

1917

1916-1917 Firebrand

University Archives

<https://doi.org/10.33015/dominican.edu/archives.1916-1917.firebrand>

Survey: Let us know how this paper benefits you.

Recommended Citation

University Archives, "1916-1917 Firebrand" (1917). *Yearbooks 1916 - 1919*. 5.
<https://doi.org/10.33015/dominican.edu/archives.1916-1917.firebrand>

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

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

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR BOOK

case
378.794
D713Q
1916-17

1916-17

Community Room

DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR BOOK 1916-1917



SAN RAFAEL
CALIFORNIA

ARCHBISHOP ALEMANY LIBRARY
DOMINICAN COLLEGE
SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

case
378.794
D 713Q
1916-17

Contents

FRONTISPIECE	4
DEDICATION	5
FOREWORD	7
EDITORIALS	8
SEVENTH CENTENARY OF THE DOMINICAN ORDER.....	9
SENIOR CLASS PICTURE.....	13
SENIOR LITERARY SECTION.....	18
JUNIOR CLASS PICTURE.....	27
JUNIOR LITERARY SECTION.....	28
SECOND ACADEMIC CLASS PICTURE.....	37
SECOND ACADEMIC LITERARY SECTION.....	38
FIRST ACADEMIC CLASS PICTURE.....	45
FIRST ACADEMIC LITERARY SECTION.....	46
ALUMNAE NOTES	49
ALUMNAE LITERARY SECTION.....	52
CHRONICLE	66
MUSIC AND DRAMATICS.....	88
ATHLETICS	97



DOMINICAN COLLEGE

To our LOVED MOTHER LOUIS
WHOSE HIGH ENDEAVOR HAS
BLESSED EACH PUPIL'S LIFE,
WE DEDICATE *this* YEAR BOOK

Staff of Year Book

BARBARA MERKLEY.....*Editor in Chief*
CARMELITA HEFFERNAN.....*Manager*
KATHRYN KRAFT.....*Assistant Manager*

ASSISTANT EDITORS

ANNETTE MACDONALD AND FLORENCE IVANOFF.....*School Notes*
LUCILLE TOONE.....*Athletics*
ELSIE MELTON.....*Social*
ROSE FREITAS.....*Dramatics*
CLAIRE LAWLER.....*Alumnae*
LORRAINE THEISEN.....*Lectures*
ALIX LIPMAN.....*Echoes*
FLORENCE WAINWRIGHT.....*Art*

Foreword



IN PROFFERING to our friends and to the general public our initial Year Book, we feel inclined to apologize, but are undecided as to the nature of the apology,—whether it should be for the present venture or for our failure to make the venture long ago. The reiterated requests of our pupils, past and present, have convinced us that justice to them as well as to ourselves demands that we present our first Year Book.

As for the interests to be served by this publication, there is, first of all, the incentive to the literary ambition of the pupils of to-day. Seeing one's name in print, as the author of poem, sketch or story, is a pleasure thoroughly appreciated by the young, and the prospect of enjoying the pleasure is a stimulus to energetic endeavor.

In the second place, our Year Book will be an acceptable and a long-desired boon to our well-organized Alumnae Association. The perusal of its pages will keep them informed of the various activities and the gratifying progress of their Alma Mater; and will, moreover, constitute a genuine tie between themselves and their successors, the present occupants of our class-rooms and lecture halls. We have every reason to know that the continued prosperity of our College,—the increasing number of its students,—the adequate equipment of its various departments, and in some measure, the efficiency of its methods, is largely dependent on the active interest displayed in its welfare by the pupils of other days.

That the general public, both here in San Rafael and throughout the State, will welcome this new feature in our yearly program is made abundantly evident by the good-will manifested toward our project by our professional and business friends,—good-will for which we take this occasion to tender our sincere gratitude.

We entertain the hope that all our readers, present-day and former pupils, personal friends and well-wishers to Catholic education, may find this, our first Year Book, not entirely unworthy of the sympathetic reception they are disposed to accord it.

EDITORIALS



OUR LADY'S own dear month! Sacred to her so far as loving piety and the devotion of the Church can dedicate it, we greet the beautiful month of May as pre-eminently Our Lady's above all the months of the year—and among those whose voices will be lifted up in prayer and praise, in song and hymn, from hearts full of love, the children of the Rosary shall be found foremost in the blessed throng.

Assuredly Mary's clients in every land will hail her as their loving Mother, their tender intercessor throughout these days of anxious care. For all children of the Rosary we pray that this month may be signalized by a growing reverence for the Blessed Virgin, a more intelligent study of her life, a more faithful imitation of her virtues. In every part of the Rosary, lessons bearing on every phase of our lives may be learned; thru their meditation and petition, grace may be obtained, helping us in the footsteps of Mary, to the more devoted following of her Divine Son, our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.

The approach of Commencement brings to our minds many remembrances of the happy years of school life. We are rich in these sweet and holy memories, but more precious to us is the assurance of our Alma Mater's ever-abiding love and unceasing care.

*From the
Class of '17*

It has indeed been a rare privilege to enjoy the singular good fortune of receiving our education here in a home of Dominican traditions and Dominican ideals. We have endeavored to profit by the devoted and self-sacrificing labors of our loved teachers, the Sisters of Saint Dominic, who have spared no toil of mind or body to bestow upon us the choicest gifts of mind and heart implied in the ideal of true Christian womanhood. As graduates we will henceforth be separated from immediate contact with our teachers, we will be deprived of the guiding hand and the inspiring voice that have hitherto directed our footsteps in the path of honor and virtue. But the lessons we have learned here will accompany us thru life, urging us ever onward and upward, animating us to bear trial and difficulty and so to fight life's battles, that by the example of a virtuous life we may afford convincing proof of the harmony between science and faith, culture and holiness, refinement of mind and purity of heart. Thus we will justify the fond hopes of all who believe that higher education of woman means a more exalted type of womanhood and in consequence, an increased admiration among men for the virtues of meekness, purity and self-sacrificing devotedness to duty, which are the characteristics of true Christian women and which are at the same time the virtues most highly commended by our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

1216-1916

The Seventh Centenary of the Dominican Order

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

The Order of Saint Dominic received the solemn approval of the Holy See on the twenty-second of December in the year twelve hundred and sixteen. On that day the reigning pontiff, Honori-
1216—1916 us III, affixed his hand and the papal seal to two documents addressed to "Master Dominic and his Brothers Preachers." The shorter of these documents or bulls reads as follows:

"Honorius, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our dear son Dominic, prior to Saint Romain, of Toulouse, and to your brethren who have made or shall make profession of regular life, health and apostolic benediction. We, considering that the brethren of your Order will be the champions of the faith and the true light of the world, do confirm the Order in all its lands and possessions present and to come; and we take the Order itself, with all its goods and rights, under our protection and government.

"Given at Santa Sabina, at Rome, on the eleventh of the kalends of January, this first year of our Pontificate.

"HONORIUS."

Hence, the eleventh of the kalends of January, or the twenty-second of December, twelve hundred and sixteen, as the canonical birthday of the Order, holds the most significant place in its annals. Therefore, throughout the world, in the year of grace nineteen hundred and sixteen, the sons and daughters of Saint Dominic commemorated with profound gratitude and joy the seven hundredth anniversary of the confirmation of their Institute. The aim of the Institute finds expression in the Constitutions wherein it is stated that "the Order of Preachers was principally, and essentially designed for preaching and teaching, in order thereby to communicate to others the fruits of contemplation, and to procure the salvation of souls."

During the seven hundred years of its unbroken existence, God has bestowed many blessings on the Dominican Order and not the least is its world-wide circle of friends. So wherever the sons and daughters of Saint Dominic have dwelt and labored and prayed there have been many to congratulate them on the occasion of the Seventh Centenary of the Order; many to rejoice with them in the imperishable achievements wrought for the Church by the glorious service which the Order has rendered during the seven centuries since its approval by Pope Honori-
us III.

In our own City of Saint Francis the celebration in Saint Dominic's Church of the 700th Anniversary of the Order witnessed a vast concourse of people united in jubilation of thanksgiving.

On this occasion the Most Reverend Archbishop of San Francisco presided and gave a splendid discourse.

A masterly survey of the religious life from its beginning thru its development into community life with the monastic characteristics, led

into the heart of the subject, "The Spirit of the Dominican Order according to the genius of its founder." The Archbishop spoke at length of the work of the Dominican Order in transmitting down the ages a great intellectual inheritance.

Then in inspirational words he told the story of what the children of S. Dominic had done for art and especially for architecture:

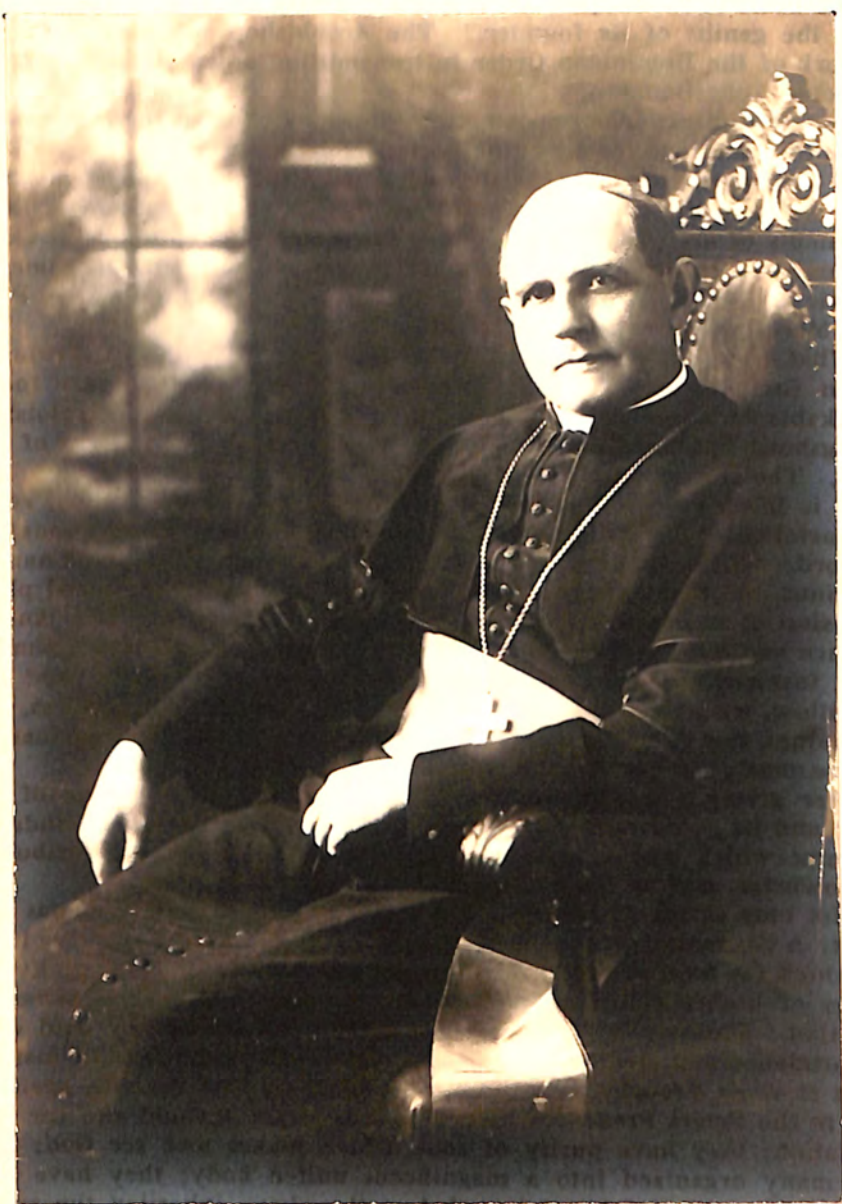
"In the great towns of Italy there arose to honor Christ magnificent temples, while Dominican monasteries and schools became veritable monuments of art. Even today among the memorable churches of earth are numbered Santa Maria Novella at Florence, the Minerva at Rome, S. Dominic at Bologna—the shrine of the Saint—Santa Caterina at Pisa, Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan.

"What is true of Italy is equally true of France, of Spain, of Portugal, and in Germany the Dominican churches and monasteries are today remarkable for simplicity as well as purity of line; yea more, the cloisters of Augsburg, Eisenach and Colmar are among the great cloisters of the world. The Dominicans verily created a special architectural art. The world is filled with the praises of Dominican artists, over whom reign Fra Bartolomeo and Fra Angelico—verily artists in the highest sense of the word. Who knows San Marco, honored by a thousand honored names, Antoninus, Savonarola, and has not carried away from the sacred place the vision of angels made real by the brush of Angelico? Who knows Florence and has not admired the great work of Fra Bartolomeo, simple, noble, inspired by a piety at once quiet, yea and restrained? And did time allow, who could not tell the story of the magnificent pictures, yea and statues, that form the decoration of the great Dominican sanctuaries, and are mostly the work of the Brothers of S. Dominic?"

After giving a strong, vivid outline of the historical setting of the Order and its achievements, the Most Reverend Archbishop concluded a discourse which was at once scientific and sympathetic, a contribution to knowledge, and an inspiration to highest spiritual ideals:

"Not only in the realm of action, but, as in the days of Thomas and Albert, in the realm of thought, we need a new Apologetic. We live in an age which for weal or woe has developed the historical sense; we live in an age of higher criticism; we live in an age of remarkable scientific invention. Philosophy has become a history of philosophy, and even jurisprudence and medicine are departments in the great field of history.

"It is when thoughts like these press upon us that we turn again in hope to the Friars Preachers. They have time for thought and for contemplation; they have purity of soul, which makes men see God; they have many organized into a magnificent united body; they have men renowned in every field of knowledge; they have inherited the spirit, and let us hope the gifts, too, of Albert and of Aquinas. They can become our leaders in the world of History and of Scripture. The dominant rationalism of the thirteenth century has given way to the dominant agnosticism of the twentieth, which will not recognize reason's just claims. Dominic's sons may make for us the delicate adjustment between reason and the higher knowledge that is from faith; between reason touched by grace that tastes the things of God, and that pure reason of which the Schoolmen spoke; between reason pure and simple, and reason touched by feeling, sentiment, conscience; between the findings of science and



THE MOST REVEREND E. J. HANNA, D. D.

the dogmas of Holy Church. Oh! what a glorious vision dawns upon us as we behold the Preachers again 'masters of those who know.' Oh! what a blessing they will bring to the Church they have so loved, to mankind which is so much their debtor.

"My Fathers and Brothers in Christ, we call you today to a noble, a mighty task. May you have light, may you have strength. Christ needs you, as He has not needed you for centuries. The Church of God asks your aid. Oh! rise to the greatness of your opportunity, and remember in blending harmoniously the sacred truths of faith with all the profane knowledge of our time, you will prove yourselves worthy of your great Founder, worthy of Thomas and Albert, worthy of your intellectual traditions, worthy of our own great age which, for weal or for woe, has made you teachers in the Church and defenders of the Christian name."

The Sleeping Maiden of Mt. Tamalpais

Mt. Tamalpais was called the Mountain of the Sleeping Maiden by the Indians because, as it slopes to the Pacific, it forms the perfect outline of a woman, lying with hands crossed on her breast, her garments falling in folds about her feet.

Stretched in grandeur 'neath the heavens,
Folded in the mountain's breast,
With thy face turned to the waters;
Maiden Spirit of the West!

Lo! Aurora, radiant waking,
Throws an aureole 'round thy head,
And the cool winds of the ocean
Toss spray-jewels o'er thy bed.

In the silence of the night-time,
Stars yearn o'er thee slumbering there,
And they drink deep draughts of perfume
From the flowers in thy hair.

Stars and winds and waves come wooing,
Come to lure thee from thy sleep,
But their pleadings fall unheeded
On thy dreamless slumber deep.

Stretched in languor 'neath the heavens,
Turning to the Sunset West,
Kissed by poppy-laden breezes,
Naught to mar thy perfect rest.

But at dawn, in God's tomorrow,
When thy mountain-couch is shaken,
He shall call thee, and shall bid thee,
Sleeping maiden, to awaken.

EDITH BROOKS.

The Senior Class

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK



CAMILLA MALONE

Entered '15.
In California '16.
In Comus '17.
Junior College '17.



CARMELITA HEFFERNAN

Double Honor.
Entered '13.
Secretary First Academic Class.
Vice-President Second Academic Class.
President Junior Class.
President Senior Class.
President Children of Mary Sodality '17.
Chairman Riding Club
In California '16.
In Senior Play '17.
Valedictory
In Comus '17.



KATHERINE KRAFT

Scholarship.
Double Honor.
Entered '13.
Vice-President Senior Class '17.
Class Historian.
In Comus '17.



ROSE FREITAS

Scholarship.
Double Honor.
Entered '13.
Secretary Senior Class '17.
Secretary Children of Mary Sodality '17.
In California '16.
In Senior Play '17.
In Comus '17.



FLORENCE IVANOFF

Single Honor.
Entered '13.
Treasurer Second Academic Class '15.
Treasurer Junior Class '16.
Treasurer Senior Class '17.
Treasurer of Children of Mary Sodality.
Treasurer and Secretary Dominican College
Athletic Association.
In California '16.
In Senior Play '17.
In Comus '17.



LORRAINE THEISEN

Scholarship.
Double Honor.
Entered '15.
Councillor Rosarian Sodality '16.
In California '16.
In Senior Play '17.
In Comus '17.



BARBARA MERKLEY

Scholarship.
Double Honor.
Entered '13.
Vice-President First Academic Class
Vice-President Junior Class '16.
Councillor Children of Mary Sodality.
President D. C. Athletic Association.
B. B. Team '14, '15, '16.
Class Poet.
In California '16.
In Comus '17.
Program of Harp Music '17.



CLAIRE LAWLER

Scholarship.
Double Honor.
Entered '13.
Secretary Second Academic Class.
Vice-President Children of Mary Sodality.
Basketball Team '14, '15, '16, '17.
In California '16.
Class Prophecy.
In Senior Play '17.
In Comus '17.



BEATRICE WAINWRIGHT

Double Honor.
Entered '13.
Councillor Children of Mary Sodality.
In California '16.
In Senior Play '17.
In Comus '17.



MARJORIE TERWILLIGER

Double Honor.
Entered '15.
Councillor Children of Mary Sodality.
In California '16.
In Comus '17.
Program of Piano Music '17.



LUCILLE TOONE

Double Honor.
Entered '13.
President First Academic Class.
Vice-President Second Academic Class.
President Cecilian Club.
Captain B. B. Team.
Basketball Team '14, '15, '16, '17.
Class Song.
In California '16.
In Senior Play '17.
In Comus '17.
Program of Piano Music '17.

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK



ELSIE MELTON

Entered '13.
Treasurer First Academic Class.
Councillor Rosarian Sodality '17.
In California '16.
Class Will.
In Senior Play '17.
In Comus '17.



BERNICE BROWN

Single Honor.
Entered '13.
President Rosarian Sodality '17.
Basketball Team '15, '16, '17.
In California '16.
In Senior Play '17.
In Comus '17.



ANNETTE MACDONALD

Single Honor.
Entered '15.
Councillor Children of Mary Sodality.
Tennis Tournament '16.
In California '16.
In Hockey Team '17
In Senior Play '17.
In Comus '17.



PHYLLIS HYDES

Entered '16.
In Comus '17.

Veritas—*An Idyl*

I felt my tired soul quiver from my lips,
With that deep awe of one who from him slips
This whole, wide, world. And as my spirit chill
Stole forth into the Infinite, my will
Seemed faint and weak—my weary, lonely heart
Cried out with longing for those things apart,
For which my being ached in passion strong—
And as I faltered on the brink,
I felt a prompting stir within me, "Think
Of all thou goest to!" I plodded on
Thro all the deep, gold clouds—the Night—the Dawn—
Then high above me and higher than the skies,
I saw—a tall, majestic figure rise.
I panted on until I sobbed for breath—
My heart beat wild 'mid silence stern as Death.
Before me now! A throned muse she stands
Against the throbbing sun, with outstretched hands—
A look so tender I had never seen
Save in the eyes of Her, Our Lady Queen.
I wondered as I gazed—My soul grew faint,
And reeling with the Vision of this Saint,
For so she seemed to me—I stumbled down
And fell—my lips untutored sought Her gown
That hung in deep, warm folds about her feet,
And then—and then a voice—so piercing sweet
My very heart did ache with love for it.
"My Child—what seekest thou?"—the sky seemed lit
With torches twenty thousand at Her smile.
At last I spoke. It seemed a great, long while—
"I seek the Truth"—my words fell small and thin,
And then I heard Her deep, full voice begin:
"Thou seekest well. Truth is the Golden Key
That ope's the Temple of the Deity.
It is the Keynote of the purest Heart,
For Sin and Truth can live but far apart.
And he who walks with fair Truth by his side
Forever stands apart—high—glorified!"
She bore me tenderly up to Her breast—
"There, there, dear heart, thou art at last at rest!"
But as I felt her glorious hands on mine
She seemed to drift away, and deep as wine
Grew all the sky—I gazed around me slow
And saw—the old, dear Earth I used to know.
But as my senses soft to me returned
I could half feel her Presence; my heart yearned
To know just who she was—when lo! a Voice
Spoke close unto mine ears—"Tired Soul, rejoice!
For thou hast sought and all has come to pass
Thou art at Peace—for I am Veritas."



DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

God Bless You

The golden hours today white roses bind
Around your brows, symbolic of the days
That faith and love in mystic beauty twined
'Neath Alma Mater's tender love-lit rays.
Her heart in pensive mood doth send afar
Where thorns around the roses ever cling,
And life's dark skies hide love's unfailing star
That now her splendor o'er your path doth fling.

Oft in the years to come her heart will yearn
For those her love hath dowered with gifts untold.
To far-off hills she'll raise her eyes to learn
If life's fair mount be tipped with glinting gold.
God bless you then through all the passing hours
Is Alma Mater's priceless legacy.
God guard and keep you through the thorns and flowers,
Her love-born wish, unto eternity.



Comus: *A Masque*



OMUS is perhaps the most majestic, the most beautiful of Milton's minor poems—a lovely and awe-inspiring tale of the victory of virtue over vice. A work more truly beautiful is rarely found; image, allusion, descriptive epithets and mighty arguments for the sake of purity embellish almost every line. Macaulay has said that, "it is certainly the noblest performance of the kind which exists in any language." The writing of *Comus* was occasioned by the desire of the Earl of Bridgewater, who had recently been appointed Lord President of Wales, to celebrate the assumption of his new duties at the Castle of Ludlow. Henry Lawes composed the music and asked John Milton to write the "libretto." Inigo Jones attended to the staging of the masque, which was first presented in 1634.

The people of the period were refined, cultured and generally wealthy. They had become tired of the old dramatic performances, and longed for something new and brilliant—something in which they would be able to display their wealth, taste, learning and culture. They craved for harmonious music, for poetic language richly adorned. Milton knew this, and realized he would have to create an elaborate production in order to satisfy their courtly tastes. He thought, too, this would be an opportunity to teach a moral—and his *Masque* is truly admirable for this double purpose.

The scene opens in a wild forest. Night has dropped her sable mantle over the earth, leaving all overshadowed. A leafy labyrinth here and there makes more fearful this ominous wood. The "Spirit" in the guise of a shepherd who has been called to earth to aid the virtuous, and in this particular case to preserve all maidenly virtue from the wicked onslaughts of Comus, introduces the *Masque*, and throughout the poem is the guiding angel of the lonely girl.

The quiet wood rings with the revelry of the merry-makers. Comus and his wicked and hideous crew enter, and draw near the "Lady." When Comus hears her speak he realizes he is in the presence of no ordinary mortal. He reveals this thought when he exclaims:

*Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.*

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

Comus, with supernatural powers for tempting, addresses the forlorn "Lady," offering to conduct her to his lowly cottage. He leads her instead to a magnificent and stately palace, beautifully lighted, set out with all manner of deliciousness. It is here that Comus threatens to tempt the "Lady," the sweet embodiment of purity. The "Lady," however, is saved from the threats and temptations of Comus by her own firm will and by the heaven-sent "Spirit." She never doubts for a moment assistance from above—she scorns the tempter and turns to the power which is her safeguard:

*Thou unblemished form of Chastity,
I see thee visibly and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but the slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honor unassail'd.*

Comus now realizes the great power of virtue and begins to fear for himself:

"I feel that I do fear her words, set off by some superior power."

In another part of the wild wood the two brothers have a discussion when they find that their sister is lost. They both know their sister is absolutely pure, and the elder brother thinks that:

"Virtue could see to do what virtue would by her own radiant light, tho sun and moon were in the flat sea sunk." But the other brother fears very much for his sister's safety from man and the wild things of the forest, although he, too, knows her beauty of soul and holds to the point that "Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt." During this dialogue, the attendant spirit, the girl's guardian, comes to the brothers and tells them of their sister's whereabouts. The spirit then plans a rescue and hastens with the brothers to Comus' palace just as he is offering his captive the cup containing the potion that would put her, too, under his awful charm. The brothers dash the cup to the ground, while the spirit says, "Come, Lady, while Heaven lends us grace, let us fly this cursed place," and guides her home in safety.

Though the scenic beauty of the poem is delightful, the expression is equally so. The style is tender, refined, lofty, and the rich and glorious blank verse gives a pleasing dignity varied by dialogue and dramatic effects. It also abounds with true imagination, attractiveness of fancy, grace of language and of metre well fitted to awaken the imagination. It is raised above an ethical poem by its imaginative form and power. This great and oft-repeated moral predominates the whole poem—"the beautiful soul makes beautiful the outward form; the base act debases the soul of him who commits it."

CARMELITA HEFFERNAN.

The Story of the Pansy

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK



ANSIES mean "heart's-ease," and surely nothing could be more appropriate. Sweet, confident little faces, uplifted from the mass of protecting foliage, they indeed remind one of the expression seen in the eyes of those whose hearts are at peace. Children call them "cruel stepmothers," and point to the arrangement of the five petals as indicative of this assertion. Do you see the lower petal, standing off by itself? That is the cruel stepmother. The two petals just above her are her own daughters. These three are clustered around the golden bowl of the center. Note the dress of these three. Is it not beautiful? In every pansy of variegated colors, you will find the cruel three have taken the most beautiful dresses. Their clothing is the most noteworthy, for the shades of colors are exquisite. The two upper petals are the two shamefully treated stepdaughters. The golden bowl was to have been theirs, but the cruel stepmother took it for herself and her own children, and crowded the rightful owners into the background, giving them the most somber dresses, and making them sit forever upon one uncomfortable, narrow chair.

This is childhood's story, but could the little ones see the interior of the pansy, could they spy into the inmost recesses of its life, how much more would they love and appreciate the little faces! Take the petals off carefully. Yes, the evil twain have stolen the velvet dresses. Each one bears a decorated fringe of soft hairs on the inside of the most beautiful row of coloring. The stepdaughters have no decoration. The golden bowl goes deep into the heart of the flower, and see, it is filled with the honey and nectar of the gods. Practically, this honey is placed to attract bees and insects. A peculiar arrangement of five stamens, of unusual shape, show they are joined together where the anthers are attached to the filaments. Two of these stamens have prolongations of the filament which extend down into the spur, or the honey gland—the golden bowl. This whole arrangement looks for all the world like a little man. The opening of the stigma, protruding from the midst of the peculiar stamens, is his head. His head has a hole in the top, which is really for the purpose of receiving pollen. A fringe of hairs and a sticky substance insure the pollen being caught. The anthers form a frilled collar about the little man's neck, which is the style of the pistil! The filaments form his fat little body, and the two elongated filaments look just like small legs. The tiny man is really most natural, for his legs are usually crossed in very masculine fashion. This man is a most important part of the flower in spite of the stepmother's love of pre-eminence, for the life of the flower would end were it not for him. He it is who preserves the species. Of course the gorgeous dresses of the women help, for they serve to attract the insects. But these insects, creeping into the golden bowl to steal the delicious nectar, unavoidably touch the little man. This makes him angry and he shakes his shoulders so that the pollen falls

from his collar, upon the back of the intruder. The insect having stolen the nectar, goes unwillingly upon his way, bearing the pollen. He enters another pansy, in his search for food, and the sticky substance and the hairs upon the little man's head—you see he is not quite bald—attract the pollen from the insect's back. The pollen is taken by the head, or stigma, and transferred through the style, to fertilize the ovary. The pollen of one pansy cannot reach its own stigma, as the little man's collar is, of course, not above his head.

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

So you see Nature's exquisite workmanship in behalf of the pansy. In order that its sweetness may live to gladden and beautify the world, in order that the poets may have their heart's-ease and little faces, in order that children may have their cruel stepmothers, Nature has insured the life of the pansy, and given to students of Botany the untold wonder of the little hidden man.

CAMILLA MALONE, Botany Class.

Dreams O'Lassie

It's the parting o' clouds when you open your eyes,
And the heaven's own blue shines through,
Why, the gold o' the sun is lost in your hair,
And his fire's in the heart o' you.

It's the music o' waters that rings in your laugh,
It's the cool o' the dew on your lips,
Why, the soft words o' you are sweeter, far,
Than sweet o' the flowers the bee sips.

There's the hurt of the world in the sigh o' you;
There's the courage to do your part,
With hope, and a dream o' good to be,
And the faith o' a child in your heart.

It's the love o' you, lassie, grips my soul,
And the thought o' a love come true!
It's a dream o' you, lassie, I dream away,
And there's prayer in my dream o' you.

EDITH BROOKS.

Characteristics of Cardinal Newman

DRAWN FROM HIS LETTERS

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN was the son of a practical London banker, and the eldest of a family of three boys and three girls, toward whom he acted as father and guardian. In childhood Newman was not extraordinary, but a trifle brighter and more conscientious than the majority of children. He was very strong-willed, as is shown after an infantile struggle for mastery between the loving mother and the persistent child. The mother said, "You see, John, you did not get your own way." "No," was his answer, "but I tried very hard." He loved solitude, yet he was ever ready to amuse his sisters and brothers if necessary. As a child he was bashful and very superstitious. Before the age of fifteen he had no religious convictions, but he was brought up to take delight in reading the Bible and he knew his Catechism perfectly. He always had deep religious sentiment and his thoughts were never far from God. He inspired those about him with respect and confidence. His mother once wrote, "I feel great comfort in the conviction that you will always act to the best of your knowledge."

As Newman grew into manhood, his bashfulness lessened, he gained confidence in himself and cared nothing about the opinion of others; his superstitious feeling lost hold of him—and he developed a deep-rooted religious tendency. Even when a young man at College he supervised his sisters' training and education; they opened their hearts to him and in return he gave them his confidence, love and judgment. Even his brothers looked up to him and were willing to take his advice when their mother approved. It may seem strange that a mother should listen to a young son's opinion and be directed by it, but a knowledge of the intimate family love, respect and whole-heartedness makes this fact readily understood. The mother well knew the value of her eldest son's cool, calm advice, which was thought out to the last detail before being given. When the young man received his fellowship at Oxford he was overjoyed, but the gladness was in a measure suppressed. In his letters home he told about the honor he received, but only the part necessary; he left out the sayings and most of the congratulations he received both from his masters and companions.

After Newman had become a clergyman of the English Church he commenced to take pupils, and a very good master he made, not only because he was full of his subject, but also because he took a keen and lively interest in each student. He set high ideals before his pupils, and made them strive to reach these ideals. He also worked with the students in a sympathetic and congenial way.

It is interesting to note the opinions of contemporaries concerning Newman as an intellectual man. A pupil says, "Newman—my new tutor—has been very attentive and obliging, and has given me abundance of good advice. He has requested me to consider carefully what information and

instruction I require for my course of reading, and also to determine what books to take up, and he will have a little conversation with me before the vacation." Those who came in contact with Newman, both as equals and as subordinates nearly always liked him. Reverend S. Richards writes to Newman, then a young minister who had taken temporary charge of Mr. Richard's parish—"If I had not felt toward you as I do—that is, if you will allow me to say so—very warmly, I should have been much more punctilious in writing to you in the way of inquiry and thanks. This much, however, I may be bold to say; that my sense of the value of your late kind services is not lessened by finding, as I have found since you left, that the good folk of the village are quite determined never to forget you. They speak of you as if they were conscious you had done them good. Now this is comfort enough for any one man at a time, and I pray you to hoard it up, and take a glint of it only sometimes, if you happen to be pestered and well-nigh tired out by a graceless congregation in the shape of a class. It is well for a man who is liable to such circumstances to have some bright parts of his life to look to just to cheer him up and tell him, that it does not all run to waste." In November of the year 1826, Mr. Frank Newman, the second son got a fellowship at Balliol and Mrs. Newman writes to her eldest son. "It is very delightful about Frank. I am more thankful on your account than on his. He is a piece of adamant. You are such a sensitive being."

The prime of Cardinal Newman's life is characterized by his following out absolutely what he considered to be right. It was always his opinion even as an Anglican that the clergy should not marry. Many opposed him and talked against him, but he believed he was doing the correct thing in not marrying. He tried to induce others to adopt this idea.

For some little time his religious opinions were at stake. He felt that the Catholic Church was the true one, yet he realized he must be patient and see that he was not led on blindly. During his spiritual struggle, which was a mighty one, he was constantly receiving letters from ministers of the English Church and from his relatives begging him to be faithful to light. In spite of their opposition to his conversion Newman's sisters wrote most tender and comforting letters. In all his soul-struggles Newman listened only to the voice of God, and in time his trust in God, his confidence in prayer and his patience, brought him to the light and knowledge of the Catholic Faith.

From his letters we find that Cardinal Newman through his entire life had a remarkably strong character. He was always just, and judged not; his sense of right and wrong was highly developed; charity, zeal, strength and piety were his crowning virtues. All his life he placed his trust in God, and was never disappointed. When an old man, he writes, "For myself, now, at the end of a long life, I say from a full heart that God has never failed me, never disappointed me, has ever turned evil into good for me. When I was young I used to say (and I trust it was not presumptuous) that Our Lord ever answered my prayers. And what He has been to me, who have deserved His love so little, such will He be, I believe and know, to every one who does not repel Him and turn from His pleading."

PHYLLIS HYDES.

Some Aims of Education

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK



MILTON said "Education is that which fits men to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, public and private, in Church and State." Its object is to fit one for the highest, best, and noblest forms of usefulness. Therefore the subject of education is vastly important, so important in fact, that its progress is vigorously continued from the birth of the child up to the time he is a mature young man, and even then it does not entirely cease.

A full analysis of the facts of life as they confront us today would show, I feel confident, that knowledge cannot be pursued with indifference toward the human mind that would be educated. There are needs to be met and longings to be satisfied that will not accept any substituted response to their demands. The scientific, the literary, the aesthetic, the technical and the religious aspects of life and civilization each represents a different scheme of education.

Yet there are certain elements of education common to every branch of learning, and foremost among these is correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue. A president of Harvard expressed this opinion when he said, "I recognize but one mental acquisition as an essential part of the education of a lady or gentleman, namely, an accurate and refined use of the mother tongue."

As the influence of the humanities has dwindled, our appreciation of English has increased. No avenue affords more material toward the expansion and fortification of the mind than the study of English literature. The average student is brought into intercourse with such master minds as Shakespeare, Milton, and Newman, without laborious years of study as in Latin. He learns to appreciate these men as men, to get their point of view, and even to follow in their footsteps toward higher ideals. Literature is so many-sided and varied that it will adapt itself to the most diverse dispositions.

Likewise the study of English from the standpoint of composition and rhetoric is of great importance as a training in thought organization, in simplicity, force, and accuracy of expression. Each person must learn to use English in his own way and to develop some originality and individual force. In scientific and business courses, no less than in the old classical and language courses, a complete training in good English is now laid down as one of the few fundamental demands of all students alike. Its utility in the daily affairs of life is not less significant than its cultural value in broadening and elevating the mind to the level of great thoughts.

Refined and gentle manners, which are the expression of fixed habits of thought and action, are also one of the results of education. Real manners, the manners of a truly educated man or woman, are an outward expression of intellectual and moral conviction. Manners do not make the man, but manners reveal the man. "It is by the amount of respect, deference, and courtesy shown to human personality as such that we

judge whether one is on dress parade, or whether he is so well-trained and well-educated that he realizes his proper relation to his fellows, and reveals this realization in his manners."

Then, also, the aim of education should be to produce broadened views, widened sympathies, and deepened insight. Modern education as set forth by many agitators has many phases which are detrimental to new power and accomplishment. Early specialization and limited range of interest and information are enemies of development. The road toward education is not a smooth one, and simply because it is not a smooth one, is the reason why it is so important in molding and forming a true character. Mrs. Johnson, an educational reformer, says, "We must wait for the desire of the child, for the consciousness of need; then we must promptly supply the means to satisfy the child's desire." In short, Mrs. Johnson aims at forming a school, the whole idea of which is the enjoyment of the child. But true education cannot result from this plan, for the child's standard of enjoyment is too low to seek for higher levels. It is rather the certain routine the student must follow which schools him later in the ability to attempt greater tasks.

Of course a fixed routine is also an evil. There should be a mid-path, so that the student is given the power to do. "Education, like life, works from within, outward; the teacher loosens the soil and removes the obstacles to light and warmth and moisture; but growth comes of the activity of the soul itself."

Dr. Arnold taught pupils to rely on themselves. When he recognized a true self-help, he could overlook all else. He said he was never more rebuked than when a dull but plodding boy, whom he had chided for not making more progress, meekly replied, "Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed I am doing the best that I can."

Efficiency and self-help should be among some of the aims of education. Do something and be able to do it well; express what you know in some helpful and substantial form; realize that what you will is more important than what you know; and the importance of what you know is derived largely from its influence on the will or conduct. These are counsels which make for real education.

LORRAINE THEISEN.

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

At the Voice of a Little Child



THE incident occurred in the war-racked village of Maubeuge—some troopers had been ordered to raid the country and Maubeuge was there, the first on the list. The inhabitants, wide-eyed and white with terror, stood around in groups or huddled together on their door-steps. Knowing it would be useless to attempt flight, as they would be hunted down like rabbits in a pen, they stoically awaited the outcome.

Down the dusty road the cavalry dashed. The pitiable group of people waited spell-bound. Suddenly a woman's moan broke the tenseness. Crouching in the shadow of a laurel bush, a young mother clasped her baby boy to her agonized heart. She knew what these raids meant, for once before had she not faced just such a situation in Noyes? As through a mist came the recollection of this hideous experience. Instinctively she looked around for some hiding place, but the detachment of soldiers was already at hand. They dismounted noisily, and joking coarsely they passed before the first house. An old man held out his palsied, shaking hand for mercy, but the leader gave him a cruel thrust in the ribs with a bayonet, and laughed to hear him scream in his feeble old voice. In the shade of the laurel bush, the child moved out of its mother's arms and slid to the ground. He charged straight at the leader's heavy riding boots, screaming at the top of his voice:

"Go away, go away! you old villains!"

He had learned this from the tavern keeper, who shouted thus to the dogs crowded around the kitchen door.

"What's this, what's this?" said the leader, looking at the irate baby boy.

"You sha'n't hurt my mother! I'll kill you, all of you,—dead!"

"Plucky little demon, isn't he?" observed one man.

"Dead, dead, dead, every one," screeched the child in a frenzy, hurling himself upon the leader's dusty boots.

The man stood still, looking down at the baby boy sobbing at his feet. He looked long and steadily at the child, and then turned toward the mother, who had scarcely breathed, expecting every moment to see her little one mercilessly thrust with a cruel bayonet. A rough-looking trooper stepped forward and stooped toward the child, but was stayed by a gruff—"Let him alone!"

The leader picked up the boy and placed him in the arms of the staring, white-faced woman crouching in the shade of the protecting bush. The men stood all attention. The leader looked around a moment and then announced simply:

"There will be no raid today, boys!"

They rode quietly away. The spirit of the scene had touched the hearts of the roughest.

In the village, silence, broken only by the fretful cry of a child, brooded over all.

DOROTHY BLANEY.



DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

Junior Class Officers

NANCY PATTISON.....	<i>President</i>
Scholarship.	
Double Honor.	
MARIE MILLER.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Single Honor.	
DOROTHY BLANEY.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Scholarship.	
Double Honor.	
DOROTHY MUTCH.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Scholarship.	
Double Honor.	

The Triumph of Song

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

DESIDERIUS.	
CLIO.....	Muse of History
CALLIOPE.....	Muse of Epic Poetry
ERATO.....	Muse of Love Poetry
POLYHYMNIA.....	Muse of Sacred Poetry
EUTERPE.....	Muse of Lyric Poetry
URANIA.....	Muse of Astronomy
THALIA.....	Muse of Comedy
MELPOMENE.....	Muse of Tragedy
TERPSICHOE.....	Muse of Song
MERCURY.	

SPIRITS OF THE WOODS.

SCENE

[An opening in the forest. On one side is a fountain about which the Muses are dancing. Calliope is leaning against a tree, playing a lyre.]

MUSES

Children of Jupiter, we live alone,
Within this forest glade.
None but the zephyrs know our home,
Hither they come on waves of foam
To dance beneath the shade.
But, hark! the rustling pines betray
That someone cometh now this way.

[Enter Mercury.]

MERCURY

Fair Maidens! Daughters of the Gods! I come
From halls Olympic, Zeus, mighty sire
Bids me announce once more your time's at hand
To sway the destinies of man. One youth
Named Desiderius,—the name implies
His destiny—'tis happiness,—the stars
Ordain he shall be great among mankind.
For endless years has he been wandering far
Alone—for till he finds among you one
In whom abounds all that he so desires
He is as lost. Even now he comes
To choose what one he will. Ye gracious nymphs,
Farewell. The wind calls, and I must obey.

[Mercury disappears as Desiderius approaches. He is walking slowly as one in a dream. The Muses cluster about the fountain, looking anxiously at him.]

DESIDERIUS

I sought you in the forests and the fields
Within the mountain's dim lit caves,—and yet
I found you not. Long days and nights I searched.
Each hour my heart grew hotter in my breast,
With all the pent up impulse of some thought
Long since repressed. A stream restrained, collects

Its awful force, and when its freedom comes
Madly it rushes on, destroying all
Within its path; yet when it has once more
Resumed its natural course, the dry, parched earth
Drinks long and eagerly, and as it drinks
It is no longer parched. So would I, now
That I have found you, drain the cup you hold
Of wondrous happiness. A soul am I
Fated to wander o'er the world until
I find the means, by which I may express myself.
Some instinct led me here, I know not what;
But now I do entreat you speak to me,
And tell me what in each of you is best.
Fair Maiden, have you aught to offer me?

CALLIOPE

Oh, Desiderius,—you start to hear
Your name. I may be she for whom you seek.
Great Homer chose me to record the deeds
Of brave Achilles. All too few attain me
For men themselves must needs be great, to sing
Of deeds of greatness. Thus my charm all lies
Within my grace of speech, my loftiness
Of thought. If this is what thou seekest
Oh, noble youth, then I am all for thee.

DESIDERIUS

Calliope, full well they call you great,
Yet greatness of another kind I seek.
I long to touch men's hearts, and e'en to feel
I stir their inner souls. Humility
Is what you have not, and what I desire.
When shepherds lead their flocks beneath the stars
They do not wish to hear of mighty things.
Simplicity adorned with love is what
They crave. Though others want you, still not I,
For I have work to do, beyond your skill—
Farewell.

CALLIOPE

Aye, Desiderius, the one
For whom thou seekest, is not I. Farewell.

CLIO

I, too, bid you farewell, O youth, for though
In human nature such as I record,
There is both greatness and humility,
I am too cold for one like you to love.
So fare thee well. My sister I will join.

DESIDERIUS

There are thus seven left, and certainly
Among them I shall find the all desir'd.
But hark! Olympian Gods, whom have we here?

[The Spirits of the Woods appear, and circling about Thalia and Melpomene, perform a dance of irrepressible gaiety. Suddenly they cease and begin swaying back and forth in mournful rhythm. Desiderius overcome by their weird movements closes his eyes for a moment and when he opens them they are gone.]

THALIA

Shudder not thus, oh Desiderius,
But rather calm yourself. You witnessed now
The ruddy elements of human life
O'er which I and my sister reign supreme.

MELPOMENE

In me you find the tragedy of life.
Beneath my shadowy presence all the tales
Of unrequited love, of murderous death,
Of bloody war, in silence lie enchained.

THALIA

My face is ever looming up beside
My sister's form. For Comedy indeed
Goes hand in hand with Tragedy for aye.

DESIDERIUS

Some impulse bids me look upon the rest
Before I choose. What maiden yonder stands
Gazing upon the stars?

MUSES

Urania, she.

DESIDERIUS

Urania, dost thou my future see,
Upon the mighty dome of Heaven writ?

URANIA

Thou wilt be joined to one who hitherto
Has been unknown.

DESIDERIUS

And art thou she, fair nymph?

URANIA

Search farther for your fate, fair youth.
Let not the earth dismay one immortal born;
The beauty of your soul will never die.
One graced with thoughts like yours, is as a star
Lighting the way for all eternity.

Time's endless flow will never cease. Why then
Do men rush on in blind unseemingly haste?
Perfection is the work of years and not
Of minutes. I know well the heav'ns vast,
And see what an infinitesimal part
We are of this great universe, and yet
What a mighty being we each deem ourself.

DESIDERIUS

A part of me lies quivering at your words,
And yet another, dormant, lies, unmov'd.

URANIA

One who is truly great, indeed must have
An inner knowledge of the infinite.

[*Euterpe suddenly comes forward and performs a dance of marvelous grace and beauty. Desiderius grows more and more enraptured.*]

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

DESIDERIUS

Ah, wondrous vision, beauteous nymph! Behold
What harmony of motion you possess.
Could any hand perfect your fragile grace,
Enhance the deep pools of your laughing eyes?
Your cheek has caught the first faint flush of dawn
That stains the clear face of the coming day.
About your supple body, I can trace
The rhythm and sighing of the moaning wind,
The swaying of the trees, and yet again
I dimly see the shadows of the forest.
You are true nature's self. Pathos and Love
Mingled with bubbling mirth, together with
The beauty of the night—all seem in you
To blend and give the transcript true
Of perfect thought. Euterpe, thou art mine.

POLYHYMNIA

Nay, Desiderius, restrain yourself.
'Tis not the lyric that you love, but her
Whose glorious beauty makes your blood run wild.
Men love her well, and they will choose her oft,
As thou had'st done, if I had not been here
To warn you. And I know that thou art called
To work great things. She could not aid thee there.
Now, should'st thou choose to sing of Nature's charms
Of flowers, of brooks, of trees, of vales and hills,
Then I say, join thyself to her. But if
You love her for her features and her grace,
Stay, Desiderius: Time changes all.
Love not a maiden for her outward form,
But rather for her undiscovered self.

DESIDERIUS

Who art thou, that has come to warn me thus?

POLYHYMNIA

Until the outlook of Man's vision dim
Enlarges, I will not appear. Till then
Each day I try to grow more perfect still.
Thus waiting is a gain and not a loss.
I have accomplished that which I was charged
To do. Here is my sister Erato
Mayhap she is the muse for whom you seek.

ERATO

Within your eyes I find a mirror sheen
Reflecting mine and yet methinks, 'tis troubled,

The reflection, full of shapes and forms,
That fill me with a vague uncertain fear.
Would that you were for me! I see in you
The type of perfect manhood. Still I know
That love like mine can ne'er be perfect here.
True love lends not itself to human forms;
It craves divine expression, for in that
It soars above the petty things of life
And so achieves perfection

DESIDERIUS

Have all the gods deserted me? Is't true
That I must wander still a tortured soul
Hither and thither o'er life's lonely path
And never reach my goal? A fate like that—
A fate of unaccomplished things is worse
A thousand times than death.

[Terpsichore takes the lyre Calliope has thrown aside and goes softly toward Desiderius, who has flung himself prostrate on the ground.]

DESIDERIUS

Who art thou, that can soothe the troubled waves
Wherein a soul is plunging deep in doubt?

TERPSICHORE

My name is Music.
You hear me in the tinkling of the brook.
You see me in the shining of the stars.
The solemn grandeur of the mountains cold,
The silence of the night are full of me.
Have you not met me oftentimes, perchance,
Or in the early dawn, when all the world
Lies wrapt in peace e'en as a slumbering child,
Or the twilight glow of dying day?
I whisper to you, though you heed me not.
I fill the leaves that rustle in the breeze.
The oceans, lakes, and rivers know me well.
At times when ruthless sorrow harshly comes
I enter in your heart quite unawares,—
You cannot understand why pain has fled
And joy is there. Or yet again when war
With all her awful splendor comes and calls
You to protect your temples and your gods,
You hear the blare of trumpets and the cry
Of strife that echoes in your heart, and you
Rush madly onward to unite yourself
With them who fight. What is it in your breast
That gives you such wild joy, as high on head
Your shining spear you lift—Ah, youth, your eyes
Are sparkling, when collecting all your force,
With one wild shout you dash upon your foes.
I, too, am there, my soul is in the cry

That swells and falls amidst the seething mass.
 It spurs you forward to attain your goal—
 You feel it, yet you know not what you feel.
 So I abide in all pursuits; no thing
 Is foreign to my touch. The maid, who sings
 Beside her wheel, and dreams of days to come,
 Has in her airy song my very self.
 The soft-eyed mother with her tiny babe
 Crooning some simple, tender lullaby;
 The peasant trudging homeward in the dusk,
 While in the fields beyond, the lowing herds
 Form darkling masses 'gainst the crimson sky.
 Are these not Music? Or again at eve
 The lovers 'neath the moon that silvers o'er
 The world for them. All these are sweet, but still
 The sweetest is the music of the home,—
 The patter of the little children's feet,
 Their merry laughter and their joyous cries,—
 And then there is the mother's gentle voice
 Filled with a thousand hidden harmonies.
 Her loving eyes are Music's very self
 That praise or blame, whate'er the need may be.
 All these have felt my touch, and so shall you
 Discover all of life is Music's soul.

DOMINICAN
 COLLEGE
 YEAR
 BOOK

DESIDERIUS

Oft have I heard you, yet I knew you not.
 For you I sought these long, dim, aimless years,
 Nor knew for whom I looked. But now I know.
 My search is at an end. Together, now,
 We'll go to heal and bless the souls of men.
 Through you, those whom the gods forbid to live
 Within the heart of Nature, they shall hear
 The sound of rushing waters, and the flowers
 Will softly lift their heads to sing to them,
 And when amidst the din and roar of war
 Men face defeat, 'tis you shall lead them on
 To victory—snatched from the hands of fate.
 At evening when the long day's work is o'er,
 Your simple melodies will soothe the heart
 Bowed down beneath despair. Oh, wondrous Muse!
 Through all the ages that are still to come
 Your name and glory shall remain supreme.
 Men will not doubt it, for in you they see
 Some power beyond our straitened mortal ken.
 Come, then, Terpsichore, my soul's true note,
 At last—my purpose filled, my quest is o'er.

NANCY PATTISON.

The Spring

There was a garden lovelier than those
Of which the poets dreamed. For ages Nature
Watched o'er it with most loving care, caressed
It with her softest zephyrs, and at times
Adorned it with a mantle of grey mist.
Then, one bright day, a tear-drop fell from Heaven
Within the garden's bounds. Lo! where it fell
Burst forth a spring like diamonds sparkling bright.
Hither the man who loved the garden came,
And, walking 'midst his flowers, sudden saw,
Half-hidden by the nodding hollyhocks,
The spring. Forthwith he knelt and tasted it.
It was so pure, so fresh, so sweet, he vowed
He ne'er had tasted water like to it.
He called his friends and each declared it sweet
Beyond all praise. Soon spread its fame afar
And many came to drink the wondrous water
That seemed to fill their very hearts with joy.
And then, one day, the tempter came: "Behold,
Thy spring grows small, so numerous are these
Who quench thereat their thirst. 'Twill soon be dry."
If this were true, why not exact a fee
From each of those who come and fain would drink?
His spring would longer last. And thus he did.
The people talked; some said that he did right,
That they would do the same, while some declared
They were deceived—the spring was not so sweet.
It seemed indeed to lose its savor now
As day by day the more they paid. And less
It grew until it wholly disappeared.
Alone the owner wandered 'midst his flowers.
They, too, their freshness seemingly had lost.
Death claimed the garden; for without true love
And generosity, as naught is life.
The man was filled with sorrow, for he saw
His fault. "Because I bartered Heaven's gift
Sore am I punished." As he spoke, he saw
Within the spring-bed dry one tiny drop
That like a diamond glistened in the sun.
And as he gazed, it changed from one to two—
Each minute it grew larger till at last
The joyous, bubbling, life-bestowing spring
Once more lay sparkling merrily beneath
The trees. Half-fearfully the man knelt down
And touched the crystal water to his lips.
To him it seemed far sweeter than before—
For sorrow sweetens though it brings us pain.
And as he knelt, the budding roses burst
In fullest bloom and all the air was rich
With perfume.

Open is the garden now
To all who choose to come. Each day the spring
Grows sweeter as the crowds increase in size.
Some ask the man why he now asks no toll,
And he replies, "Am I not rich enough?"
They wonder what he means; he smiles and tries
To tell them, but they cannot understand.

NANCY PATTISON.

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

From Bonnie Scotland

ABERDEEN, 24 August, 1915.

My Dear Sister:

If you were only with us to enjoy the charms of Bonnie Scotland! I can never be grateful enough for the advantage of visiting this country, so rich in natural beauty and so replete with historic and legendary interest. My one regret is that our stay in this fair land must be short.

Our first visit was to the capital, Edinburgh, a most picturesque city, especially interesting to all lovers of those famous literary men, Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns. The monument which Edinburgh has erected to Sir Walter Scott is probably the noblest tribute to his undying glory. It is an exquisite, graceful, Gothic spire of sandstone, in the center of which is a marble statue of Scott attended by his dog. The monument looks down over the beautiful gardens in Prince Street. In these gardens is to be found an enormous clock built of 18,000 different flowers. The minute-hand measures 74 feet and weighs 1500 pounds. When a minute is made, the hand jumps five feet.

Edinburgh Castle rises boldly from a huge, perpendicular rock overlooking the town. The main history of Scotland is centered around these massive battlements. In the castle may be seen Mary Queen of Scots' apartments, supposedly arranged as in her time. The crown won by Robert Bruce, his sword and sceptre are kept in the castle. We did enjoy this historic old building where the fragrance of Scottish heroism still lingers.

A few hours' journey from Edinburgh brought us to Melrose Abbey. The vandalism which had made a ruin of this admirable work of ecclesiastical architecture filled us with overwhelming sadness. Melrose Abbey was founded in the twelfth century by David I, and destroyed by the soldiers of Edward II. Robert Bruce rebuilt the Abbey, but again it was swept by the ravages of pitiless war. The spacious and once exquisitely adorned mullioned windows are now bare and only a few vestiges remain to prove the vanished glory of this ruin. One object, however, has escaped destruction—a sculptured window, carved like the Crown of Thorns, the only trace left of the beautiful, spiritual lives that planned and built the Abbey.

Leaving this charming spot, we drove to Abbotsford, the home of Scott, delightfully situated on a terrace above the river Tweed. We visited the great poet's apartments; his library containing 20,000 volumes; his study; the drawing-rooms, hall and armory, all filled with interesting objects. The tower beneath which Scott sleeps is in Dryburgh Abbey, a

well-kept old ruin. In this abbey we were especially attracted by an ivy-mantled window called Saint Catherine's window.

With ever-increasing interest we traveled through the country of the Trossachs. How marvelous is the beauty of the Scottish Lakes! The especial charm of this enchanted land does not lie solely in the scenery, but in its history and legends as well. Loch Lomond, with its numerous islands, called the "Pride of Scotland," lies at the foot of the majestic mount Ben Lomond, which reaches a height of 3192 feet. The Silver Strand of Loch Katrine recalls to us the charming legend of Scott's immortal work, "The Lady of the Lake." "Ellen's Isle" peeps through the foliage.

I should like to continue my description of the lakes and of our visit to the birthplace of Robert Burns and many other places of interest, but our limited time necessitates waiting until next letter.

With best wishes,

Affectionately yours,

GERALDINE STEPHANY, Travel Class.

In a Street Car

A woman, and a man carrying a little boy, came into the car and sat down opposite me. The woman looked anxious, and sharp lines of worry and sorrow showed deeply in her face; her eyes moved restlessly. Occasionally she glanced at the little lad beside her. The man, poorly dressed, was a tall fellow with a care-worn, sensitive face and seemed fairly young, although his close-cropped hair was iron-gray. In his lap he held the boy who was very delicate in appearance. The child leaned against his mother's shoulder and sometimes he lifted one little hand to her face and caressed it, while with the other, he fingered her coat sleeve. Now and then the couple conversed in low tones. Apparently they were strangers in the city, for they seemed confused about the streets. The woman went over to the conductor and asked him where the "City Hospital" was. No sooner had she left her seat than a well-dressed old lady in rich furs sat down in the vacant place next the man and child. Then a strange thing happened. Just as he had done to his mother, the boy lifted his hand reassuringly to the unknown lady's face. The lady was astonished and as the bony, little hand fingered her coat sleeve, she winced and moved farther away from the too familiar child. The father who had observed nothing of this until he saw the boy's hand on her coat sleeve and the disdainful movement of the lady, now lifted his cap respectfully—

"Please excuse him, ma'am, you see the little fellow's blind; he can't see who it is; he thought it was his mother; she just got up from that seat. You'll think kindly of him, for the little fellow's in much pain, lady."

The lady gave the man a sweet, sympathetic look and I quite forgave her for her former haughtiness. She took the violets from her coat and placed them in the little fellow's hand; he fingered them delicately and then smiled.

"He's thanking you, ma'am; that's the first time he has smiled in a long while."

The man gazed fondly at the little fellow. The people in the car turned toward the windows and looked hard at the buildings on the street. Silence prevailed until—"City Hospital," called the conductor.



Second Academic Class Officers

LYDY MUTCH.....	<i>President</i>
Double Honor.	
RUTH MARION.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Single Honor.	
ELIZABETH WATERMAN.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Single Honor.	
MARCELLE RADGESKY.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Single Honor.	

A Youthful Hero

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK



THE RECENT war had been filling all hearts with patriotism. Even twelve-year-old Jimmy was a patriot in his small way.

Very often on their way to the front, the different regiments passed thru the town, and on these occasions Jimmy would look after them with a longing in his heart to do something noble for his country. Jimmy was only a little messenger boy in a large town and there seemed no possibility of his ever having a chance to enter the army.

One day he was standing on a street corner and his large, blue eyes gazed wistfully at the brilliant array of marching troopers. Suddenly he felt a light touch on his arm and turning around he saw a man in officer's uniform looking at him critically with a pair of keen, gray eyes.

"Leave your bundles here and come with me a minute, little man," the officer said.

Jimmy reluctantly but obediently followed the man to a narrow side street which at the time was silent and deserted.

The officer fixed his sharp gaze on Jimmy and asked abruptly: "Would you like to do something for your King and your Country, my boy?"

Jimmy's face flushed with joy and his eyes grew bright and eager with excitement.

"Oh, yes sir!" he answered.

"I wonder if I can trust you," mused the officer.

The steady blue eyes never wavered under the man's stern gaze, as Jimmy replied earnestly—

"Of course you could, sir. I'd do anything for my country."

"Well, then, listen carefully," said the officer. "If you breathe a word of this secret to anyone, it may mean the loss of a great deal to the country. You know just outside the town, there is a big red building supposed to be a factory. In reality it is an ammunition store house, and is surrounded by the enemy's spies. Now, I want you to take this order to John Hilp from Captain Sarsfield of the 97th Regiment of His Majesty's Infantry."

Herewith he gave the boy a short list of items required for the coming struggle, with instructions where to leave them.

"I want you to memorize this message," he continued, "so if by chance you should be caught by the enemy, they would not be able to obtain any information. You must not deliver the message to anyone but Hilp himself. He is a very tall, dark man and you can surely recognize him by a peculiar birth-mark on the back of his right hand. I am sending you on this errand because I think that the enemy will hardly suspect a child of carrying so important a message. Do you know it now perfectly?"

The child repeated the message accurately.

"Please, Captain," Jimmy then said, "how will they know I come from you?"

The officer immediately drew from his finger a small, curiously shaped ring.

"Give Hilp this," he said, handing the ring to the boy.

"Now remember," he commanded sternly, "not a word to anyone!"

"Yes sir, I'll remember," Jimmy replied, "and I am proud to be doing something for my country."

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

Taking leave of Captain Sarsfield he immediately set off rapidly in one direction while the Captain walked slowly away in another. Just at this moment a man who had come out of one of the houses in time to see the officer and the boy separate and to hear the last part of the conversation, darted swiftly around the corner and set off at full speed in a third direction.

A quarter of an hour later when Jimmy was nearing his destination, he was suddenly seized from behind while a hand was clasped firmly over his mouth and two pairs of strong arms carried him struggling into a dark alleyway. Here he was set down and he found himself in the middle of a group of masked men. The one who seemed to be the leader looked into Jimmy's angry little face and laughed mockingly—

"Will you tell me what message that nice old gentleman just gave you?"

Jimmy's expression immediately changed and he asked innocently:

"What message?"

"Oh, so that's your game?" the man replied in a sneering tone—"maybe this will help you to remember."

Jimmy's eyes widened with horror as they looked down the muzzle of a revolver—"Angel of God, my guardian dear," his pale lips murmured.

"Now, will you give us the message?" he was asked again.

"No sir, never!" answered the lad, his eyes flashing dangerously; but his face turned deathly pale as he was pressed against the wall with that steel blue barrel pointing at his heart.

"I'll give you one more chance," replied the man, "either tell me the message or you'll get the contents of this gun in your heart."

Again Jimmy's lips murmured, "Angel of God, my guardian dear"—then unfalteringly with the spirit of a true patriot shining out of his brave blue eyes, Jimmy replied—

"I'd gladly die rather than betray my country."

At that, the man, livid with fury, pulled the trigger and little Jimmy fell, giving to his country the greatest of gifts—his life.

MARCELLE RADGESKY.

"The lei, a wreath of flowers, is the native Hawaiian's token of affection. The natives are very fond of flowers, and workmen wear a lei on their hat bands while performing their daily tasks in the fields or on the road work. The native driver of the Good Roads truck every morning places a lei over the radiator cap.

Sweet Leilehua

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK



HAT the rose is to England and the lily is to France, the lehua flower is to Hawaii. Many a warm afternoon when the young girls are lying on the beach of white sand, or perhaps beneath the shade of a stately palm tree, thrumming their guitars or twanging their ukeleles, and singing the meles (songs) of ancient times, it is of Sweet Leilehua they charmingly tell. And in order to inspire departing visitors with memories of the "Paradise of the Pacific," wreath upon wreath of bright scarlet lehua blossoms are thrown around their necks. This beautiful flower with its many little spikes well deserves the name of emblem of Hawaii, for between fifteen hundred and six thousand feet above sea level, it flashes its face defiantly in the sun.

Sweet Leilehua has a very ardent lover—the olokele—a tiny bright scarlet bird, whose life's happiness it is to sip honey from the lehua. As the olokele flits from one bloom to another, it is hard to distinguish which is bird and which is flower, the tree seems alive with flashing wings! But alas! Civilization has doomed the olokele, and the lehua is fast dying out. The tale of Leilehua and Hakuole is over a hundred years old; however, the Hawaiians still love it and chant it with infinite sweetness to many an appreciative listener.

THE TALE

One early morning the brown, stalwart Hakuole stood on Mount Leahi, earnestly gazing seaward. Below him the glistening white beach of Waikiki stretched out. A few yards from the water the beach was fringed with dense thickets of "hau" trees whose short, crooked trunks, glossy red, brown and green leaves and showy yellow flowers formed a brilliant contrast to the monotonous coloring of the sand. On the blue-green waters that lengthened out to the horizon, all was calm, save where the Pacific waves broke with thunderous crash upon the white coral reefs. Here and there, a native was standing upright in his outrigger canoe, his spear poised overhead ready to pierce a devil-fish hugging the mossy rocks. Out of the sea rose Mount Leahi, its lava slopes almost bare of vegetation.

Chief Hakuole was in the prime of youth. Six feet two inches in height, his magnificent figure showed to excellent advantage against the clear blue sky. On his head was a rare helmet of yellow feathers, over his shoulders, a small feather cloak, also of yellow, with a quaint design made of scarlet feathers. The rest of his dress was of dark brown kapa—somewhat like tapestry. He wore a necklace of shells and sharks' teeth, and held a heavy wooden spear in his right hand. It was easy to see by his erect and martial bearing that he was an alii (chief), and a well-trained warrior. He was anxious about his country, Oahu, as he had heard that the great King Kamehameha was coming to conquer it.

Hakuole kept his lonely post on Leahi, wishing for some sign of a strange canoe to appear, to end the awful suspense. Finally, he threw himself on the ground and groaned dismally. The brave chieftain loved Sweet Leilehua and could not bear to think that he might lose his life in the terrible conflict that was imminent. So engrossed was he in his sad thoughts that when he heard the crackling brush he leaped to his feet filled with terror and dismay. He was confronted only by a timid face peering questioningly through the foliage. It was a beautiful face framed by thick masses of wavy jet-black hair and had great pleading dark brown eyes gleaming like stars. The maiden was no other than Leilehua, the vision of Hakuole's thoughts.

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

When the maidens sat by babbling brooks to beat the kapa on the flat boulders in order to make material for their garments, whose song was merrier or sweeter than hers? As soon as Hakuole turned to her, his face changed as the misty valley of Pauoa is transformed when Apollo penetrates the darkness, with slanting rays and spans the valley with double rainbows. Stepping forward and stretching his arms toward her, he cried, "Ah, Leilehua, my beautiful scarlet flower!"

Just as he uttered these words, the slender form vanished and left only a brilliant lehua lei or wreath at his feet. Hakuole was at first dismayed, but the lovelight he had seen shining in Leilehua's eyes gave him courage. He now felt as strong as the wonderful Kamehameha.

"Eala eala, eala-a-a-a-a—" came shrilly from the watchman, but shriller still, were the harsh shrieks of sea gulls flying up from the ocean. The cries echoed again and again as the birds encircled the crater. Out on the ocean, the billows were ridged with sparkling foam. Darting in and out of the waves were hundreds of black canoes, and occasionally the bright scarlet and royal yellow gleamed in the sun. In the first double-canoe sat the mighty Kamehameha. Not a soul could be seen on the island of Oahu, but close observation showed a dark mass, moving among the forests on the southern side, evidently an army hastening to oppose the unconquerable king. As Kamehameha's canoe was sighted, Hakuole, soldier that he was, ran to lead the tribes of Oahu. Nor did he forget his Leilehua, for her lei was still around his neck. The great king's army touched the beach first, and into the interior of Oahu he led his men. The two sides clashed in all the fury of battle on the now historical Nuuanu Pali (precipice). Kamehameha had the advantage. His men used English red-mouthed war guns. Steadily one after another, Hakuole's men rolled down the precipice. Kamehameha withdrew his victorious troops into the lower country where the loud lamentable "Auwe" of the women bewailing their husbands, was the only greeting. However, the natives of conquered Oahu had no ill-feeling against Kamehameha, and each brought him some tribute worthy of a king. Finally, when gifts were piled high before the royal throne, Leilehua and her aged father entered. She was presented to Kamehameha who was so startled at the girl's dark beauty, that he jumped off his couch and stepped toward her. Suddenly the crowd of onlookers was pushed aside, and the battle-worn Hakuole with fragments of the Lehua wreath still around his neck, Hakuole the hero, rushed up to Leilehua, lifted her in his mighty arms and carried her off out of sight.

The king, Kamehameha, raised his voice in anger and commanded his guards to bring back bold Hakuole; but when he saw his subjects' faces glowing with love and sympathy for the youth and the maiden, his tones became very soft. Turning his head toward the valley into which Hakuole and Leilehau had disappeared, he said:

"Take her, Hakuole, and be happy with her. I suspend you from duty until the bright moon returns. May your love be as glorious as the beauty of the maiden, sweet Leilehua!"

LYDY MUTCH.

A Lombardy Lad

(FROM THE ITALIAN)



IN A beautiful June morning in the year 1859, the era of the Lombard's fight for liberty, a company of Italian cavalry from the Saluzzo fort advanced cautiously along a lonely road toward the camp of the Austrians. The battle of Solferino and San Martino had been fought a few days before. The officers with the company were a captain and a sergeant. The troopers kept strict silence, and held their carbines ready, for they might come upon an Austrian outpost at any moment. Soon they neared a tiny hut, nestling in the shelter of a number of ash-trees. In front of the hut stood a little boy of twelve, engaged in whittling a piece of wood. The tricolor of Italy floated from an upper window, though the hut was apparently deserted. The owner had probably fled at the approach of the warring armies. As soon as the boy sighted the horsemen, he threw away the stick and raised his cap respectfully. He was a handsome little fellow with an expressive face, long, golden hair and large blue eyes. The sleeves of his jacket were rolled up to his elbows, disclosing a pair of sturdy brown arms.

"What are you doing here?" asked the officer, stopping his horse, "why didn't you run away with your family?"

"Haven't any," replied the boy, "I'm an orphan and have to fetch and carry for everyone. I stayed to see the fight."

"Have you seen any Austrians pass—white uniforms?"

"Not for three days."

The officer thought for a little while, then dismounted and entered the hut, eventually climbing out on the roof. But the hut was rather low for a post of observation, and only gave an outlook over a small part of the countryside. "I'll have to try a tree," he remarked to himself as he descended again.

In front of the hut stood a particularly tall ash-tree, its top seeming to pierce the blue sky like a lance. The officer's glance took in the boy, the troopers and the tree. "Have you good eyes?" he asked, turning to the lad.

"I can see a sparrow a mile away," was the answer.

"And could you climb the tree?"

"I'll be up there in a flash of an eye, if you wish."

"Right," said the officer, "Tell me what you see from up there. Look for white uniforms, dust clouds, the flash of bayonets, or bodies of cavalry moving about."

"I will."

"And what do you want in payment?"

"Payment? I ask no payment, I do it for my country. I am a Lombard."

"Good, my boy, hurry then."

"A moment, sir, till I take off my shoes."

He removed them quickly, threw his cap on the grass, and began to climb.

"Carefully," warned the officer, making a move as though to restrain him, overtaken perhaps by a sudden fear. But the boy went up the tree like a cat.

"Ready there," called the officer to his men.

In a few moments the boy was at the top of the tree, head and shoulders emerging from the thick foliage, the rays of the sun glinting his golden hair. His small size made him almost invisible to those below.

"Look straight ahead," shouted the officer.

The boy lifted his hand to shade his eyes.

"What do you see?" came from below.

"Two men on horseback."

"How far off are they?"

"About a half-mile."

"Are they moving?"

"No."

"What else do you see?" Then after a few moments of silence, "Look to your right."

"I can see something shining, bayonets perhaps, amongst the trees near the cemetery."

"Is anyone in sight?"

"No, they must be hiding there in the wheat-fields."

There was a sharp crack, followed by the whine of a flying bullet. The projectile struck the tree above the boy's head.

"Come down, boy, they've seen you, you've done enough."

"I'm not afraid," cried the boy.

"Well," said the officer reluctantly, "what do you see to the left?"

"To the left?"

"Yes."

Another bullet whizzed past.

"Better come down," shouted the officer.

"The tree shields me from the bullets. There, near the chapel, I see—"

A third bullet came, and this time hit the mark. Down dropped the boy, slipping from branch to branch, finally falling in a heap at the troopers' feet, blood pouring from his breast and shoulder.

The sergeant and two privates dismounted, but the officer had already bent over the mangled body, saying, "He's dead."

"No, he lives," exclaimed the sergeant.

"Poor little fellow," murmured the officer.

They tried to bind up his wounds, but it was too late, and with a little sigh the boy closed his eyes forever. They laid him out in the grass tenderly. The officer removed the flag from the window and covered the little body, leaving the face exposed. The sergeant placed the stick and torn cap beside the little hero. All stood there in silence until the officer said, "He died like a soldier, and shall have a soldier's burial." He saluted the corpse, and then ordered his men to mount and return to camp. A few hours later the boy was buried with full military honors.

As the sun was setting, the Italian army advanced toward the Austrians by the same road that the cavalry had taken that morning. In the vanguard were the victorious heroes of San Martino, saluting the dead boy as they passed. One of the officers, leaning from his gray charger, broke off a branch of the hawthorn and laid it on the little body. In a short time, the passing ranks had covered it with flowers. A captain pinned a cross of honor on the blood-stained jacket.

And there, wrapped in the flag he loved, lay the little hero, his face white with the pallor of death, but his lips smiling as though pleased with the tribute paid him.

RUTH MARION.

Far Off

Far off is a place where the hills woo the sky,
And are lost in a hov'ring cloud;
Where a snow-fed brook goes hurrying by,
And ferns in the crevices crowd,
And the smell of the pines is fresh and good,
Far off.

Far off is a dell, star-roofed, moss-paved,
And Nature's heart beats there,
Where flower petals dewy laved,
Are tossed on the fragrant air,
And the smell of the moist brown earth is good,
Far off.

EDITH BROOKS.



First Academic Class Officers

MARGARET HARRIGAN.....	<i>President</i>
Scholarship.	
Double Honor.	
MARGARET COX.....	<i>Vice President</i>
Double Honor.	
OPAL LIENBY.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Double Honor.	
DOROTHY RANDALL.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Double Honor.	

My First Experience in Boarding School

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK



EARLY in spring, we rode in Manuel's bus up the avenue of overhanging trees. The flowers were in all in bloom and the whole world looked bright and beautiful. I was going to boarding school for the first time and I felt quite as excited and happy as the flowers swaying in the breeze.

When the bus stopped in front of the stately Convent building, I jumped out quickly and hurried up the broad steps, and waited impatiently for my mother and Isabel. We entered and I looked curiously at everything;

I was certain I should soon make friends with the little rosy-cheeked Sister who had opened the door.

When mother's visit with the Sister Superior was ended, the moment of parting came and the tears were not far from our eyes, but with a smile and a wave of the hand we watched the bus leave. Then my sister and I were taken to our room. When the door closed, and we found ourselves alone, a little feeling of sadness came over us. Here we were, in a strange room. Where, oh, where was my own little bed? I was sure Isabel longed for her cherished writing desk. But our sadness soon passed and we opened the suit-case and arranged the bureau with our pictures and toilet articles. It was a comfort to have some of our treasured belongings near us.

The first day passed happily, tho the collar on my uniform did scratch my neck. I do not think I shall ever forget my first night on the court. The girls walked to and fro in groups, some singing or strumming ukeleles, while others sat in the garden under the trees. There in the dusk about us, it all seemed to me like a fairy scene, something unreal. A ring of the assembly bell brought an end to my first recreation hour in the convent.

The next morning the rising bell sounded at six o'clock. For the first time I longed to be home. When I arranged my hair (which I had always worn down my back) in the uniform style, I became homesick in earnest. Those two braids seemed to weigh a thousand pounds apiece, and I wanted to go home that minute to take them down. That night at table when Spanish rice was served, my companions were amazed to see my supper seasoned with tears. Spanish rice is one of my mother's favorite dishes and I recalled how often we had enjoyed it in our cosy little dining room at home. There were two wet pillows, and two very sad girls went wearily to sleep in one of the rooms that night.

The following Wednesday my mother came to see us. She was astonished at the transformation in her daughters. Instead of the cheerful, smiling girls of the Sunday before, she found us with tear-swollen eyes, begging to be taken home. Finally mother persuaded us to "stay at least a week longer." Meanwhile the days dragged on.

Easter vacation came and joyfully we went home; to my surprise when the holiday was over, I was actually glad to return to boarding school.

I was delighted to see the Sisters and girls, and so happy to begin work again. My braids were much lighter and my collar was very well behaved. The days dragged no longer, but passed all too quickly. Each time I leave the convent and return I appreciate more and more everything and everyone.

I often smile when I think of my homesickness and the change that has gradually taken place in me.

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

MARGARET HARRIGAN.

His Angel

The little newsboy sat on the park bench, forgotten, alone and cold. A heavy fall of snow covered his shivering form with wet, cold flakes. The blue, hardened hands which clasped his papers were so stiff that he no longer felt the biting wind upon them. His courage had given out, and hot tears forced their way down his grimy little face. Slowly his eyes closed, his head began to nod and at last he was asleep. In his dreams he seemed to be upon a cold, bleak island, but the sun rose, and in its rays he saw near him a figure clad in robes of beauty. As the heavenly form bent close, all grew warm and bright around the little lad. A soft voice said, "I am your Angel. In your saddest hours I am ever mindful of you. I am your silent counsellor and will always stand between you and the unseen or unheeded danger that may threaten you. Pray always, and be of good heart."

The child awoke with a startled cry of mingled joy and fright. He looked about him. No longer did the branches shake crooked, gray fingers at him. No! they were beckoning joyously. The wind did not sigh in sorrow now, but sang a hymn of hope. The boy sprang up and ran down the street whistling merrily. The sight of his jolly face made men stop to buy his papers. By night he had sold every paper and his heart was glad. As he sank upon his pillow he softly said, "My Angel did it all!"

Now he is a great man, loved and respected. He never despairs, but looks onward and upward and often whispers, "Dear Angel, be ever at my side!"

FRANCES RAMSAY.

The Angelus

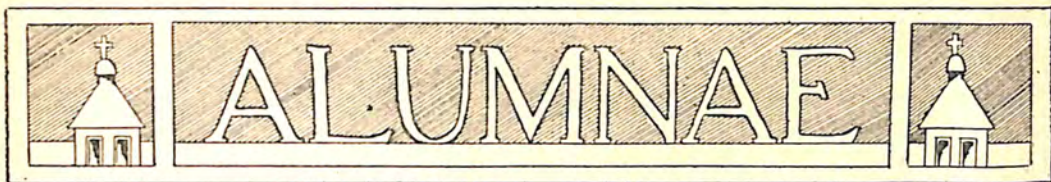
DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

It is close to the noon hour at Dominican College. The girls, large and small, are eagerly taking advantage of the short recreation period. On the court a vigorous game of basketball is in progress; in a corner of the court the smaller girls are playing hop-scotch, while those of another group run to and fro in "Prisoner's Base." From the veranda a visitor watches the scene with interest and amusement.

It is a bright, sunny day and all nature is clothed in the beautiful raiment of early spring. The garden is a riot of color and the skies are blue and fleckless. The voices of the birds singing and twittering among the spreading branches of the trees mingle with the happy laughter of the girls.

Suddenly the clear, ringing peals of the Angelus bell fill the air. Immediately, forgetful of one another, forgetful of games and play, all turn toward the chapel, and every head bows in silent prayer. Even the birds seem to cease their caroling as if in response to the hush of reverence for the memory of the great Mystery of Divine Love and Sacrifice the Angelus has called up in the hearts of God's little ones. The peal of the last stroke dies away in the silence of the nearby hills. Reverently making the sign of the Cross the girls resume their recreation with renewed joyousness. The single visitor on the porch muses: "How the prayerful attitude of these children idealized the whole scene! It is no longer the beauty of the flowers, the joy of this glorious sunshine, the tenderness of the blue skies that is reflected in the happy faces of these children. It is souls. The spiritual world mingles with the material world; heaven becomes blended with earth and God's Presence is felt."

DOROTHY WALL.



ALUMNAE

The Alumnae Association of Dominican College, San Rafael, is composed of members whose concerted effort can aid in many ways to further the advancement of their school. The most potent aid would come first from union in prayer. May we make this timely suggestion to the Alumnae, whose ideals are ever truly Dominican, that an Our Father said daily in honor of one of the mysteries of the Rosary would form a spiritual force which would help the school most efficaciously to maintain its highest standards. In return, Alma Mater will remember the Alumnae each morning before God's Altar.

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

PRESIDENT.....MRS. HOWARD BLETHEN
Colonial Hotel, San Francisco

VICE-PRESIDENT.....MRS. CHARLES D. MCGETTIGAN
2644 Filbert Street, San Francisco

VICE-PRESIDENT.....MRS. ELMER SMITH
Merced, California

RECORDING SECRETARY.....MISS RITA KEANE
Berkeley, California

BUSINESS SECRETARY.....SISTER MARY THOMAS
Saint Agnes' Convent, Stockton, California

TREASURER.....MISS KATHERINE HEDGES HALL
San Jose, California

The yearly meeting of the Alumnae Association was held at Dominican College, San Rafael, October 21, 1916, with a large and representative attendance. Holy Mass was sung in the Convent Chapel at 11 o'clock by the Reverend Maurice J. O'Keefe of Saint Raphael's Church, San Rafael. The address was given by the Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, D. D., Archbishop of San Francisco, and was a stirring appeal for the cause of Christian education. After Holy Mass there was an informal reunion until luncheon. A business meeting was held during the afternoon in Veritas Hall. The keynote of this meeting was taken from the Most Reverend Archbishop's address. A scholarship fund, to be called the Dominican College Alumnae Association Fund, was established and ways and means for its maintenance and increase were discussed.

The meeting was one of the most successful in the history of Dominican College, and the enthusiasm shown gave promise of great things to be accomplished for the cause of Christian education by the financial and personal co-operation of the Alumnae Association.

The general and generous response to the invitations sent out by the Lecture, "A Valiant Woman of the Fourteenth Century" well as financially.

Lillian Stephany was registered at the University of California in August, 1916, the first pupil to enter from our Junior College. The Alumnae will be proud of the fact that Lillian was able to transfer a sufficient number of credits to obtain her degree in one year.

In November, Mrs. Mazie Crowley Blethen, president, entertained the Alumnae at tea at the Colonial Hotel, San Francisco. Musical numbers by Alberta Livernash, Gertrude Byrnes, Edith Brooks and Emily Deubery further enlivened the pleasant reunion.

Katherine Hedges Hall is a most successful supervisor in the department of education at the State Normal School, San Jose.

Louise Queen is at present a teacher of kindergarten in Santa Rosa.

Ursula Gilsenan, Juanita Gomez, Cora Noonan and May McMahon will be graduated from the San Francisco Normal School in May. We have heard very gratifying reports of their work.

In June, Margaret Beach will finish her course at the Barnard Kindergarten Training School in Berkeley.

Marjorie Heffernan has opened a music studio in Stockton. On Good Friday, at Saint Gertrude's Church, Stockton, her beautiful voice was heard to advantage as soprano soloist in Rossini's "Stabat Mater."

Madaleine Muldoon's activities in the Newman Club, Berkeley, have met with great success. She has been elected assistant editor of *The Daily Californian*, published at the University of California.

Emily Deubery is now living with her parents, Captain and Mrs. Deubery, at the army post, Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Emily is still keeping up her violin practice, but her letters speak of love and longing for the music of California.

From Tacoma we hear happy accounts of our "sister musicians," Florence and Blanche Yorktheimer. Alma Mater is proud of the distinction these girls have gained in their chosen professions as teachers of violin and piano. At present Florence is making a tour of the United States as accompanist for a concert singer.

Edna Shores Campbell, who is living in New York, devotes much of her time to the study of organ.

Frances Murphy's compositions have received favorable recognition in the musical world. In one of her song cycles given at a concert by the Pacific Musical Club, her beautiful contralto voice was heard at its best.

Edith Brooks, who is to receive this year the diploma of graduation from the vocal department of the School of Music, will also complete the teacher's course in grade and high school music.

We wish to offer our sincere appreciation of the gracious response from the Alumnae who were called upon to contribute to the initial number of the Year Book: Lenore Coffee, Barbara Taylor, Edna Shores Campbell, Edith Brooks, Lillian Stephany, and also to a former pupil, Elizabeth O'Connor.

Note of
Thanks

Alma Mater extends best wishes to the Alumnae whose marriages have been recently announced:

<i>Wedding</i>	Christine Finnell to Mr. Rollo Clark Wheeler.	DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR BOOK
<i>Bells</i>	Agnes Maloney to Mr. George Holmquist.	
	Anne Collins to Mr. Aloysius McDonald.	
	Alice Levy to Mr. Leslie Jones.	

Greetings from Alma Mater to the dear little new visitors in the homes of:

Congratulations Margaret Bergez Welsh.
Victoria Cardwell Dougherty.
Marie Murphy Reiss.

Alma Mater sends special messages of love and sympathy and the assurance of prayers to her children who are suffering the keenness of sorrow in the loss of a dear parent. May the Father of

A Message of All send special grace and comfort in this hour of trial:
Love and To Anne Beveridge on the death of her father.
Sympathy To Sister M. Felipa O. S. D. on the death of her

father.

To Margaret Bergez Welsh on the death of her father.

To Sabina Lennon on the death of her mother.

The gloom of an untimely death fell upon the home of Elizabeth Lynch, who was killed in an automobile accident. To her sorrowing family we offer sympathy and the promise of prayer.

To the Angel Guardian of Our Convent Home

O lucent-winged Guardian of our youth,
Who pliest instant flight from earth to Heaven,
A witness to our sorrows, mercy driven,
That we, tear-blind, may see Transcendent Truth;
Thou hast not spurned us, tho' our lives in sooth,
To thy clear-visioned soul have anguish given;
Surely thou wilt not, Angel, leave bereaven,
Those children, but will show thy gentle ruth;
For tho' to womanhood grown, thy children still
Shall be those hearts whose youth-sweet prayers have burned
As grateful incense in thy thurible,
In mystery lent by Love, to Love returned
By thine own hands who, faithful to His Will,
Our tears to Heaven hast borne, and pardon earned.

BARBARA TAYLOR, Alumna.





"Lenore J. Coffee gave a noble interpretation of the theme of the artist, Rodin."—
Call-Post of San Francisco.

The Thinker

Alone and mute and laughterless he broods,
With grave, clear eyes that look into the stream
Of toil and pain and tears and peace denied—
That make up life; and thinks while others dream.

At the close of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, a prize was offered for the best quatrain interpretation of Rodin's "Thinker." Among the three hundred contestants, the first and second prizes were merited by professional writers, and the third prize was awarded to Lenore Coffee, an alumna of Dominican College.

Judges: Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, George Sterling, Arthur L. Price.



DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

The Rosary



TO FREE mankind from the degradation and punishment of sin; to embody before the eyes of a fallen world the divine ideal of truth, goodness and beauty; to reveal to the humblest child of man his inestimable value in the light of God's love; to deify the nature of man by union with the Godhead, and thereby lead all men to final glory in Beatific Vision, such were the adorable purposes of the coming of the Son of God in our humanity—the Incarnation and human nativity of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity.

When, therefore, the Apostles, by virtue of Christ's commission, went forth, with their sublime message, to the religious and moral conquest of the world they were obliged before all else to preach and explain Christ himself; to tell the history of His twofold generation as begotten from all eternity of the Father, and born in time of the Virgin of Nazareth. It was thus they preached Him to Jew and Gentile, and as the mind of the nations opened to the knowledge of the ineffable Mystery of the Incarnation the loving memory of Mary, His Virgin Mother, assumed at once its fitting place enshrined forever with that of Jesus in the heart of the Christian world.

Mary, the Virgin Mother of the Incarnate God! It is the appreciation of this transcendent dignity and of the consequent power of Mary in the

hierarchy of regenerated humanity which constitutes the rational and all-sufficient basis for the singular homage accorded to her by Christianity for the past nineteen centuries.

The kingdom of God, which is His Church, extends to all time and reaches into eternity; and, whether struggling on earth against sin, or enduring in Purgatory the chastening pains of penitent love, or reigning with God in Heaven, these three parts or states of the kingdom form one universal Church, whose members are in constant communion through the action of intercessory prayers, which send a continual flow of divine life throughout the mystical Body of Christ; like to the circulating pulses of the blood in a living organism. And as we recognize a larger reception of divine life and a more extended communion in those who are nearer the fountain-head; so we must acknowledge in the Immaculate Mother of God plenitude of grace and a universality of its communication commensurate with the needs of the entire Church. Hence our reasonable and unshakable confidence in her intercessory prayer.

The Church militant on earth resembles a vast, invincible army perfectly equipped and marching down the ages making continual conquest of the nation to its sacred standard of faith and devotion; and the divinely tempered weapon, wielded in defense of its holy life is prayer,—the prayer of Christ, its leader, in the Holy Mass; the prayer of its Christian priesthood; the prayer of its consecrated virgins; the prayer of its millions of pious faithful;—from the serried ranks of this triumphant army rises the mighty strain of universal prayer, renewing its valor in every age crowning it with the trophies of a thousand victories.

Of the popular form of prayer, the most efficacious would seem to be the Rosary; a prayer addressed to God through the invocation of the Blessed Virgin and combining the highest language of divine praise and entreaty with the contemplation of the transcendent events of man's Redemption; a prayer intelligible to the most illiterate, yet affording entrancing thought for the loftiest mind. The words employed in the Rosary were revealed and inspired by God. The Our Father was dictated to the Apostles by the Son of God; the first half of the Hail Mary comprises the high salutation conveyed to the Virgin of Nazareth by the Archangel Gabriel from the throne of God; the second half was uttered by St. Elizabeth of Judea under divine inspiration; the Holy Mary was the spontaneous acclamation which burst from the assembled Episcopate of the Church in General Council under the guidance of the Holy Ghost; and while such is the sublime language employed, the mind is led to dwell in rapturous contemplation on the divine scenes—joyful, sorrowful, and glorious—wherein the Son of God, with ineffable love and power, wrought the redemption of the human race.

The Rosary was revealed in the thirteenth century by the Blessed Virgin to S. Dominic in a most critical age of the Church, when prayer was widely neglected; when the memory of the Redeemer was largely obliterated, and society profoundly attainted by monstrous heresies and crimes; and the marvelous results of its propagation by S. Dominic and his disciples mark the brightest page in the history of the Church. To it are due the revival of Christian faith and devotion; the extinction of heresies with their attendant moral and social disorder, and the reaction

of the nations toward an enthusiastic piety under the inspiration derived from the contemplation of the adorable history of Christ.

To encourage the faithful to take up this rich and powerful prayer, the Holy See has frequently blessed and endowed the Rosary devotion, and more especially the Rosary Confraternity, with the merits of Christ and the Saints in the form of Indulgence; thus, besides many partial Indulgences to all for reciting the Beads, a Plenary Indulgence on the day of entrance into the Confraternity; a Plenary Indulgence on the first Sunday of each month; a Plenary Indulgence on each of the first-class feasts of the Blessed Virgin; a Plenary Indulgence on each of the festivals comprising the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary; and so on, through a list of graces too lengthy to particularize here. Encouraged by the Church and acting on true Christian instinct of devotion to the Mother of God, Catholics have for centuries swelled the ranks of the Rosary Confraternity into many millions throughout the world, and form today a mighty army of associated prayer on which, as in the past, the Church relies for its triumphs in the coming struggle.

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

There was a power representing the genius of cruelty, indolence and sensuality which long menaced the existence of the Christian religion and the liberty of the civilized world. Mahomadanism, taking its origin in the seventh century from a band of fanatical outlaws under the imposter Mahomet, spread rapidly by the aid of fire and sword through Arabia, Egypt, Persia, Syria, and the Holy Land. It aimed at universal domination upon the ruins of Christian nations. The basis of its fanatical and brutal policy was the Koran; a compilation of absurd, bloody and licen-



GROTTO—OUR LADY OF LOURDES

tious maxims alleged to be the final Revelation from Heaven commanding the abolishment of Christianity and the universal establishment of Mahomedanism. This insolent power received, in the thirteenth century, a fresh and wider impulse from the Osmanlis Turks under the leadership of Mahomet II, and, entering Europe, usurped the fairest portions of the East and subjugated two empires, twelve kingdoms and two hundred cities to the Koran and to slavery. The Turk respects no laws but those sanctioned by the Koran or backed by fleets and armies; to him a Christian is a dog; woman a hopeless slave; and the noblest monuments to Turkish genius are the smouldering ruins of Christian cities.

With an innate aversion to physical labor and to mental effort, and devoid of attachment to the soil, the Ottoman or Turk is the inveterate and contemptuous enemy of human progress and the Christian name. Human language would fail to portray the appalling barbarities inflicted by this cruel power on the Christian people who fell under its dominion, or to describe the depth of degradation into which the fiendish Turk trampled his hapless victim. The Popes were the first to appreciate the fact that opposition to the Ottoman encroachment meant the preservation at once of the Christian religion and the liberty of mankind. They had early united kings into defensive alliance against this common enemy of man; and the Holy Empire constituted for centuries the bulwark of Christian Europe against which the Moslem hurled and broke its myriad armies.

In 1571, Selim II, flushed with certain victories in Asia and favored by the political and religious entanglements of Europe, raised a formidable army with the avowed purpose of devastating Italy and establishing Turkish dominion and Mahomedanism on its ruins. The great Dominican, Pope Pius the Fifth, appealed to the Christian kings of Europe. The religious rebellion, called Protestantism, induced Germany and England to refuse their aid. Only Spain, Austria and the Republic of Venice responded to the Pontiff's call; and the result was a Christian fleet of 100 galleys, which, under the leadership of Don John of Austria, raised anchor in Sicilian waters on the 15th of September, 1571, and, with the banner of the Virgin waving from its flagship, sailed away to meet the Ottoman, who was believed to be invincible on the sea.

The great and saintly Pontiff never doubted the issue. He even predicted victory for the Christian arms; he proclaimed a Jubilee of prayer, and specially summoned the Rosarians to take their beads, to form their ranks, to raise the Virgin's banner and make the great Procession.

On the morning of the seventh of October, the Christian warriors sighted the Turkish fleet fifteen miles away on the Gulf of Lepanto. Onward it proudly advanced, 300 galleys strong, like a mighty bird of prey with vast, outspread wings threatening to enclose and crush the little Christian navy in its fell embrace. With a salutation to the Virgin the Christian heroes advanced to meet the foe. The Ottoman attack was terrific; with barbarous music and savage yells the furious Turks came on, provoking an immediate and general engagement; but soon were they made to feel what invincible spirit nerved the arms of the Christian warriors, as galley to galley met and locked in deadly strife and Christian sword and battle-axe plied their rueful work, strewing the waters round with turbaned heads and reddening the sea with Moslem blood. And

while the fate of the Christian world hung on the unequal contest, another scene is enacted through the streets and around the squares of Rome—it is the Rosary Procession. Slowly and solemnly it moves along, composed of the weakest elements among the boasted forces of this world. What weaker than children and women? What weaker than the Christian priesthood? What weaker than a string of beads? What weaker than a banner of a Virgin? Yet, for four hours that procession moves and that Rosary prayer ascends and that banner waves; because for four hours Christianity wrestles in supreme and final struggle with its deadliest foe, for four hours Lepanto's battle raged, when the grand and ubiquitous hero of Austria dashes into the thick of the fight with the captured flagship of the Ottoman, and the head of the Turkish admiral spiked to its mast; and, amid the Christian shout of victory that rose above the din of battle, the rout of the Turkish army began; and its utter destruction soon completed, as, the Christians, pursuing it, cut it to pieces in its panic-stricken flight across the sea. At the same hour, in Rome, S. Pius the Fifth announced the triumph of the Christian arms and intoned the *Te Deum*; for he saw in vision the Infidel humbled by the Faith; the Koran vanishes from the Gospel; the Crescent goes down before the Cross.

This is the event, due to the Rosary prayer, which the Catholic world annually commemorates; and which the Order of S. Dominic, the acknowledged standard-bearer of the Virgin, celebrates with peculiar pomp and panoply;—proudly unfurling the Rosary banner and giving its folds to the sunlight in every clime as the symbol of the all-conquering truth and moral beauty revealed to mankind in the redeeming and uplifting lives of Jesus and Mary.

J. R. N.

To Alma Mater

When we left thee, Mother, to find our place
In a world of joy and woe,
(For some it is only yesterday,
For others, long ago),
Veritas, thy standard bright
Our childish steps did guide,
And sorrow of parting and joy of quest,
Went with us side by side.
And all shone clear along the way
In Truth's sweet, holy light.

O Alma Mater! loving hearts
Across the lapsing years,
Have heard with joy this loyal word
That puts to flight all fears.
And whether 'mongst friends or bitter foe,
Our path lies near or far,
We'll proudly wear thy symbols bright,
The Lily and the Star.
(Tho some were parted yesterday
And some in the long ago.)

BARBARA TAYLOR, Alumna.

A Voice from Siena

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK



COCK crew and shattered the slumbering silence as a sudden blow might send the silver fragments of a mirror shivering to the four winds of heaven.

Lying close to the brown-bosomed earth, sweet with dew, a young girl raised sleep-clouded eyes unto the sky and lifting herself to her elbow, tilted her pretty head to catch the last echoes of the chanticleer. She rose and yawned and stretched to tiptoe, then watched fascinatedly a fat little bird swinging perilously on an olive bough. Suddenly his portly figure became too much for the frail branch and he took to flight with a noisy flutter of indignation. The girl's bubble of laughter broke coolly on the soft air but trailed into a sudden silence as she turned and saw the Woman Catharine, with faint bruised shadows beneath eyes that had grown weary gazing on pain, but were yet filled with the swooning dreams of Paradise. Catharine, with the delicate pallor of her face and the sweet hollows of her cheek, her white robe sharp against the green, moved and spoke to the wondering, tremulous girl beside her. Her voice had a note of almost cloying sweetness, yet it rang out on the summer air with a marvelous beauty and power.

"And thou, my daughter—where art thou from,—and why in the hills at so early an hour?"

In a soft, breathless voice the answer came: "I—oh, I come from down there," pointing to a group of buildings faintly gleaming thru the trees; "'tis a convent—they dress like you," she added shyly, "and I'm out early because it's my last day—I'm graduating and I came to see the sunrise and I fell asleep."

Catharine smiled and the little shadows of pain slipped from her eyes. "Today—so, thou art to leave this shelter to be a woman—to help make the destinies of the future." She smiled tenderly upon the girl, so young, so immature—yet so potent a factor in the world she was to serve. "Yet—it is well, for the world hath need of thee. Up to now, thou hast been a child, tenderly guided by the Daughters of Saint Dominic,—but now—now thou must be the woman—the valiant woman who hath put out her hand to strong things." Catharine's voice clouded with the desire in her heart and she turned swiftly and eagerly to the girl, who was held motionless by the charm of this wondrous personality.

"Tell me, wilt thou heed a message if I give it thee—wilt thou go forth into the world armed with truth and valour?"

"Yes—yes, only tell me," the answer came, in a voice already fraught with the zeal and fire that Catharine's very presence seemed to breathe as a flower sending forth its penetrating perfume.

Then, as the girl's voice ceased, and the two stood in the sunlight amid the little stirring sounds of early morn—Catharine spake these words.

"I pray you, on behalf of Christ Crucified, that you be no longer a timorous child, but manly; open your mouth and swallow down the bitter

for the sake of the sweet. Do not let thyself be withheld by thine own lukewarm heart nor by a womanish tenderness for thyself—but enter the battlefield manfully. Desire the triumph of Christ even tho your life may pass in no otherwise than in crucified desire. Let thy heart be aflame with tenderness and compassion toward thy neighbor for the heart of mankind is in nowise so drawn as by love because He was made by love, and if thy spirit be unruly and not a true handmaiden of the Lord, pray—then, Lord, unmake me and break the hardness of my heart that I be not a tool that spoils Thy works. And when life is dark and bitter—with faith, with trust, say to thyself, nevertheless I hold me in peace for I perceive that nothing happens without mystery.”

Her voice melted into the listening silence and sweetly and tenderly did she turn her ardent gaze upon the girl. “Heed these words and peace shall come to thee and thou shalt be a source of strength to all who know thee and thou shalt bear with thee beauty and sweetness wherever thou goest—for I—Catharine do so promise thee.”

Once more did the burning ardor of her presence embrace the girl,—then, turning swiftly, was she lost amid the trees.

LENORE COFFEE, Alumna.

A Visit to La Bella Firenze

FLORENCE, April 4.

My dear Sister:

My mind is so full of the beauties of this wonderful old Florence that I hardly know where to begin to tell you of our trip. If all the interesting things were to be written I am certain this missive would be unending, so I can give you only in a general way the things that impressed me most.

To begin, let me tell you that we are boarding at a pension, on the borders of the business section, and find it most convenient for our sight-seeing purposes. Then, too, the rates are more reasonable than any the large hotels offer and the money thus saved can be spent on various suburban trips. Florence itself is an imposing city. It lies on both sides of the blue river Arno which twines in and out thru the whole city, while the climate is just warm enough to be delightful, with ever sunny skies. I find the Italians handsome people; even the common class have the beautiful eyes and fine features of the noblesse. No wonder that Raphael could go out into the street and pick up a little ragamuffin to pose for one of his angels—they have the countenances of cherubs, dirt and all considered. Personally, I have always had a weakness for Italians, so of course living in their midst is most enjoyable. Think of an atmosphere where the names of Da Vinci, Raphael and Michael Angelo are as well known as “Pan” to even the lower class. Without going into the famous art palaces, Florence’s streets are galleries in themselves. At the principal thoroughfares, statues of her most eminent men are always to be found—The Medici, Michael Angelo’s David, Dante, Savanorola, Galileo, and numerous others. Little wonder, then, that the Florentines are of so artistic a nature, when they are bred in an atmosphere saturated with genius.

Almost everywhere you go, something "of the Medici, for the Medici, or by the Medici" confronts the traveler. It is evident that they were once the ruling spirit of Florence, and what truly great men they were! Popes, cardinals, men of art and rulers, were chiefly from the Medici family during the 15th and 16th centuries.

Well, to tell you of my visit. I went to the Medici chapel, the richest one in the world; fancy! where lies the dust of all those great men. The interior is royal and dazzling, anything more magnificent for a mausoleum would be difficult to conceive. It is octagonal in shape, immensely high, with a grand dome beautifully frescoed. The multiplicity of figures in it quite bewilders the eye. No wonder it took Pietro Benvenuto eight years to execute it. The walls are of varied and most costly marbles inlaid with precious stones, exquisite in color and design. The Alexandrine pavement is equally magnificent. Immense tombs or sarcophagi (how we used to detest that last word in our class work!) of colored marble are set into the glorious walls. Upon the top of each sarcophagus is laid a marble pillow or cushion, upon which rests the symbols of royalty. On some are standing statues of the inmates of the tomb (it sounds shivery, doesn't it?). In the frieze running around the walls of the chapel are the armorial bearings in mosaic of the principal Tuscan families. This chapel cost the Medici over \$4,000,000. One can't get its entire meaning and beauty in a short visit. I am sure I only absorbed in a small way the beautiful, glowing coloring and the graceful attitudes of the figures.

Then we went to the old Church and Monastery of San Marco where the great Savonarola spent much of his life as a friar. Here may be seen his cell and many things of interest to lovers of this famous man. In the church is the pulpit from which he thundered his denunciations against corrupt Florentine society. In the monastery proper are the beautiful frescoes of Fra Angelico, noted the world over for their sincere sentiment, religious fervor and artistic merit. I particularly liked the Crucifixion and the Annunciation. Each monk's cell has a fresco of some saint or religious subject, so that from the beginning of the day to the end, he was constantly reminded of things spiritual. San Marco's treasures are too numerous to be mentioned in detail. Needless to say that as a Dominican girl I was especially impressed.

We then visited the Galleries of the Uffizi and Pitti Palaces—world-renowned for their works of art. Whom do you think built the Uffizi? Cosimo di Medici, of course. Among the most interesting things here are some statues noted for their beauty and antiquity, the Venus di Medici, the Wrestlers of Praxiteles and the Knife Grinder. They are so full of life and so natural. Every moment I expected the Knife Grinder to straighten his back. My back really ached as I watched him. It was in this gallery that I fell in love with Santa Lucia by Carlo Dolce or rather, I should say I fell in love with Dolce's art. All his faces are beautiful, but this one in particular is exquisite in every expression. Another picture that appealed to me was the Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian by Sodoma. For a long time I stood in front of this picture, spellbound by its beauty. The expression of intense yet spiritualized pain on the face of the Saint is a marvel of workmanship.

In the Pitti (which is just across the Arno and is connected with the Uffizi by the Ponte Vecchio) I found more to interest me than in the Uffizi. Most people feel the other way but I do not. Let me say that much to your surprise as well as mine, Luca Pitti built this palace!! One always thinks of these places as something grand and imposing, while in reality, most of them are severe, prison-like buildings, cold on the outside, but evenly balanced by the beauty of the interior. The more pretentious buildings are always called palaces.

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

In the Pitti Gallery, as in all the galleries, we saw groups of young students copying the finest paintings. Many of the copies in form and color rival the originals. Here I found a favorite Madonna and Child, and a Saint John by Carlo Dolce. There is also the well-known Dance of The Muses by Guido Romano, and Saint John the Baptist by Del Sarto. Judith with the Head of Holofernes by Allori is very fine, but I think the face too delicately feminine to express the courage of a Judith. I had always pictured her more masculine in form and feature. By this time I think you have some little idea of our visit to La Bella Firenze.

Lovingly yours,

EDNA SHORES CAMPBELL, Alumna.

Traveling



It is a great thing to travel across two oceans, to circle the world or to tour a continent. We are always enthusiastic over such a prospect. But if we have travelers' hearts and open minds we will find as much pleasure in an hour's journey from home as in an expedition to Egypt. It isn't always what we see, but how we see it.

Not far from my home there is a little hamlet nestled in the hills, and often, when neither the time nor the money for a longer trip is available, I travel thither for a few days to satisfy the wanderlust that swoops upon me and kills all domestic impulses. A stage meets the train that carries me over the first part of the journey and takes me over the hills, climbing through forests of oaks, madrones and redwoods. We reach the summit, and the driver stops to give even the most deliberate and inert passenger an opportunity to exclaim over the picture that is spread out before him. Far below, the ocean stretches to an invisible horizon, curving in great foaming breakers around the hills and reflecting the blue of the California sky as the Italian sky colors the Mediterranean. Someone in the stage always compares it with the Bay of Naples. We start down the winding road through the chaparral, and sometimes a deer runs across the hills, and always we surprise covies of quail into flight. The driver is loquacious and exceedingly independent—for he carries the mail—and woe betide anyone who forgets that he has the right of way! Down the hills he

scurries; but not with the real excitement and suggestion of danger as in the old days when, instead of driving a motor bus, he guided six horses from his high seat on the stage.

The hamlet is old, and the lazy business streets reached its full growth long years ago, but up on the hills new summer cottages are constantly springing up overnight, as it were, like mushrooms. A lagoon lies calm and gentle beyond the last shop and is connected with the ocean by a rough bar that tries in vain to disturb the still water. Passing around the end of the lagoon, we come to a wide beach, and a five-minutes' walk brings us to the border of the Pacific Ocean. Far away it reaches, calm and shimmering, but in the shallows near the shore the water undulates, swells, then curves into a foaming crest and rides proudly into the beach.

At low tide I have rambled for miles along the shore, walking for long stretches on the hard sand; over rocks, among which are to be found an infinite variety of shells and sea-mosses; along a beach that is strewn with brilliantly colored pebbles; and so from one interest to another. One reef projects far into the water, a menace to ships in foggy weather or in storms, and at high tide the waves beat against it in a magnificent fury, leaping to great heights, and booming and banging with a deafening noise that echoes and re-echoes from one cliff to another along the beach. The remains of one ship have been there for years—where it was thrown up on the rocks—a target for the surf and a home for shellfish and barnacles. One might sit on the great mast that lies half buried in the sand and travel many miles in one's imagination, following that ship through its adventurous career. A doll—maybe its tattered clothes still held around it—lies in a bed of seaweed. Fastened in a cluster of kelp is an old straw hat, with a wreath of bedraggled flowers. All more than worthless, but on the beach these relics are part of a story, and it becomes a habit for one to attempt a-fathoming the beginning and the end.

Along the beach the cliffs rise more than a hundred feet, and at intervals, trails invite one to explore the heights. Up there will be found, instead of rolling hills, a mesa that reaches miles up and down the coast. To run over this great level country, with the ocean on one side, the lagoon on the other and the "hills stretching in pensive quietness between," gives one the feeling of running on top of the world. In the spring, the mesa is a limitless garden of violets, pansies and iris, and it is an impossibility to take a step without crushing a lovely blossom. In the autumn the grass is brown and closely cut by the cattle that wander all day between the cliffs and the big dairy.

Only a few flowers linger to enjoy the autumn sunshine, and most of these grow in the cliffs where the winter slides have made pockets that are protected from the winds and carpeted with soft, rich earth. Quail call throughout the day, "Come right here! Come right here!" and as one hurries across the brown grass in answer to their call, a meadow-lark laughs musically and teasingly from the other side of the mesa, and in embarrassed bewilderment one can only sit down on the top of the world and wonder why the birds won't be more sincere.

If the wind comes up before it is time for the sun to set, one can escape its rough playing by slipping over the edge of the cliff into a comfortable nest that looks out upon the ocean. There one can watch the tide moving in or out, until the hills begin blushing a rosy hue and

one is sure that the sun has just bidden them good-night. As the great fiery ball sinks behind the mesa the moon may rise over the hills, stealing a bit of the afterglow itself, before it begins to cover the ocean with a shimmer of silver.

A week in the hamlet is crowded with simple experiences. Meeting a stranger far up the beach, we bow and maybe sit down for a long morning's conversation, or we continue our walk together. Though we may not know each other's name at the end of the morning, we part as friends. A clam-digger comes along with a pick, and I walk curiously over to his rock to see how he splits it open and digs out the shells. He explains to me their way of living and insists that I return with some fine specimens.

When traveling, all stilted conventions should be thrown aside. To find real delight and interest in things, we should forget ourselves; we might even forget our names; but if we smile on the world we will come back richer people. Traveling doesn't necessarily mean Pullman reservations and steamer accommodations. We need merely to put on our traveling minds and walk on the other side of the street, where we will often find more sights and experiences than does many a tourist who hurries through the old world with his attention divided between his Baedeker and diary.

ELIZABETH O'CONNOR.

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

Herbstgold

Wie war's im Walde heut' wunderhold!
Die Wipfel alle von rotem Gold;
Golden der Boden, golden der Duft,
Fallende Blätter von Gold aus der Luft,—
Und es leuchtet aus Tod und Vergehn
Golden die Hoffnung auf's Auferstehn!

Autumn-Gold

How brilliantly the forest glows today!
Up where the tree-tops break in golden spray;
Down to the woven gold the rich earth weaves
Glinting with flutter of the wingéd leaves.
Thus through today's dark pattern runs the thread
Of future hope, beyond those that are dead—
The gold of distant days stretched out ahead.

LILLIAN STEPHANY, Alumna.

CHRONICLE

AUGUST

Entrance day and registration of Dominican College classes,
August 12th.
Mass of the Holy Ghost. Singing by the Rosarians.
Procession of The Most Holy Rosary to the Grotto of Lourdes.
Feast of the Assumption.
Celebration of twenty-fifth anniversary of Religious Profes-
sion of six Sisters of Saint Dominic.
Old girls' welcome to the new girls.
First meeting of the Cecilian Club. Study of opera begun.
Feast of Saint Rose of Lima, O. P.

SEPTEMBER

Our Lady's Birthday.
Mass at the Grotto.
Reception of aspirants to the Children of Mary Sodality.
Admission Day. Picnic to San Pedro beach.
Visit of Most Reverend Archbishop Hanna and The Very Rev-
erend Edward Pace, D. D., University of Washington.
Physiography and Astronomy, lecture by Frederick Lemon.
Tennis tournament, Seniors and Juniors.

OCTOBER

Celebration of the Feast of The Most Holy Angels by Junior
Sodality.
Reception of aspirants.
Rosary Sunday. Procession of The Most Blessed Sacrament to
the Grotto, with Benediction at three Stations.
Feast of S. Louis Bertrand, "Our Mother's Day." Holiday.
Musical-literary program in honor of Mother Louis.
Columbus Day.
Meeting of Dominican College Alumnae.
Address by the Most Reverend Archbishop.
Feast of S. Raphael. Field Day.
Basketball game between Seniors and Juniors of Dominican
College.
Program by Oral Expression Class.
Hallowe'en festivities.

NOVEMBER

Feast of All Saints.
Film play, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
Musical-literary program in honor of the Feast of S. Cecilia.
Basketball game with San Rafael High School.
Program in honor of the Feast of S. Catherine of Alexandria,
Patroness of Schools.

DECEMBER

Feast of The Immaculate Conception.
Presentation of drama, "And There Was Light."
Christmas feast given to orphans of S. Vincent's Asylum by
the pupils of Dominican College.
An evening with James Whitcomb Riley.
Home Economics and Art exhibit.
Christmas vacation.
Celebration in honor of the Seventh Centenary Dominican
Order.
Christmas Eve, Midnight Mass.
Feast of the Nativity.

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

JANUARY

New Year's Day.
Feast of the Holy Name. Procession.
Celebration of Religious Profession.
Feast of the Epiphany.
Second semester begun January 8th.
Holy Mass offered for the repose of the soul of The Most
Reverend Hyacinth Cormier, O. P., Master General of the
Order of S. Dominic.
Basketball game with Tamalpais Union High School.
Film play, "The Birth of a Nation."
The Holy Grail—lecture by the Reverend James Grant.
Feast of S. Raymond. Holiday.

FEBRUARY

Feast of the Purification.
Program by Oral Expression Class.
Film play, "Silas Marner."
Basketball game with Senior and Junior teams of San Rafael
High School.
Literary Study of the Bible, lecture by Brother Leo, F. S. C.
Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes. Procession to the Grotto.
Feast of S. Catherine de Ricci, O. P.
Valentine party.
A Valiant Woman of the Fourteenth Century, lecture by The
Most Reverend Archbishop for the benefit of the Alumnae
Association.
Washington's Birthday party. Candy pull.
Film play, "Huldah From Holland."
Basketball game with San Rafael High School.
Feast of S. Thomas Aquinas, O. P. Celebration of Reception
and Religious Profession.
Basketball game with Miss Head's School.
S. Teresa, "The Greatest Woman Writer," lecture by Brother
Leo, F. S. C.

MARCH

Feast of St. Patrick, Musical-literary program in honor of
our pastor, the Reverend P. A. Foley.
Basketball game with San Francisco Lux High School.
Christian Doctrine Association entertained by the Reverend
P. A. Foley.
Feast of S. Joseph.

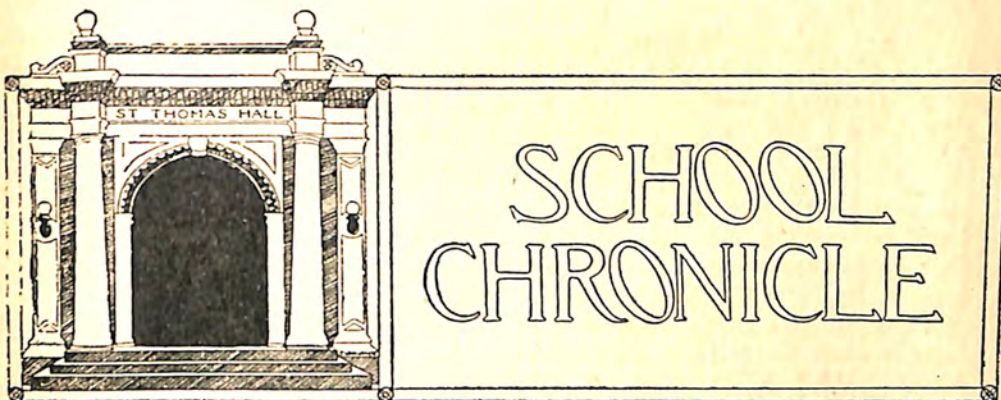
Program of harp music by Barbara Merkley.
Feast of the Annunciation.
Pompeii, Capri, Naples; lecture illustrated with Italian Folk-Songs, by the Reverend Robert Sesnon.
Excerpts from the drama, "Peg o' My Heart," and interpretative readings of Irish poetry by Miss Ethna Magee, The Abbey Theatre, Dublin.
Program of piano music by Lucille Toone.

APRIL

Basketball game with Tamalpais Union High School.
Senior play.
Program of piano music by Alberta Livernash.
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday of Holy Week, the Annual Retreat for the pupils, conducted by the Reverend J. A. Hunt, O. P.
Vacation.
Easter Sunday.
Re-opening of school, April 15th.
Feast of S. Vincent Ferrer, O. P.
Program of piano music by Marjorie Leigh Terwilliger.
Feast of S. Agnes of Montepulciano, O. P.
Words and Their Uses, lecture by Brother Leo, F. S. C.
Program of piano music by Mercedes Collins.
Browning and the Gospel of Optimism, lecture by Brother Leo, F. S. C.
Junior Class Bazaar.
Picnic to Bear Valley, given by the Class of 1916 to the Class of 1917.
Second Academic year, "Merry Minstrels."
Musical-literary program in honor of S. Catherine of Siena.

MAY

Coronation of The Blessed Virgin.
Procession to the Grotto. Visit of the Most Reverend Louis Theissling, O. P., Master General of the Order of S. Dominic.
The Very Reverend F. G. Horn, O. P., and the Very Reverend A. L. McMahon, O. P.
Shakespearean readings by C. E. Griffith.
Program of piano music by Evelyn Phelan.
Feast of S. Pius, O. P.
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hanify entertain Seniors and Juniors on their yacht "Martha."
Program of vocal music by Edith Brooks.
Feast of S. Antoninus, O. P.
Impressions of Hawaii, lecture illustrated with Hawaiian songs in the native language by the Reverend Francis McCarthy.
Commencement Week exercises.
Spanish musical-literary program in honor of the founding of San Rafael Mission.
Field Day.
Senior Class day.
Luncheon to Seniors given by Katherine Kraft.
Closing exercises of Preparatory Department.
Program of piano music by Dorothy Blaney.
Musical-literary program.
First Academic garden fete.
Home Economics and Art exhibit.
Baccalaureate sermon and Solemn Benediction on the Feast of Pentecost.
Commencement Day.



The first noteworthy event of the scholastic year was the celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Religious Profession of six Dominican Sisters. The Reverend Damien O'Brien, O. P., officiated at the High Mass and in his eloquent sermon voiced the congratulations of all present. "May the years be golden and may the sacrifice of youth be perfected in holiness before the Heavenly Bridegroom opens the door of Eternity to our Jubilarians."

*Silver
Jubilee*

From the kindly heart of a gifted author and esteemed friend, came the following beautiful tribute:

Time's Changing Place

1891—August 20th—1916

Five lustres gone! O mystery of Time
Of years that moved in maidenhood so slow
Towards Noviceship when days were all aglow
With Love's supernal light and thoughts sublime,—
That, tardily as snails a hill upclimb,
Crept onward to Profession Day, when lo!
Life's cup with bliss was filled to overflow
And bells celestial rang an endless chime!

Full swift since then hath ebb'd the tide of years,
The silent currents speeding evermore
Adown the decades, wiping off arrears
Of tardiness bewailed in days of yore.
God grant, dear friend, Time's pace may halt with thee
Till "Silver" turns to "Golden" Jubilee!

Arthur Larry Drail, C.S.G.

Nature united with the loving hearts and willing hands of Our Blessed Lady's children to form a very beautiful setting for the celebration of her birthday at Dominican College, San Rafael, where this joyous feast began with holy Mass at the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes.

All the feasts of Our Blessed Mother mean much to the girls of Dominican College, where Mary Immaculate is the model and ideal of perfect womanhood, but this first ceremony of the new term, Our Lady's Birthday, called forth the deepest devotion and was unusually impressive after the long summer vacation.

The solemn procession formed in the convent chapel and passed slowly down the wide corridors out to the courtyard and on to the grotto through the dewy morning air made fragrant with the blended sweetness of the early autumn flowers that lined the broad avenue of olives on either side.

The soft white serge uniforms of the young students harmonized so perfectly with the Dominican habit of the sisters, that the effect was not only beautiful and picturesque, but intensely religious, as if the tall sentinel trees that surround the College had shut out the vanities and frivolities of the world.

During the Mass, sweet girlish voices sang hymns to Our Lady and her Divine Son, imploring special blessings for the Church, for our beloved country and her rulers, and for all the needs of the great wide world.

In the evening after Benediction of The Most Blessed Sacrament a reception of the Children of Mary was held. Again the College students, attired in their spotless white uniforms, assembled in the chapel, and after the blessing of Our Divine Saviour consecrated themselves to His Blessed Mother, receiving the blue ribbon and silver medal of her sodality, many pledging their love and fidelity with all the ardor and enthusiasm of new members, while the faithful sodalists of last term renewed their allegiance to Mary Immaculate, "Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

"They came, two by two, to the altar,
The young, and the pure, and the fair;
Their faces the mirror of heaven,
Their hands folded meekly in prayer.
They came for a simple blue ribbon,
For love of Christ's Mother to wear;
And I believe, with the Children of Mary,
The Angels of Mary were there.
And thus in the dim of the temple,
In the dream-haunted dim of the day,
The Angels and Children of Mary
Met ere this Feast passed away."

A Tribute of Love

Oft in the peace of a silent night,
One gracious, dearer mem'ry comes to me—
One face, illumed with gentle light,
Bespeaking all a soul's benignity,
Thine, Mother.

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

One low voice, cadenced sweet, I hear,
Softer than stir of prayerful angels' wings,
Whose counsel, wise, and kind and dear,
Its benison of hope and comfort brings—
Thine, Mother.

Thine the strength of a spirit free,
Thine the peace of soul the world ne'er gives;
I vision all life's good in thee,
For in thy heart, the Christ-heart's message lives,
Beloved Mother.

EDITH BROOKS.

The feast of Saint Louis Bertrand is always a day of joy at Dominican College, for it is the patronal day of our Prioress Provincial, Mother M. Louis. Altho the celebration of the feast is eagerly
Our Mother's looked forward to each year, the anticipation is never
Day greater than the realization.

During Holy Mass, which was said for Mother's intention, the children sang appropriate hymns. Then there was Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament, a privilege accorded for all the feasts of the canonized Dominican Saints, so the fragrance of prayer gave a singular charm to the whole day.

At the morning General Assembly, Mother was presented with a bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley, mingled with many spiritual flowers, Eucharistic blossoms, gathered by her loving children.

The address voicing the felicitations of the students was read by Margaret Harrigan, who said "it was fitting that the congratulations of the present should also hold joy and pride in the centuries past—centuries of Dominicanism which have found a glorious fruition during the years 1216 to 1916."

In the evening the Seniors gave a literary-musical program in honor of S. Louis Bertrand, after which the pastor, Reverend P. A. Foley, paid a tribute to Mother's years as a Christian educator and in the name of the students thanked her for the inspiration of her beautiful, spiritual life of love and service.

Autumn is waning, and prodigal nature indulges in one more dream of beauty as, Midas-like, she touches all the earth to flaming gold and crimson.

*Rosary
Sunday*

The essence of her mood finds expression in the glory of October, and where is October so beautiful as here?

How fitting that we should begin this month with a tribute of love to our Lady. Rosary Sunday dawned a perfect day—perfect with a depth of blue sky, and a warmth of clear sunlight, while in the freshness of the leaves and the fragrance of the flowers, Summer lingered to do homage to the Queen of Heaven.

The Mass that morning was beautifully solemn and throughout the day the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, as again, through Mary, God gave Himself to us. Late in the afternoon all was in readiness for the Procession of the Rosary which is essentially a Dominican custom. The students, dressed in the simple white uniform of the school, entered the chapel in procession, forming a Rosary of fifteen decades, chained with garlands of pink, red and golden roses, symbolic of the joyful, the sorrowful and glorious mysteries. The beautiful Rosary banner was carried at the head of the procession, and following it came the sisters, and the priest with the Most Blessed Sacrament. Chanting the joyful mysteries in alternate strophes they came to the court of the music hall, where a temporary altar had been erected, and here Benediction was given. The recitation of the prayer for peace following this was a gracious and solemn thought.

On through the garden the processionists passed, reciting the sorrowful mysteries, and at the devotional grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes the second Benediction was given. The "living Rosary" then retraced its steps through the garden and through the halls of the Convent into the chapel where the final Benediction was given. After the Laudate Dominum all joined in The Hymn for Peace.

Every lover of sacred and classical music hails the Feast of S. Cecilia with joy and devotion, for Music ranks among the finest of arts and Cecilia, its patroness, among the highest of saints.

*Feast of
Saint Cecilia*

The feast of this loved patroness is always made noteworthy by the members of the Music Department of Dominican College.

At Holy Mass the Rosarians sang Cecilia's praises in hymns beautiful and inspiring. In the evening a program of music and poetry was given in Veritas Hall by classes of the School of Music. Genuine musical taste and feeling marked the interesting program throughout and the appreciative audience caught the enthusiasm of the Cecilian votaries.

If any day in the calendar of one's life be worthy of remembrance it is the happy day of First Holy Communion.

*First Holy
Communion*

During the past year, the following dear children had the happiness of receiving First Holy Communion in our chapel.

Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Virginia Jason, Georgina Burt, and Mary Crum.

Holy Thursday, Maryland Merkley.

Lecturers

One of the most instructive and entertaining lectures of the year was that given by Professor Frederick Lemon. The subject was Physiography with stereopticon illustrations. The lecturer's treatment of the subject was able, clear and pointed. At the close Professor Lemon conducted an impromptu class and the questions proposed tho simple, were keys to treasures of knowledge as he ably demonstrated.

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

Brother Leo, F. S. C., of Saint Mary's College, Oakland, needed no formal introduction to the students of Dominican College, for he has long been a favorite lecturer. The subjects given by Brother Leo during the second semester were wide in range and of special educational value, and included:

*Lectures by
Brother Leo
F. S. C.*

The Bible as Literature,
Saint Teresa, the Greatest Woman Writer,
Words and Their Uses,
Browning and the Gospel of Optimism.

Brother Leo's approach to his subjects is always that of a scholar and an educator. While the worth and influence of the ideal in life were aptly interwoven with the themes of the lectures, a bright and inimitable expression of humor enhanced their interest. To the outgoing class of 1917, Saint Teresa, the Greatest Woman Writer, conveyed a special message: "If we want to find out the secret and charm of Saint Teresa's style, her great simplicity, which is so hard to attain, her great enthusiasm, which always springs from the depth of conviction, her great understanding of the human heart, let us turn to her writings. If we approach them with open minds, with alert understandings, with softened hearts, the result will mean much to us. . . ."

Another beautiful lesson was summed up in one of the proverbs of Saint Teresa: "Let us serve God with a cheerful heart and a smiling face."

Among the notable events of the scholastic year was a lecture on the Holy Grail given by the Reverend James Grant. Father Grant treated the subject from an historical-critical standpoint, making a unique and interesting parallel between the story of Parsifal and that of the life of Saint Dominic, pure and holy Knight of the Church. The lecture was illuminating and scholarly, and thoroughly enjoyable as well.

*The Holy Grail
By the Reverend
James Grant*

One Thursday afternoon studies were pleasantly interrupted for a short journey to picturesque Capri, Naples and Pompeii, the City of the Dead. The Reverend Robert Sesnon personally conducted the tour and his charming rendition of Italian Folk songs added to the enjoyment of the interesting and graphic word pictures.

*A Visit to Capri,
Naples and
Pompeii*

On May fourth and fifth, Charles W. Griffiths of the Chicago Shakespeare Club, gave a series of readings in the College Auditorium to a most appreciative audience. Mr. Griffiths is equally successful in his interpretation of Shakespeare's Tragedies or Comedies. His readings are masterly and his analyses of Shakespeare's qualities as a writer and a man are strong, clear and decisive. The annual visit of Mr. Griffiths is always enjoyed, especially by the students in the English classes.

No more auspicious time could have been selected for the Retreat than the last days of Holy Week, for the exercises gained added seriousness from the season and also served as a fitting preparation for the great Feast of Easter. The Retreat was under the direction of the Reverend James A. Hunt, O. P., who brought to his work a deep knowledge of the spiritual life, a profound philosophy and a keen comprehension of the young woman's problems and temptations.

The keynote of the Retreat was the building of a Christian character. The exercise of will-power, the formation of right habits, the use of the Sacraments and prayer were laid down as the means to be employed.

Father Hunt's conferences were marked by a compelling simplicity and practicability, making sympathetic co-operation on the part of those following the exercises rather a privilege than a duty.

During the months of April and May, the programs of music by the members of the Certificate class of the School of Music gave evidence of the thorough work done in that department. Careful technique and intelligent interpretation were proof sufficient of the excellent training received. Lucille Toone, Marjorie Terwilliger, Mercedes Collins, Evelyn Phelan and Dorothy Blaney merit commendation and encouragement for their artistic and enjoyable recitals of piano music.

A program of piano music was also given this semester by Alberta Livernash, an alumna of the School of Music, Dominican College, and now an artist-pupil of Tina Lerner and Vladimir Shavitch. The following notice is from the Pacific Musical Review, April twenty-first:

Miss Alberta Livernash, one of the best known of San Francisco's young pianists, gave a piano recital at the Dominican College on Saturday, March 24th, which proved an unqualified artistic success. Miss Livernash is a conscientious artist who excels both in technique and emotional reading, and the following program was enthusiastically received by a large and delighted audience: Bach—Italian Concerto; Scarlatti—Pastorale, Capriccio; Schumann—Sonata, C minor, Opp. 22; Chopin—Mazurka, F sharp minor, Etude, G flat major, Berceuse, C sharp minor; Dohnanyi—Rhapsody, C major, Concert Etude."



ENTRANCE—ST. THOMAS HALL

On April twenty-first a recital of harp music was given by Barbara Merkley, whose rendition of the many beautiful and classical selections on this rare instrument delighted the large audience who came from Sacramento and the bay cities to hear the brilliant young harpist. Between the first and second parts of the program, Edith Brooks sang Nevin's "Rosary," which with the harp accompaniment was an especially charming number.

The stage setting on this occasion formed a scene of loveliness, the bright flowers and soft lights making a background of beauty that showed to advantage the graceful young player.

A large and appreciative audience was delightfully entertained on May twelfth by a program of song by Edith Brooks, an alumna of Dominican College and a graduate this year of the Vocal Department, School of Music.

*Edith Brooks,
Vocalist*

The four-part program of Italian, German, French and English songs gave her hearers ample opportunity to judge of the young artist's sweetness and power of voice. Many of the selections gave evidence of operatic ability and the modern compositions were charmingly interpreted.

Evelyn Phelan proved an able and sympathetic accompanist.

May day brings joyous expectation to all at Dominican College, but especially to the clients of the Blessed Mother. Nothing more effective in its sweet simplicity can be imagined than this spectacle of Our Lady's Children carrying red and white and pink roses, going in procession from the chapel to the Grotto of Lourdes, winding their way thru leafy aisles,

*Coronation
Day*

under arching trees, and singing with all the fervor of their young hearts the hymns of Mary's praise. At the Grotto of Lourdes the Coronation takes place. This year the honor of Crowning Our Lady was given to Carmelita Heffernan, president of the Children of Mary Sodality; the crown bearers were Claire Lawler and Florence Ivanoff; the banner bearers were Pauline Regan and Catherine Shea; the flower girls were Margaret Collins, Glendine McBride, Margaret Harrigan and Florence Wainwright.

The entire ceremony with its beautiful musical setting was an act of praise and prayer. When the Magnificat was sung at the end of Benediction, the joy and gratitude which all felt, found their fullest expression in Our Lady's own sweet words.

On May 4th Dominican College had the great and unusual honor of a visit from the Most Reverend Louis Thessling, Master General of the

*Visit of
Distinguished
Guests*

Dominican Order. The Most Reverend Father was accompanied by the Very Reverend F. G. Horn, O. P., of Collegio Angelico, Rome, Italy, and the Very Reverend A. L. McMahon, O. P., Provincial of the Western Province. The community and school assembled in the chapel to receive from the Master General the blessing of His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, after which the Hymn for Peace was sung.

The class in Musical Appreciation, during the past year studied many of the master musicians and their works. The use of the victrola made *Musical* it possible for the class to enjoy some of the world's *Appreciation* greatest artists.

In the various recitals of the year, the pupils of the Expression Department gave evidence of earnest and efficient work. This year the study *Oral* of Expression in connection with English was taken up *Expression* with much earnestness and excellent results.

Tuesday afternoon is devoted to the History of Art and Travel Tours; extensive reference work is prepared; the discussion of these reports makes the class profitable as well as entertaining. Examples of the best in art are studied and interpreted. *History of* During the past semester considerable time has been *Art and Travel* given to the study of the Architecture, Sculpture and Painting of England. Imaginary travel tours were taken through England and Scotland, visiting places of historic interest in both countries. These journeys have been made most enjoyable by beautiful pictures and lantern slides.

One of the delightful assets to the social life of a school is the Domestic Science Department. An announcement of a luncheon or a breakfast to *Department of* be given by any of the classes is always followed by a *Home* murmur of happy expectation. The excellent standard *Economics* of appointments observed at these functions in previous years has been maintained and may we say, even excelled by the classes of 1917.

The luncheon given to the young ladies of the Basketball Team of Miss Head's School was one of the successes of the year. The menu was daintily prepared and served by the Senior class under the supervision of Alix Lipman.

The Department of Sewing and Embroidery is also the center of much activity. Here, under nimble and well-trained fingers, simple dresses, dainty gowns, plain and embroidered lingerie, knitted and crocheted articles grow into finished and tasteful products, proving that womanly accomplishment of this sort is by no means incompatible with higher education.

Walking "Then it's ho! for the pack
Tours On the dusty track;
And ho! for the roadside rills;
A song for the trail
Thro gorge and swale
That leads to the giant hills!"

The frequent outings that form such a pleasant part of our school life always include a walking excursion.

The varied and beautiful scenery of Marin County makes our weekly long walk a never-failing joy.



One of the most delightful of the Senior festivities was the Hallowe'en party. On the stroke of the "witching hour" came a procession of white-clad ghosts. What a scene met their eyes! The proverbial witches held sway on the terrace and among the trees, where Jack-o-lanterns and other weird and fantastic decorations made a novel and effective setting for the Ghost Parade. Then the fun began! Witches cavorted around glowing cauldrons, or rode on the see-saw in lieu of a broomstick, uttering blood-curdling shrieks the while, and ghosts with life-like appetites consumed quantities of apples and molasses.

*Hallowe'en
Party*

Finally a dance was held on the court and after refreshments and an impromptu program, where jollity reigned supreme, the revellers withdrew to "Slumberland" to frolic until dawn with the sprites of Hallowe'en.

The student celebration of the Seventh Centenary of the Dominican Order took the form of a dramatic presentation of a story of Saint Dominic's time and labors. The play was given with a reverential understanding on the part of the young participants, and elicited much appreciation from the interested spectators. We congratulate the Dramatic Club on possessing great talent and a capacity for hard work, the splendid results of which did credit to their excellent training.

*"And There Was
Light"
A Drama of the
Time of St.
Dominic*

*"Would you have a happy day
Give some happiness away."*

These words express the spirit that animated this year's Christmas festivities at Dominican College.

As the close of school drew near, there was among the students the usual eager, happy anticipation of Christmas joys at home, but on account of the existing world-conditions, a note of thoughtful sadness sounded in the depths of every glad expectation. For this reason the gleam of charity cast by the Star of Bethlehem seemed to shine more brightly, and it was not long before the girls' unselfish desire to bring some of their Christmas joy into others' lives found its fulfillment. An old-time Santa Claus visit was planned and made to Saint Vincent's Orphanage, where the good Christian Brothers have charge of four hundred boys. Cakes, candies, apples, oranges, nuts and cornucopias of ice cream were among the surprises in store for each homeless lad.

Thus the girls were given a beautiful opportunity to exercise the Christmas spirit, that generous, unselfish spirit which the Giver of every good gift brought into the world on the Night Divine.

Before the distribution of the much-appreciated goodies, the orphans entertained the Sisters and students with an excellent program of orchestra music, recitations and songs.

The afternoon passed all too quickly and it is needless to say that for all present the Christmas visit with the orphans will ever be a precious memory embalmed in the fragrance of purest Charity.

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

A significant date was recorded in the history of the Class of 1917 when they delightfully entertained the school at a unique Valentine Party.

Valentine Veritas Hall, decorated with fairy ferns, garlanded with
Party red and white flowers and ablaze with lights, was the scene of this never-to-be-forgotten gayety. Promptly at

7:15 the grand march began. The costumes of the participants were designed after various advertisements, so the ensemble was novel and effective. A prize offered for the most original costume was awarded to Opal Lisenby, who ingeniously personified the spirit of the school cooky and candy press. The following lines give in amusing detail the chronicle of the interesting event:

Just A Rhyme

On St. Valentine's Eve, not long ago
We all to a wonderful party did go.
Each girl did something advertise,
The sight presented would dazzle your eyes.
There were Red Cross nurses by the score,
And white-capped nurses many more.
At the head of the line was "Cream O' Wheat"
Attended by a girlie sweet.
Of Eastman Kodaks there were a few
(Chosen because of little to do).
Two merry rascals copied from "Zus,"
To see them one would forget their blues.
"Unedda," and a "Baker's" girl,
Two maids from "Vogue" with dainty curl,
A "Hawaiian" and an "Indian" maid,
Of *her* dangerous arrows we're not afraid.
Then Ghirardelli's "Pretty Poll"
Led on a string by a lady doll.
A girl with a dress that came from "Hale's."
She declared there were many fine sales.
"Post Toasties" and "Cornflakes" then were viewed—
A fine advertisement for breakfast food.
Then two little "Fiskes" with "time to retire,"
A more fetching couple one could not desire.
A cute little cook advertising "Swift's Bacon,"
With her apron and cap we all were much taken.
A maiden from "Dennison's" then did appear
For the strength of her dress we greatly did fear.
A quartette now of "Seven Point Gum"
Who almost made us wish for some.

And among them all, we found "Old Dutch"
In wooden shoes (that hurt her much).
And down near the end of the line was seen
A dainty flower from "Carnation Cream,"
A maid in a dashing middy suit
By David Milder, oh! very cute!
Then a girl with "Fresno Raisins" came
(If we ate them all we're not to blame).
Then one of "Heinz's Fifty-seven,"
To her were many compliments given.
Now two little Geishas from "Jap Rose Soap"
Which they always use we devoutly hope!
And in the centre was a maid from "Jello"
With "Hungary Soup," a dear little fellow!
Now stand a moment while we read the "News,"
This one did all of us amuse.
Who merited the prize you can readily guess
From its popularity—the D. C. Press!

A. M. L.

As February twenty-second came during Lent this year, the usual celebration in honor of the Father of our Country was anticipated a few days. On Saturday at seven P. M. the girls assembled in Veritas Hall where decorations of red, white and blue gave the necessary patriotic background for a delightful candy-pull and an equally delightful dance, a combination of joys only possible for girls of a convent boarding school.

Stereopticon views and film plays form an occasional diversion in the stern routine of the History and English classes. Among the many profitable plays and scenes presented for the enthusiastic enjoyment of the students were:
Washington's Birthday The Birth of a Nation, Silas Marner, Huldah From Holland, Snow-White, and Burton Holmes' Travels in Egypt.

March the Seventeenth called forth the usual manifestation of loyalty to the memory of S. Patrick. During Mass the Rosarians sang among other hymns the inspiring "Faith of Our Fathers," and "Hibernia's Champion Saint All Hail!"
Feast of Saint Patrick

In the afternoon a program in honor of our Pastor, the Reverend P. A. Foley, was given by the pupils of the Music and Expression Departments. In the musical numbers the characteristic spirit of Ireland was splendidly interpreted and warm, tender tributes to Erin were gracefully expressed in the readings.

An evening of real pleasure was spent with Miss Ethna Magee, one of the members of Lady Gregory's Irish Players of the Abbey Theater, Dublin. Miss Magee had just come from a successful tour of South Africa in "Peg o' My Heart," and while visiting in San Rafael, called at Dominican College which, she said, recalled memories of her own Convent days in far-away Ireland. With simple graciousness and a sweet girlish charm, Miss Magee favored the students with two scenes from "Peg O' My Heart," and a number of interpretative readings from the poems of Moira O'Neill, Nora Sigourney and other Irish writers.

Peg o' My Heart

Among the attractive entertainments of the second semester was the comedy "A Bachelor's Romance," which was cleverly rendered by members of the Class of '17. The various impersonations, given with remarkable ease and naturalness, held the close attention of an interested and enthusiastic audience to the very end of this amusing drama.

Senior
Play

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

On Class Day, Katherine Kraft entertained the Seniors at her beautiful home on Mountain View Avenue. At one o'clock a delicious luncheon was served. The dining-room and table were decorated with tea-roses, the class flower. The afternoon passed all too quickly in dancing and games. In the evening an enjoyable program by the Seniors was given in the Commencement Hall.

Class
Day

When it was learned that the Third Year Girls were to give a Bazaar there was a run on the bank such as the office has rarely experienced, but all demands were met with ready cash which did not remain long in the recipients' purses.

Junior Class
Bazaar

The Bazaar was held in the Meadow which had all the gay allurements and startling surprises of a melodramatic Gipsy Camp. Every diversion was there, even to rides on a steed of noble proportions and gentle demeanor. Things dear to the heart of school girls were temptingly arrayed in the various booths, and staid Juniors, money bags in hand, were transformed into enticing Gypsies who handled their customers in a business-like manner, so that the close of the evening found every booth "sold out". The girls all voted the affair a splendid success, and the Juniors cleared a goodly sum of money, which was presented to the Seniors to be used for the Year Book.

A delighted audience was given proof of the versatility of the Academic Second Year when they presented a program of old Southern songs, musical numbers, and the pathetic little Italian sketch called "The Scrivener". This class is to be complimented for its varied talent and for the *esprit de corps* which made for the general success of a most unique and charming entertainment.

Academic
Second Year
"Merry Minstrels"

Through the kind thoughtfulness of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hanify, their yacht "Martha" was placed at the disposal of the Senior and Junior classes. A cruise on the bay of San Francisco, "fair winds and fine sailing", a delicious luncheon, and hours of pleasure unalloyed made this day, May 12, '1917, the happiest of many happy school memories.

On the Yacht
"Martha"

The last social affair of the season usually falls to the Academic First Year. This time, the entertainment took the form of a Garden Fête. Japanese lanterns were hung among the trees, gayly decorated booths were scattered here and there, delicious refreshments were served and the brilliantly lighted tennis court proved an ideal place for dancing. Altogether it was one of the prettiest and most enjoyable parties of the year.

Garden
Fête



Kathleen Parkin

Kathleen Parkin recently received a first-grade commercial license, the highest rank granted by the Government. Acting Inspector Ellery W. Stone, who conducted the examination, said that many men with years of practice had failed at the same examination which Miss Parkin, who is only fifteen years old, passed with ease.

At nine years of age Miss Parkin began to study wireless in her brother's station, where, as she expresses it, "I spent every moment of my spare time, and often helped him make his instruments." She has made, without assistance, a $\frac{1}{4}$ -K.W. outfit and now proposes to make a rotary spark, gap and vacuum valve detectors for the receiving set with which she now uses a Galena detector successfully at distances up to one thousand miles.

Miss Parkin is beginning her third year of high school at the Dominican College, San Rafael, where there has been installed a small wireless set for the instruction of the physics class. Amateurs within range will be interested to know that Miss Parkin's call is "6-SO."

WIRELESS AGE.

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

A RETROSPECT OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

BY JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

Two volumes, published by J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore



FEW MEN in America wield such unobtrusive yet real and powerful influence for good as James, Cardinal Gibbons. All creeds and classes are united in appreciation of his extraordinary service to religion and to country.

A Prelate for more than a quarter of a century, active and beneficent in his varied interests, sound in judgment, unfailing in tact, bearing responsibilities at once delicate and momentous, Cardinal Gibbons is admirably qualified to give a valuable record of

the history and the progress of the Church in America. This he does in "A Retrospect of Fifty Years."

Over half the first volume is devoted to reminiscences of the Vatican Council, in which the Cardinal (then Bishop) sat as the youngest Bishop, and of which he is now the only representative living. In these chapters are detailed the discussions on the various topics taken up by the Vatican Council; there is also an account of the daily life of Pope Pius IX; and the description of the ceremonies of Holy Week is paralleled only by the celebrated essay of Cardinal Wiseman.

Among the interesting papers are "The Church and the Republic," "Patriotism and Politics," "Will the American Republic Endure," which show Cardinal Gibbons a true churchman and a loyal patriot as well as profound scholar.

"My countrymen and my fellow Catholics will forgive me if I seem to yearn over this Church and this people, but I do so because I believe both the American Church and the American people are precious in the sight of God, and designed each one in its proper sphere for a glorious future." Thus a Prince of the Church, revered for his unaffected democracy voices his intense patriotism.

"A Retrospect of Fifty Years," with its scholarly essays, public addresses, sermons and historical papers, is a timely book, the reading of which ought to serve the cause of truth, a service sorely needed. The intrinsic merit of this work will not fail to procure for it the position it deserves in the glorious field of Catholic history and Catholic literature.

COUNTER CURRENTS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston

Counter Currents, by Agnes Repplier, is a book that interests. Thoughtful and brilliantly phrased, these essays on such varied topics as "The Cost of Modern Sentiment," "Our Loss of Nerve," "Women and War,"

"Popular Education," etc., decry the modern willingness "to drift with the current." Writing of the currents against which she runs counter, Miss Repplier finds fitting scope for her culture, wide experience and ripe scholarship. Militantly, she attacks the modern tendency to drift, and the reader, though not always convinced in regard to some of her viewpoints, is stimulated by her delicate humor, sound philosophy and sane outlook upon the present-day problems.

In her own words, "It is like a breath of fresh air blowing away mists to hear this gay and gallant militant assert the possibilities of resistance." *Counter Currents* is one of the really notable books of 1916 and deserves a wide and appreciative reading.

UNCLE FRANK'S MARY

By CLEMENTIA

M. A. Donohue, Chicago

In the amplitude of treatment given to an entertaining plot, and interesting characters, the author of "Uncle Frank's Mary" has written a story which will captivate the young of all ages.

Thoroughly Catholic in tone, this novel has life, vigor and color. Without interfering in the least with the artistic continuity of the story, some picturesque letter-descriptions of interesting European places are given, and interspersed among these is a sympathetic account of Lourdes.

The author is to be congratulated upon the work of a facile and graceful pen which has placed her in the first rank of story writers for girls.



EDITH BROOKS

Music

'Tis the joy in children's laughter,
And the woe in a mother's sigh;
'Tis the echo of angels' heart-beats,
When their God is passing nigh.

Song

The song of a bird! Men pause to hear,
And it lives in their hearts,
Mayhap for a day.
The song of a soul! Angels breathe low,
And it lives, a prayer,
In heaven alway.

EDITH BROOKS.

Music as a Factor in Education

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK



SINCE music now is recognized as a subject, and has a definite place in the curricula of our schools, it may be well to examine its claims as an educational factor. To do this we must first define the aim of education, and then, in so far as music adheres to and enlarges on this aim, shall its success or failure as a part of our educational system be measured.

The concept of education most commonly recognized is one of mental discipline—the theory, namely, that the most important function of the school is to train the mental

faculties “so that in later years, they will be serviceable instruments ready for effective use.” Abraham Hexner, a radical educator of the present day, champions education as the basis of content; that is, varied subjects, not chosen primarily with a view to training the mind, but because they serve some definite purpose, stimulate interest and engage the growing powers; subjects, in a word, that are useful, satisfying and inspiring.

Ruskin tells us that “the entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things.” Using these three concepts as a basis we have an ideal system, one that combines mental, cultural and spiritual aspects. Accepting this definition as education in its broadest sense, we ask ourselves: Does music fulfill these conditions? And in the answer lies the justification of music as a part of the curricula of our schools. We shall therefore consider it from three standpoints—

First as mental discipline: Music is primarily scientific and mathematical; the one in its origin, the other in its development. Physicists have accounted for tone as a regular recurrence of vibrations which set the air waves in motion, and from this theory of vibration they have developed the “chord of nature,” the foundation of all musical law. Musical harmony is based entirely on mathematical calculation, so that at the very outset, we find music on a par with science and mathematics, two subjects whose chief justification seems to be the stimulation of mental alertness; these subjects make an exact thinker, though not necessarily a refined one. The process connected with learning music is more varied and vivid. Take for instance the process of singing at sight. Activity of ear, eye, and mind, together with rhythmic co-ordination is involved, making it physical as well as sensory and mental, and one readily sees how valuable the training is to *general intelligence*.

It is in the second aspect (as a cultural subject, that music is most generally recognized. We conceive it as an end in itself, and the prime end of music—and of the other arts—is beauty. It brings to the world that which the soul of man craves, and always has craved. It brings beauty to all mankind. To the little child in the form of song, and since the child's power of response is exceedingly limited in other directions (it can neither draw, nor paint, nor read, nor write) it is by singing and

by singing only, that it can come in contact with a pure and perfect form of beauty—a form which it can reproduce entirely unaided and which thus becomes the expression of its own personality. Continuing along these lines, the cultural result shows itself in the adult, in a love and appreciation of good music, and a joy in rendering it, and a keener appreciation of all that is beautiful in life—fine literature, painting and sculpture. For “do not all great things establish relationships?” And is it not education in a high sense of the word to be able to see and hear vividly and intelligently—to be alive to beauty?

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

Following the analogy, we come to consider music in its third aspect,—as a spiritualizing influence. Ruskin tells us that “to teach taste is inevitably to establish character.” This is but an outgrowth of the cultural gain, for it is a psychological fact that beautiful thoughts beget a beautiful life. We cannot hold an ideal of beauty in the soul, without its reacting on our life. And music is the language which expresses this ever varying current of reaction of our inner self. It attunes our hearts to the rhythm of Nature, the perfect music of the spheres, and to draw near to Nature is to draw nearer to God, the Author of Nature. Through Nature the music of the spheres reaches our consciousness, and no one is incapable of feeling the beauty of the physical, mental and spiritual effect of this rhythm, which is the eternally unfolding life of God.

“Listen and hear the rhythmic echoes fall,
The winds and waves, the leaves and bees and birds—
The blended harmony of reeds and strings,
Chorus and orchestra—the voice and all—
The miracle of melody and words.”

Summarizing we find that music is as valuable a mental training as any other subject and superior to many.

It offers infinite opportunity to the type of mind that seeks to obtain information.

It is a utilitarian subject being one of the few studies that constitutes a vocation in itself.

It is useful in cultural terms.

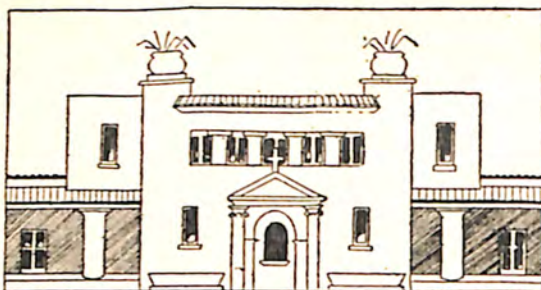
It is a humanizing influence, for it contains in itself all human emotions.

It develops self-expression without which there is no progress.

Finally, above it all, through it all, in it all, is the spirit of beauty—the expression of the inner life.

And we find its qualification in its character, purpose and influence, which, in that they adjust it to the varied experiences and phases of life, co-ordinate it with the ideal of present-day education.

EDITH BROOKS, Alumna.



Events of the College Year

On Commencement Day, May 30, 1916, the exercises of Graduation were held in the large and attractive east garden of Dominican College. The poem "California," by Ina Coolbrith, was given as a masque and pageant and met with unprecedented success. The program is appended together with An Appreciation by Walter Anthony, music and dramatic critic on the staff of the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

An Out Door Pageant and Masque Given by the Students of Dominican College

CALIFORNIAINA COOLBRITH

California, seeking one who will gather her lays and legends,
gives to the Poet the "glory of her laurel boughs," for in the
light of ancient days he visions California's beauty and charm
and dedicates himself—

*"To sing the measure and the music of her praise
Throughout the length of golden days."*

The Poet.....	Vera Terwilliger
California.....	Esther Cardwell
Greek Trumpeters.....	{Marjory Walker
Grace Walker
Peace.....	Mercedes Collins
Spirit of the Waters.....	Josephine Wall
Spirit of the Hills.....	Dorothy Wall
Indian Princess.....	Edith Brooks
Franciscan Friar.....	Annette Macdonald
Spirit of the Old World.....	Bernice Brown
Spring.....	Barbara Merkley
Summer.....	Rose Poundstone
Autumn.....	Lydy Mutch
Winter.....	Elgie Miller
Wisdom.....	Marjorie Gossage
Youth.....	Evelyn Phelan
Love.....	Elsie Moise
Truth.....	Geraldine Stephany

Flower Girls, Grecian Maidens, Indian Maidens
Nereids, The Seasons

Dances	{	Grecian	
		Dance of { Spirit of the Waters	
			{ Spirit of the Hills
	Indian		
	Nereid		
	The Seasons		

The Dawn, Op. 46 (<i>Grieg</i>).....	Orchestra
Copa de Oro (<i>Ina Coolbrith</i>).....	Mona Kewin
Printemps, Valse Chantee (<i>Leo Stern</i>).....	Edith Brooks
"The Little Dancing Saint".....	Nadine Donovan
Now Is the Month of Maying (<i>Templeton Strong</i>)....	Intermezzo Glee
Processional (<i>Massenet</i>).....	Orchestra

An Appreciation in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, May 31, 1916

BY WALTER ANTHONY

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

The youth which lives in the heart, even when it is gone from the eyes, was caught up from Ina Coolbrith's poem, "California," and made visible in a pageant of charm and purity by the Sisters of the Order of St. Dominic, yesterday afternoon, in Magnolia Valley, where the Dominican College nestles.

The occasion was "commencement day," and the players were the girls of the college, who lived Miss Coolbrith's poem, while a pretty maid, whose role was that of the poet, lay under the trees on the green grass while the vision was released.

The hired assassin of bad plays sometimes grows petulant and pessimistic. He must be forgiven for his doubts concerning the "future of the drama," and he may be permitted to weep over neglect for good plays and hysterical support of bad.

Yesterday's vision was a corrective to such a soul, and it was significant that the pageant was spread under those auspices from whence came the first pure impulses of play-making in our race.

DRAMA IN THE PAGEANT

For there was real drama in the pageant.

It flashed when Esther Cardwell, robed in gold and helmeted and beautiful, read in rich tones the claims of peace over "fire and battle death!" It was pictorial while Grecian maids in classic robes stood by. It was persuasive when Peace herself led from view the "spirit of the old world," sinister and in a black striped gown; and it found the heart again when the maids of Greece marched away under the trees while John K. Paine's noble music to "Edipus" played their dirge and California sang "Am I less fair because my hands bear neither sword nor any flaming brand?"

The presentation, while involving fewer young women, reminded me of the Parthenon of the University of California before it was diverted to sophistical theatricalism. That of yesterday represents the kind of performance which must be reckoned ideal for such an occasion in every particular, from the spirit which animated its poesy to the loving, tender care that was manifested in the presentation.

It seems to me that this maiden poet of California, Ina Coolbrith, can hope for no fairer, finer tribute to her muse than that which was paid yesterday, when the girls of the Dominican College made visual the inner vision of the poet and danced and sang its story.

YOUTH IS PRESENT

Here was the drama beginning all over again, and partaking of the youth which keeps buoyant and puissant the church under whose auspices it was offered.

A precious heritage of memory was sealed in the minds of the sixteen graduates and the six extra medal winners by this pageantry, which so closely associates their lives with the history of the State they will adorn.

Besides a large audience composed of the families and friends interested particularly in the graduates and the performers, a large number of the clergy was represented, headed by Most Rev. Edward Hanna, whose delightful duty it was not only to address the graduates, but to place in their fair hands their diplomas—tangible evidences of their faithfulness in study.

The entire production of the "California" pageant with the arrangement of its elaborate musical score, was the work of the sisters of the college, who individually disclaimed credit the collective effect of the purity and intimate appeal with which their production was spiritually informed.

Our Mother's Day---Feast of Saint Louis Bertrand

*May the Lord give thee according to thy own heart, and
confirm all thy counsels.—Ps. 19.*

Address.....	Margaret Harrigan
Ernani-Lombardi (<i>Fishetti</i>).....	
.....	Ynez Sodre, Carmen Valdaviesa
.....	Marjorie Terwilliger, Mercedes Collins
"The Swan Song".....	Vera Terwilliger
The Angel (<i>Rubenstein</i>).....	The Rosarians
Sounds (<i>E. B. Browning</i>).....	
.....	Marie Miller, Nancy Pattison, Vera Terwilliger
Morgenstimmung Op. 46, No. 1 (<i>Grieg</i>).....	
Ruth Price, Lucille Toone, Elsie Melton, Lydy Mutch, Helen Shea	
Aubade—Harp (<i>Hasselmans</i>).....	Barbara Merkley
"A Legend of Saint Dominic".....	Nancy Pattison
Valse, Op. 15, No. 2 (<i>Arensky</i>).....	Dorothy Blaney, Evelyn Phelan

October 25, 1916

"Aux Italiens" (<i>Owen Meredith</i>).....	Carmelita Heffernan
"Hark, Hark, the Lark" (<i>Schubert-Liszt</i>).....	Marjorie Terwilliger
"The Spoken Word" (<i>Emily R. Calvin</i>).....	Marie Miller
"The Lost Leader" (<i>Robert W. Service</i>).....	Elizabeth Block
"Hexantanz" (<i>McDowell</i>).....	Evelyn Phelan
"Rosa".....	Ruth Marion

November 25, 1916

"The Gift of the Magi".....	Marcella Knier
Polonaise—A Major (<i>Chopin</i>).....	Opal Lisenby
"Truth in Parenthesis".....	Margaret Shipp
"The Second Trial".....	Ruth Marion
"Shadow Dance" (<i>McDowell</i>).....	Dorothy Duffy
"The Missionary's Reception".....	Vera Terwilliger
"The Spoken Word".....	Marie Miller

December 16, 1916

"Lockerbie Street".....	Marie Miller
"The Man in the Moon"	Margaret Harrigan
"My Philosophy"	Ruth Marion
"Prior to Miss Belle's Appearance".....	Carolyn Fromberg
"An Old Sweetheart of Mine".....	Carmelita Heffernan
"There Is Ever a Song Somewhere".....	Vera Terwilliger
"A Life Lesson" (<i>Edward Campion</i>).....	Edith M. Brooks

February 1, 1917

"The Alarm".....	Glendene McBride
"Burglar Bill".....	Ruth Marion
Marionette—Harp (<i>Tedeschi</i>).....	Barbara Merkley
"Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness" (<i>Dickens</i>).....	
(Excerpt from "Old Curiosity Shop").....	Nancy Pattison
"In the Garden of Your Heart" (<i>Frances Doret</i>).....	Georgia Randolph
"The First Quarrel" (<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>).....	Margaret Harrigan
"Ma's Attic" (<i>Forest Crissey</i>).....	Elizabeth Block
Emerson Physical Culture Exercises.....	
Marcella Knier, Barbara Merkley, Glendene McBride	
Alix Lipman, Grace Jones, Ruth Crane, Lucille Toone	
Dorothy Durand, Margaret Cox	



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

The Rosary's Music

List to the music, sweet beyond compare,
Thrilling the autumn air!
Far heard above the ocean's sobbing plaint
Are its low breathings faint.
"Hail Mary" sounds upon the listening ear
In tones all silvery clear;
From countless hearts upsoar the wingéd words,
Like flocks of summer birds.
And when the heart is by life's anguish wrung,
Thus grief doth find a tongue;
"Mother, for sinners pray, this day, that hour
When Death asserts his power."
So from the rosary's lute the Aves rise
Up to the mystic skies,
As when the rapt musician from his keys
Smites heavenly harmonies.

—SELECTED.

Happy Feast to Our dear Father and Friend The Reverend Patrick A Foley

Melodies of Ireland.....	Lucille Toone, Helen Shea, Alix Lipman, Opal Lisenby
"Irish Music".....	Margaret Harrigan
"Killarney" (<i>Balfe</i>).....	Georgia Randolph
"Erin's Flag" (<i>Father Ryan</i>).....	Marie Miller
"Irish Folk-Song" (<i>Arthur Foote</i>).....	Evelyn Phelan
"San Patrice" (<i>Thomas Daly</i>).....	Ruth Marion
"The Last Rose of Summer" —Harp (<i>Flotow</i>).....	Barbara Merkley
"Kerry Dance" (<i>Molloy</i>).....	Edith Brooks
"Melodies of Ireland".....	Dorothy Duffy, Lenore Keithley

Barbara Keith Merkley

Program of Harp Music

Assisted by Edith M. Brooks Soprano

Wednesday, March 21, 1917

Song Without Words.....	Duvey
Marionette (Humoresque).....	Tedeschi
Valse Caprice.....	Verdalle
All Through the Night.....	Thomas
Am Springbrunnen, Op. 23—Marguerite Douleureuse au Rouet.....	Zabel
The Rosary.....	Nevin
Edith M. Brooks	
Pattuglia, Spagnuola, Op. 32.....	Tedeschi
Follets, Op. 45—Aubade, Op. 30—Patrouille (Marche Characteris- tique)—Harp d'Eole, Op. 32—Valse de Concert.....	Hasselmans

Lucille M. Toone

Program of Piano Music

Saturday, March 24, 1917

Vogel als Prophet.....	Schumann
Polonaise, C sharp minor—Valse, Op. 42.....	Chopin
Romance.....	Sibelius
Etude Japonaise.....	Poldini
Kamennoi-Ostrow.....	Rubenstein
Sous Bois.....	Staub
Ballet (Petite Suite).....	Debussy
Hexentanz.....	MacDowell
Scherzo, Op. 53, No. 2.....	Martucci
Valse de Concert in D flat.....	Wieniewski

Alberta Livernash

Pianist

Italian Concerto (Allegro animato).....	Bach
Pastorale—Capriccio.....	Scarlatti
Sonata, G Minor, Op. 22—So rasch wie möglich—Andantino— Scherzo—Rondo.....	Schumann
Mazurka, F sharp minor—Etude, G flat major—Berceuse— Scherzo, C sharp minor.....	Chopin
Rhapsody, C major.....	Dohnanyi
Nocturne.....	Grieg
The Fairy Garden.....	Ravel
Concert Etude.....	MacDowell

Marjorie Terwilliger

Program of Piano Music

Wednesday, 18 of April

Sonata, Op. 7 (Allegro Moderato).....	<i>Grieg</i>
Le Cygne.....	<i>Saint-Saens</i>
Etincelles—Valse E Major.....	<i>Moszkowski</i>
Tarentelle	<i>Nollet</i>
Berceuse—Valse, G Major.....	<i>Karganoff</i>
Hark, Hark, the Lark!.....	<i>Schubert-Liszt</i>
Nocturne, A flat major—Rhapsody No. VI.....	<i>Liszt</i>

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

Anna Mercedes Collins

Program of Piano Music

April 25, 1917

By Moonlight.....	<i>Bendel</i>
Poeme	<i>Scriabine</i>
Polonaise, Op. 26, No. 2.....	<i>Chopin</i>
To a Water-Lily.....	<i>MacDowell</i>
Impromptu, Op. 28, No. 3.....	<i>Reinhold</i>
Melodie	<i>Rachmaninoff</i>
Caprice, Op. 24, No. 3.....	<i>Sibelius</i>
Scherzo-Allegro molto (Sonata, Op. 26).....	<i>Beethoven</i>
La Plus que lente.....	<i>Debussy</i>
Etude de Concert.....	<i>Chaminade</i>
Valse Caprice, Op. 16.....	<i>Karganoff</i>



SCENE FROM COMUS

Evelyn Phelan

Program of Piano Music

Thursday, May 3

Pastel—Prelude (left hand).....	Scriabine
Impromptu, C sharp minor.....	Reinold
Carnaval Mignonne—Prelude, Serenade.....	Schutt
Tarentelle	Zarembski
Scotch Poem—Hexantanz—The Eagle.....	MacDowell
Scherzo	Martucci
Consolation No. VI.....	Liszt
Rigoletto	Verdi-Liszt

Edith Brooks

Song Recital

Assisted by Barbara Merkley, Harpist

May 12, 1917

Mi chiamata Mimi (La Boheme).....	Puccini
Ideale	Tosti
Amarilli Mia (16th Century).....	Caccini
Depuis le jour (Louise).....	Charpentier
Chanson Indone.....	Rimsky-Korsakoff
L'Ete	Chaminade
Invocation (Harp Obligato).....	D'Hardelot
Amour viens aider (Samson et Delilah).....	Saint-Saens
Am Springbrunnen.....	Hasselmans

Barbara Merkley

Es blinkt der Thau.....	Rubenstein
Wie Melodien (Vergebliches Standchen).....	Brahms
Elsa's Traum (Lohengrin).....	Wagner
Pluck This Little Flower.....	Ronald
Dearest Heart of My Heart (Rob Roy).....	De Koven
Will o' the Wisp.....	Spross
The Gull.....	Sinding
Concert Waltz (The Firefly).....	Friml
Bird of the Wilderness.....	Horstman
Bolero	Arditi

Dorothy Blaney

Program of Piano Music

Monday, May 21, 1917

Sonata, C sharp minor—Adagio, Allegretto, Presto.....	Beethoven
Ballade, D major.....	Brahms
Gavotte	Gluck-Brahms
Gavotte	Sgambati
Impromptu	Granados
Rendezvous	Poldini
Reverie	Debussy
Tarentelle	Moszkowski
Lotus Land—Danse Negre.....	Cyril Scott
Pastel—Nocturne (left hand).....	Scriabine
Rhapsodie No. XII.....	Liszt

Edith M. Brooks

Program of School Music

Tuesday, May 15, 1917

Flower Cycle—Rose, Trillium, Arbutus, Violet (<i>Meissner</i>).....	Primary Grades
A Little Girl's Soliloquy (<i>Salter</i>).....	Third and Fourth Grades
A Group of Folk-Songs.....	Edith M. Brooks
Paper—Music as a Factor in Education.....	Edith M. Brooks
Two-Part Songs—(a) Bobolink, (b) Alpine Song, (c) Mr. Dream Maker	Fifth and Sixth Grades
In May Time (<i>Buck</i>), Flower Rain (<i>Schneider</i>).....	Edith Brooks
Paper—Edward MacDowell.....	Rowena Steirly
The Spring Has Come (<i>White</i>), The Maybells and the Flowers (<i>Mendelssohn</i>).....	Seventh and Eighth Grades
Novellette (<i>Schumann</i>).....	Dorothy Duffy
The Angel (<i>Rubenstein</i>).....	The High School Choral Class

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

Senior Class Day

Monday, May 28, 1917

Class Flower.....	Tea Rose
Class Colors.....	Orange and Black
Class Motto.....	<i>Veritas, honor, et scientia</i>

La Capricieuse—Harp (<i>Zabel</i>).....	Barbara Merkley
Class Song.....	Words and Music by Lucille Toone
Class History.....	Kathryn Kraft
Tarantelle (<i>Nollet</i>).....	Marjorie Terwilliger
Class Poem.....	Barbara Merkley
Song Without Words—Harp (<i>Dewey</i>).....	Elsie Melton
Class Prophecy.....	Claire Lawler
Sunshine and Butterflies (<i>Herbert Bunning</i>).....	Bernice Brown
Vogel als Prophet (<i>Schumann</i>).....	Lucille Toone
Class Will.....	Elsie Melton
Farewell.....	Carmelita Heffernan
Class Hymn—Prayer for Peace	



THE NEREID DANCE

Commencement Week

Monday, May 21, 5:15 p. m., Program of Piano Music, Dorothy Blaney.
 Tuesday, May 22, 2:30 p. m., Literary-Musical program.
 Wednesday, May 23, 2 to 5 p. m., Field Day. Music by Saint Vincent's Band.
 Thursday, May 24, 2:30 p. m., Literary-Musical program in honor of the founding of Mission San Rafael.
 Friday, May 25, 2:30 p. m., Closing Exercises of Preparatory Department.
 Saturday, May 26, 2 to 5 p. m., Home Economics exhibit.
 Sunday, May 27, 4 p. m., Baccalaureate Sermon. Benediction of The Most Blessed Sacrament.
 Monday, May 28, Senior Class day.
 Tuesday, May 29, Commencement Day; 3:30 p. m., Commencement exercises. The Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, D. D., Archbishop of San Francisco, presiding.
 Studies resumed August 16, 1917.

Commencement Day

Tuesday, May 29, 1917

"Am Springbrunnen"—Harp (*Hasselmans*).....Barbara Merkley
 "The Secret Shrine".....Kathryn Kraft

COMUS (A Masque)

Poem, John Milton Music, Henry Lawes

PROLOGUE

Episodes { In the Forest
 Meeting of Lady and Comus
 The Brothers' Discovery
 Enchantment and Release of Lady
 Welcome at the Castle

ComusNancy Pattison
 The LadyVera Terwilliger
 ThyrsisMarie Miller
 Elder BrotherCarmelita Heffernan
 Second BrotherMargaret Harrigan
 SabrinaLydy Mutch
 EchoAileen McCann
 CountDorothy Maguire
 CountessGeraldine Stephany
 Courtiers..... { Eleanor Dowler
 Helen Freitas
 Charlotte Brown
 Pages..... { Elizabeth Beardsley
 Edna Chase
 Revelers, Shepherds, Forest Elves, Fairies, Nereids, Hunters,
 Flower Maidens, Peasants.
 Dances—The Revellers, Fairy Dance, Dance of the Nereids, Hunters'
 Drill, Flower Dance, Folk Dance, Court Processional

EPILOGUE

Awakening of Spring (*P. E. Bach*)Orchestra
 The Dominican Junior College Diploma awarded to Camilla Malone
 The High School Diploma and Medal awarded to
 Bernice Brown Annette Macdonald
 Rose Freitas Barbara Merkley
 Carmelita Heffernan Elsie Melton
 Phyllis Hydes Lorraine Theisen
 Florence Ivanoff Lucille Toone
 Kathryn Kraft Marjorie Terwilliger
 Claire Lawler Beatrice Wainwright
 The School of Music Diploma and Medal awarded to
 Edith Marie Brooks
 Address.....The Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, D. D.,
 Archbishop of San Francisco.

ATHLETICS



1916.

© 1917
E. Wainwright

[97]

A school is judged by its student body, and the student body is usually judged by the spirit of its various athletic teams, at least by the younger members of society. The Dominican College has gained far more renown and prestige in the field of scholastic work than on the basketball court, but this year of grace, 1916-17, marks the beginning of a new era in the athletic history of the school and has been characterized by an unprecedented interest in the several sports sanctioned by the newly-formed Athletic Association. There is no question as to the immense value of carefully supervised athletics as an aid to health and study, and it is certain that the athletics are carefully supervised by Miss Green, who has gained the admiration and whole attention of the students by reason of her eagerness to raise the athletic standard of the school to the highest degree.

At the meeting of the Student Body on August twenty-third, Barbara Merkley was elected president of the Athletic Association; Florence Ivanhoff, secretary and treasurer; Lydy Mutch, chairman of the Swimming Club; Carmelita Heffernan, chairman of the Riding Club; Elizabeth Chipron, captain of the Tennis Club; and Lucille Toone, captain of the Basketball Team.

Miss Green called out the candidates for the basketball team and had a goodly number of experienced players as a nucleus. The response to the call was most gratifying, there being enough to form both Senior and Junior squads. All through the tedious period of practice work, the interest of the players never flagged, and the success of the team in its games was inevitable, in view of all that was accomplished at this time. The teams of other years had been sadly lacking in team-work and prone to throw the ball around wildly, whereas this year's team soon acquired an attack that was both lightning-fast and of deadly accuracy.

Basketball

The season opened with a spirited clash between the Senior and Junior teams, wherein the experience of the upper class representatives stood them in good stead and enabled them to gain the victory by a score of 18-8.

The Seniors, flushed with success, met their match in the formidable San Rafael High School team. The visiting forwards were a smooth-working combination, while the College forwards exhibited every weakness they possessed—a fact that proved useful to Miss Green in showing her the points which needed immediate strengthening. San Rafael ran up a score of 28, while we had to be content with 2.

The team was strengthened for the next game by placing Claire Lawler beside the captain, Lucille Toone, an effective scoring combination resulting. Another new member of the team was Charlotte Merkley, a tap-center. The new line-up proved a success and the Tamalpais Union team went down to defeat 14-10, to the gratification of the entire College. The team was beginning to find itself.

San Rafael pricked the bubble of success by downing us once more, though they found the task less easy than in the first game. A new system of attack was tried and though it did not bring victory, it gave great promise for the future when it was completely mastered. The score was 21-10.



THE BASKETBALL TEAM

Tamalpais Union was accorded a return match, and was again defeated, this time the count standing 14-8.

A challenge arrived from San Rafael, which meant that the team would have another severe test. The game proved the most exciting of the year, the College team working with might and main to gain at least one victory over the confident enemy, and at the end of the first half their efforts seemed crowned with success. But in the second half, the superior condition of the visiting team enabled them to snatch the game from our grasp, 14-12. The work of Claire Lawler and Lucille Toone was a feature of the contest, and the entire team covered itself with glory. We proposed a return match, but San Rafael announced that their season was about to close, forcing us to wait until that distant "next year" for our revenge.

On the same afternoon our second team overwhelmed the San Rafael seconds 32-2, affording us considerable consolation and not a little pride. Dorothy Durand and Dorothy Randall were directly responsible for our large score by their accurate shooting.

Our first game with a private school resulted in the defeat of Miss Head's Seminary, 42-20, in an interesting encounter. The visitors took their defeat bravely and all our players were full of admiration for the spirit of true sportsmanship shown by them.

The Lux School journeyed over from San Francisco and were defeated 36-27, the second half being marked by a splendid, though unsuccessful, attempt on the part of the losers to pull the game out of the fire. Claire Lawler played her usual steady game, aided by the clever passing of Nancy Pattison.

A 48-2 win over Tamalpais Union closed the season in a blaze of glory, the opposing team being outclassed in every department of the game, which must have afforded much satisfaction to Miss Green, after her untiring efforts to build up a machine-like organization.

The season, despite the defeats, was remarkably successful, and the added interest taken in the game proved the wisdom of allowing the team to indulge in competition with other schools. The Junior team gives great promise and is certain to supply valuable material for next year's first team, which should have even greater success.



Tennis

Without question, tennis is the finest game for a girl to take up, since it develops grace of movement, ability to think rapidly and act instantly, as well as training the eye to a great degree of accuracy. An interclass tournament was arranged, the Senior representatives being Estelle Gassner and Dorothy Blaney, while Opal Lisenby and Elizabeth Chipron, captain of the College team, upheld the honor of the Juniors. The matches were hard-fought, but the Juniors were too steady for their opponents and soon gained a commanding lead, from which they were never displaced.



Riding

This is another new addition to the sporting activities of the school, one that gained instant popularity and with good reason. Carmelita Hefernan, Margaret Shipp, Elizabeth Waterman and Barbara Merkley are all excellent riders, full of enthusiasm for the success of the Riding Club. The surrounding country affords endless alluring opportunities for brisk, bracing canters along shaded roads, or a gallop beside the waters of the bay, varied by climbs to accessible heights affording charming vistas over the whole sweep of the countryside.



Swimming

The Country Club allows the College to make use of the open-air tank on their grounds, and as long as the weather permits, the girls gladly take advantage of this invitation.

Lydy Mutch was the logical candidate for the position of captain of the swimming team, and her election met with universal approbation. She excels in fancy diving as well as in all other forms of natation, and is untiring in her efforts to make the swimming team a success. The other girls follow suit and are profiting by her splendid example. Before she leaves the school, the sport should be established on a firm basis.



Golf

The Country Club courteously permits the students of the College to use their splendid links, and the girls were quick to take advantage of this excellent opportunity to indulge in this fascinating game during the holidays. Nancy Pattison and Elizabeth Block and Estelle Gassner play a good game and are our leading representatives.



Field Hockey

The introduction of this sport, so popular in the Eastern and European schools, was received with enthusiasm by the students, and in a short time the squad was able to forsake the rudimentary work for the more intricate defensive formations and the developing of an accurate passing game. It is to be hoped that next year will provide opportunities of engaging in outside competition in hockey as well as in basketball. The large number of players required makes hockey a splendid game for the school, since it is desired to have everyone who can possibly do so taking part in the athletic activities of the school year.

Echoes

DOMINICAN
COLLEGE
YEAR
BOOK

Ring, ring, ring,
In the cold gray dawn, O Bell!
Oh, would that thou wert a stranger,
For I know your tongue too well.

Oh, woe to the sleepy maiden
Who dreams of her happy home,
Oh, woe to the tired lassie,
Who awakes with a hopeless groan.

And still the bell rings on,
Till none can help but hear,
And the lights snapped on by a petulant hand,
As the sound of the bell draws near.

Ring, ring, ring,
In the cold gray dawn for me,
But the tender grace of my dream that is gone
Will never come back to me.

ELEANOR DOWLER.

In Chemistry—"What mountain in Europe does my mind resemble?"
Answer—"Mt. Blanc."

Sister—Lucille, when you are singing keep the "b" on your lips.
Lucille—I am afraid it will sting me.

"Girls, after February 21st nothing can be borrowed!"
"Why?—Because it will be lent (Lent)."

M. M. (looking into a violin case)—Oh girls, come here quick. Here's
a bow (beau).

C. M.—Oh, where?

M. M.—Never mind, the bow's got a case.

A. L.—You'd better ride down with Manuel. He'll take offense if you
don't.

F. I.—Take a fence? Why he'd wreck his bus if he did.

Spectator, from veranda—What is the score?

Girls—Two to two.

Spectator—Who's ahead?

Teacher (in classic Myths)—What was the drink of the gods?

Pupil (absently)—Grape juice.

Teacher—What is the plural of "one"?

M. S.—Two.

Lo! the Juniors' fairy footfalls how lightly they tread!! Their souls
(soles) are not their own.

Who enjoy the sweets of peace?

Those who prepare their lessons.

AN APPRECIATION

Sister—I am glad you enjoyed Mr. Griffith's lecture. I feared you
would not understand it.

Small girl—Oh, Sister, I didn't understand, but I did like to hear him
holler.

BEGONE DULL CARE

Come, come, and let us play,
This holiday,
Have pleasures while we may,
And jollity.

Let's to the fields so green,
And woodland glade,
Down by the pebbly stream,
Bordered by shade.

Come all ye sad of heart,
Come, be merry!
With thoughts of sorrow part,
Dullness bury.

DOROTHY MILNE.

Lecturer (after a talk on "Microbes")—Class, what is the shortest poem
in literature?

"Adam
Had 'em."

Why laugh? Eve had 'em, too.

St. Thomas Hall and Music Conservatory

of DOMINICAN COLLEGE

San Rafael, California

Incorporated in 1890

Accredited to State University.

Full Collegiate Course of Study. Location:

THE LOVELY MAGNOLIA VALLEY---un-
surpassed for beauty and healthfulness.

Address Mother Superior

St. Rose Academy

Conducted by DOMINICAN SISTERS

S. E. Corner of PINE and PIERCE STS., San Francisco

A completely equipped Boarding and Day School for Girls. This institution offers every facility for thorough training in Primary, Preparatory and High School Departments. Special courses are offered in Music, Painting, Artistic Drawing, Elocution and Physical Culture.

N. B.--Accredited to State University

All communications should be addressed to
SISTER SUPERIOR



We make the uniform for the
Dominican College.

Sailor Suits and Middy Blouses
for Ladies, Misses and Children

Made to order

Free Catalogue on request

1089 Sutter Street, San Francisco
S. E. Corner of Larkin

Hill's for Buttermilk Chocolates
417 B Street, San Rafael, California

**W. Von Husen
& Company**

Phones: San Rafael 28 & San Rafael 29

Groceries and
Delicacies
Fruits
Fish and
Vegetables

First-class in every respect

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

Compliments of

**Dr. Louis
Graham**
Dentist

Physicians Building
San Francisco

S. H. Cheda

V. J. B. Cheda

S. H. Cheda & Co.

Hay, Grain, Wood
Coal and Feed

Main Office in rear of
Marin County National Bank
Opposite Court House
Telephone S. R. 89

Branch Office and Yard
San Anselmo, Cal.
Telephone 89

Warehouse
On Canal, near Irwin St.
San Rafael

Marshall & Reimers

*Commission
Merchants*

Dealers in

Butter, Eggs
Cheese, Poultry
Honey and
Dried Fruits

Telephone Kearny 1349

325-327 Clay Street
San Francisco

Aeroplane Service and
Submarine Prices

Marin Cleaning & Tailoring Company

Cleaning, Pressing, Remodeling
and Tailoring of all descriptions.

An Absolute Guarantee Goes
with All Our Work
Satisfaction or No Pay
Auto Delivery

Phone S. R. 294 J
San Rafael, California

Compliments of
**Dr. Norman
Sherwood
Halsey**
San Rafael, California

Day's Pharmacy

736 Fourth St., San Rafael, Cal.

Phone S. R. 11

The Affiliated Banks

Combined Resources in Excess of *Three million
two hundred eighty-five thousand dollars.*

The Petaluma National Bank

J. H. GWINN, President
CHAS. G. MARTIN, Vice-President
U. H. TOMASINI, Cashier
A. C. ELLIS, Asst. Cashier
JAS. B. BLOOM, Asst. Cashier

The California Savings Bank

A. J. BLOOM, President
DR. H. S. GOSSAGE, Vice-President
J. H. GWINN, Cashier
CHARLES McNALLY, Asst. Cashier

San Rafael---
the most beautiful spot on earth

Martens'

No better
sanitary
shopping
place
in the
world

San Rafael Bazaar

805 Fourth Street

STATIONERY
SCHOOL AND OFFICE
SUPPLIES
SPORTING GOODS
DEVELOPING AND
PRINTING

Agents for
Leonhardt's Candies

Telephone S. R. 764 J

E. H. Conway

Practical Plumber
and Gas Fitter

Stoves of All Kinds

306 B Street, San Rafael, Cal.
Between Second and Third

G. L. PAYNE, President

Payne's Bolt Works

Established 1871
Incorporated Dec. 17, 1888

The Only Carriage Bolt Works
on the Pacific Coast

MANUFACTURERS
IRON AND STEEL SET
SCREWS, CAP SCREWS,
STUDS, and All Kinds of
BOLTS AND NUTS

Telephone Main 757
133-143 Howard St.
San Francisco, Cal.

The Rotary Oil Burner

This burner operates with water, produces no smoke or soot and burns a very low, cheap-grade stove distillate. We have them in furnaces, laundry stoves, boilers, cook stoves and ranges. If you are interested in saving forty per cent over coal, wood or gas, stop in at City Hall or sanitary dairy and find out particulars, or see us.

Telephone S. R. 806

Marin Oil & Burner
Company
217 Fourth Street
San Rafael, California

Bank of San Rafael

"The Bank of Service"

Capital - \$100,000

Surplus - 49,500

OFFICERS

M. T. FREITAS, President
C. A. THAYER, Vice-President
M. J. PEDROTTI, Vice-President
T. L. CRANE, Treasurer
W. P. MURRAY, Cashier
A. N. BOYEN, Assistant Cashier

To Inspire

A Feeling of Welcome
The surety of Courteous Treatment
The confidence of Friendship

is the purpose of

CHINN-BERETTA

Eye-glass and Spectacle
SERVICE

120 Geary St. and 164 Powell St., San Francisco

Oakland

Sacramento

Stockton

Fresno

Vallejo

J.C. Gasberg

807 Fourth Street
San Rafael, Cal.

Home Portraits
Studio Photography
Photos Colored
Hand Painted China
Firing Done
Art Pictures
Framing
Kodak Finishing and
Enlarging

Phone S. R. 849W---498W

Pius Gfell

Successor to
T. Musgrave & Co.
Telephone Mission 890

Watchmakers
Goldsmiths
and
Silversmiths

Medals and Ecclesiastical Goods
A Specialty

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

J. Albert, President

Jas. Begley, Vice-President

Harry Albert, Secretary

We invite you and your friends to
Our Handsome NEW STORE.

Dry Goods, Shoes, Furnishings, Clothing.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

McGEE & MOSLEY

Albert's Inc.

Marin County's Largest Store

Fourth and B Streets, San Rafael

San Anselmo Store Phone 212 J

San Rafael Store Phone 400

Compliments of
**Petaluma
Co-operative
Creamery**

Manufacturers
Pasteurized
Creamery
Butter

Telephone 782
Petaluma
California

Compliments of
**California
Baking
Company**

Eddy and
Fillmore
Streets
San Francisco

Announcement

The MARIN FURNITURE COMPANY, who have been located at 318 B Street, for a great many years, wish to announce that they have moved to their new location on the corner of 4th and B Streets, in the building formerly occupied by the J. Albert Dry Goods Company, where they will be pleased to meet their patrons.

San Rafael, California

Lafargue French Laundry

Dyeing and Cleaning

Lace Curtains and Blankets
A Specialty

Silks and Flannels Done Up
Like New

Telephone San Rafael 17

Branch Office, 623 Fourth Street
614-616 3rd St., San Rafael

Baking Is A Pleasure
When the Right
Kind of Flour

Is Used

Order a sack of "GOLDEN
EAGLE" today just to know
what a splendid family flour
we are manufacturing.

Golden Eagle Milling
Company
Petaluma, California

Schussler Bros.

Objects of Art

Frames and Mirrors Specially Designed

Van Briggie Pottery Artists' Materials

Agents for Rembrandt Colors

Art Galleries—Permanent Exhibition of Paintings by
California Artists

Factory: 326-338 Grove Street
285 Geary Street San Francisco

Fernwood

Opposite Courthouse
San Rafael, California

features all the
latest ice cream
specials

Something new every week

One of our leaders—

“Chocolate
Caramel
Sundae”

—Try one, they're great

We serve a dainty Luncheon
and After-Theatre Specials
Meet your friends here
Ladies' Rest Room
Telephone S. R. 628

Kodak Finishing

*Expert Work
Quick Service
City Prices*

10x12 Enlargements
twenty-five cents

WEBB & ROGERS, Pharmacists
(Next to Lyric Theatre)
San Rafael, Cal.

CHAS. JENSEN, President

J. W. SCHLOSSER, Secretary

Telephone S. R. 742

Jensen & Schlosser Lumber and Mill Company Incorporated

229 Third St., near Union Depot, San Rafael

*Lumber &
General
Mill Work*

SHINGLES
SHAKES
POSTS
LATHS
SASH
DOORS
BRICK
SAND
LIME
CEMENT
PLASTER
CHIMNEY PIPE
SEWER PIPE
DRAIN TILE
FLUE LINING

Compliments of
Dr. T. I. C. Barr
Cheda Building
591 Fourth Street, San Rafael, Cal.

Hill's for Ice Cream and Sherbets
417 B Street, San Rafael, California

RED BALL BRAND
Calf Meal *saves money*
raises better calves

G. P. McNEAR CO., Petaluma, California

Bogle's Electrical Works

469 Fourth Street E. E. BOGLE San Rafael, Cal.
Office and Res. Phone S. R. 15
All Work Guaranteed

House Wiring . . . Fixture Work . . . Telephone Systems . . . Motors
and Pumps Installed and Repaired . . . All Manner of Electrical Work
Done . . . Marin County Agent for Sunbeam Lamp Company . . . Wil-
lard Storage Battery Co. . . . Storage Batteries Charged, Repaired and
Rented . . . Full Stock of New Batteries Always on Hand

American Hardwood Floor Company

J. F. RENSTROM, President

Inlaid Floors in All Designs
Floor Sanding

1227 Sutter St. Telephone Franklin 6420 San Francisco

Johnson Hardware Company

Motto: "Hardware that
will stand hard wear."

Paints
Oils
Kitchen
Furniture
Stoves

Telephone S. R. 32
414 B Street
San Rafael, California

JOHN A. Lennon

137-139 Sacramento St.
San Francisco, Cal.

*Wholesale
Grocer*

Tea
Coffee
Rice
Beeswax
Candles
Oil, etc.

Pacific Coast Agent
E. J. Knapp Candle Co.

The candy store that
leaves a pleasant
memory

Stapps'
San Rafael

Kohler & Chase

Established 1850

26 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco

535 Fourteenth Street, Oakland

Pianos : Player Pianos : Organs
Player Music Rolls : Band & Orchestra
Instruments : : Sheet Music
Talking Machines and Records

Compliments of

Western Meat Company

San Francisco

Operating under rigid U. S.
Government Inspection.

Distributors of Primrose Hams
and Bacon.

Refiners of Califene, the Perfect
Shortening, and Golden
Gate Lard.

Manufacturers of Mayrose Butter
& Mayrose Cheese.

Burns & Co.

florists

Phone S. R. 482 W
834 Fourth Street
San Rafael, Cal.

Monuments

All kinds of Cemetery work done
any place in California.

DOYLE BROS., Vallejo, California
Established 1862

Hoover's

Candies and Ice Cream
San Rafael, California

GUY F. KIRNER, Prop.
Telephone S. R. 87.

Marin County National Bank

Largest Commercial Bank in Marin

Marin County Savings Bank

Largest Savings Bank in Marin

S. H. CHEDA, President
F. W. DICKSON, Vice-President
GEO. C. HANSEN, Cashier
GEO. A. CHEDA, Asst. Cashier

R. E. Cochran, President

J. A. Lombard, Vice-President

R. E. Cochran Co., Inc.

Coffee and Tea Merchants

Importers and Manufacturers

1576 MARKET STREET
San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone Park 6043

526 FIFTEENTH STREET
Oakland, Cal.
Telephone Lakeside 90

Scott & Co.

THE BIGGEST BRIGHTEST BEST

Hardware Store

IN MARIN COUNTY

Telephone S. R. 326 J

835 Fourth St., San Rafael, California

Pelicano, Rossi & Co.

Flowers

Telephone Douglas 426

123 Kearny St. Between Post and
Sutter Streets San Francisco

Nathan J. Landsberger

*Concert Violinist
and Teacher
Ensemble Playing*

Pupil of Emile Sauret and
H. Leonard

Teacher at Dominican College
for many years

By appointment only

PHONE FILLMORE 1757

2419 WEBSTER STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

Genuine Hawaiian UKULELES

from \$6.00 upwards

Free lessons

also

SHEET MUSIC

of every description

HENRY GROBE

135-153 KEARNY STREET
217-225 SUTTER STREET

In the store of
The Wiley B. Allen Co.

A. F. Tomasini Hardware Company

*Hardware and
Implements*

Petaluma, California

Warehouse 22 B St.

Residence 24 B St.

OFFICE and RESIDENCE
TELEPHONE 303 W

BURKHART'S EXPRESS

& FIRE PROOF STORAGE

TRANSFER DRAYAGE
Furniture Moved, Packed and
Shipped

Tables and Chairs Rented at
Reasonable Rates

San Rafael

California

BRUSHES

623 Sacramento Street, between
Kearny & Montgomery Streets

With a full line of
Brushes, Brooms and Feather
Dusters on hand and made
to order.

Janitor Supplies of all kinds.

Ladders, Buckets, Chamois.

Metal Polish and Cleaning
Powders.

Hardware, Wood and Willow
Ware.

CALL, WRITE OR TELEPHONE
KEARNY 5787

WM. BUCHANAN

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone Douglas 4553

Louis Gassner *Inc.*

MANUFACTURING FURRIERS

*Importers of Exclusive Models
and Novelties in Fur Garments*

112-114 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

Footwear
of
Originality
and
Distinction
Moderately Priced

Sommer & Kaufmann
119-125 Grant Avenue
836-842 Market Street
San Francisco

659 PHELAN BLDG.,
SAN FRANCISCO

CLASS PINS
MEDALS
FRAT JEWELS

JAMES A.

MORGAN
MANUFACTURING
JEWELER

SPECIAL PRICES
ON DIAMOND
RINGS

MAIL ORDERS
SOLICITED

City Bank

(formerly Stockton Savings Bank)

Savings and Commercial Department
Safe Deposit Boxes
Armour Plate Vault

S. E. Corner Main and Sutter
Stockton California

This publication is designed and printed
from the press of H. S. Crocker Company
of 565-571 Market Street, San Francisco.

FROM this press, during the past year
or two has come a long series of vol-
umes that must delight every book-
lover. No better printing is being
done in the United States today, and no
simpler and more dignified bindings.

American Printer

School Annuals
Engraved Announcements
Printed Announcements
Dance Programs

Hitchcock Military Academy

San Rafael, California

A Select Boarding
School for Boys.
Fortieth year
begins
August 27, 1917

Catalogue on request



92580

