1925

1925 Firebrand

Dominican University of California Archives

<https://doi.org/10.33015/dominican.edu/archives.1925.firebrand>

Survey: Let us know how this paper benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Dominican University of California Archives, "1925 Firebrand" (1925). *Yearbooks 1920 - 1929*. 3.

<https://doi.org/10.33015/dominican.edu/archives.1925.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 1920 - 1929 by an authorized administrator of Dominican Scholar. For more information, please contact michael.pujals@dominican.edu.

The Firebrand

DOMINICAN COLLEGE
LIBRARY
SAN RAFAEL

THE FIREBRAND

BISHOP ALEMANY LIBRARY
DOMINICAN COLLEGE
SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

case
378.794
D 713Q
1925

27600

*To the
Prioress Provincial
and the Dominican Sisters
of the Congregation of the
Most Holy Name of Jesus
on the occasion of their
Diamond Jubilee*

THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE
OF SAN RAFAEL

San Rafael, California
Dominican College
M C M X X V

DOMINICAN COLLEGE
LIBRARY
SAN RAFAEL

378.794
D713 Q
1925

27600

THE FIREBRAND

Editor
DEBORAH PENTZ

Assistant Editors:
MARIE SERFF
MARIAN FORRESTER
CLAIRE GRAHAM

Illustrators: . .
MARION BOOTH
MARGUERITE LOUIS

Business Manager:
LINDA JOCKERS

THE IDEAL COLLEGE

IN THE Century Magazine for January, 1925, I read an article by Professor Alexander Meikeljohn in which he discussed a new kind of college. The subject interested me, and I have been thinking ever since then about the ideal college.

I find that to complete my idea of an ideal college I should add some requirements omitted by Mr. Meiklejohn. First of all, I consider the situation of the college most important. It should be near the water, preferably near a broad open bay, and it should be surrounded by rolling hills or mountains; no perfectly flat place would do. It should be in the country somewhere, the grounds should be beautiful, there should be shady paths and sunny garden patches, brilliant flowers and peaceful pleasant places to sit in. The buildings should not merely be placed here and there, built according to the plans of the best and most prominent architects, their style of architecture should be the outgrowth of the ideas expressed in the college. Though

situated in the country, the college should not be too far away from a city so that the students can take advantage of any particularly interesting lectures or concerts, and can keep in touch with the best that the modern world is doing.

Another essential of the ideal college is smallness. There should not be more than two hundred and fifty or three hundred students, each of whom must be at college because he wants to learn and for no other reason. He must be keen, eager and diligent, still he must not be a drudge or a grind. The smallness of the college makes possible a small faculty which should not number more than twenty-five. Each member of the faculty, Mr. Meiklejohn says, must work towards the same goal, each separate one must not try to make the student expert in any special line, but each must try "to get the student to make for himself an understanding of himself and of the society in which he is living." The ideally possible way to accomplish this is to allow free intercourse between the faculty and the students, to have a student feel that his

professors are interested in him, willing to help him in his difficulties, and advise him in any of his undertakings. This free intercourse between faculty and students leads to a still better thing, comradeship. The young man will discuss questions that puzzle him, and his professor who has, perhaps, been troubled by the same doubts can guide and direct him. Not only does this free intercourse between faculty and students benefit the student, it also helps the professor to make the student into a "person," for by it he is brought face to face with the point of view of the modern youth, and so can understand more readily from what circumstances this point of view rises. He will be better able to correct the youth, for he will understand his difficulties and do his correcting sympathetically rather than dogmatically.

In the ideal college technical subjects will have no place, for we are supposing that the students come to college because they are interested in learning, and not because they want to train themselves to fill this or that position in the commercial world. Only the liberal

studies, literature, science and art will be taught. In literature the modern languages will not crowd out Latin and Greek, and in science Ethics, Logic, and Philosophy will receive an emphasis. The college curriculum will be broad enough to permit of variation and at the same time narrow enough to avoid confusion. It will be made with the idea of educating the student rather than of informing him.

One of the main things that the college must guard against is tearing down the student's ideas and wrecking the beliefs that he has held as fundamental. I do not mean of course that the college must not put before the student what the great minds of the world have thought, but that it must present ideas so that the student will not be lost in a sea of conflicting and contradictory thoughts. It must not make him doubt everything, it must leave him something to stand on, some firm convictions that will be his armour against the world.

A student's ideas may and probably will be changed by what he thinks and does at college, but granting that they are changed he is

not to be robbed of all his ideas and left with nothing in their stead. All his ideas must not be shattered and wrecked. If they were diffuse and confused, he will have them welded together and sound by the time he leaves college, and if they were solid and correct he will have added to their strength by contrasting them with new and opposite ideas and deciding honestly and justly between the new and the old. When he leaves college he will have some firm convictions, some true ideas, however few, in which he believes implicitly, and he will be wise rather than learned.

DEBORAH PENTZ '25.

MARIE SERFF

Editor *The Meadowlark*
Assistant Editor *The Firebrand*
English Club
Riding Manager

Major: English

THE SENIORS

MARGARET, will you please pass the bread! You people always manage to keep all the food down at that end of the table. If I wanted to starve myself I could think up easier ways of doing it than by coming up here to watch you people eat!" The tiny girl at the end of the table glowered at the girl at the opposite end.

"Got a grouch, old thing?" sweetly asked the tall girl with the lovely, brown, smiling eyes, and long, black, shining hair twisted carelessly around her head. Marie stared through Virginia to the space behind her. Virginia continued to smile her very patient smile.

"Marie," broke in Margaret belligerently, "I didn't touch that bread and . . ."

"Exactly. If you had I should not have had to ask you for it." She reached for the bread with that characteristic absent-minded gesture which always arrested her in the middle of an action. She sat there with the bread

MARGARET CONNORS

Treasurer Self Government Major: Education
Vice-President The Children of Mary Sodality

poised in mid-air and stared off into space. She had a habit of staring at you so intently that you wondered if you had put all your clothes on when you got up that morning. Peculiar feeling. And it was more or less of a shock when you found that she hadn't been conscious of looking at you at all.

Hazel interrupted Marie's abstraction. "You just give it to her, Marie, and give old Marj a couple, too, while you are in the mood. You can't imagine the jokes they are always playing on me. I never know what to expect next. It is awful!"

Marj and Margaret looked at each other and went off into a wild spasm of laughter. The rest waited until they were sufficiently recovered, and then Marj told the story.

"And," she ended, "I wasn't going to have the janitor think that was my washing, so I just said in a loud voice, 'My, but Hazel must be tired after doing such a big washing,' and Hazel was so mad she nearly died."

Hazel sat with a perfectly outraged expression on her face during the telling of the scandalous proceeding.

HAZEL REGAN
President The Children of Mary Sodality Major: English

"You just wait, Marj Higgins," she threatened. Marj laughed. Marj had a wicked laugh. It made you feel that you would get the worst of the bargain if you tried to do anything to Marj. Her laugh was her powerful weapon.

"Hey! Don't give me any potatoes! *No potatoes!!* DEB, NO POTATOES!!!" Livia waved her arms around in a vain attempt to attract the attention of the girl who was savagely trying to spear the meat, or trying to remember those who did and those who did not eat potatoes, and for the most part failing miserably; or chasing the slippery salad around the dish in an endeavor to get it on the plates. She pursued it with one tablespoon; hitched her chair a little closer, took a deep breath and another tablespoon. The salad eluded her playfully. She gave an exasperated grunt; then a determined look came into her eyes. She grasped the spoons more firmly and descended on the salad suddenly. The spoons struck each other and the salad spread itself all over the tablecloth. Her neighbor, who had been watching the perform-

LIVERIA SAWYER

President Self Government
Varsity Basket Ball Team
Biology Club

Major: Music

ance with a detached air, suddenly came to and offered assistance. Deborah held the spoons and Marie piled the salad into them with a fork. The salad was then conveyed to the plates cautiously and more successfully.

"Salad, Enaid?" Deb asked in a voice that begged her not to.

"What kind is it?" Enaid asked, craning her neck to see whether she could muster enough courage to eat it this time or not.

"Well, I would call it a review myself. It contains all the vegetables we have had for the past week. Enumerated they are: peas, beans, beets, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower and celery. The assortment is covered with what might be called mayonnaise."

"Well, yes, I'll try a little." (This with a show of bravery.)

"Just give me a tiny bit of everything, Marie. Just a tiny, wee bit." Kathleen measured out in the air just how tiny a bit she wanted.

"Peanut, don't give me any beans, and no"

"Cath Barry, you are going to get every-

DEBORAH PENTZ

Editor *The Firebrand*
Assistant Editor *The Meadowlark*
Secretary-Treasurer Class of 1925
President The English Club

thing in the line of vegetables that is on the table. It is just what you need, and you have to eat some. No wonder that you don't feel well and are in the condition you are. Why, look at the circles under her eyes; she looks as though she hadn't slept for a week." Marie generously piled everything in the line of food on Catherine's plate. Catherine sighed resignedly.

"Well," drawled Virginia, "I can tell you what gave her those circles today. Lack of vegetables didn't do it this time."

"Virginia, you tell and I'll kill you!" Catherine jumped up and down in her chair in a passion of anxiety. "Don't you dare!"

Under such pressing circumstances Virginia was unable to keep a secret she was dying to tell.

"Well, Cath had to" Catherine clapped her hand over Virginia's mouth.

"Virginia!!" Virginia disengaged herself. Catherine buried her face in her hands and squealed nervously and apprehensively.

"Well," Virginia began again unperturbed, "Cath had to make a speech in assem-

ENAIID JONES

Biology Club

Major: Mathematics

bly this morning about the game between the High School and the College, and so she stayed up half the night composing a speech that would be worthy of" She stopped in mercy for Cath who looked as though she would plunge under the table any minute. Catherine tried to assume a nonchalant expression but was seriously handicapped by a tale-telling blush. Everyone teased her unmercifully and completely unset her mental equilibrium. And when Catherine's mental equilibrium was unset it was fun to tease her, she responded so beautifully.

"Here comes Hulda in her bus. She has a queer expression on her face. Very significant. Who wants to bet that she wants to get out of some work? I've seen that look mean that before," announced Marie, who was looking out of the window.

Hulda unloaded a mob of friends from her five-passenger Chevrolet and rushed into the dining-room breathlessly.

"Oh, am I late? I'm sorry. Is there a place for me here? No, please don't move. (Marie and Deb began to move their chairs

CATHERINE BARRY

President Class of 1925 Major: Mathematics
English Club
Senior Representative to the Executive Board
Captain Varsity Basket Ball Team

to make room for her.) I'll sit at some other table."

Deb and Marie made room for the chair that Andrew brought.

"Really, I'm awfully sorry. Yes, Deb, I'll take everything, thank you. And I just love that kind of salad."

Deb took up her two tablespoons and wondered why everyone seems to be so fond of salad when it is her week to serve.

"Does anyone here take English History?" Hulda asked. Everyone looked at each other in amusement and waited for what they knew was coming.

"Yes, why?" Deb answered.

"Listen, does our long paper have to be in Monday?"

"I think it does, Hulda."

"Don't you think that if we asked Sister to put it off she would? She might even let us off it entirely if we told her how much we have to do. She's awfully reasonable, you know." Everyone burst into laughter spontaneously. Hulda looked bewildered.

"Why, what's the matter?"

VIRGINIA CARRINGTON

English Club
Chemistry Club

A. B. St. Elizabeth's College

"Oh, Hulda, Hulda!" Marie shook her head sadly.

"What's the matter?" Hulda insisted.

"Oh, can you possibly think of any more work you can get out of?"

"Oh, I think you are all mean! I never try to get out of work!"

"What!" gasped the twelve in amazement.

"Well, I don't." Hulda stabbed her meat in her vexation.

Liveria took pity on her and changed the subject. With a broad wink in Kathleen's direction, she asked, "Oh, Clara, how are your brothers? All well, I hope?"

Kathleen looked puzzled. "Brothers? I thought you only had one brother."

"Oh, goodness no! I have a whole bunch of them. Six or seven at least. I can't tell you how many off-hand like this, but there are about that many. Maybe eight." Clara turned to Kathleen gathering together all her forces of spontaneous story-telling. Her legs were wound around the chair so intricately that it was impossible to tell just how they could be tangled that way without doing

HULDA MOORHEAD

English Club
Biology Club
President Charitable Association

Major: History

serious damage to the owner. She tipped her chair on two legs, rested her chin in the palms of her hands and began:

"One has black hair, one has brown hair, one has blonde hair, one has red hair, and one has" She looked around the table for suggestions for more colors of hair.

"Henna," came from Alice Sylva in a loud whisper.

"Henna," repeated Clara obediently.

"And isn't one bald?" hopefully suggested Margaret.

"Yes, poor kid. He had er—er—er—chicken pox last winter and lost all his hair. He's awfully sensitive about it and we have to be awfully careful when we are around him."

Kathleen looked sympathetic. In the short interval Clara tried to gather more information about these recently acquired brothers of hers.

"Oh, Cath, are you going to see Carol this afternoon? Will you give her a message for me?" Enaid asked. "Will you wait for me after dinner so I can tell you?"

CLARA WILSON

Major: History

"Oh, who doesn't want her pineapple? Who doesn't want her pineapple?" sang Marie, looking significantly away from Alice. "Who doesn't want her pineapple?" now impersonally scanning the ceiling.

"Here, have mine." Alice pushed the tiny dish over to Marie.

"Oh, don't you *really* want it?" Marie protested politely. "Sure?"

"*Canned* pineapple?" Alice's face expressed her distaste and scorn. "One slice of *canned* pineapple? I am used to picking whole pineapples off trees. *Canned pineapple!!*" she snorted. She looked at the lone slice of pineapple disparagingly and contemptuously. The pineapple seemed to shrink from her scornful gaze.

"Rather lucky for you that someone comes from a place where pineapples grow so abundantly, isn't it, Peanut?" asked Kathleen as she watched the tiny slice vanish under Marie's spoon. "Will someone pass me that tiny, little cookie on the plate?" Kathleen daintily extracted the bit of cookie from the

ALICE SYLVA

Biology Club

Major: History

maze of brilliantly frosted cakes. "Ummm!! My dears, this icing is delicious!"

"Looks kinda hectic to me," Marj cocked an eyebrow at the plate of cookies before her, hesitating a minute before taking one. She put it on her plate, still regarding it quizzically. Her hair seemed to wonder, too. But then Marj's hair seemed to do whatever her thoughts did. It framed itself on her state of mind. If Marj was mad her hair stood out in indignant protest; if she was gay and full of laughter her hair curled itself up into tiny little kinks of sauciness, too. Finally she made up her mind, after looking around at the others who had dared to taste the cakes, and seeing that no harm had come to them, to take a nip herself. "Not so bad," she commented after she swallowed that bite. "In fact, I think I'll have another one," she said as she swallowed the last bite."

"May Catherine please have the cookies?" Liveria asked.

"Say, speak for yourself. You want one as much as I do."

"Are you two running competition there,

MARJORIE HIGGINS

Secretary The Children of Mary Sodality Major: Education

or are you under Doctor's orders to improve your appetites?" Virginia asked as she marvelled at the number of cakes Liveria and Catherine devoured. Catherine stared at her coldly and scorned to answer. Liveria spitefully ate another cake.

Enaid, who had been watching the performance with a bored expression, suddenly turned to Alice and said, "Oh, Alice, I see that there is going to be a sale of fur coats at Livingston's next week. Perfectly beautiful coats, too."

"Fur coats? My dear, when I get my fur coat I'm going to Alaska and kill it."

"Oh, Deb didn't get any cake. Please pass the cake to Deb. Cath, please pass the cake." Clara looked scandalized that such an oversight could have occurred.

"Oh, no, thank you, Clara, really."

"No cake?" Clara couldn't believe her ears. "None of this lovely cake with the cerise frosting? No?" she asked in amazement.

"No, thank you."

"Really," incredulously. "Don't you ever eat it?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes."

"Oh, Lent."

"No, diet! You take mine. Hazel, have you done your Spenser for this afternoon? I have an awful passage to report on. I think that lady is asinine anyhow. Supposed to be brave and everything and then to go swooning around the way she does. It is so dumb."

"Oh, do you think so? I think that makes her so womanly and everything. I liked it."

"And I suppose that you liked her love-sickness, too?"

"Didn't you? Yes, I think it is perfectly natural for a woman to be that way. I like it."

"Oh, that reminds me. My dinner is spoiled! Oh! oh!" Marj wailed. Everyone looked solicitous and alarmed.

"What's the matter?" Hazel demanded.

"Oh, I have a comp to write for English tomorrow."

"Well, is that such an unusual thing that you have to make such a fuss over it?" Hazel was annoyed at being unnecessarily alarmed.

"But it is such a struggle. I just worry for days about that stuff. You know I used to write once," she confided. "But they have killed my pen here. Killed it! I used to be assistant editor of the *Dynamo*, and we used to generate masterpieces; I did especially. But they have ruined me. I can't even write a decent letter home anymore. I put down something and then say, 'Is that construction right?' 'Is that the way Tolstoi would have described this?' 'Have I begun with the general impression and come down to the particulars?' I nearly go crazy. When the letter is finally ready for the envelope it is an incoherent mess." Marj looked doleful and the rest of the Teaching English class looked sympathetic. "Now who can tell me what gives the Library its Convent atmosphere?"

"Well, I spent the entire afternoon over in the library yesterday trying to get it, too, Marj. And this is what I found was the only convent thing in it," Hulda announced.

"What?" Everyone in the Teaching English class hung on her words.

"Its alcoves!" she giggled.

"Smarty!"

"Well, none of you have anything on me," Deb said. "Your troubles couldn't possibly compare with mine. I've been getting my portrait done for the year-book and I never went through such agony in my life. I am sure the things that people put down on paper and call me, can't possibly be me. I have sat seven times, and nothing has happened. I must have a funny face. Every artist on the campus has tried to get me down on paper. Everywhere I go I find things that are supposed to be my physiognomy. I am still in the state of the artists' mental conception. I suppose I shall have to leave a blank page in the year-book and just sign my name. It is rather a blow to the beautiful reflections that I see in the mirror, I think." Deborah sighed.

"Well, I've got an announcement to make." Liveria heaved herself out of her chair, put her napkin down, and pushed her chair under the table with deliberate movements. "May I have your attention for a minute, please?"

she asked, raising her voice and waiting for silence. "Will the girls whose names are posted please report to Miss Dickey after dinner; and there will be choral practice immediately after dinner." She passed through the room to the porch beyond to repeat her announcement.

"Well, if everyone will excuse me, I think I will go into the living-room."

"Three guesses what Clara is going to do and two don't count." Margaret smiled at Clara knowingly.

"Oh, yeh? Well, I don't sleep so much that everyone is supposed to know about it."

"You don't say! When I wake you up in the morning for mass I turn on the light, call you, shake your bed, pull your hair . . . and . . . well, the only thing I don't do is throw cold water on you or pull you bodily out of bed," Catherine said in a grieved tone.

Clara tossed her head and walked haughtily out of the room.

Liveria returned and sat down heavily. "There, thank goodness, there are no announcements for a few more hours."

"Are any of you going down to Angelice or Meadowlands?" Hulda asked. "I am going down right away. Heavens! where did I put my key? I'm sure I had it when I came in. I remember distinctly putting it in my bag. Now where do you suppose" She frowned as she tried to remember where she could have put the key.

"That couldn't be it that you are clutching so frantically, could it?" Catherine asked. Everyone waited breathlessly, as a ride down from Edgehill was—well, a ride. Hulda opened her hand and there lay the missing key. She looked up shame-facedly. There was general rejoicing and a still more general exodus.

"Oh, wait for me! Wait for me! I'm not finished yet!" Kathleen wailed.

"Hurry up!" everyone shouted as she made a dash for the door and Hulda's car.

Kathleen looked forlornly after the last disappearing heel of the gay crowd, and turned back to her brilliant cookie and fast-cooling tea. The faint echo of merry laughter

and back-firing reached her ears, then gradually faded away. Kathleen was left to her thoughts.

MARIAN FORRESTER '26.

TWO ROMAN HISTORIANS ON THE PUNIC WAR

EACH national history has a great and spreading pattern which can be seen in its full form and completeness only when the stuff of national life is laid out in broad surfaces and upon an ample scale in general history. The detail of the pattern, however, the individual threads of the great fabric, are to be found in the specific history of periods, for only such histories show intricate weaving, delicate shading, refinement of pattern—gold thread mixed with fustian, fine thread laid upon coarse, shade combined with shade.

An opportunity to view the national fabric of Roman history is presented in the histories of Polybius and of Dio Cassius. A chance to observe in intimate detail its pattern is given in their account of the Punic War. An occasion to examine its weaving is offered in the markedly different methods these two historians used in reporting the events of the same period.

Polybius and Dio each had a distinctive method of writing history which resulted from their individual ideas of the aim of history and from the different times and conditions under which they lived.

Polybius (204-122 B. C.) saw Rome when the lustre of her power and glory was at its height. Romans were still distinguished for valor, patriotism, political tact, but not yet for speculation and literary culture. In the sunburst of Rome's glory the germs of decay were not yet ripening. Polybius of Megalopolis in Achaean League; hence when one thousand constraint. Like his father, Lycortas, Polybius took an active part in the conduct of the Achaean League; thence when one thousand of the most influential Achaeans were arrested and deported to Italy to be tried for alleged support of Perseus, Polybius was among the number. He obtained permission to spend his enforced residence at Rome, where he entered the family of the greatest Roman of the age, Scipio. Through this family Polybius had unsurpassed opportunities to become acquaint-

ed with the Roman state, to have his work recognized, and his undertakings financed.

Dio Cocceianus lived in the degraded, superstitious, luxury-mad days of the Emperors. He, a native of Bithynia, became acquainted with Rome through his father who was governor of Cilicia and Dalmatia. Few details of his life are known, but it is gathered from casual statements in his history that he came to Rome in 180 A. D., and that he wrote an account of the dreams and portents which foretold the future greatness of Severus. The emperor was pleased with this work, and sponsored Dio's later work, a history of Rome from the landing of Aeneas down to the third century after Christ.

Polybius had the highest possible standard of the calling and the duties of an historian. He says, "The true historian will be a man of action, versed in political and military affairs. He will not confine himself to the study of documents merely, but will study carefully and in person the topography of the actions he describes. He will ask questions of eyewitnesses and show critical sagacity in judging

all their reports. The proper task of history is to record and hand down to future generations episodes of Fortune, that those who live after us may not, owing to entire ignorance of these incidents, be unduly terrified by sudden and unexpected occurrences."

Dio believed that a historian was never to forget that he was at the same time a rhetorician. If the bare facts were lacking in effectiveness, he thought that it was allowable to adorn, modify, and combine variously in the interest of a more dramatic presentation.

Polybius was the first didactic historian. He interspersed the account of events with causes, effects and instructive reflections. His method is admirably illustrated in his account of the Second Punic War in which he moralizes on almost every event. In brief he narrates the war as follows: Besides the outrage on the Saguntines the cause of the war between Rome and Carthage (218-202 B. C.) was Hannibal's ambition and love of power. If the discussion of the cause and result is taken from history, what is left is a clever essay but not a lesson, and while pleasing for the mo-

ment, is of no benefit for the future. Hannibal set out for Italy with high hopes of securing the Gauls as allies. He experienced great trouble in crossing the Alps, but he reasoned that they were not impassable as the Celts had often before crossed them to war with the Romans. The leader who will sooner gain a decisive victory is he who is able to perceive the faults of the other and choose that manner of attacking the enemy which will take full advantage of the weaknesses of their commander. Hannibal, knowing this, so made use of the rashness of the Roman generals that he was completely victorious and was able to ravage almost all of Italy. Although the Romans were incontestably beaten and their military reputation shattered, yet by the peculiar virtue of the Roman constitution they not only recovered the supremacy of Italy and afterwards defeated Carthage but in a few years made themselves masters of the world.

Dio in recounting the story of the same period drags in wherever possible tales, prodigies, and marvels. War was declared and soon Hannibal arrived in Italy. He was

guided over the Alps by wild beasts and visions of the gods. He was joined by a few Gauls among whom were the Boii, who killed a Roman general, Albinus, cut off his head, scooped out the interior and after gilding it, used it for a bowl in their sacred rites. Capau opened its gates to Hannibal; so he spent the winter there in idleness. His army in abandoning their ancestral habits of frugality learned an accomplishment which was new to them, to be defeated in battle. At this time many portents occurred; a cow gave birth to a horse; fire shone out at sea. The Scipios began activities in Spain in order to divert the Carthaginians there. These Scipios were so scrupulous in regard to plunder that of the rich Spanish booty they sent only some jackstones home to their children. Young Publius Scipio was then put in command. He had acquired the reputation of having sprung from Jupiter who had taken the form of a serpent. Scipio conquered in Spain and advanced to Africa. There he was so successful that he drew Hannibal from Italy and defeated him sixteen years after the war had begun.

Both of these accounts of the Punic War include valuable digressions—Dio sketches on character, Polybius on geographical features and tribal habits. Dio described Publius Scipio as a man who “had splendid native ability supplemented by an excellent education. He displayed the greatest nobility of soul and of language. He was stern in the exercise of his command, but agreeable in friendly intercourse; terrifying to his opponents, yet human to such as yielded.”

Since Polybius believed that a clear idea of customs and situations was necessary to a proper appreciation of history, he travelled widely, securing data and making investigations. A good example of his close observation is his description of the Gauls. “They lived in unwalled villages, without superfluous furniture. They slept on beds of leaves and fed on meat and were exclusively occupied with war and agriculture. Their lives were simple and they had no knowledge whatever of any art or science. Their possessions consisted of cattle and gold, because these were the only things they could carry along with them when

they wished to shift their position. They treated comradeship as of the greatest importance, those among them being the most feared and most powerful who were thought to have the largest number of attendants and associates."

Dio's point of view is thoroughly Roman. He writes from the standpoint of a senator who has a poor opinion of the common people and is jealous of the prerogatives of his order. He excels other historians in the attention he pays to constitutional and administrative matters.

Polybius' view was not biased by the necessity of accepting Roman supremacy or by his intimacy with Scipio. Mahaffy says of his history, "It is perhaps the greatest universal history attempted in old times." Mommsen declares that Polybius' narrative is a model of completeness, simplicity and clearness. Despite all its simplicity and clearness, however, Polybius' narrative fails to interest because it is so uniformly correct and so invariably instructive.

MARY HELEN MAYER '26.

DANTE'S INFERNO

DURING the latter years of the past century and perhaps the first fifteen of the present one spiritual problems as a popular subject of discussion had little or no place. There was scant interest or curiosity on the subject. Since the World War things have greatly changed; people have begun again to try to solve the great spiritual problems and to find out the cause of things. A great upheaval among nations and peoples usually ends with a yearning and striving after the things that are of fundamental importance to human nature. Again and again in modern literature there is depicted the unrest of the questioning soul seeking enlightenment on the subject of the after-life. This overwhelming curiosity about the future life is naturally reflected in literature; and from every source man is seeking information on the subject. This explains the re-awakened interest in all books pertaining to the subject of life after death and especially in the greatest of such books, Dante's *Divine*

Comedy. In all literature no work has answered the question of after-life with such "vividness of imagery, intensity of concentration, beauty of description" as has this work of Dante's. In his imagination the poet has seen eternity and he describes it with all the exactness and precision of one who has actually visited the places he describes.

The subject of the *Commedia* is the state of souls after death. Dante himself calls it a "classification of the virtues and vices of the human soul, a sort of graduated scale of ideal ethics." He calls this work a comedy because "it is a narrative poem that begins with adversity and has a happy termination." The *Inferno* is the most dramatic and most exciting part of the comedy. It is the abode of disembodied spirits suffering according to their deserts after judgment. In his *Inferno* Dante describes the sufferings of those who are eternally damned. His vision of Hell seems actual reality; it is a photograph of the spirit dwelling actually in the domain of evil which it has created for itself.

The vital interest in Dante today is in his conception, and though the description of the *Inferno* is largely colored by Dante's political theories, it is essentially a theological conception based on the teaching of the Catholic Church that Hell exists as a place or state of punishment for the rebel angels, and for man dying impenitently, that is, for man in whom sin has become so "humanized that death finds him not simply in the act, or habit of sin but so transformed that he is 'man made sin.' "

According to the theologians, while the pain of loss and the pain of sense constitute the very essence of the punishment of Hell, there are yet other sufferings which they call accidental. The reprobates never experience the least real pleasure nor are they ever free from the hideous presence of one another. After the Last Judgment the lost souls will also be tormented by union with their bodies, a union bringing about a fresh increase of punishment. On this subject Dante addresses Virgil, his guide through Hell, "Master, will these torments after the great sentence increase or diminish?" And Virgil answers:

"As each thing to more perfection grows,
It feels more sensibly both good and pain.
Though ne'er to true perfection may arrive
This race accurst, yet nearer then than now,
They shall approach it."

Dante begins his descent into Hell at sunrise on Good Friday. He wants to impress on his reader that his visionary world is no mere dreamland, but a terrible reality, and therefore his indications of time are frequent and precise. Cantos one and two constitute a sort of prologue: Dante at break of day after a night of wandering is trying to find his way out of a forest into which he has strayed. He is trying to get out by climbing the mountain that looms up before him. This mountain is the "mountain of delight"; for the individual it represents the state of felicity, and for mankind in general the goal of civilization. He is impeded by a swift and beautiful leopard, terrified by a lion, driven back by a hideous she-wolf. The three beasts represent Lust, Pride and Avarice. From this peril Dante is delivered by the spirit of Virgil, who bids him take another way. "Human philosophy can lead man from moral unworthiness and

guide him to temporal felicity; these are judgments of God to which human reason can attain."

Therefore Virgil will guide Dante through Hell and Purgatory that the poet may see and understand the nature of sin and the need of penance to fill up the void in the moral order; after which a worthier soul will lead him to Paradise and the contemplation of God. Dante's sense of unworthiness keeps him back, until he learns that Virgil is but the emissary of Beatrice, to whom in turn Lucia, or St. Lucy, has been sent to Dante's aid by a noble Lady in Heaven—evidently the Blessed Virgin, who may not be named in Hell, and who symbolizes Divine Mercy, as Lucia does illuminating Grace. Dante follows his master on his way.

It is nightfall on the same day when Dante comes to the gates of Hell:

"All hope abandon, ye who enter in!
Those words in somber color I beheld
Written upon the summit of a gate."

In the dark plain of Ante-Hell are those who lived

"Without or praise or blame, with that ill band
Of angels mix'd, who nor rebellious proved,
Nor yet were true to God, but for themselves
Were only. From his bounds Heaven drove them
forth
Not to impair his lustre; nor the depth
Of Hell received them, lest the accursed tribe
Should glory thence with exultation vain."

Virgil explains the cause of their lamentation:

"These of death
No hope may entertain: and their blind life
So meanly passes, that all others lots
They envy. Fame of them the world hath none,
Nor suffers; mercy and justice scorn them both."

Further on towards the center, flowing around the mouth of Hell itself is Acheron where the souls of the lost assemble, and are conveyed across by Charon in his boat. Dante and Virgil are borne across and they stand on the verge of the abyss "hearkening to the gathering thunder of the endless wailings."

Hell is a vast funnel-shaped pit which reaches down to the center of the earth. It was formed when Lucifer and his angels were hurled down from Heaven. It lies beneath the inhabited world whose center is Jerusalem

and Mt. Calvary, its base towards the surface and its apex at the center. It is divided into nine concentric circles, the lower of which are separated by immense precipices — circles which grow more narrow in circumference, more intense and horrible in suffering until the last is reached where Lucifer is fixed in the ice at the earth's center—at the farthest point from God.

Limbo is the last circle that girds the abyss; here are the unbaptised children and the virtuous heathen. They explain the nature of their punishment:

"Lost are we, and are only so far punished
That without hope we live on in desire."

Out of Limbo Dante and Virgil descend into the darkness of the second circle where the carnal sinners are whirled round and round by blasting winds. At the entrance snarls Minos, a type of the sinner's disordered and terrified conception of Divine Justice. Those who sin through love are placed in a region of active torment. Here are the two lovers, Paolo and Francesca, who are doomed

to be united to each other in despair for all eternity. Francesca tells her pathetic story to Dante:

"No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand. That kens
Thy learn'd instructor. Yet so eagerly
If thou art bent to know the primal root,
From whence our love gat being, I will do
As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day
For our delight we read of Launcelot,
How him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Oftimes by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our alter'd cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wish'd smile so rapturously kiss'd
By one so deep in love, them he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kissed. The book and the writer both
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
We read no more."

Dante is led down through the third circle of putrid rain and snow where Cerberus tortures the gluttonous. Here he meets Ciaccio, who explains the nature of his punishment:

"For the sin of
Gluttony, damned vice, beneath this rain,
E'en as thou seest, I with fatigue am worn:
Nor I sole spirit in this woe: all these
Have by like crime incurr'd like punishment."

From there he goes down through the fourth where Plutus, demon god of wealth, guards the avaricious and prodigal—who butt each other for all eternity. And then he is led to the dark waters of the Styx shortly after midnight. Virgil urges him on:

“Now on our way pass we, to heavier woe
Descending: for each star is falling now,
That mounted at our entrance, and forbids
Too long our tarrying.”

The marsh of the Styx represents the fifth circle. Here are the wrathful and the sullen fixed in the slime below, made visible only by the bubbles from their sighs. They say:

“Sad once were we,
In the sweet air made glad some by the sun,
Carrying a foul and lazy mist within:
Now in these murky settlings are we sad.’
Such dolorous strain they gurgled in their throats,
But word distinct can utter none.”

Here is the Florentine, Filippo Argenti, who represents the wrathful. He bandies bitter words with Dante during the passage. He connects Anger with Pride and with Bestiality. As Anger leads to violence and fraud for the sake of vengeance, so Phlegyas con-

veys them to the entrance of the city Dis, glowing red with eternal fires.

The gate of the city is defended by fiends, while the Furies appear upon the turrets, girt with greenest hydras and with serpents for hair, calling upon Medusa to come and turn Dante to stone. The Furies are symbols of hopeless remorse, and Medusa of the despair which renders repentance impossible.

"A guilty deed is the death of the soul
But to despair is to go down into Hell."

Here are Fredrick the Second, Pope Anastatius, Farinata, the hero of the Ghibelline party, and Cavalcanti who asks Dante where his own Guido is. He believes that it is the height of genius alone that leads Dante scathless through Hell.

They descend the precipice into the seventh circle, at the entrance to which the Minotaur, emblem of Violence and Bestiality, gnaws himself in bestial rage, on the top of the ruin formed by the earthquake when the Redeemer entered Hell. The demons now appear themselves as torturers in forms which

are half-bestial and half-human. There are three rounds in this circle. In the first, Phlegethon, the river of boiling blood, the violent against others are immersed to varying depths and tormented by the Centaurs—

"On trail ran Centaurs, with keen arrows armed,
As to the chase they on the earth were wont."

In the second round are the violent against themselves who are punished in the pathless woods of the Harpies. The suicides, imprisoned in trees and preyed upon by these monsters, are regarded as bestial sinners, because, properly speaking, a man cannot hate himself; the destroyers of their own substance, similarly considered, are hunted by black hell-dogs. The third round is enclosed by the wood; it is a burning plain where the violent against God are subjected to a slow rain of dilated flakes of fire. Capaneus, the typical blasphemer, is tortured even more by his own fury than by the flaming showers. Virgil rebukes him:

"Thou art more punished in that this thy pride
Lives yet unquench'd: no torment, save thy rage,
Were to thy fury pain proportioned full."

Virgil and Dante now go down the yawning abyss which reaches from the seventh to the eighth circle. This circle is called Malebolge, the realm of Malice; Geryon, "the unclean image of fraud," bears the poets to the place below. Malebolge is divided into ten valleys, with a gulf in the center. Since they punish fraud, "the vice peculiar to man," the demon tormentors have usually something of the human form—degraded Angels partaking of humanity's lowest features. The details of this circle are grotesque and disgusting to modern taste, but they are terribly realized images of the sins themselves. In one instance only does Dante seem in personal danger, and it is in the region of Barrators, with whose sin his ungrateful countrymen had tried to render him infamous. So repulsive is much of the matter of Malebolge that Dante represents his own moral sense as becoming clouded (it is true psychology that man cannot live in an atmosphere of sin without absorbing it); in the last valley he listens without disgust, almost with pleasure, to an unsavory quarrel between the Greek Sinon and

the coiner Adam of Brescia, until a sharp rebuke from Virgil restores him to himself,

"For to wish to hear that is a base desire."

In the center of Malebolge yawns a huge chasm, like an immense well, where the precipice falls to the ninth circle. The upper parts of giants appear around the margin of this pit. The giants connect this circle with Pride, as the mention of Cain connects it with Envy, and Lucifer himself with both Pride and Envy. Treachery is a gigantic version of fraud, by which is forgotten that love which nature makes and also that which afterwards is added, giving birth to special trust; therefore the guardians of this circle are monstrosities in magnified human shape.

There are four concentric rings in this ninth circle, increasing in pain as they diminish in circumference. Count Ugolino and Archbishop Ruggieri are frozen into one hole; the former gnawing the head of the latter. The terror and the pity of these lines which describe Ugolino's dying agonies make his tale one of the most famous in the whole

Commedia. Satan is fixed in the ice. The most radiant of God's angels has become the source of evil, the symbol of sin's hideousness. His three faces, red, yellow-white, black, are an infernal parody of Power, Wisdom and Love of the Blessed Trinity. In the mouths of three heads are three arch-traitors: Judas, Brutus, and Cassius.

On the night of Holy Saturday the poets leave Hell. Virgil carries Dante like a child "for man will readily submit himself to the guidance of reason and philosophy when once the nature of sin has been comprehended." On Easter morning Dante with his guide mounts upwards to the clear air; and on the shores of Purgatory in the southern hemisphere, they "issue forth to behold the stars."

MARIE SERFF '25.

in knowledge, the virtue of the intellect. Man does not live by bread alone, and if he is brought up to look to material things, as a chief good, his higher faculties will be stunted. If to do rightly rather than to think keenly is man's chief business here on earth, then the virtues of religion are more important than those of the intellect. The education which forms character is indispensable, that which trains the mind is desirable. The essential element in human life is conduct, and conduct springs from what we believe, cling to, love and yearn for, much more than from what we know. Locke says, "The hard and valuable part of education is virtue; this is the solid and substantial good, which the teacher should never cease to inculcate till the young woman places her strength, her glory and her pleasure in it."

To exclude religion is to exclude the spirit of reverence, of gentleness and obedience, of modesty and purity; it is to exclude the spirit by which the barbarians have been civilized, by which woman has been uplifted and ennobled and the child made sacred. The

atmosphere of religion is the natural medium for the development of character. If we appeal to the sense of duty, we assume belief in God and in the freedom of the will; if we strive to awaken enthusiasm for the human brotherhood, we imply a belief in a divine fatherhood. In nothing does the godlike character of Christ show more beautifully than in His reverence for children. Shall we profess to believe in Him and yet forbid His name to be spoken in the schools where we seek to train the little ones whom He loved? Shall we shut out Him whose example has done more to humanize, ennoble and uplift the race of man than all the teachings of the philosophers? If the teachers, from Plato and Aristotle to Kant, who have dealt with problems of education, have held that virtue is its chief aim and end, shall we thrust from the school the one ideal character who, for nearly nineteen hundred years, has been the chief inspiration to righteousness and heroism? We all, and especially the young, are influenced by example more than by precepts and maxims, and it is unjust and unreasonable

to exclude from the school room the living presence of the noblest and the best men and women; those whose words and deeds have created our Christian civilization. In the example of their lives we have truth and justice, goodness and greatness, in the concrete form. The young who are brought into contact with these centers of influence will be made gentle and reverent; and they will learn to realize the ever-fresh charm and force of personal purity. Teachers who have no moral criteria, no ideal, no counsels of perfection, no devotion to God and to godlike men, cannot educate, if the proper meaning of education is the complete unfolding of all man's powers.

If the chief aim of education is virtue; if conduct is three-fourths of life; if character is indispensable, while knowledge is only useful, then it follows that religion should enter into all the processes of education—religion, which more than any other vital influence, has power to create virtue, to inspire conduct and to mould character.

HAZEL REGAN '25.

JOHN KEATS

JOHN KEATS, like his master Spenser, is a poet's poet; he is even more, he is the world's poet too. In an inspired moment he wrote "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and his poetry, "a thing of beauty," is a joy forever to us who know it; but even we read with an added interest when we study something of Keats' brief, though curiously full life. Miss Amy Lowell's "John Keats" amply satisfies our desire to know and understand Keats; and while her book, which has followed very closely upon Maurois' "Ariel," may not have as wide a sale as "Ariel," the latter will certainly be treasured more highly. Miss Lowell interprets Keats for us by quoting his own words or the words of his friends. He appears not as a weak and unformed genius, but as a brilliant man with charm and force of character.

That André Maurois' "Ariel" (a life of Shelley) and Amy Lowell's "John Keats" are among this year's most popular books shows that the modern world is taking a marked in-

terest in the romantic poets of the early nineteenth century. Maurois' "Ariel" and Amy Lowell's "John Keats" are different entirely in style and in treatment. "Ariel" reads as a romance rather than as a biography. Shelley, the "beautiful and ineffectual angel," appears as the hero of a charming and subtly interesting novel; enveloped in an ethereal madness he sails past us gathering our sympathy as he goes.

Quite different in tone is Amy Lowell's "John Keats"; it is a very scholarly work; there is nothing of the novel about it. It is crammed with valuable source material, and while it is essentially scholarly it is not at all pedantic. Miss Lowell is chiefly concerned with Keats the man. She is interested in the humanity from which the poet springs, but not to the extent of neglecting the poet and his works.

In her biography, she follows Keats' life from day to day, almost from hour to hour. We know where he went and with whom, we know about his own affairs, and those of his intimate friends, and sometimes even of his

casual acquaintances. We can almost feel ourselves of the company in which it was Keats' good fortune to move. Leigh Hunt, Severn, Haydon, Shelley, Woodhouse, Brown and Byron.

Miss Lowell tells us where and in what state of mind he was when he wrote each of his separate poems and explains each of his varying moods by the circumstances which gave rise to them. She is particularly interesting in her descriptions of the Scotch journey, and of the effect of the bitter Scotch reviews on Keats, and in her attitude towards Keats' love affair with Fanny Brawne. Throughout her biography we feel that she is intensely sympathetic with Keats, but at no time does her intense sympathy get the better of her sound judgment. She quotes some very interesting letters to illustrate her points, which though clear in themselves are impressed more definitely by her quotations. Her book is rigidly correct, concise and direct; she states facts in a straightforward manner, but she does much more than state facts; she tells everything that could help to present

Keats as a living person, and not merely as a figure of a poetical movement. But enough for the source book and now to the poet.

Keats was a singularly attractive young man, he was short to be sure, but he was broad shouldered, athletic in build, with a strong face and a very firm mouth. "His eyes were dark brown, large, soft, and expressive, and his hair was a golden red." He had charming manners and a delightful sense of humor, which revelled equally in the subtleties of the keenest wit or in superb nonsense like that of Edward Lear.

Unlike his contemporary Shelley, Keats was, entirely apart from his poetic faculty, a decidedly able man. "He had an excellent mind, not the kind that is all squeezed together into one little spot in an otherwise empty cranium. Shelley's opinions on practical affairs were worth nothing; on politics, ethics, and social economics he talked and acted like a fractious, unreasonable child. Keats on the other hand was a perfectly logical, straightforward, and unprejudiced thinker." He was entirely dependent on his own reasoning for

his decisions. In an age when religion was much discussed, and creeds were, out of convention if nothing else, forcibly pressed upon the people, Keats professed no religious creed, he was not allied with any Christian sect and he was "only a Christian in the sense that a man must be who has been brought up in a Christian country and habituated from his earliest years to the teaching of a Christian sect. In so far as Christianity has modified social laws and customs, Keats was a Christian, but in no other way." His disbelief reached him through no angry, spectacular revolt, as did Shelley's, but through the slow churning of thought within him. His drifting away from religion was an evolution and not a revolution. By religion here is not meant religion in its broadest sense, but the Christian religion. Keats had a deeply religious soul, and natural beauty of all sorts stood to him as a religion, or at least as the only possible way of expressing the truths that he held as religion. Love and Beauty were his creeds, and out of them in combination he formed what he called "truth."

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know"

is Keats' creed. He was in love with beauty and he grasped it most easily through material things, but this does not mean that he did not feel it in things of deeper significance. His love for beauty and his sensitiveness to it did not absorb him to the extent of making him forget all else; it did not lead him away from the ethical world, it rather led him to it; "ethical he always was—Duty was his watchword; duty to his art and to his personal relations," Keats believed with Milton:

"That which is not good is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite."

Keats was a thoroughly human person; he enjoyed the entertainments of his day; and it rather surprises us to hear that he liked to go to a "bear-baiting" or a prize fight. He was always delighted by a performance at the theater; he liked best to see Shakespeare's plays, but he did go to, and was entertained by less finished and less interesting acting. He liked and needed to have people around him,

for so tense was his nature that it could not find the proper relaxation in either reading or writing. He made friends easily and he thoroughly enjoyed them, and they liked and admired him. He was an amiable companion and a man of firm convictions, as well as a genius and an excellent poet. His chief interest was in poetry, though poetry was not by any means his only interest. "It was to him a thing of zest and glamour; and realist though he was his realism confined itself to detail; it was realism vitalizing romance, for Keats is one of the great romantics of literature."

Keats read Spenser, and he knew Shakespeare almost by heart, but it was Spenser who influenced his writing most. Keats had an innate love for the age of chivalry, tales of knights and ladies never lost their charm for him; it was not, however, the spirit of the age that attracted him, but the trappings. To Spenser's "Faerie Queene" he was drawn by the color, by the richness of the pictures appealing to one or more of the senses directly, and by the "happy descriptive epithets." He

fairly saturated himself in Spenser, and by noting the passages that he underscored we can see clearly how strongly he was impressed. Miss Lowell in the appendix to her biography has reprinted Keats' underscoring of his copy of the "Faerie Queene." Sometimes it is only a word that Keats marks, again it may be a line and sometimes it is a whole stanza; almost always the passages he marks have attracted him by their delicately sensuous beauty.

But though Keats was impressed by Spenser, and though there are similarities in their poetry, Keats is not to be thought dependent on Spenser, for he is not. He is himself. Keats had an intense feeling for realism; this feeling Spenser had, too, but Keats goes beyond his master; he gets more to the heart of the situation; his selection of details is as a rule more discriminating; he uses fewer but more forcible and more living words. His sensations were sharper and clearer, and not only did he feel, but he analyzed his sensations which were to him not merely material things, "but the rifts in the clouds through which he

glimpsed the heavenly hosts." His sensitive-ness to atmosphere was one of his most marked traits, and his art in transmitting to his reader the atmosphere he feels is scarcely rivalled. He created his atmosphere mainly by the happy use of some word. He did not always strike upon the fitting word when he wrote the first draft of his poems, and he worked diligently and unfailingly until he found the accurate word to express exactly a delicate shade of feeling; in the sonnet "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer," for example, Keats first wrote "low-browed Homer" instead of "deep-browed Homer." In all of his poems he was endlessly making corrections, and it is some consolation to know that even the highest and most poetic poetry, the poetry that sounds as if it sang itself on to the page, has been worked over and carefully revised. One of Keats' supreme gifts was his feeling for words. He speaks of "The sad heart of Ruth amid the alien corn," of "the noiseless noise of leaves," of "sweet desolation," of "jaunty streams," of "aching pleasure," and of "sunburnt mirth"; and each epithet calls up

not only a picture, but a whole situation with the motives behind it clearly suggested. Miss Lowell, speaking of a passage in Keats' sonnet "To My Brother George," says: "It not only paints the actual sea, but it suggests all that the sea stands for to humanity." The passage referred to is:

"Many the wonders I this day have seen:
The sun when first he kissed away the tears
That filled the eyes of morn; the laurel'd peers
Who from the feathery gold of evening lean;
The ocean with its vastness, its blue green,
Its ships, its rocks, its caves, its hopes, its fears,
Its voice mysterious, which whoso hears
Must think on what will be and what has been."

One of Keats' powers is to transport his reader into his tale, to make the reader forget himself and live in story, and this he achieves by creating a realistic atmosphere. He does this not so much by giving a mass of details as by giving some pertinent suggestion. He had definite ideas about what poetry should be and he states them in a letter written to his publisher in 1818; he says: "In poetry I have a few axioms, and you will see how far I am from their center—

"1. I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance.

"2. Its touches of beauty should never be half-way, thereby making the reader breathless, instead of content. The rise, the progress, the setting of Imagery should, like the sun, come natural to him, shine over him, and set soberly, although in magnificence, leaving him in the luxury of twilight. But it is easier to think what poetry should be than to write it. And this leads me to another axiom: That if poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all."

Keats' best poetry does fulfill the requirements; it surprises and satisfies and delights the reader. "It has beauty of thought, beauty of phrase, beauty of movement; it is joined to a music which eludes, baffles, and enchants no matter how often the poem is read."

All of Keats' poetry is not equally good; as a matter of fact he wrote four poems which were flat failures. They are: "Sleep and

Poetry," "Endymion," which except for the Hymn to Pan, the Song of the Indian Maid, and the Invocation to the Moon, is negligible; the tragedy "Otho the Great" written with the help of Charles Brown, and "Hyperion." The effect of these failures on Keats was good; they inspired him to work harder and to do his best, and after each failure followed some of his best poems, among them the odes "To a Grecian Urn," "To a Nightingale," "To Autumn," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Hyperion, A Vision," and some of the most beautiful of the sonnets.

Keats was essentially modern in his method of thinking, and in his appreciation of the power of suggestion; he goes back to Spenser to find his inspiration, and to Greek and mediaeval life to find his subjects. Saintsbury calls him "the forerunner of Tennyson, and through Tennyson, of all English poets since; the father of every English poet, born within the century, who has not been a mere exception. He, as did no one of his own contemporaries, felt, expressed, and handed on the

exact change wrought in English poetry by
the great Romantic movement."

DEBORAH PENTZ '25.

A SONNET

Below a sea of green and turquoise blue,
A cavern cut and carved in crystal stands;
A coral reef creeps o'er its silver sands
And scatters scarlet specks the water through.
A thousand icicles like drops of dew
In clusters cling on vines of Iris bands
And roof my palace, built in Fairy Sands
And wrought for very love with rainbow hue.
But now the amber moon-beams every night
That pierce through sea-foam, sapphire, and
 through jade
To reach the crystal chamber only find
A host of bursting bubbles foaming white,
For she for whom our cabinet was made
Has left its pearly portal far behind.

MARGUERITE LOUIS '28.

MARRIAGE: ROMANTIC AND REALISTIC

STEVENSON has compared the man who expects his wife to be an angel to Hope, and to the man who knows his wife is just like himself, thoughtless, erring, and untrue he ascribed the great quality of Faith, for "Faith is a grave, experienced, yet smiling man, and Hope is only a kind old pagan."

The majority of men have always expected their wives to be angels, they probably always will; and women have always had a corresponding and equally exalted opinion about their prospective husbands — and this is romantic marriage.

This is the kind of marriage that is preceded by a wild courtship, gay parties, ardent avowals of love, inexperience, infatuation—illusions. This is the sort of marriage that is followed by disavowals, faithlessness, boredom—disillusions. This is the sort of marriage that our great grandmothers contracted. It is also the sort of marriage that women ten

years ago contracted, and it is the sort of marriage that the modern girl is gloriously ignoring.

Our great grandmothers were romantic women living in a romantic age. They entertained and they learned how to be charming, they married, they lived in large houses, they had large families, they rode in carriages, they travelled little. They expected marriage to solve all their problems, to quiet their longings, to consummate their happiness; and marriage did this for women who lived a hundred years ago. But it reacted very differently to the women who married ten years ago—romantic women living in a realistic age. These women had small houses, few children, electric stoves, steam heated apartments. They soon found that marriage was not an adequate outlet for their energies. They became too much married, and now thousands of them are publicly exposing their domestic failure in the divorce courts.

The modern girl, on the other hand, is a realistic woman living in a realistic age. It is to her that we might ascribe the quality of

faith, of "open-eyed faith built upon a knowledge of life" and especially upon a knowledge of men. She has broken down the false standards of a few years ago, standards that led to romantic marriage and sentimentalism. Romantic marriage is conceived in sentimentalism, it is born in ignorance, it lives frailly, it ends disastrously. The modern girl is wild, perhaps she is even a trifle wicked. She has thrilling love affairs, she "pets," she is sometimes disgusting, her lack of dignity is deplorable, her ideals questionable, but for all that we admire her vigor, her candor, and her "pep." She is not sentimental, neither is she ignorant, nor is frailty akin to her; subsequently her marriage should be built on faith—and this is realistic marriage. This is the sort of marriage that is preceded by reason: "The lion is the king of beasts, but he is scarcely suitable for a domestic pet. In the same way I suspect love as rather too violent a passion to make in all cases a good domestic sentiment"; by understanding—a knowledge of the brittleness of human resolutions, "Hope

looks for unqualified success, Faith counts certainly on failure."

The modern girl should, in virtue of her splendid qualifications, make a success of realistic marriage, in spite of the inevitable failure that any marriage must incur. For she has many of the attributes of faith, yet in one thing she is lacking—faith is humble and the modern girl has not the vaguest conception of humility. It is as far and as pathetically removed from her as sentiment is creditably distant. She takes the center of the stage whenever she can, and certainly on many occasions when she should not. She is not only enormously interested in her pranks, her learning, and her culture, but she erroneously believes that everyone else is just so enormously interested in her insipid pranks, her little learning, and her negligible culture. It is thus she expresses herself in letters to her mother-in-law: "I want you to do whatever is best for you," "Strange to say, my ideas coincide with yours," "But I assure you that I have heard so much about you that I am anxious to meet you," and so she patronizes and reassures the woman on

whose son she has condescended to bestow her hand.

It is true that the above quotations are only extracts from her college themes, but they illustrate the humorless intensity of her egotism. She has neglected to take what was good from her predecessors while she has been so vehemently tearing down what was wrong; yet there is real good in these young egotists. They are sufficiently sophisticated to know that their husbands will not always remain lovers, they are marrying later in life, at a time when their characters and interests are well defined. They will be companions to their husbands, they will intelligently rear their children, and in many other ways they will undoubtedly dignify and broaden the sphere of marriage, if only they will complete the character of faith that they already in part possess. For faith, besides being understanding, grave and smiling, "grew up in Christian days and early learnt humility."

VIRGINIA CARRINGTON.

CONTENTMENT

To live in a house—
 An old house—
In the midst of many trees,
With daffodils along the path,
And busy, buzzing bees.
A house, with a green lawn on one side
And a gray mossy wall,
With weeds and wild flowers trailing down,
Where birds should love to call.
A house with many quaint low rooms,
And colored window panes,
And comfy chairs, and ancient rugs,
And a huge pine log to blaze.
For company—a gentle ghost,
To flitter in and out,
Or sit with me before my door
And tell me softly happy things
That happened there before.

ROSALIND LOUIS '28.

PLATONISM IN SPENSER'S HYMNS

IN THE early part of the fifteenth century the whole course of the Renaissance was materially affected by Platonism, when the intelligence of the Florentines was turned to Plato. The Florentines, then in their first fervour of humanism, uninterested in the subtleties of Scholasticism, and lethargic in their attitude toward practical religion, had awakened to an understanding and love of Plato that was little less than veneration. "Men were thirsting for the philosophy that had the charm of poetry, that delighted the imagination while it fortified the understanding, and that lent its glamor to the dreams and yearnings of a youthful age." Gemistos, a Greek of Maestra, an eloquent, grave and beautiful old man, went to Italy for the first time in 1438 to attend a council as a representative of the Greek Church, a duty which he inwardly hated. He cordially disliked and was bored by the ecclesiastics and discussions of the council, but he was more than recom-

pensed by the sympathetic and enthusiastic listeners he found among the Florentines. He could satisfy in abundance the thirst of the Florentines for a new philosophy.

Gemistos founded a system which was not Platonism, but a fusion of Platonism with Greek mythology — Neo-Platonic in the extreme. This system was enlarged upon by men like Ficino, Pietro Bembo, and Pico della Mirandola, and exerted a profound influence over the thought of Italy and ultimately over the thought of the whole continent and England. His metaphysic, full of difficulties that he made no attempt to solve, was the basis of this Platonic cult which his esoteric followers thought would take the place of the faiths then existent.

Cosimo de' Medici, convinced by Gemistos of the importance of Platonic studies, founded the Florentine Academy, and placed Marsilio Ficino at its head to translate and explain Plato. Ficino attempted to demonstrate that in the Platonic writings was embodied the essence of the Christian faith. This Christianized Platonism, a cult which went so far as to

interpret the scriptures in the light of Platonic philosophy, was the natural antithesis of the system of Aristotelian logic on which Scholasticism was based, and the scholastics thought it was nothing more than a direct abandonment of the authority of the Church and revealed religion.

Ficino's cause was taken up everywhere by the Protestant reformers and was especially favoured in the Universities of Paris and Cambridge. Spenser, already a rabid Protestant, went to Cambridge where everything that was intellectual was Platonist, and everything that was Platonist was opposed to the Roman Church. So by a double impulse he became a Platonist of the most ardent sort. But this same Platonism that so thoroughly permeated Spenser's being did much toward modifying and softening his Protestantism.

In 1596 Spenser published his *Four Hymns*. Of the first two hymns, one was in honour of earthly love, and the other in honour of earthly beauty. Spenser tells us that he wrote these two in the "greener times of his youth," and he sternly condemns them as

being for other youths incentives more "to sucke out poyson to their strong passion, than honey to their honest delight." In them the poet's motive is more artistic than philosophical. He is more concerned with the beauty of his expression than with the accuracy of his philosophy. He contributes no new ideas to the Platonic doctrines of love and beauty which he is expounding, and in his attempts to reconcile Platonism with Neo-Platonism, he was much influenced by his own chivalric temperament, but not helped by the unscientific philosophy of the Renaissance. His philosophy is a confusion of Plato, the Florentine Academy, and his own inaccurate and aspiring mind. Spenser's object was to immortalize, in beautiful harmonious verse, the transition from the world of sense to the intelligible world. But in these first hymns, he was too pagan to please certain ladies whose esteem he courted, so he wrote the last hymns, one in honour of heavenly love, and the other in honour of heavenly beauty, to please them and to show that the perfect lover of beauty and all created good might arise to contemplation of the

Beatific Vision,—perfect beauty, perfect good, and perfect love of God. In them he extended the ideas of the Platonic Eros into the conception of the perfect love of God through Christ, and the Neo-Platonic good, intellect, and soul, he identifies with the three persons of the Holy Trinity.

Spenser's philosophy was neither Platonism nor yet Neo-Platonism; it was Neo-Platonic Platonism still further veiled in the mists of the Renaissance. Earthly passion is etherialized, and earthly beauty worshiped and all but identified with spiritual beauty; the natural is exalted and venerated with a fervour Plato only accorded to the divine.

The ideas of Plato that Spenser uses in his hymns are found in their original form mainly in the *Phaedrus* and the *Symposium*. In the *Phaedrus* Plato defines first the nature and the power of love. Love, he says, is a madness, and the greatest of heaven's blessings. Love is the means of reminding the soul of the Ideas. The soul is immortal and before its birth dwelt among the gods, in the heaven of heavens, which is inhabited by colourless, form-

less, and intangible essences, or divine Ideas. It is the sight of these Ideas which nourishes and makes the soul like God. The remembrance of divine reality, brought about in the mind by earthly representations of divine ideas, leads the soul to higher things. The lover seeing beauty, which is the most obvious as well as the loveliest of ideas, fashions the beloved upon the form of good.

In the *Symposium* Plato goes more deeply into the doctrine of love, making still finer distinctions, and finally to get at the truth has recourse to an inspired myth of the priestess, Diotima. Love itself is without beauty and without good, in want, the son of plenty and poverty, an intermediary between gods and men. Its nature is not to possess wisdom and beauty, but to be a lover of wisdom and beauty. In this dialogue the nature of love is clearly brought out. The passion of love is not the whole of love, but all desires are a part of love. Love in its highest sense is the desire of the possession of good, and not only the possession of the good, but the everlasting possession of the good. There are three forms of

love, but all love is birth in beauty; first, in beauty of the body, wherein man through generation seeks immortality; second, birth in beauty of the mind, which is not a love of immortality by actual generation, but "as creative bodies conceive children, so creative souls conceive wisdom and virtue." These second lovers "seek to educate fair souls." Love of this sort is the inspiration for all mental work. These Plato calls lesser mysteries, but the deepest mystery is the third sort of love, or birth in ideal beauty. In this the lover passes from the love of beauty of form to the love of beauty of mind, thence to the love of beauty of laws; from the love of beauty of laws to the love of beauty of sciences; from the love of many sciences to the love of one science, and from this single science to the science of beauty, which in itself leads him on to the nature of beauty—"absolute, separate, everlasting, and imparted without diminution to all beautiful things," and Plato ends the argument by saying that the lover of this beauty will create not images of beauty but realities — true virtue and true wisdom, and

will become, he says, the friend of God and immortal.

Spenser's *Hymn to Heavenly Beauty* is from beginning to end a paraphrase of Bembo's final speech in Castiglione's *Courtier*. It is based on these same doctrines of the *Phaedrus* and the *Symposium*. Spenser contributes nothing that is original. Bembo expounds for the Courtier the way to true happiness. The soul, purged by vices by the study of philosophy, and occupied in things spiritual, "openeth the eyes that all men have and few use"—Socrates' "eye of the soul"—will see in herself the true image of angelic beauty, and becoming blind to earthly things, will be quickened to the sight of heavenly things. She arises to her noblest part, the understanding, and with it beholds heavenly beauty, and in her is kindled "the most holy fire of heavenly love." Forsaking sense and no longer needing the aid of reason in the new angelic nature, possessing all understanding, "without any veil or cloud, she seeth the meine sea of pure heavenly beauty, and receiveth it into her, and enjoyeth the sovereign happiness that can not

be comprehended of the senses." This is beauty incapable of corruption, the origin of all beauty, always beautiful, and by which all things in so far as they partake of it are beautiful. It is the holy light that leads the way to heaven, rising from the beauty that has the shadow of sensual beauty to the beauty that lies "hid in the innermost secrets of God, lest unhallowed eyes should come to the sight of it; and there we shall find a most happy end for our desires, true rest for our travails, certain remedy for miseries, a most healthful medicine for sickness, a most sure haven in the troublesome storms of the tempestuous sea of this life."

To illustrate from Spenser:

"Beginning here below, with th' easie vew
Of this base world, subject to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortal sky;

"For farre above these heavens, which here we see,
Be others farre exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in hight,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,"

And so on.

"From this darke world, whose damps the soul do
blynd,
On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities."

In Spenser's *Hymn to Earthly Love* the invocation to the God of Love calling him out of his "silver bowers and scarlet bliss,"

"Where thou dost sit in Venus lap above,
Bathing her wings in her ambrosial kisse,"

is far removed from anything that Plato ever wrote. Spenser's imagination, youthful and sensuous, was alone the inspiration for these lines. The myth of Diotima, Phaedrus's and then Agathon's speech, from the *Symposium*, all give unlike accounts of the creation of love, and these with Ficino's fanciful comment, Spenser jumbles together. Diotima said that love was begotten of Plenty and Poverty; Agathon, the tragedian, that love was the youngest of the gods; and Phaedrus that he was the eldest of the gods. Spenser and Ficino make love the impulse for the creation of the universe, including the most ancient forces and gods. God created the angels, and the

angelic natures turning back to God, engender a new force which is love, the youngest of the divine beings. So love is at once the origin and the effect of creation, the youngest and the eldest of the divine powers.

"Begot of Plenty and of Penurie,
[*Socrates's contribution*]
Though elder than thine own nativitie,
[*Ficino's*]
And yet a chyld, renewing still thy yeares,
[*Agathon's*]
And yet the eldest of the heavenly Peares?"
[*Phaedrus's*]

From Socrates Spenser borrowed the idea that Love, the first cause, moves man, who has still a spark of heavenly fire in him, to beget children for the sake of immortality.

"Not for lust's sake, but for eternitie,
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie."

With great severity he condemns lust and insists on the distinction between it and the impetuosity of true passion. Love is ennobling, drives out all baseness, and reforms the mind.

In the *Hymn to Earthly Beauty* Spenser denies the doctrine

"That Beautie is nought else but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a sommers shade;"

—the invention of "idle wits."

Beauty is the soul that lives on, returning to its native planet after all else has decayed. Again he identifies the idea of Beauty with the human soul; it is "heavenly born and cannot die." But it is not only an image after the divine pattern; it is an informing power in the soul, which idea Spenser takes directly from Bembo. Spenser, with Socrates, says that a beautiful soul should always exist in a beautiful body, but concedes, with Socrates and Bembo, that a fair soul may dwell in an ugly body, adding that it is only by chance or some other misfortune that this happens. His reason, from Bembo, is

"For of the soul the bodie forme doth take;
For soul is forme, and doth the bodie make.

"That Beautie is not, as fond man disdeeme,
An outward show of things that onely seeme."

Bembo said that "beauty cometh of God and is like a circle, the goodness of which is the center. And, therefore, as there can be no circle without a center, no more can beauty be without goodness. Whereupon doth very seldom an ill soul dwell in a beautiful body. And therefore is the outward beauty a true sign of the inward goodness, as it were, for a mark of the soul, whereby she is outwardly known." Beauty may be marred and abused, and even made the bait of sin, though this is not the fault of beauty, nor does it damage beauty, which is itself immortal and incapable of being corrupted. Beautiful souls are attracted to each other by celestial influences and led to ideal love; through the mirror of beauty the passion of love is first aroused, and still through it is love led on to its heights.

There is much of the earthly *Hymns* that Spenser would like to have retracted, and he is said to have written the heavenly *Hymns* as penance for them. Certainly it is true, as someone has said, that when he wrote the earlier poems he had not seen beauty in its mystical purity. Compared to the earthly

Hymns these last two "soar pure white fire"
though his Beatific Vision is "pale and cold"
against the blaze and glory of Dante's Em-
pyrean, or Heaven of Heavens.

MARGARET COURTRIGHT '26.

A PLEA FOR JAZZ

IF JAZZ were better known and understood by those who object to it so conscientiously, there would be no need for defending it. With a little more tolerance, and less comparing of the incomparable, and less of the "I don't know anything about jazz, but I know what I don't like" attitude, these people might learn actually to enjoy it. Sooner or later they must realize its significance as purely American music.

The trouble with many is that, having once heard some jazz "music" in the days of its shrieking, banging, bawling infancy, they still blanch with horror at the mere mention of it, and steadfastly refuse to listen to more. They should know that the jazz they heard is now known as "sour music" and has little in common with the American music of today. Others, having long ago formed the decorous opinion that it is vulgar, debased, utterly unworthy of notice, hear it perhaps, but without listening. The splendid rhythmic effects, the richness of harmony, the tonal color—all

has escaped them. Or perhaps they hear only the bad jazz. Some of it is deplorably bad, and some is equally deadly in its mediocrity.

Jazz is strangely difficult to do well. There is great subtlety in some of the simplest pieces. It is particularly hard to achieve good piano jazz, and much harder for the trained pianist, as a rule, than for those who play entirely by ear; and for some unknown reason it is more difficult for women than for men. It is a sad day for the girl who has studied piano for years, practicing faithfully, seldom turning the clock back, when she hears the youth across the street, who can't even read music, playing her favorite popular song twice as well or twice as "jazzily" as she can. Almost everyone tries to play it, but few catch the spirit, the baffling "sine qua non." A strange, pleasant chord here, a discord there, a weird little syncopated "break" elsewhere—the good ones are so elusive!

The same applies to singing. The properly trained singer usually ruins the best of popular songs. I do not know which is the greater abomination—the lyric soprano trying

to sing jazz, or the vaudeville star murdering "Tosca." Miss Eva Gautier, with her charming mezzo-soprano voice, is the exception. Who will forget her naughtily delightful "Do It Again"? But alas, her accompanist had not the spirit! He played only the notes as they were given to him; it was not jazz.

Jazz is a way of playing music, rather than a music itself. The metre is always two-four or four-four—American fox-trot time. The accent falls usually on the second and fourth beats. Over this steady rhythm is a syncopated melody. Syncopation alone is not jazz, and jazz is not merely interesting syncopation.

All sorts of things may be jazzed: waltzes, hymns, nursery tunes, opera — anything with melody. And however irreconcilable with fox-trot time they may seem, they can somehow be juggled into place by these amazing young syncopaters. Occasionally a theme is boldly stolen from the classics. What a howling from the conscientious objectors! One can scarcely blame them. Fortunately this

does not happen often. It is the semi-classical music, instrumental and vocal, that is used when originality wanes, and in most cases it is made at least five times as interesting as before, if it is arranged well.

As to the vulgarity of jazz, indeed it was very, very vulgar at one time. Some of it is still vulgar. There will be vulgar music until the end of time, just as there has always been vulgarity, but it need not be jazz. Jazz is outgrowing it.

Paul Whiteman was the first to experiment in subduing without devitalizing the new music. At that time when jazz was produced by the practice of individual improvisation on the part of each member of the orchestra, he realized the possibilities of this new art, if it were treated differently. He established the first corps of arrangers. These men soon became expert in utilizing the orchestra's resources, and now there is hardly a dance orchestra that does not have an arranger. The excellence of some of these arrangements is well worthy of study.

Certain names stand out among the many that are associated with the making of jazz. The most notable of these are Irving Berlin, dubbed by *Vanity Fair* "The proud young father of American ragtime and chief composer of his country's folk-songs"; Paul Whiteman, the conductor of an extraordinarily good orchestra and certainly the most noted of its kind; and George Gershwin, an excellent pianist as well as the composer of many song "hits" and the epoch making "Rhapsody in Blue."

Irving Berlin has written more songs that have been widely popular than any other song writer since the earliest days of American ragtime. He knows how to write the sort of tune that will be sung, played, whistled, and ukeleled throughout the whole country. Gershwin is of a newer school. His music is subtler, it is never banal. He has not only an exceptional gift for rhythmic expression and melody-making, but a fine knowledge of form. His work is being closely observed by mu-

sicians and critics. Carl Van Vechten assures us that "some of his as yet unpublished works will exalt the idiom of jazz into notable concert music."

Mr. Whiteman has done a most admirable thing in attempting to banish the prejudice against this "lively art" by his popular music concerts. They have been a revelation to thousands who frowned before on jazz. One could not help being impressed by the dignity of his performance, the unusual ability of his musicians, and his beautiful instrumental effects. Mr. Whiteman's greatest problem at present is to secure compositions commensurate with the orchestra's powers and future possibilities.

Among the composers who have works in preparation are: Leopold Godowsky, Deems Taylor, John Alden Carpenter, Leo Lowerby, Charles Cadman, and Percy Grainger. Dr. Leopold Stokowski was an enthusiastic auditor at Whiteman's Philadelphia concert.

Gilbert Seldes, the critic, expresses the growing sentiment that "it is gratifying to note that America is, at last, recognizing something of its own. We have at last come to agree with Europe that we have something precious in our hands."

MERLE LEMAIRE '26.

FROM LISZT TO MIDDLE C

I CAME to Dominican College from a school where I was looked up to by the younger girls, and where I tried to set them a good example. I had been told many times that when I went to college no one would pay any attention to me because Freshmen did not exist in college life. I was quite prepared to be socially as well as educationally ignored and, if possible, to find a way to make the highly educated college people realize that I had come among them. I knew that I should have to begin my studies and everything else all over again. But the one thing that I did not expect to have to commence over again was my music. I had "taken" music lessons for a long time and I thought that I could play pretty well. I had been given difficult "pieces" to play—pieces by Chaminade, the Prelude in C sharp minor, and the fifth Hungarian Rhapsodie. I had an excellent teacher, and I really learned these compositions well. My growing conceit was encouraged by my fond parents and relatives

who told their friends how well I played. When we went visiting I was always asked to play, or if there wasn't a piano, I was asked the names of the pieces I played. Names are a great source of credit when a piano isn't near. Whenever there was a school concert, I was always asked to play, not one, but two solos (and maybe an encore, if the audience was enthusiastic). Those concerts gave me a certain amount of prestige; not because the audience thought that I played well, but because I played so often, and usually pieces with unpronounceable names. I suppose my friends, who "took lessons" and were in the same music classes with me, knew the real worth of my playing, but because I liked to practice they considered me "temperamental."

My first lesson here was a great shock. My eminent new teacher had never heard me play and didn't ask to. She gave me three five-finger exercises, told me not to make so many motions, not to wipe off the keys with my fingers, to put all my old music away, and said that she hoped I would be a good pupil and practice at least two hours a day (I wondered

what), and then dismissed me. I practiced two hours a day on my five-finger exercises, and at my next lesson I was shown all the bad habits I had acquired. I learned that when you played a five-finger exercise, you are expected to curve your fingers and that the fingers are not supposed to wiggle in and out at the second joints. I learned that when you attempted to play a velocity exercise your wrists and elbows should act as hinges, that the arm should be relaxed, not as tense as possible, and that you should just let yourself go. I was rewarded for my diligent practice with a piece, the kind I had played when I first commenced music lessons. Although I thought the piece was easy, my teacher was doubtful whether it would not be too hard. I learned my little easy piece, and came to my lesson prepared to convince my teacher that now I was ready to go on with Liszt's Rhapsodies. She asked me to begin in the middle of my piece and play to the end; to play the left hand alone from memory; to play from measure thirteen to measure twenty-three with my eyes closed; to explain what ideas

the composer had in his mind. I couldn't begin in the middle. If I made a mistake I always had to go back to the beginning. I couldn't play the left hand alone from memory, nor play from measure thirteen to measure twenty-three with my eyes closed; and I didn't know what the composer had in his mind. In the old days, when I received a new piece, I played it right off with both hands together, and used the pedal. It never occurred to me to read the score of the music before I played it. If I had read the music over I wouldn't have known any more. Anyhow such a thing would have been considered "affected" by my friends. When I practiced the piece, I only practiced the parts I liked, dwelling on the well known, and particularly the picturesque and the dreamy passages, sliding over the uninteresting, difficult parts, softening the dissonances and lingering amorously over the resolutions. I should have played the same wrong places wrong, again and again, only stopping to polish the grace notes or the imposing imbellishments. I thought I knew the piece, but when I was

asked to play it I somehow felt less confident. Now, I was instructed never to play a piece off with both hands together, although I might try it with one hand alone (preferably the left, to get the rhythmic pattern, I suppose. I wondered if she would think me up to the "Happy Farmer.") I was to learn two measures only, at first with the left hand alone, then two measures with the right hand alone, then two measures with both hands together. When I had learned two sets of two measures I was to go back and play all four measures together with both hands. After I had finished the whole piece by means of two measures left hand alone, two measures right hand alone, two measures both hands together, I had to memorize the piece. I had to memorize it in the same way, two measures left hand alone, two measures right hand alone, two measures with both hands together. This had to be done with eyes shut. If you learn a piece that way you will never forget it. You couldn't. It gets into your eyes, your ears,

your fingers, your skin, so that your whole being rises in rebellion if your eye or finger slips and causes a mistake. I was given a little gray book with the two and two method printed at length in it. (As if there were any need!) I learned my first piece in time, and in time even got another one, and this one a little more difficult, but still far below my former heights.

I began to be discouraged because I did not seem to be advancing; my interest waned, and I gave up practicing. My teacher became displeased with me and asked me if I had no interest in my music. I told her my complaint, and she said that if I did my work, which I hadn't been doing for some time, I would soon find my interest returning. She told me that when one came to college one learned to study as adults study, and discarded the ways of a child. The reason for going back to the beginning of one's work was to re-learn, in an adult way, fundamental principles of technique, long forgotten, and to practice funda-

mental exercises, long cast aside as "finished." I began to understand that you could not expect to interpret a piece that was theoretically and harmonically more advanced than you were, that anyone could acquire a good technique, if he practiced long enough, and that the art lay in learning to play deep down into the keys, not in jiggling over the tops. A real musician makes his listeners hear what the composer heard when he wrote the composition.

When I got down to real hard work my interest soon did return, and I found myself going ahead, not with exceptionally rapid strides, but with sufficient progress to keep hope alive and interest keen.

If this tale followed the plan of many tales (particularly the moral ones) it would end when I said, "and now, after much hard and faithful practice, I have succeeded in becoming a real musician, and I owe all my accomplishments to my wonderful teacher." But this composition cannot go so far. In the first

place it would take too long to tell, in the second place we should have to wait too long, and in the third place it would never have happened in the first place. It must stop now, while I am still an ordinary, struggling, although wiser, pupil.

MARCELLA BRICCA '28.

INTERCOLLEGIATE OR INTER- CLASS ATHLETICS

THE Athletic Conference of American College Women, or the A. C. A. C. W., is a national organization numbering among its members all the leading women's colleges in the United States. It was begun by the Women's Athletic Association of the University of Wisconsin in 1916, when the need of discussing certain problems with other universities was felt. The first meeting was held in 1917 and a constitution adopted. At this first meeting and at every meeting since the conference has definitely opposed intercollegiate athletics. Since the Dominican College is a member of the A. C. A. C. W. and is therefore restricted from playing games with other colleges, it is important to understand the reasons on which the Conference based its decision opposing intercollegiate athletics.

The aim of any branch of physical education in a college is to strengthen every student physically and to develop qualities which will

be valuable in later life; it is not to specialize on a few who particularly enjoy athletics. Specialization is emphasized by intercollegiate games. They take too much of the director's time. If the coach has a varsity team to train she will give most of her attention and time to it, to the consequent neglect of the girls who are not on the varsity. This lessens the field of training. If there were no varsity, the director would give her time to class teams and would train four or five times as many girls. There are also a good many girls who are not very much interested in sports, but who would be greatly benefited if they could be made to like them. The director who has sufficient time can do a great deal with girls of this class and can accomplish something by interesting them in some activity which they will enjoy and which will also be of great benefit to them. Yet this is the class which the coach will neglect if she has a varsity to train.

An important consideration in intercollegiate athletics is the fact that the high schools imitate the colleges, and while the dis-

advantages of intercollegiate games can be overcome to some extent in the colleges because the college coaches are all trained women, it is different in the high schools. High school coaches are very often not physical education teachers, but teachers who have taken up physical education on the side. In many schools the girls do not have proper physical examinations before going in for sports. The coaches know little about the danger of overstrain, which is particularly great at high school age. If the high school coaches are men they are likely to put girls on the same basis as boys, and think they are equally capable of playing by the same rules. Interschool games under these conditions are not a good thing. Added to these difficulties is the danger of poor spirit creeping in. High school students take their games very seriously and are strongly inclined to win at all costs. Doing away with intercollegiate games has undoubtedly decreased interschool games.

One of the greatest objections to intercollegiate athletics is due to the increasing tendency to put women's athletics on the same

basis as men's. While there are no objections to international competitions between men is it desirable that American women go to Europe and run races and jump hurdles with French or English women? In the spring of 1921 tryouts were held for a track team at Mrs. Merrill's School, Oaksmere, Connecticut, and in the summer the chosen team went abroad. Many of the girls came home physical wrecks. Because of these disastrous results a meeting of the physical education leaders was held. This conference decided that international competition among women had been inopportune and that such competition in the future should be organized and controlled by a national organization. Again, do we want women's games to become like the university football games, no longer games for the sake of play and exercise but for commercial enterprise? Abolishing intercollegiate competitions will do more than anything else to keep games simply games.

It is frequently argued that the interest in games which is developed by intercollegiate athletics, and the proficiency which is at-

tained by those taking part in the games make up for the neglect of the many and the concentration on a few. If there is sufficient rivalry between the classes, and this is where tradition counts, as keen an interest will be taken in interclass games as in games with outside colleges. Proficiency follows from interest; and where interclass rivalry is traditional class teams are as proficient as varsity teams. Of course the classes have to be large enough to furnish good teams. This is possible here now by combining the Seniors and the Juniors into an Upperclassman team as was done this year in basketball.

Another frequent argument is that inter-collegiate games develop college spirit. It is quite true that when one college is in a contest with another everyone is united in support of the college team, and feeling and enthusiasm for each college run high. The same spirit could be developed through interclass games. If each class shows its class spirit by enthusiastically supporting its team there need be little fear for college spirit. College spirit naturally follows from class spirit; where

there is loyalty to one's class there will be loyalty to one's college.

That intercollegiate games promote outside interest does not seem to me to be a great argument in favor of intercollegiate athletics. Using sports either for the athletic reputation or the commercial advantage of a college is going outside the aim of athletics. The enjoyment obtained from a game and the development of sportsmanship are what are important; not the winning of championships.

Lastly, since all the best women's colleges belong to the A. C. A. C. W. it would be of no advantage not to be a member. The freedom to play games with other colleges would be worth nothing if we had no one to play with. After all the object of college athletics is to keep women physically fit and to give them enjoyment; and if these ends are attained by interclass games why not enjoy ourselves playing with each other instead of striving to win a championship from some other college?

CATHERINE BARRY '25.

DRAMATICS

THE talk of justifying dramatics in college seems decidedly unnecessary when one considers the place of dramatic art in the life of the cultured person. Why exclude it from the particular phase of life in which its educational possibilities are greatest?

Children, natural mimics, love to play acting. "Let's play," and "Make believe" and "Let's pretend" are the phrases oftenest repeated in the vocabulary of childhood. Children have the faculty of acting their rôles in complete unself-consciousness. They forget themselves in an imaginative world which they create from books and from observing the grown-up world about them. As soon as they learn of the existence of the stage they give impromptu plays and dramatize stories. In school, however, gradually they lose their delight and interest in dramatization. School plays given by carefully drilled children are enough to account for this, as anyone, who has yawned through one of them, knows. Dra-

matic art, surprisingly enough, survives its treatment in secondary schools, and one finds it still exists, not only in the professional world of "stars," playwrights, press agents, critics, and stage hands, but in the Little Theatre Movement by which is meant that grown people have gone back to Play Acting and Let's Pretend. They are not content with seeing a play. They must themselves have the fun of interpreting characters and quarreling with the electrician.

Dramatic art in college stands somewhere between the Make Believe of childhood and the Little Theatre. On the surface the production of a class play is very like this. The dramatic coach chooses a play, posts a notice for the try-outs, and picks a cast. The members of the class spend hours of what would be their leisure time in memorizing lines and rehearsing parts. On the appointed evening the play is given before a sympathetic audience composed mainly of school mates who congratulate the actresses immediately afterwards on their performance. The cast outwardly deprecating, but inwardly rather

pleased with themselves, go to bed prodigiously tired from the nervous and emotional strain and "glad that that's over." Later the audience, in little groups, discuss the play and give their candid opinions of the performance. The dramatic critic of the college paper writes the most favorable criticism possible and that is the end of it, unless some utilitarian insists on being told the use of devoting so much valuable time to dramatics. In that case someone who has never given the matter much thought, who has in fact accepted college plays along with examinations and athletic meets as part of college life, undertakes to justify Dramatics as an important college activity.

In the first place there is the fun to be had in staging a play. The cast really have a jolly time of it, although they speak of rehearsals as of a plague, and talk of the bother of learning lines, which, if one believes them, they never learn until the last minute. A play brings out character or the lack of it quite as distinctly as it reveals dramatic ability. The production of a successful play demands as much coöperation as any game based on team

work. If one person on the stage fails to play up, the whole performance is let down. The necessary coöperation between the players comes from an honest sympathy and subtle intuition. Individual preferences must be put aside for the advantage of the whole. The need of working graciously and generously with people, some of whom one may not even like, is a rather severe test of character. Egoism has no place in dramatic work. Each player is important only in her relation to the play. For a time she is a character and not a girl with prejudices for or against things.

The cultural advantages of Dramatics are almost unlimited. A great deal depends on a wise selection of plays for presentation. Obviously there is no good to be had from a poorly written play, either for the cast or for the spectators. It is a waste of time, if nothing worse. On the other hand, there is much to be said for good plays. Good lines are worth remembering and they have a deeper meaning to the player than to the casual reader. The work and thought necessary for an intelligent interpretation of a character are more than

repaid by a better understanding of life and an appreciation of the author's art. An author puts words in an actor's mouth and gives him a costume, but unless the actor has the power to create the character within himself, the playwright might just as well dress a dummy and put his words on a phonograph record. The cultural value of dramatics, aside from everything else, more than justifies its place in college. The creation of a wider interest in dramatics is more to the point than perfectly obvious arguments for its justification. The more the students have to do with the management and production of their plays the more interest they will take in them. When they take things into their own hands with no more restrictions than advice and suggestions impose, the result is incomparably better from an educational point of view if not from that of a dramatic critic.

Here we can give almost any type of play. There need be no lack of variety. This year the Seniors gave "She Stoops to Conquer," Goldsmith's eighteenth century comedy of manners. The Juniors wanted a modern play

and chose Milne's "The Romantic Age." They got what they wanted and did their parts well; but in the middle of the play the Freshmen decided that they would give a play "with action." The Freshman class is large and energetic, and Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience" met their demands. The Sophomores are extremists. They tried both comedy and tragedy. They gave two one-act plays, "The Pot Boiler," a farce with no excuse but its nonsense, and Synge's tragic "Riders of the Sea."

Milton's "Comus" was chosen as the pageant for this year; a masque that gives opportunity for color and movement, and one of the most exquisite poems in the English language. All the students take part in the pageant. No other form of the drama is so well suited to the need of a college; pageantry has left the courts where it originated and taken refuge in the college.

We are rightly proud of what we have done in dramatics this year. We have talent

in the student body and encouragement from the Faculty and there is no reason why dramatics should not be among the most important of the college activities.

MONIE RUDKIN '27.

INVESTIGATING '26

THE other day in the Chemistry Laboratory we worked some experiments for the benefit of the Year Book.

First we combined Margaret Court-right and Marian Forrester to see what would happen. One of us was badly burned and the rest escaped with slight nervous shock. We looked for something milder for our next venture and made a concentrated solution of Merle LeMaire. She smelled like violets, and when cool formed pretty little purple crystals. Somebody was boiling Jo Holohan down to analyze the distillate, but Jo's reaction was so violent that the test-tube broke and spilled Jo down the Bunsen Burner. We dissolved Helen Mae Moroney and Rosalinde Fisher in a solution of water and sulphuric acid and added a few drops of alcohol. Helen Mae settled to the bottom as a heavy precipitate, and the sweet essence of Rosalinde floated off in a light green vapor.

By this time it was getting late, so we left the rest of them for the next day, and in put-

ting away the materials somebody stuck Helen Pitcher in a bucket on the back porch. During the night it rained, and when we came back the next morning Helen had come out with the prettiest little water-lilies you ever saw. We tried the same treatment on Mildred Belmont, but, instead of blossoming, she grew a shiny tail and gills, so on our way up to lunch we dumped her in the Edgehill goldfish pond.

In the meanwhile, someone had taken Carol Hanigan and Mary Helen Mayer over to the Physics building, attached them to a wire and turned on the electric motor in the physics professor's office. About an hour later the experimenter came running back in some alarm and declared that, although the electricity had been cut off for forty minutes, Carol was still rapidly reciting Plato and Aristotle mixed with sections of the Dominican College Constitution, and that Mary Helen, having finished with the Greek alphabet backwards, was playing Iphigenia on the experiment table and weeping bitterly because Carol would not be her executioner. We rushed them over to the cottage and called the

doctor. At the time of writing they are still somewhat dazed, but able to receive callers.

During the confusion some careless person spilt a quart jar of hydrochloric acid over the recumbent Katherine Kranz. Oddly enough, she came out from under it totally uninjured by the deluge and without even changing color.

We were puzzled over what we should do to Virginia Raboli and Gladys Marley, until it was suggested that they be pickled in alcohol for the use of the Biology Class. They preserved beautifully and are now standing in the cabinet in separate green bottles.

About ten o'clock that morning we realized that Mildred Seufert was missing — in fact, had been missing all morning. In some anxiety we searched the building and finally found what was left of her in a corner of the Biology Laboratory under a hanging skeleton called "Jane." To all conjecture, poor Mildred had wandered into the room during the night, accidentally discovered the skeleton and died of fright on the spot. We packed her in straw and shipped her to Johns Hopkins University Museum as a curiosity.

MARION BOOTH '28.

SOME SOPHOMORE VIEWS ON THE PROPER BRINGING UP OF CHILDREN

A. (*Curly haired young woman with many theories*): Well, I shall never tell my children not to do this and not to do that. If they want to eat green apples I'll tell them to jolly well go ahead, but that they'll probably be sick. Then if they persist in doing it they'll find I'm right. That way they'll learn to form their own judgments.

B. (*A Sophomore with no theories who intends to allow her children just to grow up*): Yes, and I suppose if your young child wants to step on the third rail you'll say, "Go ahead, but you'll probably be electrocuted." Then when he goes to the next world he'll say, "Mother was right."

A.: I shan't live near any third rails. I shall live in the country. My children will swim at two and ride at five.

C.: Oh, are you going to have little Shetland ponies for them to ride? I think I'll have them, too.

A.: Shetland ponies? No, indeed. They shall learn to ride real horses.

D.: I shall have a pony and a phaeton for my children to drive in with their nurse.

C.: Oh, I am not going to have any nurse coming between me and my children. I shall be with them all the time, and I'll never let them go to other little boys' and girls' houses to play. They'll have to play in their own back-yard.

E.: Oh, aren't you narrow. You want a lot of little sissy boys.

C.: Well, I don't want them to be tough little boys shouting around the streets.

E.: I suppose you are never going to let your daughters go to dances unchaperoned either.

C.: I'll only let them go to school dances until they are eighteen.

E.: Eighteen? Nobody will want to take them out then. They won't know how to act.

C.: You wouldn't want your daughter chasing everywhere before she was eighteen, would you?

E.: Well, I wouldn't want her on the shelf either.

B.: Let's get back to the original point, about discipline. You can't let children have their own sweet way.

A.: Teach them to form their own judgments.

B.: Oh, what are you going to do with them before they have the minds to see the relation between tummy-ache and green apples?

A.: I shall whack them when they are six months old to make them stop crying, but after they reach the age of reason I shall never punish them.

D.: Would you spank a baby? Why, babies wouldn't know what they were being spanked for.

A.: Oh, wouldn't they? Why

F.: No, they wouldn't. What do you know about babies? I have numerous small brothers and sisters and I tell you you have no right to spank them at six months. Besides they'd only yell louder.

A.: Well, I know of a case where it absolutely worked. This baby had a terrible temper, and it cried and cried. The mother was

nearly crazy, so she phoned a baby specialist. He told her to spank it. She did and it stopped crying immediately.

(Chorus of skeptical sniffs from those Sophomores who have watched large families grow up.)

F.: There were ten of us and none of us got spanked.

B.: You don't look spoiled either. Maybe it would work.

G.: I shall send my children to a boarding school to be disciplined.

F.: Oh, you wouldn't. You wouldn't know them at all then.

G.: I want them to grow up with the young people of their own generation.

F.: Children have a right to a happy home life. They're more likely to have happy homes themselves then.

B.: Yes, if they see their parents are happy. Then they won't base their ideas of marriage on the funny paper.

The discussion is broken up by the visit of a member of the Board. All agree that they would like to see each other's children.

CLAIRE GRAHAM '27.

THE FIRST YEAR

LYDIA'S reading during her first two years of high school consisted entirely of boarding school books. She knew "The Little Colonel Goes to Boarding School" by heart and could quote many brilliant passages from Mrs. Meade. Her favorite day dreams were of midnight spreads and thrilling escapades, sliding down to the ground on knotted sheets at midnight. But Lydia's mother believed that young girls should be kept at home under the maternal eye.

As Lydia grew older her dreams grew up too. She read "Daddy Long Legs" and "When Patty Went to College." When her teachers became annoying over a trifle like a poorly prepared lesson, Lydia would look at them coldly and think, "In a little while I shall be at college, above all this."

Lydia spent most of the summer before she went to college embroidering flowers on her underwear and arguing with her mother about the exact length of a dress. She pored over the catalogues and added and re-added

the number of units she would carry. She memorized the requirements for a junior certificate. She was going to be fully prepared.

She dreamt of marvelous plays, in which she was always the heroine. She was unanimously elected president of her class. She played game after game with crowds cheering as she threw the baskets which won the game. Honors were heaped upon her. She was the lion of the hour, but her hour lasted for four years.

The day at last came when Lydia was to leave for college. Her mother made peach ice in honor of the occasion. As the train pulled out of the station Lydia remembered that one was always homesick, so she blinked back a tear or two and thought that she would not see her dear family again until Thanksgiving.

The train was dreadfully slow. Lydia stared out of the window and meditated on such deep questions as roommates, registration and professors. As the train went on she began to wonder whether she had eaten too much

luncheon or not enough. Things do not always happen in reality as they do in books.

II.

Lydia had been at college for a semester. Things are not as they seem in books. Lydia was in favor of burning all the deceitful books about college. Lydia could write a true one giving the actual facts of how freshmen are put in their places and "freshman duty" is the byword of all upper classmen. She would not conceal the fact that freshmen have to answer telephones, straighten chairs after assemblies, wash dishes after parties, and any number of other things not talked about in books.

Lydia had been disillusioned from the beginning. No brass band awaited the arrival of new freshmen, and one's room-mate was a human being who talked and acted like one-self. Even the Student Body President was a mere mortal. There was initiation too. In the best books the freshmen always outwitted the upperclassmen, and even in the less good

ones the whole affair made a story to be recounted with much relish; but where is the thrill in being forced to leave your warm bed at five in the morning and being switched up a hill while sophomores stood around and roared with laughter at the joke you could not see.

The English entrance examination was a great blow to Lydia's pride. In high school she had always made "A's" in English. She planned to major in it. Sophomores had told her how hard those ex's were, but she formed her own opinion and did not worry. The ex itself did not seem so hard. She thought that the least she could have made was a B. How disappointed the family would be if it were only a B! She did hope it would be an A. Then the next morning the terrible news came. She had failed and was to report to the "bone-head" class the next day.

Class elections came in October. Lydia went prepared to accept the office of president with the proper degree of self-possession. She was not even nominated for sergeant-at-arms.

In November the freshmen gave a tea. Lydia was thrilled to the core. She pictured herself in her old rose afternoon gown pouring tea in her most charming manner. Nothing was said to her about it though, and she began to worry a little. On the day of the tea the president came to her and said, "Lydia, old dear, would you mind coming in an old dress today and help cut the cake and wash dishes?" Her one consolation was that she got more cake than anyone else, and this did help even if it made her sick.

The freshmen decided to give "Patience" for their class play. One day in class meeting the president announced that try-outs would be held that afternoon at five. Lydia was there at a quarter after four. The director was very kind. She said, "You see I can't give you a part until I have heard some of the other girls sing. I will let you know."

A week later the cast was posted. Lydia looked at it carefully, expecting to find her name down as Patience, but it was not there. In fact it was not there at all, not even in the

chorus. Lydia developed throat trouble. A week before the performance the president told her she was to pull the curtain.

There were some things that bore out the tales in books. For example, that moonlight picnic at the beach could rival any ever found in books. The food was flavored with the right amount of sand, and the moonlight was as beautiful on the water as all the poets say it is. Coming home in the bus was best of all. Everyone talked and reminisced and sang the college songs and "I Love You Truly" and "It Ain't Goin' to Rain No More." Lydia adored it all.

"Ah," she thought, "this is real college life."

There was the hockey team and the hike to Tamalpais to write home about. Of course she did not need to mention that there were only enough girls out for hockey to make two teams and that she was the last one up the mountain. Friends are never interested in unimportant little details like that.

When Lydia went home people would ask her how she liked college.

"It's marvelous," she would answer, remembering the picnic and the hockey team. "Things happen there just as they do in books."

ROSELLA KEMPER '28.

SOME OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

"PEANUT"

She is short. She stands well, throws her shoulders back, holds her head up, and pushes her pointed chin forward. She has large brown eyes, a pert nose, and smooth short hair.

She is intelligent, witty, and opinionated, but not unpleasant or overbearing in stating her opinions. She is keenly alive and thoughtful, and frequently her thoughts take such complete possession of her that she sits staring through space, not even seeing or hearing the people around her.

She enjoys being the center of attraction, and her chest expands in proportion to the attention she receives. She is entertaining, especially when she is haranguing in her best dinner table manner. She is "wrathy" at a moment's notice, and as quickly she calms down.

She is conceited, but so naive is her conceit, that it is amusing and even charming.

DEBORAH PENTZ '25.

MARCELLA

She is like a toy with a spring which has been very tightly wound up and never runs down. She chatters rapidly and incessantly, not stopping to breathe properly, but taking little gasping breaths which are usually drawn in on an exclamation of, "Oh, Sister!"

Her eyes are brown and very bright, and never still. They sometimes remind you of a little bird's eyes, especially as she has a habit of tilting her head to one side as she looks up at you. They are full of gleaming mischief and irrepressible, exuberant life. Radiant good health glows in her cheeks.

Her figure shows the rounded sturdiness of youth. She makes rapid, darting movements with her hands, and even on the most solemn occasions, cannot resist taking three little running steps at intervals as she walks.

HULDAH MOORHEAD '25.

MONIE

SHE is much below average height, but certainly not the type of person you would call short, and her figure is responsible for the appearance of height she has. She is slender without giving the appearance of thinness, and she is well developed. Her shoulders are very broad for a girl's, but they round too much to be good looking. The roundness is not always noticeable, usually only in a very short sleeved, tight fitting dress. Her hips are narrow, very much like a boy's — she looks particularly well in riding breeches. Her arms are long and rather ugly, her elbows sharp. Her hand is thin, narrow, and supple. She has the kind of figure one would want to hold up to Schopenhauer as a direct contradiction to his bold statement denouncing the sex as short-legged, broad-hipped, and narrow-shouldered.

The most noticeable feature about her is a mass of dark brown, very curly hair. It is brushed countless times a day, but never looks arranged for more than five minutes at a time.

It is bobbed now, but has been allowed to grow several inches down below her ears. This length accentuates the smallness of her face, and the lack of chin, making her large dark eyes the most noticeable feature of her face. They are set far apart and are intelligent looking. Her nose is straight and inconsequential, her mouth medium, her teeth straight, even, and strong.

She is usually tearing around wildly from one place to another with a harassed expression on her face. She has a habit of going off somewhere in a great rush, of getting half way there and coming madly back shouting all the way that she has forgotten something. And she is always forgetting to do something. If you impress on her many, many times that she must not forget to do a certain thing she probably won't, but merely telling her once to do it, no matter how emphatically you say it, will not produce any effect.

Her lack of a strong jaw-bone probably explains her inability to stay by a firmly made decision for longer than a few hours if favorable enough circumstances want to lead her off.

She talks a great deal and always has something to say. She has information to offer on any subject you present—and usually upsets your facts with facts of her own that she puts forth dogmatically, and that usually prove to be more correct than your own.

She reads a great deal and is always deeply absorbed in what she is reading regardless of whether it is a cheap magazine or a book of philosophy. Quite suddenly, after you have been vainly trying to attract her attention with some remark which you have repeated many times, a remark of little or no consequence such as "You are going to be late for dinner," or "Have you seen my notebook?" she will jump up and ask you if you don't think Rupert Brooks' lines about the moon are lovely. If you ask her a question about what sort of clothes the South Sea Islanders wear, for example, she will answer you immediately and you will get a much longer discourse on the subject than you bargained for.

You will find her at various times perched on a stairway or on some obscure bench in a corner reading a volume of poetry. Regard-

less of who you are, friend or foe, she will stop you and read you a stanza of Housman that she has found particularly lovely — and she will expect that of course you have already heard it, and you would dislike very much to tell her that you hadn't, and that it really meant nothing to you.

She shouts and raises her voice at various and indiscreet moments, but when she is talking quietly to a group she does so in a low, well modulated tone with such a clear, exact pronunciation that you are not quite sure whether it is natural or affected for the time.

She is a splendid sport and a wonderful person to have a good time with because she knows how to enjoy herself; she is always ready to do some new and "risky" thing. Her supreme desire just now is to get the thrill of jumping from an aeroplane. She will tell you, if you ask her, that you should drop twenty feet before you open the parachute.

MARIE SERFF '25.

PASTORAL

THE sheep pasture is a green oval field, sloping upward to a gentle mound in the center which gradually rises to high ground at one end.

Eucalyptus and fir trees, a thick hedge of them, wall it about with dense green, unbroken except at one place where a gap between two clumps of eucalyptus shows a bit of sunny road, barred with a shadow of the rail fence. Above, the sky is an intense cloudless blue; below, the grass is the lush green of California spring. Along one side of the field runs a little stream, born of the heavy spring rains. The water falls over the rocks into small pools with a quiet, companionable sound.

The shadows lengthen and merge into one another until the highest knoll is in the shade. The little band of sheep moves slowly, grazing as they go, noses to the ground, down to the sunny levels of the western end of the pasture. They crop the short, thick grass with little tearing sounds and quick, jerky nods at

each bite. Their wool, a dirty gray with an overstain of yellow, hangs under their bellies in torn, matted bunches. When one of the creatures raises its head to chew and stands, looking at nothing in foolish gravity, its black, moist nose keeps twitching like a rabbit's.

The lambs, like youngsters out for a walk, now race ahead of the ewes in groups and now lag behind. They bound along in little jumps as if their unbending legs were made of hard rubber. They all have smuggy brown ears, noses and legs and their wool is fine and closely curled.

The tiniest one is very young. No doubt his age is a matter of hours, because his wool is creased in little folds and his thin neck and flanks are hollow and his sides are flat, whereas all the other lambs bulge roundly. He starts off at an unsteady gait on his stilts of legs. His mother "Baa's" anxiously and he answers with a thin wavering "Maa" and trots back to her. He braces his front legs, nudges his head against the ewe's side until he finds a teat and all the time he sucks, his absurdly long tail

wriggles ecstatically. The ewe turns and rubs his shoulder gently with her nose.

Something startles all the sheep and they suddenly wheel and head up the field. The tiniest, newest one presses close to his mother's side and gallops as fast as his legs will move. He is the last to disappear over the rise of ground.

The northern side of the field is covered by unbroken shade now. The sound of running water has grown unaccountably louder and there is an undertone of sobbing in it. Low bars of sunlight filled with golden dust, slant down through the dark green of the trees and make a sunny patch at the field's far end. The convent bell, ringing for Vespers, breaks for a moment the gathering quietness.

MONIE RUDKIN '27.

LIST OF PATRONS

The Alumnae Association
The Acme Bedding Co., San Francisco
Albers Bros. Milling Co., San Francisco
Anglo-California Trust Co., San Francisco
Jas. A. Bacigalupi, San Francisco
The Bank of San Rafael, San Rafael
Dr. A. Barr, San Rafael
Dr. T. I. C. Barr, San Rafael
The Bootery, San Francisco
Matt V. Brady, San Francisco
E. J. Breiling, San Francisco
Dr. C. R. Bricca, San Francisco
Edw. W. Brown Co., San Francisco
Justinian Caire Co., San Francisco
California Cracker Co., Oakland
The Calso Co., San Francisco
Albert M. Cauldwell, San Francisco
The City of Paris, San Francisco
Wm. Cluff Co., San Francisco
Coffin, Redington Co., San Francisco
Convey and Sons, San Francisco
Cosgrave Cloak and Suit Co., San Francisco
J. Craviotto, Berkeley
Nicholas A. Denvir, San Francisco
L. Dinkelspiel Co., San Francisco
Dodge, Sweeney and Co., San Francisco
Dohrmann Hotel Supply Co., San Francisco
Dominican High School Student Body
Donohoe, Kelly Banking Co., San Francisco
Dr. R. G. Dufficy, San Rafael
Paul Elder and Co., San Francisco
The Emporium, San Francisco
Foster and Orear, San Francisco
French-American Bank, San Francisco
Gantner and Mattern Co., San Francisco
Louis Gassner, Inc., San Francisco
Golden Eagle Milling Co., Petaluma
Dr. N. S. Halsey, San Rafael
Mrs. M. Hanify, San Francisco
S. Herzog and Co., San Rafael

Henry Hess Co., San Rafael
 Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, San Francisco
 J. F. Hink and Son, Berkeley
 Humboldt Bank, San Francisco
 Ingalls Shoe Co., Berkeley
 Joseph's Floral Shop, San Francisco
 Sidney Kahn Co., San Francisco
 Lederer, Street & Zeus Co., Berkeley
 Lincoln Market, Berkeley
 I. Magnin and Co., San Francisco
 Marin Feed and Fuel Co., San Rafael
 Marin Riding Academy, San Rafael
 Mercantile Trust Co., San Rafael
 McCormick Steamship Co., San Francisco
 The McCoy Co., San Francisco
 John L. McGinn, San Mateo
 Joseph McKeown, Berkeley
 O'Connor, Moffatt and Co., San Francisco
 Old Book Shop, San Francisco
 William R. Pentz, San Rafael
 Pierce's Old Book Shop, Berkeley
 Podesta and Baldocchi, San Francisco
 Esther Rothschild, San Francisco
 The San Francisco Bank, San Francisco
 F. M. Shallue, Oakland
 Sherman and Clay, San Francisco
 Sherry Bros., San Francisco
 Shumate's Prescription Pharmacies, San Francisco
 Sommer and Kaufmann, San Francisco
 Sperry Flour Co., San Francisco
 F. J. Sullivan, San Francisco
 Stewart Hotel, San Francisco
 Tamalpais Bank, San Rafael
 The Tamalpais School, San Rafael
 United Bank and Trust Co., San Francisco
 Vander Maelen Cleaning Co., San Rafael
 Western Refrigerating Co., Petaluma
 Wm. F. Wilson Co., San Francisco

FEB 27 1929

DOMINICAN COLLEGE
LIBRARY
SAN RAFAEL

1925

27600

NON-CIRCULATING