents.

There is no doubt that Mrs. Browning was an intellectual woman, "a woman of undoubted genius and most unusual learning." Of this unusual learning we have many glimpses in her letters, for she discusses literary folk far and wide, often quotes Greek and refers constantly to Latin literature. In this respect we see her great independence of thought, for she has decided views on every subject she discusses. She also has ideas on topics other than literary. For instance, she took an active interest in everything concerning political conditions, not only in her own country, but also in Italy, where she spent much of her married life. Of course, one might say that this was natural. but some people, if they had been as proficient in writing poetry as was Mrs. Browning, would not have had sufficient interest to observe other things critically.

There is one thing which can be said of Mrs. Browning which, if it could be said of us all, would make this world of ours brighter. No person had less animosity than she; it seems as though she could hardly bring herself to speak unkindly of anyone. Search through her letters as we may, we shall find not the slightest trace of harshness or expression of ill-feeling.

How patient she was during her many years of confinement, due to her ill health! She had not only the trials of illness to bear, but, especially before her marriage, the eccentricities of her father, for whom, however, she had the highest respect and warmest love.

Perhaps the long confinement accounts in part for her extraordinary love of nature, which was a marked personal characteristic. She loved the flowers, the birds, the trees, the mountains—all that made up the beautiful environment of her home at Hope End. When she went to Italy, in later years, the life there seemed to coincide exactly with her nature-loving disposition. So entranced was she with that colorful country that she disliked going back to England. In the life of the city she could find no joy like that in the life of the country. "Was there anybody in the world," she writes, "who ever loved London for itself? Did Dr. Johnson, in his paradise of Fleet Street, love the pavements and the walls? I doubt whether I ought to do so or not . . . though I don't doubt at all that one may be contented and happy here and love much in the place. But the place and the privileges of it don't mix together in one's love, as is done among the hills and by the seaside." Some of her descriptions of places visited are unexcelled in their portrayal of nature. Thus she describes a ride through one of the smaller villages of Italy. "The exquisite almost visionary scenery of the Apennines, the wonderful variety of shapes and colors, the sudden transition and the vital individuality of these mountains, the chestnut forests dropping by their own weight into the deep ravines, the rocks cloven and clawed by the living torrents, and the hills, hill upon hill, piling up their grand existences as if they did it themselves, changing color in the effort—of these I cannot give you an idea, and if words could not, painting could not either." Is not this description almost poetry in itself?

Since I have read her letters and have seen into her inner self as I had not before, is it any wonder that I have ceased to regard Elizabeth Barrett Browning as merely a sentimental poetess, but now, rather, think and say:

“To those who knew thee not, no words can paint!
And those who knew thee, know all words are faint!”

REGINA McCAULEY.

IN THE SHADOW



PRING, the radiant daughter of the year, had besieged the garden of an old French chateau, and now, victorious, had filled every corner with her exuberant presence. Bright-colored birds, secure on some leafy bough, sang to the world of her glorious reign. Butterflies darted here and there, drunk with the perfume of flowers that swayed gracefully in the breeze. Roses and violets, lilies and bluebells vied with each other in trying to outnumber the rest, while the soft musical tinkle of a fountain was as the song of Mother Earth crooning to her children. It was an old garden, and the ivy and moss had surreptitiously claimed the many marble statues and softened their beauty with age, till there was something of the haunting pathos of the past mingled with its crumbling walls—something that made one ruminative and tender. And now Spring had enveloped it all with her green mantle, beneath which lay such a glory of color and sound that the very silence seemed to tremble with soft delight.

“Could you tell me what time it is, Miss Dorman?”

It was a man who spoke, and his deep cultured voice was in strong contrast to his helplessness, as he lay ensconced in an invalid's chair.

The nurse smiled and consulted her watch.

“I'm afraid she won't be here for an hour, Mr. Clinton. An ambulance train is being rushed here posthaste and it will delay the Rapide. Do you think you can wait?” she added laughingly.

“Wait!—an hour?” and he thought of those endless nights when he had done nothing but wait, whether for death—or what, he had not known.

The nurse, quick to see the change, answered hastily: “Don't think about that. It's over now for you, and your thinking doesn't help the others if it makes you sad. The world needs a lot of happiness now to counteract the suffering out there.” Then, brightly: “Besides, she'll be here presently—and think what that means.”

Yes, she would be here—his little daughter, Sylvia. It had been her last wish before she died that their daughter be called Sylvia, child of the woods. And she had more than justified the name. From babyhood she had loved nature above all things—loved its children, whether flowers or birds

or animals or insects. He remembered their last walk together—how long ago it seemed! It had been a morning that justified England's claim to climatic excellences, and the woods were shrouded in a dim veil of mist. They had chased a rabbit to its hole, and then they had raced each other to the oak tree. She had won—they had both known she would—and as he lifted her in his arms she had laid her cheek against his. Unconsciously he raised his hand to his face, and the touch of the distorted flesh brought him back to realities and that cold, gnawing fear.

Would that strange misshapen face, with its seared and twisted smile, fill her with disgust—she who had always loved beauty and had often told him in her quaint childish way how handsome he was? That she would love him he knew—but the intensity, would that be gone? He had determined to bear his cross with patience, and God in His goodness would not make it any heavier. His fingers fumbled for the Rosary beside him, and he gazed at the figure of his crucified Saviour. Then he glanced at his companions, all similar victims of the atrocities of war. They had crosses, too—some heavier than his. And the roar of the distant bombardment reminded him of the anguish and the pain “out there.”

Yes, he could bear it; but God grant that he would not have to try!

Down the overgrown path two figures came—one the trim white-capped nurse and the other a beautiful child with a wistful, pleading face. The man saw them, and his very heartbeats seemed to cease. In a moment she would see him and he would know by her face his verdict. Even the trenches had not contained moments like this. The agony of it—would she never see him? She was very close now; he could see the dimple in her chin—how he loved it! Oh, if she would only speak!

“Sylvia.”

“Daddy,” but it was the nurse who led her forward and placed her hand in his.

“Dear little girl, don't cry. It's daddy, darling.”

“I—I can't see you again. They came in the night and dropped fire on me and blinded me, and oh, daddy, I can't see!”

One more burden, one more pain, but deep in his heart there rang the thought, “Now she will never know.”

NANCY PATTISON.

CALIFORNIA

HARK! the Mission Bells are ringing
Through the dewy morning air,
And the angelus blends softly
With the padres' silent prayer.

In the valleys lie the orchards,
While the blossoms wet with dew
Fill the air with grateful perfume—
Spring has come to earth anew.
On the hills the yellow mustard
Flashes forth, full brave and bold;
But the Queen of all the Spring-time,
Is a tiny cup of gold,
For the heart of California,
Doth this golden poppy hold.

Hark! the Mission Bells are ringing
Through the silent noon-day air,
And the angelus blends softly
With the padres' silent prayer.

On the mountains lie the vineyards,
Where of old the grasses grew,
And the sky that overspreads them
Seems a bit of God's own blue.
Fields of grain are rippling gently,
As a breeze comes blowing by,
While the tinkle of the sheep-bells
Is as Nature's lullaby;
And the wealth of California
In these valleys rich doth lie.

Hark! the Mission Bells are ringing
Through the dusky evening air,
And the angelus blends softly
With the padres' silent prayer.

Endlessly the great blue ocean
Rolls and rolls unto the shore—
There's a sound of sadness blended
With its dull, incessant roar.
Tall and straight, the mighty redwoods
Stand, through ages, staunch and old,
While the mountains in the distance
Purple mists of haze enfold;
And the soul of California
The giant guardians hold.

NANCY PATTISON.



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

- ELIZABETH WATERMAN President
DOROTHY WALL Vice-President
 Single Honor
EVELYN PHELAN Secretary
MARCELLE RADGESKY Treasurer

PASSING OF BUTTERFLY



IN A field just outside the city, large white tents had been erected, gay banners fluttered in the breeze, crowds passed in and out of the central tent, and peanut and lemonade venders plied their trade with amazing rapidity. A man buried in multicolored balloons moved slowly through the throng. Sleek gentlemen in tall hats announced the all-star programme. The circus had come to town, to the joy of every child who had or could have the exorbitant sum of two bits, to the sorrow of many fathers who had to take the family on Saturday afternoons, to the envy of all the "village belles," who looked enviously at the fluffy pink dress of Mlle. Mizet, the most famous lady acrobat in the world. It was she who courted death from dizzy heights, swinging from one side of the tent to the other on her trapeze, finally making her famous leap called "The Death Jump." This remarkable feat consisted of a dive through the air, from which, before reaching the ground, she was jerked into safety by a man in spangled tights, who otherwise did nothing but smile and bow. So it was when the circus came to town.

"Mlle. Mizet is ill," said the manager plaintively; "can't you let your daughter do her act, just for this one performance?"

"No," said Jack, "I can't, not for all the success in the world would I risk her up there."

"But, Jack, Mlle. Mizet has always given her lessons, and little Butterfly can go through that trapeze stunt as well as Mizet herself. Just think, Jack, you'll save the show tonight."

"Well, I hate to do it, but I'm no slacker, Al, and you know it. Get the kid, tell her mother to get ready. I guess we can rely on her."

The manager hurried off towards the caravan, and found the child sitting on the steps, her golden curls brushed back, revealing as sweet a face as ever Raphael gave a cherub. After a short talk with her mother, Manager Snell came back to the child and said, "See here, Betsy, Mizet is sick and you have to take her place. Go and practice a little on the trapeze. You are to go through the same act she does. You are sure of yourself, aren't you?" The little face lit up and she smiled at Mr. Snell. "Why, I'd just love to take Mizet's part. I'll go and get ready."

"Just a minute, Betsy. Do you think you can do that big final stunt?"

"Oh! I guess so; Mizet taught me how to do it, I'm all right as long as Mr. Hally is there to catch me." With this she skipped off.

"Betsy, Betsy," Mr. Snell called, but she did not hear. She was too wrapped up in the thought of what was to happen.

As she entered the tent she smiled and bowed her prettiest to the empty rows and went through a few simple exercises in the rings to limber up. She looked way up and saw the last trapeze near the top of the tent. It was

quite a long way; she had never realized the height before. Suppose she should slip—but Daddy would be right there to give her confidence.

Betsy stood behind the red curtain that protected the entrance to the ring, waiting her turn. She watched her Daddy go through his funny antics. With his whitened face and funny clown suit, how he made the people laugh and shout! Now it was her turn. The band struck up a lively air, and the little figure in yellow entered the ring, smiling and throwing kisses to the pleased audience. She reached the center where the first trapeze was, climbed on to her Daddy's shoulder, reached out for the trapeze. "God keep you, dear," he whispered as the little feet swung lightly up on the bar. Few people guessed that the clown that made them laugh was her father. In her dainty little self she seemed to bear no relation to the clown below her. Behind a mask of laughter the father's heart whispered a prayer for his little Butterfly. Higher and higher she climbed, swinging with graceful agility from trapeze to trapeze, until on the highest rung she looked down on the upturned eyes of the admiring crowd. Now was the moment of trial, "The Death Jump." The man in spangled tights, far below her, strained his eyes impatiently. Then somebody in the audience screamed as she leaned forward, her foot slipped and she lost her balance. In a moment the tent was in an uproar. Men and women jumped into the ring, policemen kept back the curious mob with their sticks. The clown dashed forward and knelt beside the crumpled little girl in yellow. Ambulance men came in with a stretcher, lifted little Butterfly carefully into it, and carried her to the ambulance.

She lay motionless in the little white cot; the doctor, after holding a consultation with his two assistants, turned and shook his head.

"She is dead. Yes, must have died the minute she hit the ground."

The man kneeling beside the bed, buried his face in his hands, his body shaking with convulsive sobs. He stroked her hand, brushed the curls back from the moist forehead, and tried to call her back with endearing words. A hand placed on his shoulder called him back to the world of reality, and he rose from the bedside a heartbroken man. With one last look he passed out of the room, back to the world of tinsel and paint.

The tent, empty of its crowds, presented a lonely spectacle. The benches rose tier on tier, the floor was littered with paper and peanut shells. Through the tent door, which flapped in the breeze, streamed a shaft of light from the street lamp, revealing a part of the ring where a man in a clown's suit sat on a soap box, holding in his hand a bit of yellow tulle.

RUTH MARION.

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

WINE-dark sea, history
Throbs in all your surges,
And you drown all gloomy dirges
With your steady, swinging roll.
When the song you're always singing,
In our weary hearts is ringing,
Every one of us starts flinging
Off the fetters from his soul.

Sunset sea, endlessly
Scorning danger dire,
Came the trading fleets of Tyre
O'er your waves of turquoise hue.
And Ulysses' comrades knew them,
When the breath of morning blew them
Into charging ranks, and threw them
At the battered craft and crew.

Smiling sea, heartlessly
You have watched the Roman
Grapple fiercely with his foeman
Till the waves were wreckage-strewn.
Every shattered trireme straining,
And the crews your surface staining
With their blood, until the waning
Of the sultry afternoon.

Sturdy sea, over thee
Sailed the brave Crusaders,
And the slinking Corsair raiders
With their very lives at stake.
Fleets set out, and none could find them.
Gone are all the ties that bind them,
For they've passed, and left behind them
Naught more lasting than their wake.

Siren sea, luringly
You have called us ever
And mankind has failed you never,
Though you kill or crush at will.
And your billows blue and foaming
Lead us on to ceaseless roaming.
Though our lives are at their gloaming
We are faithful to you still.

G. F. M.



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

FRANCES RAMSAY President
Scholarship
MARCELLA KNIERR Vice-President
LORRENE DYER Secretary
DOROTHY RANDALL Treasurer
Double Honor

TO ASSISI

YOU'RE a saintly little city, with your ambling wind-swept streets
Where each house leans towards its neighbor, as it breathlessly repeats
All the scandals and the gossip of the golden days of old
All the loves and hates and struggles that no history has told.
You're a pretty little city, with your wreath of olive trees,
Your famous thornless roses and your sad sweet memories.

There's a touch of brooding sweetness in your breezes' soft caress
That would serve to make a paradise of marsh or wilderness.
You still hold that air of peace that good Saint Francis loved so well.
And 'tis deepened by the anthem of the monastery bell;
All the pain, distress, and sordidness of greater cities seem
Like the wild, big, unreal struggles of a trouble-haunted dream.

You're a picture of enchantment in the rose-light of the dawn,
When the bugles of the barracks warn the world that night has gone.
And the little brown-froked brothers hurry down the crooked street
On some urgent work of mercy, with a rush of sandalled feet,
While their rosaries are swinging with each footstep to and fro,
And the kindly vagrant sunbeams follow them where'er they go.

In the afternoon you're lovely, when your sunny little squares
Are aglow with gaudy officers, so pompous in their airs.
But the atmosphere religious reigns supreme, whate'er occurs,
For the clanking of their scabbards, and the clinking of their spurs,
Which in any other city hold a note of warlike times,
Through your magic, fair Assisi, sound to me like mass-bell chimes.

But most of all, I love you at the amber hour of six,
When the sun, in benediction, gilds each roadside crucifix.
While weary, toil-worn peasants bow their heads in fervent prayer
As the Angelus swings heavenward upon the evening air.
Then, deep down in this heart of mine a soft voice seems to say,
"The teachings of Saint Francis have a place on earth today."

There comes the hush of twilight, bringing magic in its train,
Cloaking with its purple mantle both Assisi and the plain.
Till the noisy little crickets chirp their nightly litany,
Then, silence—and Assisi sleeps in all serenity.

Your spell has caught and held me, fair Assisi, and I vow
That no artifice was needed—I shall ever love thee now.
Though oceans may divide us and hold us far apart,
My memory has built a "dream Assisi" in my heart.

LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18

THE Little Flowers of Saint Francis" are stories of the lives of St. Francis of Assisi, Brother Giles and Brother Juniper, from the time of their entrance into the order until their deaths. "The Little Flowers" are translated from the Italian "Fioretti," which in turn were translated from the original Latin manuscript. The author is unknown, but there are some grounds for thinking that he was Father John of St. Lorenzo. (1354-1357.) The English translation is written in the same quaint style and is as simple in diction as the earlier versions. Maurice F. Egan says, "They form the most charming record of the ways of St. Francis and his companions."

"The Little Flowers" are arranged in a most fitting way—first the stories relating principally to St. Francis, then the wise lessons of Brother Giles, and finally the amusing instances of Brother Juniper's unreasoning charity and self-abasement.

St. Francis' greatest virtues are well brought out in the "Fioretti"—his humility, sincerity, and God-given power over birds, beasts and men alike. As an instance of his great humility, one story tells us that St. Francis, being almost blind from weeping over his past sins, sought Brother Bernard to hold converse with him. He found the Friar kneeling in the woods, uplifted in prayer. "Come," he said, "and speak with this blind man." But Brother Bernard did not hear him. St. Francis called repeatedly, and at last the thought came, "Perhaps he is purposely disobeying me." But God showed Francis the real reason, saying, "When thou call'dst him, he was joined unto Me—marvel not if he could not answer thee." St. Francis, having received this message from God, hurried to Brother Bernard and commanded him in the name of holy obedience, to pass his foot over his throat and mouth three times, in order that his presumption and "the arrogance of his heart" might be punished. The conclusion is characteristic—"To the praise and glory of Jesus Christ and the mendicant Francis. Amen."

That St. Francis possessed a remarkable power over the fiercest of animals is well illustrated in the tale of the Wolf of Gubbio. This wolf had been devouring the animals and even the people of Assisi and was so fierce that no man dared to go near him. St. Francis "was minded to go forth to meet this wolf." The wolf advanced toward the Saint with open mouth, but St. Francis made the Sign of the Cross over him, whereupon the beast stopped running and closed his mouth instantly. The Saint then spoke to the wolf in the most gentle of terms, and when he had finished the wolf bowed his head in submission. St. Francis said, "Friar Wolf, I desire that thou shouldst promise me that never from henceforward wilt thou injure any human being or animal. Dost thou promise me this?" The wolf gave consent. He continued, "Friar Wolf, I desire that thou swear me fealty touch-

ing this promise, to the end that I may trust thee utterly." He held forth his hand to receive this fealty, and the wolf lifted up a forepaw and put it "with friendly confidence into the hand of St. Francis." The wolf dwelt two years in Gubbio, going from house to house, and was "courteously nourished by the people." This story, although considered by many as only a legend, has some historical basis. Two substantial proofs have been found. In the "Passio St. Verecundi," a contemporary writing, we are told, without doubt, that St. Francis came to Agobio at a time when the country was being devastated by wolves. The skull of a wolf was found imbedded beneath the walls of the Church of San Francesco della Pace.

St. Francis also converted three robbers who were murderers, infinitely worse than the Wolf of Gubbio. All three entered the order, did penance night and day for their past sins, and died holy monks. The sympathy and charity which filled the heart of St. Francis could not be better borne out than by the instance of the reception of sinners into the order.

The consideration of the Most Holy Stigmata is too long to be recorded here, but it must be told that St. Francis, in return for his faithful service and ardent prayer, was endowed by Christ with the mark of the Five Most Precious Wounds. Pope Gregory the Ninth, doubting the Stigmata, was shown by St. Francis in a vision the wound in the side, with blood and water issuing therefrom.

Friar Juniper was one of the most elect of the disciples of St. Francis, and in the "Little Flowers" are chronicled many instances of his blind charity. His love of the poor, for the sake of God, is almost beyond comprehension. One of the most typical instances of his almsgiving is related thus: Once Friar Juniper was at Assisi for the Nativity of Christ, and the sacristan wishing to go for his meal asked him to guard the altar. In honor of the joyful feast, a magnificent altar-cloth, bordered with little silver bells, had been placed upon the high altar. While Brother Juniper was kneeling in prayer, a poor woman entered, and begged alms for the love of God. Friar Juniper answered, "These bells are a superfluity," and plucked all the little silver bells from the altar and gave them to the woman."

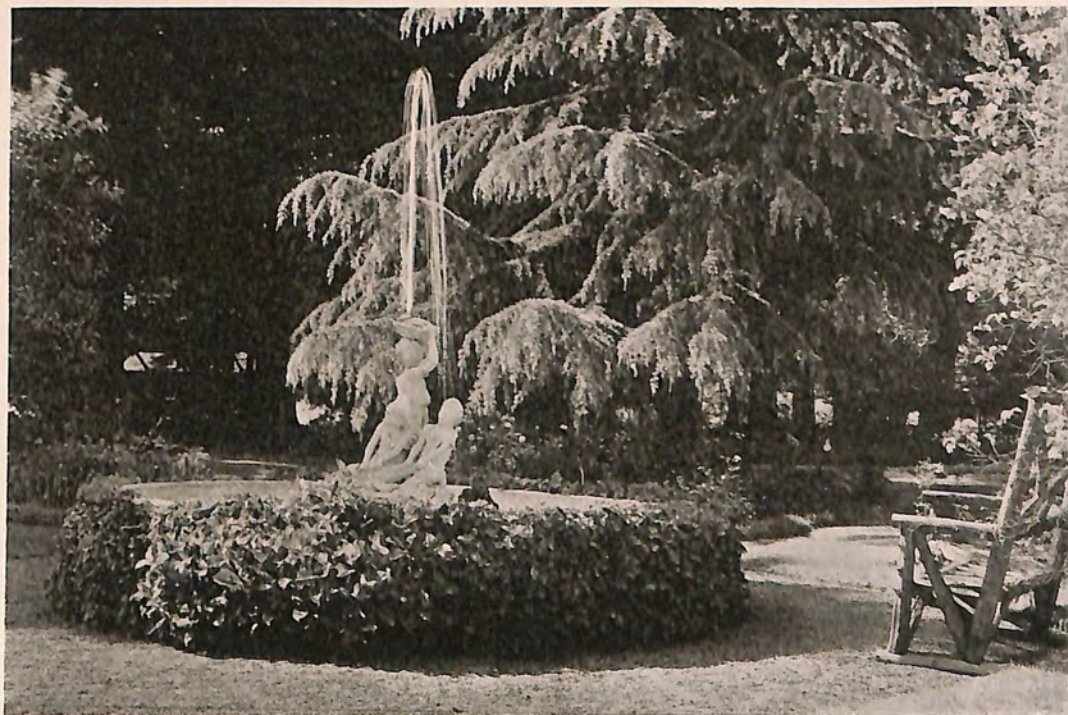
The sacristan was uneasy because he knew of Friar Juniper's eccentricities in regard to charity, so he returned to make sure nothing had gone amiss. Great were his surprise and consternation to see all the bells gone. He immediately went to the General and demanded that Friar Juniper be taken to task for the act. The General called an assembly, and in the presence of the whole community severely rated Friar Juniper. In fact he shouted so loudly that he became hoarse. Friar Juniper noticed this, and after the rebuke, went to the city and "caused a porringer of gruel to be made," and when a good part of the night was over he went to get it and returned. He took the gruel to the door of the General and knocked. The General was exceedingly angry at the disturbance, and told the poor brother that he was a scoundrel.

finally said that since the General would not accept the gruel, he would eat it himself. The General, admiring his kindness and simplicity of heart, said, "Behold now, since thou wilt have it so, let us eat, thou and I, together," and so they ate the gruel. "And far more comforted were they by devotion than by the gruel."

These stories are but a few examples of the great number of interesting anecdotes, all told in the same direct and simple way. There is a deep philosophy of life, and a great understanding in the hearts of St. Francis and his brothers, who were as little children, with God their Father and Protector. Although they seem to exaggerate the virtues of humility, poverty and charity, in reality they had progressed further along the way to salvation than the most learned philosophers.

Those who are fortunate enough to read and appreciate "The Little Flowers of St. Francis" will find themselves uplifted and strengthened by the legends which breathe the very spirit of the monks and are the embodiment of their pure and simple lives.

FRANCES RAMSAY.



[53]

"A summer garden full of calm delight"

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

A BOY was walking along the street one day when a page from a book was blown on the sidewalk in front of him. He picked it up and began to read a fragment from the story of Joan of Arc. His interest developed into rage as he read an account of a captive girl taunted and insulted by the enemy soldiers. The boy's American chivalry was aroused, and he determined to learn how much of this was true. He began to read everything that he could find about Joan of Arc. Through this he became interested in French history, and finally in reading on every subject; then he himself began to write. The boy was Mark Twain. As a tribute to the Maid on whose life he had literally stumbled, he wrote "The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," a glowing eulogy of her character, an account of her life as valuable as it is delightful, since the author bases it upon historic truth.



THE story of Joan of Arc has an irresistible fascination. No writer of English or French history can pass over the episode of the Maid. Biographies of her are innumerable; some good, others worthless. Among the best is the account of Petit de Julleville, a brief volume based on the facts of her life as they may be learned from the records of her trial. Poets, from the time when she lived down to the present day, have made her the heroine of song and drama. The study of a very few of the poets who have written of Joan of Arc shows the widely diverging interpretations of her character. In Shakespeare's *Henry VI*, Southey's *Joan of Arc*, Schiller's *Maid of Orleans*, Father Benson's *The Maid of Orleans*, and Percy Mackaye's *Jeanne d'Arc*, one may study these conflicting views.

In Shakespeare's *Henry VI* Joan is characterized partly as a witch, partly as a woman of low morals. This drama was written when the English were still smarting from their defeat at the hands of a woman, and consequently the picture of Joan is narrow and prejudiced. It is generally believed that this act was not written by Shakespeare himself.

Robert Southey was one of the first poets to realize the romance of Joan's life. He made her the heroine of an epic poem, and in his introduction he tells the reader that his subject is of far greater interest than that of most writers of epic poems; however, despite his subject, Southey's epic has made a very doubtful success. He pictures Joan as a type of eighteenth century nature worshipper, a Maid who might well have been the savior of the author's dream pantisocracy. In a speech a page long he makes her express her religious beliefs, the heart of which may be summed up in the words, "I fled the house of prayer and made the lonely grove my temple." All this is in flat contradiction of the evidence at the trial of the Maid, relying upon which De Quincey in his essay, "Joan of Arc," denies this inde-

pendent worship, saying, "Joanna was a girl of natural piety, that saw God in forests, and hills and fountains, but did not the less seek Him in chapels and consecrated oratories." De Julleville and Father Vaughan write that Joan spent every unoccupied moment in prayer, and the many witnesses at her trial testified that she was "much too pious." More doubting than the doctors who actually questioned Joan were Southey's priests. It was necessary for a mythological flame to burst forth from the tomb of a dead knight before they could be convinced that Joan was divinely missioned. After Joan has raised the siege of Orleans, she hews a victorious path to Rheims for the Dauphin's coronation. On this journey, according to the poet, in two separate battles Joan stained the sword of St. Catherine with human blood. But De Julleville writes that while on trial Joan herself said, "I bore the standard when I attacked the enemy so as to avoid slaying anyone, and I have never slain a man." Southey's poem ends at the coronation, as De Quincey says, "Just when her real glory begins."

Schiller's *Maid of Orleans* is very different from Southey's epic. In the introduction to the latter the poet writes of his heroine, "The aid of angels and devils is not necessary to raise her above mankind; she has no gods to lackey her, and inspire her with courage and heal her wounds; the Maid of Orleans acts wholly from the workings of her own mind, from the deep feelings of inspiration. The palpable agency of superior powers would destroy the obscurity of her character, and sink her to the mere heroine of a fairy tale." And yet Schiller in his poem makes Joan the Maid chosen by God to "Proclaim his power, for He is the Almighty!" Schiller's characterization of Joan is by no means a weak one, and the poem itself is far superior to the best of fairy tales, in spite of Southey's ideas to the contrary. It is to be regretted that the author did not write in accordance with the facts of history, since the character of Joan is so sincerely drawn. Many of the scenes are purely imaginary; for instance, the scene after the coronation in which her father calls her a sorceress. Again, her death on the battlefield, though less horrible than the burning at the stake, has no historical foundation. But the dying words of Joan in this poem might have been those she uttered as the flames and smoke enveloped her in her agony, "Brief is the sorrow, endless is the joy!"

The dramas of Percy Mackaye and Father Benson are among the latest works on Jeanne d' Arc. Percy Mackaye makes the Maid life-like and true to history. He portrays Joan interested in the sports and games of her companions, a real girl, though never neglecting her spiritual duties in earthly pleasures. Percy Mackaye gives Joan a love story, but Father Benson merely hints at a romance. Both plays are well written and are based mainly on the records of her trial and other reliable sources, and as a result are correct in the chief details.

The character of the Maid of Orleans is difficult for the multitudes to understand. This is due partly to skepticism, partly to the conflicting con-

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18

ceptions of different authors. Some have made her the warrior, entirely neglecting her spirituality; some have made her a witch; and others a worshipper of nature. In reality the character of Joan is very simple as told in the straightforward story of her life which she related while on trial. Today the civilized world does not believe in witches. It is impossible to think that this peasant girl, without any assistance whatever, could have led the armies of France to victory; then why not believe the glorious Maid herself? She never attributed any of her success to her own power, she did not claim to be able to work miracles; her actions, according to her testimony, were all directed by her Voices, the messengers of God. No poem ever written about her can compare with the dramatic interest of her story as it is revealed at her trial by Joan herself and by her witnesses. No imaginary deed of valor, no romantic love scene can equal the glory of the life of the Maid whose only earthly love was France.

MARGUERITE HARRIGAN.



[56]

*"Dear Nature is the Saint that rears
This sanctuary to our God"*



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

- GRACE WALKER President
Double Honor
- MARJORIE WALKER Vice-President
Double Honor
- HELEN FREITAS Secretary
- EDNA FORAN Treasurer
Double Honor

DEMOSTHENES AND THE BELGIANS



WHEN Greece lay under the heel of Macedonia, Demosthenes delivered his famous "Oration on the Crown." The Athenians, because of his great service to his country, had voted to give him a crown of ivory interwoven with gold. However, a rival, called Æschines, opposed this gift, and attacked the entire public life of Demosthenes. The orator met the accusation splendidly, and defended himself and his policy against the Macedonians, especially the stand the Athenians had taken at Choerona.

"It was better," he said, "to have fought and lost than never to have struck a blow for freedom. And if the outcome of the struggle had been known to the world beforehand, not even then ought Athens to have forsaken this course if she had any regard for her glory, her past, and for the ages to come." Demosthenes gained an over-powering victory in this, his last great utterance, the most brilliant and pathetic oration of antiquity.

History repeats itself with variations. In the condition of Belgium today the story of Demosthenes and the Athenians is recalled, although the Belgians had no Demosthenes. Soon after the declaration of war between France and Germany, Germany planned to invade France; but to accomplish her purpose it was necessary to pass through Belgium. She demanded that Belgium give her right of way. Belgium as a neutral country naturally resented this action. In spite of her refusal, however, Germany carried out her plan of invasion, leaving the trail of "kultur" in the sacking of towns, in the destruction of churches, in bloodshed and in massacres.

The Belgians bravely defended their country, but to no avail. All the world has heard the story of the sufferings of the Belgians. All the world knows also that today Belgium is nothing more than a vassal state of Germany. But it is no less certain that if the outcome of the struggle had been known to the world beforehand, the Belgians, like the Greeks of old, would have thought it better to have fought and lost than never to have dared a blow for their liberties. They would not have forsaken their course, but would have fought as they will continue to fight for Liberty, Democracy and a Victorious Peace.

ALMA DIETER.

BOBBY'S TRUST

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18



IT WAS one of those golden brown October days, when the very air seemed filled with the wealth that Nature so lavishly bestows on the earth. The maple-trees were ablaze with their scarlet leaves, while in the fields beyond the yellow pumpkins lay ripening temptingly in the autumn sunshine. Here and there great clusters of golden-rod met the eye, or perhaps the tall sumach flashed defiantly forth in all its crimson splendor. Occasionally a bright-eyed little squirrel would scurry over the dead leaves to some old stump, storing up his winter's supply of nuts. Again, he would pause to toy with the leaves that crackled so playfully beneath his tiny feet. Now and then a flock of birds passed by on their way to the far South—for it was autumn, that time of the year when Nature adorns herself in her most gorgeous raiment and dazzles our eyes with her riotous harmony of color.

Suddenly two small streaks of color darted past, and sank down on the steps of a low, rambling house, breathless and dusty. It was several moments before either of them could speak. Then a boy's voice, rather choked, but still triumphant, broke the silence.

"I won."

"You did not, Bobby Wharton! I got here every bit as soon as you did."

"Aw, say! girls can't run anyway."

"I just guess they can," replied the small, indignant, dust-besmeared, little girl.

"Pooh!"

"Don't you dare say 'Pooh' to me! 'Sides my father's gone to war and yours hasn't."

Somehow Bobby couldn't find anything to say to this. The taunting voice continued:

"My muvver said your father was a slacker; he wouldn't even buy a Liberty Bond with all his millions of dollars. She said that even if my father was going, she'd rather have him go than be like that—a slacker. She said—"

But Bobby had heard enough. He wasn't quite sure what a slacker was, but evidently it wasn't nice to be one.

"Look here, 'Lizabeth Crawford, my daddy isn't a slacker or anything else, and don't you say he is. Why—why he just couldn't be!"

"What'll you bet? Your Indian suit?" cried the avaricious Elizabeth.

Bobby winced. His Indian suit was his most treasured possession. What if he should lose? His faith revived at the mere thought.

"Sure."

"Cross your heart?"

Bobby solemnly crossed his heart, and then, without even glancing at his tormentor, passed sedately into the house.

It was all very strange! He knew other boys' fathers went to war, and now 'Lizabeth said her's had gone. But his own daddy—that must be different! Still, suppose he was—what was it she had said?—oh, a slacker. He wondered what a slacker was. Maybe James could tell him.

"James," he said when he found the old butler who had been in the family when Bobby's father himself was a little boy, "James, what's a slacker?"

For a moment a tear glistened in the old man's eye; then he shook his head.

"Well now, I don't rightly know myself. I can find out, though."

"Never mind," Bobby answered rather listlessly. He had a feeling James knew and wouldn't tell him. Maybe he wouldn't tell him 'cause father was one!

He went out and sat down on the steps again. After a while he heard voices. He didn't really mean to listen, but somehow he just couldn't help hearing.

"And the way he looked at me with those big brown eyes of his—why, I *couldn't* have told him! It's a shame, that's what I say, a shame! To think, with all those fighting ancestors of his, he can sit here and not lift a finger to help! That's just what he is—a slacker, one who won't help his country when it needs him."

Bobby felt as if a great weight had been tied to his heart. The uncertainty had been bad before, but this was *so* much worse! His daddy, his very own daddy, a slacker! "Never lift a finger to help when his country needs him." Over and over again the words rang through his mind. Oh, it couldn't be true! Half-dazed, he stumbled into the library. There was a large portrait of his grandfather above the mantel in the uniform of the North; he had been one of those "fighting ancestors." His face was very stern, and just now Bobby felt it was because of the "slacker" matter.

Without knowing why, he began to talk to his grandfather, and as he talked his own face became boyishly stern, until there was an uncanny resemblance between the two.

"You know, sir, I don't think he means to be one. I think he just hasn't thought much about it; 'cause if he had, he'd go and fight. That's what you did, wasn't it? I wonder," here Bobby's voice trembled, "I wonder if you could ask God to let him see it the way you did; 'cause I 'spect you're with Him now. I guess I'll ask Him, too."

Silently Bobby clambered up the long flight of stairs to the seclusion of his own room. He seldom cried, but now the floodgates burst, and he mingled tears and prayers until, exhausted, he fell asleep. When he awoke it was late afternoon. The first thing he saw was his treasured Indian suit carefully folded across the chair. But God wouldn't let his daddy be a

slacker, and—as an afterthought—make him give his Indian suit to 'Lizabeth.

Then Bobby remembered something else. What was that she had said about Liberty Bonds? It must have something to do with money 'cause she mentioned his father's dollars. He had a dollar and twenty cents of his own. He had seen a sign on the bank in the village. To think was to act. He slipped his bank in his pocket and stole softly downstairs.

* * * * *

Mr. Wharton sat alone in his study. He had been thinking deeply during the last three hours. He had heard Bobby's conversation with his grandfather, and in one lucid moment he had seen the truth. He had believed the war had nothing to do with the United States, and he had not troubled himself about it. But since Bobby had prayed he wouldn't be a slacker it was all different. It was his country's concern—yes, even his concern. He knew he would enlist now, even though he might never see Bobby again. Still that was better than to have his own son know him as a slacker. Bobby expected it of him, and he should not be disappointed.

The telephone rang.

"Yes . . . Oh, Mrs. Crawford . . . What? . . . Bobby? . . . To buy a Liberty Bond? . . . Since four o'clock? . . . I'll come immediately."

He put down the receiver and ordered the machine.

In a few endless moments he was rolling over the smooth moonlit roads to the distant village. His little son had trudged all that way alone to buy a Liberty Bond for his country. He thanked God for that son. He wondered if he would ever get to that village. At last the machine paused before the bank and he hurried inside.

A very sleepy, tired Bobby sat huddled in a big leather chair.

"Bobby!"

"Daddy, I knew you'd come, but Mrs. Crawford thought she'd better telephone."

The big man tenderly lifted the boy and placed him in the machine. It was not until they were once more on their way that he spoke.

"Bobby, father knows what you've been thinking all day, and it isn't true any more, little man. I am going away to fight now for my country and yours, just as your grandfather would have gone. Maybe I won't come back; but at least I'll help my country when it needs me."

"Oh, daddy, I knew you wasn't a slacker! I guess God heard my prayers and grandfather's."

The man's eyes were filled with tears; but he bent his head still lower to catch the last sleepy words, and though he didn't understand them, he smiled.

"Now I won't . . . have . . . to give . . . 'Lizabeth . . . my . . . Indian . . . suit."



WE wish to offer our sincere appreciation for the gracious response from the Alumnae and friends who were called upon to contribute to the second number of the YEAR BOOK: Ina Coolbrith, Kathleen Norris, Lillian Stephany, B. A., Harriet Barnett, Elizabeth O'Connor and Edith Brooks.

THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION of Dominican College, San Rafael, is composed of members whose concerted effort can aid in many ways to further the advancement of their school. The most potent aid would come first from union in prayer. To our dear Alumnae whose ideals are ever truly Dominican, we renew our request for an Our Father to be said daily in honor of one of the mysteries of the Rosary. The spiritual force resulting therefrom will help our school most efficaciously to maintain its highest standards. In return, Alma Mater will remember the Alumnae each morning before God's Altar.

By request we give the names and addresses of the officers of Dominican College Alumnae Association:

- PRESIDENT.....Mrs. Howard Blethen
 Colonial Hotel, San Francisco
- VICE-PRESIDENT.....Mrs. Charles D. McGettigan
 2644 Filbert Street, San Francisco
- VICE-PRESIDENT.....Mrs. Elmer Smith
 Merced, California
- RECORDING SECRETARY.....Miss Rita Keane
 Berkeley, California
- BUSINESS SECRETARY.....Sister Mary Thomas
 Dominican College, San Rafael, California
- TREASURER.....Miss Katherine Hedges Hall
 San Jose, California

ON October the twenty-seventh, 1917, the Alumnae and Past Pupils' Association of Dominican College, San Rafael, held its annual meeting. It

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE ALUMNAE
ASSOCIATION

was an ideal day, clear and sunny, and the college buildings and grounds were filled with the hum of many voices broken by light laughter. Bright faces met the eye at every turn. But a sensitive discerner would have felt instantly a difference in this re-union—something which set it aside from all others. A subtle note of gravity made itself felt even above the happy meeting of classmates with one another and with their beloved Sisters. Last year it was the war—something that was happening "Over There"—something terrible, but still not the grim fact it is today, with its call upon our own dear boys. This year it was different. Many of the girls were sending brothers, cousins, sweethearts, even husbands. So the day was of marked simplicity. Luncheon was served, but it was charmingly informal, and at the meeting which followed no plans were formed for lectures or other entertainments, as it was felt to be out of the spirit of the times. The one decisive action of the meeting was a patriotic one—that of subscribing to seven hundred dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds. After the meeting, Benediction was given in the Convent Chapel, and in the hush of that half hour, who can say how many prayers went up for the boys "over there," giving of their youth and health and life that we may be sheltered and the world made "safe for democracy"? At the close of Benediction the college girls sang the "Hymn for Peace"—a last touch of solemnity. And thus the day ended—a day so sweet, so simple though faintly shadowed by sadness, that it will long live in the hearts of Dominican College Alumnae as a most precious memory.

From the modest beginnings in Monterey, through the many and fruitful years at St. Catherine's, Benicia, even as the mustard seed of the gospel, has grown the work of the Sisters of Saint Dominic. Through the march and progress of the years, the best and most pleasant traditions of dear old St. Catherine's have been kept up, and it is with a feeling of reverence and gratitude toward Dominican pioneer teachers and pioneer pupils that we express our joy in the fusion of the Association of Alumnae and Past Pupils of St. Catherine's and that of San Rafael. In this fusion are vast possibilities for the furtherance of Dominican education, and whatever we do, whatever shape our activities take, the underlying motive, the ultimate end is always the helping on of Catholic education. In union there is strength. If the Alumnae and Past Pupils of old St. Catherine's and Dominican College, San Rafael, are united in a bond of friendship for each other, in love and loyalty to Dominican ideals, there is a union which is strength indeed.

The editorial staff of the Year Book will be most grateful for any items of general interest to the Alumnae of both schools.

This year brought a sorrow to the community in the death of Sister Alicia, who had been a novice at St. Catherine's, Benicia, over fifty years

ago. During her long years of unselfish service, many were benefited by Sister Alicia's influence, and may all pay to their venerated teacher and friend the only tribute of any value to her now, the tribute of prayer for her departed soul.

Closely entwined in the memories of old St. Catherine's is the name of Sister Dominica Arguello. In the "Little Dancing Saint" the late Richard E. White gave a poetic version of an incident in Sister Dominica's young years. In the death of Mr. White the literary world of California has lost an ardent worker blessed with the breadth and generosity of pioneer days.

LOUISE QUEEN LYLE is to be congratulated upon the success of her venture in San Francisco—the Charing Cross Kindergarten.

ON Wednesday, May 15, 1918, Margaret Judd Boillot received her diploma from Stanford University School for Nurses.

EDITH BROOKS has taken up journalism and is meeting with marked success. Her literary work on the *Stockton Independent* is gaining for her widespread recognition. Edith also finds time to continue her music. At present she is studying voice with Mr. W. Chamberlain.

THE Alumnae will be gratified to learn that the State Board of Education in June, 1917, accredited the Dominican College School of Music diploma by granting Edith Brooks a High School Special Music Certificate, entitling her to teach music in any of the high schools or grammar schools of California.

THE opening of the new Junior College Hall at Meadowlands will permit the re-organization of the School of Music and Oral Expression departments along larger lines of equipment and efficiency.

ALMA MATER's prayer for every blessing and happiness is expressed in response to the wedding announcements of:

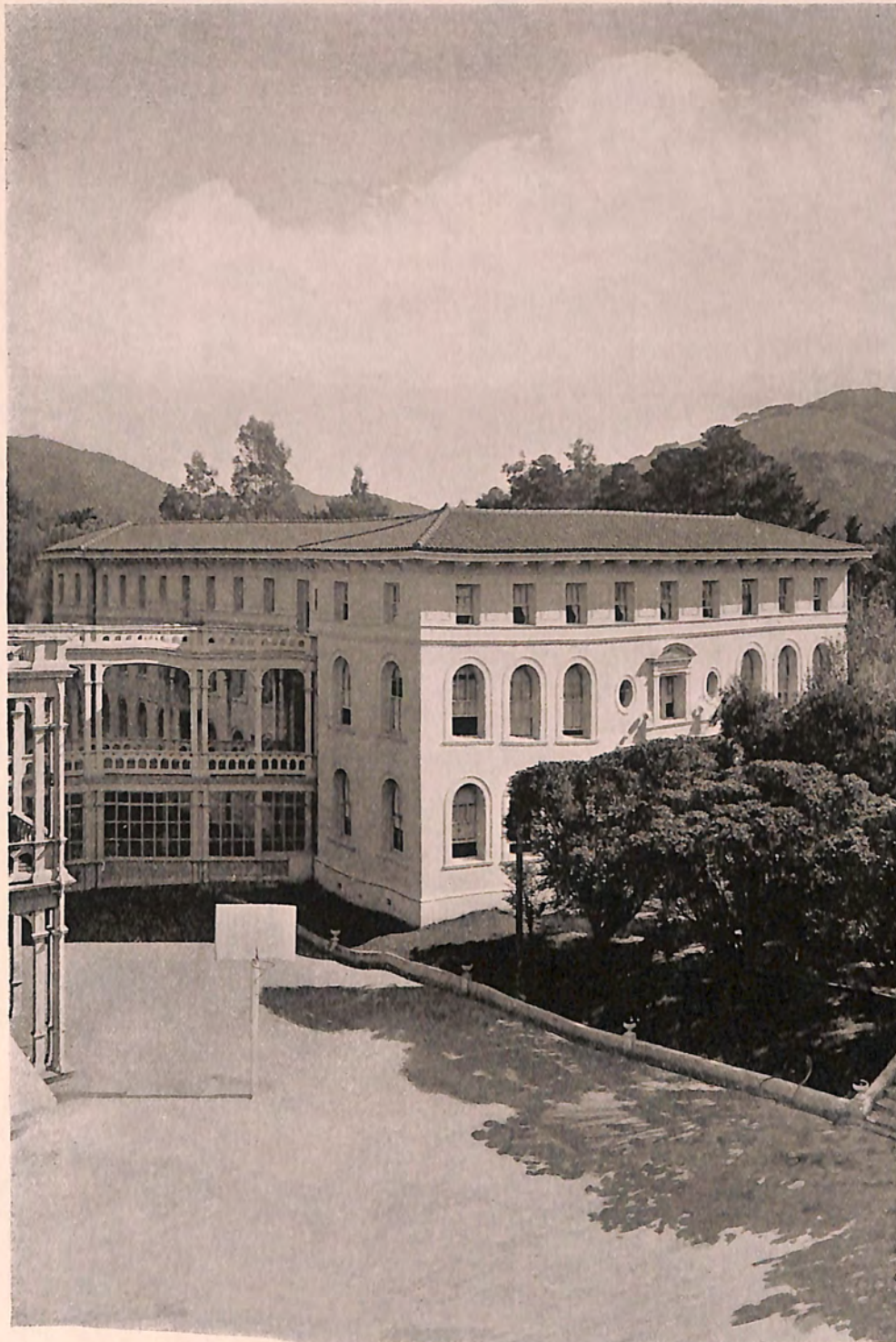
WEDDING BELLS	Alice Dupas, '09, to Lieutenant Walter D. Brown, U. S. A. Louise Queen, '09, to Mr. George Lyle. Natalie Fusillet, '13, to Mr. Paul Horn. Emily Deubery, '14, to Lieut. Murray M. Montgomery, U. S. A. Alberta Livernash, '12, to Mr. George Hyde. Muriel Turner, '12, to Lieutenant McKinney, U. S. A. Leonide Sheehy to Lieutenant Melville C. Partello, U. S. N. Maude Shaeffer to Mr. Caldwell Christy. May Jule Collins to Mr. O. R. Welsh. Rose Freitas, '17, to Mr. Joseph Rose. Marjorie Harris to Mr. A. F. Muerter. Marjorie Schilling, '13, to Franklin D. Cathcart, Jr.
------------------	--

DOMINICAN COLLEGE sends joyful greetings and best wishes for the future to the tiny new arrivals in the homes of:

CONGRATU- LATIONS	Francisca Vallejo McGettigan. Agnes Maloney Holmquist. Irene Leisander Desmond.
----------------------	---

ALL at Dominican College give promise of prayerful remembrance for the souls of our dear departed friends:

LOVING CONDOLENCE	Mrs. M. Fernandez. Mrs. M. H. de Young. Mrs. William Byrnes.	Mr. D. Supple. Mr. John Burns. Mr. P. J. Harney.	Mr. W. Taylor.
----------------------	--	--	----------------



[65]

SAINT THOMAS HALL

LETTERS FROM THE ALUMNAE

DEAR SISTER :

PORT WASHINGTON, NEW YORK.

I am enclosing you the story promised for the Year Book, with an apology for the delay. I have been very ill; for three weeks nearer the other world than this. Under the circumstances, all my contracts have been broken and everyone disappointed; but I could not bear to fail you and Saint Dominic entirely. I know your time is very precious now, and so send the story with all good wishes and love for the dear old college. Hoping that your Year Book will be a great success, I am, dear Sister, sincerely yours,

KATHLEEN NORRIS.

DEAR SISTER :

VIRGINIA CITY.

I am enclosing a Wells Fargo money order for one dollar for the Year Book. I can hardly wait to see it. Five years have gone by since I left school, but I am just as enthusiastic as ever, and it is always a treat to hear any news from D. C. I trust all the dear Sisters are well, and that your Year Book will be a big success. Very sincerely,
MYRTLE MCGRATH.

MY DEAR SISTER :

October 14, 1917.

It was a great pleasure to receive the notice of the Alumnae Reunion, and I regret keenly that I am such a distance from San Rafael. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be at the Convent on the twentieth of October, greeting all the Sisters and the girls. Perhaps in a year or so I can be with you, for I am very anxious to visit California.

The Bahney family have changed their residence from New Haven to Waterbury, only a distance of twenty miles, so we are not really losing all our friends. Mr. Bahney gave up his college work and his connection with Yale last July. He is now with the Scoville Manufacturing Company, a brass-making concern, over one hundred years old, and employing over eighteen thousand people. At present they are making munitions for France and Russia, and I believe have the largest American war orders. So Mr. Bahney, though not a soldier-man, is actively "doing his bit." For three or four years he has been carrying on a series of experiments. The firm made him an offer to remain permanently with them, too good to resist. So it looks as though our future is to be all in the East. Waterbury is only about two hours from New York. The surrounding country is wonderful. The Berkshires run down here, and remind me of Marin County! At present, with the blazing reds and yellows of autumn, the hills are perfectly beautiful. We have our very own home here, on the tip-top of a hill, and we are exceedingly happy. My two little girls are exceptionally well (after all their trials by illness), for which we are most grateful.

To all the Sisters who remember me will you please give my love; also to those girls who were my contemporaries in the Convent. The Reunion will be a happy one, I am sure, and I will be with you in spirit! Affectionately yours,

ADA FERGUSON BAHNEY.

DEAR FRIEND :

LYON.

You must make up your mind to be surprised by the headings of my letters for the next four months—they will not often be the same. The last letter I wrote was from Mentone, just a stone's throw from Italy. Since then I have been in Marseilles, Lyon and Paris, and now I am back in Lyon for a month; then I go to Evier for a week, then to Marseilles for a month. After that a month at Bordeaux, then to Paris, and after that—only the Lord and the Red Cross know, and they won't tell.

There are from fifteen to twenty Red Cross people here, and we are starting a hospital, two dispensaries, a soup kitchen for nursing mothers, and, with the Y. W. C. A., a canteen for seven thousand factory girls who work making munitions.

Yesterday the doctor came from the dispensary with a list of seventeen women with babies under ten months. These women were earning only seven cents in eight hours and were living on this amount. Of course, all the French doctors said that the Americans were crazy, and that they could do nothing; but our men have been here a month now and the French are beginning to say that they aren't quite mad; after another two or three months our work will be recognized.

I am working out my exhibit and practicing little speeches in French (to improve my accent), and altogether I'm very busy.

The Red Cross has asked me to make out a dietary for their refugee homes behind the Belgian front. They have settlements of one hundred children each, which are run by women, and largely by the nuns. They have not the means to feed the children enough, so the American Red Cross has taken them over and sends out food, and one nurse to direct each place, and I have been asked to make out the menus for two weeks. These menus will be printed and distributed, with directions for cooking. The same will be repeated all the year around, with whatever changes are possible according to the season.

I was in Paris twice during air raids, and spent a large part of the time in the cellar. My! but it was terrible! Not only were people killed, but fifty aeroplanes just ready to go off were smashed. They had a terrible riot in one of the subways, in which forty people were suffocated and trampled to death. The Germans are aiming to terrorize Paris, and they surely are doing it. People are leaving the city as fast as they can. But that is really a good thing, as there are a million more people there now than in peace times—with not enough to eat and no place to sleep.

We never see sugar now; must have cards for bread, and then we get very little, and it is very black and of poor quality. We have no butter, no candy of any kind, no cake, etc. Without all these I do not grow any thinner though.

There are numbers of German prisoners here, and they are very content to be here. They do not dare bring these prisoners into the city as the people are too excitable. But all through the country one sees these prisoners. The Russians too are now interned—which is just as well, for they are either very stupid and easy victims of the Boche, or very intelligent, making good spies.

You will hear from me next week when I can tell you more about the work. Write me always at 4 Place de la Concorde.

DOROTHY GERBERDING

Dorothy Gerberding '14 is filling an important position in the Red Cross with her usual initiative, enthusiasm and general efficiency. Her letters from "over there" are most interesting.

DEAR SISTER:

The very day I had planned to sail for Japan, the morning papers published official news from Washington that submarines had been sighted in the Pacific. Naturally the family was quite upset, and for a few hours I was in doubt as to whether I could sail or not. However, after a good deal of persuasion on my part, I sailed. Needless to say, I was very excited as we steamed through the Golden Gate leaving California in the distance, as I had never been any great distance from home before. The next day out was Friday, the 13th, and although it meant nothing to me, there was a good deal of alarm among some of the other passengers. We traveled the entire ocean in darkness—no deck lights, and all windows and portholes heavily screened. All passengers had the life-preservers fitted to them. These safeguards were at hand day and night. After six days of nothing but sea to gaze upon, we steamed into Honolulu. After

fussing and fuming for several hours, we finally tied up at the dock and everyone was allowed to go ashore. It seemed heavenly to be on land once again—and such a beautiful land! Honolulu is very tropical—quite hot, but with peculiar climatic conditions. One often sees it raining on one side of the street while the sun shines on the other. We motored all over the island—to the Pali, the old historic point where the enemy were dashed over the cliff, and other different points of interest, through many of the beautiful estates, and ended at the famous beach of Waikiki, where we all had a wonderful swim. I was really disappointed in the beach itself, because I had heard such wonderful reports of it; but after once swimming in it I didn't want to leave. The water is so lovely and warm, and then the Hawaiians do such picturesque stunts on their surfboards. After spending a lovely day in Honolulu, we returned to the boat and sailed at 5 P. M. The ten days from there to Japan seemed quite long in spite of the many amusements that life on board a ship affords.

We were in Tokio in time for the cherry dances, the last of the cherry-blossoms. Tokio is a wonderful city, the capital of Japan, and quite as modern as any city in America. It has huge department stores, with moving stairways and all the modern conveniences, and very artistic displays of wares, and magnificent hotels and theatres.

One night we were invited to dine with some Japanese nobility at the Maple Club Tea House. I was excited, as I hadn't tried Japanese food. Dinner began at five. We all sat around on little square mats with crossed legs, very uncomfortable, and dined on raw fish, eels and rice, and other dishes equally as appetizing, while geisha girls danced for our amusement to very queer music—all very quaint and interesting.

From Singapore we went to Java, and thence to Hong Kong, arriving at Shanghai, where we spent about three weeks. Shanghai is a fascinating place and very gay—quite the gayest place in the Orient. Needless to say, I liked it better than any other city. The country is not so beautiful. China is very flat and not productive. The old city of Shanghai is very much like Canton, thickly populated and very dirty. We went into one shop and found a baby there with small-pox. We didn't remain.

Interesting as was our Oriental experience, I was more than glad to find myself again in dear old San Francisco.

MARION MORONEY.

HER BIT

Cry, Lad? My Lad,
Tears are not for me—
With hero's band in the ranks you stand,
And joy fills the heart of me.

Fear, Lad? Dear Lad,
Fear is but a ghost.
Arm you must when your cause is just,
And 'tis pride I feel—almost.

Dread, Lad? Dead Lad
Lying on the plain,
Thy soul is free, and the heart of me
Knows thy spirit's peace—not pain.

EDITH MARIE BROOKS.

WILD MUSTARD

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18

Once on a time, oh long ago,
There was a field of mustard blow—
Not that the horticult'rist liked it so
Or it exists today—by no means, no,
For there are palms now where it used to be
And comely citadel of Chemistry.
But long ago—years I omit,
Some happy chance permitted it,
And when the field was left unsown
Wild Mustard came into its own.

* * * *

At times I seem to breathe its fragrance still
Like faint old lavender from oaken chest,
When swift an aureole of gold—at will
Bears me away upon a fairy quest.

It grew in splendor and extent
And all my idle hours were spent
Beneath its glowing canopy—
Devising future history,
Until its pungency produced
A listlessness that quite reduced
My standing as a scholar. This,
In grave collusion with a Bee,
Was source of much complaint of me,
For sad to tell,
It bumbled so incessantly
I could no longer hear—
I fear—
The Bell!

* * * *

At times I seem to hear it yet—the Bee!
And red-winged blackbird still I see
Dip-diving through the mustard maze
Where tortoise cat waits in the haze.
Ah—lovely, filmy, flowery thing—
Soft feathery cloud on golden wing!
What was the magic of your spell
Long years ago—in San Rafael?

HARRIET BARTNETT.

[69]



SPRING

SPRING in San Rafael! Nature seems to have been touched by the hand of Midas himself. Golden poppies sway rhythmically on the hillsides, while beyond them the yellow mustard flashes forth defiantly. Perhaps some late acacia still remains in all its golden splendor, a veritable queen of the spring. Here and there, shooting-stars, symbolic of the dawn in their dainty pink coloring, thrust their tiny heads above the fresh brown earth. A feeling of exuberant life is in the air. "God's in His Heaven; all's right with the world."

SUMMER

Somewhere a breeze is rustling the leaves of a tall eucalyptus-tree, and the sound is like the dull roar of the distant ocean. The freshness of spring has fled, but the more mature charms of summer are not less fair. Great clusters of San Rafael roses fill the air with their delicate perfume, while gay-colored butterflies dart here and there, mad with the beauty with which the air is vibrant. A soft purple haze bathes the valley in its cool folds, half concealing Mount Tamalpais, buried in her eternal dreams, even as it is intended to veil the glories of Summer.

Ah, world as God has made it! All is beauty!
And knowing that is love, and love is duty—
What further may be sought for or declared?

AUTUMN

The leaves are falling now, and as they fall they make a queer rustling music of their own. Again the acacia-trees are in bloom, but only preparatory to the long winter sacrifice of Nature. The apple-trees are bowed to the ground with their tempting burdens, while the fig-trees are laden with ripe, brown figs. There is a crispness in the air, a haunting reminder of winter. Fall in San Rafael is chrysanthemum-time, and the pinks and yellows of those beautiful flowers, form a riotous harmony of color that blends with the autumn landscape till one is overcome with wonder. "The shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades, changes, surprises—and God made it all."

WINTER

The rain falls incessantly, and beneath its fine gray mantle the great heart of Nature is resting before another year. A green carpet of grass over-spreads the valley and seems to stretch far, far away until it envelops even the distant hills. The wind beats against the trees with merciless severity and then rushes away to howl in some other corner of the earth. Drip, drip, drip—on and on sings the voice of the rain, murmuring to the fresh green things beneath the hard brown crust of the soil, the green things that will soon thrust their heads forth and thus begin the cycle of the seasons anew. Truly one may "trust in nature for the stable laws of beauty and utility."

NANCY PATTISON.

SAN RAFAEL

A sweep of hill, and a stretch of sky,
With space for a soul to grow.

In the whisper of leaves, and the silences vast,
There are miracles all may know.



In the forest still where the trails are few,
And the way is seldom trod,

The flowers hide and the searcher finds—
A path that leads to God.

EDITH MARIE BROOKS.

HER MOTHER'S CHILD



IT WAS the day of the Golden Jubilee, and to tiny little old Sister Dominica nothing could seem more natural than that this strange girl—a pretty girl, perhaps seventeen years old—bearing a great bunch of garden-flowers, had come in, with good wishes for Mother Superior, like the rest. The entertainment had not yet begun, but many of the old pupils had arrived, and the girls, all in white, were in a flutter about the fragrant convent garden and about the smiling group of which Mother was the center.

The newcomer, hesitating in the gateway, had said very distinctly that she only wanted to be directed to the railway station, that she was a stranger in town, but Sister Dominica was almost totally deaf, and escorted her triumphantly into the garden, with her wrinkled old face one beam of pleasure, and no thought in her faithful old heart but that this was exactly what was expected of her.

Mother, in whose honor was all this joy and confusion, this bunting and these gifts, the entertainment and the feast that had been in preparation for so long, was almost older even than the little portress. Keen-eyed, dignified and wise in her age, she stood smiling into the eyes of the loyal women who had gone through her hands ten, twenty, thirty years ago, and who had come back from all their scattered homes to spend this day with her. She looked quickly at the girl who was brought toward her and then questioningly at the old nun.

"Why, who is this, Sister? Ought I to know this face?" she asked. But even as she asked it, she put her fingers over the girl's cold hands. "And are the lovely flowers for me?"

"I only rang at the gate to ask the way to the station. I'm on my way to San Francisco," the girl wanted to say. But somehow the words did not come, and she answered instead, "My name is Cecilia Stanley."

"Cecilia!"—"But not Cecilia Exton's daughter?" the nun asked quickly. It was the girl's turn to look surprised, almost frightened.

"Mother's name was Exton"—she faltered.

Over the nun's finely-wrinkled, rosy old face a flood of pleasure showed itself.

"Josephine—Ellen—" she said eagerly to the women about her, "Cecilia Exton's daughter. My dear, this is a great pleasure to me. I remember you as a baby." Her face, radiant with affection, she somewhat drew the girl aside, as she added in a lower tone, "Your mother is dead, dear?"

"Four months ago," the girl answered, with quick emotion.

"I remember! And you are with your grandparents, out at the ranch? And how does it happen you have never come to see me before?"

"Well, you see, we lived in the East until mother died and I've only come twice into town from the ranch," the girl said.

"Keeping the old people young," the nun smiled, not at all unaware that her companion was perilously close to tears, "and taking care of the little brother as mother wanted you to? That is a brave girl." And she touched on the arm the handsomely-dressed middle-aged matron who stood near her. "This child is with the senior Extons, Josie, taking her mother's place as well as she can."

Cecilia had flushed a deep crimson and did not speak, but the woman touched her hand with quick affection.

"That would make your mother very happy, my dear. She and I were in school together at Saint Catherine's years ago. I haven't seen her since, but I remember her—always so conscientious, so steady and true!"

"That was Cecilia," another woman contributed, "always happy and confident that other people ought to be!"

"She used to have her troubles years ago," the old nun said, "but she was always brave. The old people—perhaps they were a little trying—"

She looked questioningly at the girl who laughed dubiously.

"They are still—a little trying," she admitted.

"Yes, but they love you," said the nun. "Your mother used to rebel too," she added with quiet merriment; "many times she has rushed in here to tell me that she couldn't bear it! But after a visit to the chapel she always found her courage and started again."

"And lived to have such a happy and such a beloved life!" one of the women said. "I always think of Cecilia as one of the lovely women of the world; filling her place, making friends wherever life took her." She turned to the girl, "You must be a sweet woman indeed, to live up to your mother's reputation, my dear!" she said.

The girl's eyes filled. "I'm not as good as mother," she said honestly.

"Perhaps," the old nun said, gently, patting the hand she still held, "perhaps you are as patient as your mother was at your age, dear! She wasn't born an angel, you know. But I know she has given you her fine courage, Cecilia," she finished kindly, "and that you will fill her place just as she wished you to!"

"I—hope so," Cecilia said hesitatingly. She felt that she was going to cry. And after a few moments, when the little ceremony was over, the tide of girls and visitors turned toward the house, she was glad to open the gate and slip out into the lane again. Breathless, she made her way across the road to where an old surrey stood in the shade, and with a quick, guilty look about, she took her place on the front seat.

The lane was absolutely tranquil; not a leaf stirred. Presently the girl took from her pocket-book a crumpled slip of paper clipped from a newspaper, and flattened it out on her knee. She read it furtively.

"Wanted," it said, "good-looking young women desirous of becoming actresses. Pay while learning. Apply at 333 Market Street, San Francisco." An old man approached the surrey and the girl jumped nervously.

"What are you reading, Cecilia?" he asked.

"Nothing!" the girl said, crumpling the clipping and flinging it away. "I called with my flowers at the convent while you were gone, Grandpa," said she, "and they were lovely to me. There's a jubilee today—and they remembered mother. They wanted me to come soon again. Will you be coming into town again?"

The old man's face softened. "Why, when you talk so pleasant, Cecilia," said he, "there's a good many things your grandmother and I'll let ye do. We—we want ye to be happy!"

The girl looked down, suddenly stirred.

"I know you do!" she said a little thickly. "I'm sorry things have gone so wrong—I'd like to try again!"

"Well, then—well, then!" the old man said in gruff tenderness. He climbed up on the seat, and for the first time his hard, old hand touched hers in affection.

"I guess we can both make a new start," he said. "Suppose we go get a good lunch somewhere, and a present for the little boy. I declare, Cecilia," he added, as they drove out of the green lane, past the long convent wall, "I've always thought you were like your father's folks—but as I came into the lane there, and you looked up at me, it seemed to me it might be your mother!"

KATHLEEN NORRIS.



"A path that leads thro verdant leas"

DANTE

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18

“Majesty, power,
Glory, strength and beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.
Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not,
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear unshrined
Thy hopes of immortality.
Thou movest, but increasing with the advance
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Vastness—which grows but grows to harmonize
All musical in its immensities.”



THUS sublimely has the poet, Byron, sung of St. Peter's, which still stands in all its primitive beauty, grandeur and majesty—a monument of perfection before which the mind is forced to pause, awed and silenced by the completeness of its unbroken beauty and harmony. With its rich marbles, richer paintings, lofty arches, statues of sculptured loveliness, carvings, dainty and fragile as the foam of the sea, with its sweet and inspiring music soaring higher and higher amid the arches, till the soul is lifted by the magic of sublime grandeur and divine melody into the seventh heaven of ineffable vision and hope incommensurable.

In no less a degree of perfection has Dante's Divine Comedy ever stood, a cathedral of song, through which the reader wanders, here gazing in speechless horror on a scene of awful terror—human souls writhing in torments that will be eternal in duration; there, silent with admiration as we behold a picture of the repentant soul, endeavoring to efface the last trace of sin and advancing farther and farther in the way of perfection; again we are treated to visions of heaven, penciled in most vivid colors, reflecting in dazzling radiance the eternal glory. Here are Wisdom, Power, Light, Life and Love all in unison with that “harmony and sweetness that can never be known save where joy is everlasting.”

Dante Alighieri, foremost among Italian poets, and one of the greatest that the world has ever produced, was born in Florence in 1265; his first education was received at Florence, but he subsequently completed his studies at the University of Bologna and Padua. His studies, however, did not prevent him from serving his country in her hour of trial. He fought in the battle of Calpaldini in 1289, and took an active part in storming the fortress of Caprona in 1290. Having been twice entrusted with an embassy, he was chosen chief-magistrate of Florence in 1300, when the struggle between the Guelphs and Ghibellines was at its height. Dante had been reared a Guelph,

but circumstances and his own beliefs made him favor the Ghibellines' faction. After continued strife and warfare his party was finally overcome by their opponents, who banished the leaders and confiscated their goods. Dante shared their fate and left his native city never to return. His heart had been the home of his party's wrongs and when that cause was lost to him, sorrow took possession of his heart—not that sorrow that leads to despair, but a quiet purifying sorrow that made him view the joys and things of this world in their true light and look for happiness and rest in the life beyond.

He was always sad, but it was a sadness that brought with it hopefulness, for he was able to penetrate the veil that hides the future and find in the mysteries of religion the comforts men seek for here below, but seek in vain.

"My Italy, my sweetest Italy, for having loved thee too much I have lost thee!"

Infinitely touching is this lament of the great poet for his native land. Broken-hearted, banished from home and friends, truly he is an "exile in a vale of tears," and when he sings he attunes his lyre to the music of his heart, at one time pouring out the bitter hatred that filled his breast, again singing in words sweet as the echoes of far-distant music.

In personal appearance "Dante was of middle height; his face was long; his nose aquiline; his jaw large and the lower lip protruding somewhat beyond the upper; a little stooping in the shoulders; his eyes rather large than small; dark of complexion; his hair and beard thick, crisp and black, and his countenance always sad and thoughtful.

"His garments always dignified, the style such as suited ripeness of years; his gait was grave and gentlemanlike; and his bearing, whether public or private, wonderfully composed and polished. Seldom spake he, save when spoken to, though a most eloquent person.

"In youth he delighted especially in music and singing, and was intimate with almost all the great singers and musicians of his day. He was much inclined to study, as far as he could find time for it. Dante was also of marvelous capacity and most tenacious memory."

Some men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which reveals men's actions—men's outward characters but not themselves, not the deep, ever-restless workings of the human heart—it is only in his work that the poet portrays himself as he really is; he writes from the heart and the heart is always able to understand him; with what delight we turn to him on all occasions; in happiness, and we find a responsive note, joyfully echoing every chord in our own hearts—in sadness, and we find consolation—the sweet sorrow of his verses, like music soft and low, falling upon our troubled spirits "with a touch of infinite calm."

and in Dante's case wandered a homeless exile over the earth—yet gives to us his brightest thoughts in choicest language.

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18

“The heights of great men, reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
For they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward through the night.”

Well may we be grateful to the illustrious memory of Dante, for he has left to posterity a heritage worth possessing, a casket which contains in small compass, gems of wisdom, pearls of purest language and sparkling diamonds of thought. For nineteen long and weary years our poet worked at the poem he has left us—years of sorrow and exile, during which he wandered, homeless and friendless, over the earth, the sadness of his strong and melancholy mind finding relief in the time spent on the Divine Comedy, during which he sought to gain by communication with a higher and purer world, happiness he was unable to find on earth, proving that a truly noble mind need not be harrowed by misfortune.

One evening in the year 1308, a wayfarer knocked at the convent gate of Santa Croce. Not being recognized, Brother Hilary, the prior, asked him what he wished. He made no answer, but in silence gazed about him. Again he was asked, when, turning to the brothers assembled, he answered, “Peace.”

“Methinks I see thee stand, with placid cheeks
By Fra Hilario, in his diocese,
As up the convent walls in golden streaks
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease.
And as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
Thy voice along the cloister whispers—'Peace'.”

It was the same peace he sought for in every land, but *peace*—none was there on earth for Dante.

It was during this brief visit at the convent that Dante left in the safe-keeping of Brother Hilary a fragment of his great poem, “The Inferno,” saying as he gave it, “Here, Brother, is a portion of my work which you may not have seen; this remembrance I leave with you; forget me not.”

Only for a moment are we permitted to gaze upon the great poet, for, having deposited his poem in the convent, he is ready to resume his journey. He pauses for a moment as he reaches the heights overlooking the convent and allows his eyes to rest in loving gaze on the resplendent waters of the Mediterranean, in all the loveliness of a glorious sunset. He has bidden farewell to kind friends, he now bids farewell to his dearest hopes, to his sweetest Italy. Before such a picture the sternest heart is forced to pause with reverential pity.

He travels northward into a land of strangers; he suffers much, but his sufferings only tend to purify his heart and raise him above the things of this earth. He bears within him a love, ennobled and strengthened by a faith

that enables him to see beyond things transitory, and behold regions spiritual and eternal.

Dante was nine years old when he met for the first time Beatrice Portinari, then eight years of age, and the pure and holy love kindled in the heart of the tender boy ever remained the inspiration of his life. The love he had for the child was ever pure, sweet and elevating, enabling him in after-life to triumphantly overcome difficulties and courageously resist temptations. She grew from childhood to womanhood and then married another—Simon Bardi—but died when she was still quite young. Some years after her death Dante married the daughter of an old and illustrious family, but the remembrance of his boyhood love ever remained—the guiding-star that directed and influenced his whole life.

Dante wrote many minor poems full of grace and sentiment which alone would have placed him in high rank as an Italian poet, had he never composed the Divine Comedy, which still remains unmatched for sublimity, eloquence and pathos—which breathes forth the poet's spirit in every line; such a book has been called "the precious life-blood of a master spirit."

The poem is a play from first to last—a drama of the human soul in its upward journey through sin and error—through repentance to atonement with its Creator; falling into sin, rising again and following for a time the straight and narrow path, only to be led repeatedly into sin and as often redeemed by prayer and the assistance of Divine Grace, till its final deliverance and reward of eternal happiness with God.

So vividly has the poet painted, that in spirit we follow him in his journey beyond the realms of earth into that awful place of torment, over whose lofty portals we see the inscription, "Through me you pass into the city of woe," and hear

"Various tongues, horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote, that swelled the sounds,
Made up a tumult that forever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness stained,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies"—

till, he tells us, "E'en I wept at entering."

Not only does the poet show the torments of the doomed souls, but the sins and offenses that gained for them this punishment, and displays them in such a light that should make us recoil from anything that would tend to weaken the cable that binds the creature to the Creator.

"In the midway of this our mortal life," which signifies the thirty-fifth year of the poet's age, he begins his wanderings; not far does he journey however, when he becomes ensnared in the woods of sin and error. The Mother of Divine Grace, seeing the difficulties that beset his path, takes compassion on him, and sends to his aid Reason, typified in Virgil, to be his guide and master:

“And I, thy guide,
Will lead thee hence, through an eternal space,
Where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks and see spirits of old tormented
Who invoke a second death; and those next view who dwell
Content in fire, for that they hope to come,
Whene'er the time may be, among the blest,
Into whose regions, if thou then desire
To ascend, a spirit worthier than I
Must lead thee.”

The journey is long and weary, often he calls on Virgil for assistance, and it is only by the help of Divine Grace that the guide is able to lead his follower on through the dismal region, proving that without the assistance of heavenly aid human reason is not sufficient to resist the evils and temptations of the world.

In presenting to us in such glowing language sin and its consequences, the poet admonishes us to give up evil ways and strive after the personal holiness that should be the aim of every Christian soul. In humility and holiness he journeys on in the path of perfection till he reaches the gates of Purgatory, guarded by an angel of radiant beauty.

“And of that second region will I sing,
In which the human soul from sinful blot
Is purged, and for ascent to heaven prepares.”

With firm purpose and humble submission, offering up trials and sufferings in expiation for past sin, the soul goes on, ever striving to attain the great object of this pilgrimage. As the stains of sin are one by one removed from the soul in this sanctuary of purification, it feels itself lightened by the burden of imperfections cast aside, and heeds not the steep ascents that have to be scaled in order to reach the goal.

“And lighter to myself I seemed
Than on the plain before.”

In proportion as the heart becomes purer and the mind more enlightened by prayer and meditation will the steep heights of perfection become easier of ascent.

“Forth from the last corporeal we are come,
Into the heaven that is embodied light—
Light intellectual, replete with love;
Love of true happiness, replete with joy;
Joy, that transcends all sweetness of delight.”

The faithful soul has arrived at the gates of Paradise,

“And, as a pilgrim, when he rests
Within the temple of his vow looks round
In breathless awe, and hopes sometime to tell
Of all its goodly state; e'en so mine eyes
Cours'd up and down, along the living light,
One universal smile it seemed of all things,
Joy past compare, gladness unutterable,
Imperishable life of peace and love,
Exhaustless riches and measured bliss.”

R. P.

OUR CONVENT GARDEN

Would you forget the mad world's rush of cares
To walk with beauty underneath the skies?
Then come within my garden's green-hedged walls
Where floating perfumes woodland-sweet arise
And only happy shadow ever falls;
Where Grief her dark form spares.
Though autumn winds go mourning past the gates,
Here gayer than the spring the flowers grow,
And humming-birds with darting swiftness go
Where honey-sweetness still their coming waits.

The "high midsummer pomps" have long since fled,
But cosmos tall sway light with every breeze
And painter's brush in vivid azure blows
In circling fragrance 'neath the pointed trees,
And purple violets hide in border rows
With downcast head.
The glad sun breaking through the morning mist
Makes jeweled light upon the dew-wet green,
And casts upon the orange leaves a sheen
And leaves the roses red as though new-kist.

Here through the winding alleys one may walk
Entranced in moods of high and noble thought;
One yearns no more for Dead Sea apples fair,
Vain living at the price of conscience bought;
For sheltered here Peace breathes upon the air,
No Terror here may stalk.
At the far hedge one stands; the roses shine,
The world is full of color, fragrance, light;
Why should one fear the coming of the night?
Within the walls above dwells Love Divine.

MARIE LILLY.

GOD'S TEMPLES

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18

FROM the gifted pen of Ina Coolbrith comes the little poem "God's Temples," written especially for Dominican College Year Book. We voice our loving gratitude in the words of one who has written in a recent number of *The Lantern*, a most sympathetic appreciation of the beloved Laureate of California: "A poet who walks with God must use true language. But though Ina Coolbrith's text be Sorrow at times, her context is always Submission. There is no room to argue against her love of God, her deep-seated Christian piety. Ina Coolbrith has heard the Sermon on the Mount; she accepts the Beatitudes; she cultivates the gifts of the Holy Ghost; she has been to Bethlehem, and some of her sweetest songs are sung before the Crib."

If nevermore were reared a fane to God
Upon the earth,—though all were swept away
From wheresoe'er the foot of man had trod,
Still were there fitting shrines where he might pray.

The mountain summit and the lowly vale,
The sea's white shore, the forest deep and dim,—
No spot where man might speak to Him, and fail,—
His earth a Temple consecrate to Him.

—Ina Coolbrith.



[81]

"What is the merriest promise of May?"

WHERE CHARM LIES



If I were to meet a wanderer who was journeying over the face of the earth in quest of the Spirit of Charm, I should tell him to go to Killarney. And should he ask where in Killarney he might look for her, I should say that there she was omnipresent; that she hid in the hedges of hawthorn, lurked among the wet flowers, sang in the mist, smiled from the eyes of the natives and soothed with their words. I should say that the atmosphere was tremulous with her gentle sprightliness and that long after having found her there he would smile in response to the simple memories of her which would linger forever in his heart.

Before I had ever walked in a Killarney mist—the perspiration from the hills, the Irish people have called it—I knew that it would be different there than any other place. I knew it from the names that turned the trite descriptions of my guide-book into poetry: The Purple Mountain, Lough Leane, The Meeting of the Waters, Old Weir Bridge, Glenna. Already my heart was singing. I was glad, but not gay. For that is the way Killarney's charm affects you. Though once in a while, when the sun comes out through a cloudy blue-patched sky and the lake folds its hands in quiet contentment, you can't help spreading wide your arms and laughing into the very eyes of Nature, usually it is a peacefulness, a thrill combined with sadness that envelops you.

One late afternoon I came upon a rain-pool on one of those hedge-lined roads. The sun was quite gone, but it had left behind it so much color that some of the pink had dropped from the clouds into this bit of water. And in sheer admiration at such a transformation a spray of gorse had peered over the edge and found its own reflection in the colored pool. I was standing very still, half afraid to close my eyes lest they open on a more material world, when over a stile that climbed between the hawthorn blossoms, appeared an old lady with a basket on her arm and a shawl wrapped in a practical fashion about her head and shoulders.

"Where does this road go?" I asked her, when she had been standing so long on the lowest step that I had begun to think that she might be afraid to pass me.

"I beg *your* pardon," she replied in a fine brogue, but with an inflection that might have expressed either a real apology or a reproof for my curiosity. Before I could fathom its meaning she continued in an intimate strain.

"I'm a stranger here, Miss, having come but the day that was before yesterday to see my daughter; her that's married a year come May to the finest man in all Kerry. It's sorry I am not to know whither the road goes from here. It's sorry I am indeed! Would it suit your fancy to go back with me to the house of my daughter? Likely she'd tell you all about the road."

And there she stood as sorry as though I were in dire distress and she unable to help me. I looked at the bit of gorse peering wonderingly into the pool, and from its inflection I looked back to the gentle old woman. "Here," I thought, "dwells Charm, the intangible mingling of beauty with kindness."

Whether it was the carefree attitude of the drivers of the jaunting cars, or the trustfulness of the shopkeepers, or the soft rain that alighted as daintily as dew poises on a bit of gossamer, it was always the same. One's heart always received a message.

I remember walking one day down a narrow lane that was arched by trees and bright with spring flowers. Ferns and mosses grew profusely, greening everything—banks and branches. It led me to a road that ran along between high stone walls, over which grew hawthorn "whiter than the snow." As I walked on in the mist—that jeweled my coat but left me comfortably dry—a large gate stood invitingly open and I turned in. A great park stretched away to the lake, a park that was tropical in its abundance of rich shrubs and trees and flowers. It was with a certain trepidation that I left the broad path and followed a friendly trail to the brow of a near hill, whence I expected to discover the castle or mansion to which the park belonged.

And the discovery surely was a discovery—for where should I be but at Muckcross, the goal of every visitor to Killarney. "Ah," I thought, "how fine to have come upon it unexpectedly instead of driving into the demesne armed with a guide-book!"

Down below was a great coach awaiting its occupants, who were in the gray ruins. Soon they came down the trail between the gardens of blue-bells—that appeared to be a wide blue lawn from where I sat—and with a flourish of his whip the red-coated driver took them all to the Meeting of the Waters.

When they had gone I hurried down the hill. The rain was falling steadily and softly among the leaning tombstones, and the ivy-covered walls of the Abbey presented a lonely aspect. A year seems a very little time when one is standing before such a relic of the past, and as I felt the gray atmosphere touching me spiritually, I sat on one of the stone-topped graves to rest before going to inspect the cloisters.

Suddenly an official stood before me calmly asking for a ticket.

"Ticket?" I asked in a puzzled manner, for I had been far from the world of tickets and tourists. "I haven't a ticket. And where should I have procured one?"

"You haven't a *ticket!*" he exclaimed, just as though it were an impossibility. "But how in the world could you get into the demense without buying one?"

"By a gate," I explained. I came in through a great gate that opened onto a road that had hawthorn growing over its stone walls."

"And didn't the lodge-keeper ask for your toll and give you a ticket?"

I assured him that there had been neither lodge nor keeper at the gate. Any other official would have become authoritative and angry; and with any other official I should have felt embarrassed. As I had strolled from the hotel with no intention of leaving the open roads I brought not a penny with me. But he was only interested in the fact that I had gotten into the park in some unseen fashion, and he was curious to discover how I had done it. So he sat on an opposite grave and questioned me in a friendly way. Finally we discovered that I had entered the laborers' gate, which must have been left open by mistake.

"So, Miss," he said genially, "now that we know how you got here you can just pay me the shilling and go about your pleasure."

I told him that my money was at the hotel, but that I should go at once and get it, and would see the Abbey after.

"Indeed no!" he said. "You'll see it now *and* after. But you'll have to show a ticket to pass the lodge—for you mustn't go out the way you came in, Miss, so take this." And he gave me a ticket to present to the keeper.

"But you must take my name and hotel," I said, after thanking him gratefully, "in case I should forget to return."

"Faith, I won't!" he said seriously. "It would be an insult to such an honest face as yours. Go see the fine yew tree that grows in the inner court—and take your time."

I took my time and had a memorable morning; but as I walked back to my hotel I thought quite as much of my friend, the official, as about the lonely, neglected Abbey.

Then there was the Torc Waterfall. I had climbed the winding, twisting path beside it one day, and had looked toward the Dingle hills which were hidden by the mist. All that was to be seen was what immediately surrounded us: the water leaping over great bowlders, or slipping over projecting ledges; violets—dripping with the spray—growing happily beside the noisy torrent, a suggestion of the lake lying below us—a whiteness in the gray atmosphere, and trees all about. Though the mist may sound cold, it was the realest spring day I could have desired. It might have been early morning in the semi-tropics, before the sun was up.

As we walked through the toll gate to our jaunting car, I discovered a small shop set among the trees, and started over to invest in a few cards as an excuse for a talk with the proprietor. But no one was inside. I looked back to the car, and there was a tall, lank man standing beside the driver, deep in a conversation.

"Do you sell these cards?" I asked him.

"I do, Miss," he said indifferently, without removing his foot from the wheel. He didn't appear to wish to sell any more, so I walked toward him uncertainly, awaiting further information.

"I thought maybe you *wanted* some," he said in a sort of hurt surprise,

when I approached him. "I thought that maybe that was why you were asking who sold them."

"Of course I want some," I explained, smiling involuntarily, "but no one was there, and you wouldn't come to wait on me."

"Well then, Miss, go back and take what you want. I don't know what you want as well as you do, so why should I go in and wait on you?"

I chose a few, and then came again to the door, feeling slightly apologetic for disturbing him. "I'm taking these," I called. "Would you mind counting them and telling me what I owe you?"

"They're a penny apiece, Miss, and I believe you must be as good at arithmetic as I am myself. Count them, and then, like the kind lady that you are, get the envelope out of the big table drawer. It's rarely I have the opportunity to talk with a fine lady like this." And he grinned facetiously at the driver.

"Aren't you ever afraid of being cheated?" I asked, when I had paid him for my purchases.

"Faith, I'm not," he said. "And wouldn't it be the cheaters themselves who should be afraid? I don't believe I've lost much yet—but you can't prove it by me." He twinkled his blue eyes and waved us on our way.

Somehow there was in Killarney always a smile, and right behind it lurked something deeper. Going to church on Sunday the old woman sat on the floor of her donkey-cart, and on the seat sat "Himself," driving in state. And though one smiled at the picture, one looked with different eyes on the couple as they stood in the church with their faith shining from their eyes. As they knelt in simple devotion one who was not blessed with faith might well have envied them.

Our waiter's name was P. Green; yet there he stood with his napkin on his arm, and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as he was. And he was master of his name, for though we smiled when we pronounced it, our smile vanished when he appeared. P. Green belonged heart and soul to Killarney, but excepting for his name, which was the one touch of humor in his personality, he was all gray mist.

Driving to the station on the last morning in Killarney, I asked the driver of the jaunting car what I owed him.

"Five shilling 'll be enough," he said nonchalantly; but anticipating that I was about to exclaim at its exorbitance, he waved his hand in a quieting gesture, saying quickly: "Five shillings did I say? Well, it's half a crown. Now we'll argue no longer!" And I had never spoken, nor do I recall even a glance that might have suggested that I was about to protest.

It is long since I was in Killarney; but never do I see violets—whether they be on a road-bank or a city flower-stand—or blue eyes that look trusting and glad, or blue skies with gathering clouds, that my heart does not fill with gratefulness for having known her. For, as I said before, there dwells the Spirit of Charm.

ELIZABETH O'CONNOR.

AN APRIL DREAM



PPARENTLY April had just arrived and unpacked in Meadowlands when I was taken through to see the new college grounds. It looked as though a shattered rainbow had fallen into the square and round and queer-shaped beds. We walked between rows of stocks with vistas of tulips luring us on to where wide lawns basked in the sunlight. Fountains sprayed softly, and near by were mulberry or fig trees, or trees from far over-seas, casting refreshing shade that made one picture the future college girls who would naturally seek such spots for their discussions of the whys and wherefores of life. And for the solitary student there were nooks, inconceivably charming, where one found roses and honeysuckle and quiet—and maybe a view of the misty-blue and proud mountain to make one realize that great things awaited one beyond the garden.

I went back to my hills, and in the next early morning I walked from the redwoods and gentle anemones and violets to the dingle-dell, where flecks of sunshine danced and made the flowers a bit less shy. Even the mission bells stood in demure but sociable companies beside the trilliums, and in the spring-green grass the field flowers held their faces up to the sun with a confidence that could have been born only of a knowledge that their colors would be enhanced by the fire. The brook was enjoying its heyday, rippling and purling and sighing, and lazy bumble bees murmured a deep accompaniment to it. Birds sang with spring abandon, and I looked into the heart of a baby-blue-eye and dreamed.

On the day before, as we had walked along the convent veranda on our way to the college lawns, a little girl who for some reason found herself spending her Easter vacation at school, quietly dropped her knitting on the seat and stood until we had passed. I remembered her eyes—great blue, not lakes but skies, with wisps of clouds lurking in their depths. The baby-blue-eye in life!

So that was what became of the flowers. They went to the convent, shy woodland unsophisticated sprites, and they finally crossed the lane to the college gardens, where they became tulips and red and white roses and violas—still shy and sweet, but with a world of knowledge and understanding added to their charms. I remembered the rows of gilli-flowers of various colors and qualities, but normal, oh, so normal!—the real-girl type that has been loved since the world was as young as spring itself. And in among the gay and gracious tulips were some lilies, and I knew now that they were the white-robed Sisters who cared for the flowers, surrounding them with the atmosphere most suitable for their particular needs so that they should neither wilt nor grow too fast.

[86]

And then I remembered the anemones, the poet's flowers, and I won-

dered if many of them would find their way across the lane into the college gardens. And would they seek the quiet nook that looked toward the mountain? And would the mountain call them to the world or would it remind them of the big things that awaited them even further beyond the garden—beyond the world? I fancied that they would sometimes bow with the roses and tulips and all the other flowers at future commencements and go out to the world to find the places made for them, but I believed that some, surely some, would linger in the gardens preparing for the bigger things of which the mountain had always reminded them.

A bird sang almost overhead in a budding maple and startled me into wakefulness, but somehow the dream refused to leave me. I wanted to gather all the flowers in the dingle-dell and start them on their way to the college gardens; but instead I let them bide their time while I walked to the brow of the hill to look again at the mountain.

ELIZABETH O'CONNOR.

FROM A "JOURNAL INTIME"

"EVERY being that converts into action this problem to live the life of its soul, is a great benefactor to humanity," says Lucie Faure Goyau in her "Journal Intime." Exquisite in her spirituality as she is keen in her intellect, Lucie Goyau has indeed "lived the life" of her very beautiful and noble soul. Her thoughts, her ideals are ever too holy, too pure to be understood and appreciated by the many. To read her works from the average materialistic standpoint is like the disciples of Keats or Wordsworth reading and condemning Browning, whose poetry has been characterized by someone as "an electric current which naturally fails to affect those who are non-conductors of poetry." The same may be said of Lucie Goyau. Her writings will naturally fail to affect those who are non-conductors of that which lies above pure intelligence and worldly materialistic aims, of higher aspirations. The keynote of her works is Love—Love manifested in those virtues which are so often disregarded at the present age: obedience, patience, self-denial and humility, which she considers the only means of happiness, and to which she dedicated one of her books, "Ames paiennes, ames Chretiennes."

In Lucie Goyau's writings we find frequent reference to Saint Catherine and Saint Theresa, for whom she had the profoundest veneration, because they realized woman's mission to love, to serve the divine in other beings, and through that to serve God.

Woman's rôle in life is one of the main questions that Lucie Goyau has studied and written about, of which conception she has also set a most excellent example in her own life. As she has shown herself, this love certainly does not exclude the broadest and most intelligent training of the mind.

Lucie Goyau was undoubtedly one of the most learned of modern women. This can be traced in the wide range of subjects and references in her writings. One of her most finished essays is a noble and conscientious study of the great Cardinal Newman, whose admirable soul she was the first to reveal to France. In her "Les Femmes dans l'Œuvre de Dante" she takes the reader back to the Middle Ages and its profound mysticism, the different shades of which she studies under the name and form of the real and imaginary women Dante introduces.

Besides the literary studies and the several accounts of her travels, Lucie Goyau widens still more the horizon of her capabilities by writing a number of beautiful and philosophical poems, collected under the title of "La Vie Nuancée." "To be the servant of souls," that was ever her aim, which she fully attained. Her love for souls resulted in deep pity for those who were not granted all her material and moral possessions. She had great admiration for Christina Rossetti, and to that kindred soul graced by so many rare and lowly virtues she gave a fuller meed of praise than most English critics would accord.

From her writings, delicately reflective, penetrated with faith at once instinctive and reasoned, some insight may be gained into Madame Goyau's spiritual life, and certainly this passionately Catholic soul is an inspiration for every true woman.

In this day of unrest and spiritual impoverishment it is a joy to hear the clarion call to prayer that Lucie Faure Goyau gives in her "Journal Intime": "When will the world come to understand that a single hour of intense interior life is more fraught with consequence for humanity than the gaining of some victory on one of the vast battlefields of our globe?"

LILLIAN STEPHANY, B. A.

A MEMORY

A valley like a jewel set down between
Brown hills—where summer mists abound,
Green hills—where winter winds blow 'round,
Steep silent hills that shelt'ringly convene
Above its palms and rich magnolia sheen;
Where roses and blue heliotrope surround
A long gray sunlit structure, crowned
By cross of gold against a sky serene.
From out the shell-like rumbling of the years
Familiar voices rise upon the breeze
Like sweet lost chords of music to my ears,
And down the aisle of arching olive-trees
Once more I see white figures slowly pass
Who cast no longer shadows on the grass.

HARRIET BARTNETT.

CALENDAR

AUGUST

Entrance day and registration of Dominican College Classes, August 16th.
Mass of the Holy Ghost. Singing by the students.
Feast of the Assumption.
Lecture by the Very Reverend E. Pace, D. D.

SEPTEMBER

Film Play—"The Prince and the Pauper."
Old girls' welcome to the new girls.
Celebration of the Centenary of the founding of the San Rafael Mission.
Our Lady's Birthday. Mass at the Grotto.
Junior Bazaar.

OCTOBER

Celebration of the Feast of the Most Holy Angels by Junior Sodality.
Reception of aspirants.
Rosary Sunday. Procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament to the Grotto, with
Benediction at the three stations.
Feast of St. Louis Bertrand, "Our Mother's Day." Holiday.
Musical-literary program in honor of Mother Louis.
Meeting of Dominican College Alumnae.
Illustrated lecture on Art, given by Dr. F. M. Greene.
Hallowe'en festivities.
Freshman Garden Fête.

NOVEMBER

Feast of All Saints. Day spent in Muir Woods.
Visit of the Very Reverend D. J. Meagher, O. P., Provincial of the Eastern Province; the Very Reverend A. L. McMahon, O. P., and the Reverend James Conlin, O. P., pastor of St. Dominic's Church, New York.
Basketball game with Lux School. Score 8-3.
Musical-literary program in honor of the Feast of St. Cecilia.

DECEMBER

Visit of the Right Reverend Bishop O'Dea of Seattle; the Most Reverend Louis Theissling, O. P., Master General of the Order of St. Dominic; the Very Reverend F. G. Horn, O. P., and the Very Reverend A. L. McMahon, O. P.
Musical-literary program in honor of the distinguished guests.
Senior Bazaar.
Feast of the Immaculate Conception.
Reception of the aspirants to the Sodality of the Children of Mary.
Presentation of drama, "The Nativity," by Robert High Benson.
Christmas feast to the orphans of St. Vincent's Asylum by the pupils of Dominican College.
Farewell visit from the Right Reverend John Cantwell, D. D., Bishop of Los Angeles.
Christmas vacation.
Christmas Eve, Midnight Mass.
Feast of the Nativity.

JANUARY

New Year's Day.
Second semester begun January 8th.
Sophomore's Japanese Party.
Program of Oral Expression Class.
Film Play, "The Poor Little Rich Girl."
Feast of St. Raymond. Holiday.
Junior Branch of Red Cross organized.
First Edition of *The Periscope*.
Basketball game with San Rafael High School.

FEBRUARY

Feast of the Purification.
Senior "Camouflage Party."
Benefit for Red Cross—given by Grammar School.
Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes. Procession to the Grotto.
Valentine Party.
Washington's Birthday. Service Flag blessed.
Film play, "Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm."
The Missions of New Mexico and California.
California Writers: Bret Harte, Ina Coolbrith, Charles Warren Stoddard.
The Yosemite: Lectures by George Wharton James.

MARCH

Feast of St. Thomas. Half holiday.
Program of Oral Expression Class.
Celebration of Religious Profession.
Basketball game between Seniors and Juniors of D. C.
Feast of St. Patrick, Miracle Play in honor of our pastor, the Reverend P. A. Foley.
Feast of St. Joseph.
Illustrated lecture on the African Missions, given by the Reverend D. O'Sullivan.
Illustrated lecture under the auspices of the American Red Cross, given by Miss Le Fleener.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday of Holy Week, the Annual Retreat for the pupils,
conducted by the Reverend J. McMullin, O. P.
Vacation.
Easter Sunday.

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18

APRIL

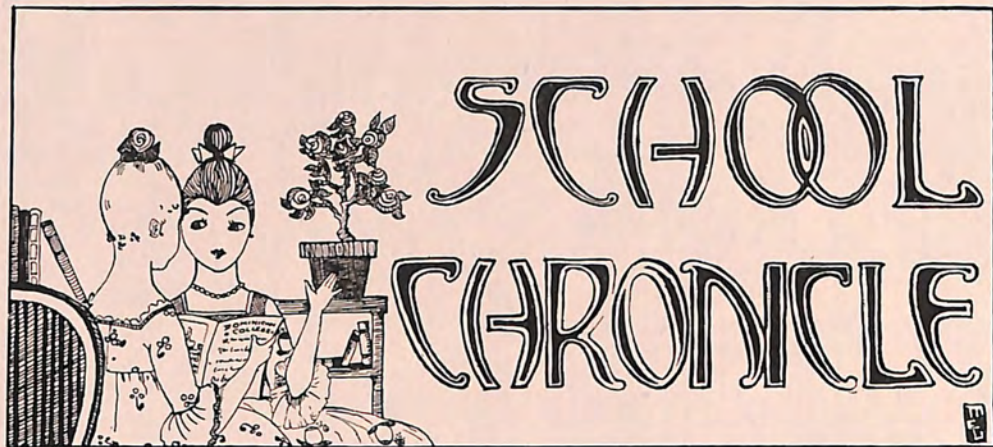
Re-opening of school, April 8th.
Feast of S. Vincent Ferrer, O. P.
Chopin-Liszt program.
Feast of S. Agnes of Montepulciano, O. P.
Film Play—"Freckles."
Russia and Russian Music.
Feast of St. Peter, Martyr, O. P.
Musical-literary program in honor of St. Catherine of Siena.
Liberty Bond Day—Celebration in Boyd Park.

MAY

Coronation of The Blessed Virgin.
Procession to the Grotto of Lourdes.
Film Play—
Program of Piano Music by Lenore Keithley.
Feast of S. Pius V.
Junior Play.
Program of Piano Music by Opal Lisenby.
Feast of S. Antoninus, O. P.
Picnic to Senior Class given by Juniors.
Program of Piano Music by Evelyn Phelan.
California Winters, lecture by George Wharton James.
Evolution of Music, lecture by Mr. Victor Blondeau.
Concert, given by Mansfeldt Club.
Commencement Week exercises.
Field Day.
Senior Class Day.
Senior Luncheon—Senior Class entertained by Helen Gagan.
Closing exercises of Preparatory Department.
Musical-literary program.
Garden Fête.
Home Economics and Art Exhibit.
Baccalaureate sermon and Solemn Benediction.

JUNE

June 5th, Commencement Day.



OUR MOTHER'S DAY



IF ALL days in the school year the best-loved by the children of Dominican College is the feast of St. Louis Bertrand, an occasion on which the school unite to offer a tribute of love to their Prioress Provincial, Mother M. Louis. The vocal class studied with especial delight Saint Bruno's Mass in G minor, by R. B. Terry, with which to surprise Mother Louis, the Mass being offered as usual for Mother's particular intention. In the morning General Assembly gifts of fruits and flowers and spiritual bouquets were made by the entire school to their beloved Mother, and Nancy Pattison was chosen to make an address, in which she voiced the affection and appreciation of the children of Dominican College.

TO OUR MOTHER

What may we offer thee, O Mother, thee
Whose life of loving sacrifice and prayer
Keeps all thy children in God's tender care;
Whose heart a haven of serenity
Will be, when on life's wild untempered sea
The storm clouds break? Then if in deep despair
We fall, thy voice with sympathy so rare
Shall bid us rise and walk more steadfastly.
As incense, wafted heavenward, ascends,
So shall thy children's prayers become a part
Of that unending song, which blends, transcends
All other sounds. Through all the years, oh may
They bring peace unalloyed unto your heart—
Sweet prelude to God's benison for aye!

THE first event of special importance in the academic year was one of general interest, the celebration of the centenary of the founding of the Mission San Rafael. In the square outside the new church, built on the site of the old Mission, Mass was celebrated, and Archbishop Hanna preached a sermon that impressed his hearers with the true spirit of the day. The convent girls had their especial part in the ceremonies, delighting everyone by their singing of appropriately selected hymns. They were permitted to view the procession before Mass, and in the evening attended Vespers in the Church of San Rafael. Maude Fay, the prima donna, who began her career in this Church, sang the "O Salutaris"; Reverend F. Harvey, of Menlo Park Seminary, preached a sermon in which he praised the self-sacrifice, zeal and humility of the pioneer Padres, the Franciscan founders of the Missions.

CENTENARY OF
THE FOUNDING
OF THE MISSION
SAN RAFAEL

THE First Sunday of October, Rosary Sunday, Dominican day of days, was, as always in San Rafael, very beautiful. Mass was celebrated in the morning with the ceremony befitting the solemnity of the occasion, and after Mass the Most Blessed Sacrament was left exposed throughout the day. In the afternoon the girls in their white uniforms, and the Sisters in their white habits, walked in the procession of the Living Rosary.

ROSARY
SUNDAY

Singularly picturesque and beautiful with intense religious significance is this procession. From the Chapel, across the galleries that overlook a formal garden, with a wild background of pine trees, velvet-dark against the rugged loveliness of the distant hills, the girls and Sisters walk chanting the rosary. Down the stairs of St. Thomas Hall, they wind their way like the tall, mystic maidens Burne-Jones loves to paint, then through the garden to the Grotto of Lourdes, where Benediction is given, and then back again to the Chapel, where a final Benediction crowns the ceremonies of the day.

THE impressive little ceremony in the Chapel on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception must have been especially pleasing to Our Lady, for on that day aspirants were received into the Sodality of the Children of Mary. After the Act of Consecration, the Reverend P. A. Foley blessed the medals and gave the young sodalists an instructive conference. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed.

CHILDREN
OF MARY

THE feast of The Immaculate Conception had a special significance for
Peggy Bishop, Genevieve Torre,
Mary Crumm, Margaret Crilly,
Frances Boyd, Josephine Torre,
Frances Baker, Ruth Boyd,

who had the glorious privilege of making their first Holy Communion on this beautiful day.

DECEMBER seventeenth, A. C. Benson's Miracle Play, "The Nativity," was beautifully presented by the Dramatic Club. Nancy Pattison, a picture of rosy-cheeked sturdiness, achieved a triumph in the leading part of the aged Zachary. The other members of the cast were equally good in their respective characters. The play was staged with simple effectiveness, and the far-off melodies of the angelic choruses stirred the hearers with a curious sense of being very near to Bethlehem. Too often religious plays are marred by scenes in which what is meant to be devotional becomes burlesque. A hypocritical audience could have found

"THE
NATIVITY"
MIRACLE
PLAY BY
A. C. BENSON

no discordant note in this rendition of the story of the first Christmas. To all who had the privilege of attending the play the memory of the scene of the Manger must remain a precious memory.

FOLLOWING a precedent established last year, an afternoon of Christmas cheer for the boys of St. Vincent's Orphanage was planned. The end of October found the girls preparing for this event, and through the work of busy fingers and willing hearts, class bazaars were held, the proceeds of which were put aside for the fund. The generosity of the workers was evidenced by the store of goodies provided for the several hundred boys who are under the care of the Christian brothers. An up-to-date Santa Claus sleigh, in the shape of a motor-truck, bore the Christmas joys, while an unending line of autos brought the many up-to-date Santa Clauses. The welcome given by the lads was a genuine one. Orchestra numbers, songs and recitations greeted the Sisters and girls. And then—the distribution of the gifts! The happiness of the little orphans was almost beyond measure, but it could not exceed the happiness in the heart of each giver. The spirit of the season—the loving, generous spirit of the first of all Givers, which finds its greatest good in doing for others—was all-pervading, and at the afternoon's close left that sweetness and joy which come only from an unselfish interest in the wants of others, a feeling that, verily, "Whatsoever that thou doest to the least of Mine, and lowest, that thou doest unto Me."

JANUARY twenty-second occurred an event of great excitement and importance: The first number of *The Periscope* saw light. *The Periscope* is a sheet meant to supplement the Year Book, by recording the daily happenings, catching and setting down the "bubbling wit" that might be lost upon the discerning editors of the older publication. It is meant to be an "open forum for the discussion of everyday problems of all sorts (mathematics excluded)"; all contributions are thankfully received, but the paper is due to the inspiration of the Juniors worked out by the "Six E's."

RUTH MARION	Editor-in-Chief
MARCELLE RADGESKY	Art Editor
ELIZABETH WATERMAN	Assistant Editor
HELENE STURDIVANT	Assistant Editor
DOROTHY WALL	Assistant Editor
ANNABELLE WHEATON	Assistant Editor

To the Pastors and the Principals of Catholic Schools
 of the Archdiocese of San Francisco. February 13, 1918.

THE President of the United States, who is also the President of the National Red Cross, has established a Junior Branch of the Red Cross, and it is his wish that all the schools of the nation, public, parochial and private, become auxiliaries, and every child a junior member. In the present terrible conflict our beloved country needs the help of the children as well as the help of the adults. By extending the Red Cross work to the schools, a double purpose is served, viz., of adding the children's strength to the strength of the nation, and teaching them, in a practical way, those lessons of patriotism and unselfish service which are part of the education of every child.

I wish, therefore, that the call of the President be met with the fullest response, and I urge on the authorities of the Catholic Schools of the Archdiocese that they afford the children every opportunity to participate in this work.

Ever devotedly in Christ, EDWARD J. HANNA,
 Archbishop of San Francisco.

THE day the Archbishop's letter was received the Junior Red Cross was established, with Nancy Pattison as President, Margaret Collins as Vice-President, Dorothy McGuire as Secretary, and Estelle Gassner as Treasurer. We quote from *The Periscope* the president's appeal to the students: "You ask what a Red Cross is? A charitable organization? Yes. A human society? Yes. But it is more than that—it is the living prayer of noble hearts, the refuge of all sufferers. So we must do our bit, as little as it is, to help our nation on to victory. Think of those boys and men who have left comfortable, happy homes and who are now in muddy trenches "Somewhere in France," who have left all, and who apparently get so little in return, and then think of yourselves with everything before you, life and all that is worth while. Think of those brothers of yours—for we are all one great family now—suffering from the cold, and then think of the moments you might spend knitting for them. They are fighting for you that you may have all the glorious rights of freedom; and are you not willing to sacrifice something in return? Then, help the Red Cross, which represents the sacrifice of thousands of noble American women—help it by increasing its activities to end the war."

FEBRUARY sixth the Grammar School gave a play for the benefit of the Red Cross. Janet Turpin was very charming in the title-role of little Miss Muffet, but the audience was no less delighted by the other quaint figures that stepped out of the pages of Mother Goose. All the children of the Old Woman who Lived in the Shoe were invited to come to the party given by Mother Goose (Lenore Keithley) and Polly Put the Kettle On (Ruth Wall). It was a wonderful party, even though little Miss Muffet, who went after Mother Hubbard, got lost and scared the rest of the party almost to death. For a long time no one knew that Miss Muffet was lost, and there was dancing and singing of songs. The audience were told all the dear familiar Mother Goose adventures, and were sent into shrieks of laughter by the antics of Simple Simon, dressed as a clown, with the added glory of a long swallow-tailed coat. Then Miss Muffet's loss was discovered, and the guests set forth in a gloomy procession to find her. But Simple Simon, who was the only person simple enough to look on Mother Hubbard's doorstep, came back hand in hand with the lost darling, just in time to meet the other searchers returned in despair. All's well that ends well—and the Grammar School proudly turned over their well-earned gold to the Red Cross.

FEBRUARY twenty-second, the Service Flag of San Rafael was blessed in the Church. The Reverend W. P. Sullivan officiated and preached a very beautiful sermon, addressed especially to the mothers who had given their sons for their country, the mothers who must look to Mary's courage for example and support—Mary who did not pray for her Son to stay at home and forego the world's great sacrifice, but who followed Him even to the foot of the Cross. The whole ceremony was very solemn and impressive. Four of our Dominican children carried the flag, on which were shown ninety-eight stars. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Reverend F. McElroy, Reverend J. Harrington, deacon; Reverend M. O'Keefe, sub-deacon. Saint Bruno's Mass by R. B. Terry, Hymn of Praise, Hail Cross Divine, and Gaude Mater Ecclesia were sung by the choir of Dominican College.

ON St. Patrick's Day a program was arranged at Dominican College in honor of the Reverend Patrick Foley, the beloved pastor of San Rafael. Irish recitations made

ST. PATRICK'S
DAY

prologue and epilogue to the chief feature of the day, a presentation of the "White Dove of Erin." The theme of this religious drama is the life of St. Brigid. Episodes of her young girlhood, and of her convent which she founded, were pleasingly pictured.

Ruth Marion, in the rôle of the Saint, was very appealing, and so well disguised that her best friends hardly knew her. After the program was completed, Father Foley thanked the Sisters and girls in a few happily chosen and very earnest words of appreciation.

ONE of the most interesting events of the year was the lecture by Robin Flynn, a member of the First Ambulance unit to go to France. Lieutenant FLYNN charmed his audiences by his sincerity and simplicity, and ROBIN FLYNN his graphic descriptions of trench warfare will linger long in the memory of his hearers. The many friends of Robin Flynn at Dominican College will keep him daily in prayerful remembrance.

MRS. CONWAY EVANS gave an interesting lecture on "San Marco, Savonarola and Fra Angelico." Long residence in Florence has given her an invaluable opportunity to gather material for her subject.

ON October twentieth, Dr. Francis M. Greene, of the University of California, gave the first of a series of six illustrated lectures on Art. In his introductory talk he discussed fundamental principles, bringing out his points with striking clearness. In his second lecture, Dr. Greene treated of various viewpoints from which the artist may undertake his work, illustrating by pictures, showing how different artists may treat the same subject. The third lecture was on lines. Dr. Greene talked illuminatingly on the artist's use of different types of line, his method of securing thereby the finest effects of harmonious beauty. Rhythm of color was the topic of the fourth lecture. The slides were not colored, but the speaker made up for this lack by the vivid clearness of his explanations. Balance, vital to art as to all things, was the subject of the fifth lecture. The comparison of painting to musical composition, enlightened the audience on many difficult points.

In the sixth and final lecture, Dr. Greene discussed the atmosphere and tone of painting. His use of the same compositions for the explanation of different subjects was peculiarly effective. In closing, the speaker paid a grateful tribute to the spirit of his convent listeners.

AMONG the most delightful events of the year may be numbered the lectures given by George Wharton James, the celebrated author and lecturer, who has done so much to arouse interest in the historic remains of the southwest. The subjects treated by Dr. James were the Missions of California; California Writers—Ina Coolbrith, Bret Harte and Charles Warren Stoddard; and the Yosemite. Dr. James introduced his talk on the Missions by a brief sketch of the early explorations of the Spaniards, leading up to their occupation of New Mexico and California and the founding of the Missions. He dwelt especially on the architectural differences between the Missions of New Mexico and those of California—the latter built on the old Moorish models of Spain; the former constructed by men unskilled in architecture, seemingly made in imitation of the natural rock formations that the Padres saw all about them. This point Dr. James explained that he had worked out after much study and close observation during a recent stay in Arizona and New Mexico. He was expressing this view, he said, for the first time to his audience at Dominican College.

The lecture on California Writers was prefaced by some remarks on the value of good books and on California as an inspiration in the making of good books. Dr. James's account of Bret Harte, Ina Coolbrith and Charles Warren Stoddard, the "Golden Gate Trinity," was made interesting by vivid portraiture and lively anecdote. The founding of the *Overland Monthly* and its connection with the fortunes of the three authors was the central point of interest. The audience was charmed with Dr. James's appreciative readings, especially by "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Bells of San Gabriel."

In the final lecture, views were given of the Yosemite Valley, accompanied by historical explanations and interesting comments on scenes with which the lecturer has had almost a lifetime's acquaintance.

Dr. James has an impressive personality, and he is steeped in the atmosphere of the Spanish West. His lectures are not of the stereotyped variety. Not the least part of the appeal that he makes is due to his intuitive understanding of his audience. His hearers at Dominican College were left with a keen desire to hear more of the subjects that he made so vivid.

EGYPT, Palestine, West Africa and Ireland were the lands visited in an illustrated lecture by the Reverend O'Sullivan, of the Missionary Society of Lyons. The subject of the lecture suggests Aladdin's Carpet, or Around the World in Eighty Minutes. But Father O'Sullivan was more than equal to his task. He gave a stirring account of the labors of his noble order in Egypt and West Africa, commenting pointedly upon the missionary activities of France, a so-called "infidel" country. His words on Ireland glowed with a patriot's pride and sparkled with delicious Irish humor.

LECTURE ON THE RED CROSS BY MISS ALICE L. FLEENOR

WEDNESDAY afternoon, March twentieth, Miss Alice L. Fleenor gave an illustrated lecture on the Red Cross. She depicted movingly the fearful conditions of the war in Europe, and explained the various ways the Red Cross works to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded, and to help the stricken families of those who have given their lives to their country. Perhaps the most touching moment was when she spoke of the children, the innocent victims of the war.

LECTURE ON BEES BY MRS. L. HOHWIESNER

SATURDAY evening, March twenty-third, Mrs. Hohwiesner gave a discourse on Bees, enriched by her readings from ancient and modern authorities, and by her own practical knowledge of this most interesting of the wild workers domesticated by man. The lecture was illustrated by slides, but Mrs. Hohwiesner displayed also a sample case of her own bees, and to the delight of her audience dressed herself in a net costume that she has invented to secure safety in handling her dangerous pets.

ANNUAL RETREAT

ON the evening of Palm Sunday, the Annual Retreat, conducted by the Reverend J. McMullen, O. P., was begun. It continued until Wednesday of Holy Week, after which the girls left for their Easter vacation. For two days and nights there was silence, prayer, and meditation. Father McMullen's conferences furnished excellent food for meditation, for his words went straight to the heart. He spoke very simply and very practically. One might have thought that he had lived among the children of Dominican College, so well did he seem to know the peculiar failings, the recurring difficul-

ties with which the children are beset. He spoke not at all of ceremonies and dogma, but he made sin seem ugly and virtue beautiful, and he offered helpful suggestions for the overcoming of evil. Vacation found all the school prepared to give their best to their parents and guardians, whose unselfishness Father McMullen had taught them to understand.

MARCH nineteenth, St. Joseph's Day, began a new epoch in the history of Dominican College. The Sisters completed the purchase of the adjoining estate, Meadowlands, the late summer residence of Mr. M. H. de Young. For many years this acquisition had been the dream of the community. At last the growth of the High School and Junior College has made the realization of the dream a necessity. Now the Junior College will be permanently established in a separate building, which will offer ample room for continued growth. Meadowlands is one of the finest residences of San Rafael. The grounds have always tempted the flower-loving children of Dominican College. Charming walks wind in and out among the gardens and orchards. It is only a step from the glowing sunshine to paths deeply shaded by eucalyptus, pine, and cedar trees that overlook a stream flowing below in a deep ravine. Set well back in the grounds is the house, large and admirably planned; roses riot over the balconies and wide windows flood the rooms with sunshine. Walking on the spacious verandas, one looks out upon stretches of green lawn shaded by fine old trees, and bordered by brilliant flower-beds. Beyond rises the dense green of the eucalyptus and pine groves; then, another step, and Tamalpais crowns the view, the long sombre length of the Sleeping Maiden, a symbol of eternal power in eternal rest.

ON March 19, 1918, the Sisters of Saint Dominic, Dominican College, San Rafael, completed the purchase of Meadowlands, the summer home of M. H. de Young. The addition of this estate to Dominican College was necessitated by the growth of the Junior College, established in 1915. The success of the Junior College during the three years of its existence forms a reasonable basis for the high hopes expressed by the friends of this representative Catholic educational institution. With the increased advantages of this purchase, the Faculty of Dominican College expects to add the final two years to the present accredited Junior College Course.

Meadowlands is adjacent to the Convent, making with it a park of twenty acres. This valuable property is highly cultivated and its loveliness is enhanced by a superb natural setting. The building is spacious and lends itself admirably to the equipment of a well-ordered and beautifully appointed college for women. The work of the school is planned to maintain and to promote the highest ideals of Catholic education, not only for elementary but also for secondary and college training, while the beautiful and inspirational natural surroundings give the student the most favorable conditions for imbibing the great principles of education.

Besides the regular prescribed courses of study, special courses are also given in Music, Art, Language, Secretarial, Commercial and Domestic Science Departments. In addition to the regular study of Music, there is a Supervisors' Course of Music for Public and Parochial Schools. With this course two or more electives from the Junior College are required. The diploma has State accreditation.

The activities of the Sisters of Saint Dominic, touching, as they do, thousands of souls, hearts and minds through the medium of parochial schools, academies and Dominican College, owe their inspiration to the ideals that are the heritage of all followers of Saint Dominic, "the first minister of public instruction in modern Europe."

LIBERTY Bond Day was celebrated at Boyd Park by the various schools of San Rafael—the small Athens of California. Patriotic selections in speech and song with military drills were the order of the afternoon, which was a memorable one for all taking part. Dominican College girls had the honor of singing “The Star-Spangled Banner,” and Eugenia O’Connell, ’18, was much praised for her stirring rendition of “What Is America?”

LIBERTY BOND DAY
CORONATION DAY

IN convent schools, May Day is usually a feast of joy, celebrated with processions and hymns in honor of the feast of Our Mother. In less favored spots than San Rafael the dawn is anxiously awaited. Clear skies and unsoaked lawns are necessary for May processions. But at Dominican College there is no anxious waiting, only happy expectation. When the day comes the children, carrying garlands of roses and singing hymns to their Mother, walk in the sunshine, two by two from the chapel, across the corridors, through the gardens to the Grotto of Lourdes, where the statue of Our Lady is crowned. This year Ruth Marion, Evelyn Phelan, Margaret Cox and Glendene MacBride were the flower-girls; Dorothy Duffy and Catharine Shea the banner-bearers. Alberta Brizzolara and Carmen Mallen bore the crown, and Helen Shea, president of the Children of Mary Sodality, had the honor of crowning Our Lady. The symbolism of the beautiful ceremony must be evident to all—the coronation of the ideal of womanhood. It was fitly closed by Benediction, ending with the chanting of Mary’s outburst in praise of her Lord, the verses of the Magnificat.

ON June 1st, the Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, D. D., Archbishop of San Francisco, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the following young girls:

Elisa German,	Delphine Buchanan,
Helen Covert,	Mary Crumm.
Merle McCullough,	

The Most Reverend Archbishop gave an impressive discourse on the meaning of the Gifts of the Holy Spirit and how necessary they are to every human soul. The ceremony was closed with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

MUSICAL APPRECIATION

THROUGH the past scholastic year, Tuesday evening was devoted to the study of many compositions of the master-musicians. The Victrola was used for the illustrative work, giving the class excellent opportunity to hear some of the world’s greatest artists and best orchestras.

VISIT OF DISTINGUISHED GUESTS

DURING the year Dominican College had the great and unusual honor of a visit from the Most Reverend Louis Theissling, Master General of the Dominican Order. The most Reverend Father was accompanied by the Right Reverend Bishop O’Dea of Washington and the Very Reverend A. L. McMahon, O. P., Provincial of the Western Province. The community and school assembled in the Chapel to receive from the Master General the blessing of His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. After an address by Bishop O’Dea, the Hymn for Peace was sung.

HISTORY OF ART AND TRAVEL

DURING past semester we have studied French Art—its Sculpture, Painting and ecclesiastical Architecture. With this course we have made imaginary tours to cities and places of historic interest throughout France, and specialized Paris, using lantern slides.

IN the midst of the glorious panorama of natural beauty, the Art students of Dominican College, have every opportunity to make permanent with pencil and brush the brilliant colors and exquisite forms of San Rafael scenes. Occasional sketching tours enliven the routine of plain studio work and increase the interest in conventional classroom art.

THIS year the study of Oral Expression was taken up with renewed interest by the numerous students of this useful and fascinating subject. A decided improvement was to be noted in the daily classroom work, especially in regard to clearness of articulation and pleasing tone quality. At intervals during the scholastic year, a number of recitals and the finished production of several plays proved the enthusiasm and diligence of the class.

THE Home Economics Class this year has developed into a most energetic organization. Patriotism has been the dominant note, and willing hearts have lightened the tediousness of Domestic Science in its various branches. "Our boys over there" are responsible for this new-found regard for a subject heretofore voted dull and prosaic, but now made interesting by the spirit of loving service.

THE open-air spirit is rampant at Dominican College, and no recreation brings such keen joy and exhilaration to the students as the weekly walk over the beautiful hills and through the lovely dales of Magnolia Valley:

WALKING TOURS "Come, choose your road and away, my lad,
Come, choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown
As it dips to the sapphire day!
All roads may meet at the world's end,
But, hey for the heart of the May!
Come, choose your road and away, dear lad,
Come, choose your road and away!"

—Alfred Noyes.

THE opening of the New Junior College Hall at Meadowlands enables the School of Music to broaden its curriculum. During the next school year the following credit course will be given at Dominican College by Professor Charles Seeger and associates from the University of California.

1. Introductory lecture.
2. Lecture, with piano illustrations, by George S. McManus.
3. Lecture.
4. Lecture, with vocal illustrations, by Lawrence Strauss.
5. Lecture on orchestra, with illustrations.
6. Lecture, illustrated by stringed quartette.
7. Lecture.
8. Lecture, illustrated by Woodwind quartette.
9. Lecture.
10. Lecture, illustrated by brass quartette.
11. Lecture, with piano illustrations, by George S. McManus.
12. Lecture.
13. Lecture, with vocal illustrations, by Lawrence Strauss.
14. Lecture.
15. Lecture, with violin illustrations.



THE Dominican social year of 1917-18, began with the traditional Old Girls' Welcome to the New. A dance was given in the commencement hall, which was charmingly decorated in the Senior class colors, peculiarly appropriate to the time—red, white and blue. The girls, suddenly transformed from the severity of black uniforms, topped by neatly coroneted heads, into fluffy-ruffled maids all shades of the rainbow, made a gay and happy picture as they danced lightly through the halls. The evening ended with refreshments, very simple, in accordance with the mandates of Mr. Hoover, but plentiful and thoroughly enjoyed.

**OLD GIRLS'
WELCOME
TO THE NEW**

HALLOWE'EN, the Summer House, artistically decorated with gay festoons, lighted pumpkins and black cats and witches cavorting on an orange background, was the scene of the Freshman Fête. Fortunes were told in mysterious-looking tents; Chambers of Horrors were prepared for those brave enough to enter; and long processions of pallid ghosts made weird the "witching hour."

**HALLOWE'EN
PARTY**

DECEMBER nineteenth the girls of Dominican College and the Orphans of St. Vincent's were made happy as a result of the Junior, Senior, and Freshman festivities; but on January nineteenth the Sophomores, not to be outdone, gave a Japanese Bazaar. According to *The Periscope*, this was a truly oriental affair, with Spanish tamales, American pickles and sandwiches, French pastry and "homemade" candy. For variety, this Bazaar was held indoors, the charmingly decorated room making an effective background for the dainty Japanese maidens (black uniformed Sophomores suddenly turned butterflies), who gaily dispensed their varied wares. The evening ended with a well-managed dance, and the proceeds of the party were turned over for the benefit of the Year Book.

**SOPHOMORE
JAPANESE
PARTY**

BAZAARS as a form of entertainment are popular at Dominican College. The Juniors started the fashion for 1917-1918. They arranged simple booths in the Summer House of the North Garden and sold sandwiches, salads and other dainties for the benefit of the orphans of St. Vincent's Asylum. The proceeds quite justified the toil of the workers, who went to bed happy in the thought of the joy they could bring at Christmas to their little brothers less blessed in worldly goods than themselves.

**JUNIOR
GARDEN FETE**

ENCOURAGED by the success of the Junior effort, the Seniors sold varieties of goodies and tempted their schoolmates to ventures at the Wheel of Fortune. Their labors added greatly to the Orphans' fund, and made a pleasant evening for Dominican College.

ONE of the pleasantest of the year's social events was the Senior Camouflage Party. There were present many of the old familiar figures of the masked ball, but many startling and original costumes could be seen in the brilliant-hued procession that marched through the halls. There were Red Cross nurses and ballet-girls, Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm and her maiden aunts, infants attended by black mammies that sent a pang of memory through Southern hearts, while Charlotte Merckley as "toothless Jane" carried off the honors as the belle of the ball.

SENIOR
CAMOUFLAGE
PARTY

BECAUSE of the early approach of Lent, Saint Valentine's Day was celebrated February twelfth, Shrove Tuesday. To Hooverize being a patriotic duty, the celebration was made a "Hard Times Party." Simple old-fashioned garments were pulled out of ancient chests. There was a studied absence of silks and satins, but the costumes were quite as interesting as those of the Senior Camouflage Party. The guests were invited to bring original verses instead of cards of entrance. In the High School and Grammar School prizes were awarded by the editors of *The Periscope*, who walked proudly about in rustling newspapers. Nancy Pattison was awarded the first High School Prize for the following verse:

My muvver gived me big wred heart
Wif chocklate cream insides.
'An I just loved that big wred heart,
And chocklate cream besides.

Way up behind the ole blue jar
I put my big, wred heart,
So no one 'ud know where it was
Cause I'm jist awful smart.

And then one day I wanted it
Wif chocklate cream and all.
I stretched 'way up to get my heart—
I guess it had a fall.

For there was nuthin' there although
My fingers sort 'o stuck.
An I have never found my heart—
I 'spose that's jist my luck.

My muvver said it was the sun
'An she jist laughed at me.
But how the sun could take my heart
Is more 'n I can see.

The Grammar Department prize was awarded to Ruth Wall:

I haven't much to send, across the sea so blue,
And so I'll post this valentine from your own red, white and blue.

THE Musical Dramatic Program of the Third Academics, ostensibly modeled upon the latest and best in art, was not only a decided innovation on Dominican College stage, but was tremendously entertaining in its vim, vigor and swing. The audience agreed unanimously that the progressive and talented Third Year Academics succeeded admirably in giving the most delightfully unusual program of the season.

THURSDAY, May 29, was a day marked red in the annals of the College, for the Class of '18 had the unique and well-deserved honor of being the first to have a class-day celebration in the newly acquired College property, "Meadowlands."

CLASS DAY A rose-garland procession of the graduates wound its merry way from St. Thomas Hall over the terrace, through the main building, down the main drive, up the shaded locust avenue, then in and out among the beautiful garden paths of "Meadowlands." An eager audience seated upon the steps, porch and lawns of the new College Hall awaited with interest the presentation of the Class Day program, which was given from a rustic platform high up in an elm tree. A much-beribboned commemoration tree was then planted, and the Class Hymn for Peace was sung at the conclusion of the ceremony. Then the participants dispensed hospitality to their guests in the Japanese tea house, which is prettily situated in a shaded part of the garden. Here, strawberry punch, sandwiches and cake satisfied appetites sharpened by an abundance of fun and fresh air. At the end of these pleasant hours Benediction was given in the Chapel. Truly Class Day of '18 was a day of precious remembrance.

ON May ninth Helen Gagan was a charming hostess to the Class of '18, giving each and every member a most enjoyable time at her home in San Anselmo.





DOMINICAN COLLEGE STUDENTS STAGE MILTON'S "COMUS"

BY REDFERN MASON

Ruskin once said that if he had to choose between sanitation and prayer as a preventive against disease, he should choose prayer. A similar faith actuated the Sisters of St. Dominic yesterday. They wanted fine weather for the Commencement exercises of Dominican College at San Rafael, so they prayed for it. They got it, and if the sky was overcast, the deep greens of olive and umbrella tree showed that nature knows just what tones are best suited to bring out the tones of the Maytime masque presented by the graduates. The work chosen was Milton's "Comus," and only respect for the rules observed by the Sisters of St. Dominic stays my hand from gratefully inditing the name of the gentle nun who oversaw the task from its inception to its completion. She obtained the score in the edition made by Sir Frederick Bridge for the Milton tercentenary and condensed the poem within the limits of dramatic reasonableness.

A LABOR OF LOVE

The learning of text and music has been a labor of love on the part of the students for the last term. Yesterday's performance was one of the strongest arguments of the artistic aptitude of California's young womanhood I have yet come across. "Good sentences and well spoken," I said to myself when Marie Miller, Thyrsis of the play, spoke the prologue, and it greatly rejoiced my English heart when Edith Marie Brooks, in a sweet voice, sang the lovely "Echo Song." For this music, like the "King's Hunting Jig,"—interpolated by a happy afterthought—is as English as the compositions of our Handel and Mendelssohn worshiper are un-English. I rejoiced, too, when the orchestra played Selleneger's "Round," authentic music of the English people and full of gamesomeness.

The young proteges of St. Dominic have learned their lesson well. They speak their words clearly; you never have any doubt what they are talking about. The long dialogue of the brothers would be intolerable if this were not the case. Carmelita Heffernan was the elder brother; she spoke her words trippingly, as if the idea were just occurring to her—a rare distinction in an amateur. Margaret Harrigan, the younger brother, was slower of utterance, but enunciated distinctly. Comus was a lassie of sixteen, Nancy Pattison, a clever miss, with a sense of the dramatic. The Lady was Vere Terwilliger, and she spoke Milton's lovely word music with an evident sense of its moral dignity. And if the masque was a pleasure to the ear, it was a delight also to the eye.

Archbishop Hanna was one of the spectators. He delivered the diplomas, and talked to the graduates. The Archbishop is a master of well-ordered discourse, and speaks from the heart. I am sure that every girl who heard him will take his words to herself as the blessing of a father in God.

Just a word at the close in recognition of the clever harp-playing of Barbara Merkley, and the well-rounded periods of "The Secret Shrine" spoken by Kathryn Kraft.

DOMINICAN GIRLS DISPLAY RARE GENIUS IN PRESENTING "COMUS"

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18

SAN RAFAEL AUDIENCE THRILLED BY AMBITIOUS PERFORMANCE OF FAIR GRADUATES

BY WALTER ANTHONY

To paraphrase Thyrsis in her prologue of Milton's "Comus":

"Before the starry threshold of Youth's Court
My station was."

The stars were a troupe of girls, whose presence radiated a dear charm and purity, and whose performance of "Comus" should seriously and not condescendingly be taken. Dominican College in San Rafael was celebrating yesterday afternoon, another Commencement Day. Should duty never take me there again, I would boldly beg admission on a plea which, I think, would surely not be denied any one in that serene place. I would beg the privilege for my soul's good. Yesterday's presentation of "Comus," it were unfair to compare to last year's, for the age-old merit in the work chosen; but on other accounts, too, it was superior—though I would not dare to say that this year's cluster of girls was fairer or more worthy than last. They had a better vehicle yesterday and the music and the production were finer. Indeed, if the performance had been any better it would have been professional—and may the Dominican College of San Rafael be forever saved from such sophisticated perfections.

IN A COURT OF BLOOMS

In the court back of the main building, flanked by two other structures and filled with trees and grass and flowers, the performance took place. The girls made their entrance at the wings under the olive trees or came down "front stage" through a path, tree-roofed. They faced their audience under the symmetry of umbrella trees and hawthorns just budding, or grouped themselves about on the grass or on the broad stone steps which cut the stage in halves. Genius had been at work not only in the book of "Comus," but in the garments of the girls. They were dazzling greens touched with many shades; other greens to shame the sward and pink on little maidens whom the programme named, quite needlessly, fairies. Yellows and blues and browns were still other hues, and through this environment of Youth in spring walked the stately Lady of John Milton's young dreams—a Lady of high purity and beauty; whose dignity halted the designs of wicked Comus; whose intellect confounded him and whose chastity overwhelmed him. Like some dream picture she wandered under the trees and assured a believing audience that "good men—'tis they alone can give good things," and that "that which is not good is not delicious to a well-governed and wise appetite."

VERE TERWILLIGER IN LEAD

Vere Terwilliger, with grave demeanor, played the rôle of the Lady. Nancy Pattison was as wicked a Comus as her girlish self could be. To have pretended to so much evil was indeed a triumph of acting, and carried off with real spirit, I assure you. Thyrsis was presented by Marie Miller in an ebullient mood and ethereal, too, as befitted one whose companions were bright aerial spirits. Her voice, like that of Miss Pattison's, was vigorously contralto and very musical. Their articulation is commended to the attention of actor-folk. One could hear every syllable of Milton's entrancing lines. And this remark applies, with but the slightest reservation, to the entire company and to all the principals.

ROLES BOLDLY PLAYED

The elder brother, confident in the safe issuance of his sister from her peril, was played with bold confidence by Carmelita Heffernan; though whoever taught her to wield her sword in such a puissant manner? The second brother, played by Margaret Harrigan, was in appropriate mood of despair; Sabrina was grace in green and personified by Lady Mutch; Aileen McCann as Echo, and Dorothy McGuire, Geraldine Stephany, Eleanor Dowlar, Charlotte Brown, Helen Frietas, Elizabeth Beardsley and Edna Chase were others of the company who, in the smaller rôles, demonstrated their capacity for bigger. Precluding the presentation of "Comus," was a harp solo played with secure technic by Barbara Merkley. And that reminds me that there used to be an expression of contempt for the musical attainments of convent graduates whose efforts were sometimes too much directed to the sentimentalities of music—the "Maiden's Prayer," and such things. No such reproach can be urged against these girls. They show foundational vigor, firmness and a finish of technic which will carry them as far as their native, individual gifts will permit.

MUSIC WINS APPLAUSE

Two of the young members of the music department alternated at the piano with the professional orchestra of artists, most of whom are from our symphony orchestra, and drew from them spontaneous expressions of delight and approval. Bach and a good teacher are back of their training. The College celebrated an important event in the presentation of the first junior college diploma of its history. The young woman was Camilla Malone, who thus bears a singular honor and at a tender age will doubtless prove to have been a pioneer among the hosts who will some day follow from San Rafael, if the desires of Archbishop Hanna, as expressed in his eloquent address, are realized.

THE MUSICAL SETTING

I should say a word about the musical setting of "Comus." It was secured from England and was Henry Lawes' composition as arranged from the original score by Bridge. It was appropriately "atmospheric."

FEAST OF SAINT LOUIS BERTRAND

OCTOBER 10, 1917

Prelude, C sharp minor (<i>Rachmaninoff</i>)	Marjorie Terwilliger, Carmen Valdaviesa, Opal Lisenby
Address	Naney Pattison
a. Opus 10, No. 2, F minor (<i>Beethoven</i>)	} Leonore Keithley
b. Opus 28, No. 10, C sharp minor (<i>Chopin</i>)		
"King Robert of Sicily"	Naney Pattison, Vere Terwilliger, Ruth Marion, Marguerite Harrigan, Elizabeth Radgesky. Evelyn Phelan at the piano
Morning (<i>Oley Speaks</i>)	Georgia Randolph
"The Angels of Buena Vista"	Frances Ramsay
Spanish Dance, Op. 12, No. 4 (<i>Moskowski</i>)	Ruth Price, Alberta Brizzolara, Glendene McBride, Ruth Marion

CHRISTMAS, 1917

DECEMBER 19

A MYSTERY PLAY IN HONOR OF THE NATIVITY OF OUR DIVINE LORD

BY ROBERT HUGH BENSON

Mary	Evelyn Phelan		
Joseph	Helen Shea		
Tobias (Landlord of Inn at Bethlehem)	Dorothy Blaney		
David (his servant)	Loraine Theisen		
Zachary	}	Three Shepherds		
Ezra			Naney Pattison
Ben-Ezra			Alberta Brizzolara
Eliphaz	}	Three Merchants		
Nadad			Frances Ramsay
Uzziel			Marguerite Harrigan
Martha (a child)	Vere Terwilliger		
Abel (her brother)	Elizabeth Radgesky		
		Catherine Shea		
		Ruth Marion		

Angels: Georgia Steirly, Lorene Towne, Dorothy Wall, Regina McCauley

Dorothy Staiger, Carmen Mallen

Herald: Eugenia O'Connell

Scenes: 1. Road outside Bethlehem; 2. The Kitchen of the Inn; 3. Hills outside Bethlehem; 4. Interior of the Stable; 5. The same

Christmas Carols: Angels We Have Heard, The Prince of Peace, Song of the Pifferari, O Little Town of Bethlehem, Holy Night, Venite Adoremus, The First Noel, Adeste Fideles.

Choir: Louise Volente, Christine Marelia, Violet Marcille, Dorothy Randall, Margaret Shipp, Josefita Caceres, Annabel Wheaton, Helen Curtis, Marcella Knierr, Helene Sturdivant, Opal Lisenby.

[106]

"Christmas Wishes" Marcella Knierr



THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

JUNIOR RED CROSS BENEFIT
 GIVEN BY THE GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT
 FEBRUARY 9, 1918

"LITTLE MISS MUFFET, LOST AND FOUND"

Synopsis: Mother Goose invites her many friends to tea. Little Miss Muffet goes to invite Mother Hubbard, and does not return. Mother Goose goes in search for her, but Simple Simon finally succeeds in finding Miss Muffet.

Place: A room in the home of Mother Goose

Mother Goose	Leonore Keithly
Mother Hubbard	Anita Birney
Miss Muffet	Janet Turpin
Simple Simon	Katherine Fitzgerald
Polly	Ruth Wall
Betty	Priscilla Jacobi
Little Jack Horner	O'Enone Locke-Paddon
Tom the Piper's Son	Phyllis Wand
Tommy Tucker	Katherine Shea
Bo-Peep	Mary Crum
Billy Boy	Louise Snitjer
Marjery Dor	Irene Torre
Peter White	Pauline Phalen
Tommy Snooks	Eva Louise Finn
Bessie Brooks	Delphine Buchanan
Richard	Hebe de Rondon Pos
Robin	Dorothy Finn
Tweedle-dee	Frances Torre
Tweedle-dum	Lucilla Mackinney
Boy Blue	Edith La Motte
Jack	Vanadene Wilson
Jill	Marie Wempe

Children in the Shoe

Dorothy Duffy, Accompanist

FEAST OF SAINT PATRICK

MARCH 17 —

"A Greeting from Erin".....	Frances Ramsay
The Last Rose of Summer—harp (<i>Flotow</i>).....	Barbara Merkley

"THE WHITE DOVE OF ERIN"

Episodes from the life of Saint Brigid

- First Scene, daybreak—Faughart, the house of Saint Brigid
- Second Scene, morning—The Court of King Dunling
- Third Scene, noonday—Kildare, near Saint Brigid's Convent
- Fourth Scene, sunset—Kildare
- Fifth Scene, evening—The City of Rome
- Sixth Scene—The Eternal Dawn

Saint Brigid	Ruth Marion
Dubtach, her father	Josephine Clement
Brotsech, her mother	Mary Edna Gossage
Finola	} Serving maids in the house of Brotsech {
Gormlaith	
Dunling, King of LeinsterAlberta Brizzolara
Dermod, one of the Royal PagesDorothy McGuire
Dara	} Nuns of Saint Brigid's Community at Kildare {
Caelinn	
	(Dara is blind)
Georgia Steirly
Carmen Mallen

Ninnidh	} Clerical students at Kildare { Nancy Pattison
Donnel Helen Gagan
Conrach Helen Shea
An Angel Vere Terwilliger
A Beggar Woman Sydney Goetzfried
An Old Man Dorothy Staiger
A Little Child Loraine Theisen
A Dumb Girl Regina McCauley
The Mother of the Dumb Girl Louise Volente
Choir: Marjorie Terwilliger, Violet Marcille, Christine Marelia, George Randolph, Margaret Collins, Dorothy Blaney		

Eyes of Irish Blue (<i>Litta Lynn</i>)	Georgia Randolph
"Connor"	Margaret Harrigan
Melodies of Ireland (harp)	Barbara Merkley

AN EVENING WITH THE ACADEMIC THIRD YEAR

MAY 1, 1918

Overture D. C. Jazz Band

"THE WRONG MISS MATHER"

Scene: Gymnasium of Miss Mather's Boarding School

Miss Mather, Principal	Ruth Price
Agnes Davis	Marion Knight
Kitty Baker	Blanche Kengla
Gertrude Benson	Annabelle Wheaton
Anna Edwards	Marcelle Radgesky
Esther McCain	Elizabeth Radgesky

"STRATEGIC REASONS"

Scene—Chateau de Villeron, near Paris
 Time—The Present

Cerisette, a young French girl	Evelyn Phelan
The Marquise de Villeron, her grandmother	Elizabeth Waterman
Lieutenant "Camillus" Cameraldo	Charlotte Merkley
Lieutenant "Gerald" Anstruther	Lillian Leland

"BOHEMIANS IN ARCADY"

Place—Arcady

Pierrot	Helene Sturdivant
Pierrette	Dorothy Wall
Arcadians: Marcelle Radgesky, Annabelle Wheaton, Glendene McBride, Ada Shadburn	

Finale D. C. Jazz Band

EVELYN PHELAN

Program of Piano Music
 Saturday, May 11

Fantaisie C minor	Bach
Ballade Op. 10, No. 2	Brahms
Sonata C sharp minor—Adagio, Allegretto, Presto	Beethoven
Arabesque—La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin—Mazurka	Debussy
Etude Op. 25, No. 7—Berceuse Op. 57—Impromptu Op. 29	Chopin
Song of The Lark	Tschaikowsky
Prelude	Scriabine
Rhapsodie C major	Dohnanyi

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18

LENORE MARIE KEITHLEY

Program of Piano Music
Saturday, May 18

- Two Part Invention A minor.....*Bach*
- Romanza *Mozart*
- Allegro con brio Op. 2, No. 3—Allegretto from Op. 10, No. 2.....*Beethoven*
- Scenes from Childhood Op. 15.....*Schumann*
- Consolation No. VI—Nocturne *Liszt*
- Arabesque E major—Arabesque G major.....*Debussy*
- The Witches' Dance.....*MacDowell*

PROGRAM OF PIANO MUSIC BY THE MANSFELDT
CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

Through the courtesy of Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, the renowned disciple of Liszt,
this delightful concert was given

- Concerto, A major *Liszt*
Stella Howell, Berkeley Howell
- Concerto, C sharp minor.....*Chaminade*
Alyce Dupas Brown, Stella Howell
- Concerto, A minor *Grieg*
Esther Hyelte, Stella Howell
- Concerto G minor *Saint-Saens*
Lillian Simonsen, Stella Howell

VIOLET MARCILLE

Program of School Music
Tuesday, May 21, 1918

- My Dolly (*Jessie Gaynor*).....Primary Grades
- "A Moonlight Sonata"Frances Baker
- a. Tarentelle—b. Hunting Song (*Heller*).....Priscilla Jacobi
- Spring Rain (*Gurlitt*).....Third and Fourth Grades
- "The Swan Song"Catherine Shea
- Our Flag (*Jessie Gaynor*).....Fifth and Sixth Grades
- a. Vainka's Song (*Whinshaw*) }
b. A Birthday (*Woodman*) }Violet Marcille
- Night (*Franz Abt*).....Seventh and Eighth Grades
- Hymn for Peace.....

OPAL LISENBY

Program of Piano Music
Saturday, May 25

- Prelude, G minor.....*Rachmaninoff*
- Hark, Hark, the Lark.....*Schubert-Liszt*
- Evening Star Romance*Wagner-Liszt*
- Polonaise C minor.....*Chopin*
- Melodie*McDowell*
- Reverie*Debussy*
- Tarentelle*Zarembski*

LITERARY-MUSICAL PROGRAM

Tuesday, May 27, 1918

- At the Dawn (*Grieg*).....Ruth Marion, Glendene McBride
- a. A Little Song (*Leowald Erdody*) }
b. Spring's Awakening (*Sanderson*) }Georgia Randolph
- "The Miracle" Ruth Marion
- Nocturne (*Grieg*)Dorothy Duffy
- "Reveille" Georgia Steirly
- Anitra's Dance (*Grieg*).....Christine Marelia, Ruth Price
- School for Scandal (*Sheridan*)
Act 1—Scene 1. Act 2—Scene 1
- Sir Peter Teazle Nancy Pattison
- Lady TeazleFrances Ramsay
- "The Voice from the Desert". Vere Terwilliger, Georgia Randolph, Marjorie Terwilliger
(Poem by *Emile Cammaerts*, music by *Sir Edward Elgar*)
- In the Hall of the Mountain King (*Grieg*).....Evelyn Phelan, Opal Lisenby

SENIOR CLASS DAY

JUNE 5, 1918

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18

Class flower	Cecil Bruner Rose
Class colors	Red, White, Blue
Class motto	Nulla victoria sine labore

Rose-Garland Procession to Meadowlands Class of '18

Class history	Helen Gagan
Class song	Louise Valente
Class poem	Nancy Pattison
Class prophecy	Dorothy Blaney
Class will	Dorothy McGuire
Class hymn—Prayer for Peace.	



*“Once more the children throng the lanes,
Themselves like flowers, to weave
Their garlands and their daisy chains”*

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

CARMEN MALLEN	President
Double Honor	
ALBERTA BRIZZOLARA	Vice-President
Double Honor	
DOROTHY MCGUIRE	Secretary
NANCY PATTISON	Treasurer
Scholarship	

DOROTHY BLANEY

Program of Piano Music
Friday, May 31, 1918

Italian Concerto—Allegro, Adagio, Presto.....	Bach
Allegretto Op. 10, No. 2.....	Beethoven
Waltzes, Op. 39.....	Brahms
Fantaisie D minor.....	Mozart
Andante Op. 22.....	Schumann
Tambourin.....	Rameau-Godowsky
La Fille aux cheveux et Lin.....	Debussy
Rhapsody C major.....	Dohnanyi

LITERARY-MUSICAL PROGRAM

Monday, June 3, 1918

Sous Bois (<i>Victor Staub</i>).....	Christine Marelia, Violet Marcille
"Grandfather's Rose".....	Eugenia O'Connell
Southern Folk Song (<i>Geibel</i>).....	Choral Class
"The Belgian Flag".....	Marguerite Harrigan, Ruth Price
(Poem by <i>Emile Cammaerts</i> , music by <i>Sir Edgar Elgar</i>)	
Waltz from Faust (<i>Liszt</i>).....	Carmen Valdaviesca
The Rivals.....	Sheridan
	Act 2—Scene 2
Mrs. Malaprop.....	Frances Ramsay
Lydia Languish.....	Frances Snitjer
Sir Anthony Absolute.....	Josephine Clement
a. The Spring Has Come (<i>Maud V. White</i>),	}.....Georgia Randolph
b. Si mes vers avaient des ailes (<i>Hahn</i>)	
c. Morning (<i>Oley Speaks</i>).....	
Finale, Etudes Symphoniques (<i>Schumann</i>).....	Dorothy Blaney, Evelyn Phelan



"How these merry, merry fays
Wander thro the summer days!"

COMMENCEMENT DAY
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1918

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18

"The Soul of Jeanne d'Arc"..... Ruth Marion
"THE BLESSED MAID OF ORLEANS"
Incidental music: Converse, Gaul, Guilmant
Episodes: "The May of Inspiration" (*Domremy*), "The May of Victory" (*Orleans*), "The May of Fall" (*Rheims-Compiègne*), "The May of Sacrifice" (*Rouen*), "The May of Triumph."
Dances: Folk Dance, Angels—Processional and Recessional, Troubadour Dance, Fleur-de-Lis Dance, Coronation Pageant, Angels—Processional and Recessional.
Jeanne d'Arc, the Blessed Maid..... Nancy Pattison
Saint Michael Dorothy McGuire
Saint Catherine Evelyn Phelan
Saint Margaret Estelle Gassner
Charles, Dauphin of France..... Vere Terwilliger
Lady Agnes, his foster sister Eugenia O'Connell
Lady Clare Dorothy Hall
Earl Dunois Lillian Leland
Count La Hire Dorothy Blaney
Jacques d'Arc, Jeanne's father..... Marguerite Harrigan
Louise Sisters of Jeanne { Carmen Mallen
Margo Ruth Marion
Hauviette Dorothy Staiger
Bibette Frances Ramsay
Gerard (a wounded soldier) Vera de Rondon-Pos
Remi Helen Shea
Pierre Georgia Steirly
Renaud Josephine Clement
Sieur de Bourlement..... Marcella Knierr
Court Jester Marcella Radgesky
Judges Marion Knight, Deborah Pentz, Alberta Brizzolara
Clerk Margaret Cox
Pages Annabel Wheaton, Velma Mahan, Lorene Dyer, Loraine Theisen
Heralds Vanadene Wilson, Gladys Williamson
Sacristans Elizabeth Waterman, Mary Edna Gossage
Dominican Friars Merle Lemaire, Ada Shadburn
Courtiers, Troubadours, Soldiers, Archers, Peasants, Trumpeters, Standard Bearers, Pilgrims, Flower Girls, Angels, Fleur-de-Lis, Torch Bearers, Lancers, Shield Bearers
Choir: Dorothy Blaney, Marjorie Terwilliger, Violet Marcille, Georgia Randolph, Christine Marcella, Louise Valente, Margaret Wooster, Margaret Shipp
Prière (harp) Barbara Merkley
Menuet (*Bizet*) Orchestra
The Dominican Junior College Diploma awarded to Loraine Theisen. The High School Diploma and Medal awarded to Alberta Brizzolara, Dorothy Blaney, Margaret Collins, Claire Griffin, Estelle Gassner, Helen Gagan, Mary Edna Gossage, Sydney Goetzfried, Carmen Mallen, Dorothy McGuire, Regina McCauley, Nancy Pattison, Kathleen Par-kin, Dorothy Staiger, Georgia Steirly, Helen Shea, May Schlosser, Guinevere Terwilliger, Lorene Towne, Louise Valente.
Address..... The Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, D. D., Archbishop of San Francisco

OBITUARY

The Angel of Death visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. McKee, taking their beloved daughter, Marion. We extend sincere and affectionate sympathy to the sorrowing parents. Marion was a bright and earnest member of the Class of '19, sunny and unselfish in disposition. Her sudden passing away was a shock to her teachers and companions, who loved her for her sterling and beautiful qualities of mind and heart.



“THE FUTURE LIFE”

BY REVEREND JOSEPH SÁSIA, S. J.

Benziger Bros., \$2.50

“THE FUTURE LIFE” is a serious book for serious minds, and will appeal to the reflective type of readers and to those who are called upon to answer the questions and objections of fair-minded non-Catholics and others seeking “the Truth, the Light and the Way.” The work of the venerable Jesuit theologian is “the fruit of several years patient research and strenuous labor” and deserves a place in every scholastic library.

“CANON SHEEHAN OF DONERAILE”

IN “CANON SHEEHAN OF DONERAILE,” Dr. Heuser has given to the friends and admirers of this beloved Irish pastor, as well as to booklovers in general, one of the rarest literary pleasures of the year, an inspiring work and a valuable contribution to contemporary Irish history.

It is really the gifted priest who tells his own story in “Books, Personal Memoirs and Letters,” though Dr. Heuser is the skillful director who not only gives us so complete and sympathetic a biography of this saintly and lovable pastor, but is also the editor who drew the gifted author of “Geoffrey Austin” and “The Triumph of Failure” from his obscurity and encouraged him to use the talent that for so many years has been the delight of those who have felt the charm of his wonderful intellect and the sweet pathos of his tender heart. All who know Canon Sheehan through his novels, his tales of Irish life, with its trials and traditions, its sweet, simple joys and heart-breaking sorrows so patiently borne, his “Cithara Mea,” “Under the Cedars and Stars,” and “Parerga,” will welcome Dr. Heuser’s biography most cordially, while many who are not yet acquainted with the author of these charming books will take advantage of so delightful an introduction to the gentle, scholarly priest, who used his genius to do God’s work and to serve Ireland. How humbly he voices this thought in Dr. Gray’s farewell sermon. “All my own love and hope and ambition were centered in these two words—to do God’s work, however imperfectly—to serve Ireland, however unworthily.” Dr. Heuser has indeed done a noble work that merits the grateful acknowledgment of all who love the best in literature, but well as he knows the saintly pastor of Doneraile, and few know his books as thoroughly, or love them more dearly, still the learned Doctor through inadvertence has erroneously quoted the old pastor in “My New Curate” and “The Blindness of Dr. Gray.” Both quotations occur

on the same page toward the end of the biography, and both are perhaps the most beautiful and soul-inspiring lines written by Canon Sheehan. It was not dear old Daddy Dan who made that exquisitely pathetic appeal to his Divine Master, but his impetuous young curate, Father Letheby, and the story of that soul-cry is so sublime a revelation of the beauty and humility of the soul of the author of "My New Curate" that we feel a personal loss at its omission from Dr. Heuser's admirable life of Canon Sheehan.

Father Letheby had been dining at the "Great House." Colonel Campion presided. Bittra and her lover, Captain Ormsby, with some of the more refined and intelligent neighbors, including the new Protestant rector and his wife, were present. "The lights, the flowers, the music, told on Father Letheby's senses, long numbed by the quietness and monotony of his daily life." He entered joyfully into the pleasures of the evening, conversed brilliantly and was the most entertaining and fascinating of the guests. He started for home, filled with pleasant excitement, but as he walked along through the silent night a change came over the spirit of his joy, and he began to reproach himself, perhaps too severely. But his was a lofty and sensitive soul, and there could be no half measures in his priestly life. He looked at the poor cottages of the peasants and the laborers, and thought, "Perhaps there, some little children went to bed hungry tonight." Shame overwhelmed him, and hastening home he sat down in his tiny parlor and thought sadly over the events of the evening. After a few moments of sorrowful introspection, he opened what appeared to be a rather highly decorated cupboard, revealing a triptych that enclosed a most beautiful picture of Christ the Good Shepherd. The young priest gazed long and lovingly, then knelt down and pressed his forehead against the dust-stained feet of Christ and moaned: "Master, if I have done wrong in aught this night, let me know it! If I have betrayed Thy interests, or brought Thy Name to shame, teach me in the sharpest tones and flames of Thy anger, for I need a monitor; and where shall I find so loving or so truthful a monitor as Thou? Alas! how weak and pitiful I am, and how this poor unsubdued nature of mine craves for things beyond Thee! I know there is no truth but in Thee—no sincerity—no constancy. I know what men are, how deceitful in their words, how unkind in their judgments. Yet this lower being within my being forever stretches out its longings to sensible things and will not rest in Thee who art all truth. But I must be brought back to Thee through the sharp pangs of trial and tears. Spare me not, O Master! only do not punish with the deprivation of Thy love." Outside of Holy Scripture one could scarcely find a more perfect prayer of the contrite and humble heart.

"Take my frail life, frail as the moth that wings
Its rapid flight in one melodious breath,
And fashion it anew with all these things
Cast in the brazen crucible of Death.
Lo! as my pulses flag, my senses die,
I feel Thee coming near, and ever near
I hear Thee in my last unuttered sigh.
My spirit lingers but my God is here!"

Was not that the prayer of the stern old theologian Dr. Grey when he felt that his day on earth was done? It was the swan-song of that loving and lovable boy, Jack Wycherly, in far-off South Africa as he lay in his hammock, "watching the stars and saw the Hand of God swinging them in their orbits." "What strength there is in prayer!" he says. "I made a little prayer last night; it is a prayer at least, if it isn't poetry." The entire poem, or little prayer, as Jack calls it, is like exquisite music, and only a soul as perfectly in harmony with "The Spirit of Light" as was that of the meek and gentle pastor of Doneraile could give such melodious expression to thoughts so surpassing in their beauty and spirituality. Surely that Divine Spirit on whom he

called so lovingly "made white his vesture ere he saw his God" and cast around his neck "the white and spotless stole" the clasp of Love, the "seal of purity."

The death of this beloved ambassador of Christ, who captivated the hearts of all who read or heard his wondrous words, touched deeply the souls of St. Dominic's children, for on their great feast of Our Lady of the Rosary he died with his rosary in his hands, giving in death as in life an example of the simplicity of true greatness, and recalling the fact that all his priestly heroes, young and old, grave and stern, or gentle and cheery, were like their creator devoted to Mary Immaculate and lovers of her special Dominican heritage, The Rosary.

"GREAT INSPIRERS"

BY REV. J. A. ZAHM, C. S. C., Ph. D.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York-London

"GREAT INSPIRERS," by the Reverend J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Ph. D., is a book of real power and genuine charm, more fascinating than romance; an ideal book of ideal friendships.

Dr. Zahm has given us pictures of two interesting periods of history; but his eloquent pen has done a greater work in showing the supreme importance of woman's influence, the value of her co-operation in a noble cause when guided by affectionate zeal and lofty intelligence.

Dr. Zahm has done incomparable service in placing truly great inspirers in a new and clearer light. One cannot give the book higher praise than to say that it too is a "great inspirer."

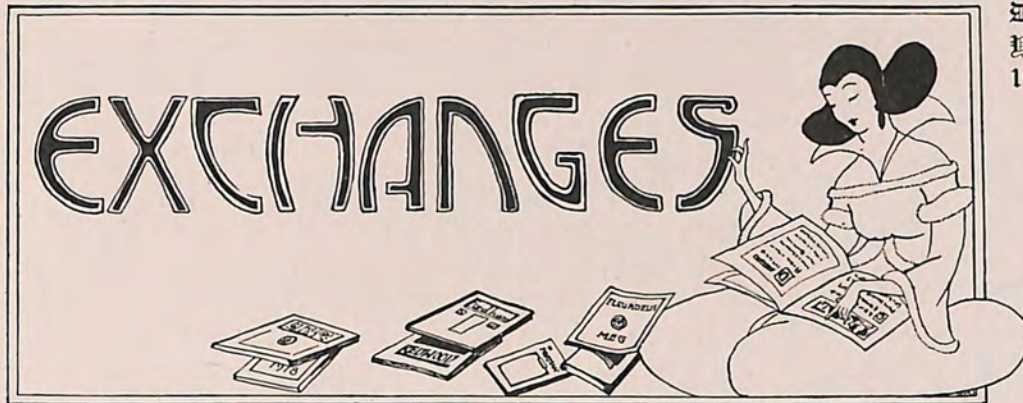
"THE THINGS MEN FIGHT FOR"

BY H. H. POWERS, PH. D.

The University Press, Boston

GLANCING over the latest magazines, browsing among the newest books, one sometimes wonders what we wrote about before the war. The echoes of the colossal struggle reach the quietest corners of the earth. Naturally, much of this war literature amounts to little; some will perhaps find a place among the classics; time will tell. H. H. Powers' "The Things Men Fight For" is not among the most recent publications. It appeared just before America took her place with the Allies; but it is one of the war books that can be recommended as worth while. Mr. Powers wrote this book, he tells the reader, because he could not help it. He had lived among the peoples of every nation now at war in Europe, except Serbia, and he attempts to show the causes that make conflict inevitable in the life-struggle of each nation. He considers the things tangible and intangible for which all men fight; then, separately, he makes out impartially and judicially the case for each nation in the present war. The central idea of the book is that each nation wants its place in the sun, growing room for its peculiar civilization. To hold a place in the sun a country must have undisputed access to the sea. When this access is denied by Nature or by man, the result, from the statesman's point of view, is inevitable.

Very little that Mr. Powers writes is startlingly new. One can hardly expect that; but he focuses the attention on old situations suddenly made illuminatingly and unforgettably new and clear. One is not left quite hopeless, since the author points out that wars are less frequent occurrence now than formerly, and suggests some remedies to make peace more stable. The book closes with an appeal to America. British civilization is the best that human beings have yet worked out, and the civilization of America is British civilization. It is for America to heed the call of the best. She must take her part in the ranks struggling for their place in the sun.



THE REDWOOD: From Santa Clara College comes *The Redwood*, a delightful magazine brimful of interesting articles that will repay perusal. There is a strength and vigor about this publication that is suggestive of its giant namesake. The prose is clever in thought and original in expression, and the verse sings itself into one's heart. "Autumn" and "Change" are quaint and fanciful, with sweet and plaintive tones intermingled. The war verse of these young collegians is above the average, and shows that they are true to the ideals which are their inspiration. "The Flag" and "Rest" are akin to strains of martial music. We think portions of "The Flag" might be set to music and sung by our boys. We have only words of praise for *The Redwood*, which holds one's interest while presenting many truths in an attractive guise. We are proud of the literary work of our young contemporaries, to whom we wish a hearty God-speed.

FLEUR-DE-LIS: Among our visitors of the year we were pleased to greet *The Fleur-de-Lis* from St. Louis University. The number which we received contains some brief but excellent essays, notably one on Francis Thompson's prose; also a magnificent patriotic address by the Reverend William Robinson, S. J. The biographical sketches in the Alumni Department are quite interesting and the Chronicle of the Signal Corps most instructive. *The Fleur-de-Lis* is a worthy contribution to Catholic journalism, and reflects credit upon its Alma Mater, so justly famous for scholarship and for scientific and literary attainment.

THE MARTIAN: All who have made the acquaintance of *The Martian* will look forward with pleasure to the future visits of this entertaining periodical, which comes in an attractive dress of bright red, as gay and cheery as a Kentucky Cardinal. The true spirit of patriotism pervades the brisk little magazine, which is the clever production of the students of St. Martin's College, Lacey, Washington. The selections in both prose and verse are creditable. "A New Year Query" in the January issue is a splendid poem of high spiritual tone. This number also contains a good article from the pen of Sir Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G., the celebrated psychologist and authority on spiritism. "Paganism or Christ" is a clear and decisive analysis of the present world crisis, and is certainly a most interesting and instructive exposition of this vital and all absorbing question.

The Martian is of genuine worth, and will not disappoint those who are concerned about the standards of our Catholic educational publications. We congratulate you, *Martian*, and hope to meet you again among our friendly exchanges.

THE FORDHAM MONTHLY: *The Fordham Monthly*, which travels across the continent from Fordham University, New York, is a magazine of which the Society of Jesus may well be proud. The articles therein are replete with faith and patriotism, vivid description and delightful humor. The fiction is sprightly and entertaining, and the more serious selections display those attractive qualities which characterize all publications supervised by the Jesuit Order. Indeed *The Fordham* continues to uphold in its recent issues the high standard of the previous years.

"The Aviary of the Ages" in the January number is very beautiful, a prose melody. Did space permit we should like to quote from it. The verse contains much beauty of thought, and it is not wanting in those qualities that make for real poetry. "The Red Dawn," "Invocation," and "When" are excellent war poems. From Fordham, in France, a series of letters from the Fordham boys in the army gives in a natural spontaneous manner some of the experiences of these young Catholic heroes who are so cheerfully devoting their lives *pro Patria pro Dei*. Each edition may be read with pleasure and profit.

WE GRATEFULLY acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, *The Young Eagle*, *The Collegian*, *The Rosary Magazine*, *The Western Watchman*, *The San Francisco Monitor*, *The Labarum*.

WITH OUR FRIENDS

Dear Mother Louis:

Through seven centuries the children of Saint Dominic, men and women, have blest our earth with truth and with holiness. May this Year Book, which you so kindly send, bear to its readers its message of love, its message of light; and may it bring back to those whose words it enshrines blessings and favors beyond measure.

This is the little wish and the little prayer of one who is always a debtor.

Edward J. Hanna,

Archbishop of San Francisco.

DEAR MOTHER LOUIS:

The initial number of the Dominican College Year Book is most creditable to the teachers and students, and equally satisfactory to the many friends of the Sisters of Saint Dominic in San Rafael. Our congratulations and sincere commendations for this artistic volume, which, with its charmingly written pages and unusual photographic beauty, gives evidence throughout of the high educational standards of Dominican College. Very sincerely yours,

A. L. McMAHON, O. P.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA,

June, 1917.

MY DEAR MOTHER LOUIS:

Just a line to congratulate you most cordially on the all-round excellence of the Dominican Year Book. The artistic beauty of its exterior form is quite worthy of the

fine literary quality of its contents. I confess to a certain measure of surprise at the maturity of thought evidenced in a number of the prose selections and the mastery of technique shown in not a few of the poems. For young ladies of the age of your pupils the work is really exceptionally good; it would indeed reflect credit on older students of any college. Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

Oakland, Cal., June 11, 1917.

MY DEAR MOTHER LOUIS:

The Year Book is a sheer delight. The girls have succeeded admirably in retaining the youthful tone without at the same time permitting the contents to be merely puerile. The devotional element gives the impression of being a thoroughly spontaneous expression of the institution. And there is both bravery and sound sense in that splendid educational article—a glorious plea for sound ideals. And, of course, I am deeply appreciative of the petals strewn on my personal tomb. Surely I may offer my most joyful congratulations to you and to all others who had a share in the excellent work—and in that wonderful production of "Comus."

BROTHER LEO.

ACROSS the country from San Rafael, California, there has come to us the Dominican College Year Book, a book that ought to yield to its school a splendid reputation in the literary world. In external appearance we unhesitatingly declare it as attractive a magazine as we could wish to see. Within its golden brown covers there is a wealth of literary production and its stories, essays, editorials and poetry are uniformly splendid. But perhaps the outstanding feature of the magazine is the amount of superb photography we find throughout it. The frontispiece is particularly good, the lights and shadings giving an exquisite effect. Though elaborate, the whole magazine is very tasteful and free from the least suggestion of gaudiness. "Characteristics of Cardinal Newman" presents an intimate picture of the true character of a great man, and the quietly dignified style is in keeping with its subject. Two other especially good essays are "Some Aims of Education" and "Comus: A Masque," a worthy appreciation of Milton's poem. "Sweet Leilehua" is a quaint little Hawaiian legend quaintly told, and "A Lombardy Lad" is, likewise, pretty. The book contains a deal of really poetic blank verse, of which "The Spring" is an excellent example. In deep admiration we doff our critic's cap to the writer of two poems, "Far Off" and "Dreams o' Lassie." One other article which we cannot pass over without a mention is "The Rosary," an historical sketch. It gives a very graphic account of the Battle of Lepanto.—*Fordham Monthly*.

FROM the Pacific coast comes a splendid specimen of college year-book. The Dominican College annual with its beautiful sunburst cover and original photographic arrangement is what might be termed a work of art. It is tastefully interspersed with fiction and poetry. The poems are of a lofty nature, the expression keeping pace with the thought in excellence. The fiction is not inferior to the rest of the book and shows traces of true literary ability among the students of the institution. Altogether it is a splendid product of a splendid institution and the editorial staff deserve much credit for their work.—*The Fleur-de-Lis*.

WE received today the copy of the Dominican College Year Book and we appreciated it greatly. Both in make-up and contents it is one of the very finest things we have seen; in appearance and technique it is unquestionably the very best that finds its way to our *Redwood* office, and we receive them from all quarters. Accept our heartiest congratulations.—*The Redwood, Santa Clara University*.

**Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18**

AN EXCHANGE, by far the most beautiful and artistic, from every point, that we have had the pleasure of receiving for our perusal was lately sent us from the Dominican College of San Rafael, California. It is a rather voluminous book of 133 pages, printed upon an excellent grade of heavy cream-toned paper. The double covers are of a rich mottled brown, while the simple title, DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR BOOK, and the date, 1916-1917, stand out in boldly embossed letters of gold. That the matter contained between these beautiful covers is as worthy of praise as the general appearance of the volume is of admiration, may be easily attested to by one who has taken the pleasure of reading its contents. Each class has contributed a complete literary section which contains prose, poetry, class notes and chronicle. The most attractive part of the publication seems to lie in the pictures—twenty-two of them—all real photos printed upon double-weight paper and attached to the various pages.

The frontispiece is a beautifully artistic photo of the front view of the college. Opposite it is the dedication page upon which we read: "To Our Beloved Mother Louis, whose high endeavor has blessed each pupil's life, we dedicate this book." Simple indeed, but nevertheless sincerely breathing the devotion and gratitude prompting the dedication. It is not our intention to criticize any of the literary offerings in this volume, nor would we be able—try though we might—to pick out what would deserve to be called the best in the book, but this we have to say, that the standard set by this issue of the Dominican College Year Book is certainly very lofty, and succeeding classes will have to do their utmost to keep up with the pace set for them by the students of 1916 and 1917.

We trust we shall be favored with the next issue of the year book, and hereby extend our sincerest thanks for the present one.—*M. K. in The Martian.*



[120]

GROTTO OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES



HERE is something more powerful in school life than the brick and mortar of beautiful buildings, or high passing marks in the classroom. One must give a great deal of credit to the underlying and deep-rooted spirit and traditions of the school when determining the most important factors in the development of the characters of the pupils. These firm traditions are always treasured among the enduring memories in the lives of those who have had the opportunity to go to boarding-school. Those who have never had this advantage might find some of the customs absurd, not realizing that in these traditions the true spirit of the school finds expression. And the athletic fields are the cradles of school spirit. An outsider viewing an athletic contest sees the bitter look of defeat on the losers' faces, and is at a loss to understand the loyal spirit of the rest of the school as it stands and cheers its team even after defeat. Perhaps the sight does impress him momentarily, but he soon turns his attention to the triumphant celebration indulged in by the victors. But the loyalty of victor and vanquished is equally strong and unshakable.

A very valuable trait that athletic life develops in a student is the spirit of honorable victory. The player is taught to win to be sure, but she is also taught that victory must never overshadow honor.

The athlete has to be an optimist. There is much in the thought that you believe your team is going to win; that the opposing team cannot conquer you. This sort of spirit is contagious, and passes from one player to the other, until a wonderful team spirit results. Such a spirit often means victory, and in this way gets its reward. It is perfectly true that many teams composed of skilled players have failed utterly because they lacked this great quality of optimism.

In all the various forms of athletics there is a certain mystic quality. Great basketball and tennis players perform feats in higher space whether

they know it or not; and the making of an athlete is very similar to the making of a poet—if you are of those who believe that poets can be made. The crucial moments of a basketball game or a tennis match call for faculties swifter and surer than the human hand, eye, or mind. Ask the girl who shot the winning goal if she had time to think in performing the feat. It was pure inspiration that she used, quite the same as a poet in his high moments.

Athletics teach one to control one's anger. There is no place on a team for the person who flies into a blind rage. The girl who can watch the basketball roll gaily around the rim of the basket and then drop to the ground without deigning to nest in the netting, the girl who can see her most promising tennis drives tip the topmost inch of net and fall back on her own side of the court, and not give vent to her inward feelings will not lose her patience over trifling mishaps at a formal dinner-party and will be a valued member of society.

A great factor in the formation and development of school traditions and school spirit is the active and interested co-operation of the alumnae. It is really unfortunate that some students seem to hold that co-operation with their Alma Mater is limited to their own school days. But this is a great mistake. The continued aid and loyalty of the alumnae is absolutely essential to insure progress and maintain the high standard of a school. One of the best assets to a strong athletic team is the constructive criticism by the alumnae of the work accomplished during the year.



THE BASKETBALL TEAM



*“Over heights of morning haze
Over slanting slopes of lawn”*

RIDING—The Equestrian Club's second year of existence has established it on a firmer basis than last year, and there is no doubt but that riding has become a permanent and popular feature of D. C. athletic activities. Margaret Shipp is this year's chairman, and the club members are: Elizabeth Waterman, Helene Sturdivant, Ruth Marion, Frances Ramsay and Lorrene Towne.

SWIMMING—The spring months afford the college students the opportunity of spending their Wednesdays and holidays at the Country Club, where a large open-air swimming-pool affords an excellent place of practice for the swimming team.

TENNIS—While lacking the popularity of the major sport, basketball, tennis continues to find a great number of devotees. The best representatives of the college this season are: Dorothy Blaney, Blanche Kengla, Josephine Clement and Elizabeth Radgesky. It is to be hoped that tennis matches with other schools can be placed on the calendar of next year's athletic features.

BASKETBALL—A glance at the scores of the season's games suffices to tell the story of the continuous improvement and success, and gives evi-

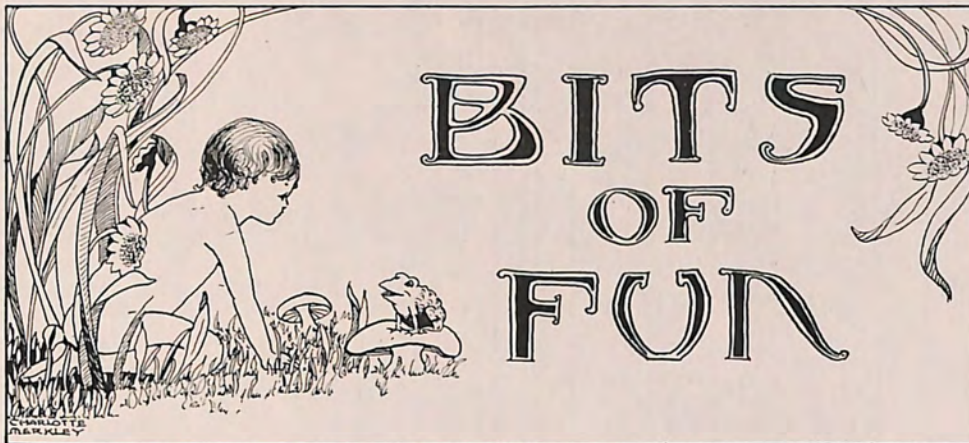
dence of the excellent work of the new director of D. C.'s athletic destinies. The first game, with Lux School of San Francisco, was won by a narrow margin—8-3—the offense of both teams lacking power. Our forwards gained valuable experience and still more valuable confidence from this encounter.

The practice periods were spent in developing a more efficient system of attack. San Rafael, winner of three successive victories over the college team last year, gave great anxiety to the players, but the veterans remembered how very close had been the epic struggle that had closed the previous season. Gradually the D. C. representatives became convinced that there was no reason for an indefinitely prolonged series of San Rafael victories. With unconquerable spirit they attacked the San Rafael goal, securing a commanding lead in the first half of the game, and then proceeded to demonstrate to those who felt the second half would see the ultimate debacle and utter collapse that had marked last year's game, that all the collapsing would have to be done by the opposing team. The second half saw the college forwards completely outplaying the San Rafael defense. The final score was 39-10.

There followed a series of intra-mural games wherein the Senior-Junior team defeated the Sophomore-Freshman team.

A second game with San Rafael resulted in another victory, even more decisive than the first one, the score being 48-9. It is evidently becoming an established custom to overwhelm the opposing team in the final game of the season, but D. C. has no complaint to make. The season was a pronounced success, and as for the team and coach—the college is proud of them.





"CAMOUFLAGE"

I just want to tell you it's not what it seems—
 The girls very rarely do just what they mean.
 A new girl in wonder, at first spends her days;
 But it's good to be tactful, they'll soon learn our ways.
 It's Camouflage.

If in studies she whispers, all innocent, too,
 And the Sister presiding says, "I'll settle you,"
 She needn't get worried, and fear it's her doom;
 Just mend her bad ways, she'll get used to it soon.
 It's Camouflage.

You see a girl blush when a nun passes by,
 And become, of a sudden, so silent and shy,
 And the very next day she'll be voicing her glee,
 And declaring all's over, but just watch and see.
 It's Camouflage.

If you hear the girls say they don't like this old place,
 And wish they were home, it's surely a case,
 That when they're away, of praise there's no lack,
 And after vacation they're glad to get back.
 It's Camouflage.

A FEW OVER-DONES OF D. C.

- 1—When you hear Sylvia Ballet, "Member when Joey Wall danced to that?"
- 2—When everyone else is in white uniform and for some reason you are in black, say very cutely: "I'm the black sheep."
- 3—On Wednesday and Saturday, "Has anyone an extra pair of cuffs?"
- 4—Upon receiving an "excellent" card, "I'm going to frame it."
- 5—When Monie Collins is coming from the office with the mail, "Any for me, Monie?"

"IMAGINE"

Josephine Clement in Caroline Molsdorf's automobile.
A Hitchcock-D. C. dance.
Vere de Rondon Pos using slang.
Blanche Kengla in short skirts.
Charlotte Merkley and Josephine Torre one-stepping.
Five dollars a month allowance.
Nancy Pattison singing.
No more checks, cards and all other calamities.

JUST SMILE

When troubles come your way,
And bright dawn turns to darkest day,
The way to happiness beguile
Is to forget your troubles, and—
 Just smile!

That smile will wonders do for you;
Your sky will change from gray to blue,
And joy will be where sorrow reigned a while—
So forget your troubles, and—
 Just smile!

DON'TS

Don't talk in the study-hall,
Don't write upon the walls,
Don't make excuses for your faults,
Don't slide down the halls.

Don't be fussy,
Don't be rude,
Don't be noisy,
Don't be crude.

Don't be late for any class,
Don't try the Grads to pass,
Don't tease the Freshman sweet,
Don't trip over the Sophomores' feet;

Don't be happy,
Don't try to smile,
Don't waste time,
It's not worth while.

BITS OF WISDOM FROM THE PERISCOPE

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
To talk of many things—
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax—
Of cabbages and Kings."

You see the Walrus was a nice old fellow—and realized the necessity of talking when you've got a chance—he understood the value of time. Now the time has come to talk of our Junior College. At present, the College consists of some clever girls who study hard and have privileges unknown to High School students—for instance, going down town when they have free time.

But since the Sisters have bought "Meadowlands" and its lovely building for the Junior College Pupils, it is time for you high and mighty Seniors to realize that you should endeavor to enlarge the work already begun so auspiciously. Mobilize your forces and see if it will be possible for your class to become the charter members of the New College Hall. After all, the care-free, gay, bubbling Freshmen, whom everybody loves, are all right—so are the misunderstood Sophomores, the hard-working Juniors; but the graduates, the Seniors, are the embodiment of the spirit of the school. We all look up to you for our model, and in you we find all we desire, and more too. Don't disappoint us. Remember, we have to go through the same trying year, we have to trip clumsily up the same steps for a diploma, and if you leave behind a good, fine standard, don't you think we'll try to live up to it? We don't want our new building inhabited by all new girls, we want to be able to say "Hello!" to a few of our old companions and point you out as our college friends. Don't let the next class carry all the honors. The time has come. You'll never have another opportunity to enter a Dominican Junior College. Think it over, and remember—the time has come.



[127]

"THE PERISCOPIANS"

A FABLE

ONCE there were two little boys who both wanted to do something for their country. One little boy spent his time wishing he were old enough to go to war and boasting about his big brother Jim, who was a first lieutenant and was going to leave for France any day. But the other little boy didn't have a brother—not even a cousin—in the war, and of course he longed to go over and have a few shots at the Kaiser; then, all at once, he found a way to do his bit and help his country despite his lack of years. This is how he did it: He saved every nickel he had; sold his marbles and his new bat, the pride of his heart, which had been given to him on his birthday, and bought

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

Let this lesson sink in, girls! Just think—if you refrain from visiting the Candy Press two afternoons only a week, you can buy a war savings stamp (they are only a quarter) which you can paste in your little book. Then at the end of a few months you will have a collection that will mean not only five dollars to you, but five dollars which you have loaned your country, five dollars which will probably bring a warmer sweater or smokes for a month to one of our boys "Over There."

EASTER

The dreary veil of silver mist,
That hid the world from view,
Has vanished into golden light—
The sun smiles forth anew;
Birds and bees,
Budding trees,
And flowers of every hue,
All blend in glorious array,
For Lent is o'er—'tis Easter Day.

The penitential days have past,
The Lenten time has fled;
Our hearts are full of happiness,
For ah! Christ is not dead!
Crucified,
And denied,
His blood for us He shed.
Then lo! in glorious array,
He rose from death on Easter Day.

Bright Junior—"What is better than presence of mind when notified there will be trouble in Sunday morning assembly?"

Senior—"Well, I can't think."

Bright Junior—"Absence of body."

Visitor—"Do you support your school paper?"

Bright Freshman—"No; it has a staff."

AGOING WEST

Dominican College
Year Book
1917-18

My mate, he's going to Blighty,
He said—it wasn't bad, he guessed;
But my date's up with the Kaiser,
And I'm going West.

For that old black Maria
About finished me up for a man,
And though I'm wishing for Blighty,
I'm dying as fast as I can.

And still the bombs are bursting,
And there's red fires in the air,
And there's groans and cries of the wounded,
But I just can't seem to care.

It's over with me and the Kaiser;
But I helped lick him with the rest,
And all of us can't go to Blighty—
So it's up to me to go West.

"OVER THE TOP"

"Over the Top," with the best 'o luck,
They shouted as they ran;
Forward, forward, through mud and dirt,
On to "No Man's Land."

There was many a one who dropped,
Hit by a bit of shell,
But the rest, they carried on,
On through the fiery hell.

Cheered by the shouts of their leaders,
Urged by the sight of the Hun,
They rushed towards the goal of glory—
No thought of praise to be won.

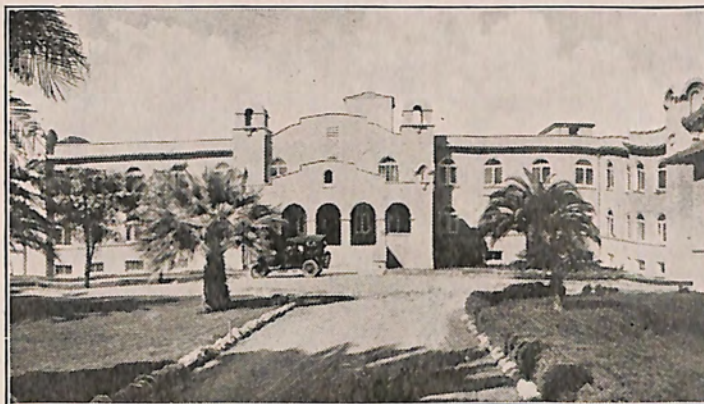
And always, always 'tis so
With these men of khaki hue;
They give to their country gladly;
They feel it is only her due!

ELIZABETH WATERMAN.

Advice to Freshman—Sh! Don't tell, but put your books under your pillow to-
night, and you can tell the Latin teacher you spent eight hours on your Latin.

*Greetings from the
Alumnae*

St. Joseph's Home and Hospital



Capacity 125 Beds
Complete X-Ray Laboratory
Modern Surgery
School of Nursing Accredited by
State Board



Stockton, California

St. Thomas Hall & School of Music

of Dominican College

San Rafael, California

Incorporated in 1890

Accredited to State University. Full
Collegiate Course of Study. Loca-
tion: The Lovely Magnolia Valley;
unsurpassed for beauty and health-
fulness

Address Mother Superior

New Junior College at Meadowlands will open August 16

Chas. Jensen

J. W. Schlosser

Jensen & Schlosser Lumber and Mill Company

Lumber and
General
Mill
Work



Shingles
Shakes
Posts
Laths
Sash
Doors
Brick
Sand
Lime
Cement
Plaster
Chimney Pipe
Sewer Pipe
Drain Tile
Flue Lining

Tamalpais Avenue and Third Street, near Union Depot
Phone S. R. 742
San Rafael, California

L. Dinkelspiel Co.

Now Located in their
New Six-Story Concrete Building
113-135 Battery Street
San Francisco



House Furnishing Goods
Blankets, Comforters, Curtains, Linen Sheets
Ladies' and Misses' Hosiery,
Underwear, Dress Goods, Cloakings,
Silks, Notions, Ribbons,
Laces, etc.



Your Account is Invited

*Under Supervision of
the United States Government
is the*

Marin County National Bank

Largest Commercial Bank in Marin

*Member of Federal Reserve
System*



Affiliated with

Marin County Savings Bank

Largest Savings Bank in Marin

Combined Assets Over \$1,500,000.00

S. H. Cheda, *President*
F. W. Dickson, *Vice-President*
Geo. C. Hansen, *Cashier*
Geo. A. Cheda, *Assistant Cashier*
H. L. Smith
Thos. Hansen

*The Mark of Quality Throughout
the World*

Spaldings

Specialize in

School, College and Camp
Athletic Outfits for
Girls

Also Authentic Sport Clothes Direct
From Our Fifth Avenue Shop

*Dominican College
Sweaters and Gymnasium
Suits*

523 Fifth Avenue
New York

156-158 Geary Street
San Francisco

14th and Franklin Streets
Oakland

Jacobs
Malcolm &
Burtt, Inc.

General Purchasing Agents

*Receivers, Distributors
and Wholesale
Dealers in*

California Fruits
Poultry, Eggs,
Wool, Hides,
Potatoes and
Produce of all
Kinds



101-107 Washington Street, 239-253 Drumm Street
Telephone Sutter 6810
San Francisco

Compliments of

Dr. N. S. Halsey

San Rafael, California

E. H. Conway

Practical Plumber
and Gas Fitter

Stoves of all Kinds

308 B Street
Between Second and Third

San Rafael, Cal.
Phone S. R. 764J

Compliments of

California
Baking Company

Eddy and Fillmore Streets
San Francisco

W. Taaffe & Co.
Wholesale Butchers

Evans and Railroad Avenues

San Francisco

Day's Pharmacy

San Rafael, California

736 Fourth Street
Phone S. R. 11

Louis Gassner, Inc.

Manufacturing Furriers

Importers of Exclusive Models
and Novelties in Fur Garments

112-114 Geary Street
San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone Douglas 4553

Phone Sutter 2012

Office Phone Sutter 2014

F. Uri & Company

Wholesale Butchers

517-521 Clay Street

San Francisco, Cal.

J. B. McIntyre Bindery Co.

Bookbinders
Account Book Manufacturers
and Printers

442 Sansome Street
S. E. Corner of Clay

San Francisco, Cal.
Phone Sutter 1034

Phone Franklin 3930

David Milder

Naval Tailor

Sailor Suits and Middy Blouses Made to Order
Special Prices for School
Uniforms



We Make the Uniforms for
Miss K. D. Burke's School, San Francisco
Miss Ransom and Miss Bridges School, Piedmont
Castilleja School, Palo Alto
Dominican College, San Rafael

1089 Sutter Street, San Francisco

Send for Free Catalogue

Gantner & Mattern Co.

Grant Avenue at Post Street
San Francisco

Manufacturers of

Quality Knit Goods
at Moderate Prices

Sweaters
Slip-Ons
"Gym" Suits
Athletic Apparel

Hosiery
Underwear
Knitted Bathing Suits
Bathing Accessories

Largest Knitting Mill in the West

Arden Dairy

*Pasteurized, Clarified,
Certified*

MILK

BUTTER

EGGS

Rent Collectors

Insurance

Umbsen, Kerner & Eisert

Real Estate Auctioneers

Full Charge Taken
of Property



20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

Telephone Douglas 40

Connecting All
Departments

L. Brizzolara & Son

Incorporated

Fuel

Charcoal

Coke

Wood and

Coal

117-119 Jackson Street, Telephone Kearny 4375

San Francisco

*Compliments
of
Bank of San Rafael*

Albert's, Inc.

*Dry Goods
and Ladies'
Furnishings*

—
*Queen Quality
Shoes*



Branch Store
Phone 212J
San Anselmo

San Rafael Store
Phone S. R. 400
San Rafael

**Johnson
Hardware
Company**



412-14 B Street
Phone S. R. 32
San Rafael, Cal.

*The candy store that
leaves a pleasant
memory*

Stapps'
San Rafael

**Kodak
Finishing**

At
**Webb &
Rogers**
Next to Lyric Theatre
San Rafael

**Lafargue French
Laundry**

Dyeing and Cleaning
Lace Curtains and Blankets
A Specialty. Silks and Flannels
Done Up Like New.

614-616 Third Street
Branch Office, 623 Fourth Street
Telephone San Rafael 17
San Rafael

Your Patronage is Solicited
for Photographs, Framing, Kodak Work,
Enlarging and Class Work



J. C. Gasberg

Phone 849 W or S. R. 498 W
807 Fourth Street
San Rafael

For
Monuments
and Cemetery
Work

Write to
Doyle Bros.
Vallejo, Cal.

**Service and
Satisfaction**

To Our Customers
Our Motto in Business



*Hay, Grain
Flour, Feed*

G. P. McNear Co.
Petaluma, Cal.

Scott & Co.

Hardware, Paints,
Oils and Sporting
Goods



Agents for
W. P. Fuller & Co's
Paints for Every Purpose

835 Fourth Street
San Rafael, California

Announcement

The Marin Furniture Company, who have been located at 318 B Street, for a great many years, wish to announce that they have moved to their new location on the corner of Fourth and B Streets, in the building formerly occupied by the J. Albert Dry Goods Company, where they will be pleased to meet their patrons

San Rafael, California

Five Minutes Walk
to West End Station

Phone 359W

Choice Fruit and Ornamental Trees



Roses, Dahlias
Hardy Perennial and Bedding
Plants

Richard Lohrman

The West End Nursery
Fifth and Center Streets
San Rafael

S. H. Cheda

V. J. B. Cheda

S. H. Cheda & Co.

Hay, Grain, Wood,
Coal and Feed



Branch Office and Yard
San Anselmo, California
Phone 89

Main Office in Rear of
Marin County National Bank
Opposite Court House
Phone S. R. 89
Warehouse on Canal near Irwin Street
San Rafael, California

F. Fiedler

Groceries
Hardware, Etc.

906 Water Street
Phone Sausalito 51

Sausalito, Cal.

Burkhart's Express

& Fire Proof Storage

Transfer
Drayage
Furniture Moved,
Packed and
Shipped

Tables and Chairs
Rented at
Reasonable Rates

We Carry Liability Insurance

Warehouse 22 B Street
Phone 303W

San Rafael, Cal.

Auto for Hire

D. Connell

Telephone S. R. 160

324 Fourth Street

San Rafael

O. Adams

A. E. Ritti

Acme Bedding Co.

122 Tenth Street near Mission

Phone Market 904

San Francisco

Upholstering

Mattresses Renovated

Wire Spring Beds

Re-Stretched

*Mattresses Called for and
Returned Same Day*

Established 1853

Scott, Magner & Miller

*Merchants of Hay
and Grain*



General Offices

40 California Street

San Francisco

Douglas 5150

Compliments of
Dr. T. I. C. Barr

Cheda Building
591 Fourth Street, San Rafael, Cal.

F. C. Burns

Florist

San Rafael, California

**Marin Cleaning and
Tailoring Co.**

Fine Cleaning and Pressing.
Blankets, Curtains, Rugs,
Ladies' Fine Dresses, Waists
and Fine Silks. Altering and
Remodeling. Fine Ladies'
Tailoring a Speciality. Our
plant has been enlarged and
is modern in every respect.
Our Cleaning and Tailoring
Guaranteed First Class. Give
Us a Trial and be
Convinced.

Phone S. R. 289W

Cor. Fourth & Petaluma Ave.
San Rafael, Cal.



The Excellent Baking Qualities of

“Golden Eagle Flour”

Insures a grade that is best suited for family use. You will find the “quality” always the same—spring, summer, autumn, winter. Insist on “Golden Eagle Flour” when placing an order with your grocer. It will please him and the quality will please you.

Golden Eagle Milling Company

Petaluma, California

PAUL ELDER & CO
Books and Art
239 Grant Avenue
San Francisco

Hoover's

Candies and Ice Cream

San Rafael, California

Guy F. Kirner, *Proprietor*
Telephone S. R. 87

R. E. Cochran, *President*

J. A. Lombard, *Vice-President*

R. E. Cochran Co., Inc.

Coffee and Tea Merchants

Importers and Manufacturers



1576 Market Street
San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone Park 6043

526 Fifteenth Street
Oakland, Cal.
Telephone Lakeside 90

Pius Gfell

Successor to
T. Musgrave & Co.
Telephone Mission 890

Watchmakers
Goldsmiths
and
Silversmiths

Medals and Ecclesiastical Goods
A Specialty

3272 Twenty-First Street
Bet. Mission and Valencia
San Francisco

Building Supplies Company

Successors to
Wm. Buchanan



Hardware, Wood and Willow Ware
Brushes, Twine and Janitorial
Supplies,
Sponges and Chamois

623 Sacramento Street
San Francisco

American Book Company

*Publishers of High Grade
School and College Textbooks*



121 Second Street, San Francisco

New York

Cincinnati

Chicago

Inman Drug Company



Eastman Kodaks
and Supplies

Developing and
Printing

Quick Service

San Rafael, California

Home Chemical Company



Manufacturers

Boiler Compounds

Furniture Polish

Belt Dressing

Disinfectants

Metal Polish

Floor Oils

1765 Twelfth Street
Oakland

Eugene McCoy

The Leading Mission Grocer

The store that sells for less.
"You will save enough from
your year's purchases in my
store to pay the expense of a
family two weeks at the
springs in the summer."

3083 Sixteenth Street
Near the Corner of Valencia Street

San Francisco
California

Established 1871

Incorporated Dec. 17, 1888

Payne's Bolt Works

G. L. Payne, *President*

*The Only Carriage Bolt Works
on the Pacific Coast*

Manufacturers
Iron and Steel Set Screws,
Cap Screws, Studs and all
Kinds of Bolts and Nuts.

133-143 Howard St.
San Francisco

Telephone
Main 757

Rosenthal's, Inc.

*Fine
Footwear*

151-163 Post Street, San Francisco
734 Market Street, San Francisco
737 South Broadway, Los Angeles
469-471 12th Street, Oakland

Compliments of
Techau Tavern

Marshall & Reimers

*Commission
Merchants*

Dealers in
Eggs,
Butter,
Cheese,
Poultry,
Honey and
Dried Fruits

325-327 Clay Street
Telephone Kearny 1349
San Francisco

Sheet Music

Musical Instruments
& Strings

Can Be Secured from

Henry Grobe

135-153 Kearny Street
San Francisco

In the
Wiley B. Allen Co.
Store

Chinn-Beretta

*Eyeglasses and
Spectacles*

120 Geary Street
164 Powell Street

San Francisco
California

Jno. A. Lennon

Wholesale
Grocer



137-139 Sacramento Street
San Francisco

Schussler Bros.

Oriental and Period
Mirrors. Objects of
Art. Pictures. Fram-
ing and Gilding.
Artists' Supplies—
For Schools.



285 Geary Street
San Francisco

Crowley & Conlon

The Store of Quality and Moderate Prices

Vallejo's Leading
Dry Goods Store
Ladies' and Misses'
Tailored Suits, Coats,
Dresses and Gent's
Furnishers

430-34 Georgia Street

Vallejo, California

San Rafael Bazaar

805 Fourth Street

Stationery
School and Office Supplies
Sporting Goods
Developing and Printing

*Agents for
Leonhardt's Candies*

W. Von Husen & Company

Phones: San Rafael 28
and San Rafael 29

Groceries and
Delicacies
Fruits
Fish and
Vegetables

First-class in every respect

585-589 Fourth Street
Opposite Court House
San Rafael, California

WE are Particular!
S^{and}**W**
Are YOU ?

Keep *Morgan's* Address

James A. Morgan

Class Pins for any school, reasonable. **Diamond** engagement rings specially designed. New style **Wedding Rings** made to order.

Manufacturing Jeweler

Room 659, Sixth Floor, Phelan Bldg.
San Francisco

Footwear

of elegance and distinction approved in style and moderate in price at San Francisco's leading shoe shops.

Sommer & Kaufmann

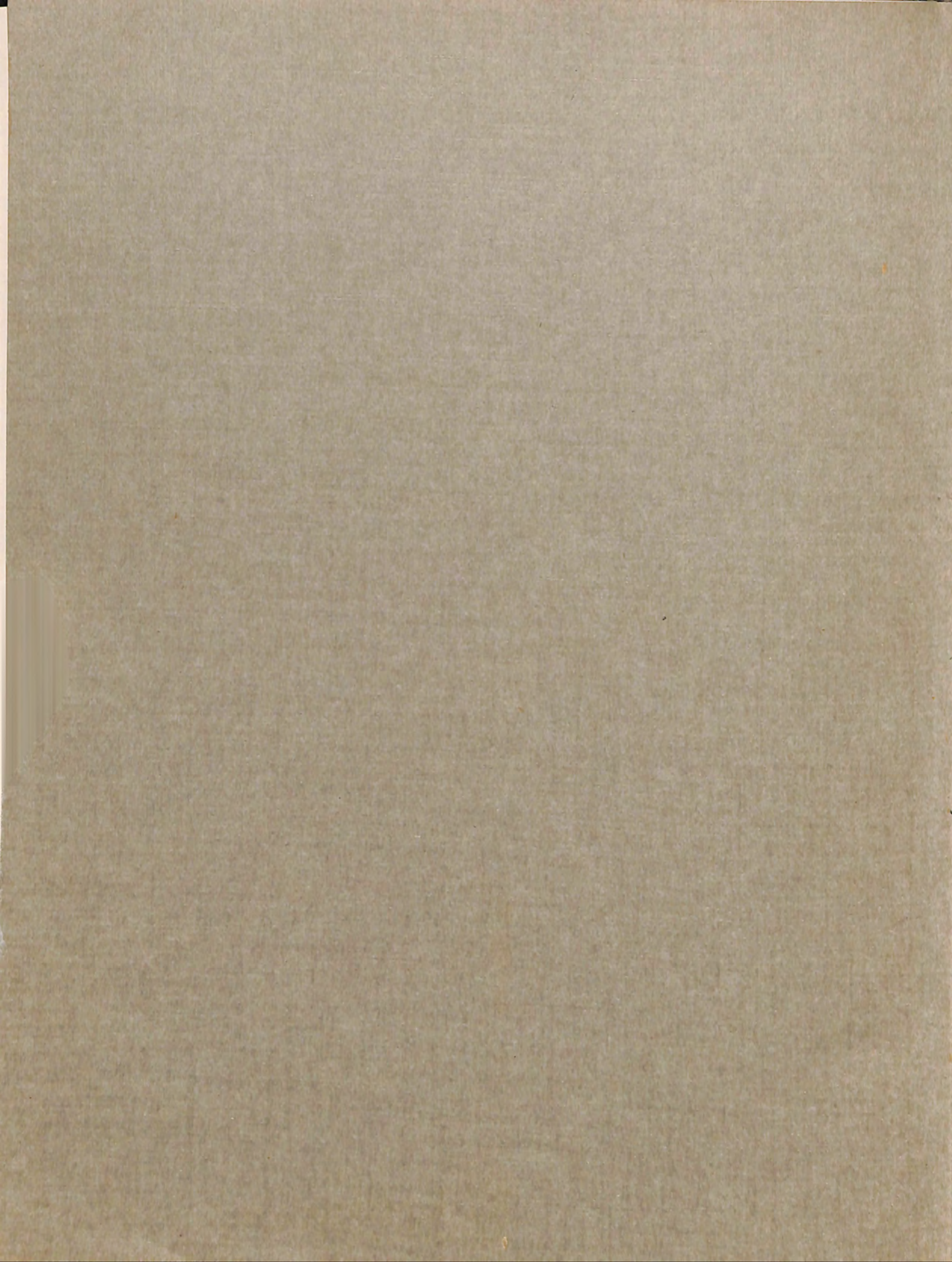
119-125 Grant Avenue
836-842 Market Street

Hitchcock Military Academy

San Rafael, California

*A Select Boarding
School for Boys.
Forty-first year
begins
August 26, 1918*

Catalogue on Request



z 7108

NON-CIRCULATING

