1927

1927 Firebrand

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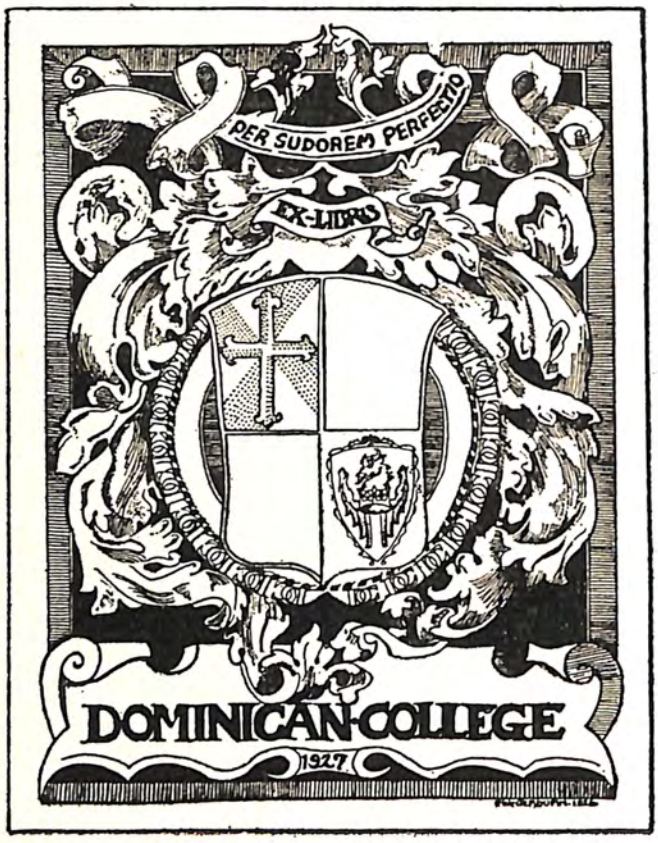
The Firebrand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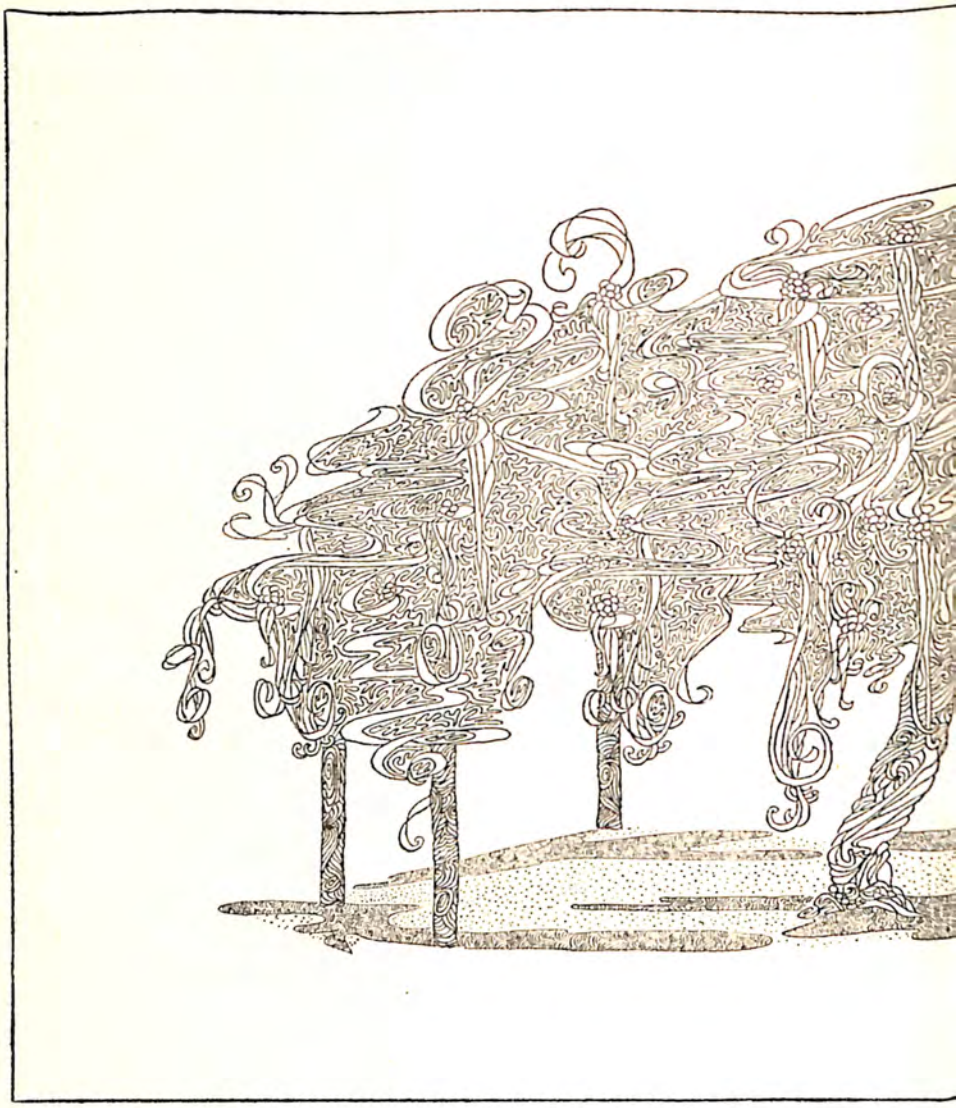

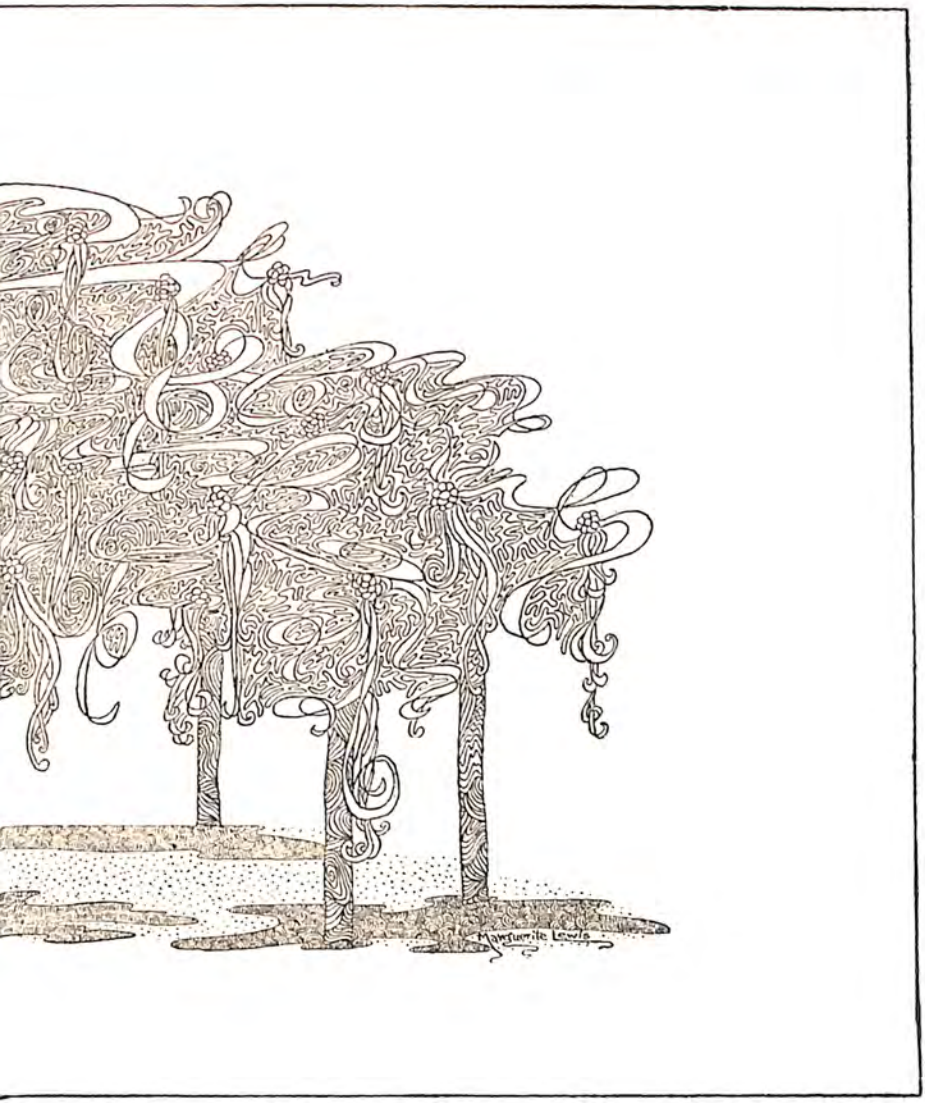
Mary Fenwick Lewis

THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE

OF SAN RAFAEL

M C M X X V I I

To the
Reverend Charles R. Baschab
in appreciation of his
philosophy, his friendship, and
his sympathy, we dedicate
this book

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AUNITTA BAIRD

Business Manager:
BERENICE HARDY

EDITORIAL.

"A University is a place which attracts the affections of the young by its fame, wins the judgment of the middle-aged by its beauty and rivets the memory of the old by its associations."—Cardinal Newman.

THE Dominican College of San Rafael seems to be well on the way to realizing the spirit of Cardinal Newman's requirements for an ideal university. We are too young to have long-established traditions, it is true, but we are forming associations and customs which will become the traditions of the college in the future. We are also too young for fame, but we are rapidly achieving a distinction which needs only time to ripen into fame. The beauty we have had from the beginning.

To the first few students of the Junior College, Meadowlands and Edgehill and their gardens seemed too beautiful ever to be possessed, but now we live in the stately houses which still have the friendly dignity of homes,

and the once far-off gardens are our campus, beautiful all the year round. In the spring the violets begin to bloom early in February, then the acacia blooms yellow against the light green eucalyptus, while in front of that is the bright red japonica. A few weeks later the pear trees along the paths in front of Meadowlands are white with blossoms, and a little later still the pink and the white hawthorne blooms in every corner of the gardens. In the summer there are roses and lilacs, Canterbury bells and larkspur. In the fall the Edgehill gardens are full of dahlias, and everywhere red and yellow fall leaves. At Christmas the berries redden on our English holly.

Special nooks and corners around the gardens and the campus become particularly dear to us. There are the fish pond full of fat gold fish and the swimming pool when the flowering almond and acacia are mirrored there and the tiny white petals and yellow blossoms float on the surface, and the creek in winter, so nice in the rain when the silvery young eucalyptus leaves are dripping; then the creek roars like

a real river for a few weeks until the rains stop. The banks of the creek are covered with deceptive ivy which we have all slipped down at one time or another after the tennis balls we have hit over the fence. The creek has three bridges, one wide one which we use all day long going to and from classes, one narrow one behind the Meadowlark house which we use as a short cut to the tea room, and one rather ornamental one surrounded by shrubbery and roses where we take pictures to send home.

But it is not only for the beautiful gardens that we are proud of our college. We are also proud of the things she has accomplished in the eight short years of her existence. Since the first year when there were nine or ten girls, the student body has increased to a hundred and fifty. At first Meadowlands was our only college building; gradually new buildings have been added until now there are Edgehill, two science laboratories, Angelico Hall, a new wing on Meadowlands, and for next year a new residence hall big enough for eighty girls.

The library has grown from a few books kept in locked bookcases in a room too elegant for daily use, to more than fifteen thousand volumes that we ourselves may take from the open shelves of a spacious, lovely room, whose greatest beauty, however, is that it is a place made for daily use.

Important though this visible, material growth has been, there is another far more important aspect of the college's growth, the general recognition it has received. This recognition has been swift and complete. In 1922 Dominican College was placed on the approved list of the University of California; in 1924 it was accredited by the Board of Education to issue teaching certificates; and in November, 1926, it was put on the approved list of the Association of American Universities. This last step is, of course, the highest possible official recognition for an American University.

Although so much has been accomplished, the college is still too young, speaking from the point of view of chronological age, to have

long-established traditions. But we are growing, and each year our traditions are growing, too. There is a certain pleasure, I am sure, in going to a college where traditions are handed down to you from years past, but I wonder if that pleasure can compare with the joy of helping to form the traditions as we are forming them now. When we are old and our granddaughters come to tell us tales of their life here, of shield day, perhaps, or morning assembly or student government or the privileges of upper classmen, we shall smile at them and tell them of when we were here and the college was young and these traditions were being formed, when it lay within our power to choose what things were to become traditions. It is then, when we who are here now are the old, that the college will rivet the memory of the old by its associations.

ROSELLA KEMPER '28

JULIET CLARK

Major: Music

Vice-Pres., Student Body — French Club

Pres., Student Affairs Comm.

Juliet was on the way where duty called, duty to her but to most others charity. She glided along, her body, frail as a spring flower poised, like a dancer's. Her face which is as fine-lined as a cameo reminded one of an old fashioned figure in delicate china. Her clothes, her hair, everything about her was so exquisitely arranged that like the New England Nun she seemed a "veritable guest unto herself." Undoubtedly that is one of the reasons why Juliet is such a perfect hostess to others. In her slender, white hands which are a joy to watch while they are smoothing the pain from a patient's head or are making tiny, exact stitches on a bit of sewing, she carried a tray carefully arranged not for a sick room mate, which would have been duty, but for some one else's room mate, which was kind thoughtfulness.

MARY ELLEN DONAHUE

Major: Music

Sec., Children of Mary
Captain, Hockey Team
Spanish Club
Current Events Club

A tall figure strode along the ravine that leads back from the falls. Her gait was rhythmical; her long arms swung in time with an air that she was humming. Her whole being seemed in tune with the rugged beauty around her, the towering ridges topped with sturdy pines and the stream musically surmounting the opposing stones. As she came nearer, I saw that the skin of her long, thin face was deeply tanned. Kindly blue eyes looked out thoughtfully over the long nose of the artist. Below the nose was a determined mouth and persevering chin. In this rugged setting Mary Ellen could be imagined easily as a member of an Argonaut party, a fearless, resourceful, self-sacrificing, kindly pioneer. Her pleasing, slow drawl fitted her personality when she spoke, "I should love to walk back to the falls with you, but I must hurry home to take a music lesson."

MARY FITZPATRICK

Major: History

Sec., Student Affairs Comm. Current Events Club

Mary came walking down from Edgehill slowly with a sort of dignified dragging of feet. She was neatly and smartly dressed. Although it was raining, one did not expect to see her small feet encumbered with any kind of overshoes. Her beautiful, wavy hair curved damply down over one of her bright eyes, which indicate very plainly the brilliance of mind and sense of humor which are hers. "Humph," she snorted through a nose that seemed to be made for that very ejaculation, "It's a good thing I have a sense of humor. I have to make up fifteen units of work before I graduate, and one and a half of those are sewing. Can you imagine that?" Then "You're interviewing?" she said with a frown such as one makes when blinded by the sun light; "I have led a most uneventful life, and I haven't any idea what the future holds."

CLAIRE GRAHAM

Major: English

Editor, *The Firebrand,* 1926
Editor, *The Meadowlark,* 1927 — English Club
Ass't Editor, *The Firebrand,* 1927 — Biology Club

In the capacity of editor Claire shows an interesting combination of a delightful feminine dependence, and of a desire, even a determination, to be independent. In a very business-like manner she will stride up to a member of her staff to give an assignment. She begins briskly in a firm, imperative tone of voice, but then her innate timidity and modesty get the better of her and she lowers her eyes. When she looks up again there is a child's abashed yet trustful look in them. Or else her lively sense of humor aroused by a recent contribution may raise her low, firm, imperative tone higher and higher until she breaks into unrestrained laughter. Expressing her desire to be practical, Claire frequently has her hair water-waved close to her well-shaped head and wears a boyish sweater, yet as a sophomore she played most convincingly the part of the dainty, little sentimental Julia in the "Rivals." To me Claire seems like a wistaria, by nature a clinging vine, by will power scorning support.

CARLOTTA HAAKINSON

Major: History

Current Events Club — Biology Club

In the library there sauntered silently in front of me a short girl with straight hair parted in the middle. A bit of pink at the throat of her outfit seemed to emphasize the effect of quiet gayness about her. Silently she searched out the sunniest alcove in the library. When she slipped into a chair and curled up over a book with a contented, cozy smile I could not help thinking of my dear little Maltese kitten. I stopped at her side and asked for an interview. Reluctantly she looked up with half-opened eyes. "I really don't know what it is you want me to tell you about myself, but don't ask anybody else about me, will you?" Even her voice was a low, trebly purr. Yet I know that Carlotta hates cats, which suggest to her the comfortable, yet unromantic life of old maids, and loves the sea as much as cats hate the water and love the comforts provided them by old maids.

AGNES HARRINGTON

Major: History
Business Manager, *The Meadowlark* Current Events Club

Agnes was back in her room after a week-end of many social events. "Sure, come on in," she said scowling severely. "Interviewers are always welcome." Her voice was much too good-natured to be effectively sarcastic, but her air of sophistication had a certain withering effect. With beautiful, white hands she removed her hat disclosing a broad forehead with dark hair curled meticulously around her Irish eyes. As she went about preparing for classes she told me jerkily bits of gossip both about the week-end and what she was going to do that day. "I teach today, but I'll be so stunning that surely my principal won't expect my charms to be coupled with a knowledge of arithmetic. Oh yes, you are interviewing," she said laughing with both eyes and voice. "Well, you can put me down as an example of what four years of college can do for a girl who enters as a domestic science major."

KATHERINE HARRINGTON

Major: History

Pres., Senior Class — Current Events Club

Kitty is the president of our class, and a most satisfactory one. She possesses the quality of leadership that really leads and does not try to drive. Gently she draws others by a consuming sincerity that makes her misty blue eyes inspire faith and her set lips confidence. She also has that other essential element of a true leader, approachability. No matter how busy she may be she always has time to devote to the requests of others. Although she does not suffer from an inferiority complex, yet Kitty is modest and unassuming. She does not prate about her engaging qualities but is content to be judged by results; and her results recommend her highly, because, despite her calm and equable exterior, she is capable of emotions strong enough to sustain her as a leader.

HELEN HUGHES

Major: French French Club

As I stopped at the door of one of the music rooms, the beautiful notes of a violin, like a plaintive human voice conjured up in my mind a picture of the musician, probably a fair, spiritual-looking girl, girlishly attired. My fancy was interrupted and thoroughly contradicted when the door was opened by Helen, a tall, dark-eyed girl with her shiny black hair cropped close to her head. Her serious manner, her mannish blue suit, her violin case held in her capable hands gave her a professional air. With no change of expression, she said, "I'm sorry, but I can't give you an interview today. I am going up to see what effect I have on Ruth, and I have to improve my technique in resting."

MARGARET LYDDANE

Major: Spanish Spanish Club

Early in the afternoon Margaret was in her room reading a novel. She was not lounging in a pillowed chair engrossed in the book, but was reading it as she strolled about tidying up the room as if in preparation for going out for the afternoon. Constantly in her high pitched voice she commented on the book or read disconnected sentences and phrases which struck her fancy. Sill reading, she put on her coat and announced that she was going to the movies, that there was a good comedy on. When her quiet room mate reminded her that there was a Spanish examination the next day, she glared out from under her curly hair like an angry Pomeranian. "Can you beat it? This is Thursday, isn't it? Although I am majoring in Spanish, I certainly have a right to forget it once in a while."

ALICE MARTIN

Major: English
Pres., Student Body

Dramatics Club
Chemistry Club

The cap and gown became the president of the Student Body Association as well as the dignity of that office became Alice. The folds of the gown emphasized rather than concealed that stateliness of form that makes her characterization of men's parts so convincing. The dark cap threw into relief her face with the innocence and wistfulness of the Lady in "Comus." One might easily surmise from Alice's appearance that as the dignity of the presidency became her form so the duties became her character, that she would be just yet seeing good in every one, conscientious yet not scrupulous. She was carefully listening to a companion, her lips slightly parted. Her eyes fluttered open in startled surprise, and "Really? Oh no," came in her lingering tone.

JOANNA MAYER

Major: Mathematics

Ass't Editor, *The Firebrand*
Asst's Editor, *The Meadowlark* — Chemistry Club
Day Pupil Representative — English Club

Joanna is youthful, even childish. She seems not to have outgrown her childhood. In her are the disconcerting qualities that are characteristic of no other age of life. She is vividly imaginative, and her imagination is not always controlled by what is practical or real. On hearing of persons she is fain to construct simulacra of them, and then is keenly disappointed when the reality is fantastically unlike her mental picture. After seeing persons, she is inclined to pick out their characteristics and mimic them, yet her own qualities she tries to masque, giving even those who know her well a suspicion that she is withholding something from them. She has a youthful, blunt, brutal lack of reserve that strangely does not seem to offend. She dislikes the superficialities of social life, and prefers the companionship of a few friends in whose presence she tries to be vivacious and entertaining, and whom she has a tendency to worship as heroes. I know that Joanna is, has, and does so, because she is I.

PAULINE NORBOE

Major: History

Fencing Manager — Current Events Club

Pauline was in the tea room at Angelico preparing delicious coffee and toast for the house. When I came in she tried to spoil her sweet expression with a frown and depressed corners of her mouth and to divert my attention from her kindness of heart with, "I have to make coffee for those morons who don't appreciate it. And I have an economics and a history examination tomorrow, too, if you want to know it." When I told her that I should rather know a little about herself, she tucked a stray lock of light brown hair into a generous coil at the nape of her neck and faced me squarely, arms akimbo, "Don't be funny." Then with a laugh in her voice that made her words trebly, "I'm going to be one of the chosen few at Stanford next year."

MARY O'TOOLE

Major: History
Member Executive Board
English Club
Biology Club
Chemistry Club
Current Events Club

There was genuine Southern hospitality at English Club, for Mary was hostess and Mary has all the characteristics of a daughter of Dixie. Leisurely she went about pouring the tea. Graciously she served the cakes. Scrupulously she showed consideration for others by listening carefully when they talked. Although she was not talkative herself, when the conversation lagged she made each one feel that she at least would be interested in her contribution to the discussion. In fact that seemed her peculiar ability, to have a catalytic action on the conversational powers of others. When the five o'clock bell rang Mary said with a slow shake of her head and with a sort of mournful drawl, "It's time for Board meeting, and I dislike particularly going today. I have so many checks." Mary even has a Southerner's regard for honor yet fear of being thought officious.

ROSE RABOLI

Major: History

Treas., Student Body — Current Events Club

Basketball Manager

Rose hurried back from practice teaching in order to be in time for basketball. She had stopped at the library on the way home for material to satisfy her love for reading. In her small, brown hands besides the books she held tenderly pencils and wilted flowers, gifts of her pupils and mute evidence of the lovable characteristics of understanding sympathy and unassuming kindness which the wisdom of children see in her. And now in a few moments she would be showing on the athletic field the admirable qualities of good sportsmanship for which she has established a reputation. As we reached Meadowlands, Rose hospitably invited me into her quiet, well arranged room and there gave still more evidence of being a person in whom one might find the elements of a true friend.

EDNA RAFFETTO

Major: Physical Education Biology Club

"A baby doll," I thought as I saw Edna. Her head was large in proportion to her low stature. Her cheeks were rosy and round. Her dark lashes curled back tightly into a wide awake stare or closed jerkily over her large bright eyes for all the world like a doll's sleeping eyes. Her lips, parted in a winning smile, showed even, pearly teeth. Even her voice had a certain "MaMa" throatiness about it. However, I soon found out that Edna has none of the characteristics of a baby doll, excepting that she has the good nature and patience that dolls must have with their little owners. I learned that she has always taken an active part in athletics at school and that she knows all about calories, anatomies, symptoms, and all the other mysterious things that a future physical education teacher should know.

MARGARET RUDKIN

Major: English

Ass't Editor, *The Meadowlark* — English Club
Ass't Editor, *The Firebrand* — Biology Club

Monie is a poet at college. That explains much. It explains her tendency to radicalism where she can express her individuality without either compromising her intellectual standing or yet be dubbed a romantic dreamer. Yet Monie is a dreamer in a way. She dislikes facts, especially other people's facts, because they insist on taking up the time and place of other things that she likes better. But Monie is not a passive dreamer; her whole being is active. Her slender body has the swift look of an Arab's. Her hazel eyes set far apart above a straight nose are bright with alert intelligence. Her hands are expressive conduits of her thoughts, which explode in her mind like chemical bombs. Her imagination on the slightest provocation goes on terrible explorations and she will offer her dogmatic opinion on any subject, sometimes exemplifying the saying that "poets rush in where scholars fear to tread."

LORRAINE RYAN

Major: History Current Events Club

Down in front of the fireplace in the Meadowlands' living room was a tiny form curled up in a large armchair. The light from the fire brought out the gold in her dusky red hair. She was alone and so still and quiet that I thought that she must be asleep, but when I tiptoed around I saw that her bright eyes were fixed on the flames and that the expression on her face clearly indicated that she was dreaming. Her tinyness of features and form made me surmise that she was dreaming perhaps the dreams of a little girl, of what she would like to be when she grew up, or of home and a little sister of four big brothers. With a start Lorraine became conscious of my presence. "Oh, good gracious. I'll bet that you are writing interviews." Then she confirmed my guess that she had been dreaming little girls' dreams with, "Oh please, Joanna, make me something that I am not."

MARY SHALLUE

Major: French
Member Student Affairs Comm.

Dramatics Club
French Club

After the play, "Twelfth Night," I found Mary at the back of the stage still costumed. Far from being in a state of exhaustion after her animated portrayal of the role of Viola, she even showed signs of exhilaration. She was darting backward and forward, going through such antics as made her a successful cheer leader when she was a freshman. She leaned forward and, with a mischievous light flashing in her eyes, urged the cast in a confidential tone of voice to give three cheers for the audience. When I made my wish to interview known, she approached patting ostentatiously her already perfect coiffure and with a half-amused, half-cynical smile cocked her mouth into a zig-zag under her perfect nose. To my inquiry as to what role in all of her dramatic career best suited her she replied without hesitation, "Comus."

KATE TRAVIS

Major: Music

Spanish Club

That appearances may lead one astray is exemplified in Kate. She is slender. Her movements are as swift as a hummingbird's. Her hair is dark and stiff and unruly. Her expression is alert and active. She has about her a look of a spirited young colt that loves to gallop and frisk over the sun-bright fields all day in the joyful companionship of others. However, quite to the contrary, Kate is inclined to passivity and reflection. It is not unusual for her to spend the night in solitary contemplation, to read a novel before breakfast, and then not to eat any breakfast but to go to sleep. Only when she is in very good humor does she seem to enjoy entertaining others by cleverly telling their fortunes. For, you see, Kate is a mystic—and also a mystery not to be solved from external appearances.

RUTH WILLIAMS

Major: Music

Pres., Children of Mary
French Club
Biology Club
Current Events Club

The auditorium was filled with the parents and friends of the graduating class of 1927. In the front row in cap and gown and bachelor's hood with their tassels already changed to the left sat twenty seniors. The curtain on the stage parted and Ruth, the twenty-first senior, stepped forward. She blinked very rapidly her misty, blue eyes and tightened her smiling lips until the deep dimple in her chin almost disappeared. On the whole Ruth had the appearance of a well-balanced, sensible girl who would be capable of sustained energetic action but would also know how to relax even into trivialities on the proper occasion. The organist touched a key. Ruth stepped forward, blinked again very rapidly, and sang in her remarkably beautiful contralto voice, "Farewell."

JOANNA MAYER '27

LYDIA, THE JUNIOR

LYDIA had developed a sense of responsibility. She could not have told you when or how she had achieved it —but she had it—of that there could be no doubt. And after all it was the most logical thing in the world to have developed. By the time one is a junior in college, one certainly should have a sense of responsibility. In sophomore days a sense of responsibility was a thing to be laughed at in others and hidden in oneself; but now things were entirely different. Then she had denied vehemently that there was any more difference between the sophomore and junior years than there was between the freshman and sophomore years. Yet, now she saw very clearly that there was a *great* difference. Last year she had fought and argued against such a big difference in privilege between the sophomores and juniors, but she saw it all now. She used to despise the upper classman for saying, as they did so often when she was rebelling, that "when she

was an upper classman she would see," but now she did see, and she in turn was telling other lower classmen to wait until they were juniors, and they, too, would see.

One day at noon, Lydia was having a discussion with a fellow classmate of the reasons why one did get a sense of responsibility and the seriousness of life in one's junior year and of the secret about the transition between the sophomore and junior years that caused such a change in attitude.

"It's rather hard to put your finger on it, isn't it?" Lydia said. "Perhaps it's because by the time you get to be a junior, you've put a lot of yourself into the place and you know a place always means a lot more to you when you've put a lot of yourself into it. And, another thing, you aren't going to stand by and let somebody else come along and undo all your work if you can help it."

"Yes, that's why we've a different attitude toward lower classmen. We're afraid they won't do things as we have done them," said the friend.

"It seems queer about the lower classmen doesn't it?" Lydia went on. "It doesn't seem possible that we were as young as the freshmen when we came. The funniest thing happened the other night; we asked two of them to play bridge with us and they were scared to death. I used to be scared of the upper classmen when I was a freshman, but the idea of my inspiring fear in the heart of anyone seems ridiculous."

"We really have grown up," said the friend, "that's responsible for our attitude because after all that's what growing up is—having changes in your attitude."

"Well, I must go over before class and see if I got a package," Lydia said, getting up to go. She walked down the hall feeling quite grown up and responsible. She met Kate Sullivan and Peggy coming down the stairs.

"Hello, Kate," Lydia said, "how's the apple business?"

"Pretty good; I'm going over to sell them now; you had better come along and buy one."

"I'll be over a little later; I've got to get my books first."

"Well, don't forget your nickle."

"You'd trust me wouldn't you, Peggy?"

"Sure," smiled Peggy and ran on down the stairs to help Kate sell apples.

Lydia walked up the stairs thinking, "Yes, we do grow up; there's Kate, president of the Athletic Association, selling apples to send a representative to the convention—Loretta probably, because she is the incoming president. Kate always had been good, though; she had kept the class going in freshmen days and put "Patience" over as the great feat of the year. Mary Wagner is class president now and there are whispers of greater things for Mary next year. Everybody likes Mary; she's always the same to everybody."

Lydia got her books and started over for the mail boxes. Frances overtook her on the bridge.

"Hello, Frances. Why the hurry?"

"I'm going over to supervise a basketball practice," she answered, "don't forget to come out tonight," and she hurried on.

Lydia nodded to herself. "There is someone else who's grown up and always working at something or other for gym. She's always going out or getting other people to come out." In her preoccupation she almost ran into Mary King who was walking along doing French.

"Hello, Mary."

"Hello, Lydia," Mary drawled, "have you done your French? I have ten more pages to do before two o'clock and I have a one o'clock now."

Lydia walked on over and looked at the list of people who had received packages, and not finding her name there, she turned to Mildred and said in a questioning tone, though she hadn't really expected one. "No package for me today?"

Mildred smiled, shook her head, and answered, as though she really had thought Lydia might get a package, "No, nothing for you, today."

Lydia turned around and met Berenice coming down the steps from the book-press,

looking worried and cross. "My physics book isn't here; how am I ever going to get through that course if my book doesn't come? I only got a B-plus last month. It makes me sick."

Lydia started over to Angelico to class thinking, "Here is a junior doing advanced physics. That is another thing about being a junior. You begin to do the things you are interested in and don't have to worry about stupid requirements."

From the window of Angelico came the words of Oberon and Titania in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. "There is another example of doing the work you like," thought Lydia, "look at the work Ione and Albea are doing in dramatics, and they are getting some place, too. It is nice to begin to accomplish things."

"Lydia, Lydia! Wait for me!"

Lydia turned around and saw Marcella dashing up. "Let's go climb a mountain, it's such a glorious day."

"Sorry, I've got a class."

"Oh, too bad. Well, I'll go practice," and she was off again.

Just as Lydia was going into Angelico, Bernice and Alice hailed her. "Hello, Lydia, have you heard the latest about the dance? We're going to have it, you know," said Bee.

"Who are you going to ask?" Alice asked.

"I don't know yet; maybe I'll get you to get me a blind date."

"Issie's running it, isn't she?" Bee asked.

"Yes," Lydia answered. "I have to go to class now," and she went on in to Angelico thinking, "We certainly are growing up. Here we are really entertaining and managing the whole thing ourselves."

In the class room Lydia sat down and looked around her. There were Irma and Katie Dowd and Marie and Natalie all listening to the lecture with all their attention. Lydia nodded approvingly, and thought, "Freshmen could never listen like that. It certainly is nice being a junior," and opening her binder she, too, began to take notes.

ROSELLA KEMPER, '28.

THE SOPHOMORES AS THEOPHRASTUS SEES THEM

(With Apologies to Theophrastus)

THEOPHRASTUS sat upon a hard rock on one of the hills that surround the college like a horse shoe. Was he divining the glorious future of the college, as he bent forward with his white bearded chin resting in his hands, or was he still searching with his perspicacious eye, some new character to sketch on his parchment roll?

I wondered and so I questioned him.

"It is strange, Theophrastus, that you should be sitting in this solitary place, and in this century. Didn't you die centuries ago—then how is it that you sit here now?"

He smiled, "It is my spirit that you see."

I tried to touch his arm, but it was as air, and I could feel only the cold rock beneath my fingers.

"But," he continued, "this parchment is real. For years"—and his eyes seemed to pierce through the centuries—"I have re-

mained among the shades, indifferent to the men on the other side of the Acheron. But lately such a noise has risen from the earth, such laughing, such music, that the other spirits, uneased with curiosity, have urged me to come to the earth to learn of its cause. I have been on the earth now for several months, and I have noted with peculiar interest the women's colleges. In the past I wrote solely about men because at that time men alone seemed worth considering, but now I have written about women alone, because at present in my old age, they amuse me most. I have wondered and probably I shall never cease wondering, why this is so. I have looked at human nature for a long time, Catherine, I am centuries old, and I have been familiar with many people of every sort. Since I have already set down in writing the behavior of every sort of man, I will now show you class by class the different kinds of characters which young women fall under, and I will show you how the different students of the Dominican College fall into these types.

"Now I come to my parchment roll; it is for you to follow me and see if what I say is correct. I shall begin with the Sophomore class because it is unique in interest and variety of character."

I tried to lean on his shoulder and glance at the parchment, forgetting that he was a spirit and I fell hard against the rock. My spirit within me then mingled with his and I saw the things he saw. I became astonished that I could read lines written in Greek—for the shades for whom he was writing knew only that tongue. I tried to translate the pages I saw, and, although the translation be poor, it runs thus:

THE JOVIAL STUDENT

The jovial student, in general terms, is one who laughs and learns. Katherine McAfee is this sort of person. She is usually seen by her desk, translating Latin. Perhaps there is something humorous in what she is reading, because she smiles and appears to see the enjoyable side—even of Latin. She does not study over-conscientiously and yet she always

finishes her work. It is because she enjoys doing it.

In short it seems that the jovial student is the one who gets the most out of college life.

The Good Sport

The good sport may be defined as one who greets you heartily and is ever ready to join the crowd. Tudy Bannan is this sort of person. She walks along comfortably with a perpetual smile. She meets you somewhere and her smile expands across her face. If there is a dance, the good sport is there, shifting lightly along to the syncopated pounding. If there is a game she is cheering with all her spirit. On picnics she is laughing and entertaining and in the class room she is witty.

In short, the good sport is the one who enjoys life and tries to help others to enjoy it, too.

The Chatter-Box

The chatter-box is one who is incessantly wound up and whose supply of knowledge apparently never gives out. Gladys Wrenn is this sort of person. When coming from class

she relates with quick, staccato, breath-drawn tones in C sharp major, the entire procedure of her last class. She tells humorously the little witticism the professor made, and the stupid remark of the absent-minded student. Almost everything amuses the chatter-box from Noah's Ark to Latin verbs. She enjoys sharing her mirth with her companions and can't do it quickly enough. She fears her listener might walk away, so she holds her back with a pencil that has just kept time on her book with the conversation, and says, "Listen dearie."

In short, the chatter-box has a bubbling gift of speech which, at times, is seasoned with delicious humor.

The Ambitious Student

The ambitious student is one whose mind is concentrated on habitual study for a certain object. Jean Christianer is this sort of person. She strives for perfection in every subject and therefore spends every odd moment with her head in a book and her lips moving incessantly. On the way to meals, she rehearses a

scene from the dramatic club, or recites correctly and positively the dates of the different crusades. When the meal is finished and others are talking about social affairs, the ambitious student is conscientiously conjugating a Latin verb.

In short, the ambitious student is going to get what she is aiming for, regardless of time and steep hills.

The Joker

The joker is one who seemingly walks on the light side of life and misses the steepness on the other side.

Marguerite Rinn is this sort of person. Her classes amuse her and when others are worried about the length of a particular assignment, she sits back as in a theater, chuckles and says, "My! the prof is feeling gay." At house meetings the joker listens to her own name read out as if she enjoyed the sound of it, while others delight in avoiding the list. If you give the affirmative answer to her question as to whether you have done your English or not, she slaps you lightly on the back and says

laughingly, "You would, you're just the type."

In short it seems the joker never worries; she is always optimistic.

The Conscientious Student

The conscientious student is one who always says, "Yes, I've done it," when everybody else says, "I didn't have time." Maureen McInerny is this sort of person. When asked at the breakfast table if she has finished her Latin, she sighs sweetly, looks up out of the corners of her eyes, and whispers, "Oh, my dear, indeed! and I stayed up so late trying to finish it—it was rather difficult, you know!" (One feels that the Latin book is rather a mean sort of thing to make so fair a creature stay up late.) The conscientious student is not only anxious about her lessons, but also about the welfare of other people. She warns them not to drink too much coffee, lest they get nervous, she advises them not to stay up all night and she worries if anyone is in trouble.

In short, the conscientious student is ever dependable in her work and generous in her sympathy toward others.

Miss Prim

Miss Prim is one who is precise to almost a point of perfection in her work and her appearance. Margaret Strong is this sort of person. Her work is not only complete but exact. She is usually seen in the chemistry or biology laboratory, working interestedly over an experiment. Miss Prim takes life in a cool, calm and pleasant way, and always sees the humorous side of a question. Her appearance is as exact as her work and she seems to have just stepped out of *Vogue*.

In short, Miss Prim is thorough in a painless way, interesting and cheerful as if by habit.

The Obliging Person

The obliging person is one who always has time for the duties and the kindly services that no one else has time for. Carmel McGlinchey is this sort of person. When the telephone rings endlessly for the deaf Freshmen, the obliging person answers it. She brings the basketballs to the gym and sees that everything "gets going." When someone wants candy, she leaves her work, gets her keys, and

opens the press. If someone is laden with books the obliging person begs to carry half of them. When parties are over, she straightens the disorder others fail to see.

In short, the obliging person is always cheerfully ready to help others.

The Big Hearted Person

The big-hearted person is one who is forever trying to make others happy by helping them. Grace Costello is this sort of person. When she sees you at a distance she calls out your name, overwhelms you with greetings and clasps you with both hands. She is always ready to do a favor and she is always planning pleasant surprises for her friends. She is generous with her compliments and thus gives a new point of view to those suffering from inferiority complexes. She knows a loquacious person when she sees one, but nevertheless, listens to her with seeming interest, and at odd moments, ejaculates, "Oh heavens! You don't mean it! Really?"

In short, the big hearted person is kind and generous and always takes a pleasant interest in others.

The Sophisticated Musician

The sophisticated musician is one who knows and appreciates music in an independent, calm and unassuming manner. Agnes Temple is this sort of person. Her knowledge and appreciation make her choice in her selection. She is one who goes to a concert and listens in a cool and critical way, and she is one who plays at a concert in that same cool way. When she is in a garrulous crowd she cuts the chatter with her short witticisms. One is likely to think that the sophisticated musician is quiet, whereas she is only serious. She does not say much, but she expects to be listened to and not argued with.

In short, the sophisticated musician knows her work and is independent of public opinion.

The Flapper

The flapper is the modern girl who is consciously pretty, coquettish and feminine, and she loves beauty and affection. Kathleen Cahill is this sort of person. Her major interests are silks, crepe de chine, pastel colors, perfumes and handsome boys. She is one to

be seen at a theater, a dance, or on a picnic, laughing and playing up to the situation. The flapper is also affectionate with her associates; she sympathizes with them and is willing to help those she is interested in.

In short, the flapper with her conscious beauty is gay, entertaining and lovable.

Now it began to grow dark and I could scarcely read, so I hurried over the pages. I remember that there was laughing Noel McCauley as the "Happy Go Lucky Person," serious Helen Raven as the "Unique Artist," quiet, wilful Anne Milisich as the "Temperamental Lady Fair," and tall, dark, slim Alice Pfitzer as the "Sophisticated Athlete;" Madeleine Currey was the "Conscientious Musician," and Florence Bagley the "Quiet Student." Jessie May O'Brien was "A Very Nice Person," and Aunitta Baird, "Fragile Miss Vanity Fair." I strained my eyes to read, but the parchment seemed to turn into mist. The last name I saw was Anne Stoll, but what he had written about her I was forced to leave to my imagination.

CATHERINE WEMPE '29.

FRESHMAN ASSEMBLY

THE long room was dark and quiet. The moon, pausing in her climb to mid-heaven, sent a few inquisitive rays in over the low window sills as if to see what important or mysterious thing was going on there in the dusk. By the dim light there seemed at first nothing unusual about the large, half empty room, with a low stage furnished with a piano, table and three chairs at one end, and below the stage a bare expanse of polished floor with the moon glow shining on it in patches and outlining the two rows of stiff chairs flanking the walls on either side. It was just an hour before midnight. The moon slipped behind a brief cloud for a moment, then, as if at a signal, the pale dimness was resumed and the room seemed stiffly silent as before. But listening intently you felt there was a difference. The short instant of darkness had broken a secret charm. Perhaps this was the May eve when fairyland gives life to all inanimate things, when houses talk to one another across the streets, and furniture and bric-a-brac and all the manufactured things

that serve men are allowed to break their mechanical silence for an hour. Certainly there was a vague creak and rustle through the expectant silence of the room, a low monotonous murmur that might have come from cane seats and chairbacks. Suddenly the room seemed mysteriously alive as though a witch's spell had been removed and life given to the staid shadows. The marshalled chairs shook themselves stiffly after their long vigil, and drew together creaking enthusiastically in odd unreal voices. The table on the stage lost its official air and turned wearily toward the piano which was whispering complaint in a low minor key. The squeak of voices raised in noisy argument came loudest from the group of chairs to the right below the stage where they had broken ranks altogether and become more and more animated. Hearing them, the piano struck a staccato note for silence, but was disregarded. The table waved a nonchalant leg and explained, "It is only those Freshmen chairs. They're always noisy, no use checking them. Rowdy lot!"

"The fairies warned us to talk more quietly

when we came to life this year," objected the piano in F minor, adding in high C, "Freshmen! Silence, if you please!" But the boisterous little group of chairs merely laughed and went on talking louder than ever. Through the hum of voices, words and sentences became distinguishable. A chair in the first row, labelled Pat Colby, was haughtily admonishing its neighbor, "Be quiet. That's the president's chair just behind you. Yes, Marcella Lawler sits there. Of course the chair has caught that harassed look from her. always trying to keep the freshmen in order, poor girl. She's a wonderful——"

"Quiet!" interrupted a noisy, disreputable looking chair. "You wouldn't be quiet if you only had one hour a year to complain about Mildred! She has no consideration for me at all. All winter long I am covered with mud from her goloshes. They are three sizes too big for her and flop around her feet with an air of loose depravity that is torture to my sensitive soul."

"Too bad," sympathized a neat, correctly placed little chair next to Mildred's. "I am

more fortunate. You would never guess that Isabel Hudson were anything so strenuous as hockey captain, would you? It is a pleasure to hold anyone so small and dainty."

"It's nice to be used by a girl as good-natured as Constance Crowley, too," remarked a cheerful chair down the line.

Isabel's chair was saved from replying by a singular commotion among the front chairs nearest the stage. A chair had fainted and collapsed with an awkward crash on the floor where it lay in a tangled mass of legs. A confused murmur of exclamations and advice came from the others, while June Grantley's chair turned its feet up so the sap could run to its head. Patricia Stanton's chair in the back shouted an excited explanation.

"That's Janet Blethen's chair. It has been on the verge of a nervous breakdown all term just from the effort of containing Janet and her various possessions for ten minutes every morning. The strain was too great. No wonder the poor thing fainted."

Janet's chair, recovering consciousness, was helped to an upright position, where it

stood swaying giddily, and deliriously babbling an ode from Horace, punctuated by requests for nourishment. The piano on the platform played an appreciative melody, and quiet was gradually restored. A tall, gracefully rakish chair with a brown leather jacket flung over its back was shrieking a stream of vicious if halting French to its neighbor and paying no attention to vain cries of "Alice Duffy! Duffy, cease!" that came from surrounding chairs. Just then a voice spoke loudly from some dark corner of the room.

"Your magic hour lasts but ten minutes more," it said. "Speak quickly, for when the last stroke of twelve sounds, you will fall under the spell of silence!"

The conversation broke out again in awed and hurried tones. A coquettish little chair announced merrily, "Well, I won't mind being a log of wood again as long as I have Steve's latest week-end conquests to listen to Monday mornings! They are more fun than a serial." The general laughter was drowned by a demand in Marcella's best style from the presidential chair.

"We will sing the class song before the hour is over. Ask the piano to play. Will Maxine Shea's chair please lead?"

The chair referred to agreed with alacrity and stalked out into the aisle facing the others with one leg raised for attention. The piano began to pound out the class song and all the chairs, for once obeying the frenzied instructions of their cheer leader, burst into song. Maxine's chair in the foreground balanced on two legs and furiously kept time with the other two. The song squeaked to a finish, and a wooden silence fell. Somewhere outside a clock began slowly to toll midnight.

One, two, three struck and the chairs imperceptibly moved into place and stiffened. Four, five, six, and the piano was rigid and mute. Seven, eight, and Frances Thiercof's chair stifled a last giggle. Nine, ten, and Alsacia Wren's chair settled into unwelcome immobility. Eleven, and Hannah's chair boomed out brightly, "Three cheers for the Freshmen!" Twelve.

ELIZABETH SPLIVALO, '30.

SONNET

That love's inevitable I have denied,
And scoffed the stories proving love is fate
Revealed. Love does no more than compensate
Our death. The poets here again have lied.
For Helen's beauty crumpled Ilium's pride
Of men and towers, and not love but hate
Killed Hector riding out the Scaen gate,
And buried Paris by Scamander's side.

Because their need of love is loneliness,
Men see in their desire the high gods' choice,
And so in blindness lean on Fortune's strength.
Now am I caught in this unhappy press
And hear down Reason's empty halls my voice
Crying, "Beloved, you must come at length."

MONIE RUDKIN, '27.

MEMOIRS OF AN EX-VESTAL

POOR OLIVIA. I sigh even yet, here in the palace of the Emperor, when I think how Fortune smiled on me and not on her. Surely we did not in youth either tempt or win the Goddess with our intentions, for we were too young to have intentions when we became Vestal virgins together at the age of six. How well I remember Olivia as she stood by my side before the college of Pontifices, awaiting the ceremony of acceptance. She was a tall, fair girl with gleaming golden hair. The pride of her ancestry, the noble Olivian line, flashed in her clear blue eyes. Her tightly set ruby lips were a much more aesthetic expression of firmness of character than was my prominent chin, which together with my broad forehead and square-cut facial outline proclaimed my yeoman ancestry. The Pontifex Maximus, the Emperor himself now since the days of Augustus, made a sign. Olivia glided forward with the poised step of a dancer. The Pontifex took her milk white hand and pronounced

the words, "Amata, Olivia cepi." Then in a clear voice, singularly rich for a child of six, she pronounced the vows of a vestal for the thirty years after which she could leave and even marry if she chose. Little did Olivia then think that she would ever so choose.

Happy were those thirty years that we were Vestals. Together during the first ten years we were taught our duties: to carry water from the sacred spring and sprinkle Vesta's temple, to keep her perpetual fire, to guard the priceless Palladium brought from Troy by Aeneas. Together in the next ten years we practised those duties and enjoyed the extraordinary privileges of Vestals: riding in a special carriage, watching the games from special seats, attended by special slaves. But toward the end of the third ten-year period, when together we were teaching the young Vestals, Olivia began to grow restive.

Restlessness was in the air. The peace established by Augustus was being disturbed by military revolutions and migrations of barbarians. At Rome rumors were going about

that a new sect was plotting to burn the city. Everywhere corruption was rampant. Nero had just completed his Gold Palace, and daily there came unbelievable stories of prodigality in luxury.

Olivia began to think of leaving the Vestals at the expiration of her vows. Possessed of a nature that was incapable of enjoying idleness she actually dreaded the entire cessation of Vestal duties and the commencement of complete enjoyment of Vestal honors. She felt that her influence was needed in the world. She thought that she might even reform the court if she could gain a position in the palace. To attain this, however, the only influence she had, her ancestry, was useless; positions were bought, not inherited, nor even merited since the days of the emperors. I also should have liked to live at the court, although for different motives, but I had even less chance than Olivia.

An announcement that the Emperor was to choose ten of the most beautiful women of the city for his court brought joy then to Olivia

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and sorrow to me. My homeliness precluded any hope of my being chosen. The thought of losing my companion grieved me. I pointed out to Olivia that it was only right that now we should reap the fruits of our thirty years of service, great honors and no duties in Vesta's temple; while at the Court, on the other hand, short lived prominence was generally ended by the Emperor's invitation to partake of the poison cup. Olivia would not listen. She was looking for good to be done, not honors to be enjoyed.

After that I bent every effort to assist Olivia to attain her desire by trying to help her to be chosen. I bribed a personal servant of the Emperor's to tell me his lord's secret preference in beauty, flaming red hair and chalked white cheeks. For an extra bribe I secured the never-before-divulged (so the servant said) information that the Emperor was especially fond of purple mantles folded deeply across the breast. I sent for a beauty specialist and together we finally convinced Olivia that compliance with the Emperor's tastes was her only hope.

On the day of the choice together we entered the palace, Olivia embarrassed with the unaccustomed cosmetics and habiliments but

happy in the thought of her future work, I sad at the thought of separation from Olivia and a little envious of her future surroundings. As we were ushered into the Emperor's presence, some one announced that the tenth and last choice was then to take place. The nine chosen ones stood at the foot of the throne, nine flaming red heads, nine chalked white faces, nine purple mantles folded deeply across the breast. Dazed by the sight, yet perceiving at a glance that Olivia was far more beautiful than any of the chosen ones, I almost ran forward in my eagerness to present Olivia. Half-way up the room I was struck motionless with the Emperor's words, "Here's a Vestal for my tenth choice. No more red heads. I must have some one I can distinguish as the leader." "But, Olivia," I said weakly as I turned to point her out. She was gone. I never saw her again.

Years later I heard of Olivia. She was a deaconess in the Christian sect working good among the miserable slaves, while I lived in ease and luxury at the Emperor's palace—all because Fortune smiled on me. Yet at times I wonder if it was not a cynical smile."

MARY HELEN MAYER, '26

MATHEMATICS AND MYSTICISM

AT first glance nothing could seem more unrelated than mathematics, the science of magnitude, measure and number and mysticism, the inward perceiving in advance of capacity to reduce perception to the terms of objective intelligence. However, on closer consideration it can be seen that mathematics (at least higher, pure mathematics) is not all concerned with magnitude and that mysticism, at least the natural mysticism that is a capacity to discern truth independently of flesh and blood, admits of training and development. Of course, I do not mean to imply that any endowment of mathematical genius or any amount of training in mathematics could produce the supernatural mysticism of a Saint Teresa. That mysticism is, as Gerson defines it, "the experimental knowledge of God born of unitive love." That mysticism is purely a gift of God and cannot any more be produced by personal effort than a gardener can insure the rainfall by digging. However, even the

greatest saintly mystics have taught that every one can and should cultivate the ground for this grace and make it fit to receive the heavenly showers. In this sense I think that mathematics can be an effective preparation for mystical experience, so that even if it is not granted to us to retire within ourselves, taking nothing with us but pure desire to see truth, yet we can learn how to take within us an imperfectly conceived idea and come out with a better understood truth.

Certainly in their psychological aspects mathematics and mysticism have their parallels, for the object of both is great truths clothed in austere grandeur, an object far above the purposes of immediate convenience and profit. In them both our limited understandings approach nearest to the conception of the absolute and the infinite. To approach this concept in mystical experience, one of the conditions is the elimination of all unnecessary images and thoughts. Mathematics gives excellent training in thought economy. Strange as it may seem, the very strength of

mathematics lies in the avoidance of all unnecessary thought.

Mathematicians and mystics have in common furthermore a difficulty in expressing their inborn thoughts. Truth, appearing in the formless inner life, appears divested of all but its own fire, naked even of words. Mathematicians and mystics have turned their eyes so much inward to see everything in this dryest light and have so trained themselves in habits of internal and impersonal reflection that it becomes difficult for them to touch on these matters in words that appeal to their fellow men. Hence both the mathematician and the mystic try to express their mental concepts in diagrams and symbols which have easier correspondence with ideas than words have, and considering the comparison from another point of view, we recall that Lejeune in *An Introduction to the Mystical Life* names as the dispositions necessary for mystical contemplation perseverance, recollection, and humility. From a mere glance at the lives of great mathematicians we can see that

these dispositions are almost invariably exemplified there. Plutarch says that the wonderful discoveries of Archimedes were due to his incredible, untiring efforts, and it is ironically told of Newton that he was so recollected that one time when he was entertaining company he left the table to get a bottle of wine and on his way to the cellar forgot his company, went to his room, put on his surplice and proceeded to chapel. But Newton's humility is shown in his words, "I seem as a boy playing with shells on the seashore while the great ocean of truth lies all undiscovered before me."

In Keyser's description of the home of mathematics we can summarize the similarities of the fields of mathematics and mysticism. It is in the inner world, where there is an infinite ensemble of eternal verities, that the spirit of mathematics lives and has its home. It is an illuminated world, illumined by psychic light. It is a silent world, yet its perfect fusion of mode and meaning surpasses music. It is a home rich in aesthetic inter-

ests, really controlled and sustained by motives of a sublimed and supersensuous art. It is a world where the religious aspiration finds, especially in the beautiful doctrine of invariants, the most perfect symbols of what it seeks, the changeless in the midst of change.

JOANNA MAYER '27.

QUIET.

There is a gift for mortals stolen long
Times past by fairies from the fanes
Of gods; you find it still in country lanes
Between the halting notes of a bird's song.
Or else it broods in empty houses lent
To ghosts, and makes each sound, each single creak
Of hanging shutters, each loud causeless squeak
Of unused floors, a thing of dire portent.
It is a magic thing, a spell, a charm,
Found when green waves wait, poised before they crash,
And in dead trees stiff before the wind's lash
And in the sudden peace after a storm.
They call this quiet; 'tis an echo sweet
To the mad gallop of the world's loud feet.

ELIZABETH SPLIVALO, '30.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENNA

VERY often, from lives of the saints written by various religious authors whose credulous piety exceeds their powers of reasoning, we are sent away either in despair, irritation or unseemly mirth. But when we are repelled by a characterization of a person who in life strongly attracted others, the fault lies with the writer rather than the Saint. Biographers who insist almost entirely on the miraculous and supernatural and twist or leave out the human and more understandable qualities of holy lives, usually end by giving us a poor notion of the saints as people. They canonize their saints at their baptismal font, venerate them in their cradles and generally turn them into awesome creatures the reader has difficulty in believing ever were human. So inhumanly perfect are some of the medieval saints made to appear in their biographies that, for the reader, the most extraordinary thing about them is that their contemporaries found anything lovable in these synthetic characters made up of all the

virtues offset only by one or two pale sins which in an ordinary human being might pass for indifferent acts. Such biographies are nothing more than pious fairy tales. The beings who move through them are so remote from us in their cold sanctity that we are hard put to find in them anything comprehensible, let alone anything attractive. The power of attraction they had, for even the most wayward, savours to us of a benevolent magic which could flourish in a medieval age but would most certainly languish in modern times.

As a matter of fact their sanctity and their winsomeness came, like as not, from blended elements in their characters. Catherine of Sienna is one of these saints whose holiness and charm both came from one quality in her character: the genius of Catherine's charm as a woman and her power as a saint lay in the mystical passion for souls that was the expression of her love of God. Although she saw visions and had ecstasies, performed miracles and uttered prophecies, and even received the

stigmata, her sainthood is not founded on these things, nor is it based on her excessive mortifications, although she scourged her body with disciplines, wore an iron chain drawn so tightly that it cut into her flesh, broke long fasts with a scanty diet of bread and uncooked vegetables, slept but half an hour every other day, and then on a bed of rough planks with a piece of wood for a pillow. Her confessor and biographer, Fra Raimondo delle Vigne of Capua, loses for a moment his usual discernment when he writes of Saint Catherine's extreme penances and declares of them, "They should also prove the admirable virtue of Catherine and that the Church may say of her without injury to her saints 'We find none like her'." The Church may indeed say "we find none like her," but her distinction rests on a sounder principle than that of bodily discipline. Mortification was to her an expression of her spirit and a means of exercising her love of God, natural enough in medieval times and, as such, it was a consolation to her. Catherine wrote, "I have chosen suffering as my conso-

lation," and explained this by writing later, "... my great consolation is to suffer, because I am aware that by suffering I shall obtain a more perfect view of God."

Through her suffering Catherine sought closer union with Christ, by offering it for the same end for which Christ Himself suffered —that is, the redemption of souls through atonement. Catherine often took upon herself the responsibility of atoning for the sins of another. She could not endure the thought of her father's soul burning in purgatory, and when he was dying she begged the Lord to let her expiate his sins in this world so that he would not have to pass through purgatorial fire. Christ spoke to her in a vision and granted her wish. Before her father died she assured him of his eternal salvation. Fra Raimondo tells us, "At the instant his spirit quitted his body, Catherine was attacked with an acute pain in her side which she endured without relaxation until the day of her death." Catherine's eagerness to do penance for sins not her own depended, however,

on no mere personal love or family ties. How completely she sank all her human affections in her profound mystical love comes out in the one small phrase she repeated over her eight little nieces and nephews who had died in one of the plagues. As Catherine bathed and dressed each of the little dead bodies she had loved so dearly in life, she said, "This one, at least, I shall not lose." Each one would always be safe for her with her Beloved in whom she had loved them all.

No one but Christ Himself has given more royally of impartial charity than Catherine. In his *Contestatio,* Pietro di Giovanni Venturo tells how Catherine at their first meeting induced him to confess, saying, "Pietro, I will take all thy sins upon myself, and do penance for them, and make satisfaction for them instead of thee."

Catherine never questioned whether or not a soul deserved such a wealth of spiritual generosity. To Girard du Pay, Abbot of Marmontier, whom Edmond Gardiner calls "that detestable monk," Catherine wrote, "I,

your unworthy daughter, have taken and will take the debt of your sins upon myself, and we shall burn yours and mine together in the fire of sweet charity, where they are consumed."

This charity prompted her to obtain from Christ a promise to help her save souls. "Remember Lord," she reminded Him, "Thou didst promise to aid me in saving souls; I have no other consolation but that of seeing them return to thee; it is the only circumstance that renders me capable of enduring Thy absence." She not only loved souls in Christ, but even as Christ loved them, so did Catherine. One of her visions explains, better than anything else, her attitude toward God and man. She had repeated the Prophet's prayer, "Create within me, O God, a new heart," when Christ appeared to her and opening her side drew out her heart. In another vision a few days later the Lord again came to her bearing a fiery heart in his hand.

"Daughter," He said, "the other day I took thy heart; today I give thee Mine, and this will henceforward serve thee."

And always after that when Catherine prayed she said, "My God, I recommend to Thee Thy heart."

Another time Christ gave her His will, saying, "I give thee My will, and this shall be the proof of it, that no exterior heart can trouble thee or change thee."

Fra Raimondo assures us, "From that moment Catherine was satisfied in every circumstance and occurrence, and no event, however contradictory, ever disturbed her."

From this deep serenity of Catherine's men drew peace into their own unquiet hearts. In her tranquility

"She was lyk to torche bright
That every man may take of light
Ynough, and hit hath never the lesse."

Even while she was a tiny girl she had given people a strange, sweet pleasure. Her mother had a time keeping her best beloved little daughter at home. Her relatives and neighbors were always borrowing Catherine for the day because of the delight they had in her companionship. They called her "Eu-

frosina," which means joy, satisfaction. All her life Catherine kept the power this name implies. No matter how severe she might be with herself, to others she was always "Eufrosina"—one who not only had spiritual contentment herself but could impart it to others. Fra Raimondo describes this quality of Catherine's. "Verily," he writes, "the wisdom and prudence of her talk, the sweetness of her holy conversation, nor tongue nor pen could easily describe. Those alone know it who experience it. Not only her speech, but also her whole bearing had a strange power, whereby the minds of men were in such wise drawn to good and to delight in God, that all sadness was excluded from the hearts of those who conversed with her, and every mental weariness was driven out; nay, even the memory of all troubles departed, and so unwonted and so great a tranquility of soul took its place, that each one, marvelling at himself, rejoiced with a new sort of joy, saying in his mind, 'It is good for us to be here, let us make here three tabernacles.' "

No other Saint has so loved the souls of men in Christ. She would have liked to expiate if possible the sins of the universe. Once she prayed, "Lord, give me all the pains and all the infirmities that there are in the world, to bear in my body; I am fain to offer Thee my body in sacrifice, and to bear all for the world's sins, that Thou mayest spare it and change its life to another." In the burning intensity and vast longing of her charity, a life of physical suffering or death itself was too little a sacrifice. She was ready to give up her hope of heaven for the fires of hell, if by such an exchange she might gain the eternal salvation of others.

"Better were it for me," she prayed, "that all should be saved, and I alone (saving ever Thy charity) should sustain the pains of hell, than that I should be in Paradise and all they perish damned." Catherine could not bear to think that one of the souls she regarded with such divine jealousy might be lost.

Fra Raimondo records another prayer of hers: "If Thy truth and Thy justice per-

mitted it, I would that hell were utterly destroyed, or at least that no soul ever more should descend thither and if (so I were still united to Thy charity) I were put over the mouth of hell to close it, in such wise that none should ever more enter it, much would I rejoice, so that all my neighbors might be saved."

Catherine's neighbors were all the people of the earth. In no less degree than Saint Francis of Assissi was she the mystical friend of all the world. No one could resist the spiritual friendliness she offered. Among her disciples she numbered not only Dominican Friars and devout women of the Mantellate, the order to which she belonged herself and who would naturally be her followers, but also many lay persons. A little group of young Siennese nobles joined Catherine's spiritual family and served her as secretaries. Of these the first was a poet, Neri di Landoccio Pagliarosi, who insisted upon bringing to Catherine his immoral and arrogant young friend, Francesco di Messer Vanni Malavolti.

This Francesco wrote later that he consented to visit Catherine out of his love for Neri. "In my inmost heart, I was not going thither from any devotion, but rather with contempt, and intending, if she preached to me about the spirit and especially about confession, to answer her in such wise that she would never speak to me any more." But once in Catherine's presence his rude resolutions deserted him. "God so wondrously changed my heart at her first word that I went straight way to confess myself sacramentally; and that first visit was so efficacious that I became all the contrary to what I had been before."

Two of his friends, Neri di Succio and Nicolo di Binda Shelli, took Francesco's conversion amiss and abused Catherine roundly to Francesco. He finally offered to go back to his old life if they could themselves stand the persuasion of Catherine. "But," he warned them fairly, "take good heed, for, if you go to her, before you depart she will convert you and make you both go to confess your sins." Neri and Nicolo both declared that Christ

Himself could not persuade them into a confessional, yet, after Catherine had gently reproved them, all they could find to say was, "Tell us, lady, what would you have us do?" and at Catherine's command they meekly followed Francesco to confession, "and thus it appears manifestly," Francesco wrote with evident satisfaction, "how wondrously those two, who fled her so, nevertheless could not escape out of the hands of that holy little virgin Catherine."

Stephano di Corrado Maconi also came to join them "thinking it a little thing to leave parents, brothers, sisters and kindred, and deeming myself blessed in the enjoyment of the presence and familiar friendship of the virgin Catherine."

In the same spirit of enthusiastic devotion Stephano and many others accompanied Catherine when she went to Rome. Fra Raimondo writes for them, "Those who came committed themselves to the Divine Providence in voluntary poverty, choosing rather to go wandering and begging with the holy virgin, than by

staying in comfort in their own houses, to be deprived of such sweet and virtuous conversation."

To the irresistible charm of her sweet and virtuous conversation, through which she imparted the enraptured content of her own soul to the souls of her listeners, Catherine added an energetic practical charity; for she was very energetic and very practical. She had the ordering of her father's house. She baked and sewed and managed for a patriarchal household of her brothers and their wives and her sisters and their husbands and a whole kindergarten of young nieces and nephews. Her charity began at home but extended to the needy of Sienna. Catherine did all she possibly could for the poor. Her father had given her permission to give what she liked to the poor, and so zealous was she to feed and clothe them that as Fra Raimondo writes, "All the inmates of the house, her father excepted, complained of her donations and put what they had under lock and key, so that she might not distribute it to the poor."

Solicitous as she was for the poor, she was even more tender toward the sick. She nursed Tecca, a woman dying of leprosy, and another time a certain Palermina who had a dreadful, incurable cancer. After every one else had left them, because of the loathsomeness of their diseases, Catherine cared for them. Even when her patients sick in mind as well as body turned against her in unreasonable hatred, she would not leave them to less pitiful hands but continued to take care of them with heroic patience.

Externals could not confuse Catherine who regarded humanity, as far as a mortal may, from the divine point of view. She did not see in Palermina and Tecca ungrateful, scandal mongering wretches, which humanly speaking they were, but only two infinitely valuable souls she did not want lost to Divine Grace. Her forbearance was justified by their conversion.

In her zeal, Catherine would attempt any work that had for its end the salvation of souls. No labor was too arduous for her unflagging

energy. One is amazed at the variety and scope of her activities. She went on endless charitable errands and performed all the spiritual and corporal work of mercy many times over, not only in Sienna but in Pisa, Lucca, Florence, Avignon, Genoa and Rome. She took an active part in the affairs of Church and State during those troubled years of the fourteenth century in Italy. She persuaded Pope Gregory to return from Avignon to Rome. She even tried to preach a crusade. Her thought seemed to be that if men were bent on fighting, as they were, it was better for them to carry on a war against the heathen in the Holy Land for their soul's salvation than to be killing each other at home and keeping the country in a continual state of civil war.

As a peace maker, Catherine had a sort of divine tact at her command. With a great deal of practical good sense, and with equal zest, she settled hot feuds between powerful houses of the nobility or opposed political factions and murderous rows between neighbors

She dealt with all sorts of people. Neither rank and wealth, nor poverty, nor mediocrity, nor shame, obscured her understanding of their characters. With the same vision and penetration, she wrote to Pope, king, beggar, monk, general or statesman. She wrote to a Queen to denounce her conduct; to a prostitute in "the desire of seeing thee partake of the blood of the Son of God;" to a young nun to warn her that if she so much as looked at a man, she, Catherine, "would put such a penance on her as would last her a life time;" to a little girl to instruct her for her first Holy Communion. Catherine wrote all her letters as she did everything else from one motive—a passion for souls—and to one end—to bring them to her Lord.

Yet, although Catherine was a zealot and a single aim ruled her life, she had none of the narrowness, intolerance and restlessness that excessive zeal produces in smaller natures. She is a model of the compassionate, quiet souls she describes in a letter to the English monk, William Flete:

"Those are ever in peace and in quiet. No one can scandalize them, because they have got rid of the thing by which scandal cometh, to wit, their own will. All the persecution

that the world and the devil can give flows under their feet; they stand in the water, holding fast to the branch of inflamed desire, and are not submerged. Such a soul rejoices in every thing; and she does not judge the servants of God, nor any rational creature; nay rejoices at every state and everybody that she sees saying: 'Thanks to Thee, eternal Father, who hast many mansions in Thy house.' And she rejoices more at the diverse ways she sees than if she saw all going along one path because she sees the greatness of God's goodness more clearly revealed. She rejoices at everything and draws the perfume of love from all. And she does not pass judgment over what she expressly sees to be sin but is touched with true and holy compassion, saying: 'Today it is thou, and tomorrow it would be myself, were it not for the divine grace that preserves me."

She despised nothing but self love and servile fear. Her vigilance and prayers are all against these two sins. Time and again she warns others of their deadliness and steadfastly opposes to them courage and charity. In a letter to Cardinal d'Estainz Catherine wrote —"Self love so narrows the heart that it leaves no room for you or your neighbor. Miserable self-love," she continues, "has a servile fear

which does not let it justly do what it should." In another letter to him she writes, "with desire of seeing you a virile and not cowardly man," and tells him also to "strive manfully." She feared self-love and cowardice because she realized that these vices were the only sins that could destroy the bond of charity which bound her on one side to Christ and on the other to the souls of men. In that bond Catherine had the purpose and aim of her life. In everything she was actuated by a yearning for souls. Her longing to save them was as real as a physical want. Indeed with Catherine this mystical hunger absorbed all her other needs. Souls were the only food she desired in this world, and she called herself "a devourer of souls." She devoured them with her fiery love that, even as a fire, was unappeasable. No matter how much she did for souls, her efforts never satisfied her. On her death bed she begged pardon of her followers for what seemed to her the way she had neglected their salvation. All her life—

"Clothed in calm love and clear desire,
She went forth in her soul's attire
A missive fire."

MONIE RUDKIN '27.

PRAYER.

(Translated from Sully Prudhomme)

If you could know how one may mourn
Who lives alone, no hearth to share,
You would not then my dwelling scorn,
When past you fare.

If you could know the fear-swept days
When hope is born from one pure glance,
Passing my casement, you might gaze,
As if by chance.

If you could know the healing balm
The presence of your heart can lend,
You would pause on my threshold, calm,
And be my friend.

If you could know my love for you,
How deep this love that bears no mar,
Perhaps then, you would enter, too,
Just as you are.

HELEN HUGHES, '27.

A fragment of the diary of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, lately found at the Chateau de Montspier, where she stayed before her marriage to Francis, the Dauphin of France.

DECEMBER 8.

The morning of my sixteenth birthday. Francis is ill, but the Queen came in quite early bringing me from him a beautiful lovers' knot of emeralds and diamonds which is said to have been made by Cellini for Michael Angelo in token of a jest. The Queen seems to hate me less than usual today.

EVENING.

Alas! Again I am out of favor with the Queen. Yet surely it was not my fault that that Scotch fanatic Knox should have incited the Huguenots to interrupt my birthday pageant. Old Knox blushed when I stamped my foot at him. I don't think either he or his followers are dangerous.

LATER.

The ball tonight was merry though I

missed dear Francis. Cousin Henry Darnley came, as he is in France again for a while. He is as fine looking a nobleman as any of these French courtiers. His five years in Italy have given him the polish and elegance of manner that Italians excell in.

. I wore to the ball, the costume of a lady of ancient Rome. It was very becoming—the great Clement Marot even improvised some verses to me as we danced. It was a beautiful ball, but I am too tired to write more.

DECEMBER 10.

Poor Princess Elizabeth is distracted for fear the King will insist that she marry the deformed black Phillip of Spain. I know he is as cruel as he is ugly. I don't think even I could tame him.

JANUARY 10.

Calais has been taken—Paris is wild with joy! The hated English are now driven out of France for good. All day long the

bells have rung and cannon boomed. English strength is waning. Perhaps some day Francis and I may join the three thrones of England, Scotland and France. Tomorrow there will be a great ball in honor of the victory, and this morning on the terrace Cousin Henry (who has not yet returned to Scotland) asked me for the first dance. Francis has been sulky all morning, so I said "Yes" to Henry just to tease Francis.

JANUARY 11.

Francis was not at the ball. At least, I did not see him. I am sorry if I hurt him, and will tell him so when I get a chance.

JANUARY 12.

I am not sorry that I danced with Henry for as I passed through the corridor, I came upon Francis and the miserable Lady Jeanne of Guise, talking in a corner, and Francis ignored me. No wonder I did not see him at the ball. He was probably with Jeanne the whole time.

MARCH 25.

Spring seems really here at last. The violets are blooming along every path, and the whole country side is green and fragrant. Today we hunted for the first time. I was certainly glad to put away that hideous tapestry I have been working on all winter. Not having been outside the gates of Paris since November, it was good to canter over the fields and leave the walls behind. However, we had to have too large an escort, as there are still many brigands outside the walls, despite the fact that fifty were hanged last month and a skeleton still dangles from the gibbet. My new riding costume of green velvet and the hat with the trailing plumes were greatly complimented. My Lord Darnley made his adieux, as he leaves tomorrow. Francis rode with Jeanne—that homely creature. Oh, why do we quarrel so and our wedding only four months off? How can we marry if we aren't speaking?

PATRICIA COLBY, '30.

EMILY DICKINSON

In spite of the heavy division titles—Life, Death, Time and Eternity, and the Single Hound in the volume of Emily Dickinson's complete poems—subtlety of thought and form go disguised as simplicity. The casual glancer might think Emily Dickinson is talking heavily, and in verse, too, of Life, Love and Death, but the size of her poems contradicts these large titles. Usually two short poems and an odd stanza fit on one small page and very few have whole pages to themselves. The greater number of her poems are written in stanzas of four iambic lines, alternating tetrameter and trimeter with only the second and fourth verses rhyming and very often not those, because Emily Dickinson is seemingly careless or capricious about her simple rhyme scheme.

Her indifference to rhymes is the result of a conflict between her acute sensitiveness for the inevitably right word to express her meaning and her lyric sense, which is not very strong. Her verse has no musical flow, no

singing quality. It does not haunt the reader's mind with a lyrical beauty of phrasing. For this reason exact quotation of her poems is rather difficult, but the images they hold are not easily forgotten. I feel certain that she deliberately sacrificed rhyme to the merest shade of meaning, and the more exact imagery or emotional coloring she achieved in this way was compensation enough for her. And I think it is enough for the reader also.

For variety she often depends on the lightest nuance of sound or slightest change of tone. But her verse is never monotonous. The very fact that the rhyme often fails the half-expectant voice guards against any jingle of monotony. Frequently a hesitancy of thought matches her faulty rhyme and makes a subtle connection between the substance of the verse and its form that produces an emotional response in the reader. In this light what had appeared as an inadequate command of technique becomes a perfection in craftsmanship.

What bears out this idea that Emily Dickinson has really mastered her own technique

is the fine precision with which she packs comparatively colossal thoughts in the narrow spaces of her poems. Their structure seems too frail and tiny to contain really vast content, but Emily Dickinson is a sort of literary Solomon and has put enormous djinns of description and thought into small metrical urns. The very appearance of her verse on a page is a delusion, and there is a charming shock at finding a whole ocean in four lines of seventeen words:

And everywhere of silver,
With ropes of sand
To keep it from effacing
The tract called land.

With equal ease she expounds her philosophy of mysticism in a poem nearly as brief:

Who has not found the heaven below
Will fail of it above.
God's residence is next to mine,
His furniture is love.

Here she has gone to the core of the subtlest thing in the world, mysticism. For the true mystic is one who lives consciously in the

presence of God. However they differ in other respects, all mystics meet on this common plane. Blakes writes

"I am in God's presence night and day,
He never turns his face away."

Like Blake she accepts no ready-made notions of religion. She shows the attitude of all mystics toward God when she writes

Thou stirrest earthquakes in the south
And maelstrom in the sea.
Say, Jesus Christ of Nazareth,
Hast thou no arm for me?

This attitude of directness toward God, natural in her, was at variance with the involved and formal theology of the nineteenth century which left her untouched. Instead she took her own mystical short cut and called on her neighbor God

I never lost as much but twice,
And that was in the sod;
Twice have I stood a beggar
Before the door of God!

Angels, twice descending,
Reimbursed my store.
Burglar, banker, father,
I am poor once more!

She found symbols which mystics use in such homely things that one feels at home with her profound ideas. And this sense of familiarity leads to understanding, so that from appreciating her thought one comes to possess it. She penetrated to the essential reality of thoughts or emotion or phenomena in nature and then condensed this essence in the most familiar terms of our ordinary day:

The bustle in a house
The morning after death
Is solemnest of industries
Enacted upon earth,—

The sweeping up the heart,
And putting love away
We shall not want to use again
Until eternity.

She was in nature a maternal domestic woman

"—in her barrel apron
mixing fresher air."

And in the colorful disorder of a sunset saw the work of an untidy housekeeper:

Oh, housewife in the evening west,
Come back, and dust the pond!
You dropped a purple ravelling in,
You dropped an amber thread;
And now you've littered all the East
With duds of emerald!

This procedure made for an outward effect of simplicity that at once concealed and heightened the subtlety of her method. In her house and garden and at the furtherest in a walk to the seashore, she gathered up the images to hold her ideas. She saw

Seraphs swing their snow hats
And saints to window run.

For her the unattainable was to be a blue peninsula.

It might be easier
To fail with land in sight,
Than gain my blue peninsula
To perish with delight.

Her mystical expression was a necessity. When she says that if she could "help one fainting robin unto his nest again, I shall not live in vain!" she expresses the maternity at

the center of mysticism. The fainting robin is a symbol of all the weakness of the world because another peculiarity of mysticism is that it recognizes no degree. Blake was seeing eye to eye with Emily Dickinson when he wrote

A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage.

Emily Dickinson shares with the mystical Saint Catherine of Sienna her rapturous delight in children. Like the saint, she realized the significance of their young immortality. She stood in awe of the meaning of birth

—to drop a life
Into the purple well,
Too plummetless that it come back
Eternity until.

If this kinship with two great mystics and her skill in technique of versification were not enough to prove the depth and complexity of Emily Dickinson's poetry, then the final test is what she demands of her reader. She does not rock the mind with pretty ideas to a comfortable rhythm. Her verse must have alert

attention even for sense at times because she is frequently elliptical and as often leaves meaning to inference. But for this she gives a liberal compensation and rewards her reader generously. She constantly surprises one with the twist of a phrase or some happily chosen adjective. When she says she never meets a

—snake
Without a tighter breathing
And zero at the bone

one is delighted to find the exact expression of how one does feel after having come across a snake. She characterizes and differentiates two continents in two adjectives

With African exuberance
And Asiatic rest.

There is a delicious humor in "the dimitied convictions" of the gentlewomen of her age and in the "precarious gait some call experience." There is chortle in "frenzied hair" if that's the sort of hair one's got, but her epithet for frost, "the blind assassin," swings the mind into joyful amazement. Not only does one read Emily Dickinson a second time

with delight, but the delight increases on the third and fourth reading.

Amy Lowell expressed this peculiar charm: "With Emily
You're really here
Or never there at all
In range of mind
* * * *
I think she'd be exacting
Without intention possibly
And ask a thousand tight-rope tricks of understanding,
But, bless you, I would somersault all day
If by so doing I might stay with her."

MONIE RUDKIN '27.

FOG

Upon the city's battlements,
Night fog and dawn wind strove.
Into the scowling host, the wind
Threw spears that outward clove

Its whirling flanks. The lines reformed
And rallied from their rout.
In vain the wind bore down on them
And roared his battle shout.

Till sun reared up and through the ranks
Thrust down his bloody sword,
That gained a golden victory,
And day proclaimed him lord!

Wind galloped through the Golden Gate
Escorting tule fog
To friendly haven in the bay.
He reined to prancing jog,

Dismounted, spread the fog's white tents
Upon the harbour's hills.
Sun lit them with the silver light
He hung on night's wide sills,

And made a glowing pageantry.
Thus fog and wind and sun
At eve were allies, that had been
At war when day begun.

MONIE RUDKIN, '27.

MEADOWLARK REMINISCENCES

IT IS fun to recall first meetings and first impressions of an association that has since become familiar and intimate. Incidents that seemed insignificant when they happened take on a different aspect in the light of following events.

My freshman year was so bewildered that it is now almost a blank to me but I do recall my first impressions and connections with *The Meadowlark*. I had been here a month, losing preconceived notions and acquiring new ones, before I knew there was a monthly and who the editor was. I encountered her one day in the room of a classmate. Ordinarily I didn't speak to people that I had never spoken to before, and so, not many people spoke to me; but the diminutive new editor had just received her first contribution. She was being very restrained about it. She probably wanted to wave it about her head and shout, but she said to me in such a comradely way, "Here's a cunning poem I just got for *The Meadowlark*. I can't let you read it now, though; wait till it appears in print." I

thought, "Here is real college life, associating with people who edit the monthly."

That was the year original class plays were attempted. We talked about them in an English class and I went home and tried to write one. It was fun. The words flowed from my pen. It didn't turn out to be a play, however, but it seemed to be something. I took it down to my English teacher. She said "Fix this, and fix that, and have it typed. Do you type?"

I said "What?"

She said, "I think *The Meadowlark* staff would be glad to have it."

I said, "Oh." Then I went home and wondered what it would be like to have something in *The Meadowlark*. In about fifteen minutes a sophomore acquaintance, a member of the staff, came in and said cautiously, "I hear you have something we might use for *The Meadowlark*. May I see it?" She read it and said, "It seems nice. I'll see what the editor thinks of it," and tore off with my brain-child. She didn't insist on its being typed or corrected. I was flattered and wondered how she had heard of it so soon, but,

alas, I have since learned of space-fillers and have heard English teachers say, "How much are you short? So-and-so did rather a good theme. You might fix it over and use it if nothing better turns up." My sophomore friend came to me that night and said that they had read my thing at the staff meeting and liked it. "You don't look as if you write like that," she said. I wasn't quite sure what she meant and I felt very self-conscious to think that I had been discussed at a staff meeting. They must have been awfully rushed for time and copy that issue because when *The Meadowlark* came out there were mistakes in my contribution that simply made me writhe.

The editor always spoke to me now when we met about the campus. She would say, "Have you anything for me this month?" That would make me feel as if I dashed things off regularly, until I remembered that I hadn't written anything. One day my sophomore friend rushed up to me with a going-to-press look. She said, "You know that crazy thing that happened in the gym yesterday.

Marie wants it written up for *The Meadowlark*. I told her you could do it, so don't fail me."

My first assignment! The responsibility set me atremble with nerves. I spent a Saturday morning at home with a pad of paper and a carefully sharpened pencil. My editor read the result and said she liked it but she didn't know if it would pass the censors. Oh, my friends, there is nothing like the thrill of writing a censorable article unless it be the one of having a censorable article published and violently condemned.

What a speaking acquaintance I had on the staff now! They would tell me bits of gossip: what an amusing thing so-and-so said at a staff meeting, what clever things another had written. It was spring now and people talked about the coming year when they walked in the garden after dinner. They began to ask me, "Has Marie said anything to you yet?" Finally Marie spoke. She said, "I've been wanting to speak to you. At this time of year it is customary to take some freshman on the

staff and break them in for the coming year. You've done some good work for us and I'm sure you'll do more. Will you come to the meeting tonight?" (I've not yet had the pleasure of using this formula on a freshman, but I'm looking forward to it with great pleasure. It is calculated to give one the maximum thrill of pride and yet it fills one with a sweet humility, something like the feeling of an accepted lover, I imagine.) I replied to her just as formally, "Thank you, I'd like very much to come." Then I went home and told my roommate about it. I thought I'd better put it into words and make it sound more real.

What can I say about those first *Meadowlark* meetings? They brought to three Freshmen the joy of an adored editor and beloved comrades who took us to their hearts immediately. One by one they told us staff secrets, stories they had heard as Freshmen and handed on to us. They explained the clippings on the walls of *The Meadowlark* house and told us how much the draperies and wicker furniture cost. They spoke of older

members of the staff that we hadn't known, and somehow it seemed that we had missed knowing the cleverest, most charming girls in the world. We learned the fun of talking—to wander far from the subject in many directions, to be brought back by the editor, "Well to get back to the point—" We developed our lungs from laughing too much, and our laugh from having too large lungs. "Radical" and "dogmatic" we shouted at each other, but I have found some of the theories advanced at those meetings to be true wisdom. Oh, of course, we got all assignments nobody else would take and many a night as we were about to take a well earned rest we were told to write up some sermon or lecture. Freshmen reporters may forget assignments, but their editors go about all day with those same assignments in their minds. Those were the days when the whole staff stayed up all night to get the copy to press on time.

The past always seems the Golden Age and my youthful fancy probably idealized my *Meadowlark* friends, but they will always seem to me the best, most talented friends a

girl ever had. Pretty soon I must take some freshman members to my bosom, and later on I will take the new editor on a picnic, and I will say things that my one-time sophomore friend said to me when she passed on the editorship: "It's funny, when you get to be editor you can't write anything. If that's the sign of a good editor you certainly qualify," and "My dear, I feel as if I were handing over child, friend and lover to you. I can't think of *The Meadowlark* as an inanimate object. It's a real live thing to me."

CLAIRE GRAHAM, '27.

MUSIC

Music affects everyone differently, and we are often amazed at the variety in the criticism of music. Doctor Johnson called it the "costliest of rackets," while Carlyle found it "a kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for a moment gaze into that." You will no doubt remember that comment of Elia's in the "Chapter on Ears:" "Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest-executed pieces of this empty *instrumental music.*" Contrast with this, Browning's lines:

"Here is the finger of God, a flash of the will
that can,
Existence behind all laws that made them, and
lo, they are!

And I know not if save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth but a star."

Although there may be many who share the harsh opinions of Johnson and Lamb, I believe that if we are susceptible to the pleasures of Art in general, we shall find enjoyment in all its principal branches. And, consequently, just as we like the rhythm and lilt of poetry, the color of painting, the permanent grace of architecture, most of us enjoy music in which all these are incorporated.

In our own concerts during the past year we might have discovered all these things. If we like poetry of dramatic quality, for instance, we have only to turn to Wagner to find supreme enjoyment and we all remember his Overture from "Tannhäuser" played by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in the concert in our garden last September. We all remember, too, Moscowsky's "Coronation Scene" from "Boris Godunov" which Mr. Maier and Mr. Pattison played in their con-

cert for two pianos. Moreover, our concerts included selections to appeal to the lovers of the lyric verse in such numbers as the "Nocturne" and "Scherzo" from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by Mendelssohn, which we also heard played by the Symphony. And to the devotees of free verse Mr. Deering's piano concert of modern compositions must have been a joy. Here we found in such men as Cesar Franck, de Falla and Debussy a breaking away from academic technique, which produces a certain freshness, like that of Amy Lowell and Carl Sandburg's poetry.

One of the causes of this similarity between types of poetry and types of music may be traced to the influence poets have always had over composers. Burns had a "bird note instinct with music;" Byron was passionate and emotional; Tennyson's expression is always musical. The poets have been a source of influence to musicians in general. Wagner and Mendelssohn, for instance, were affected by the poetry of Goethe, Schiller, Byron and Burns. It is only natural that Franck and

Saint-Saens (whose "Fantaisie" for the harp Mr. Attl played in his recital) should turn to poets of their own country as Gautier and de Musset. Mr. Attl included in his programme an "Impromptu" of Faure, who with Debussy, was an ardent Verlainist. Is it any wonder when we recall such lines as these from Verlaine's "Chanson de l' Automne":

"Les sanglots longs,
Des violons,
De l'Automne
Blessent mon coeur
D'une langeur
Monotone."

Just as in poetry and painting, it is not sufficient to read or view the subject only once to understand it fully, so it is with music. Only by hearing a composition many times do we become conscious of its entire beauty. Each artist interprets a composition differently, and it is from a total of these interpretations that we can judge the mind of the composer. And only through repeated hearing do we come to fully appreciate any fine

music. To the person who shies at concerts on the plea that she "doesn't know a thing about music" I say with Lawrence Erb, "Better no technical knowledge whatever if one were obliged to choose, but an abiding love and enthusiasm for music itself, than an intellectual concept from which beauty has fled." For it is the ardent appreciation of music by a large public that creates a standard of music. And it is not until a musical public forms itself, intellectual enough to know what it will or will not tolerate, that the character of the music that is being written today will change.

For these reasons, we realize, I think, the importance of hearing good music, and agree with Plato: "Appreciation is not capable of expression like other branches of study; but, after long intercourse with the thing itself and after it has been lived with, suddenly, as when the fire leaps and the light kindles, it is found in the soul and feeds itself there."

There are five Seniors, Ruth Williams, Helen Hughes, Juliet Clark, Kate Travis,

and Mary Ellen Donohue, who have majored in music, and I am afraid that we shall soon realize how we have depended on some of them for much of the school activities. Although three of these have not taken active part in the programmes, they have expended both time and energy in teaching privately and conducting classes. The others have joined with three of the younger students for the success of every programme of our school year, beginning with the first concert, the "Old Girls' Welcome to the New," when Helen Hughes played the "Melody in G" for the violin, Ruth Williams and Mary Wagner sang Mendelssohn's "Greeting," and Agnes Temple and Madaleine Curry played a Concerto by Grieg. We are indebted to them not only in the auditorium for the formal recitals, but also in the houses, where they have played for our sole pleasure. I can remember only two dramatic productions for which they did not provide the music behind scenes.

Their efforts have not been confined to school alone. On many occasions, they have represented the school and provided entertainment at various clubs in the valley.

So much for retrospection! At present, we are all looking forward with great interest to the recital on the twenty-third of April, and also to Ruth Williams' concert in May. In the former, the programme depends largely upon the talent of these same girls, and we shall all be glad of another opportunity to hear them, before the two seniors, Ruth and Helen, leave the college.

FLORENCE WEIGHT.

GOLDEN SANDS

(Reprinted from *The Meadowlark*)

Oh the golden sands and the silver sea
Laughing and leaping and calling to me!
Oh, golden sands and silver sea
I'm coming, I'm coming when I am free.

Dipping and gliding the sea-gulls cry
Whose webbed pink feet have patterned the sand
And high overhead the fish-hawks fly.
Stop asking, stop crying, stop calling to me
Golden sands and silver sea.

PATRICIA COLBY, '30.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

ONE of the pleasantest parts of a college education is getting to know people; this is as important as, and often a more permanent part of one's education than Grimm's law, irregular verbs, or the Pythagorean Theorem. It is surprising to discover over a cup of 10 o'clock soup what a fine girl Joan is, when we had always believed her to be rather odd, and to learn in common struggling over a baffling French sentence that quiet Elizabeth is a real person. At mail time we make interesting discoveries about other people's lives away from school and often find that we have mutual friends; at tea time we become expansive upon such subjects as the bringing up of our children or the proper kind of education; long walks in the hills uncover veins of philosophy unsuspected in ourselves or in others; and at night in front of the fire or in our room we exchange amusing bits of gossip, confide our dreams of the future and discuss our present love affairs.

But not only in the small social ways does college broaden and develop a student. In the more formal social activities of a school one acquires the graciousness that is so necessary to the pleasant side of life. A woman's college should make a particularly strong point of such activities, since the social ordering of life falls so much upon women. Indeed they seem to have been given special qualifications for entertaining; they are interested in the details which make successful parties, and they are interested in personalities, an interest which helps them to bring together people who will enjoy each other.

When the College was small, we began by giving a few small parties for our own students. Delightful as these first entertainments were, they were nevertheless restricted. As the College has grown, the parties have become larger and this year besides the faculty tea in October and the College tea on the lawn at Edgehill in May, we have invited guests to a series of tea-dances at Meadowlands and a dinner dance at Edgehill.

Parties have interesting differences from each other in so far as they take on the personality of the hostess, her guests and her home. The parties given this last year have had such differences, due perhaps to the atmosphere of the houses. The spacious rooms of the old residences were designed for hospitality, and they seem to come into their own when they are filled with people. The verandahs, balconies and French windows of Meadowlands give the right setting for an informal afternoon party, and the dignity of the old dining room and living rooms at Edgehill are well suited to such formal occasions as the Senior dinner dance. Perhaps our parties took on the spirit of the students that make up the College. Judging from the back files of the student magazines, we should say that that spirit is a highly amused attitude toward life. Or perhaps it was our entertaining guests with their frank friendliness that made our parties enjoyable. At any rate whether for any one or for all three of these reasons, the dances were successful. They pleased everyone—the Sisters, our guests, the patronesses and ourselves, and they have taken their place with a host of delightful college memories.

SONNET

On hills today Pan played his mystic flute
And piped away the bars of flesh, till higher
I soared than wind, then plunged and crept in mire.
Through me the gull's wings planed; the pricking shoot
Thrust upward. I felt in bud and root
A rising surge that would not haste nor tire.
Alike renunciation and desire
It lulled to sleep, before Pan's pipes were mute.

The gathered stillness balanced death and life.
Resigned to both, my spirit knelt, content;
Resting in strange communion from the strife
Of being; glad eternity had lent
This moment. Fear and joy then died. Their tomb
I recognized as earth's great fertile womb.

MONIE RUDKIN, '27.

CLUBS

MISS HARDY, the enthusiastic president of the Chemistry Club, approached your humble scribe in an official manner one April morning and announced that the heads of the various campus clubs were meeting to discuss the work of the year and make plans for the future, and she suggested that it would be well to have the proceedings reported. Her words amounted almost to a summons, but it was one we were glad to comply with as the club presidents are of such varied personalities and always have something interesting to say on interesting subjects. All the clubs, you see, have two ends in common, social and intellectual. Food forms a part of the procedure of nearly all of them, whether it be doughnuts and coffee, thought of at the last minute, or an elaborate luncheon; but the social aims are subordinate to the intellectual ones: a real interest in science or math or language gives each club a definite purpose.

Berenice was talking when we came into the meeting. She was saying that the Math and Science Club would like to edit a science issue of the *Meadowlark*. She informed us that some of the papers read during the year were so interesting that they really shouldn't be enjoyed only by the Club members, although the members represent such a highly intellectual and important part of the college. A long time ago the Math and Science Club was the Chemistry Club, a very ancient club, Miss Hardy never lets us forget, almost as ancient as the English Club, but it has expanded now and its scope and its meetings are often given added interest by the presence of Dr. Minor of the Physics Department, Miss Whelan of the Mathematics Department and the Dean, who is head of the Chemistry Department. The faculty always give stimulus to the discussion at club meetings because they can supplement the papers read with interesting personal observations, and the mild, quiet professional humor of their conversation lends contrast to the more robust joking of the collegiate.

When Berenice finished talking, Helen Hughes observed that she would like to contribute a column of jokes on how to learn to conduct meetings in French parliamentary law. She added that it was all right as long as the members kept to set forms, but that sometimes the discussions got beyond her and she felt herself casting looks for help at Miss Poore. She confided to us that the entire Club is much too original, anyhow. In spelling matches and in word games in French, she says, they simply coin words by the hundreds. Then she told us proudly that the spirit and vigor with which they sing "La Marseillaise" is a joy to hear. The French Club, we all assured her, must be exerting a powerful influence, judging from the amount of French one hears spoken on the campus. We can vouch for it that some of those speaking French have acquired a remarkable elasticity in expressing themselves.

When Helen finished talking, Mary Ellen said, sympathetically, "Spanish parliamentary law is just as difficult as French, and you

know we took a pledge to speak only Spanish when we meet. But we play games and some of the members sing Spanish songs for us. Then Mrs. Cornish sometimes comes all the way over from Berkeley to attend the meetings. And you know two of the most accomplished musicians in the College belong to the Spanish Club."

Kate Sullivan claims that her difficulty is to keep the members of the Current Events Club from growing too heated over their differences of opinion on political questions. Her difficulty is evidently a healthy one, however. The Current Events Club offers no food, yet its meetings are well attended. On a night when a meeting of the Club is announced one hears remarks such as "I'd like to know what state our foreign relations are in at present; I think I'll go." The meetings have the atmosphere of a salon. There is a presiding genius who directs the flow of the talk and there are members who contribute brilliantly. For a time the conversation is general, then it splits up into smaller discus-

sions. One sometimes goes to a meeting knowing little of the subject, but one comes away with many ideas about it.

"Well, the Art Studio Club is very Bohemian, you know," began Irma Adler. All the other presidents leaned forward eagerly and exclaimed, "Really, do tell us about it," but Irma only continued placidly, "I mean it has no set rules of procedure. It has an aim, though, a two-fold one: the development of artistic talent at Dominican College and of a wider interest in art for the whole College. We have had an exhibition of the work of the department at the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco. Oh, and I must tell you about our meeting room. We have chairs painted red and black, and the curtains are of gauzy orange stuff, monogrammed and embroidered in wool."

Mary Shallue told us that the Twelfth Night Dramatic Club had an elaborate ritual and initiation. She revealed no secrets, however, merely adding that a list of the plays given shows that the Club has attained its

purpose "to foster an interest in all that is best in drama as may be revealed in the study of acting, reading, the theater arts, and the stage." The players, she continued, have striven to teach sincerely, to interpret from the inside rather than act from the outside, to work towards naturalness through intelligence, sympathy and understanding. We all agreed when we recalled the list of plays given by the club during the year, and we remembered that the players have worked not only for their own enjoyment and interest but often for the pleasure of their particular friends, and occasionally of the whole College.

At the first meeting of the club "A Minuet," by Louis Parker, was presented by Albea Scruggs, Ione Lange and Helen Raven. At the second Oscar Wilde's "Birthday of the Infanta" was ably played by a group of the new members. The second semester the club opened with "The Feast of the Holy Innocents," given by Claire Graham, Kathleen Dowd, Alice Duffy and Kathleen Cahill. At a Valentine party, to which guests were in-

vited, Albea Scruggs directed in a finished manner the charming fantasy, "Three Pills in a Bottle." Christopher Morley's amusing satire, "The Rehearsal," was well received by the members and their guests at the March meeting. Claire Graham, Frances Kerckhoff and Kathleen Dowd gave the lovely and poetic McKay playlet, "Gretna Green," for the April meeting, and the season closed with a picnic and an outdoor play, "The Constant Lover," presented by Ione Lange and Albea Scruggs.

Rosella Kemper lamented that the Biology Club had been somewhat hampered by the mislaying of its constitution. We suggest that one of the past presidents must have taken it home in a trunk full of books, never yet unpacked. As the club lacks a constitution, some of the members have never been initiated. Pretty soon they will be the only ones left in the club, and you can't expect them to initiate themselves, can you?

Monie Rudkin says that the only way to get a report of the year's proceedings of the

English Club is to get the walls of the Meadowlark House to talk, and she refuses to take the consequences. The English Club selects its members by a similarity of tastes in many things besides an interest in writing and literature, but you'd never think it to hear some of the discussions. While nearly all the members exhibit a tendency towards radicalism, and fancy themselves sophisticates, theirs is not the standardized radicalism of the modern American sophisticate. There are as many different views on every subject as there are members present. The unifying factor among so many different temperaments is an enlarged sense of the ridiculous which makes all the members intimate and rather dear to each other. They all fondly believe that the others will gain fame and then they will be able to say, "Yes, I knew her well in college. We belonged to the English Club together.

CLAIRE GRAHAM '27.

DRAMATICS

The Shakespearian play "Twelfth Night," was the first big production of the dramatic department this year and the first presentation under the direction of Miss Katheryn Mulholland. This play did credit to the department in that it showed a mature professional touch and a striving for unity of impression. This unity took simplicity as the keynote. The sets were simple and suggestive rather than detailed. The lines were given naturally, simply and sincerely. The costumes were true to the period of the play, but chosen also for simplicity of line as well as for color harmony.

The note of maturity and simplicity was carried out also in the characterization. The Lady Viola was played intelligently and with spirit, although lacking somewhat in the subtle sweetness and womanliness that we associate with Shakespeare's heroine. Olivia, on the contrary, in Shakespeare's portrayal a somewhat monotonous, heavy character, shone as one of the most vital persons of the play. The Duke was impressive; Malvolio was

amusing; Maria, Sir Toby Belch, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek played individually with that spirit of sincerity and restraint necessary to good comedy, and in group scenes, with animation and charm.

The play as a whole produced an impression of finish and unity, a sense of the individualities of the players welded into a harmonious whole. As a result it was a pleasure either to be among those who took part or among those who merely sat back, looked on and enjoyed.

No setting could have been lovelier for our presentation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on May fourteenth, than the leafy arbor by the high school building.

The hawthorne trees were in full pink and white bloom, in the foreground the dull, old olive trees arched overhead, threw dappled shadows below. The white wisteria in full bloom served as background.

The orchestra, screened behind the heavily laden bushes, accompanied the performance with Mendelssohn's lyrics of Spring.

Mary Shallue, Alice Martin, Katherine Sullivan, Alice Duffy, as the romantic lovers, lent grace and beauty to the setting. Ione Lange and Albea Scruggs as Titania and Oberon added two charming interpretations to their long list of dramatic successes. Isabel Reece made a light, fantastic, mischievous Puck.

But just as Shakespeare when he composed *A Midsummer Night's Dream* delighted in his caricatures of clownish contemporary workmen, guild members, to the extent of overshadowing the other plots of the play by the clown plot, so did our college presentation particularly feature Bottom, Starveling and Snug. We had known from Constance Crowley's Sir Toby Belch in the winter that she would make an excellent Bottom, and there has never been anything so amusing in the annals of Dominican College as Constance's abandonment to the spirit of ignorance, grotesqueness and ridiculousness of Bottom's character. Even our mothers disgraced themselves by their peals of mirth at awkward

Bottom's attempts to be an effective actor and a gracious lover.

The entire performance was a memorable one. Everyone who took part is to be congratulated.

The Twelfth Night dramatic club presented at three of its opening meetings, groups of one act plays. The first group "Lima Beans," by Alfred Kremboung; "The Boy Will" by Robert E. Rodgers, and "Minuet," by Louis Parker, were fitting introduction to the club's work this year.

"Lima Beans," a delicate fantasy, was lovely to see, and to hear. The costumes were charming and dainty, and the setting was a pleasing background to a technically perfect performance. The second of the group, "The Boy Will," interested and entertained the audience because it was historical, because it was sweet and because it was well played, but more than all these, because it seemed real, it was convincing. The third of the group, "Minuet," a playlet in verse, offered a contrast

to both the light joyousness of "Lima Beans," and the reality of "The Boy Will." This was played entirely in a minor key, costumes, lights and simplicity of set, all emphasizing the note of unreality, of suppressed emotion and outward cynicism.

The second group of plays was given early in the second semester. The first "Six Who Pass," was light and fantastic. It had the sweetness, with the underlying seriousness, of all of Stewart Walker's better plays. The second, "The Neighbors," one of Zona Gale's "Studies From Life," was received with a great deal of enthusiasm. The naturalness of the characters, the homely truth and humor, the hidden pathos of the play were skillfully brought out in a beautifully finished production.

The third presentation was on St. Patrick's Day, "Will-o'-the-Wisp," by Doris Halman, a play of the loneliness, the fear and superstition of the Irish bogs. The atmosphere was tense and mystical, there was a sense of impending tragedy which rose higher and

higher until it reached its climax in the wild dance of the Will-o'-the-Wisp, and the frenzied pursuit of the poet's wife, then slowly died in the wailing laments of Norah and the country woman.

The play was handled with a commendable lightness and sureness of touch and the atmosphere was well sustained throughout.

IONE LANGE '28.

A SONNET.

(Reprinted from *The Meadowlark*)

Cloudless the sky curves down to mounded hill,
Red roses nod above a garden wall,
And though the trees are not in leaf, yet all
The paths are sweet with violets. Birds trill
Now, in the late dark dawns. Acacias fill
With golden scent the air, that's still in thrall
To rain. Bewild'ring weather turns from fall
To spring and cheats keen winter of its kill.

There mountains, hugely white, jag wintry skies;
There frost breaks rock and holds the lakes and clear
Deep streams; snow buries valleys in a slow
White death, while on me sunlight warmly lies.
But in my heart, though spring is gracious here,
Dark pine trees drop beneath their burd'ning snow.

MONIE RUDKIN, '27.

ATHLETICS

ONE of my cruelest disappointments on entering college came when I learned that I could not cut gym without getting a "cinch" for my trouble. After waiting four high school years for freedom from restrictions, I had that freedom snatched from me just in the moment of my supposed triumph.

The defeat was due to the advent of a full fledged and very exacting Physical Education Department. The knowledge of its power was greeted with many freshmen mob scenes. It was not long, however, before all the college felt the power of this department, for it had even gone so far as to encroach upon the sacred leisure of the seniors—it insisted that seniors come to sports twice a week. Some went. Some didn't. They got cinches.

In consequence of these new activities, since last August our sacred college has truly undergone a metamorphosis, and now we frequently mistake a group of athletic seniors for some of our more dignified freshmen.

Moreover, spirit and interest have been fostered all winter with the arrival of much new equipment and has grown with the hockey and basketball tournaments, reaching maturity with spring activities. These offsprings of the Physical Education Department are long-lived things, but they need nourishment. This nourishment has been administered in the form of a week-end at Bolinas (with blisters), a mixer, and intramural games in the major sports, to say nothing of the croquet and archery tournaments.

This new Physical Education Department has brought with it the gym majors. All day long ambitious athletes go from one sport to another, do their practice teaching in the grammar school, or study Jenny, the skeleton, to discover bones, muscles and organs that most of us don't realize we possess. You may meet them any day pacing up and down the stairway studying the effect of climbing stairs on the heart beat, and it is well to look busy when you pass or they will hail you and turn you around to study the bumps on your

spine. They scrutinize your back for a long time and you are paralyzed for fear they are going to say, "Terrible curvature" (though I am sure they would call it by its correct and highly Latinized name, whatever that may be.) They are always jerking one out to sports, always talking about one's posture and the terrible things that will happen before thirty if one doesn't stand up straight. These enthusiasts are the backbone of the department; they act as assistants to the instructor, supervise sports, and put life into the less professional members of the student body.

This new department has made great progress this year, and there are plans for its greater expansion next year. Next year, too, there is to be a splendid new department of social service which will be closely allied with the Physical Education Department.

MILDRED JACOBS '30.

ALMA MATER AND ALUMNAE

A CONSIDERATION of the relation that should exist between an Alumna and her Alma Mater revolves around loyalty rather than around love. There is no need that the discussion center around love, for, if that fundamental relation implied by the very names Alma Mater and Alumna has never existed, it cannot now be engendered by reasoning. If a love once existed, but now has been choked by the varied interests of life, there is still no need for discussion, for love that must be fostered is not true love. But undoubtedly between those deserving of the names the bond of love does exist, expressing itself on the part of the Alma Mater in loving interest in her childrens' successes and prayerful solicitude in their sorrows, and on the part of the Alumna in filial affection and gratitude shown in all the individual ways a daughter proves her love for her mother. Far nobler, however, than this almost instinctive emotional devotion that makes a particular Alma Mater mean so

much to an Alumna, is the intellectual and moral devotion of loyalty to a common ideal. To this ideal, which in the case of a Catholic Alma Mater and a Catholic Alumna embraces the Catholic ideal of education, character formation, their mutual love should serve as a stepping stone.

Nothing need be said about the Catholic Alma Mater's part in fidelity to this ideal. Her sole reason of existence is its service; realization of her ideal is the vivifying purpose of all she does. For generation after generation she makes schooling not only a pleasant interlude and an absorbing of information but also a stirring achievement. She instills into the minds of her children *pari passu* with secular training, principles of life. In a word a Catholic Alma Mater develops not only the intellect but also the will by providing the essential characteristic of a Catholic education, a Catholic atmosphere, consisting chiefly in religious motivation and edification that comes from close association with men and women whose lives are dominated

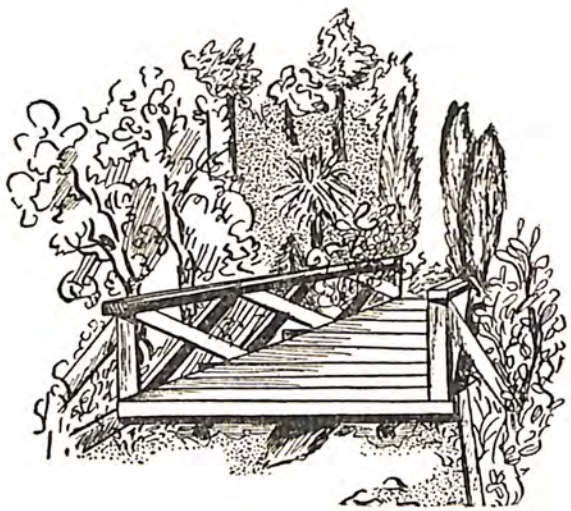
by supernatural motives, who are living exemplars of Christian principles.

The Alumna's part in loyalty to the Catholic ideal of education is not so invariably fulfilled, because such fulfillment means that she must throughout life put into practice the ideals that have been placed before her and show her gratitude for her heritage by defending and promoting Catholic education. However, a Catholic Alumna should be well fitted for this life task. She is fortunate in possessing, when she leaves college, a firm moral standard backed by the authority of the Church. In a secular university she would have found the ethical system divorced from religion, presented in the light of a dozen different theories, mostly infidel, but under a subtly infectious Christian disguise—a kindly, indulgent, tolerant infidelity that might leave her only disturbed and perplexed with terrible uncertainties with which she might struggle the rest of her life.

A Catholic Alma Mater establishes firm moral standards in her children. When her

children live up to those standards, the relation of loyalty between Alma Mater and Alumna is complete.

MARY HELEN MAYER, '26.



DEATH

Around the low, dark door I, quaking, peered.
Inside, the room was dim and small, but space
Enough for rest. Not here the one I feared.
Only a comely woman with a face
Too patient to be told, kept this still place.
She'd made the narrow bed where not a peep
Of daylight winked. She bowed and smiled. Her grace
Was peace. "I'm Death. Now—oh, my dear, don't weep,"
She coaxed, "Does Life give anything more sweet than sleep?"

MONIE RUDKIN, '27.

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