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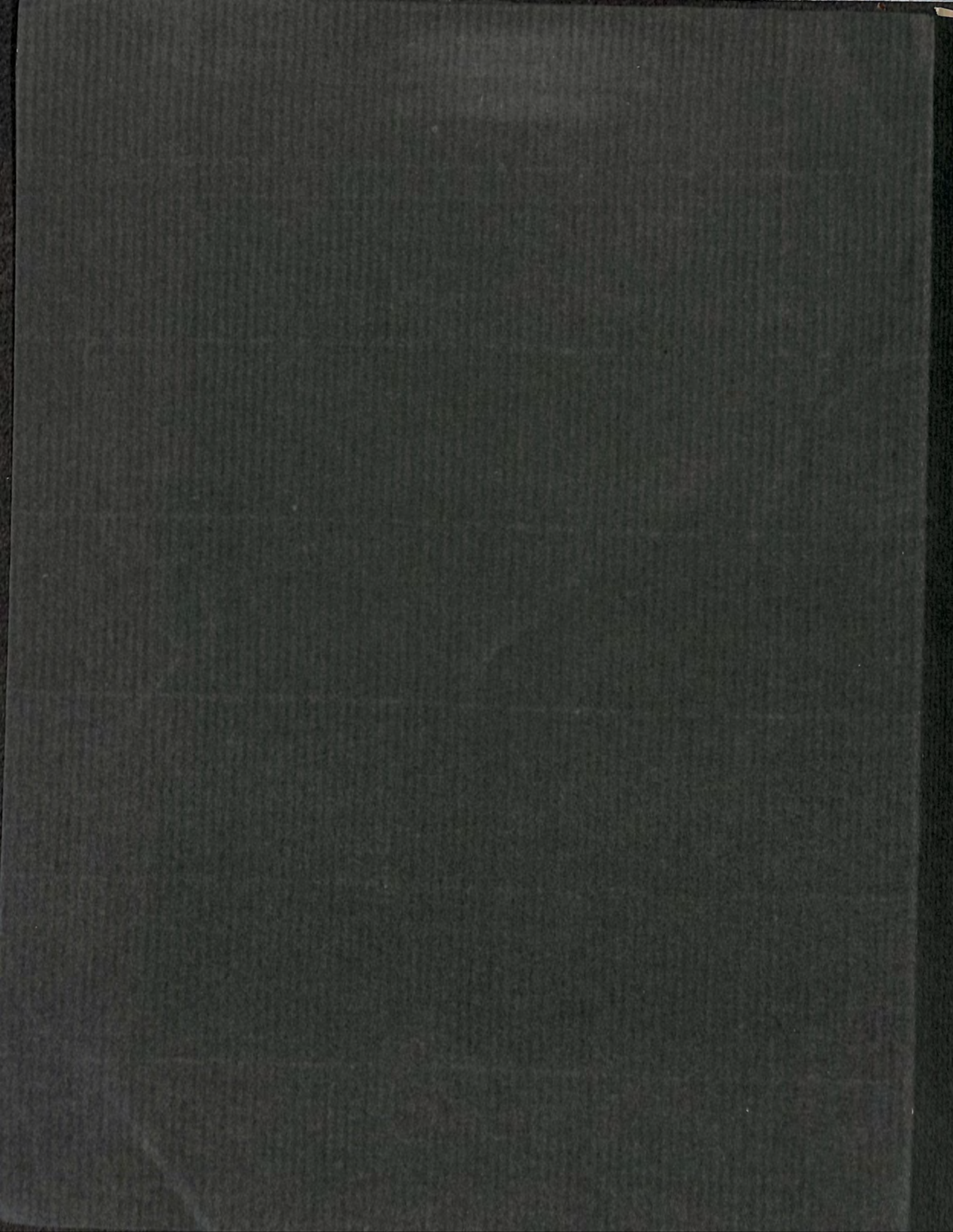
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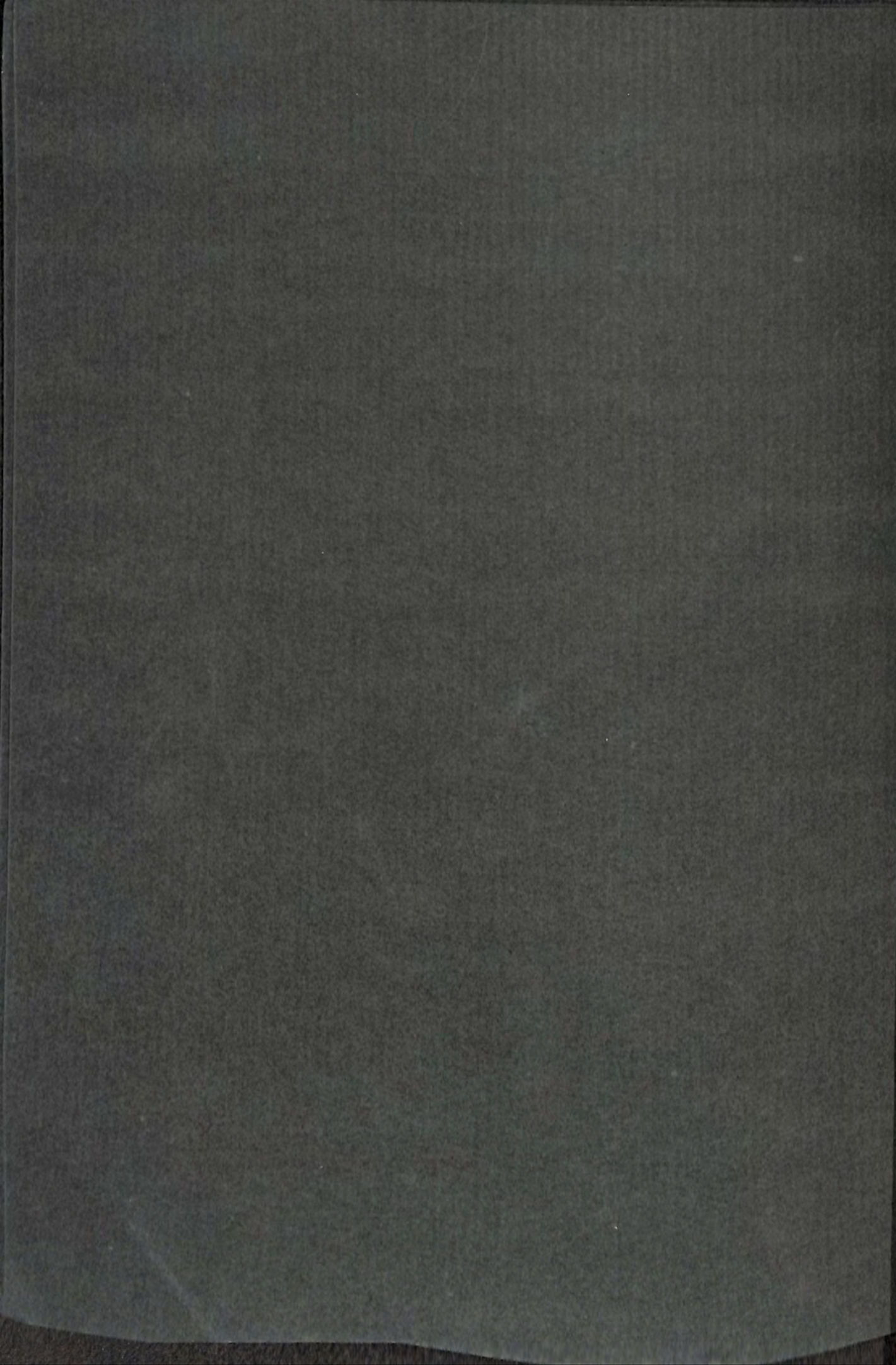
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Dominican College
Year Book

1918-19

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*Grotto of Our Lady
of Lourdes*

St. Thomas Hall

School of Music

*Administration
Building*

Junior College

DOMINICAN · COLLEGE YEAR · BOOK

1918 · 19



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ALMA MATER
TO
ALL HER DAUGHTERS

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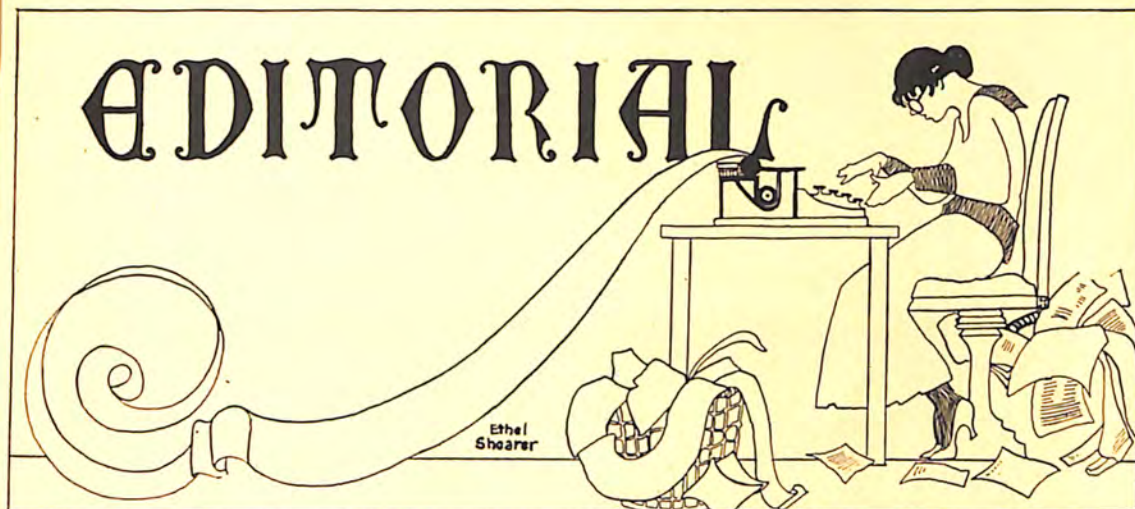
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Under the supervision of the Sisters of St. Dominic

EDITORIAL



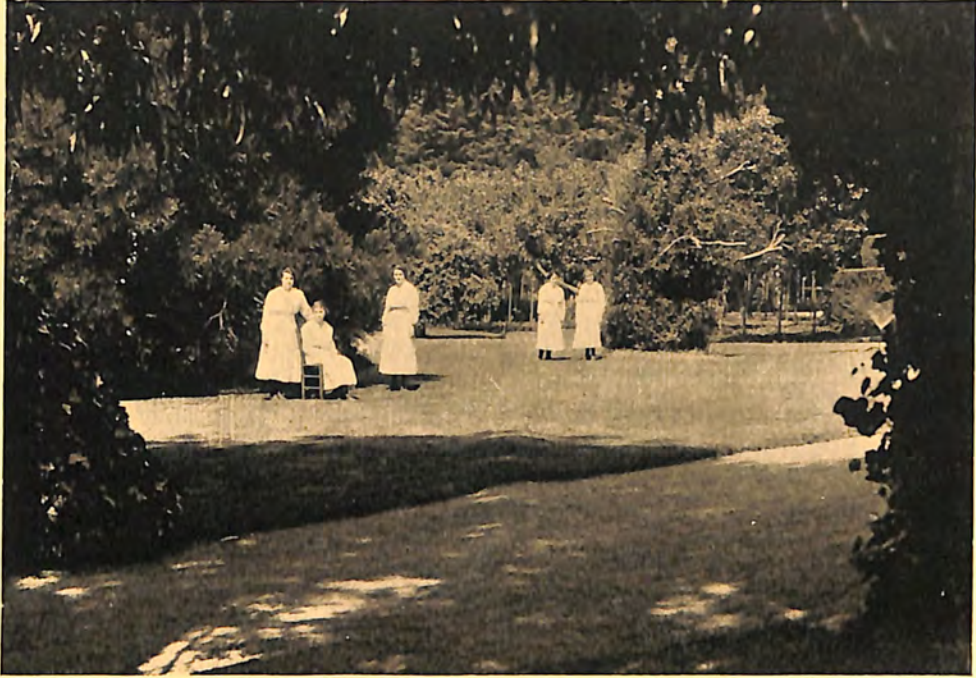
IN proffering to our Alumnae and other friends, as well as to the general public, the third Dominican Year-Book, our first duty is to return very cordial thanks for the generous appreciation with which our previous issues have been received. The sincere praise, even of one's equals, is a welcome reward for conscientious work; but the discriminating approval of professional authors and literary critics is a still greater stimulus to amateur talent and youthful energy. In another part of this volume we reproduce a few of the congratulatory letters and critiques elicited by our Year-Book for 1918, and we indulge the modest hope that our friends will not discern in this year's effort any deterioration in literary quality or general acceptability.

The editors have to record, in the second place, their unqualified delight, not only in the successful termination of the great World War, so closely brought home to all of us during the past two years, but in the unprecedented success of our College activities during the academic term now drawing to a close. The notable results achieved in the Junior College particularly, the fact that all available space in our various buildings has been taxed to the utmost, the scholarly emulation so generally evinced in the desire to win the coveted "White Ribbon," and the splendid spirit of co-operation manifested, especially by the Seniors and Juniors—these furnish cogent reasons for believing that God has deigned to bless the work of His humble handmaids at San Rafael.

Of the coming holidays it is fitting that at least a word or two—of suggestion, if not of advice—should be said. Obviously, they should be days of intellectual rest rather than of mental labor. The college student who has worked well, studied hard during the scholastic year, deserves, and should get, genuine recreation and recuperation during the weeks of vacation. All work and no play not only makes Jack a dull boy, but makes Jill a physically unfit and neurasthenic girl. Life in the open, closeness to nature, frequent excursions to woods and mountains or on river and sea, intellectual passivity

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rather than positive brain-work—that is the kind of vacation which proves the best preparative for the next college year. There is, however, one vacation activity in which all college girls may—and all thoroughly loyal college girls do—indulge: the generous effort to increase the muster-roll of their Alma Mater's children. We trust that each of this year's pupils will deem it a duty as well as a pleasure so to exert herself during the coming weeks that on her return to San Rafael she will be accompanied by at least one new student.



*"Bird and breeze are the wild-flowers' angels
Their messages bearing to God"*

WHITE ROSE

CLEAR-carved in ivory, cool and pure— Yet bud must go and flower bloom;
Green leaves a matchless bud disclose, And from those ivory depths there glows
Perfect a thing as God has made— A golden star, all ringed with snow—
White rose—my white rose. White rose—my white rose.

Soft, lifeless petals, one by one,
Sail off upon the breeze that blows
Far, far away beyond the sea—
White rose—my white rose.

NANCY PATTISON, Alumna.

JUNIOR COLLEGE
SOPHOMORE CLASS



ESTELLE GASSNER
GERALDINE STEPHANY

REGINA MCCAULAY
DOROTHY HALL



JOYCE KILMER

"Various the roads of life ; in one
All terminate, one lonely way.
We go ; and 'Is he gone ?'
Is all our best friends say."



THE Great War has taken its toll of poets, as almost every war of history has done; the warrior-poet has been a familiar figure throughout the ages. It could not be otherwise in this late struggle, which is in the interests of the noblest cause ever proposed to warring nations—the freedom of the whole world from oppression and cruelty, forever. Joyce Kilmer has expressed this ideal—his own and his country's—in his last poem, "The Peacemaker":

"That pain may cease, he yields his flesh to pain ;
To banish war, he must a warrior be.
He dwells in might, eternal dawn to see,
And gladly dies, abundant life to gain."

Sergeant Kilmer was killed in action, July 30, 1918, near Villers-sur-Fere. He had asked to be assigned to work at the front; he was eager to be in the midst of battle. When his comrades found him, he was lying in an alert attitude, as if still overlooking the enemy's trench. He had gone out ahead of his battalion early in the morning to locate machine-guns, and a German bullet had put an end to his life. He will never become

"The pleasantest sort of poet
Who's the poet old and wise,
With an old white beard, and wrinkles
About his kind old eyes."

The world has lost a life of great promise, for the poet was young, and, although he had achieved much in his varied career, he gave promise of achieving a hundred-fold more.

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Joyce Kilmer was a native of New Jersey. He was graduated from Rutgers College in 1904 and received his B. A. from Columbia in 1906. He engaged in newspaper work at once, and was successful as a literary critic of remarkable judgment. He was associated with the *New York Times* for several years, and later he became editor of the poetry section of *The Literary Digest*. He has written several books of poetry. He was not particularly proud of the first, "Summer of Love," and later wished to have it out of print. The volume called "Trees" appeared in 1914, and the exquisite simplicity and delicacy of the lyric from which the volume takes its name would have made its author immortal if he had never written anything else. His latest book, "Main Street," appeared shortly after the poet had enlisted. "The Snowman in the Yard," "Roofs," and "Main Street" could have been included in "Trees," to make a homogeneous collection; the qualities of his earlier work appear in all. But in the other poems of this later volume the poet strikes a deeper note; his emotion is more profound and more universal, his melody is sweeter, and his choice of theme more diverse.

Not only as a writer of poetry has Joyce Kilmer become celebrated; he is also famous as an essayist. He chose ordinary topics, according to his democratic bent, and his style is simple and forceful. He published a volume called "The Circus and Other Essays," from which we quote a passage a little reminiscent of Chesterton:

"The stage's glories have been sung by many a poet. But the circus has had no laureate; it has had to content itself with the passionate prose of its press-agent. The loss is poetry's, not the circus'. For the circus is itself a poem and a poet;—a poem in that it is a lovely and enduring expression of the soul of man, his mirth and his romance, and a poet in that it is a maker, a creator of splendid fancies in the minds of those who see it.

"And there are poets in the circus. They are not, perhaps, the men and women who make their living by their skill and daring, risking their lives to entertain the world. No, the subjective artists are to be found in the little tents,—the side shows. This is not a mere sneer at the craft of poetry, a mere statement that poets are freaks. Poets are *not* freaks. But freaks are poets. Behold, therefore, the man upon whom a crushing misfortune has come. He puts his grief into fair words and shows it to the public. Thereby he gets money and fame. Behold, therefore, a man whom misfortune has touched before his birth and made him a ridiculous image of humanity. He shows his misfortune to the world and gets fame thereby. . . . See, there is a man who lives, although his back is broken. There is a crowd around him; how interested they are! Would they be as interested in a poet who lived although his heart was broken?"

The keynote to Joyce Kilmer's work and to his character is his romantic humanism. He had the greatest contempt for the accidental facts of human existence: always, with him, "a man's a man, for a' that." He revered the servant girl for the sentiment that her soul spoke, regardless of the hopeless vulgarity of "her lips' remark." He was eagerly attentive to the souls of common people and the soul of common things, and he was so instinctively. His democracy colored even his piety, for he

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held the Catholic Church to be "the one democratic institution of the twentieth century," and he implored the "Carpenter of Nazareth" to

"Have pity on our foolishness,
And give us eyes, that we may see
Beneath the shopman's clumsy dress
The splendor of humanity."

He was careful that this passion for the ordinary should not even appear to deteriorate to an attitude. He had an intense loathing for what was artificial, and he protested scathingly against prevailing literary fads, in terms that show how heartily he detested unreality of any sort. To "Certain Poets" he thus addressed himself:

"You little poets, mincing there,
With women's hearts, and women's hair!

"How sick Dan Cupid's ghost must be
To hear *you* lisp of 'Poesie'!

"A heavy-handed blow, I think,
Would make your veins drip scented ink!

"Why, what has God or man to do
With wet, amorphous things like you?

"Take up your needles, drop your pen
And leave the poets' craft to *men*!"

The philosophy of Joyce Kilmer's life is intelligible to those who share his faith. Others find it hard to reconcile his enthusiastic enjoyment of life with a certain mysticism which appears so frequently in his later work, and which, his friends say, was eminently characteristic of the man. His was a many-sided nature. We are told that "there was not a sensuous beauty in all nature to which he did not respond," and we find evidence of this and justification for it in one line of his poem "Roses," the tenderest and sweetest that he has written. Of the beauty of God's creation, he says,

"God's breath has turned the barren world to a rich and flowery place."

In the same poem there are other lines expressive of that peculiar mystical element in his nature which was a perpetual wonder to his friends. He had the spirit of the martyrs, and no one ever realized more deeply "that sorrow and self-denial, if they are the burdens of man, are also his privilege," for

"Of this fair and awful King, there is this marvel told:
That He wore a crown of linkèd thorns, instead of one of gold."

He loved to enjoy the gifts of his King, but his most precious privilege was to follow Him, for

"He had for Captain, Him whose thorn-wreathed head
Smiles from the Cross upon a conquered world."

Sergeant Kilmer was a gallant soldier; he fought as he had lived—using his tremendous vitality to the utmost. He was at the very front when he was killed—not because he had to be, we are assured, but because he wanted to be. The chaplain of his

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regiment warmly testifies to his courage: "Joyce was one of those soldiers who have a romantic love of death in battle. It could not have missed him in time." Father C. O'Donnell, C. S. C., who was Sergeant Kilmer's ardent admirer and devoted friend, has written a beautiful tribute to the dead poet:

"Saint Michael, Prince of Angels and Captain of the charge
That filled the void of Hell with broken wings,
A sergeant I bring you, a soldier of the line—
The battle line, the line of saints, the ancient line that sings.

"Lance hurler of the heaven wars, Michael of the Sword,
Admit him to your ranks and give command.
What bid you of valor, of virtue, of beauty,
He has the level eyes that understand.

"A sergeant I bring you, of Christ's wars a veteran,
A singer whom David may entrust with his song—
I saw him, I loved him, I took him,—receive him,
St. Michael, your sergeant of the clean heart strong."

M. S.

MOVING PICTURES



FIFTEEN years ago moving-pictures did not exist, except as experiments in scientific workshops. Today they are a power in the land. Their rise has been swift, steady, wholly astounding; they form one of the principal means of amusement throughout the civilized world. It would be hard, if not impossible, to find a village without a picture show; in the great cities these modern theaters are to be found in almost every district. For pictures are as a universal language, their appeal reaching alike the rich, the poor, the youth and the age of the nation.

This is far indeed from Lucretius, the citizen of ancient Rome, who, sixty-five years before the coming of Christ, in a didactic poem on "The Nature of Things," is said to have made the first written reference to the phenomenon of "Persistence of Vision," yet this phenomenon is the cornerstone of the "movie." Nearly two hundred years after Lucretius, Ptolemy, in his book on "Optics," describes an apparatus whereby the physical fact of persistence of vision can be plainly demonstrated. No one else seems to have been particularly interested, however, since no further experiments of note are mentioned for the next sixteen centuries. In 1825 there is a new and interesting development, the phenomenon being utilized for amusement in whirling toys, such as the zoetrope and the thaumatrope. However, these playthings soon had their day; their work was done; in a decade photography was invented, and scientists, particularly naturalists, striving to understand animal movement, used the camera as their medium in motion-analysis, made possible by their knowledge of the principle of persistence of vision. Thus was developed the moving-picture. The early stages

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were worked out in France and England, but it is to America that film-art owes its perfection.

The American business man it was who took hold of the moving-picture in its infancy. At first, novelty was the chief attraction, but novelty is fleeting. In search of an appeal that would merit the continuous patronage of the fickle crowd, the business man discovered the scenic possibilities of the photo-play. So he enlisted capital, he investigated atmospheric conditions best suited to all-year photography, he gathered together companies of talented actors, he engaged a camera man, a director, a press-agent, and settled down to work.

A new industry thus appeared, giving employment to many thousands, making its way everywhere, constantly creating new demands. Scenario-writing became a profession; successful directors were sought after, and photographers of artistic perception were employed at any price. Thus far, however, no unions, such as the legitimate actors' "White Rats," have been heard of in film-land; and producing companies have yet to be accused of forming trusts, although a few of their corporations have reached gigantic size. One unusual phase of the picture industry is the work of the "free-lance." Like a soldier of fortune, he is often a man inclined to adventure and deeply interested in a single subject. The subject may be the filming of mountains or of birds'-nests or of forests. With a camera and a company he takes to the open road, is bound by no contracts, represents no company, but photographs simply what, when, and where he pleases. This is the type of photographer who penetrates the African jungle at the risk of his life, who goes to the Bahamas and gets pictures of unearthly beauty on the ocean-floor, the type who went with Scott's ill-fated expedition to the South Pole and left a record of heroic sacrifice.

One of the most curious features of motion-picture development is its cyclical character. The Latin poet Lucretius discussed the "Illusion of Motion" from the point of view of science, in a poem designed primarily to instruct. Ptolemy's interest, too, was of a scientific nature. The next step was the use in the nineteenth century of the phenomenon of persistence of vision as the principle of a series of toys designed for amusement. This led to the photography of motion, an entirely new departure, due to a scientific interest in movement. This scientific element disappeared for a time, however, for business men, keen to make money, saw the practical side of this amazing invention, seized upon it and developed to the full its possibilities of amusement. Then the cycle is completed by once more getting back to the point of view of science, as historians, scientists, thoughtful people in general awaken to the deeper significance of the moving-picture.

Many educators believe that the motion-picture is invaluable. The schoolchild's interest is aroused by pictures of travel, his imagination is fired by historical tales and his attention is caught and held by glimpses of mines, fisheries, ranches. The general public are informed about current happenings of social and political interest by screen newspapers, such as that recently launched by the *San Francisco Chronicle*, which covers almost everything one finds in any daily. Again, scientists are continually finding new uses to which the moving-picture is peculiarly adapted. It has even found its way into colleges, as, for example, when a year or two ago, at the Oregon College of Agriculture, films were used as an aid to the course in logging engineering. The pic-

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tures dealt with a disease which at that time was attacking white pines; the screen proved immensely valuable in clearing up all doubt as to the disease's possibilities for harm.

The motion-picture's good influence can easily be seen, but, on the other hand, its unfortunate and immense capacity for evil is also plain. It is the youth of America who have felt this most. Nervous children often become so unstrung after viewing a so-called thriller that they are unable to sleep at night. And worse effects than mere nervousness may be seen in the Juvenile Court records; for to a child in the rightly receptive frame of mind a picture may be the incentive to nearly any crime. An interesting case is that of two San Francisco children, girls of about twelve years of age, who were apprehended in the Ferry Building, waiting to buy tickets for Los Angeles, where, they felt sure, fame and fortune awaited them as moving-picture actresses. They had stolen twenty-five dollars and the necessary clothes from a relative. Those interested in child welfare have long felt that conditions resulting in such evils must be remedied, and, as a result, pictures filmed especially for children are now produced by a prominent company, the subjects being taken from a list of stories compiled for the purpose by women's clubs. In large cities it is now the accepted thing to show on the screen, at least once a week, a child's play. Thus, to some extent, the danger to a child's moral welfare as well as to his physical well-being is obviated.

In addition to such crusades for the better protection of children, there are, of course, state boards of censorship, but they have not thus far proved very effective. While the character of the board members is to some extent responsible for this, the real fault is to be found in the state laws and their non-enforcement; for although some states are very strict regarding movies and their censorship, others are extremely lax. California is perhaps the best example of this laxity to be found in the Union, and it is high time something were done about it, as the present situation is disgraceful.

By moving-pictures, in the popular sense of the word, is meant the film-story with a fluffy heroine, a leading man, exquisitely tailored, and a villain. The plot may be more or less elaborated, but such are its elements; and almost always it is absurdly romantic. Absurd romance is in fact the very life of that indefinite quality known as the "lure of the movies," a lure particularly appealing to the schoolgirl, the cause of her ardent longing to attend picture-shows, also of her desire to spend every spare moment with the many moving-picture magazines, in reality but glorified advertisements. The regulation plot, made a little snappier, becomes too often the vampire variety, so highly popular at the present time. This "Vamp" picture usually ends with a moral, but before the end is reached the most licentious scenes are shown, of a kind that inevitably lower the moral tone of any community where continually exhibited. But although countless pictures are of a decidedly questionable character, there are many others which, while not highly moral, are, on the other hand, not definitely immoral, and just where the line between artistic liberty and license should be drawn is the bone of contention between the producer and the Board of Censorship. Even the picture magazines themselves show a realization of the danger of the immoral film, both as it affects the public and the picture industry, if allowed to continue much longer unchecked. In the *Photoplay* magazine for April, 1919, there is a significant paragraph: "So we may well pause and consider with extreme caution the desire of zealots to re-

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form the motion-picture by the enactment of laws providing for official censorship, for, by objectionable films, a great and powerful instrument is being handled to its ultimate and early ruin." And in the *Photoplay* for May, 1919: "The unwholesome picture is on the decline; the sensational picture, in theme or word, is a dead letter, and will decrease in accordance with the stabilizing of the industry."

Although the moving-picture has such a wide and varied following, there are many who are unalterably opposed to it, who regard the ordinary photo-play as a bore, who believe the nature of the film will always be dull and uninteresting, and who consider it as a menace not only to good morals, but also to good eyesight. Yet pictures can be studied from many points of view, each of which has its peculiar interest. If the catalogue of any great library be consulted, books will be found that deal with the motion-picture in its psychological aspect, that treat it technically, that consider it in relation to ethics—books that treat the subject in almost every phase, from its earliest history to the latest way of becoming a film-star. The moving-picture is a large subject, one of almost universal interest, of vital importance to the civilized world. Approve or disapprove of it as one will, the question is still to be reckoned with, and no one who keeps in touch with modern life can ignore an institution that is one of the most remarkable features of the age.

CECILE ADAIR, '22.

BLUE SHOES

A FAIRY TALE



ONCE upon a time there were two little princes, who lived in a great castle. Now, these little princes were always very happy—for why should they not have been? They enjoyed all the pleasures that could be imagined. Their mother loved them dearly and their father worshipped them.

But one day there was sorrow in the castle. The queen mother was dead. The little boys knew that she had been taken from them; their first happiness was gone. King Py, their father, was also very unhappy; he grieved for the queen whom he had loved, and his heart ached for his little sons who would never see their mother again. He planned many things to comfort them, to make them happy once more. Especially did he pay attention to the care of their health. He read in many books on hygiene that fresh air is essential to all growing children. So he ordered a little screen sleeping-house to be built in the garden. Each night he himself would put the boys to bed; then he would lock the door and return to his castle.

But one evening, absorbed in weighty cares of state, he forgot to lock the door, and in the middle of the night, when all was black, inky black, and the little boys were fast asleep, an old witch, Madam Hildegrade, came stealing by. She was as dark as the night, but her eyes, bright as baleful fires, gleamed with treachery. Her feet, large as an elephant's, were shod with two huge bright-blue slippers. Magic slippers they

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were; by looking down at them and chanting as she touched an object, the witch could change it into anything she desired. But without the slippers she was powerless.

"Ah, ha," exclaimed the old witch, as she caught a glimpse of the two white beds in the little house, "the king's children out for an airing! Now is my chance to wreak my vengeance. Ten years ago he caused the death of my sister. Long have I waited for revenge, sweet revenge! I shall change these children into dewdrops."

In a second she had thrown open the door and snatched the children from their beds. Before they were quite awake, the witch chanted:

"Shoes so blue, shoes so blue,
Change these children
Into drops of dew."

Before the boys could even get their breath to scream, they were tiny little dewdrops, collected on a daisy in the garden.

"There," said the witch, "let the children suffer for their father's sin!" And she vanished.

The dewdrops were so frightened that they could neither speak nor move. All night they stared into the heavens. They wondered how the moon could grin so hard and why the stars twinkled so brightly, when they were so unhappy. All night they lay wide-awake. They watched the stars wink out one by one, and they saw the moon fade away. Then, as the sun peeped over the hill-tops, they heard the Angelus softly sound.

"Alas," sighed one little dewdrop, in dewdrop language, "our daddy will soon come for us, but he will not find us! What shall we do?"

"Listen. I hear footsteps now," said the other.

Both turned their eyes to see the king coming down the path; but the sun glared upon them. Their eyes hurt and they could not see. Then the dewdrops became angry.

"You hateful sinner!" cried one.

"You detestable old sun!" shouted the other. "You glare in our eyes, and we can not see our father. We hate you!"

Now, the sun was a wise old fellow, for he was a man of the whole world. He could understand all languages, even dewdrop language. So, hearing the ugly outcries of the dewdrops, he indignantly declared, "I shall punish them! They should appreciate my warmth and bright light."

Glaring down upon them he cried, "Dewdrops, you will suffer for what you have said. I am a great magnet, and shall draw you from the earth into the clouds. You will travel over mountains and seas, into strange lands. Frightened, you shall wander for years and endure all sorts of hardships."

At once the dewdrops felt themselves getting lighter, and in a second they found themselves settling in a massive black cloud. Dumb with fright, they clung close together, while the other raindrops bustled and flurried, and the great cloud raced on over hills and seas. The dewdrops were gone.

Then the king came for his sons, but seeing the door wide open and the beds empty, he cried, "My boys, my boys, where are they? They have been kidnapped!"

All day the frantic father and all his court searched for the lost children. For

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weeks they searched. Then the king offered his crown for the return of his sons, but all in vain. At last, giving up in despair, the king said, "Each night I will go out and sit in the little house. I will pray for the return of my precious lost ones. I am sure God will answer my prayers."

So each night the king went to the little house and prayed. One night Madam Hildegade came by. Hearing his prayers, she laughed and sang in a loud screeching voice:

"Shoes so blue, shoes so blue,
Cling unto my feet like glue;
Without your aid I cannot do.
With your magic tried and true,
I changed the king's children
Into drops of dew.
Hu———Hu!"

The king heard; then he knew the worst, but he did not cease praying. Every night he came, and every night the witch came. While he prayed, she would howl her weird song.

But one night Madam Hildegade stayed too long; so she decided to hurry home by a short but very dangerous road. She was obliged to fly over miles of quicksand. When she was just above the deepest and most treacherous part of the bed, she lost her balance and fell in. With a mighty effort she pulled herself out and leaped into the air. Suddenly she howled with fury; her magic shoes were gone. They had slipped off and were sinking fast in the quicksand. The witch shrieked and dived madly for them, but they had disappeared. She flew home, wild with anger over her loss.

Down, down the slippers sank, until they reached an underground stream. Then, floating on, they finally drifted into a brook which ran through the king's woods.

The next morning the king, wandering through his woods, crossed this stream; but he had not gone far before he saw that a great storm was gathering. Turning, he was about to cross the water, when he caught sight of two bright-blue objects floating down the middle of the stream. At once recognizing the slippers, he jumped into the water after them. Snatching them, he leaped to the bank and cried, "I will try the magic slippers!"

Now, as fate willed, the very cloud in which the enchanted drops were traveling had floated back right over the king's woods.

When it began to rain, these drops, because they were so very nervous and frightened, were the first to fall. Just as the king put on the huge slippers and chanted:

"Shoes so blue, shoes so blue,
The witch's magic power undo,"

behold, the two little drops fell before his feet, and in an instant there they stood, his own sons! Both father and children were so rejoiced that they could not speak for a few minutes. Finally the king said, clasping the boys in his arms, "God has answered my prayers."

ELIZABETH SMITH, '22.



Meadowlands

THE POEMS OF RICHARD CRASHAW



F adequate recognition and honor are today accorded to Francis Thompson, that poet of high-thinking and "celestial vision," then Richard Crashaw must not be numbered among the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown," for undoubtedly to this seventeenth-century English mystic the modern poet is deeply indebted. No two great poets are more alike, both in their peculiar beauties as well as in their peculiar defects. Crashaw is little read and little appreciated in this present century with its fullness of poetic gifts, yet because of the inherent merit of his verse, and because of his inspiration for Thompson, he is worthy of consideration by lovers of poetry in general.

Not much is known of Crashaw's life. He was born in the early part of the seventeenth century, the son of an author and preacher. His university work was done at Cambridge, where he received his degree in 1634. He entered the Anglican Church as a minister, but was ejected for refusing to subscribe to the Covenant, and then retired to France. Always a Catholic at heart, he now embraced the true faith, coming into the Church "as one who having lived in a half-forgotten place in dreams enters it without surprise." He became a priest, and through the influence of the exiled Henrietta Maria was made canon of Loretto, where his death occurred in 1650. His life was short as men count years, but in profusion and depth of poetic inspiration it encompassed sufficient to give him lasting renown.

Crashaw's poems are grouped in three collections—"The Delights of the Muses," "Steps to the Temple," and "Carmen Deo Nostro." "Music's Duel," the first poem in "The Delights of the Muses," contains an overpowering imagery and luxuriance of thought that suggest the magical quality of Keats, while in two of his poems on "Morning" are passages which in their richness are reminiscent of Shakespeare. From one of the latter are lines often quoted to describe the poet's own genius:

"A Muse

Whose feet can walk the Milky-way and choose
Her starry throne; whose holy heats can warm
The grave, and hold up an exalted arm
To lift me from my lazy urn, to climb
Upon the stooping shoulders of old Time,
And trace Eternity."

His placid sweetness and witching powers as a lyrist are well displayed in the last stanzas of "Love's Horoscope." There the verbal melody, with its pause and modulation which best reveals his singularly felicitous gifts as well as his secular poems the ceits is "Sospetto d'Herode," an interpretation from the Italian of Marino. Such lines as these written of the fury Alecto:

"The fields' fair eyes saw her and saw no more,
But shut their flowery lids forever,"

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or the words of the rebel angels:

"And should we powers of Heaven, spirits of worth,
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?"

are matchless. Soaring imagination, rapturous language, and passionate enthusiasm have full sway here, and utterly eclipse the jarring notes of seventeenth-century affectations. To quote Professor Hales, Crashaw seems to be exercising "a mind embarrassed by its own richness, and so expending with a prodigal carelessness." No wonder that Milton in "Paradise Lost" could make use of ideas embodied in this poem, as is evident from the similarity of the following lines:

"In adamant chains and penal fire." (*Paradise Lost*, I, 47, 48.)

"Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain." (*Sospetto*, XVIII, 8.)

"A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night." (*Paradise Lost*, I, 542, 543.)

"And gave a ghastly shriek, whose horrid yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of Night." (*Sospetto*, XIX, 6, 7.)

"At last his sail-broad vans he spreads for flight." (*Paradise Lost*, II, 927.)

"Which, like two bosomed sails, embrace the dim
Air with a dismal shade." (*Sospetto*, XVIII, 5-7.)

In the volume of poems containing the "Sospetto" is also found the lyric "On Irresolution and Delay in Matters of Religion," addressed to the Countess of Denbigh, in which Crashaw urges his friend not to hesitate longer to enter at "the Gate of Bliss." Finely expressive in its simplicity, it seems to voice the poet's own religious sentiments, and by its clearness to embody his faith, for he sees no longer as "through a glass in a dark manner." How strong his belief in the merciful Son of God when he writes:

"Nor can the cares of His whole crown
(When one poor sigh sends for Him down)
Detain Him, but He leaves behind
The late wings of the lazy wind,
Spurns the tame laws of Time and Place,
And breaks through all ten heavens to our embrace"!

To a few lovers of Crashaw, his divine epigrams are the most valuable of his verses, possibly because, with their pointed brevity, and their subtle twists and turns of language, they vivify truths which frequently lie dormant in the human heart. His rendition of the Miracle of Cana is often quoted, but does not lose by repetition:

"Whence in your waters, say, that alien glow?
What rose new-born your 'mazed stream hath flushed?
Some power divine, my guests, confess, is here:
The modest nymph hath seen her God, and blushed."

The majority of Crashaw's sacred poems are included in the volume entitled "Carmen Deo Nostro." Here "his raptures were all air and fire," the passionate outbursts of a devout Catholic who possessed the rare poetic gift in a high degree. Even though

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"St. Mary Magdalen" exemplifies those extravagances and outrageous conceits which offend so radically the present-day tastes, yet in their midst are exquisite conceptions and golden phrases that taken in themselves make the writer the equal of Spenser. The poem "To the Name above every Name," one of his finest productions, deserves more attention and praise than it generally receives. In it appears that extraordinary cunning of diction which, says Francis Thompson, "cleaves like gold-leaf to its object." In it, too, is found the human tenderness in dealing with the divine that distinguishes Crashaw's verses from much of other English sacred poetry wherein heaven and heavenly things are considered as far remote from human perceptions.

"The Hymn to St. Theresa" and "The Flaming Heart" are the high-water marks of his genius. They contain some of his richest poetry. They are ravishing in their ethereal beauty, and are tinged with the mysticism of the seraphic saint:

"O how oft shalt thou complain
Of a sweet and subtle pain:
Of intolerable joys;
Of a death, in which who dies
Loves his death, and dies again,
And would forever so be slain.
And lives and dies; and knows not why
To live, but that he thus may never leave to die."

These lines from the "Hymn" might almost be ascribed to St. Theresa herself, for they are imbued with her own spiritual ardor. In the "Flaming Heart" a long prelude annoys with its dullness and conceits, but is more than atoned for by the impassioned beauty of the concluding lines, best known of all Crashaw's poetry:

"O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day;
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;
By all the Heaven thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim!)
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die."

To know Crashaw is to love him, and then with love to echo those forceful words of appreciation from his fellow-poet, Abraham Cowley:

"I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me;
And when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,
'Twill learn of things divine and first of thee to sing."

M. T.



"No picture of mere memory ever looked so fair"

THE LETTERS OF DOROTHY OSBORNE



LOVE-LETTERS are rarely valuable to any except those who write them and those who receive them. Yet nothing is more fascinating than a collection of love-letters in which there is literary merit. Old romance has an undying charm; when there are added to it fine intellectuality, gracious kindness, and delicate sense of humor there is no resisting it. Such romance is to be found in the "Letters of Dorothy Osborne," written in the seventeenth century to Sir William Temple, best known to-day as the relative and patron of the proud and bitter Jonathan Swift.

Sir William Temple's father was a member of the Long Parliament in 1653; and Dorothy Osborne's father was an ardent follower of the king. Dorothy and Temple met very romantically at an inn on the way to France. Dorothy was traveling with her brother, and while they were staying at this inn the latter amused himself by writing on a window his opinion of the ruling powers. For this the whole party was arrested, and Dorothy, realizing that being a woman she would be treated courteously, pleaded guilty and was allowed to go free. Temple was present at this scene, and, with reason, admired Dorothy for her courage as well as for her beauty and wit. He was a handsome and likable youth, and he soon became Dorothy's lover, or, in the phrase of the times, her "humble servant." Many difficulties stood in the way of their happiness, as Temple's father sought a more desirable match for him, and Dorothy's father not only wished her to make a more advantageous marriage, but also personally disliked Temple. For seven years the lovers were kept apart, meeting seldom; but separation was made easier to bear because of their constant correspondence.

Dorothy Osborne's letters are interesting, not only for their delightful literary style, but for the light that they throw on the history of England and the customs of the people at that time. Cromwell, then at the height of his power, had abolished the Long Parliament and become king in everything but name. England, beginning to tire of the strict Puritan rule, was yearning for the gayety of the old monarchical government, and, once more internally at peace, under Cromwell she had taken her place among the foremost nations of Europe. Macaulay, speaking of Dorothy Osborne's letters, says that they give us "that information, for the sake of which alone it is worth while to study remote events." These letters give us the atmosphere of the family life in a noble household of the seventeenth century. The women of Dorothy Osborne's class were educated to be chiefly household ornaments, spending their time in social duties, reading, studying subjects such as French, and sometimes traveling. They also spent much time entertaining their "humble servants." It is surprising to learn that among the amusements of the great were golf and tennis. Sir William Temple played tennis very often, and Dorothy in one of her letters chides him for endangering his health by allowing himself to get overheated on the court. These letters form a valuable source of information on the position of servants in the household, and in describing her favorite walk she writes, "In the common, that lay hard by the house, a great many young wenches used to keep cows and sheep and sit in the shade singing of ballads." In some

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of her letters there are touches that sound strangely modern. Regarding marriage she remarks, "What an age do we live in, where 'tis a miracle if in ten couples that are married, two of them live so as not to publish to the world that they cannot agree. . . . For my part, I think it very convenient that all such as intend to marry should live together in the same house some years of probation; and if in all that time they never disagreed, they should then be permitted to marry if they pleased; but how few would do it then!" Once, alluding to a discussion which her brother and a friend had about flying, she says, "They both agreed that it was very possible to find out a way that people might fly like birds and dispatch their journeys so."

Dorothy Osborne's character is clearly shown in her letters. She seems to have been a charming young woman, modest and gentle, but at the same time high-spirited, and displaying temper when aroused. Her sympathy was with the Royalist party because of her connections, but her views on politics never became aggressive. To quote from Judge Barry, "She was religious, but not too good to partake of such amusements as London offered under the melancholy rule of the Puritans, or to giggle a little at a ridiculous sermon from a divine, thought to be one of the great lights at Westminster." Although Dorothy possessed many qualities which belong to a lovable woman, she lacked sincere sympathy and understanding. The fact that in after years she lived in the same house with Jonathan Swift, and apparently failed to recognize his greatness and sufferings, indicates that she was not endowed with the power of deep insight and broad sympathies. However, if Dorothy sometimes seems self-centered and selfish, it is perhaps to be blamed on the way she was reared, because she had probably not been taught to help the poor and attend to the sick. She was very affectionate, and possessed a sense of humor which makes her letters delightfully refreshing. Her youngest brother was remarkably attached to her and was jealous of her affection. He desired her to be "well bestowed," but he wished to go with her wherever she lived, and he constantly warned her against a passionate marriage. She once makes the statement, "But seriously, I many times receive letters from him, that nobody would believe they were from a brother were they seen without any address to me or his name; and I cannot but tell him sometimes that sure he mistakes and sends me letters that were meant to his mistress, till he swears to me that he has none." Dorothy's letters are very personal, and besides answering Temple's inquiries and remarks she tells him about her thoughts, dreams, and doings. One may see that she had very high ideals in regard to a husband. She was also rather sensible. "First of all," she writes, "our humors must agree, and to do that he must have had that kind of breeding I have had, and used to that kind of company."

What remains of the correspondence was begun in 1653, while Temple was traveling through Europe and Dorothy was living at her country home in Chicksands, Bedfordshire. There was already an understanding between them, but owing to the disapproval of their families they had not made any plans for their marriage. During this time Dorothy received the attentions of many who would willingly have become her "humble servants," but she cared for no one but Temple, even spurning the advances of Oliver Cromwell's son Henry. Not only did Dorothy and Temple see each other very seldom during this time, but they were in constant fear lest their letters be intercepted by Dorothy's brother or her father, Sir Peter. Gossip caused a misunder-

standing between the lovers, but it was soon made up, and it was their only serious quarrel during their long engagement. Temple's father sent him to Ireland, presumably on business, but really to prevent his marriage. At last, however, he returned from Ireland, and the lovers triumphing over the objections of their families announced their betrothal. There was still one more trial to their constancy. Dorothy was taken dangerously ill with smallpox, and when she arose from her bed her beauty was destroyed. But as Temple loved her for her beauty of soul, not for external loveliness, after seven years of waiting and suspense, their constancy was rewarded when Dorothy Osborne became Dorothy Temple, in the Church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields on December 25, 1654.

GRACE SPOTTISWOOD, '22.

SIDNEY LANIER

AN APPRECIATION



Y interest in Sidney Lanier's poetry was first aroused by reading "The Symphony," a remarkable poem in which there is sympathetic understanding of the human heart and human suffering, loftiness of thought, and warmth of feeling expressed in exquisite melody. The theme of "The Symphony" is this:

"Grant thee, O Trade! thine uttermost hope:
Level red gold with blue sky-slope,
And base it deep as devils grope:
When all's done, what hast thou won
Of the only sweet that's under the sun?
Ay, canst thou buy a single sigh
Of true love's least, least ecstasy?"

Lanier decries the "glozing and lying of Trade" with a grim realism which adds vigor and strength to lyric tenderness.

Speaking of Nature's part in the life of the misery-stricken slaves of trade, and of how they, too, hear Nature's music and feel her message, he says:

"From the warm concave of that fluted note
Somewhat, half song, half odor, forth did float:
When Nature from her far-off glen
Flutes her soft messages to men,
The flute can say them o'er again;
Yea, Nature, singing sweet and lone,
Breathes through life's strident polyphone
The flute-voice in the world of tone.
Sweet friends,
Man's love ascends
To finer and diviner ends
Than man's mere thought e'er comprehends."

Sidney Lanier was a man of fine culture, much read, assimilative, strong of thought, endowed with a sane imagination. He had a modern zest for fact, a deep in-

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terest in problems of state, religion, society, science, art, and literature. Along with his marked clearness and independence of thought went a profound ethical earnestness, a subtle spirituality that makes his poetry distinctive. He believed in the holiness of beauty and truth much as did the English poet Keats. But it is the union and fusion of music and poetry which makes the greater part of Lanier's charm. In this regard he is a twice-blest genius.

Many people think of Lanier as essentially a song-writer. His "Song of the Future," "Song of Love," "An Evening Song," and others are not only to be read but set to music; they are songs in the literal sense of the word. Lanier was a trained musician, and many a time, when his pen produced a grotesquely inadequate sum of money for the support of his family, his flute assured him a moderate income at the Peabody Orchestra.

His technical skill in verse and meter was based primarily upon the musical system of accentuation. "His best poems move to the cadence of tune. Sometimes there was a lilt like the singing of a bird, and sometimes the lyric cry, and yet again the music of the orchestra. Sometimes, as in the 'Marshes of Glynn' and in the best parts of the 'Sunrise,' there is a cosmic rhythm that is like unto the rhythmic beating of the heart of God, of which Poe and Lanier have written eloquently," says Edward Mims. Lanier was a pioneer in the treatment of words and meters, and he opened new possibilities of metrical and stanzaic arrangements, and so revealed new powers of word-use and combination in modern English poetry.

These gifts of technical mastery and facility of expression, combined with depth of thought and spiritual perception and fervor, are to be found in his best poems. Rarely have such tender love lyrics been written to a wife as "My Springs" and "An Evening Song."

Toward nature Lanier's attitude is that of a passionate worship, almost verging on pantheism. His "Hymns of the Marshes" are beautiful beyond expression. What could be more exquisite than these lines from "Sunrise"?

"Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms,
Ye consciences murmuring faiths under forms,
Ye ministers meet for each passion that grieves,
Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves,
Oh, rain me down from your darks that contain me
Wisdoms ye winnow from winds that pain me,—
Sift down tremors of sweet-within-sweet
That advise me of more than they bring,—repeat
Me the woods-smell that swiftly but now brought breath
From the heaven-side bank of the river of death,—
Teach me the terms of silence,—preach me
The passion of patience,—sift me,—impeach me,—
And there, oh there
As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in the air,
Pray me a myriad prayer."

Some critics condemn Lanier as little more than "a clever artisan in rhyme and meter," and cite the "Hymns" as examples lacking in depth of thought. However this

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may be, these poems are sincere—and did Thomas Carlyle not sufficiently prove that sincerity is the first prerequisite of great poetry?

Can there be found in the range of American literature a short poem expressing such depth of thought, fervent devotion, and lofty sentiment as this "Ballad of Trees and the Master"?

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

"Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came."

Lanier's poetry breathes the spirit of the South, his native Georgia and his adopted Baltimore. Richard Burton says, "He is now seen more clearly every day to be the most important singer the Southern United States has produced, and one of the most distinctive and lovely of American singers, wherever born. His poems express his loving observation of the picturesque phenomena of his own and other Southern States. And what a staunch Americanism blows like a sea-wind through the remarkable 'Psalm of the West'!"

But Lanier's poetry is more than American—it is universal. No one who knows and loves Nature can be left untouched by the rapturous beauty of the "Hymns of the Marshes"; no one who reverences high womanhood can fail to appreciate the lyric loveliness of "My Springs"; no one whose heart can be stirred by the problems of human life can remain unmoved by the "Symphony." An atheist could hardly deny the power and truth of the "Crystal," the pathos and perfection of "A Ballad of Trees and the Master."

Certainly those who are interested in American poetry cannot but deeply regret Lanier's premature death. The disease which he heroically fought off for eight years overtook him in 1881, at the age of thirty-nine, before he had reached the height of his career. There will always be attached to his name the glory of the unfulfilled life; for he had the foundation of a great poet's career, and he will in time to come "take his final rank with the first princes of American song."

GERALDINE STEPHANY, '21.

A TOUCH OF LOCAL COLOR



THE terror of the Spanish influenza was upon us, and the decree had gone forth that we were to be in quarantine. No one could leave the grounds unless headed for the hills. No more movies, no more Stapps', no more visits to the city of San Rafael. Imprisonment for a month at least, perhaps more!

For the first few days things went on as usual, except for occasional laments. By the end of a week, however, the afternoon hours saw small groups, emerging from the side gate, off to the hills. Soon we began to realize that we were blest in being permitted to explore the unsuspected beauty of the country that lies just outside our gates—a world of loveliness in fields and hills; in trails, alluring us with their undiscovered endings and enchanting us with an ever-increasing loveliness.

Our conversation began to shift from the subject of influenza to stories of new discoveries and new adventures. Once there was the tale of a herd of wild bulls; once an account of a mysterious field of bones and the sight of a man with fierce eyes and a long black beard, a man who looked like Ali Baba, as he peered from a narrow window in a hut that somehow seemed connected with the field of bones; and once, most thrilling of all, there was the story of a flight from the slimy horror of a rattlesnake.

On a perfect day, after school hours were over, Dinsky and I started out to show Miss Lilly the end of a certain trail. We started toward Inspiration Point, and branched off on what we call the Circular Walk, a road with a formidable beginning, a high fence, put up very pointedly—so some sensitive natures among us decided—since we had begun our rambles. When we had succeeded in getting over this fence we met a fat friendly looking pony, and a little farther on the Man in the Green House (a nice old gentleman with snow-white hair and beard, whom we often meet), and he explained that the fence wasn't a fence, but a gate, and that it had been put there not to bar us out, but to keep the adventurous pony in.

We followed the road joyfully, until we found ourselves blocked by a stretch of almost impassable mud due to a broken water-pipe. Despite the mud, however, we managed to continue, still joyful, for the surrounding country was enchanting, the green hills on one side, on the other the green rolling golf links and the bay. We had all been chattering more or less frivolously, but silence fell as the loveliness of the scene began to grip us. It came as rather a shock, however, when Dinsky, who is of a reflective, not to say philosophic, turn of mind, remarked that she thought it would be much nicer to take these walks alone—people always talked so much! Inwardly regretting our conversational spurts, Miss Lilly and I ignored this unappreciative remark, and we all continued peacefully, if a little silently, on our way.

Suddenly the road ended and left us on a small plateau from which three trails led in different directions. We had started out for the end of the trail, and one of these roads led to the end of the trail; but think as we would, neither Dinsky nor I could remember which of the three it was. We finally turned to the left, a narrow footpath almost overgrown with bushes, a path that wound and wound. Fascinated by the mystery of it, and glorying in the loveliness of everything about us, we followed on.

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Suddenly we were startled by a rustling in the bushes at one side, and a man and a dog appeared. For a moment *some of us* reflected that it was just as well perhaps that we were not alone, but the man did not flatter us by so much as a glance. We passed on, skirting a redwood cañon, crossing brooklets winding through dark groves of trees, and making soft, sweet noises as they slipped over mossy rocks. Nothing more disturbed us, except a huge centipede, which we carefully examined, turning it over with sticks to see it wiggle its hundred legs. Soon we found ourselves at the top of the hill, all around us a view such as I had never dreamed existed. Across from us was Mount Tamalpais, a deep, dark blue, and below wooded knolls and green fields. On the left were the bays—the San Francisco stretching to Yerba Buena, and the San Pablo extending northward, along its shore Oakland and Berkeley, with the Campanile standing out in glaring whiteness. On the right below us were extensive ranges of hills, green and fresh from the late rain, dotted here and there with patches of early spring flowers. At the foot of the hills lay San Rafael. The very atmosphere was in tone—there was that feeling of Spring that tunes the spirit toward gladness. It seemed that all the beauty of the world had been gathered to surround the peak on which we stood.

The sun had already started westward, and the end of the trail was far away. Lingeringly we turned to follow the path down the other side of the hill. It led through a forest dark and strange. There had been a fire; the trunks were black and bare, and the snaky branches twisted in a wild chaotic network around us. Approaching darkness added gloom to the scene, but our hearts were so filled with the glory of the hilltop that the forest had no power to depress us, and so we happily skipped down the path, hurrying because we were afraid that we would be late getting home. Suddenly there was a gasping cry. Miss Lilly and I turned in horror to see, prostrate on the ground, Dinsky, the philosophic, Dinsky, who so much preferred to walk alone. She had twisted her ankle. Alas! weak ankles are a part of the family inheritance of the philosophic one.

"Let me alone for a moment, until I can bear it," she moaned.

So Miss Lilly and I stood in an agony of helplessness for the first moments, while Dinsky lay with her golden head clasped in her hands, like a princess in a fairy tale, only there was no prince. There we were, the three of us, alone in a strange forest, miles away from home; the night was coming on, and one of us was unable to walk. If we turned back we wouldn't get home until morning, for the road was long and sometimes steep. The way ahead was uncertain. Somewhere beyond the forest was a trail comparatively easy, but it was very long, and part of it was a narrow thread that overlooked dizzy heights; and another one, a little shorter, was rough and rocky, and by a single wrong twist might bring us out on the top of the falls, a precipice hard to descend even when one walks with untwisted ankles in broad daylight.

I went on a few steps to see just what the path ahead looked like. Joy of joys! I recognized the spot. Cheered by this, we decided to take the shorter road, Miss Lilly and I supporting the sufferer as long as three of us could walk abreast. When the trail narrowed, Miss Lilly took the lead to push aside the branches and other obstructions; I followed, Dinsky hobbling behind, both hands on my shoulders, one foot in mid-air.

The path twisted and turned; sometimes it was almost impossible. But, gallant

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soldier that she was, Dinsky never even murmured. Now and then she sweetly praised the beauty of the woods. Just below the path ran a bubbling stream, its banks covered with maidenhair; and sloping above us, on either side the deep cañons, were close-growing bay-trees with gray-green trunks, tall and straight and slender. It was a fairy forest; in one spot we found ourselves leaning over Melisande's pool, moss-edged, with clear depths of magic freshness and enchantment.

Slowly, and not always very surely, we advanced, as Miss Lilly cleared the way. Fear lurked in the bottom of our hearts. These were the woods in which the rattlesnake was said to live. We knew too well that if he wished he could have his way with us. Yet the magic of the forest was upon us; the torture we suffered was something so beautiful that we could never forget it. In an hour that seemed a lifetime, we found ourselves at the end of the trail. We had taken, very carefully, the wrong twist, and we were on top of the falls! A precipice yawned before us. Miles of black wooded cañons lay between us and home. Across them we could see Tamalpais, the Sleeping Maiden, dark against the golden sky. Just above the darkness, in the deep gold, shone the pale radiance of the evening star.

Dinsky forgot her pain. Had not Miss Lilly been goaded by her sense of responsibility, we would have lingered until the trail down the precipice was lost in the night.

The descent was terrifying. Very brave, Dinsky slid from rock to rock, Miss Lilly and I suffering with her; but the splendor of the sunset and the thrill of the adventure had hold of us all. In the darkness the trees took on fantastic, gruesome shapes, but our fears were ended.

Supported between us the philosophic sufferer declared that her foot had become accustomed to the pain, and besides she had remembered a short cut home.

At last we could see the lights of Meadowlands. Another moment and the family fell upon us, bore us into the dining-room, questioning, exclaiming, scolding us in an ecstasy of joy for the anguish we had caused them; and then they fed us on a feast much better than that of the Prodigal Son.

REGINA McCAULEY, '21.

THE BLESSED MOTHER OF CHRIST

A STUDY FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT



THE devotion that Catholics have to the Blessed Mother of Christ is often questioned by non-Catholics, who seem to feel that our Lord would be jealous of the prayers offered to His Mother. Yet Protestants base their religious belief on the Bible, and no one needs go farther than the Bible to understand the reverence paid to Mary. In the first chapter of St. Luke there is told the story of the Annunciation. Mary was humbly kneeling in prayer when the angel Gabriel came to her and said, "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou amongst women." In answer to her questioning, Gabriel said, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee, and therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." With perfect faith and humility, Mary replied simply, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done according to Thy word."

Mary was to become the Mother of the Most High. Yet she was all woman, and there stirred in her a sisterly charity, and perhaps, too, a yearning for the companionship of her cousin Elizabeth, who, so the angel had revealed to her, was in a few months to become the mother of John the Baptist. Mary arose and went the long journey into the hill country that she might comfort Elizabeth and share with her the knowledge of the miracle. And when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary she was filled with the Holy Ghost and cried out the words that we say daily, "Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb," adding, in praise of Mary's faith, "Blessed art thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord." And Mary, inspired by God within her, uttered her matchless prayer and prophecy, a revelation of the inexpressible beauty of her own character, "My soul doth magnify the Lord! And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid: for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

In the second chapter of St. Luke we read that Mary and Joseph were obliged to go to Bethlehem because of a decree sent out by Cæsar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled. The journey was not easy, and on their arrival there was no room for them at the inns. Joseph had to take Mary to a stable for shelter—Mary whose Son was to be called the Son of God. The crib of the divine Child was to be a manger. Yet the Blessed Mother was obeying the will of God, and, although her maternal heart must have been torn with anguish, there is recorded no murmur of complaint. When the shepherds came to adore the new-born Babe, telling of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this Child, all that heard wondered, "but Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart."

Obedient to the law, Mary, although not subject to the law of Moses, offered two turtle-doves, the gift of the poor, and went to be purified in the temple as one unclean. Yet we know that she was purer than the angels. It was here that she presented her divine Son to the eternal Father. At the Presentation, Simeon in his prophecy fore-

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told Mary's share of suffering in the tragedy of the Redemption, saying to her, "And thine own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed."

From St. John, the beloved disciple, we learn that the first miracle of Jesus' public life was performed at the request of Mary. We believe that whatsoever we ask of Mary her Son will grant at her request, if it be His will. How is it possible to doubt this after reading the story of the Marriage Feast of Cana? With the same sisterly charity that sent her into the hill country to see Elizabeth, Mary wishes to spare her host's embarrassment. "They have no wine," she said to her Son. Superficial commentators interpret the next line as harsh. "Woman, what is that to thee and to me?" Willfully they overlook the following words of Mary: "Whatsoever He shall say unto you that do ye." So perfect was the understanding between Mary and Jesus that she knew that no further words were necessary. The water was made wine. If our Lord would grant so human a wish to His Mother, we know that her voice will not plead for us in vain if she asks spiritual favors.

Little is told of Mary in the three years of Jesus' public life, but in that little much is revealed. We find Mary at last suffering with Christ at Calvary. John tells us "there stood by the cross of Jesus, His Mother." For those three hours of agony she remained with heroic fortitude watching her divine Son, nailed to the cross. And Jesus seeing "His Mother and the disciple standing, whom He loved, He saith to His Mother, Woman, behold Thy Son," and "to the disciple, Behold thy Mother."

Here is the consummation of Simeon's prophecy—the sword had pierced Mary's heart that the serpent might be crushed. Christ's words were addressed to His disciple—to him who believes—and from that hour we who believe have taken Mary to be our own.

DOROTHY HALL, '21.



ALMA MATER'S BLESSING

"GOD bless you!" thrilled the spring-tide air,
When blossom-bound and heaven-fair,
Like wood-bird notes, your voices fell,
Entrancing, with a magic spell,
The trusting hearts that bade you dare
The mount of knowledge, but beware
That as you climbed, Faith's taper there,
Reveal this message, doubts dispel:
"God bless you!"

Our benison, as forth you fare
On untried paths, 'neath pleasure's glare,
Blends still the song of Mission bell,
With echoes true from San Rafael;
Oh! list a mother's parting prayer:
"God bless you!"

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"THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS"



NCE to every man comes the supreme moment when all that is best in him lies welded together, quivering with life. But to only a few is the privilege given of expressing this moment, and among these was Cardinal Newman. "The Dream of Gerontius" is a masterpiece combining both the rare spiritual fervor of the man and his unquestionable literary ability. The ignorant think that spirituality is a restraint to literature, but those who are educated in the broadest sense of the term know that the stronger a man's morality and religion the deeper his understanding of literature. Newman holds this true also: "Revealed religion brings us into a new world—a world of overpowering interest, of the sublimest views, and of the tenderest and purest feeling." In "The Dream of Gerontius" this world is visualized in a masterful way. The moment that the soul meets for the first time its God—that is the sublime theme of the poem.

It might perhaps be divided into two parts—first, the man Gerontius; second, his soul. The opening words tell their own story:

"Jesu, Maria—I am near to death,
And Thou art calling me."

Fearful of his soul's salvation, Gerontius implores the prayers of his friends, who invoke the angels and the saints to pray for him. As their voices cease, he bids his fainting soul prepare to meet its God, and cries, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, into Thy hands." The priest recites the prayer for the dying, and thus the soul of Gerontius enters eternity.

In the first words of the soul a marvelous analysis of the feeling of spiritual liberation is given:

"I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed.
A strange refreshment; for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before."

He feels an unseen presence, a hand that upholds him and bears him on his way. Soon he hears the voice of the angel guardian, the song of triumph over the saved soul:

"My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home,
For the crown is won,
Alleluia,
Forevermore."

The soul asks why it is not allowed to see its God, thinking that the minute the "struggling soul quitted its mortal case" it forthwith fell under the awful Presence of its Creator. The angel replies:

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"Thou art not let; but with extremest speed
Art hurrying to the just and holy Judge:
For scarcely art thou disembodied yet.

. . . men divide the hours;
Equal, continuous, for their common use.
Not so with us in th' immaterial world;
But intervals in their succession
Are measured by the living thought alone,
And grow or wane with its intensity.

. . .
It is thy very energy of thought
Which keeps thee from thy God."

But the soul would know why it is that fear no longer dwells in it—why it can
"look forward with supremest joy." The angel's answer forms one of the most beautiful passages of the poem:

"It is because
Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost not fear.
Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so
For thee the bitterness of death is past.
Also, because already in thy soul
The judgment is begun."

At length the soul and its guide reach the threshold of the Divine Court. There the demons utter fierce cries and rave in their expressions of hatred for man, who was created to take their place in heaven. The angel tells the soul that they are to be feared only in life because of the weakness of the flesh, but even in the world they can be conquered by nobleness of spirit. Here at the threshold they wait to claim the lost souls.

The soul knowing its own purgatory is nigh, again begs for a sight of God to help sustain it through its suffering. The angel answers:

"Thou knowest not, my child,
What thou dost ask: that sight of the Most Fair
Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too."

A beautiful tribute is given to St. Francis—that mortal who received the stigmata and learned as the soul must learn

". . . that the flame of Everlasting Love
Doth burn ere it transform. . . ."

The House of Judgment is now at hand, and as the guardian and his charge enter they hear voices lifted in praise of God. As they approach nearer and nearer the Divine Throne they pass the eight choirs of Angelicals, who chant:

"Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!"

Now at last the soul enters the veiled presence of its Master. From far away come the voices of its friends, still praying for it. Before the Throne stands the Angel of

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Agony, whom Newman beautifully pictures to be "the same who strengthened Him, that time He knelt lone in the garden shade, bedewed with blood. That angel best can plead with Him for all tormented souls, the dying and the dead."

Gerontius now stands within the Presence:

"I go before my Judge. Ah! . . .

Take me away, and in the lowest deep

There let me be, . . .

That sooner I may rise and go above,

And see Him in the truth of everlasting day."

The Guardian Angel delivers the soul to the Angels of Purgatory, until he shall reclaim it for the Courts of Light. But ere he goes he strengthens it with the knowledge that its suffering shall not be for long—that "Masses on earth and prayers in heaven shall aid it at the throne of the Most High."

The most exquisite passage in the poem follows—the angel's farewell to the soul. It breathes that divine hope and faith which ever burn within a noble spirit:

"Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

"Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow,
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow."

Why should one fear death? Certainly this consoling message strengthens heavy hearts—strengthens and gladdens them. One might almost think it written in the last few years for its timely lesson—the value of prayers for the dead. What consolation it must afford to those who have lost their sons and husbands, their fathers and brothers on the battle-fields of France! A torch of faith, it leads them on through unlighted paths of sorrow, through the twilight of despondency.

The beauty of the poem itself is supernatural; it is woven around the words "I had a dream," which the soul utters on its release. Newman is a master-weaver; his fabrics, the soft shimmering threads of spiritual fancy—his frame, the magnificent structure of Christianity.

RUTH MARION, H. S., '19.



Dominican College

INA COOLBRITH, POET LAUREATE OF CALIFORNIA



IN England, in the days when the center of literature was the court, if a man of literary talent was received by the nobles while he lived, at his death a tomb in Westminster Abbey marked his resting-place. And people were wont to say, "The greatest homage men knew how to give was offered him." Today we have no royal offering with which to reward our poets. Only a simple token, an ivy wreath, each leaf bound to its fellow with everlasting love; this must take the place of royal gifts. The year of the World's Fair, Ina Coolbrith was crowned Poet Laureate of California. And what wonderful recompense we have received in answer to our humble gift!

Brought by her parents to Los Angeles at a propitious time, the beauty and romance of the age impressed themselves on her mind. However, she felt the old saying was exemplified in her case, "In familiar places there is nothing beautiful"; and so it was not until this loveliness had passed away that the real impression was formed. A few years later the family moved to San Francisco, where in a short time Ina Coolbrith became the center of the city's coterie of letters. She was a literary queen. Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Joaquin Miller—all were among the adoring knights of her court. Jack London placed her on his throne of boyish chivalry, and she became "sainted and worshipped." To him she meant inspiration and encouragement—and what greater reward can be had than the faith of a child?

Ina Coolbrith made her first timid offerings of verse to the *Golden Era*, where they were most readily accepted. But since then she has poured many expressions of love and encouragement over California—all from the fullness of her heart. In "California" she pleads with the world for appreciation of our state:

"What matters though the morn
Redden upon my singing fields of corn!
What matters though the wind's unresting feet
Ripple the gold of wheat,
And my vales run with wine,
And on these hills of mine
The orchard boughs droop heavy with ripe fruit?
When with nor sound of lute
Nor lyre, doth any singer chant and sing
Me, in my life's fair spring:
The matin song of me in my young day?
But all my lays and legends fade away
From lake and mountain to the farther hem
Of sea, and there be none to gather them.

"Lo! I have waited long!
How longer yet must my strung harp be dumb,
Ere its great master come?
Till the fair singer comes to wake the strong,
Rapt chords of it unto the new, glad song!"

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San Francisco is especially dear to her. Who, after the closing line, could fail to have visions of that city of which Rezanov a hundred years ago

"Saw the Gate
Burn in the sunset: the thin thread of mist
Creep white across the Sausalito hills;
Till the day darkened down the ocean rim,
The sunset purple slipped from Tamalpais,
And bay and sky were bright with sudden stars!"

And who in all the world, whom San Francisco has bewitched with her irresistible charm, could not see in these lines the cause of the enchantment?

"The day grows wan and cold;
In through the Gate of Gold
The restless vapors glide,
Like ghosts upon the tide.

"The night comes chill and gray;
Over the sullen bay
What mournful echoes pass
From lonely Alcatraz!"

What joy lovers of nature must absorb from the images her beauty-loving soul has painted for us! She dreads to see the sparrow depart in search of warmer countries, and awaits eagerly the first gleam of gold in the poppy-fields:

"For thou art matured from the treasure veins
Of this fair land: thy golden rootlets sup
Her sands of gold—of gold thy petals spun.
Her golden glory, thou! on hills and plains,
Lifting, exultant, every kingly cup
Brimmed with the golden vintage of the sun."

Nature is her solace in sorrow, her comfort when pain oppresses her brave heart, her joy when all the world is dull. She can find deeper meaning in a daisy than many a seer has drawn from lifelong thought and contemplation. Her tiny garden plot is a source of constant pleasure; each green bud a tiny bundle of happiness:

"Other gardens greet the spring
With a blaze of blossoming.

"But my blossoms, palest known,
Bloom for me, and me alone."

But the beauty of nature is not her only gift to us. With it she combines those principles which lie at the very heart of nature itself. So through all her poems there runs an undercurrent of courage, hope, and faith in everlasting immortality:

"For the fledgling bird-life stilled,
Its wings untaught,
Its music all untrilled;
For the poet's voiceless thought,
The song unsung;
For the loving heart unsought;
Hope, fair and sweet and young,

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Dead—nor forgot;
For the seed that is not sown,
And the bud that falls unblown,
What shall atone?

"Somewhere the seed must spring,
The song be sung;
Somewhere, green boughs among,
The bird must sing,
Must brood and build;
Somewhere the heart be wooed;
Somewhere, far out of pain,
Hope, fair and strong, again
Rise from the tomb.
Somewhere, for God is good,
Life's blossoms, unfulfilled,
Must spring from dust and gloom
To perfect bloom."

ELIZABETH WATERMAN, H. S., '19.

IF, hands upraised to heaven's vaulted dome,
When first awakeneth the month, new-born,
You offer to the Lares, rustic maid,
The year's first-fruits, sweet incense, grains of corn,

A suckling pig; then South Wind's bitter blast
Shall leave untouched thy rich thick-clustered vine,
Thy plenteous crops escape the bitter blight,
Nor will the tender younglings droop and pine.

The Victim which on snow-crowned Algidus
Is pastured on the verdant holm and oak,
Or thrives in Alban fields, for death prepared,
Shall bend its neck to his, the high-priest's, stroke.

But all of this, to try thy petty gods
By slaughter of the sacrificial kine,
Hath naught to do with thee who crown'st them
With rosemary, and fragile myrtle vine.

What matter though the hand bear to the shrine
No offering but pure grain and crackling salt?
No gift more pleasing to the gods, estranged,
Than that the heart be pure, all free from fault.

Horace: Book III, Ode 23.

DOROTHY WALL, H. S., '19.

AN EVENING WITH JAMES W. FOLEY



REMEMBER the first time I saw him. He stood on the platform, a rather small, slight-figured man, but with a face so genial that he seemed capable of bearing all children's troubles. He wore large tortoise-shell glasses which reminded one decidedly of James Whitcomb Riley; indeed, there was the same humanness about them both. I think this human quality found its best expression in his smile. His eyes twinkled and the kindest, sweetest expression passed over his face. In one of his poems he says:

"I told Mamma how they smiled, and asked her why they do—
So she said if you smile at folks they always smile at you."

I feel certain Mr. Foley lives up to this doctrine of the reciprocity of smiles, and that he himself has learned their priceless worth.

As I have said, he smiled, and immediately all barriers were broken. Nor did they rise again, for he recited his poems so simply, in a half-serious, half-comical way, they could not but reach one's heart. One felt that he was indeed a chum of every boy and girl, and knew their joys and sorrows as his own. Friendship—a real boyish friendship—he speaks of beautifully as only one who knows it could:

"Nobody better plague him too,
No matter if he's small,
'Cuz I'm his friend, for tried and true,
An' 'ats th' reason all
Th' boys don't dare to plague him, 'cuz
I 'ist wait till he comes,
An' he walks close to me, he does,
'Cuz him an' me is chums."

Isn't it full of the tenderness of human understanding? How often untold sacrifices are made under the simple standard—"Cuz him an' me is chums"!

The same sweet note of self-forgetfulness is expressed in "A Prayer for Jimmy Banks," one of the dearest child poems I have ever read. Jimmy has been guilty of hitting Aunty Griggs with a snowball. So his "chum" intercedes in his behalf, confident of Jimmy's ultimate success despite his present disgrace:

"And beg your pardon, Lord, and pray
My soul to keep; and Jimmy may
Be President some day, and then
We'll all be proud of him. Amen!"

I wonder if Mr. Wilson thinks the Presidency such an acme of happiness.

Delightful as are his touches of pathos, those of humor are no less so. Who has not known that small somebody who invariably causes disaster to follow in his wake? In this case the disaster is the upsetting of a bottle of ink. Of course, the children "wuz a-playin' now'eres near the ink":

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"But John, he ain't scairt; and he runned right upstairs,
W'ile all us chinnern we runned off an' hid,
An' 'en he says: 'Ma, see w'at somebody did!'
An' all of us chinnern we runned off an' hid,
'Cuz we don't know who done it—but somebody did!"

They are such real children—children that we all know, every one of us. In "Doughnutting Time," especially, the visions of small freckle-faced brothers rise, each taking a doughnut for his circle of acquaintances; never, oh, never! for himself. At last the cook discovers that there are only two left:

"She says it's awful 'scouragin' to bake and fret and fuss,
An' w'en she thinks she's got 'em in the crock, they're all in us."

But his inimitable humanness is not applied to children alone. He understands the love of animals, the tragedy of their death. In "Bereaved" the poor little dog dies of old age—"he looked at me and wagged his tail, which died the last of all." The grief of his small master was so great that he went behind the barn and cried. Poor little fellow! How often tears are shed behind the barn, lest others should see our weakness! He says:

"It was an awful solemn day for all of us, for though
He'd got worn out and couldn't eat, we boys all liked him so,
And Eddie Brink, he didn't think the Lord would really care,
If we boys sang a hymn for him and said a little prayer."

What a boy James W. must have been himself! His philosophy is so true, so hopeful, so full to the brim of pure golden joy. I think it is all best embodied in the poem "A Tale of the Trail," an exquisite tribute of brotherly love:

"It ain't so far from right to wrong, the trail ain't hard to lose;
There's times I'd almost give my horse to know which one to choose;
There ain't no signs or guideboards up to keep you on the track;
Wrong's sometimes white as driven snow and right looks awful black;
I don't set up to be no judge of right and wrong in men,
I've lost the trail sometimes myself—I may get lost again;
So when I see a man who looks as though he'd gone astray,
I want to shove my hand in his and help him find the way."

The man who has sometimes lost the trail himself stretches forth his hand to the poor fellow who has lost the way. There is no pride in it, no indignation, no superiority—just a smile, a handshake, a kind, encouraging word, and a willing hand to help him find the way.

So Mr. Foley gave to us the friendly encouragement of his smile, and left us the better for having known him.

RUTH MARION, H. S., '19.

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THE EXPEDITION TO THE ORIENT



O, you would have had to see it to believe it. The stairway was transformed into a huge vessel. Six tablecloths, knotted together, hung from the second floor, as well as a great black veil, though there was no breeze to swell the makeshift sails. Handkerchiefs strung across the crossbars of the railing, like so much washing, were doubtless intended to represent the bunting used to decorate warships on fête-days. This battleship—a superdreadnought at least—had a funnel. Four urchins, gravely holding aloft a stovepipe, personified the engine-room, the “burning soul” of the ship, waving their arms like piston-rods, stamping on the stairs, and emitting incessant “Choo . . . choo . . . choos” to simulate action in the propelling department.

From his bridge on the third floor, Trique, captain of the warship, bellowed astonishing orders:

“Full speed ahead! . . . there’s a U-boat! . . . Man the guns! . . . Boom! . . . That settles him! . . . I can see the coast of Switzerland.”

Up above, the army constituting the Oriental expeditionary corps occupied twelve stairs, two men on a step, and the hallway resounded with the tumult of their exclamations.

“We’re going there . . . to Turkey! . . . Bang! . . . Bang! . . . There goes one down! . . . Don’t cry; I’ll send you a postcard . . . Where’s the General? . . . Somebody stole my shoes.”

The sailors, for there were six sailors aboard the battleship, carried out all sorts of intricate manœuvres. They sprang up several steps at a time, crawled along the outer edge of the railing, clinging to the balustrade, perspiring, panting, shouting “What a job!”—opening imaginary water-tight doors, closing portholes, paying out cables, casting anchor, sliding down the banisters at breakneck speed on their way to the bunkers to stoke the hungry boilers, turning the electric lights on the landings on and off each trip.

Downstairs, kept in the shadow of the doorway by threats of destruction if they dared to board the ship, the young ladies of the house gazed with astonishment, admiration, and envy at this new game.

Bout de Bibi, quartermaster, stood at the wheel on the sixth floor, shouting, “The girls can be fish in the water.” And the gentlemen of the colonial expeditionary force shrieked with all their lung-power, “Look at the sardines . . . the codfish!” whereat the young women were filled with indignation.

“We are *not* codfish, so there!”

Suddenly the captain, who had been scanning the horizon through a telescope—cardboard—sent forth this glad news, “We’re almost there . . . I can see the houses of the Dardanelles.”

Romantic-souled gentlemen who remembered the visions of the Near East, as presented in the motion pictures and story-books, dreamed aloud. “Gee, it’s great! . . . there are monkeys and lions! . . . Pipe the gold roofs on the houses.”

And the girls sighed softly, “I wish we were in their boat.”

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Baby Teresou, who stretched her little neck in an effort to see through the ocean fog the vivid colorings of the Oriental landscape, voiced her bitterness, "What do you think! . . . The mean things have got there without us!"

The sailors prepared for the disembarkation, and were letting down the gangways, when the captain, in a stentorian voice, shouted, "No, we won't stop at the Dardanelles . . . we'll sail over to Egypt now! . . . Full speed, kids, full speed!"

The engine-room obeyed promptly. It "choo-chooed," while the funnel swayed dangerously in the trembling hands of the engineers.

The soldiers seemed disappointed. They murmured against the captain, saying, "Gee, why don't we get off at the Dardanelles?"

But the captain imposed his will upon them. "We're going to Egypt. It's much nicer there."

The girls grew excited. "They're going to Egypt."

"Do you think so?"

"They're not taking us. We ought to tell them they'll have to!"

"*You* tell them."

"Oh, I don't dare."

"You, Trinité."

Trinité Thelemaque called out to the captain: "Hey, Trique, why won't you let us play with you?"

The captain glanced through his telescope at the fish that dared to interrupt him in the midst of his perilous functions, and answered enigmatically and haughtily, "Because . . ."

"Because what?"

The captain seemed not to hear. He was too occupied in following the strange evolutions of a battleship flying the English flag that had been following his ship for two days. He shrieked, "I recognize it . . . it isn't British . . . it's a German boat disguised as British! . . . Man the guns, you kids! . . . We'll have to fight!"

The orders needed no repeating. The army sprang to the guns. There began a terrific cannonade.

Boom . . . boom . . . boom . . . boom . . . badaboom!

Ah, the girls? Enthusiasm inflamed their young hearts; the smell of gunpowder intoxicated them. They also began a bombardment.

Boom . . . boom . . . badabadaboom . . . boom!

Just the same, they would have liked to be on board the warship, running the risks of a naval combat and experiencing its exalting emotions.

Apollonie Trimouille could stand it no longer. Furtively she climbed up two steps. Imprudent child! . . . A sailor thrust her overboard at once. Then all the girls began to implore. "Mr. Captain, can't we play with you?"

"No!" replied the captain briskly. They insisted.

"What difference does it make? We can have all the more fun."

"No!" repeated the inexorable voice.

Then they tried to flatter his domineering side. "We'll be another engine for you, and the boat can go much faster." And all together they began to "choo-choo."

"They're spouting whales," announced the captain to his crew.

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The whales were greatly mortified. Nevertheless, conquering their injured pride, they continued to plead, "Why won't you let us on your boat?"

"Because . . ."

"Because what?"

"Because girls aren't men."

"Yes, they are."

A sailor puts in: "Men don't wear their hair in braids."

What was going on behind the wrinkled forehead of the captain? One saw his lips twitch in an effort to suppress a perfidious smile, and a wicked light gleamed in his eyes. Through narrowed eyelids he watched the girls. "You kids can play with us if you cut your braids off."

Ah, indeed! Cut off one's hair in order to have the right to board the warship! What more? The girls refused heatedly.

The captain announced himself contented, adding that the ship hadn't time to cast anchor and take on passengers anyway. He gave the order to pursue the enemy at full speed. Frenzy reigned on board. The Army and Navy fraternized in exaltation, shrieking, defying all the Turkish army, the Bulgars, and the Austro-Germans. They shot down parrots and albatrosses point-blank. The deck was covered with fluttering wings. I assure you that Bout de Bibi saw them, and even counted them.

The captain left the bridge and vanished in the darkness of the corridor, reappearing with a pair of scissors. The enemy warship had just been sunk in forty fathoms of water, and the victors were chanting the Marseillaise.

What violent desire impelled Teresou to climb up to the captain, offering her braids as a sacrifice to the shining scissors? And what a splendid barber or scalp-hunter the captain would have made! What steady hands, what calm, in spite of the bursting bombs from hostile seaplanes! . . . A slash to the right, the fine golden hair yielding under the blade . . . a slash to the left . . . *voilà!*

With a cunning smile the captain flung handfuls of hair over the side, showing his cruel teeth at the same time. Voices whispered, "He's really doing it." When it was all over, the captain pronounced these words, with sacramental earnestness: "Go sit down . . . you're a soldier now."

Teresou rubbed her head with her hands. A chill wind gripped the back of her neck, but she sat down proudly in the midst of a group of soldiers, her childish voice joining in the chant of victory. She noted the envious glances of her companions below, bursting with jealousy there in the sea. She burst out laughing, head flung back, the few wisps of braid remaining to her twitching spasmodically. Hands on her breast, she seemed to be trying to conquer the outburst of her joy: "Gee, what fun!"

"She's having fun," murmured the girls from the depths of the abyss.

But she wasn't . . . really. As soon as her wish had come true, the enchantment vanished. No longer did she see snow-white mosques set in the green gardens of tamarisk, the crowds promenading along the Turkish shore, and the sunset-tinted waters of the Golden Horn. In their place she saw the greasy banisters, kicked and scarred by heavy boots—the plaster wall soiled by grimy hands, penciled with couplets sentimental and anarchistic, bleeding hearts and seditious cries. There were no more masts, sails, bunting, funnels, battleship, soldiers, captain, sailors . . . just a dark stairway

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crowded with grubby, brutal urchins. But her baby heart knew that before these on-lookers she must pretend—or be the butt of mockery. Perhaps she could lure some others into a similar position. This prospect soothed her. So this disillusioned warrior became the loudest in the shouting. Standing on tiptoe, she cried, "There's Egypt . . . it's full of hummingbirds and cocoanuts!" And her index-finger pointing toward the electric lights, she went on, "O-oh, how big the desert is . . . and the pyramids with the lions around them . . . and the camels . . . parades of camels! There's a king . . . there's the queen, and the band, and the little black kids dancing!"

The "little black kids dancing" aroused the enthusiasm of the crew. Everyone hurried to the ship's side to see better, and from the deck of the warship they cried to the natives on shore, "Send us some cocoanuts."

A howl of childish joy soared starward.

Captain Trique suddenly noticed three girls kneeling before him, unable to resist the temptation any longer. Ah, what a haircutting debauch! Snip—a blond lock from Trinité Thelemaque . . . snip—a brown lock from Maria Medard . . . snip—a lock of indefinable color from Apollonie.

"Any more kids want to be soldiers?" called the captain, stepping back to survey his handiwork, smiling diabolically.

Steps in the hallway . . . the voices of mothers . . . the sudden clatter of feet as captain and crew abandoned ship.

On the stairway, in the path of gray light that filtered through a grimy window, four little shorn heads nodded in unison with a sound of sobbing, and four little tear-pools grew deeper and wider. . . .

G. F. MARION.



"Oh, listen! The wild flowers are singing Their beautiful songs without words."

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Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni,
Trahuntque siccas machinae carinas,
Ac neque iam stabulis gaudet pecus aut arator igni,
Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.
Iam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente luna,
Iunctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes
Alterno terram quatunt pede, dum graves Cyclopum
Volcanus ardens urit officinas.
Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto
Aut flore terrae quem ferunt solutae;
Nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
Seu poseat agna sive malit haedo.
Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. O beate Sesti,
Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam.
Iam te premet nox, fabulaeque Manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia.

Horace: Book I. Ode 4.

* * * * *

CHILL Winter has fled and sweet Spring is upon us,
While soft breathes Favonius' faintest perfume;
The dry prow, now loosened, wait eager for sailing
Where they have been moored through the past season's gloom.

No longer the herd seeks the warmth of its shelter,
In their fires no longer the farmers delight;
The frosty white mantle is shed by the meadows
For emerald with pearl and sapphire bedight.

And now Cytherea, on toes lightly tripping,
With Graces and nymphs 'neath the o'erhanging moon,
In dainty dance smites the sod under her footsteps,
To hasten the flowers, the years' sweetest boon.

Fierce Vulcan, aglow with the light of his furnace,
Inflames for the Cyclops a forge of great size,
Where he fashions the thunderbolts massive and mighty,
To hurl, in the summer, through fire-flashing skies.

Now wreathed are the brows with fresh green of the myrtle,
Of blossom—whatever the brown soil upstirs—
An offer to Faunus midst cool spreading oak-trees—
A lamb or a goat or whate'er he prefers.

See! pale shrouded death is with even foot striking
The huts of the poor and the turrets of kings.
O Sestius! the short span of life doth forbid us
A long-drawn-out hope for the highest earth brings.

For black night is checking the trend of our footsteps,
And void, storied shadows are luring to naught;
While ever before is the cheerless Plutonia,
That chamber of death, with thin-veiled phantoms fraught.

ANNABEL WHEATON.

EXTRACTS FROM PIERRE LOTI'S "PECHEUR D'ISLANDE"

(Translated from the French)



PIERRE LOTI is found at his best in his interpretations of nature, which are characterized by forceful and vivid imagery. His descriptions have an intensity and a picturesqueness that is stimulating to the interest. Throughout there runs a strain of the fantastic and of weird melancholy. He paints Nature in her most unusual moods. With equal facility he depicts the tropical splendor of the south and the cold, majestic beauty of northern seas. He especially loved the boreal lights and the tempestuous storms of the north; hence he gives to these descriptions an added distinction. These passages from "Pêcheur d'Islande" are unusually striking and appealing:

"Here and there breaks appeared in this heavily clouded sky, like openings in a dome through which pierced large silver-pink rays. The lower clouds formed a broad, intensely dark strip extending around the horizon, filling the distance with indecision and obscurity. They seemed to limit this vast space, to be its border-line; they were like curtains drawn over the infinite, like veils stretched across the heavens to conceal too vast, too gigantic a mystery which would only have troubled the imagination of man.

"This morning, around the little vessel, the ever-changing surroundings had taken on an aspect of deep meditation; the world formed a sanctuary, and the sheaves of rays entering through this temple vault cast their ever-lengthening reflections across the quiet waters, as if extended on an outer court of marble.

"And then, little by little, in the distance, another phantasy gradually disappeared; long roseate shadows became the first glimpses of the gloomy, somber Iceland." (Part I, chap. I.)

"The waves, still small, began to chase one another, to group themselves; first, marbled with white foaming bubbles, they mounted in seething sprays; it seemed as if all this were boiling, were burning, while the sharp, hissing noise constantly grew.

"The large veil of clouds, which had condensed in form of an island on the western horizon, unfolded now at the top, leaving long nebulous strips drawn out in the sky. It seemed inexhaustible, this bank of clouds; the wind stretched it, lengthened it, extended it indefinitely, drawing forth from it numberless dark skeins, which it then unfolded over the clear, bright heavens that had taken on an aspect of cold indistinctness.

"And steadily it grew stronger, this great wind that was upheaving the ocean and the heavens.

"The waves, in small coils, continued to chase one another, to unite, to cling one to the other, so as to mount higher and higher, while between them the gap grew deeper and wider.

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"In a few hours all was turmoil and disorder in this region, so calm and peaceful but a short while before, and in place of the former silence the noise now grew deafening. What a transformation, this present unconscious, useless agitation, brought about so rapidly! And to what end was it all? . . . What a mystery of blind destruction!

"Above, the clouds finished their unfolding, always coming from the west, one superimposing itself upon another, rapidly, eagerly, obscuring everything. Only a few golden rifts still remained, through which the rising sun radiated its last shafts of light. And the now greenish water became more and more flecked with white foam.

"The heavens were now entirely dark—a closed, crushing vault—with some still darker patches spread upon them in shapeless blot; it almost resembled an immovable dome, and keen sight alone could grasp that all this was, on the contrary, in full madness of motion: large gray clouds hurrying to pass by, incessantly replaced by others emerging from the depth of the horizon; curtains of darkness, unwinding as from an endless, inexhaustible reel." (Part II, chap. I.)

HELENE STURDIVANT, H. S., '19.

ECSTASY

Et j'entendis une grande voix.—APOCALYPSE.

J'étais seul près des flots, par une nuit d'étoiles.
Pas un nuage aux cieux, sur les mers pas de voiles.
Mes yeux plongeaient plus loin que le monde réel.
Et les bois, et les monts, et toute la nature,
Semblaient interroger dans un confus murmure
Les flots des mers, les feux de ciel.

Et les étoiles d'or, légions infinies,
A voix haute, à voix basse, avec mille harmonies,
Disaient, en inclinant leurs couronnes de feu;
Et les flots bleus, que rien ne gouverne et n'arrête,
Disaient, en recourbant l'écume de leur crête:
C'est le Seigneur, le Seigneur Dieu!

VICTOR HUGO.

ALL alone by the waves on a starry night,
My thoughts beyond this our world took flight.
The heavens were cloudless, no sail on the seas;
Only nature was restless, the mountains and groves
Seemed to question the waves, as they surged in the coves,
And the moon, as it rose o'er the trees.

And those infinite legions, the stars of gold,
Crowns of fire inclining, this anthem told,
Now loudly, now softly, with one sweet accord;
The waves, which no mortal e'er rules or arrests,
Murmured, too, bending low the white foam of their crests:
It is He, the Lord God! 'Tis the Lord!

MARCELLE RADGESKY, H. S., '19.



St. Thomas Hall

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PHIDIAS: HIS INFLUENCE UPON ART



HERE can be no more exciting trip for the student of history and art than that which takes her to Athens, the majestic queen that, crowned with the halo of ancient glory, sits enthroned by the beautiful Ægean Sea. How the heart swells as one sails past islands and promontories teeming with the valiant history that has left such an impression upon the minds of men! Ah, Athens at last! Athens, the illustrious seat of learning and imperishable memories, is spread before us! In the center of the city rises the Acropolis, marvelous monument of an age gone by, and, crowning it, the Parthenon, that incomparable work of the greatest of sculptors, Phidias.

“Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
Nor feels as lovers o’er the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed.”

Phidias was born about 480 B. C., of a family of artists, and was brought up amid stirring tales of the battles of Marathon, Salamis, Thermopylæ, and a host of others. He had every advantage of developing his genius under the tutorship of Hegias and Agelades.

There were numerous smaller works executed by him in the early part of his life, but they are little known; his great work was on the Parthenon, a task assigned him by his friend Pericles. When the Persians under Xerxes invaded Greece, about 480 B. C., they left Athens in ruins, and it was the ambition of Pericles to rebuild the city, to adorn it with statues, and to glorify the Acropolis with magnificent temples dedicated to the gods. But while the Parthenon is the acknowledged work of Phidias, due credit must be given to the architect, Ictinus, who drew the perfect plans.

The Parthenon is a rectangular building situated on the highest part of the Acropolis; the style of architecture is Doric, having wide doors but no windows. The two great pediments and the frieze are the work of Phidias; they exemplify scenes from Greek mythology. The subject of the east pediment, of which there are but fragmentary remains, was the birth of Athene, while that of the western pediment, now in fairly good condition, revealed the struggle of Athene and Poseidon for the dominion of Attica. The frieze of Pentelic marble which once extended across the walls on all sides depicted the Pan-Athenaic procession held annually to celebrate Athene’s triumph over Poseidon. The workmanship of this wonderful frieze shows great simplicity of style, grace of figure, skill in arrangement, unity of thought, and perfect technic.

Near the Parthenon stands the Erechtheum, famous for its Maiden’s Porch, which was the first attempt at the idea of using the human form instead of the usual columns to support an upper structure. Not far off is the gem-like temple of Wingless Victory, from which one gets a splendid view of the sea. It was here that Ægeus, father of Theseus, threw himself into the sea when the son, returning victorious from his perilous adventure, neglected to change his black sails for white ones, according to agreement, thus wrongly conveying failure to his father. Lowest on the hill is the

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Propylæ, principally serving as an entrance to this land of the gods. John L. Stoddard has spoken of the Parthenon as "a volume of Greek history bound in stone."

Besides the sculptures of the Parthenon, the most famous works of Phidias were his colossal statues of Jupiter, in the temple at Olympia, and Athene, in the Parthenon. Both were chryselephantine—that is, large statues of gold and ivory, which were the materials usually employed in those times in temple statuary. Unfortunately, we have only smaller copies of these left. A very good one of the Olympian Jove is in the Vatican Gallery in Rome.

Phidias had reached the acme of his fame when he was falsely accused of stealing the gold from the Olympian Zeus and of substituting a mixed metal. Thus we have, even in these early ages, a suggestion of our modern graft system. It is sad to think of a great man so ill-treated by an ungrateful people—thrown into prison to die like the veriest criminal. But so it often happens—the poet, painter, sculptor, or thinker, even though endowed with tremendous powers and capable of reaching and embodying the highest flights of the imagination, may during his lifetime be appreciated by only a few gifted artists who have gathered around him. But his influence will live and grow and expand as the years pass on; in the hands of his followers his name will shine brighter and brighter. So with Phidias, whose name is now on the roll of the immortals in the world of art. Among his disciples we find Praxiteles, famed for his glorious "Hermes"; Skopas, for his strong "Meleager"; Lysippos, noted for his "Farnese Hercules"; Polyclitus, for his colossal "Hera"; and so on. Innumerable sculptors have followed in his footsteps. Without Phidias there would have been no Michael Angelo.

Today an appreciative world is familiar with such masterpieces as the "Victory of Samothrace," "Venus de Milo," "The Discobolus," "Apollo Belvedere," "The Dying Gladiator," "The Farnese Bull," and "Laocoon," which represent the best features of the Phidian school. These wonderful works have been the models and inspiration for ambitious and successful sculptors of all nations, and probably will remain so until the end of time. Thus we see how one man may so throw his soul into his work as to influence the coming generations of artists. In Phidias was the power to express deep emotion vividly true to nature. He was a man of ideals, and was faithful to them. Through his influence Greek art has become what all art ought to be, as John Ruskin so aptly says, "An expression of man's delight in God's noble work."

DORIS HARPER, H. S., '21.

History of Art and Travel Class.

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FRESHMEN CLASS OFFICERS

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Scholarship		
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Double Honor		
MARY CRUM	Secretary
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DOROTHY DUFFY	Treasurer
Double Honor		

THE FAIRY GIFT TO MEADOWLANDS



T was midnight. The full silvery moon with her twinkling hand-maidens hung poised for a moment in the soft, velvety sky. All good children were asleep; and surely the children who lived in the white building glistening in the moonlight were of the best. At least, the fairies thought so, and no one disputed them. But if the good children were asleep, the vivacious little fairies were wide-awake, holding their first spring meeting. On a throne upholstered with pussy-willows, with a spider-web canopy spun across the blades of grass, sat the fairy queen. At last, when all the fairies were seated on violet leaves, she spoke; the big owl overhead wondered whence the silvery sound came.

"I think you all know our plan to do some delightful thing for the good children of the convent. You heard, of course, that the lovely lady bought Meadowlands for the children who are loath to leave the convent even when they are graduated. But as she is only mortal, she thinks the grass will be green and the flowers will bloom all by themselves. You know how barren it is when the fairies neglect to do these things, but we mustn't neglect it. Think how disappointed the lovely lady and the good children would be! We must work as busily as bees tonight, so that they will be happy in the morning. Now, who will offer her services?"

At these words one little fairy slipped from her leaf and danced up to the throne. The little creature was all in the softest green, with transparent green wings and tiny green slippers. Her golden hair floated on the breeze and her blue eyes were very bright. It would take a magnifying-glass to discover one of those eyes, could a mortal be allowed to see fairies under any condition.

"Dear queen," said the fairy, "I will make the lawn like a carpet of rich green velvet sprinkled every morning with diamonds, so that the good children will not have to gaze on a dry, brown waste."

"Good for Emerald, good for Emerald!" cried the fairies, clapping their little hands.

Then another tiny fairy danced up to the queen. She wore a fluffy dress shading from a deep pink to a creamy white, and her gossamer wings were flecked with gold. There was a sweet perfume about her more delicate than the rarest perfume of Araby. As she approached the queen she sang:

"Gentle ruler, the trees must not stand bare and brown. The children would have no blossoms and fruit. I will make the trees blossom, and shall paint them all pink and white."

"Oh! but that is not enough," cried Emerald; "there must be leaves on those trees which do not blossom and on those whose blossoms have fallen off. Then all the birds will fly to nest in the tree-tops and carol songs to waken the children in the morning."

Next there came a shimmering fairy dancing on a moonbeam. Her voice laughed and rippled as she cried: "I will make the fountains play all day. And when the sun comes out, there will be liquid gold pouring into the basins. Then Meadowlands will be complete."

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"No, no, no, no!" cried a dozen voices as twelve daintily colored little creatures tumbled over each other in their haste to reach the queen.

"The garden plots must not stand bare," they cried.

"They must bloom with violets," cried one, purple-clad with gold-tipped wings. "And with pansies," cried another. And "roses," and "dahlias," and "lilies," and "asters"—and so the cries of the eager fairies went on.

Then they all lifted their gossamer wings and flew through the night to begin their work.

One bright day there came the sound of good children's voices to Meadowlands—cries of "Oh! isn't it wonderful; isn't it a fairyland?"

Little did they realize the truth in that last word, for the fairies were so happy in their new task, and so delighted with the result, that they had nearly all deserted the convent garden and taken up their abode at Meadowlands, where they danced every moonlight night under the twinkling stars.

ANNABEL WHEATON, H. S., '19.

FRAGMENTS

I

A WISE man sought to find the light—
The light that never dies.
Among his books he sought for it
So earnestly he could not see
The child who stood beside his knee,
Within whose round and wondering eyes
There shone the light that never dies.

A host of fleecy clouds—
A moon and three bright stars;
And I—alone, alone!

II

Three sons I gave
Their country's honor to maintain.
I do not weep,
For long ago I learned to know
The bitterness of dry-eyed pain.

A host of fleecy clouds—
A moon and three bright stars;
And I—alone, alone!

III

I fashioned a world of laughter,
A world of laughter and song;
But I lived there scarcely an hour
When I knew I had been wrong.
For laughter is mingled with sorrow,
And song is merged with pain;
Alone they form only shadows—
But together Life's rich refrain.

NANCY PATTISON, Alumna.



ALUMNAE

WE wish to offer our sincere appreciation for the gracious response from the Alumnae and friends who were invited to contribute to the third number of the Year-Book: Reverend F. T. Moran, D. D., Mr. Clay M. Greene, Kathleen Norris, Lillian Stephany, Louise Queen Lyle, Lenore Coffee, Elizabeth O'Connor, and Nancy Pattison.

TO OUR ALUMNAE



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

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

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

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DOMINICAN COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

BECAUSE of the epidemic of influenza, the annual October meeting of the Alumnae was deferred until the afternoon of May 3d, when a gathering in the nature of a special meeting was held. The Old Girls returning home were warmly greeted at the Convent door by the Sisters and the High School graduates of 1919. There was a very satisfactory business session at two o'clock.

The class of 1918 was welcomed into the Alumnae, Nancy Pattison responding in the name of her class. With keen interest the growth of the new Junior College at Meadowlands was discussed, and with equally keen interest the DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK, which keeps the old pupils in touch with the life of their beloved Alma Mater. Mother Louis made an address, at the close of which she announced that the next annual meeting would take place Saturday, October 25th. The meeting, which was throughout informal in character, closed with a delightful rendering of songs by Mrs. Hobblitzel (Jane Jefferis). After this there was a visit to Meadowlands, where tea was served by the members of the Junior College. Meadowlands glowed in the afternoon sunshine, but inside the large cool house hearthfires blazed a welcoming warmth, and San Rafael roses banked on the mantelpieces and trailing over the tables made a harmonious note of delicate color and fragrance. All the rooms were thrown open to the guests, who inspected the building with interest and delight. Benediction was then sung in the Convent Chapel, a fitting close to a beautiful afternoon.

The Alumnae were gladdened by the records of a happy and successful year. Yet there was a note of deepest sorrow, for it would seem that God in His wisdom always exacts some sacrifice. Sister Eugenia and Sister Madeleine were absent; they who before had always been among the first to greet the Alumnae. Sister Eugenia, whose beautiful work was with the minims, whom she truly mothered, had endeared herself to all by the serene loveliness of her character. Her loss is great, not only to the Convent, but to all who knew her. For nearly a quarter of a century Sister Madeleine had been a devoted and efficient member of her Community. She had been an invalid for several years, but her buoyant nature, her literary talent, and her great personal charm, due perhaps to unfailing sweetness and unselfishness, gathered about her a wide circle of devoted friends. The hold that she had on her pupils was remarkable—a deep religious influence that invariably helped to develop the best in all who knew her.

LOUISE QUEEN LYLE has made a great success of the Charing Cross Kindergarten, a delightfully unique establishment, with a capable staff consisting of a matron and six teachers, and with approximately a hundred little children in attendance. Mrs. Lyle combines clever ideas with a pleasing personality and unfailingly cheery disposition that have sufficed to endear her to all the parents. She has written an excellent paper on the Kindergarten, concluding with a humorous description of her personal experiences in this line of work. The College is following the future of Mrs. Lyle and the Charing Cross Kindergarten with every interest and every wish for long-continued success.

EDITH BROOKS HERMAN, prominent in literary circles at D. C., is at present writing editorials for a Stockton newspaper. Mrs. Herman is a talented musician as well as journalist, and has written some clever articles on musical subjects. She has been represented in our previous year-books by a number of splendid verses that give indication of considerable talent in the field of poetry.

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LENORE J. COFFEE, who is rapidly becoming one of the leading advertising women of the country, contributes a lucid article in the current number of *Western Advertising* on "Where and Why Women Succeed in Advertising." She points out that "there is no other phase of modern business in which women have so quickly made themselves successful as they have in the field of advertising. For generations they have been trained in the art of spending money which other people have earned, and this has overcome the tendency which most men possess of being very careful with other people's money, knowing its value from personal earning capacity. . . . To women, spending is a pleasure; to the average man, it is a task. . . . One of the really excellent things about advertising is, not that there are so many women in its pursuit, but that it is represented by both men and women where each has a chance to profit by the experience and qualifications of the other." Miss Coffee has played an important part in the Liberty Loan drives, where her knowledge of publicity proved of great value to the Government.

NANCY PATTISON, Mary Edna Gossage, Georgia Steirly, and Guinevere Terwilliger, who entered the University of California in August, have reflected great credit on their Alma Mater, and the school is justly proud of them. Nancy Pattison was admitted to the advanced classes in Poetry and English Composition at California, her uniformly excellent work gaining the commendation of the professors.

MISS BARBARA MERKLEY has earnestly pursued her harp study since leaving Alma Mater, and won a signal distinction last winter in being chosen to play with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, in the absence of the harpist of that organization. Barbara ably filled the position, and her talent and virtuosity were appreciably recognized. She has been engaged to play first harp in the Philharmonic Orchestra during the present season.

MARGARET BOILLOT, who for the past two years has been in the service of the Red Cross, is now in Brest, at the largest base hospital in the world.

It is gratifying to note that a daughter of our Alumnae's president, Mrs. H. Blethen (Mazie Crowley), is attending St. Rose's, and the daughters of the vice-presidents, Mrs. E. Smith (Ursula Ryan) and Mrs. C. D. McGettigan (Francesca Vallejo), are attending Dominican College, where there are also the daughters of a number of the other members of the Alumnae.

It is our proud privilege to announce that the annual Newman Hall essay prize of one hundred dollars, open to all students of the University of California, was awarded this year to Miss Laura L. Byrne, instructor in economics in the Junior College, and graduate student at the University from Bryn Mawr. The subject assigned for the essay was "Charles Carroll of Carrollton and his Work for American Independence." The judges were Professor H. Morse Stephens, of the History Department, and Professor M. C. Flaherty, of the English Department. The essay will be printed in the *Newman Hall Review*.

MADELINE MULDOON has met with renewed success in Berkeley. As manager of the Prytaneum Fête, she has provided one of the most delightful affairs of the college year.

WEDDING BELLS

ALMA MATER sends wishes for a bright and blessed future to the Alumnae whose marriages have been announced during the year:

Dorothy Victoria Douglass to Joseph E. Trabuco.
Helen Claire Jones to Lieutenant George P. Raymond, U. S. A.
Elsie Moise to Lieutenant McClure, U. S. A.
Phyllis de Young to Nion Tucker.

To them Dominican College extends congratulations, and a prayer for happiness and all blessings.

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CONGRATULATIONS

GREETINGS from Alma Mater to the homes from which cards have come to tell of the arrival of our youngest friends:

Alice Levy Jones	Mildred Mahoney Jenal	Alice Dupas Brown
Betty Beveridge Wilson	Rose Freitas Rose	Marie Gassner Shipper

LOVING CONDOLENCE

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

Frank Stumm	Frank Moroney	Yrma Bayle Lacaze
George Welsh	James O'Dea	Anita Fernandez
N. E. Marcille	Mrs. Freitas	J. P. Cox

OBITUARY

THE angel of death has visited the Junior ranks of our Association and has taken a young soul into the vision of Eternal Life. Marjorie Heffernan, aged twenty-four, died in Stockton, January 28th. Her classmates will remember the genial school-friend who so earnestly devoted time and energy to the development of her musical talent. She had an appreciation of this gift, and looked forward with bright hope to all that it might mean to her in life. The following note is from the *Stockton Independent*:

"Miss Marjorie Heffernan passed from mortal life yesterday morning while undergoing a delicate operation for the removal of a gland from her neck. The development of a heart condition extremely rare in the use of anaesthesia, brought on a sinking spell which skilled medical science was unable to overcome. When the news came from the operating room it fell with crushing weight on the hearts of parents and friends. Miss Heffernan rode to the hospital in the morning to keep the appointment for the operation. The gland had been annoying her during the winter and interfering with her singing. She determined to make an effort to remove the trouble. Otherwise she was in splendid health and spirits. Her last conversations with friends were in the spirit of radiant good cheer that marked her lovely disposition. It seemed but a short period from the time she left home until the crushing news came of her demise. It was so appalling and unexpected that it was not credited until verified.

"With the death of Miss Marjorie Heffernan a life fragrant with the virtues of lovable young womanhood becomes merged in the more perfect life beyond. A faithful daughter of the church, she attended the open-air devotions at St. Gertrude's Sunday morning, and during the afternoon was happy with her parents and friends. The only references she made to the coming operation were those of cheerful anticipation of it serving to correct a handicap on her vocal work. To her, singing was a part of life. And clustering around her rare gift of melody was a life so pure and so radiant as to be a song of harmony. Miss Heffernan sang for the love of song and for the good which her music brought to others. On the platform for patriotism, in the choir, beside the bier of the departed, among friends, and in her home her animated kindliness found expression in her rare gift. No call for her presence went unanswered. Behind the vibrant melody of her throat was the soul of expressive interpretation. Among young people she was the jolliest and most animated. To her elders she ever showed gentle consideration. In unflinching fidelity to parents and loved ones she lived in her few years a life that was from day to day a completed chapter of good deeds.

"Miss Heffernan was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Heffernan. A younger sister, Katherine, completed the immediate family. She attended St. Agnes' College and later specialized in music at the Dominican College at San Rafael. She was an active member of the Omega Nu Sorority, and had been one of the most enthusiastic workers in the Red Cross. She had just reached the age of twenty-four years. Around her centered the deepest love of parents, and in the home where her presence is no more there is a sorrow too sacred and deep for mortal assuagement. Not in years but in soul achievement her life was complete; and when the sensitive heart of mortality ceased to pulsate the invisible choir gained a sweet singer for the glad song of perfect immortality."

To her parents, and to her cousin Carmelita, we extend affectionate and sincere sympathy, praying that Marjorie's sweet, kindly, innocent, ingenuous spirit may be their Saint in Heaven, interceding for them in her eternal praise of God.

THE CONVENT GIRL IN THE BUSINESS WORLD



THE convent-bred girl has long been an exponent of charm, accomplishment, and refined intelligence; but these are practical days, a far cry from the time when our grandmothers learned to do exquisite embroidery, play the harp, and talk delightful patter of Victorian literature. That belongs—fortunately or unfortunately, who can say?—to the past of lavender-scented linen, jars of pot-pourri, when all a woman had to be to be successful was womanly. But now we ask ourselves if, in addition to the undeniably refining and uplifting influence of convent training, it does possess that now valuable qualification—preparation for the business world. And my answer would be, emphatically, *Yes!*

The business world demands, first and foremost, that hardest thing for youth—discipline. And where else but in a convent is it learned so thoroughly and so kindly? Discipline must be understanding lest it be harsh, and youth is tender and sensitive. The girl who goes straight from the lenient atmosphere of her own home to a business office is almost certain to find the process of adjustment difficult, and perhaps painful. At a convent it is different. Obedience is learned at an age when the mind and heart are pliable and from instructors whose lives are given over to rule and discipline themselves. The days are planned wisely for just the proper activity for mind and body, and regular work at regular hours soon becomes second nature.

Perhaps the most tiresome part of business is the monotony of facing a day's work every day in the week but one, and this is doubly difficult for the girl who has become accustomed to too much leisure. Personally, I went from my last year in school to my first business position with only a few weeks interval, and even then it was not too easy. My earnest advice to any girl contemplating a business career at the end of her convent days is not to delay—to take just a reasonable vacation, and then to begin her work before she has lost the accustomedness to regular hours of work every day. Too long a playtime in between will defeat the very purpose of her convent training.

Deference to superiors is another difficult thing to the home girl; but the convent girl knows that there must always be a head to everything, and her employer should not be the tyrant that some girls seem to feel, but one who must carry the burden of responsibility and authority, and she must realize that her assistance is the thing that is going to make her valuable to him and to herself.

There is a tremendous field today in business for the girl with a *trained* mind and the disposition to do every task to the best of her ability, and I cannot overestimate the value of convent training in this. It teaches, almost first of all, self-reliance in the little disturbances and problems that enter into every group of girls, the ability to take correction without resentment, the healthy mental and physical atmosphere that develops a fine, clear mind free from the feminine hysteria of the Victorian period.

I have a convent girl in my own office now, a girl who has never before held a business position, and I am convinced that she could not have so easily adapted herself to the vexations and problems of a business position if she had not been convent-

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bred. In this particular case it was just convent day-school. The advantages of the actual convent life twenty-four hours a day are inestimable.

Convent teachers have a splendid work ahead of them. It is no small task to prepare a girl for life in this modern world, where competition is so keen and there are so many who want and so few who get, but the outcome is self-evident. In any phase of life where discipline, self-reliance, balance, and fine thinking count, then in that phase will the convent girl come off with flying colors.

LENORE J. COFFEE, Alumna.

THE CONVERT

From the gifted pen of Clay M. Greene comes the poem "The Convert," written especially for the DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

"Before no graven image bow!"

My childhood's mentors blindly said,
Yet told not when, nor why, nor how
The living and the hallowed dead,
Anointed there before the cross,—
A holy, shining, graven thing,—
Should count their souls' infinite loss,
Whilst the dissenter's shineless dross
To doubt and darkness led.

"Before no graven image bow!"

And, as my conscience older grew,
I shunned those symbols hallowed now,
Which youth-time's teachings never knew.
Thousands I saw before that shrine,
Of shining, painted, graven things,
Receive that miracle Divine;
Then knelt, as Faith began to shine
And doubt had taken wings.

Before these images I bowed;

Inspiring symbols of a Faith
That banished sin. Then prayed aloud
Forswearing doubt, and every wraith
Of penitence forgot. They shed
The blessed radiance of truth
Taught by the Son of God, who bled
That Faith and Reason might be wed
Unto my darkened youth.

Before those images I bow

In adoration and content,
Still with that sign upon my brow
That vanished disillusionment.
No more does clouded retrospect
Bring to my soul the doubts that grieve,
For now I know that they reflect,
The lessons that supplant neglect,
And teach me to believe.

CLAY M. GREENE.

IS THE KINDERGARTEN WORTH WHILE?



AMONG the "vast uninitiated," there seem to be two general opinions regarding the value of the Kindergarten. There are those to whom it seems a handy sort of place where someone else looks out for lively Junior while Mother works or plays. And there are those who raise their eyebrows superciliously, and, viewing it from afar, declare the Kindergarten a pernicious influence which spoils small folk by too much attention, too many playthings, and too much play.

"What will the children do when they have to study later on?"

Of course, if any of these "vast uninitiated" have restless four-year-olds of their own, we can hope to convert them from the error of their ways. Kindergarten *is* a handy place for Mother—it *is* a play place above all; but we can hope to prove how much else it is besides. And to those so unfortunate that they have no four-year-old acquaintance, we can only urge that they give Kindergartens the benefit of the doubt, visit them a while, and "see what they shall see"!

When Junior has had his fourth birthday, he begins to grow slightly restive under Mother's petting; he can't quite see why he must divide his small world with baby sister; he finds the various phenomena of "things as they are" most interesting, and begins to question—eternally question! At just this definite time, Kindergarten steps in to fill this definite need. At just this "Real Children's Home," the two years—from four to six—he comes to us, so alive, so eager, so unspoiled, so truly a little individual, so absorbed in what we feel is the richest time of his whole life—and ours is the opportunity!

Montessori says, "Ours is the joy to touch, to conquer souls; the one prize which can bring us compensation!"

And though sometimes we forget this in the round of a busy day, nevertheless it is very dear to every kindergartner's heart that she sometimes comes close to baby souls.

Dewey says that education grows from the active solving of the problems of life. Montessori proclaims her principle of education for freedom—for the independence that comes from self-conquest. And long ago, in the first book written on the subject, the fundamental principle of the Kindergarten was defined as education through self-activity.

The Kindergarten method is based essentially on the interest of the child—on those things which, eliciting the best response from him, will best tend to the development of his self-activity.

Now, it is known, of course, that the truest way to obtain response from a child is through play—through which he reveals his own powers, good and bad—and our object in Kindergarten is so to clothe the facts of life and living in play that we awaken his best responsiveness, to help him unfold his rational tendencies and chain his irrational ones. With self-conquest through self-activity as its principle, and with "play"

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as its method, therefore, the Kindergarten takes its part in the life of the little ones who come to it, and in the real educational life of the community.

Since education is a preparation for life, it must grow out of real living, not only as an individual, but as a part of the community and of the world. So in the Kindergarten we strive to allow the child to live his life of natural play as an individual and as a group member, under as nearly ideal educative surroundings as can be obtained. We try to give him real life experiences, based first (since home has been his only experience thus far) on his home and family, its needs, comforts, service and love. Then we lead him to a realization and appreciation of the fact that others have contributed to his family life—the tradesman, the workman, the artisan. Higher still comes the community service—the streetcars, parks, playgrounds, library, post-office, and mint. Again, there are the nature conditions that furnish forces and materials for human needs and comforts. And beyond all—touched on very reverently—is the whole world-wide relationship as little children to “Our Heavenly Father.”

The Kindergarten morning is a busy one—from the time before the school-bell rings, when the plants are watered, chairs dusted, and goldfish fed, to the time the last good-by is said, it is an energetic little world in itself. The circle—that special Kindergarten institution—where “talks” are held, games played, and songs chosen by the children and gleefully joined in, is one of the happiest times! And stories, too, play their own warm part in the morning’s schedule.

Junior’s mother probably has put away a bundle—a scrapbook perhaps—of her own Kindergarten handiwork; and such fine, nervous, perfect work it only too often was! Nowadays everything is as broad and free as possible so as to give the big muscles as well as the finer finger muscles scope for development. The materials are many and varied. Colored balls for tiny tots; beads and pegs used first for mere activity and later for color and number-work; blocks of all kinds, large and small, for directed or free play. (It is in the latter phase that Kindergartens differ so widely from Montessori schools.) Scissors, paste and papers, crayons, paints, raffia, and clay are art materials whose results are not for works of art, but for the satisfaction of creative instincts, and as a foundation for better things later on. Boxes, spools, newspapers, pins, and collar-buttons are home materials wondrously adaptable for making fascinating things when four-year-old imaginations and fingers are enlisted in their cause! Out of tool-chests come, as if from magic, furniture for dolls’ houses, when sturdy fingers clasp around hammer and saw. Out in the gardens green things flourish—sometimes—and small cheeks grow rosy—always!

Of course, if Junior’s mother has time, she might help and direct him at home to do all these things—he might cut and color, hammer and dig, and he would gain, as he does in Kindergarten, in childish skill in handling tools and in the satisfaction of his creative instincts. But the accomplishment would lack the zest that comes from the comparison with others’ work, the conversation as to why and wherefore, the social pleasure of working with and beside one’s companions, the whole great joy of working and achieving! Always in Kindergarten comes our reward in the shining faces, the confident hands slipped into ours, and the growing self-reliance from the most diffident child!

So the time “from four to six” is helped to bear its fruit, and to prepare for the

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business of life ahead. It has been the tragedy of our educational system, said one of the speakers at the National Educational Association, that the experience of one school is not used in the years that succeed it. We have the breaks between Kindergarten and primary, between grammar and high school, between that and college. And until lately there had been little done to bridge the first gap. The greatest opportunity and the greatest danger of the kindergarten lay in its isolation from other grades. Unhampered by school red tape, it could develop along broader lines and in individual ways. But in its very independence lay the danger of forgetfulness that it must be a co-ordinate part of the whole educational system, and must definitely plan itself with some regard for the school work later on. Now, however, there has grown up a much happier spirit between the Kindergarten and her next older sister, the primary; each helps the other and exchanges ideas and ideals, correlates work and makes definite plans to the benefit of both.

So that when our babies have "grown up" and, having all the dignity of six years, must leave us for the primary class, we like to feel that we have actually given them something to take with them; not only some concrete preparation for the work ahead, but self-confidence, a love of living things, a spirit of friendliness and co-operation, a quickened spirit of originality, power to observe, and ability to think, and a better response to another's ideas and directions—and aren't all these principles worth keeping alive through all the school course?

We do not claim that Kindergarten makes any appreciable difference in the school grade "Three R's." Comparisons show little difference in the records of Kindergarten and non-kindergarten children in these respects; but we do claim those deeper things that help to make life rich in content and power of service—and is not all this worth while?

MY CONFESSION

YOU ask for a paper on Pedagogy—on theories as theories go—
And I toil around in the dusty soil where theories used to grow;
I search through the busy record of my much-filled busy days,
All crowded with little children, their problems and their plays;
I look through the whole day's happenings to find Pedagogy there,
But the longer I look, the harder it seems—till I give up in despair!

For children's wiles and children's smiles, just as they happen to come,
And their hands' warm clasps and their small mishaps, make up my whole day's sum;
From the time that they come in the morning till they leave at the end of the day,
Just to work with them in their worktime, just to join them in their play!
To help them meet their problems, just as fast as they must be met—
Such breathless days, that Pedagogy—no wonder I forget!

Oh! the Jimmie that falls in the puddles whenever it happens to rain!
(And I always forget Pedagogy by the time he is dry again!)

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Oh! the coats that won't stay on the coat-hooks, the rubber too big for the shoe!
The Johnnie that always fights Jackie, despite all poor teacher can do.
Oh! the dimpled smiles that they give you, the trust that you'll surely not scold!
The way that they coax you with kisses before your correction's half told!

Just make the days pass so swiftly that when the day's course is run,
And I lie down at night all weary and think over what I have done,
'Tis only then old Sir Pedagogy shakes his warning finger at me,
And I wonder if *he* had *my* problems just exactly how he would be!
I remember then all the directions, the axioms wise and so deep,
And I mean to ponder and practice—but before I know, I'm asleep!

So I just have to confess about theories, I don't treat them as well as I might;
But my babies are all fat and happy, and laugh as they kiss me good-night!

LOUISE QUEEN LYLE, Alumna.

A VISIT TO SAN RAFAEL



THE members of the Catholic Educational Association who attended the Convention last summer carried away with them very pleasant memories of San Francisco. The distance that many had to travel was great; but without exception those who were in attendance from the far East as well as those from the Middle West, and surely those from the Pacific Coast, were enthusiastic about the reception which was accorded them and the fruitful results of the meeting. It was remarkable that there should have been present so many from a distance, and singularly remarkable that there should have been any at all present from the Atlantic seaboard. The difficulties of travel last summer were unusual. It was not the cost alone, but there was the question of securing accommodations, of being permitted to travel. But the purpose was noble enough to justify the effort—the lending of voice and counsel to the great cause of Catholic education.

The Convention itself was a success from every point of view. Those who have been familiar with similar gatherings in the past have been heard to remark that it is doubtful if any such fruitful meeting has been held before. The hearty response that came from local educators of the coast was sufficient to inspire enthusiasm on the part of those from other places who give to education their serious, constant thought. These latter feel that there was an atmosphere to stimulate and encourage, and if benefits have resulted to the coast, reciprocal benefits were imparted to those who had come to pledge honest endeavor and co-operation.

May I refer to the welcome which all felt? San Francisco is proverbial for its hospitality. On this occasion it seemed to the visitors that it must have outdone itself. The entire community breathed hospitality; but as we were concerned mostly with the

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clergy and the religious, it was their cordial welcome that was most noted. The gracious Archbishop set example to all as he moved about showing deepest interest in every department and manifesting a geniality and a kindness calculated to put everyone at ease and to inspire to renewed and more generous devotion.

But here I am rambling on about the Educational Convention, whereas I had intended to speak of it only incidentally, as introducing a visit to the Dominican College at San Rafael. I freely confess that it was gratifying to receive an invitation to visit the institution, as I had heard it spoken of a number of times with commendation for its beautiful location and grounds, but more particularly for the excellence of its course and the devoted earnestness of its teachers. Father McMahon, the Provincial of the Dominicans on the coast, was good enough to supplement the invitation with his indorsement and volunteered to be my companion. He proved very much more, becoming my guide and Nestor and Fidus Achates, whose attention was as unobtrusive as it was efficient and cordial. Under these fortunate circumstances is it any wonder that the journey to San Rafael was made with pleasant anticipations?

As one comes upon the college the first time, one receives an impression of picturesqueness; at least, such is the impression experienced by one who lives in a part of our country where nature is less generous in the profusion of its bounty. Trees, flowers, and shrubs seem to spring up with a spontaneity difficult to be restrained, and right in front of you is the building suggesting quiet dignity. The architecture is pleasing to one who has been accustomed to harsh brick and stone, and the very simplicity of the structure adds its own special attraction.

After a greeting that was cordiality itself, one begins to get his bearings. It is not my purpose to write about the details of a visit. I wish only to express my appreciation of a welcome that overflowed in hospitality and every courteous consideration. The reception-room, class-rooms, and study hall were of course all seen. Then a look over the grounds. It was quite evident that the favorite spot was Lourdes; and a beautiful spot it is, remarkably similar to the original. We lingered in the garden admiring the foliage, and then proceeded to the property adjoining, which, if my memory serves, had been purchased only lately. This new property is indeed a valuable addition to the college grounds. The imposing residence finds its setting in a bower of verdant and arboreal beauty. We were charmed not only by the flowers of many varieties, which grow in richest profusion, but by the mammoth drooping mulberries, the apricot, peach, and other fruit trees, and the odoriferous shrubbery and plants that lined the walks in whichever direction we turned.

First and last, we spent quite a time in wandering about, and then we entered the house to rest a while and to talk about the advantages of receiving an education under such circumstances and in such environment. It seems to me that the young ladies fortunate enough to be privileged to make their course at the Dominican College, San Rafael, would be delighted every day of their sojourn and would feel the deepest regret at leaving its portals. Vallombrosan umbrage, Pierian spring, California climate, everything here combines to invite to drinking deep at the fount of learning, and suggests that the pursuit of knowledge may be followed with a pleasure quite undreamed-of by the student who recalls the irksomeness and hardships of the days spent in college where nature was less kind and teachers were not able to provide so well.

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What single feature do you think impressed most? It was the plaza adjoining the garden. In this plaza, it was said, is given the annual exhibition of dramatics and tableaux. I do not know if I use the right term of description. The arrangement is ideal, and possible only in a climate like that of California. It can be imagined that with a proper scheme of lighting, a very elaborate and enchanting effect would be had, a veritable *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The higher ground under the trees can be used as a stage, and the cement court, with the verandas for galleries, as an ample and appropriate auditorium. The young ladies taking part, in their varied costumes, have the inspiration of a poetic setting, and, according to reports, fully avail themselves of the advantages of the situation to acquit themselves to excellent effect. Indeed, what more could be desired? A bower of trees, subdued light, friends and relatives, a balmy atmosphere, the confidence of careful training—it would be strange if a charming spectacle were not the result.

It was intimated that there was some intention of discontinuing this feature of the College's exercises. I venture to hope that this may not be so. There is so much to be said in favor of continuing it, and the only argument that occurs against it is that a great deal of time is consumed in the preparation. The question naturally arises, Is there not an adequate result for the time expended? Does education consist only in the acquirement of so much formal knowledge, the grasping of certain principles and rules, or should it not imply a certain grace of manner and deportment, a cultivation of exterior that bespeaks the attainments of the mind, or, more properly, the soul? I think there can be no doubt as to the answer. The time spent is, therefore, well spent. The elocutionary effect, the presentation of one's self, the benefit to carriage and deportment—these would seem advantages not to be overlooked. The training goes on in the presence of the younger students, thus awakening an ambition and arousing an emulation to surpass when their turn comes; while at the same time these younger students unconsciously participate in the immediate benefits of the culture imparted to their seniors. You will pardon me for having ventured to express an opinion; but my excuse must be the interest experienced in this feature of your institution's training.

The religious communities of our country have contributed a vast deal to the cause of Catholic education. There are none others who can compare in the sacrifices willingly made to uprear its noble structure. Not only have they devoted their lives, with no expectation of earthly recompense, to the training of our youth and to the imparting of refinement and virtue, but they have practiced the most rigid economy and self-denial, and have labored in season and out of season, that they might garner the adornments of nature's storehouse, and might equip institutions and make them beautiful and comfortable, so that the attainment of education might be rendered a more pleasant and attractive experience. Thus has it been with the Dominican College at San Rafael. These noble efforts of our religious have been crowned in a measure with the reward of witnessing a Catholic laity helped to the admiration and pursuit of high ideals. The Sisters ask no more—except to continue to labor, to serve, to build, to train—no more here, and the rest is in God's Hands. It is safe with Him.

FRANCIS T. MORAN,

St. Patrick's Church, Cleveland, Ohio.

SPRING IN SAN RAFAEL

BEYOND the sunlit waters,
The mountains dry and brown,
A valley lies, encircled
By a eucalypti crown.
And over it is brooding
A fragrant green-tipped spell—
To my heart it's calling, calling,
That it's Spring in San Rafael.

Violets cling to damp, fresh earth,
The air is sweet and clean;
And through the tender spears of grass
Come new shoots, soft and green.
Upon the gold acacia
Two ragged robins tell,
With timid chirps and trillings,
That Spring's in San Rafael.

Cotton sails upon the breeze;
It smells of rich, brown soil;
Poppies flutter on the hills,
Fragrant, till the bees despoil
Their cups of golden honey.
And, high on citadel,
The purpled iris vouches,
Spring has come to San Rafael.

Beyond the sunlit waters,
The mountains dry and brown,
Lies the valley of contentment,
With its eucalypti crown.
There my heart is held imprisoned
By a fragrant green-tipped spell,
Calling, calling, calling,
That it's Spring in San Rafael.

NANCY PATTISON, Alumna.



MOUNT TAMALPAIS

WHAT secrets in thine age-old soul must lie!
To what great mysteries hast thou the key?
O Mountain hoary-wise, unfold to me
The wisdom that the stars impart! The sigh
Of wandering winds; the tuneful lullaby
Of lapping waves; and ever o'er the sea
The billowy fog's caress—all these to thee
Have long been known. What do they signify?
Thus did I ask—and lo! the answer came:
The stars through ages hold their selfsame course,
So faith, in wavering, leads on through strife,
While wind and wave and fog—all these acclaim
That ever is there manifest a force
Beyond the power of man—
Eternal life.

NANCY PATTISON, Alumna.

DEER-TRAILING



FOLLOWING deer-trails is one of the best forms of wandering. One imagines, after a morning or afternoon spent in exploring these narrow ways, that though a deer must see in the course of his life all the high, low, and medium places of his world, he discovers them leisurely. There could never have been a deer with what we might term a Baedeker mind. Much better to think they go here or there, giving, taking, and all that, of course, but with no plans. How a deer must despise plans! And how a plan-despising human being can admire a deer!

Here goes a track, then, green with the first tender grass, and hardly is it going well when it decides to go down—and at the same time it decides to go up. You stand and wonder. That destination may be a spring because an azalea is growing among those other shrubs, and that . . . You go down and find that what was once a spring is long since dry. Then you go up and find that that branch twists around the far side of a copse and goes back to the azalea and the dry spring. But on the way you find some early mushrooms, a few asters, some ripening tollon-berries, and a convention of bushtits. Also you bless the deer for having kept you so long on a hillock that ordinarily you would have dismissed with one glance from your itinerary.

You may rest farther on beneath an oak tree, overlooking a rocky chaparral-covered slope. Yonder, a few hundred yards, is the forest, a wall of various-shaded greens. The grass has formed patches that have the aspect of rugs thrown in the clearings; over the highest hills great white castle-clouds pause, and from somewhere, into this atmosphere already steeped in dying leaves and yerba buena, floats the intangible odor of apples and wood-smoke. A bluejay inquires querulously why you sit there instead of getting along to enjoy your walk. Up in the trees a woodpecker taps. All sounds intensify the general effect of stillness until your dog breaks the spell with his "Aeow! Aeow!"

Down the hill he comes, and in the first opening you see the jack-rabbit, his eyes wide with excitement, his ears fairly flying behind him. Down the deer-trail he runs and jumps, bolting in here and out there, and when your dog has certainly lost him you look up the hill whence the commotion just started and you see the rabbit sitting by a rock. Maybe he is sniffing the air for warnings; but he appears to be ready for another of those narrow-escape pursuits.

Your dog must be consoled; so you continue your walk along the narrow track, crossing innumerable gullies, some springs, fascinating dingles that might never else have been discovered, and finally you reach the woods. Some of the tracks lead into tunnels that are better suited to gnomes and fairies, passing as they do beneath hazels and red poison-oak and between the most slender of saplings; but real human beings can take them up again after such difficulties have been avoided.

So while you push aside redwood and spruce branches you hear "Aeow! Aeow!" coming toward you, and you hold the branches just as you have them lest you make an unnecessary stir. Here he comes—a buck! He has put the dog off for a moment, and before you—only twenty feet before you!—he stands, his startled eyes peering into the depths of the forest. His ears turn to catch your dog's voice; his head is raised

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and his nose investigates the faintest of breezes. Nearer comes the bark and higher goes the head. He quivers—and presto! he has gone, with only his dainty thud, thud, on the needle-carpeted ground to convince you that he has really been there. If you hurry you can see him bound—over the tollon-berry bushes and all! The dog is out after him, but directly he returns panting and weary. At the least sound his mouth closes and his muscles tighten; all ready he is for another fine chase.

You zig-zag and crisscross, stopping now and again to watch a covey of quail flying before your dog's inquisitiveness or to listen to a bird-song ringing from a near-by copse, and you find that you have spent hours covering what you had thought was familiar country.

Every knoll has given the hills a new aspect, every rock and hollow has given you a more intimate acquaintance with a bird, a flower, even a bit of lichen.

A life spent on deer-trails, and in making them, must be charming. Apparently the fawns grow into doehood and buckhood with never a word of a career to take from the freshness of their imaginations. And having no plans, there must be no regrets because of unrealized ambitions, nor yet complacencies for having reached the top. The very fact of their ups and downs and wanderings must be stimulating. For though the top of the world has a fine view, the deepest cañon has ice-cold water.

But being a human being with leisurely habits you must find deer-trailing a thrilling pursuit. And when you have wandered some hours over the highways and byways you will begin to understand why a deer can bound into the air. Who could not bound if he but half understood those things with which a deer has always been familiar!

ELIZABETH O'CONNOR.



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

“LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT”



F “the height” of Cardinal Newman’s mind were to be measured “by the shade it casts,” that shade would be found to stretch over the entire civilized world, offering its soothing powers to all souls burning under the parching rays of their own sun, their reason, their intense thoughts, their finite judgments; extending its gentle comfort alike to peoples of all nationalities and of all creeds. A veritable literature has arisen around the great name of John Henry Newman through those who have studied his works, and, on the other hand, the most hidden, sacred strings of thousands of souls otherwise unacquainted with his writings, and not necessarily of his belief, have been caused to vibrate by this one short poem, “The Pillar of the Cloud.” For who, believer or unbeliever, could not sincerely repeat these two lines, exquisite in their simplicity, touching in their search of a guiding hand, necessary even to the strongest soul?

“The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!”

Although reason, and a certain pride in independence and in its own strength, would hinder the soul from giving up its claim “to see the distant scene,” although a self-reliant mind loves “to choose and see its path,” and in its first impulse would feel that prayer for guidance is a humiliating confession of its own weakness, yet sooner or later it will come to realize its blindness, its need of a leading, kindly light. Strong and proud as it may otherwise be, some day it will learn to pray for a hand to guide it safely out of the “encircling gloom”; fervently it will beseech that Light to “remember not past years,” when reason, a youthful trust in its own strength, and pride ruled its will, but humbly will it cry out, “Lead Thou me on!” Nothing could be more touching than to see this great soul, in profound humiliation and recognition of its own nothingness, bend before the Light ever loved and constantly felt near, although “lost awhile,” since obscured by reason, exclaim in firm conviction and trust:

“I know Thou still wilt lead me on,
O’er moor and fen, o’er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.”

So sublime is this poem in its pure beauty, that it seems like stepping on sacred ground to try to add anything to these simple yet vigorous, humble yet majestic lines. They must cause to re-echo in every human heart the following tribute to Faith above Reason by D. O’Kelly Branden:

“Faith perfects Reason: Reason, Faith defends:
Both are of God: both flow from, end in one.
Faith in its flight to God Himself ascends,
And ’neath its wings bears earth-bound Reason on,
Until each yields to sight, and in Truth’s vision ends.”

LILLIAN STEPHANY, Alumna.

THE BERRYS' VACATION



“UT surely you have someone to help you with the work, in that big house?” asked the old lady from the house down the road.

Margaret Berry shook her pretty head cheerfully.

“My husband and I are the whole family,” she confided, smiling. “We don’t know anybody here in Beach Haven, and while Jack is ill we really don’t want to meet people! I do the little marketing I do by telephone, and we simply live in the garden, shut away

from the whole world!”

She laughed joyously as she spoke. It was a laugh that Margaret had forgotten for months—the hard, hard months in which her husband had been sick, money affairs pressing, and life in the big city almost unendurably hard. But she had found her laugh again now, and some of her old hope and confidence and color, and Jack had gotten back his appetite and his strength after a few weeks in the old garden beside the sea.

“But you like Beach Haven?” asked her old neighbor kindly.

“Like it!” Margaret said fervently. “Why, it has saved our lives! This house,” she nodded to a shabby, stately old mansion that was hidden away behind the overgrown shrubs and trees, “belongs to my uncle. It was just the most fortunate chance in the world that it was empty and we could camp in it. For I call it,” Margaret said, with sudden tears in her bright eyes, “an answer to prayer! You don’t—you don’t know how I prayed! Jack had a good position, and we had something saved, but he had typhoid fever two months ago, and he didn’t seem to get strong—”

“I know!” old Mrs. Patterson said, smiling. “I board down the road a bit when I’m in Beach Haven, and I told my landlady the other day, that someone must be living here. She was telling me about you and your husband, and how much better he looks than he did when he first came down here.”

“We have three more glorious weeks,” Margaret exulted, “and when we go back he’ll be better than he’s ever been in his whole life! But, Mrs. Patterson,” she said eagerly, as the old lady picked up the runaway Persian kitten that had served to bring her into the garden, “don’t you want some of our gooseberries? They’re as big as cherries, and they’re simply wasting here.”

She led the way along the shady, overgrown path, to the side door, where a man was whistling as he chopped light boxes into kindling.

“Mrs. Patterson, this is my husband, Mr. Berry,” Margaret said. “Jack, you remember I spoke to you about Mrs. Patterson’s kitty—that *will* run away!”

“But you were in bed, and feeling pretty sick, last time I was here!” the old lady said, smiling up mother-fashion at the tall pleasant-faced man.

“Ah, I’m made over now!” he laughed, as Margaret came out with a little square basket filled with the white-green berries. “This vacation is just about the happiest thing that ever happened to us,” he went on. “We haven’t many friends in New York, and we were just getting well started, when this illness of mine upset everything.”

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"But we're not complaining about that," Margaret said, with her cheek against his sleeve, "for everything has come out wonderfully, after all!"

"It's nice to see folks in this house again," said Mrs. Patterson. "It's been shut up for years, and the Andersons never did live here much, anyway. Now, take care of yourself, Mr. Berry, and don't overdo," she said in smiling warning as she went away.

Margaret came back, smiling too, from the evergreen-screened gate. Her husband gave her a questioning look.

"Does she suspect anything?" he asked.

"Silly! what should she suspect?" Margaret answered carelessly. "We're a whole mile from the village. Nobody but the grocery-boy knows we're here; and if these Andersons, whoever they are, aren't going to use a house like this in August, when are they going to use it? If the very worst comes to the worst, a servant or two will arrive, with trunks. Then we'll make some hasty explanation, and disappear. We've done no harm; we've simply borrowed a little of all this beauty and peace that was going to waste, and when we go the house will be in better condition than when we came. And, Jack, I was desperate! We had to do something!"

"Oh, my dear, I'm not worrying!" Jack smiled. "I was too sick to worry when we first came, and now I'm too well! Even if the owner turned up, he might prove to be a decent sort of chap who wouldn't mind. Come on, dearest; let's wander down toward the beach again. You're equal to any emergency, and I defy any jury to resist my wife's blue eyes when she pleaded her case!"

"Just a little better than that awful place where the board was thirty dollars a week!" Margaret smiled, glancing back at the garden.

"And the hotel that accommodated sixteen hundred people!" Jack grinned, as they turned their faces toward the life-giving sea. "It was a wonderful chance that brought us and our picnic-basket down this lonely road. And what a lark to remember!" he added, with his boyish grin.

"What a lark to remember!"

Margaret used the phrase again two weeks later, when their last day came. Their suitcases were packed now, the fire out in the little kitchen stove, the blankets and pillows neatly stored again, and the rooms they had used in spotless order despite their shabbiness. They were having a last meal on the vine-shaded porch, a rosy, happy Margaret with deep content in her blue eyes, and a brown, energetic Jack, who looked utterly unlike the shaken nervous man of six weeks ago.

"It will be fun to get back to the little apartment, Margaret," Jack was beginning, when a noise in the garden interrupted him. A look of alarm crossed both faces, but immediately they laughed. It was only the grocery-boy, come to drive them in to the village, to the home-going train.

"We have oceans of time," Margaret said. "I want to stop with these gorgeous asters and the quinces for Mrs. Patterson as we pass. She's been our only friend here, and she'll always be associated with almost the happiest time in my life."

Laughing, they climbed into the rattling wagon, and, so high were her spirits, that Margaret put her arm about her old neighbor, when Mrs. Patterson came to her gate to say good-by, and gave her a daughterly kiss. They had driven to the village and

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had but another two or three minutes to wait for the train, when the grocery-boy asked interestedly:

"She going to rent the place again?"

"Who?" Margaret asked.

"Mis' Patterson," the boy said.

"Rent what place again?" the Berrys asked, puzzled.

"That place you rented off her," the boy elucidated.

Margaret and Jack looked at each other. The woman's pretty face grew a little pale, the man flushed suddenly.

"What has she to do with that place?" Margaret asked slowly.

"Why— There's the train whistling down at the crossing!" the boy said. "Why it's her place," he went on. "She told me you folks were friends of hers, and had rented it for a few weeks. She's old Silas Anderson's cousin, and she lives there off and on. She's a kind of nice old lady, isn't she? . . . You folks had better get on board. She ain't real rich, Miss Patterson, and folks say that she'd git some boarders in the house, if everything wasn't so shabby!"

Tears had come into Margaret's eyes. Jack, mounting the steps of the train, lifted his cap respectfully.

"I know two paying boarders that she'll have next year!" he said.

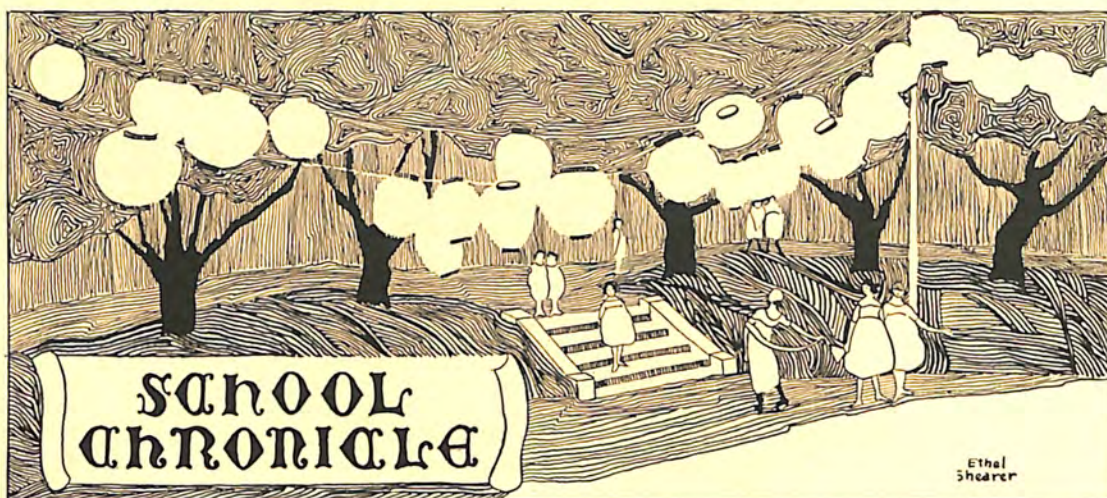
KATHLEEN NORRIS, Alumna.

A LEGEND



IN a far-away land, a very long time ago, there was a beautiful hill, and trees clung thick about it; and flowers—all the flowers smiled on the hillside; and there was a rock, and in its shadow a little flower, whiter than snow, looked up and wondered at the fathomless heavens. At night it drew its face within its petals, even as the angels drew their wings about their heads. But one night, when the garden was still, the little flower heard footsteps approaching, and peeping out from her veil, saw a Man walking slowly; and His robe seemed, in the darkness, dyed red. And the beauty of His face was torn with anguish, and falling on His face, even above the little flower, He prayed brokenly; and even as He prayed into the night, great drops of agony damped His brow. The affliction of this Man of Sorrows struck the heart of the flower, and opening out, it yearned toward Him; and even at that moment, a precious drop of blood from His brow fell into the chalice of the flower, and overflowing its cup, dyed the petals redder than the wine that flows from the press in vintage time. And the Man of Sorrows, "dumb as a lamb before his shearers," went away to the Sacrifice; and the little flower remained forever scarlet; and to this day when we see it we call it Bleeding Heart.

MARGARET BOILLOT, Alumna.



OUR MOTHER'S DAY



CTOBER 10th, the Feast of St. Louis Bertrand, our Mother's patron, brought with it the usual rejoicing. Each year our Mother becomes, if possible, a little dearer to her children; each year we wonder more at her beautiful serenity, her deep sympathy and understanding, her grace that never ends. So on her day we always offer her the first-fruits of the school year. The house was made lovely with flowers, the altar was a triumph of loving skill, and Mass was sung with reverent devotion. After Benediction the household assembled in the Commencement Hall, and a program of song and recitations was given. Ruth Marion read very beautifully the following sonnet written in Mother Louis' honor:

An offering, Mother, do we bring today,
 You on whose feast through long love-laden years,
 Your children, April-joyous, close to tears,
 Have brought their gifts, have caroled many a lay,
 Gladdening October with the breath of May,
 Untouched by thought of summer sun that sears,
 Or winter frost, or autumn shadowing fears;
 But lit like opals with youth's sparkling play.
 You, Mother, toiler nursed in wisdom's air,
 Strong and serene, a torch in darkened days,
 Leading your children toward heaven-lighted ways
 Up to the heights of perfect peace and prayer,
 Will, gracious, hear this latest song of praise,
 Ill-wrought from reverent love—gift all too rare.

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VISIT OF THE VERY REVEREND EDWARD PACE, D. D.

SHORTLY after the opening of school the Very Reverend Edward Pace, D. D., visited the College, officiating at Mass in the Chapel at Meadowlands.

DR. NOBLE'S LECTURE

DR. EMILY NOBLE gave an interesting lecture on proper respiration and its beneficial effects, emphasizing the need of instructing schoolchildren to breathe correctly. The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon slides, showing Dr. Noble's methods and some of the cases she has cured.

VISIT OF COLONEL LEVERVE

AN interesting event was the visit of Colonel Leverve, guest of the Very Reverend A. L. McMahon. The Colonel is on the staff of General Petain of the French Army, and has now arrived in Siberia. Father McMahon interpreted the speech of the French officer, dealing with his arrival and reception in New York, the transcontinental journey, the lavish hospitality of San Francisco, the beauty of San Rafael, and the cordiality of the Dominican Sisters. But the occasion was a joy to the students of French, who were able to prove their proficiency in the Gallic tongue by conversing with the guest in his beloved language.

ROSARY SUNDAY

ROSARY SUNDAY witnessed the usual beautiful procession from the Chapel, through the convent grounds, to Meadowlands and thence to the grotto, where the hymns that swing to the heavens on the breezes of Lourdes were repeated with a fervor that approached that of the pilgrims at the famed shrine of the Old World. The participants then returned to the Chapel, where Benediction was given, the ceremony closing with the chanting of the Te Deum.

ORGAN RECITAL

ON the afternoon of October 9th, the faculty and student-body had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Achille Artigues in a program of organ music which was given in the Convent Chapel. Mr. Artigues played with that genuine artistry which has always characterized his work as organist.

AN EVENING WITH JAMES W. FOLEY

JAMES FOLEY, Poet Laureate of North Dakota, and the *Youth's Companion*, visited the school on September 18th, reciting bits of his Western verse that brought smiles to the lips and sunbeams to the hearts of the attentive audience. Mr. Foley writes in the vein of James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field, and is one of the few men who can be sentimental about the "old farm" and that sort of thing without becoming tiresome in his style.

VISIT OF MR. LEOPOLD GODOWSKY

ON the second of October, we had the pleasure of receiving Mr. Leopold Godowsky, the eminent Polish pianist, and Mrs. Godowsky. These distinguished guests spent several hours with us, and their visit is cherished as one of the most signal honors of the past school year.

OCTOBER VACATION

FURTHER entertainments were rudely interrupted by the influenza epidemic. Very wisely, parents were requested to send for their children. A few girls remained, however. They were established at Meadowlands, where they lived a happy, healthful life, carefully guarded against any possibility of danger from the "flu." Figs were ripening on the trees; roses were still blooming in the gardens. There were picnics to the hills, a few classes where study was undertaken for delight, not for credit, an occasional party, and a good deal of Red Cross work. There was sorrow and anxiety indeed during that month of quarantine. Sometimes the household at Meadowlands chafed at the thought that they could not go out like the Sisters from the Convent to help nurse the sick and dying; but they were assured that their best gift would be to live happily, to work as much as possible for the Red Cross, and, above everything, to keep well.

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PEACE CELEBRATION

IN the midst of the quarantine, November 9th, came the first announcement of peace. Sleepy San Rafael awaked, mad with joy. There was blowing of whistles, screaming of sirens, ringing of bells; automobiles honked wildly, men, women, and children rushed through the streets, raising their voices to add one more note to the tumult of joyful noise. Every bell in the Convent pealed, and when the supply of musical instruments at Meadowlands gave out, the children raided the kitchen and returned to the veranda beating the pots and pans with rolling-pins. Then came silence! The peace announcement was false. Many hearts were sick with hope deferred.

At midnight, November 11th, came word of the true peace. There was rejoicing in the Convent no less deep because it was quiet, and there went up to Heaven the thanksgiving of prayer. The noisy jubilation was saved until the next day. Then San Rafael made a festival. There was a long parade of automobiles decorated with flags. The Allies' triumph was celebrated by every invention that could give forth joyous sound. For half an hour the quarantine was broken that the children of Dominican College might assist in celebrating the proudest day of the twentieth century.

CHILDREN OF MARY

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

ABBÉ CABANEL SPEAKS AT SAN RAFAEL CONVENT

ON December 14th the College was honored by a visit from the Abbé Cabanel, chaplain of the famous "Blue Devils" French Regiment. After luncheon and a reception by the faculty and students of the College and Academy, the distinguished visitor talked on the "Spirit of France in the Great War." The introduction was made by the Very Reverend Arthur McMahon, O. P., and the students voiced their patriotism in a spirited rendition of the "Star-Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise." With the aid of pictures taken on the spot, Abbé Cabanel transported his audience to the very heart of suffering France. The possessor of a sympathetic voice, with a remarkable mastery of the resources of the English language, the speaker had all the earnestness that is the soul of true eloquence and the indefinable charm of the born raconteur.

Every lesson of this timely and unusual conference was peculiarly and beautifully Catholic. The scenes described and pictured were truly eloquent of the sincerity of the heart of this noble priest who had his place in the Great War not for conquest, not for glory, but with peace in his heart and gentleness in his mind to soothe and nurse and help the wounded and in the very fire and turmoil of battle to give consolation and the blessed hope of eternal peace to the dying. The Abbé Cabanel by word and picture brought home most vividly the lessons of courage and sustaining faith evinced by the Christian heroism of his noble soldier boys, who had made some of the most glorious charges of the Great War.

The closing picture, a representation of the Crucifixion before the eyes of the soldier dying on the battlefield, was a summary of the touching appeal made by the Abbé Cabanel in his unforgettable discourse: It was ever Christ crucified to whom the Church pointed as the inspiration and the model, and to Him must turn those who would be numbered among the blessed peacemakers who shall be called children of God.

VISIT OF THE MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP HANNA, D. D.

DECEMBER 20th, the Most Reverend Archbishop Hanna, D. D., visited the school, said Mass, and delivered a beautiful address on the spirit of Christmas. This was his second visit during the semester.



*"O happy Garden whose seclusion deep
Hath been so friendly to industrious hours"*

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CHRISTMAS WITH THE ORPHANS

THE influenza epidemic made it impossible for the students to pay their Christmas call at the Orphanage, but an abundance of good things was sent in time to reach the little fellows on Christmas day; so the Dominican College's tradition was not allowed to fail this year.

LECTURE BY ALEXANDER KAUN

ALEXANDER KAUN lectured on Russian Art, making the most of the fascinating subject, and expressing a hope that America might be able to gain a better understanding of Russia. His lecture was illustrated by a series of colored slides.

ANNUAL RETREAT

THE annual Retreat was given by Rev. J. B. O'Connor, O. P., closing on the feast day of Our Lady of Lourdes, with ceremonies at the lovely grotto in the convent gardens. The distinguished spiritual director from the East, by his beautiful and practical instruction and counsel, made the Retreat a memorable one in the annals of the College. His vivid word-pictures of the pitfalls of the world and its maze of dangers were ineffaceably fixed in the minds of his listeners. Accurately he seized the essential lines of his subject, making them stand forth from the background of the entire Retreat in a vigorous and spiritual series of talks. Instructive, elevating, intellectual and sympathetic, Father O'Connor's Retreat will be a cherished memory to the pupils of Dominican College. At the close of the Retreat Father O'Connor commended the girls for their spirit of sincerity, zeal, and attention. Then, amid impressive silence, he gave the Papal Benediction.

CONCERT BY THE REVEREND E. BOYLE

ONE of the pleasantest experiences of the scholastic year was the song recital offered by the Reverend Father Edgar Boyle. The program was happily chosen, and the various numbers proved suitable to the Rev. Father's voice, which always charms by its sweetness and simplicity of delivery. Father Boyle was assisted by Mr. Gerald Drew, violoncellist. The accompanists were Evelyn Phelan and Agatha Drew.

CONCERT BY LAURENCE STRAUSS

ON the evening of March 8th, Mr. Laurence Strauss, tenor, with Miss Theresa Ehraman, accompanist, was heard in a song-recital. Mr. Strauss is of the French school of vocalization, and is an interpretative artist of the highest rank.

FIRST COMMUNION

THE Feast of the Annunciation had a special significance for Jean Henry, and May Day for Kathleen Fitzgerald, who had the happy privilege of making their first Communion on these beautiful days.

LECTURE BY PUPILS OF THE HISTORY OF ART AND TRAVEL CLASS

THE ART AND TRAVEL CLASS has made a pronounced success of the lectures thus far given. Northern Spain, Southern Spain, Spanish Art, Greece, Grecian Art, and Northern Switzerland provided a variety of colorful and interesting subjects. Helene Sturdivant read the Greek lecture in a most entertaining manner, holding the interest of her audience from the start. Stereopticon views illustrating the various topics. The art of Hellas was given particular attention, also the literary influence of Athens upon the whole civilized world. The travelogues on Northern and Southern Spain were delivered by Elizabeth Waterman, who made good use of her material. Both readers won praise for the clarity of their enunciation and the pleasing timbre of their voices, which added much to the enjoyment of the listeners.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY

ST. PATRICK'S DAY was a half-holiday, with an entertainment in honor of the beloved pastor of San Rafael, Very Reverend P. A. Foley. Melodies of Ireland, harp solos, and recitations Celtic in flavor were on the program. At the entertainment's close Father Foley gave a beautiful address, paying tribute to the many advantages given by the Dominican College. In the afternoon the Seniors presented a brilliant burlesque on kindergarten entertainments. There were Juniors who commented, caustically, that the graduates seemed to be in their element, and some unkind folk had to be informed that it was a burlesque and not a full-fledged Senior offering.

CONCERT BY ALBERTA LIVERNASH HYDE

MRS. ALBERTA LIVERNASH HYDE was cordially greeted by the student-body, when she played on Saturday evening, April 5th. Mrs. Hyde offered the "Eroica Sonata" of MacDowell and a Chopin group, which she played with her usual charm. Miss Marie Louise Lund, a mezzo-soprano of resonant timbre, assisted our pianist. This program will be long remembered for its informality and delightful intimacy.

LECTURES BY MR. BRUCE

ON January 21 Mr. Bruce delivered a lecture on Thomas Carlyle's "Past and Present." The most interesting points in the life of Carlyle were brought out very pleasingly, and the discussion was made more vivid by a well-selected reading from the letters of Mrs. Carlyle. The principal point made was the value of supplementing history by the study of literature. Mr. Bruce succeeded in interesting his audience in the gloomy figure of Carlyle and in the character of the monk Jocelyn. The lecture was an undoubted success, although, from the history-teacher's point of view, the speaker in his enthusiasm for literature was not quite fair in the impression that he gave of the dryness of history, in itself the most vital of subjects.

On May 3d, Mr. Bruce gave a delightful lecture on the "Dramatic Monologues" of Robert Browning. The subject was introduced by some enlightening information on the dramatic monologue as a literary type; and in preparation for an understanding of Browning's contribution in this line, Mr. Bruce read some of the soliloquies from "Macbeth," and explained very simply and clearly the difference between Browning's poems, written to be read, not acted, and the early monologues, written as parts of plays for the stage in the days when a book was worth the price of a modern library and people found it more convenient and less expensive to listen in a theater than to read at home. A brief account was given of Browning's poetry and of the distinctive characteristics of his monologues. The audience regretted that limited time did not permit the lecturer to interpret a greater number of poems. Mr. Bruce is very simple and direct in his method of speaking. He leaves the listeners with the satisfactory experience of having gained valuable information that can be clearly remembered.

THE FRENCH PLAY

IN the Commencement Hall, on the evening of May 17th, the French Department gave a very successful program. The first number was "La Petite Princesse," an interpretative dance by the Minims and the Primary Department. The stage, decorated with palms and ferns, made an attractive background for the dancers, dressed in delicate pastel colors, who paid court to the white-robed Princess (Phyllis Barnett). Frances Ramsay personated a little girl singing to her doll in "La Vierge à la Poupée." The chief number of the program was Labiche's four-act play "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon." All the members of the cast were excellent in their respective parts. Ruth Marion made a most amusing Mme. Perrichon, a typical bourgeoisie of the "I told you so" variety; and Elizabeth Waterman was equally good as M. Perrichon. Noel McGettigan, shy and sweet, personated, charmingly, Mlle. Perrichon, "la jeune fille bien élevée."

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MAY-DAY REVELS

HEARTS that do not respond to the thrill of May Day must be truly old. But there are no such hearts at Dominican College; so a delighted audience assembled on the outdoor court of the School of Music to attend the program given on the afternoon of May 1st by the Grammar School, assisted by the Minims. A prominent feature of the program was the dance around the May-pole and the braiding of its blue and white streamers. The children made a delightful picture in a setting of blue and white under golden sunshine, and charmed all by their unconscious grace and simple naturalness.

CORONATION CEREMONY

SHORTLY after the program, the school, white-veiled and clad in spotless white uniforms, walked two by two in the yearly May procession, passing from the Chapel across the corridors, down the stairs of St. Thomas Hall, out through the formal garden under the olive trees to the Grotto of Lourdes, where the statue of Our Lady is crowned. This year Margaret Cox, Noel McGettigan, Glendene McBride, and Mary Young were the flower girls, Katherine Shea and Peggy Bishop the banner bearers. Ruth Marion bore the crown, and Evelyn Phelan, president of the Children of Mary Sodality, had the honor of crowning Our Lady. The celebration closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

PROGRAM OF PIANO MUSIC

ON May 27th, Evelyn Phelan offered a program of piano music, which was interpreted with her usual ability. This promising young artist has devoted her serious attention this year to the organ, along with her piano study, and her friends had the pleasure of hearing her in an organ recital shortly before the close of the semester. A marked ability and a large degree of accomplishment in so short a period give promise of future artistic success with the organ that bids fair to rival her pianistic attainment.

CONFIRMATION ADMINISTERED BY OUR ARCHBISHOP

ON June 5th, the Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, D. D., Archbishop of San Francisco, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the following young girls:

Marie Wempe	Mary Rogers	Grace Berryessa	Kathleen Sherman
Kathleen Shea	Juliette Couchot	Thelma Bambauer	Constance Faggiano
Lois Raggio	Helen Braun	Frances Boyd	

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

ORAL EXPRESSION

THE recital given by the pupils of the Oral Expression Department gave evidence of earnest and efficient work. We note with pleasure the marked improvement in the voices of Margaret Harri-gan and Frances Ramsay.

IMPROMPTU CONCERT

ONE of the most delightful of the informal affairs of the Spring semester was the impromptu concert of the eminent violinist, Mr. Sigmund Beel, on the evening of the 17th of May. The artistic piano accompaniments were exquisitely played by Mrs. John B. Casserley, of San Mateo.

PROGRAM OF VOCAL MUSIC

MRS. MARIE GASSNER SHIPPER's lovely soprano voice charmed an enthusiastic audience in Veritas Hall on the evening of May 24th. Mrs. Shipper's singing is always characterized by a delightful naturalness, from the interpretative as well as from the point of vocal release. The well-chosen program gave this singer's hearers an opportunity of fully appreciating her deep musical understanding.

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LECTURES ON HISTORY OF MUSIC

DURING the second school semester a course in music history was conducted by Miss Ada Clement, in the form of lecture recitals. The purpose of this series was to give a complete survey of piano-forte literature, with a knowledge of the influences surrounding the development of the pianistic art, and to suggest means to a fuller musical understanding and appreciation.

MUSICAL APPRECIATION

WEEKLY lessons in Musical Appreciation were given throughout the scholastic year. With the aid of the Victrola, a detailed study of Italian opera was made, from its early inception, through the stimulative period of Monteverde and his successors, to its culmination under the master-hand of Verdi. Italy's modern contribution to this dramatic form was also considered, as well as the salient characteristics of German opera.

HISTORY OF ART AND TRAVEL

THE HISTORY OF ART AND TRAVEL CLASS has accomplished excellent work this year. Much time has been given to the study of Greek architecture and sculpture. For the class meetings, held every Tuesday, extensive reference work is prepared; the discussion of these reports makes the class profitable as well as entertaining.

WALKING TOURS

THE outdoor spirit and love of the open increase with the years at Dominican College. A part of each holiday and many of the recreation periods were spent in tramping the neighboring hills that seemed to emulate the girls' exuberance by a generous bounty in offering new trails and unknown beauties for their delight. The buoyant lines of Robert Browning might well be sung by these youthful nature-enthusiasts:

"Round us the wild creatures, overhead the trees,
Underfoot the moss-tracks, life and love with these!
I to wear a fawn-skin, thou to dress in flowers:
All the long lone summer-day that greenwood life of ours!"

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

A SPLENDID and valuable gift came to Dominican College Library from Mrs. Laura Walter Brown,—several sets of books and photographs of European countries and cities.

To our friend Miss Marie Lilly the library is indebted for a number of excellent reference books.



OLD GIRLS' WELCOME TO THE NEW

IN accordance with D. C. traditions, the ceremony known as the "Old Girls' Welcome to the New" afforded a delightful evening's entertainment to the entire school. The dance was held in Veritas Hall, which had been daintily decorated for the occasion by the girls of the Senior Class. These young ladies also designed and painted the dance programs. The first dance was a favor dance, and there was the usual mirth-provoking confusion in the search for partners. Sartorially, the affair was a great success, a veritable fashion parade. Refreshments were served at the close of the dance, and the new girls were loud in their praise of the hospitality of the old girls.

JUNIOR COLLEGE PARTY TO HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS

SOCIAL events at Meadowlands began with a party given by the Junior College to the High School Seniors. A joyous afternoon was devoted to the preparation of cakes, sandwiches and salads, and to the decoration of the dining- and reception-rooms, not to mention the composition of College rimes for the occasion. At seven o'clock the guests arrived. They were greeted on the steps with the newly composed song of welcome. There was dancing and merrymaking; the ice was soon broken—new girls and old felt that they were really acquainted. Several courses were served at the long dining-table, and there seemed no lack of appreciation of the hostesses' culinary skill. Marshmallows toasted (and occasionally burned) at blazing open fires added entertainment and refreshment to the guests, who went home apparently charmed with their first party at Meadowlands.

RECEPTION TO THE JUNIORS

THE next event of interest was a reception to the Juniors—a little less formal than the first entertainment, but no less delightful to all present.

SENIORS' PICNIC

ON the sunny 4th of September, the girls cruised about the bounding bay on an "adorable" scarlet tug that simply sped over the emerald wavelets, trailing a wide ribbon of frothy white in its wake. Luncheon was served in the shade of the stalwart oaks of Monticello Grove. Ah, 'twas a golden day!

DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

HALLOWE'EN was celebrated by a charming dinner, where spooky games were played, and fortunes were the favors. Afterward there was apple-bobbing, and then the lights were extinguished and everyone gathered about the hearth-fire to listen to hair-raising ghost stories.

SOPHOMORES PRESENT "MRS. OAKLEY'S TELEPHONE"

THE SOPHOMORES entertained the school with a well-presented version of "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone"—a ringing success, as one might say. Helen Curtiss played the leading rôle with verve and flare, as the newly commissioned dramatic critic would have it. Margaret Kelley excelled as a Swedish maid-servant, and Velma Mahan was a convincing cook. Grace Walker "scored heavily" as a stately society lady and an intimate friend of Mrs. Oakley. A great deal of credit is due the instructor who produced the play in such an effective manner.

JUNIOR GARDEN FETE AND "MRS. JARLEY'S WAX-WORKS"

THANKSGIVING DAY the Junior Class gave a bazaar for the benefit of the Orphans—an excellent cause. (But have you ever noticed how frequent bazaars are amongst the younger set of school society? Some future classes may see a school year pass without a single case of bazaar; but it will not be in our lifetime, methinks.) There was also community singing on the basketball court, featuring seasonable songs, the pleasing voices of the multitude accompanied by Mr. Wind, who played so prettily upon his eucalyptus. Later, the girls appeared in costume, to illustrate "Mrs. Jarley's Wax-Works" and characters from novels more or less familiar to the classes of the English Department.

CHRISTMAS DINNER DANCE

THE dinner-dance given to the Senior Class of the High School just before the Christmas holidays was undoubtedly the most successful event of the Meadowlands social year. Supper was served in the White Room, which was charmingly decorated for the Christmas occasion. Fire blazed on the hearth, and a Christmas-tree glittering with ornaments stood in the center of the room. Little round tables were arranged to face the tree, lighted with shaded rose-colored lamps and set for two. The girls in their softly colored evening gowns added the gayest note. The hostesses served their guests and danced with them between the courses. After supper gifts were bestowed on everyone by a realistic Santa Claus, Dorothy Blaney. Each gift was found to be peculiarly appropriate, one by the request of the Government to "Make it a useful Christmas" was dutifully observed. Charlotte Merkley got a little roaring lion, Frances Snitjer a small white apron marked No. 42, Agatha Drew a comfortable bed, and Marian Pritchard a powder puff—all gifts of efficiency, undoubtedly selected by the Economics Department. After the mirth due to Santa Claus had subsided everyone danced until the end of the evening.

GLENDENE McBRIDE'S PARTY

ON the 9th of January a large assemblage of the girls responded to Glendene McBride's invitation to make merry with her, the occasion being her eighteenth birthday. The hostess entertained her friends with her usual hospitality, every appointment of the party testifying to her consideration for the pleasure of her guests.

FARMERS' PARTY

JANUARY 23d was made the occasion of a Farmers' Party in Veritas Hall, the girls appearing in colorful rustic garb. Milkmaids there were, and plowboys, farmerettes, village celebrities, scarecrows; but the greatest success of the evening went to the "Jones Fambly," with Charlotte Merkley as "Mrs. Jones," wheeling the terrible twins in a makeshift perambulator, followed by six children clad in the "depth" of fashion. Blanche Kengla was "Si," the bespectacled yokel. Typical rural refreshments were served after the dancing.

DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

ON George Washington's Birthday the Grammar School presented a charming entertainment, consisting of two plays prepared by the participants themselves—"Little Women" and "The Lie"—each conveying a lesson in ethics.

MONIE COLLINS' BIRTHDAY PARTY

A VERY gay event took place toward the end of February, Monie Collins' birthday party. It has been a custom at Meadowlands to celebrate every birthday with cake and candles and the singing of songs around the birthday table. But Monie's birthday was an occasion extraordinary. Her mother planned a surprise for her, which was carried out by the Sisters with the help of the girls. In order that the house be fitly decorated, it was necessary that Monie be kept away for an hour or two. The girls who undertook to take care of her worked much harder than those who stayed behind, for when they told her of a splendid moving-picture she only looked indifferent. It was too evident that the picture-play had no fascination for Monie. She refused to go down town for ice-cream. So, as a last resort someone called up Elizabeth Boyd, who came in her car and insisted on taking Monie and her guardians for a little ride. At six o'clock the girls brought Monie back to be surprised. She came in, quite unconscious, to find everyone in fluffy clothes, and everything decorated with trailing vines and almond-blossoms. The table was heaped with pale carnations, daffodils, and early roses, with streamers of golden tulle. The place-cards were initialed in an upper corner with a gold "M. C.," and above Monie's high-backed chair a gorgeous bow of golden tulle made a festive canopy. The supper was what boys scornfully call "girl food," but, being daintily delicious, it made a tremendous hit nevertheless. In the midst of things the bell rang for Benediction, a dash for veils and coats ensued, for everyone wanted to go to Chapel. Returning in twenty minutes, they continued supper, then someone produced dance programs also lettered "M. C." while someone else started the piano, and dancing ended the party.

FRESHMAN MINSTREL SHOW

THE FRESHMAN CLASS offered a clever minstrel show with real burnt cork, jazz band, endmen, and other appurtenances proper to this variety of entertainment. The feature of the evening's performance was the song and dance "Oh, Dem Golden Slippers!" by Katherine Fitzgerald. In fact, this number was such a success that it soon became the property of the entire College and was to be heard at every turn.

SOPHOMORE PICNIC

As a reward for the gaining of notable scholastic honors, the Sophomores were given a holiday outing to the classic shades of Muir Woods. It is a well-established fact that Scholarship and Sophomores are the poles apart, but this year the second class seems inspired with a desire to be unique at all costs; so let school traditions keep from the path, or they risk being shattered. The worthy students had a "fine time," and the poison-oak was kind to most of them.

JUNIOR VAUDEVILLE

THE JUNIORS entertained the faculty and students at a vaudeville performance and a film-play, on the evening of May 26th.

JUNIOR LUNCHEON AT COUNTRY CLUB

THE MARIN COUNTY COUNTRY CLUB was the scene of a prettily appointed luncheon on March 4th. The members of the Junior College were the honored guests of the High School Juniors, who made every effort to contribute to the pleasure of those present, and to make the occasion as momentous as it was unique.

DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

THE MARDI GRAS

SHROVE TUESDAY was commemorated this year by the Sophomores, who entertained the student body at a Mardi Gras. The affair was presided over by Queen Noel, the embodiment of graciousness and simple dignity, who made a pretty picture on her throne, surrounded by her ladies of the court. The costumes were particularly noteworthy for variety and originality, and interest in the games was stimulated by numerous prizes, which were distributed throughout the pleasant evening.

SENIOR BENEFIT

A TOUCH of originality has characterized the larger number of the school activities this year, most of which were benefits for some affair of general interest; but quite the most ingenious idea was worked out by the Seniors on the evening of May 10th, in the form of a dinner-dance. The undertaking was somewhat beyond what the girls had usually concerned themselves with, and they are to be congratulated on its successful outcome.

FRESHMAN FETE

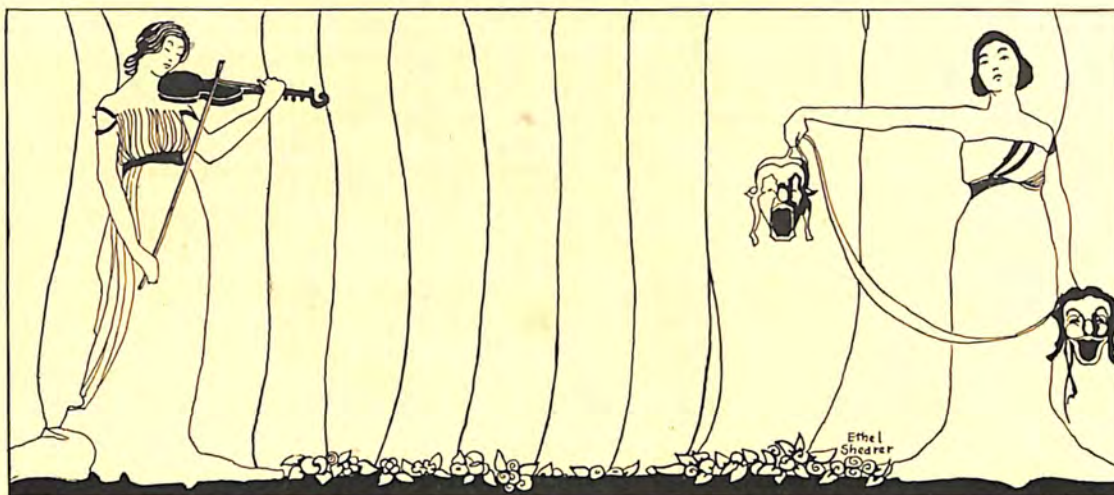
THE FRESHMEN are to be complimented on the efficient management of the bazaar held in the summer-house on May 28th. It was a benefit affair and netted a neat sum for the object of its bounty.

FILM-PLAYS

THROUGHOUT the year a number of film-plays were given in Veritas Hall for the entertainment of the school. Those particularly enjoyed were "The Crisis," "Bab's Diary," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and "The Seven Swans."

CLASS DAY

THE SENIORS of 1918 were the first to hold their class-day exercises at Meadowlands. They made alive an empty house; but the Seniors of 1919 were the first to be received as graduates by their sisters of the Junior College, who rejoice with them at the completion of a successful year. June 14th a garlanded procession of Seniors passed from the Convent gardens through the gates of Meadowlands. On the steps of the vine-covered house were delivered histories and songs celebrating past exploits, and a prophecy was read wherein were revealed the secrets of the years to be. Refreshments were served and eaten with surprising joy, considering the varied emotions due to the occasion. Then a class-tree was planted, after which ceremony everyone withdrew to assist at Benediction in the Convent Chapel.



JEANNE D'ARC MADE VITAL IN PAGEANT—MUSIC SUBORDINATED TO ACTION IN PRESENTATION OF PLAY AT DOMINICAN COLLEGE

BY RAY C. B. BROWN

MANY as are the uses of music, it is seldom that it is utilized in complete subordination to action. If there is a music of the spheres, it may well be that there is as well a music of movement, and that human lives mingle in harmony or clash discordantly. This music, if audible, would follow action as closely as shadow follows a sunlit figure. In modern music-drama an approximation of the idea is obtained, but music remains predominant, guiding and creating the action rather than following it. Even in choreography, wherein action is presumed to be predominant, music really holds the first place—otherwise we would have symphonies evolving from original dances in lieu of dancers "interpreting" symphonies.

An example of the subordination of music to action was afforded yesterday afternoon in the outdoor pageant-play, "The Blessed Maid of Orleans," as presented at the Commencement exercises of the Dominican College in San Rafael. From an orchestra and choir hidden with greenery behind the natural setting of the action came a musical commentary that subtly interwove itself with the movement of the story without intrusion. One was conscious of it at its entrances, for it did not accompany the drama continuously, but one was never disturbed by the incongruity that so often is apparent in opera. There were angelic voices heard by Jeanne under the oaks of Domremy, rumble of battle, the pomp of kingly retinues, the sounds of the doings of men—all coming, as it were, from afar and ever subordinate to the pictured and spoken tale. Excerpts from works of Converse, Gaul, and Guilmant were employed most effectively in this underlying stream of tone.

As a vivid presentation of the immortal history of the simple shepherd girl who was called by heavenly voices to become the savior of France, the play was strikingly successful. The secret of the direct and touching appeal was the earnestness and absorption of the girl personators. There was nothing of the histrionic in their attitudes; they were not so much acting a bit of visualized history as living in themselves for the moment the lives of the individuals concerned. The result of this intentness and submersion of personalities was a realism that was more potent than that of the theater. Notable above all was the sincerity and self-forgetfulness of Nancy Pattison, who portrayed the rôle of Jeanne d'Arc. It was a spiritualized interpretation, remarkable for its aloofness from pretense. As the untutored maid, rapt in ecstatic visions, sustained by divine power through the ordeal of battle, naïve and wondering in the hour of triumph, humble and without rancor before her judges, she was vitally real and affecting.

The play, staged in the courtyard of the College, with the action taking place amid trees and flowers, was refreshingly free from artifice. It was costumed with care. Shepherds, angelic visitants, troubadours, pages, courtiers, friars, pilgrims, archers and halberdiers moved about the natural setting in a constantly shifting play of color.

COLLEGE GARDEN, IDEAL SETTING FOR PAGEANTS

It has become evident that the series of outdoor performances that form a feature of the Commencement exercises each year have gained no small fame in the annals of the drama throughout the state. Wherever there is mention of open-air theaters the Dominican College receives praise for its scenic and dramatic advantages. That famous authority on art and letters, George Wharton James, in the following article, published in the *Oakland Tribune*, describes in glowing terms the production of "California," the Commencement play of 1916.

DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

"Here, under the wide-spreading branches of live-oaks and other ancient tree monarchs, on the soft and emerald-green lawn, surrounded by flower-beds resplendent and gorgeous in their wealth of California flowers, each one prodigally showering its gift of fragrant incense upon the balmy air, the blue canopy of heaven forming the dome to this incomparable theater, and the surrounding hills the far-away walls—I say, here, in this choice spot, the young ladies of the college, with recitative, song, chorus, and dance represented Ina Coolbrith's wonderful poem "California." Never before had any one seen, or, at least, visualized, its dramatic qualities. California appeared and in song and soliloquy spoke out of her heart. She was responded to by the Spirit of the Waves, the Spirit of the Hills, the Spirit of the Woods. Then came in the trooping Indians, singing their quaint melodies and folk-songs, and dancing their primitive dances to express their appreciation to the gods of what California was to them. Then in the fourth movement, to the flash of fires in the cañons and gorges, and the sharp clang of hammer upon drill, the gold-seekers spoke forth, in answer to California's cry that she be known to the great outside world. In the fifth movement California cries aloud for the coming of the meister-singer who shall, in stately verse and glowing phrase, set forth her glory, her charm, and her worth. The movement ends when Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, Mountains, Waters, Forest, Fields, Sunshine, Shower, Flowers, Indians, Miners and Later Comers unite in singing 'Hail, Hail to California.' The poem itself is an inspiration, the greatest yet written descriptive of California, and every Californian should familiarize himself, herself, with its rhythmic and verbal sweetness as well as its rich poetic thought and imagery."

PROGRAM OF MUSIC FOR PIPE ORGAN

MR. ACHILLE ARTIGUE, ORGANIST OF ST. MARY'S
CATHEDRAL, SAN FRANCISCO

Jubilate Deo	<i>Silver</i>	Romanza	<i>d'Evry</i>
Remembrance	<i>Yon</i>	Andantino	} <i>Lemaigre</i>
Meditation	<i>Lemaigre</i>	Caprice	
Melody in C	<i>Salome</i>	Toccata	<i>Dubois</i>
Pastorale	<i>Cesar Franck</i>		

FEAST OF SAINT LOUIS BERTRAND

NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHTEEN

"Loved Mother, toiler nursed in wisdom's air,
Strong and serene, a torch in darkened days,
Thou lead'st thy children toward heaven-lighted ways
Up to the heights of perfect peace and prayer."

Light Divine	<i>Gounod</i>	a. The Reciprocity of Smiles	<i>Foley</i>
The Rosarians		b. A Dowry of White and Blue	
"A TRIBUTE OF LOVE"		Frances Ramsay	
Ruth Marion		Rondo Capriccioso	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
March, Op. 19, No. 2	<i>Grieg</i>	Evelyn Phelan, Lenore Keithley	
Dorothy Duffy, Irene Chisem, Ruth Price		California	<i>Sterling</i>
The Guardian Angel	<i>Browning</i>	Margaret Harrigan	
Eugenia O'Connell		Song of Thanksgiving	<i>Allitsen</i>
Lorelei	<i>Seeling</i>	The Rosarians	
Evelyn Phelan			

"We come to you with the gifts in our hands
Of flowers that grow in a golden land."
Elizabeth Radgesky

LECTURE RECITALS ON THE MASTERPIECES OF PIANO LITERATURE

MISS ADA CLEMENT

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Early French and Italian. 2. Bach and His Sons. 3. Haydn and Mozart. 4. Beethoven. 5. Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Schumann. 6. Brahms and Chopin. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 7. Modern Scandinavian and the Influences of Folk Song. 8. Modern French. 9. Russian Music. 10. American, English, and Spanish. |
|--|--|

DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

THE REVEREND EDGAR BOYLE, TENOR

MR. GERALD DREW, VIOLONCELLIST

December 18, 1918

a. Dedication	} <i>Popper</i>	Old English Song <i>Arne</i>
b. Gavotte, Op. 23, No. 2			Margarita <i>Meyer-Helmund</i>
Ave Maria	 <i>Schubert</i>	Meeting of the Waters <i>Moore</i>
Cradle Song	 <i>Brahms</i>	Elegie <i>Massenet</i>
On Wings of Song	 <i>Mendelssohn</i>	Orientale, Op. 50, No. 9 <i>Cesar Cui</i>
Thou Art Like Unto a Flower	 <i>Schumann</i>	Little Mother o' Mine <i>Burleigh</i>
Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me	 <i>Handel</i>	Vale <i>Russell</i>
a. Adagio, E major	} <i>Goltermann</i>	Lullaby <i>Dennee</i>
b. Tarentelle, Op. 23, No. 4			Musette, Air de Ballet <i>Offenbach</i>

Adeste Fideles

LAURENCE STRAUSS, TENOR

THERESA EHMAN, ACCOMPANIST

Saturday Evening, March 8, 1919

I		III	
Extase <i>Dupare</i>	Lullaby <i>Hamilton Harty</i>
Les Roses d'Ispahan <i>Faure</i>	Charming Chloe <i>Edward German</i>
Fantoches <i>Debussy</i>	There Was a Jolly Miller <i>Leo Ornstein</i>
L'Adieu du Matin <i>Pessard</i>	The Pipes of Gordon's Men <i>Hammond</i>
Il Neige <i>Bemberg</i>		
II		IV	
Le Bouquet de Romarin	} Eighteenth Century Folk Songs	Do Not Go, My Love <i>Hageman</i>
Minuet d'Exaudet		A Lover and His Lass <i>Watts</i>
Aupres de ma Blonde		The Stairway <i>Watts</i>
Au Bord d'une Fontaine		The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold <i>Whelpley</i>
Jeunes Fillettes			

OUR LADY'S DAY

"Virgin of virgins, purest, best,
All-fair, all-perfect, ever blest,
To whom as native Queen of May,
All natural things their homage pay."

Queen of the May <i>Edith Hatch</i>	Pixies' Good-night Song <i>Brown</i>
Katherine Shea		Jean Henry	
"OUR LADY OF THE MAY"		CHILDREN'S POLKA	
Frances Baker		The Minims	
Pippa's Song <i>Browning-Hammond</i>	Evening Prayer <i>Biehl</i>
The Juniors		Minuet in G <i>Beethoven</i>
"A Ring Around the Rosy" <i>von Wilm</i>	Marcia Frederick	
Eugenia Bogle		FOLK SONGS { THE BLACKBIRD	
Awakening <i>Gaynor</i>	STAR DAISIES	
A Spring Guest <i>Grant-Schaefer</i>	The Juniors	
The Minims		The Swallows <i>Godard</i>
"IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY"		Merrill Jones	
The Juniors		"I SEE YOU"	
Country Danes <i>Beethoven</i>	The Minims	
Priscilla Jacobi, Frances Boyd, Aline von			
Johannsen, Florence Rodrigue			

MAYPOLE DANCE



School of Music

DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

FEAST OF ST. PATRICK

AN EVENING OF POETRY AND SONG IN HONOR OF

THE VERY REVEREND P. A. FOLEY, V. F.

Selections from The Bohemian Girl (Harp)	"The Apostle of Ireland"
Marjorie Walker	Marguerite Harrigan
"A Poet's Visit to Ireland"	a. The Last Rose of Summer } (Harp)
Helen Adams	b. A Song Without Words } Irene Chisem
Valse, E majorChopin	Danny BoyWeatherley
Helen Curtis	Marcella Knierr
"The Grandmother"	ErinJohn Boyle O'Reilly
Frances Baker	Frances Ramsay
RomanzaChadwick	Kathleen MavourneenKuhe
Louise Valente	Evelyn Phelan

PROGRAMME—LES CLASSES FRANÇAISES

Saturday, May 17

"LA PETITE PRINCESSE"	Henriette, sa filleNoel McGettigan
Les Classes Élémentaires et Primaires	Daniel SavaryMarcelle Radgesky
"LA VIERGE À LA POUPÉE"	Armand DesrochesHelene Sturdivant
Frances Ramsay	FacteurAnnabel Wheaton
"LE VOYAGE DE MONSIEUR PERRICHON"	Le Commandant MathieuHelen Adams
(par Labiche)	Un AubergisteAgatha Drew
PERSONNAGES	Ninette, une servanteDorothy Wall
PerrichonElizabeth Waterman	Un Employé du Chemin de ferMarion Adams
Madame PerrichonRuth Marion	Commissionnaires, Voyageurs, Marchand de livres

MRS. MARIE GASSNER SHIPPER

Saturday, May 24, 1919

La Tosca—Vissi d'ArtePuccini	Madame Butterfly—Un Bel DiPuccini
ElegieMassenet	Aus Meinen Grozen SchmerzenFranz
Vous Dansez, MarquiseGaston	From the Depths of My HeartBohm
Si mes Vers avaient des AilesHahn	The Prelude of LifeRonald
L'Heure ExquiseMassenet	The Land of the Sky of Blue Water }Cadman
Herodiade—Aria of SalomeHasselmans	At DawningMacDowell
Aubode (Harp)Irene Chisem	La Bohème—Musetta's Waltz SongPuccini

PROGRAM OF PIANO MUSIC—EVELYN PHELAN

Tuesday, May 27, 1919

Bagatelles, Op. 119Beethoven	Caprice EspagnolMoszkowski
Fantaisie, D minorMozart	Romance, Op. 28, No. 2Schumann
CouranteLully-Godowsky	Sonata TragicaMacDowell
Preludes, Op. 28, No. 12, No. 2 }Chopin	Molto Allegro Vivace
Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 2 }	Valse Triste, Op. 46, No. 6 }MacDowell
	Polonaise, Op. 46, No. 12 }

COMMENCEMENT

June 17, 1919

Salut d'AmourElgar	HopeEvelyn Phelan
Orchestra	CharityJoan Wilson
The Eternal YearsFather Faber	Angel of the AgonyHelene Sturdivant
Elizabeth Waterman	Assistants, Light Bearers, Virgins, Martyrs, Attendants of Faith, Attendants of Hope, Angels of the Stigmata, Spirits of Darkness, Angelicals
"THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS"	March, Op. 39Elgar
PoemJohn Henry, Cardinal Newman	Orchestra
MusieSir Edward Elgar	ADDRESS
GerontiusMargaret Harrigan	The Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, D. D.
Soul of GerontiusFrances Ramsay	
Guardian AngelRuth Marion	
Saint Francis AssisiAgnes Oliver	
FaithEthel Bryte	



SACERDOTAL SAFEGUARDS. Casual Readings for Rectors and Curates. By Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., LL.D. Second Edition: Fifth thousand. Notre Dame, Ind.: University Press (P. O. Box 99a). London: B. Herder.

Prelates, priests, and press in all parts of the English-speaking world—Canada, Great Britain, Australia, South Africa, and British India, as well as our own country—are unanimous in praising the solidity and sanity, the humor and humanness of this third of Father O'Neill's volumes for his brother priests. In varying phraseology they all agree with Bishop Cleary's tribute, in *The Month*, of Auckland, New Zealand: "In this volume the author has once again made all priests his debtors. He has enriched Catholic literature with a wise, witty, moderate, yet straight-speaking volume which the reader, having taken up, will not willingly lay down."

Criticism of works specifically addressed to the clergy is, of course, beyond our competency; but we may be permitted to register our agreement with a number of reviewers who say that the titles of the author's books are too restrictive for their literary content. Five-sixths of the present volume will instruct and entertain the general reader quite as much as it will interest the clerical reader; and the same remark is true of "Priestly Practice" and "Clerical Colloquies." The organ of the International Catholic Truth Society, *Truth*, declares that "SACERDOTAL SAFEGUARDS" may not only be read with advantage and pleasure by the Catholic laity, but should be placed in public libraries for the benefit of non-Catholics. In fact, somewhat like the friend of whom Goldsmith wrote,

"Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind"—

Father O'Neill has unduly circumscribed his circle of congruous readers. All three of these delightful volumes will appeal to cultured Catholics of both sexes in any sphere of life, in the world and in the cloister, as well as in that half-and-half environment proper to the secular clergy. For ourselves, we have especially enjoyed in this third volume of his series "The Rubrics of English," "At the Clerical Club," "The Priest and the School," "The Priest and Non-Catholics," and "A Priestly Knight of Mary."

JOYCE KILMER: Poems, Essays, and Letters. With a Memoir by Robert Gates Holliday. In two volumes. Doran & Co., New York.

The brief memoir of Mr. Holliday satisfactorily supplements the very judiciously chosen letters. The author, a close friend of Joyce Kilmer, was able to furnish a great many intimate details that otherwise might have been lost. The poems have been selected apparently with the purpose of showing the poet's remarkable development. Mr. Holliday did not hesitate to include sev-

DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

eral of the earlier poems of which Kilmer confessed that he was a little ashamed. None of the best work has been omitted, however, and there are noble lines, even in the "utterly worthless attempts." The choice of letters shows an extraordinary sympathy on the part of the "literary executor," who has chosen them with a view to tracing the author's spiritual development, somewhat as the selected poems show his literary development. The essays are delightful, but too few. "Holy Ireland" (which, strange to say, is a glowing tribute to "wicked France") is one of the few realistic impressions of the war. There has been a complaint of the strange inarticulateness of our returned soldiers—and even of returned civilians who have helped in the work behind the lines—a complaint that is generally justified. Our poet is a notable exception, however, and one gets a vivid impression of "what it was like" to the soldier in France.

John Burroughs thinks that "to have literary value, a work must possess a certain genuineness and seriousness that is like the validity of real things." In certain books, "the source of our interest is undoubtedly in the personal revelation—the type of man we see through the book, and not in any wit or wisdom lodged in the book itself." We do not deny "wit and wisdom" to Joyce Kilmer's work, but we certainly seek human values in them, and not in vain. The similarity of thought and sentiment in the letters and in the writings for publication is an infallible witness to the sincerity of the author, but the testimony is superfluous. Obviously, he does not "speak from his culture instead of from his heart." The trouble with all definitions of literature is that they proceed upon the theory that literature is a definite something that may be determined by rigid tests, like chemicals. It is not so much a definite thing as the manifestation of something. Joyce Kilmer's intimate letters are certainly a manifestation of his personality. The first letters given are to journalists, on more or less literary topics; some are dated before his departure for France, and some were written from the battle-field. In one of these, to Katherine Brègy, he says, in answer to a question, that he is always pleased when people like "Trees," "Stars," and "Pennies"; when they see that "Folly" is a religious poem; and when they praise the fourth stanza from the end of "Delicatessen." We have these poems in the volume under discussion. The author is probably proud of "Trees" as a literary triumph. It is an exquisite lyric. The last verse of "Stars" epitomizes the poet's ideal of practical Christianity, reiterating what we read in his intimate letters to various priests: his burning desire to be of service to his Master and to further the interests of the Church to which he was passionately loyal:

"Christ's troop, Mary's Guard, God's own men,
Draw your swords and strike at Hell and strike again!
Every steel-born spark that flies where God's battles are
Flashes past the face of God and is a star."

"The fourth stanza from the end of 'Delicatessen'" is a unique suggestion of Kilmer's ideal of democracy; we see his reverence for humanity and his contempt for mere outward circumstance:

"The scene shall never fit the deed.
Grotesquely wonders come to pass.
The fool shall mount an Arab steed
And Jesus ride upon an ass."

In view of the poet's remark upon "Folly," one is grateful to be able to perceive its religiousness: it is a glorification of the recklessness of the hero and the martyr. In this instance, the poem is indeed "a transcript of the poet's life"; he might have had this prayer in his heart when he was preparing for his great sacrifice:

"Lord, crush our knowledge utterly
And make us humble, simple men;
And, cleansed of wisdom, let us see
Our Lady Folly's face again."

A deep tenderness pervades the poet's work. This quality is most conspicuous in his religious poems. The expression of his strong, personal love of Christ is invariably characterized by his lovable humanness. We quote "Multiplication," wherein he marvels at the beneficence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist:

DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

"O King, O Friend, O Lover, what sorer grief can be
In all the reddest depths of Hell, than banishment from Thee!"

"The King of Kings awaits me, wherever I may go.
O, who am I that He should deign to love and serve me so!"

Five essays are included in these volumes besides "Holy Ireland," mentioned above. Vitality and genuineness of expression give these essays real literary value: "the language is not the mere garment of the thought; it is the very texture and substance . . . a man speaks; a vital personality is imminent." Kindly humor is a marked characteristic; the author is rarely tempted to be severe, and when he is, his satire is always directed against absurd pretensions or unreality of some sort. His insistence upon the inefficiency of his library can not fail to win our hearts; in fact, he does not approve of efficiency in general, which is truly delightful: "When efficiency confined itself to the office and the factory, it was bad enough. When it (loathsome animal that it was) crawled up a leg of the table and began to preach to us about our food, babbling obscenely of proteids and carbohydrates, we felt that the limit of endurance had been reached. But no sooner do we cuff efficiency from the dining-table than it pops up in the library. And this is not to be endured." Kilmer found it hard to be patient with ineffectual people, but he had the greatest admiration for what he termed the "radiance of inefficiency."

This collection of poems, letters, and essays will bear valid tests of literature—tests of genuineness, sincerity, and inspiration. Joyce Kilmer has added the touch of his genius to the old, familiar, even common things of life, and we receive a new and lively sense of them. He has fulfilled the most important aim of art—of any art—"to give us a new experience of the beauty and significance of nature and life."

A PLEA FOR THE FAMILIAR ESSAY IN COLLEGE ENGLISH. By Sister M. Madeleva, M. A. University Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Those who have forgotten their youth can with difficulty recognize the necessity of a plea for the familiar essay; but if they are acquainted with the college student, they know that he does undoubtedly stand in awe of "unillustrated literature," and that an attempt to promote friendship between him and the essay, if successful, is a real service, not only to the youth, but to society, by making him a more acceptable member. This particular plea deserves to succeed, and, although it fail, one cannot question the quality of the appeal.

The author discusses the usefulness of the personal essay from the standpoint of a teacher of English. She gives suggestions for teaching description, narration, and exposition by means of this literary form; and all objections are forestalled by illustrations of perfectly imitable descriptive, narrative, and expository passages from the essays of Lamb and Stevenson. Her study of the personal essay in connection with college English is confined to these two authors, obviously because they are the best.

"So alike are the lyric and the personal essay, that the matter of saying or singing is all that distinguished them." This fact is quite plain, but the comparisons that it leads to show great powers of discrimination and remarkable sympathy. The author searches for identity of mood and makes various delightful discoveries. The first parallel made is between Lamb's "Dream Children" and Francis Thompson's "Poppy," both so eloquent of the infinite pathos of what might have been. Here not only the spirit but the subject matter is identical.

The only literary forms which are acknowledged to have no essential relation to the familiar essay are argumentation and the drama—and this is rather grudgingly conceded; in fact, the concession is qualified, with regard to the drama, by the exception of dramatic criticism, often at its best in the familiar essay.

The method advocated—of familiarizing the college student with this most lovable of literary forms—can hardly fail of the desired result. The author thinks that if a generous youth is brought within the range of emotional power which has its origin in the faithful expression of the moods of souls rich in spiritual experience and "obsessed by beauty," he must finally acquire "that vitalizing participation in high emotion which is the cause of the vibration which we call pleasure."



MARYNOTES (St. Mary of the Springs, Columbus, Ohio): An annual of merit in literature and art. The chronicles of the varied activities of the school year are unusually well written, the verse is good, and Miss Cary has provided a war-story within the realm of possibility, which is something of a feat, as anyone who has read schoolgirl war-stories in the bulk will readily admit. It would have improved the contents of the volume had there been more fiction; and with such an excellent art department in the school, it is surprising that the illustrations are exclusively photographic. However, these are but slight defects, considering the fine material presented.

THE SCHOLASTIC: The several copies of *The Scholastic* received in the course of the year have been uniformly notable for excellent essays. Mr. Scofield's poetry is another pleasant feature to be met with in these pages; and while he does not equal J. J. B.'s "Father Jim" in any of his verse, there are several that stand far above the average college-magazine poems. *The Scholastic* is to be complimented particularly on the number of clever litterateurs gracing its board this year.

THE FORDHAM MONTHLY: In this little book there are a number of good stories and entertaining essays. The stories are well conceived, though not always happy in phrase and simile. "The Emancipation of George Buck" is an excellent bit of fiction. Mr. Colum, of the class of '19, handles his subject with a touch approaching that of the professional, having emancipated himself from the academic shackles that fetter most university journalists. Mr. Dillon's story, "The Bellman," serves to show those who judge him by his poetry that he has talent.

THE REDWOOD: The best short story appearing in our exchanges is "The Muleteer" by W. Kevin Casey, and "Voices," a clever poem by James Enright, is the second literary gem of this issue of *The Redwood*. For the rest, the stalwart monthly of Santa Clara University clings to the standard of former years . . . nothing very startling, and nothing very soporiferous.

THE MARTIAN: A poem entitled "Father Jim" stands forth as the finest verse contained in any of our exchanges. It is better than any of Service's best (forgive the comparison, J. J. B., but Service aims at your target, too) and almost as good as Kipling's swinging war songs. The letters of the Alumni serving with the expeditionary forces make interesting reading.

THE DIAL: This number contains a fine article on the Irish question, facing the matter sanely, without the usual avalanche of vilification that mars most literary efforts in this direction. There is also an interesting account of K. of C. activities at the fighting fronts. The verse is rather labored, but a Mr. Ramacciotti contributes an amusing account of the difficulties of bed-making in those grim old S. A. T. C. days, that is decidedly a recompense. The verdict, gentlemen: a sturdy magazine, quite worthy of the sturdy college it represents.

WITH OUR FRIENDS

OFFICE OF THE ARCHBISHOP
1100 FRANKLIN STREET

My dear Mother Louis:

San Francisco, California, April 14, 1919.

When I think of the mighty service your great order renders to our spiritual and to our educational work, I find no words equal to the task of telling the story. You will I am sure allow me a line in your Book, in which to express my gratitude for the service, my praise for the accomplishment, and my heartiest congratulations upon the result. I would commend in particular the "Year Book" as just one evidence of the quality of the direction you give to those who are fortunate enough to live within the hallowed walls of San Rafael, and would send a little word of praise to those whose labor made your Annual so great a success. Blessings upon you and your co-workers from

Yours ever devotedly in Christ,

†EDWARD J. HANNA.

DEAR MOTHER LOUIS:

August 20, 1918.

You gave me a very pleasant surprise in sending me your very excellent YEAR-BOOK. The book you produce would be an honor to any of our institutions, and speaks well for the training which the children under the care of the Dominican Nuns receive. Will you please remember me to all my friends in San Rafael? Believe me to be,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

JOHN J. CANTWELL,

Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles.

DEAR MOTHER LOUIS:

July 1, 1918.

YOUR DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK, 1917-1918, is a "thing of beauty" and the best I have seen. The selections are excellent and evidence a high degree of culture, and reflect credit on the students. I recall with great pleasure the few moments I spent at the College, and I shall, Deo Volente, call again,

Yours faithfully in Christ,

EDWARD J. O'DEA,

Bishop of Seattle.

ST. DOMINIC'S PRIORY, 2390 Bush Street,

San Francisco.

DEAR MOTHER LOUIS:

It was a pleasure to receive the DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK for 1917-1918, and to find that it comes up to the high literary and artistic standard which was set in the first number, a year ago, and which was then recognized as quite extraordinary in a publication of its kind. It carries the same evidences of a Catholic spirit, with Dominican characteristics, and of fine intellectual, æsthetic and musical culture. And there is an added beauty and charm in the pictures of the building and grounds of Meadowlands that were recently acquired for the College students.

Very sincerely yours,

A. L. McMAHON, O. P.

DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

DEAR MOTHER LOUIS:

July 1, 1918.

I have just returned from a two months sojourn in the High Sierras—Yosemite and its neighborhood. And in this early morning time—for it is now two-thirty A. M.—I have just opened your YEAR-BOOK and spent a happy hour in renewing sweet, dear and blessed memories of beautiful Dominican College, and its devoted Sisters, healthy and happy students, and its glorious tree-clad mountain environment. Your YEAR-BOOK is indeed a joy, both in its contents and the perfection of its make-up. I love good printing—and while the outward appearance of things is and should be secondary to the inner significance, I agree with John Ruskin that that which is worth writing and preserving is worthy of good dress.

The pages have given me great pleasure. Many of them I have read carefully. Some of your students show decided literary talent. Who knows but you are sending out in this class the Ina Coolbrith, the Kathleen Norris, the Helen Hunt Jackson of the future? Nor, does it seem to me, is it inappropriate to hope, wish and pray, indeed, that it may be so. In your most exquisite surroundings, blessed with historic and spiritual memories of the old Padres, the old mission, and of early-day California history, guided by research and study to know the wealth of California's literary suggestiveness, aided by the lectures and books you provide, why should your students not become the literary lights and leaders of the coming years? God grant them that privilege and joy, and to you and all the dear Sisters of St. Dominic the blessing of guiding their hearts and minds to that worthy aim and end.

You were good to me in giving me the privilege of reading the YEAR-BOOK, and I should be insensible, indeed, to your kindness and that of the Editors were I to fail also to acknowledge with gratitude my keen appreciation of the sweet and beautiful words said of my lectures. Not only happy is that man who has found his work, but thrice happy is he who finds friends through his work and their appreciation of it.

Yours cordially,

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES,
Pasadena, California.

DEAR MOTHER LOUIS:

University of California,
September 10, 1918.

Thank you very much for the copy of the 1917-1918 YEAR-BOOK. It comes like a breeze from your convent grove. The girls certainly write more promisingly than any students of their age I have known. One can never tell what the future will bring. Rossetti wrote a great poem at eighteen. On the other hand, Keats, who far surpassed Rossetti in later years, certainly did not write at eighteen poems anywhere near as promising as those of some of your students. "To As-sisi" has high distinction. Give my love and my mother's to the Sisters who are always in our thoughts.

Yours cordially,

HERBERT ELLSWORTH CORY,
Assistant Professor of English.

It is impossible for me (and in this I'm only one in a great multitude) to read anything in these apocalyptic days without connecting it in some way with the tremendous, the almost overwhelming, problem now so persistently pressing upon our minds, namely, the problem of the reconstruction of our shattered civilization. How, out of the wreck and ruin of the age, shall human society emerge; and will it emerge for better or for worse? Only facile and hasty optimists can assert that what is to come will be better than that which has been destroyed upon a thousand battlefields. Terrible are the storm-clouds hovering over us; more awful than the Great War itself may be the tempests of tomorrow. From newspapers, magazines, books—which are the mirrors of the age—are reflected gloomy omens: and also, thank God, the answering and auspicious gleams of Faith, Hope, and Charity; the evidences of God's protective and healing Presence in His stricken world, among His chastened children. These consoling and enheartening tokens of the better things shine from the beautiful pages of the volume before me, the YEAR-BOOK of the Dominican College at San Rafael. The serene and accomplished artistry displayed in its form; its technical excellence as a first-rate bit of book-making, appropriately enshrine the joyous, idealistic, aspiring literary efforts of the girls; the essays—these enthusiastic quests of young souls seeking the

DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

great things of literature—the lilting verses, full of the music which is so zealously cultivated there among San Rafael's lovely hills—the stories, imaginings of the strange life to soon open for their authors beyond the College gardens!

To me it is all delightful, and full, too, of a great promise.

Godless education is unquestionably one of the chief causes of the Great War. The only sound foundation for the future is Christian education. And even Christian education which ignores or neglects Art, Literature, Music—and innocent Beauty and Joy-of-Life—will fail to mould the souls of girls and boys to a strength and capacity meet to serve the aims of God.

But this YEAR-BOOK of the College at San Rafael is a token and a proof that Catholic education is actively at work, a major instrument of Christ's Holy Church in Her work of saving and rebuilding the world.

Together with their sisters, and their brothers, elsewhere, who, like them, are receiving the precious gift of a good Catholic education, the ardent young souls who have made (under wise direction) this book the thing of beauty and of inspiration which it is, are those who will shape the world of tomorrow, helping Holy Mother Church to restore all things in Christ.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS,
Carmel-by-the-Sea.

WE do not wish to be accused of rhapsodizing, but this YEAR-BOOK (1917-1918) of the well-known institution at San Rafael seems to us to be the finest we have ever seen. But, then, the Sisters of St. Dominic have accustomed us to the very finest in everything connected with scholarship. Their Commencement exercises of late years have become part of our local history, and these year-books bid fair to set a pace that most institutions of learning will find it difficult to keep. The paper, the color-tone, the plates, and especially the literary excellence of the various contributions combine to produce a book that is, in very truth, a work of art.—D. J. O'K., in *The Monitor*.

It is always a pleasure to encourage the literary work of the younger generation of Catholics. Our college publications frequently give evidence of worthy promise and deserve far more attention and consideration than they receive. Notable among such publications is THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK, of San Rafael, California. It is presented in beautiful typography; its literary papers deal with subjects worth while and its articles show both ability in judgment and excellent gifts of expression.—*The Catholic World*.

ATTRACTIVELY written up, the 1917-1918 YEAR-BOOK, issued by the Dominican College at San Rafael, California, is an interesting compilation. It not only chronicles college activities for the year along religious, social, literary, musical, athletic, home economics, and artistic lines, but it includes some promising contributions, prose as well as poetical, from the school alumnae. With its excellent illustrations, the year-book is a credit to the institution conducted by the Dominican Sisters.—*Catholic School Journal*.

As a rule college publications are designed as very handsome souvenirs to be preserved carefully by graduates and fond parents and inflicted upon visitors from time to time. To be sure, the visitor thinks it is a wonderful production—how can he help it when accepting hospitality? But there are exceptions, sometimes in the matter of individual contributions, and occasionally of the whole publication. That there is really good writing done in some of our colleges is seen in a very creditable anthology recently published. Taken all round, it is work of no mean order, the one regret being that it was confined, and doubtless for reasons of space, to poetic effort. But the exception in hand is the DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK, 1917-18. In the matter of the material book it is all that the best of Western printing could make it, which is to say it rivals anything produced anywhere, but the far more striking feature is its literary quality. Here are prose and poetry in something more than the bud, and giving every promise of a perfect flowering. Some of the themes are beyond the writers, but the thing that counts is the excellence of the attempt. The thoughts are the long, long thoughts of youth, struggling to puzzle out the larger problems, and not the memorized or paraphrased thoughts of others. One is astonished to learn that the editor

DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

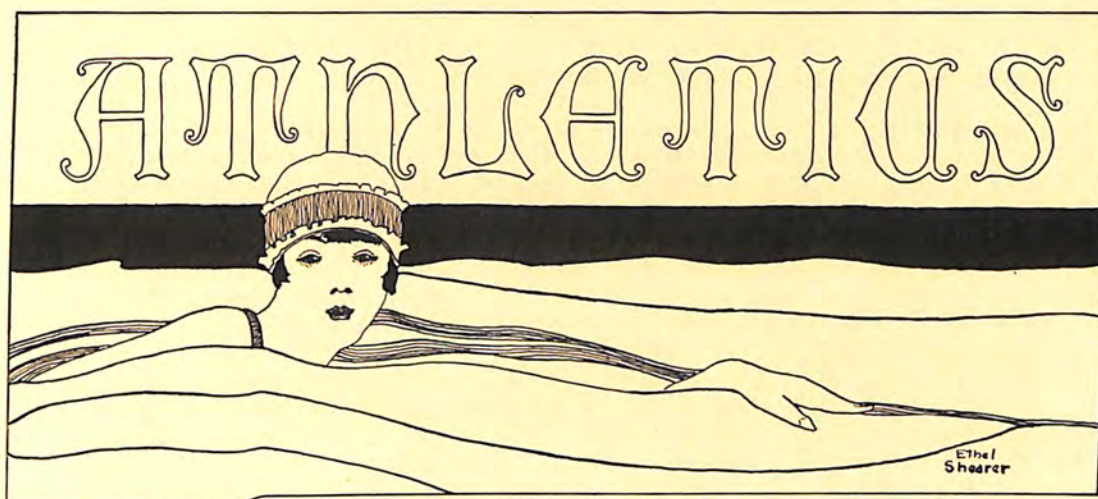
is not more than 16. Praising young poets is a heavy responsibility, but in this case there is no option. As for the prose, which youth so often finds more difficult than verse, it is of most promising quality.—*George Douglas, in San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE pages of the year-book of the Dominican College of San Rafael are beautiful pages indeed—not in typography and illustration alone, but in literary quality. The gentle nuns of the Marin County seat of learning love literature with that pure intensity which always results in the making of literature. And so we find in this book evidences of writing talent which are quite unmis-takable. Here are poems, essays and stories by young girls who are leaving college with a knowl-edge of literary form, of the technique of writing, which many authors acquire only in their mat-ure years. But then many of our American authors were not blessed in youth by the contact of an ancient culture; many of our authors know little and care less about the traditions of a rea-soned educational system; many of our authors left no traces in school publications, because the blessings of education were withheld from them, as may be inferred too often from their writings!

Perhaps in the eyes of the good nuns it will seem indiscreet for an outsider to single out for special mention one of the girls who contributed to the pages of this DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK. Yet I must speak of Miss Nancy Pattison. Let my excuse be that she was editor-in-chief of this charming book. She has contributed both verse and prose. Her "World Prayer" is a re-markably well-sustained effort in verse for a college girl, and her "California" is a sweet and ten-der tribute. Her little story "In the Shadow" has a war motif; it is fine, it is poignant. Let us keep the name of Miss Nancy Pattison in mind. Kathleen Norris, who is a Dominican girl, wrote a story for this book; and Miss Ina Coolbrith, beloved of the nuns in San Francisco and San Rafael, contributed a poem, "God's Temples." There is a place on my shelves for this and fu-ture numbers of the DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK, for I am something of a collector myself! —*Edward F. O'Day, in Town Talk.*

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK, 1917-1918, accomplishes the difficult when it attains the same high standard which it set for itself in its publication of the year before. It is much alike its predecessor in make-up and abundance of attractive photographs. "Where Charm Lies" is its best literary offering, and we read it with an interest and sympathy that are genuine. Killarney is the place where the charm is said to lie, and the story of the beauty of the country and the trust-ing honesty of the country-folk convinces us that the author's title is correctly chosen. "Dante" is an essay on Italy's great poet, being both a biographical sketch and an appreciation of his great poetry. The manner of recital accords well with the events of the poet's life, and the conclusion of the essay is done in an exquisite manner. "In the Shadow" and "The Passing of Butterfly" are two stories greatly different in the main, but tending the same way; each has that near-sad end-ing which is so much in vogue. They are effective and interesting. "A World Prayer" is a very fine piece of poetry and deserves praise for its strength and spirit. The Year-Book, we say in conclu-sion, meets our unqualified approval.—*Fordham Monthly.*

FROM San Rafael, "A sweep of hill and a stretch of sky, with space for a soul to grow," comes THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK. What we liked about this book was its plain integrity, which from cover to cover gave evidence of much care, much preparation and forethought to every article it contained. There were stories and essays in numbers, each permeated by a clear-ness and forcefulness that can come to one only when he thoroughly knows the subject of his dis-cussion. Evidences of much research work was clearly shown, especially in these latter. The verse was very meritorious, particularly "A World Prayer." It was a fine war poem and a very fin-ished effort, with a striving after the Infinite and the struggle of Democracy as its theme. Pervad-ing this was an abiding faith and trust in that cause which has now become our cause. Another at-tractive part of the publication seemed to lie in the pictures; made the more pleasing by the pithy little lines of verse inscribed under each. As a whole, there was a variety and freshness about the book that was most gratifying, and we wish to take this opportunity of congratulating the col-laborators, for theirs is truly the fruit of much work which has merged itself into a really finished product.—*The Redwood, Santa Clara University.*



THE experimental period has passed, and the true value of athletics is acknowledged by the ruling powers of the College. D. C. has chosen for itself, and the selection is of the wisest. There were two alternatives—the American system, which seems to demand winning teams, composed of a few fine players, the rest of the school staying on the sidelines and cheering on their representatives; and the English “Public School” system, wherein the school turns out as many teams as possible, the main idea being to have everyone get the benefit of proper athletic instruction at the possible sacrifice of a winning team. The latter course prevailed, just as it has at the historic schools of the East—Fordham, Notre Dame, and Holy Cross—as well as in the girls’ schools of similar standing. The new director of athletics, Miss Harrold, has instilled wonderful spirit in her players, gaining their respect and admiration, maintaining the while a splendid discipline throughout the school year. She worked tirelessly and efficiently to make a success of the athletic year, and a success it was. The material with which she had to mould her teams was not as good as in former years. The long enforced vacation due to the influenza epidemic played havoc with practice periods; but teacher and students set bravely to work, making the best use of the remaining weeks. There are a few coaches who are expert at making something remarkable out of the most unlikely material, and, while the D. C. athletes were by no means poor, Miss Harrold must be credited with having performed a wonderful feat, worthy of placing her amongst the elect.

The Field Day was the most successful in the history of the College. Rare genius was displayed in the selection of gymnastic evolutions; there was nothing too complicated to be performed artistically, and nothing that lacked the proper spectacular effect. The exercises of the little girls were among the pleasantest features, the presentation of several effective folk-dances winning great applause from the delighted audience. The entire student-body turned out in gymnasium garb, looking very efficient and well trained as they performed the various manœuvres. The girls marched well, to the strains of French military marches played by the St. Vincent’s Band, with a precision



Basket-Ball Team

and swing that would have delighted the heart of that great soldier musician, Captain Pares, of the Garde Républicaine. Club-swinging and wand drills were flawless. And, by way of exhibiting the versatility of the students, an Oriental dance was presented, exquisitely costumed in pastel shades of lavender and pale green that blended perfectly with the leafy background of shade-trees. Frances Snitjer, as the leader, was graceful and beautiful, and her companions of the dance formed a fair frame for her. The drill charmed every observer, and rivaled in beauty the more studied dances that are a feature of the outdoor commencement play.

The last event on the program of the day was a basketball game between D. C. and Y. L. I. 65, of San Francisco. Alas! from a psychological standpoint, the game was lost to D. C. before it started, for the very excellent reason that the college players seemed too conscious of the superior weight and height of their opponents. With a rush, the D. C. forwards began their attack on the enemy's goal and netted three baskets before the Y. L. I. team began to find itself. All through the first half the D. C. attack played marvelously well—in fact, too well. The Y. L. I. players looked far more dangerous off the court than on, and it seemed as though the day would be crowned with a glorious victory, according to D. C. tradition. But in the second half—the enemy won; that's all! The casual observer would have said that the reason for the defeat could be ascribed to the sudden awakening of the Y. L. I. guards to a

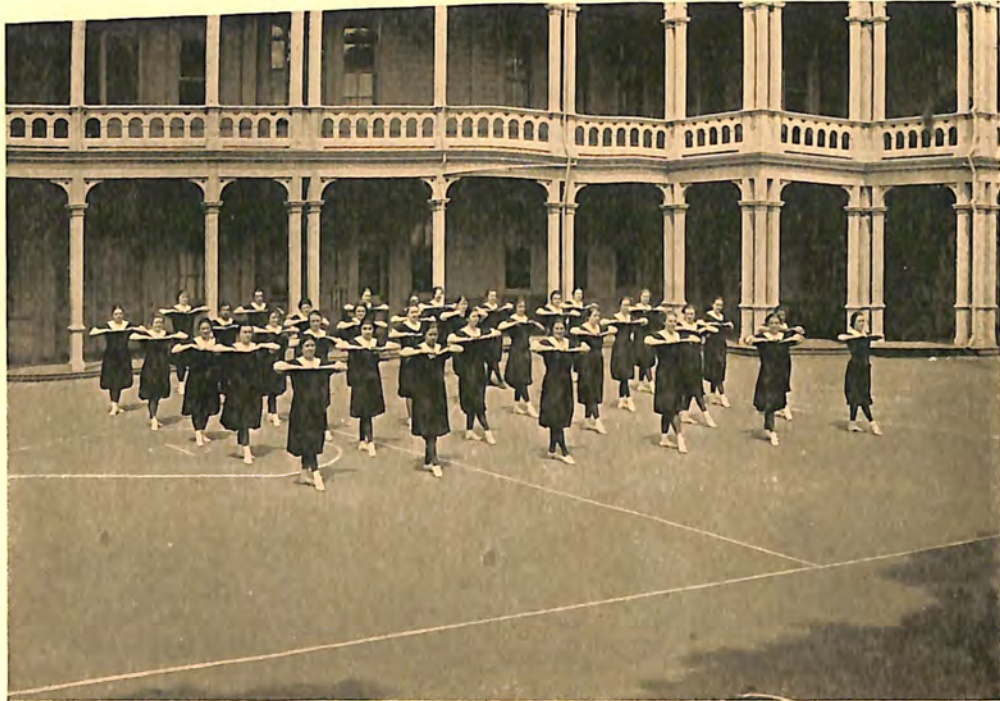


*"Is this a place for mirthful cheer?
Can merrymaking enter here?"*

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proper sense of duty, and the equally sudden spasm of inaccuracy that gripped the D. C. forwards, causing them to shoot the ball all around the basket, but never in it. Or the defeat might have been caused by the failure of the college guards to mark the fair young lady who scored all but one of the Y. L. I. baskets. But, as a matter of fact, the real source of weakness was an almost apparent one—the D. C. center players failed utterly in their attempts to get the ball up to their forwards. Time after time the Y. L. I. center people intercepted passes, shot the ball to their forwards and paved the way for an avalanche of goals. Of D. C.'s fourteen points, but one was scored in the entire second half.

The defeat was by no means disgraceful. In fact, considering the lack of practice, the superior size and experience of the Y. L. I. team, the D. C. players did well; but it hurts to know that D. C. could have and should have won despite all the odds. Individually, the team fell far short of last year's splendid septet, and both attack and defense lacked the power that marked the work of the 1918 team. But the girls were giving of their best—their hearts were in their work, and that is all the College asks of those selected to wear its colors on the field. And next year—let's build up a team that will excel the '18 one!



Athletics—Senior Class

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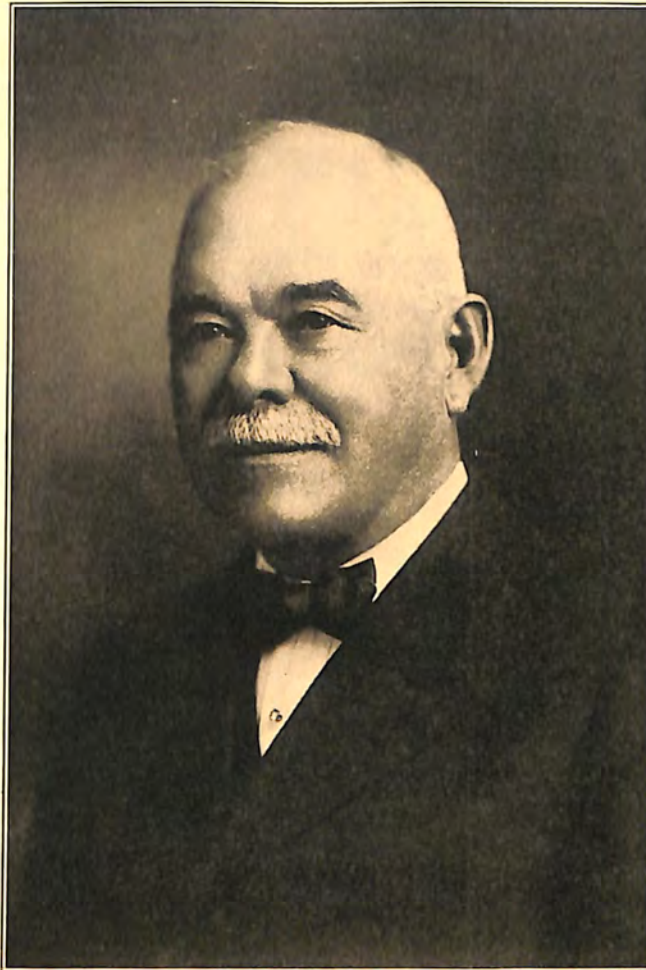
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DECEMBER 31, 1911	443,036.25
DECEMBER 31, 1912	529,926.91
DECEMBER 31, 1913	615,703.41
DECEMBER 31, 1914	700,491.42
DECEMBER 31, 1915	844,280.19
DECEMBER 31, 1916	987,417.28
DECEMBER 31, 1917	1,103,083.17
DECEMBER 31, 1918	1,241,034.69

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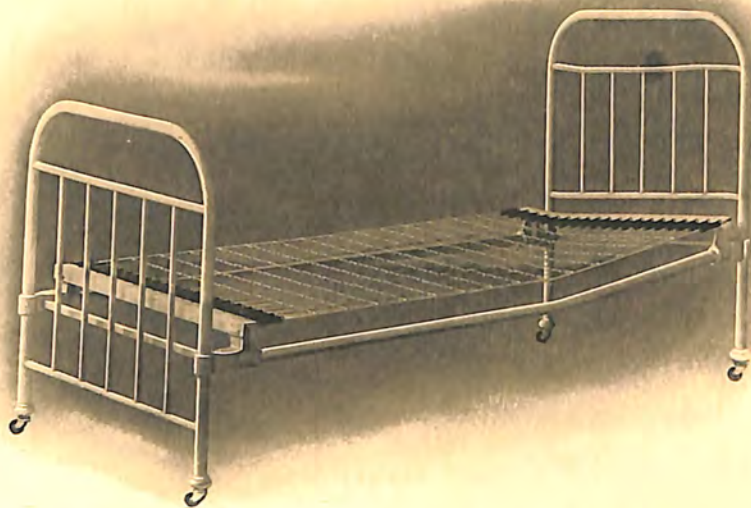
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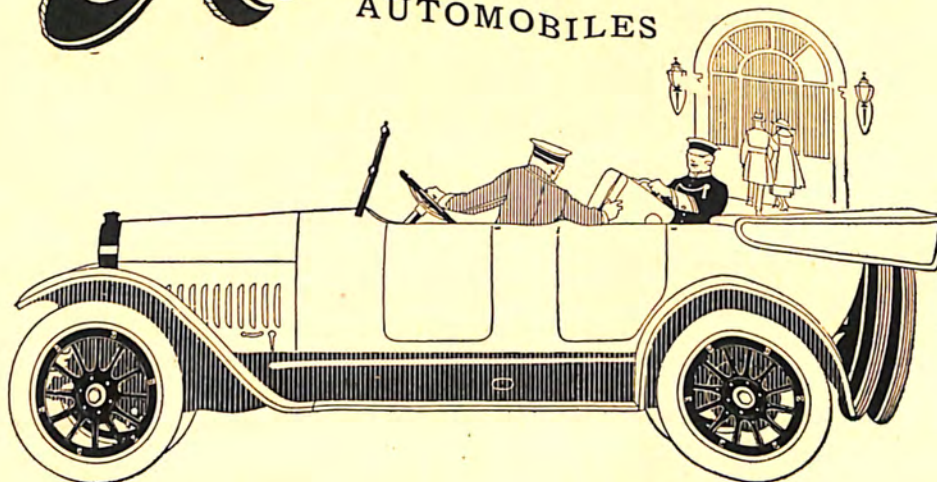
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