

1919

## 1919 Firebrand

University Archives

<https://doi.org/10.33015/dominican.edu/archives.1919.firebrand>

**Survey: Let us know how this paper benefits you.**

---

### Recommended Citation

University Archives, "1919 Firebrand" (1919). *Yearbooks 1916 - 1919*. 8.  
<https://doi.org/10.33015/dominican.edu/archives.1919.firebrand>

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

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

# DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR BOOK



1919

1920

case  
378.794  
D713Q  
1919-20





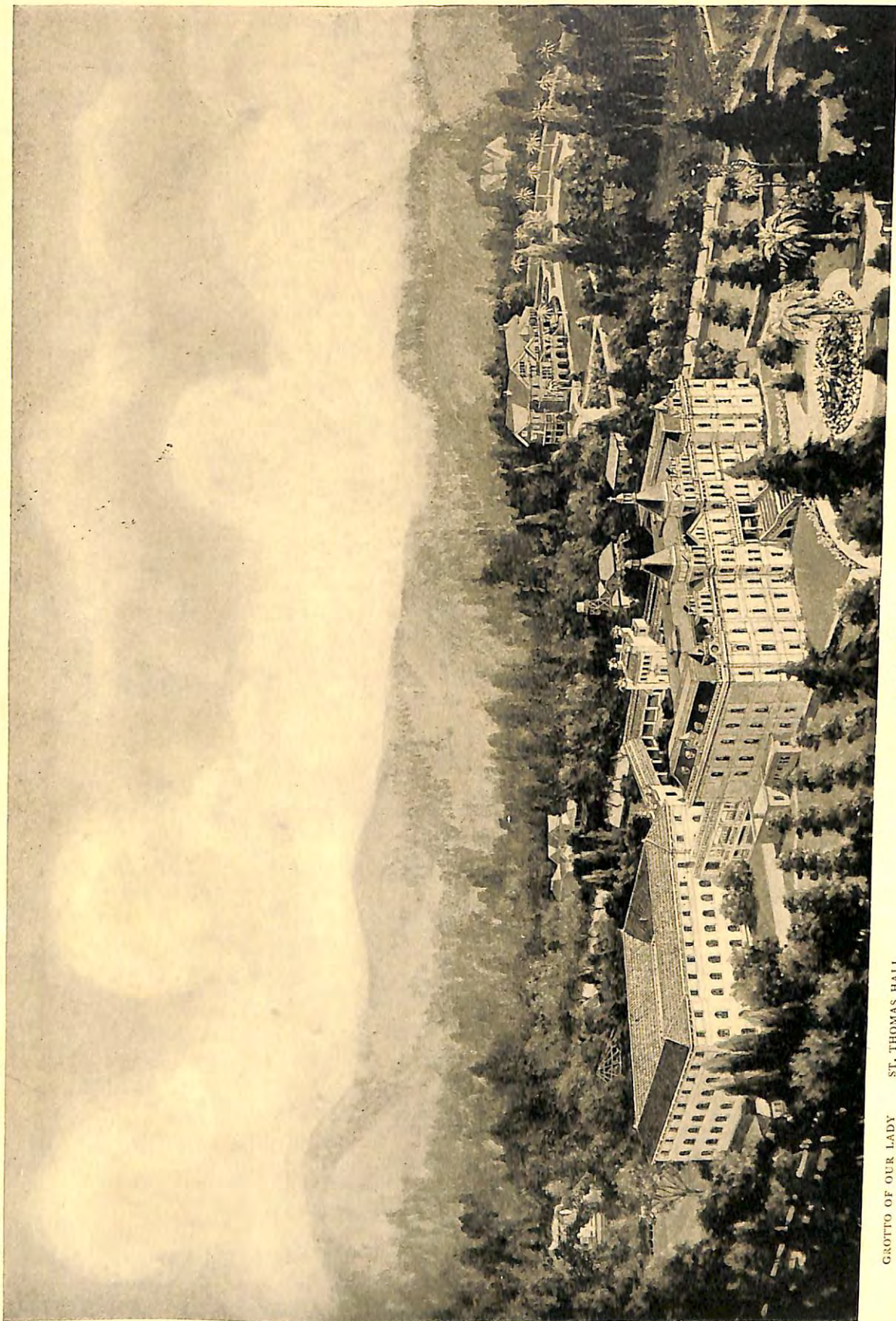






DOMINICAN COLLEGE LIBRARY  
SAN RAFAEL  
MARIN COUNTY  
CALIFORNIA





GROTTO OF OUR LADY  
OF LOURDES

ST. THOMAS HALL

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

ADMINISTRATION  
BUILDING

JUNIOR COLLEGE



# DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR BOOK

1919 - 1920



SAN RAFAEL  
CALIFORNIA

DOMINICAN COLLEGE LIBRARY  
SAN RAFAEL  
MARIN COUNTY  
CALIFORNIA

DOMINICAN COLLEGE LIBRARY  
SAN RAFAEL  
MARIN COUNTY  
CALIFORNIA

SUBSCRIPTION TWO DOLLARS



case  
 378.794  
 D713Q  
 1919-20

## CONTENTS

Panoramic View.....	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Dedication .....	PAGE 5
Staff of Year-Book .....	6
To Mother M. Louis.....	9
Golden Jubilee of Mother M. Louis, O. S. D.....	10
To Mother M. Louis.....	12
A Tribute of Love—Our Mother.....	14
Editorial.....	16
Dominican College.....	18
To Mother Louis.....	21
Hope and Love.....	22
The Golden Jubilee.....	23
A Tribute from Annie Laurie.....	24
Greetings from Monterey.....	26
Alma Mater to Her Children.....	28
Sophomore Class, Junior College.....	29-30
Literary:	
Veritas.....	31
Cardinal Mercier.....	34
Great Epochs in Dominican Education.....	35
Squared.....	39
Three Twentieth Century Child Prodigies.....	41
A Memory of Lourdes.....	44
The Dominican in Art.....	46
Her Train of Thought.....	48
Senior Class Officers.....	52
Romance.....	53
Junior Class Officers.....	56
Theodore Roosevelt.....	57
A Visit to Switzerland.....	60
Sophomore Class Officers.....	62
Ruined Sanctuaries.....	63
From the Hilltop.....	65
Mission San Rafael.....	66
Freshman Class Officers.....	68
Alumnae:	
To Our Alumnae.....	69
Our President's Tribute to Mother Louis.....	70
Wedding Bells.....	72
Congratulations.....	72
Loving Condolence.....	72
Obituary.....	72
The Mote.....	73
The Spirit of San Rafael.....	76
The Bells of Monterey.....	78
Messages.....	79
School Chronicle:	
Our Mother's Day.....	80
Our Mother's Guard.....	81
Social.....	88
Music and Dramatic.....	93
In the Realm of Bookland.....	98
Exchanges.....	102
Athletics.....	105



1870

1920

TO OUR  
LOVED MOTHER M. LOUIS  
WHOSE GOLDEN, LABOR-FILLED YEARS  
HAVE BEEN AN INSPIRATIONAL  
PAGE IN OUR YOUNG LIVES,  
WE DEDICATE THIS  
YEAR-BOOK



## STAFF

### EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

DORIS HUNTER

FRANCES RAMSAY

### ART EDITORS

DORIS HUNTER

ALEIDA BIRCKE

ETHYL SHEARER

### DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTORS

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

BROTHER LEO, F. S. C.

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

KATHLEEN NORRIS

ANNIE LAURIE

CARRIE JACOBS BOND

CLAY M. GREENE

### ALUMNAE CONTRIBUTORS

MRS. MAZIE CROWLEY BLETHEN

EDITH BROOKS HERMAN

NANCY PATTISON

AGNES REGAN, St. Rose

ALICE LAGAN, St. Rose

LAURA L. BYRNE, Bryn Mawr

### JUNIOR COLLEGE CONTRIBUTORS

MARIAN ADAMS

RUTH MARION

DORIS HUNTER

HÉLÈNE STURDIVANT

GRACE SPOTTISWOOD

MARIAN PRITCHARD

ALICE QUEEN

ROSE GAUQUELIN

### HIGH SCHOOL CONTRIBUTORS

ALICE WOODS

MARGUERITE HARRIGAN

JANE O'SULLIVAN

HELEN KULLMAN

JEANNETTE BARTHE

NOEL McGETTIGAN

UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC





Most Holy Father.

**T**he Very Reverend Mother Louis  
Superioress of the Dominican  
Sisters of San Rafael, California  
on the occasion of the Golden Jubi-  
lee of her Religious Life August 30, 1920  
humbly prostrate at the feet of  
Your Holiness  
begs the Apostolic Blessing for herself  
and all the Sisters under her care.

*Humus Pontifici devotissime prostrata  
Dilectio Archidiaconi Dominici de 29. Martii 1920  
+ J. B. Nobile Canon. arch. Tit.*

*Sancti Petri  
Romae*





Cordial congratulations to  
Mother Louis,  
on the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary as a  
professed religious.

J. Card. Gibbons



DOMINICAN COLLEGE LIBRARY  
SAN RAFAEL,  
MARIN COUNTY  
CALIFORNIA

## TO MOTHER M. LOUIS

*And let her works praise her in the gates.*  
—Prov. xxxi, 31.

Five decades of the rosary of years,  
Full-freighted with good works and true, have sped  
Since dawned that morn when thou wert gladly wed  
To Him whose "Follow Me" enthralled thine ears  
Like music wafted from supernal spheres,  
While prescient Dominic thy future read,  
And smiled to see his daughter in his stead  
Hold high a name which all the world reveres.

"They that instruct to justice many souls  
Shall shine as stars for all eternity":  
Secure then is thy lot; thy life unrolls  
Truth taught throughout a full half-century.  
Well may thy heart with holy joy dilate  
Whose works all praise thee in the Golden Gate.

*Arthur Larry O'Neill, C.S.G.*



# GOLDEN JUBILEE OF MOTHER M. LOUIS, O. S. D.

1870-1920



DGEHILL, Meadowlands, old Dominican College combine to make a scene of loveliness such as few schools of earth have known. San Rafael, with its course of Normal training, with its flourishing college, with its widely-known and successful Academy, with its place of preparation for the little ones of the flock, represents a growth and an achievement which is the marvel of all who knew the little band of nuns that one and thirty years ago came to this land of "vine and rose and bay" from old Benicia.

This wonderful accomplishment at which we wonder today is due in largest measure to the intelligence, to the untiring patience, to the abounding hope and confidence of Mother Louis, whose golden years in Christ we dutifully and lovingly commemorate. To have lived in God's house for half a century and to have been a participant of secrets divine is a rare grace; to have merited through all these years the highest approval of those who shared her task and her labor is surely favor greater grown, to have built out of little a stately institution that is the honor of our church and the pride of our Golden State, seems the fulness of divine pleasure and the highest ambition of a great, consecrated life.

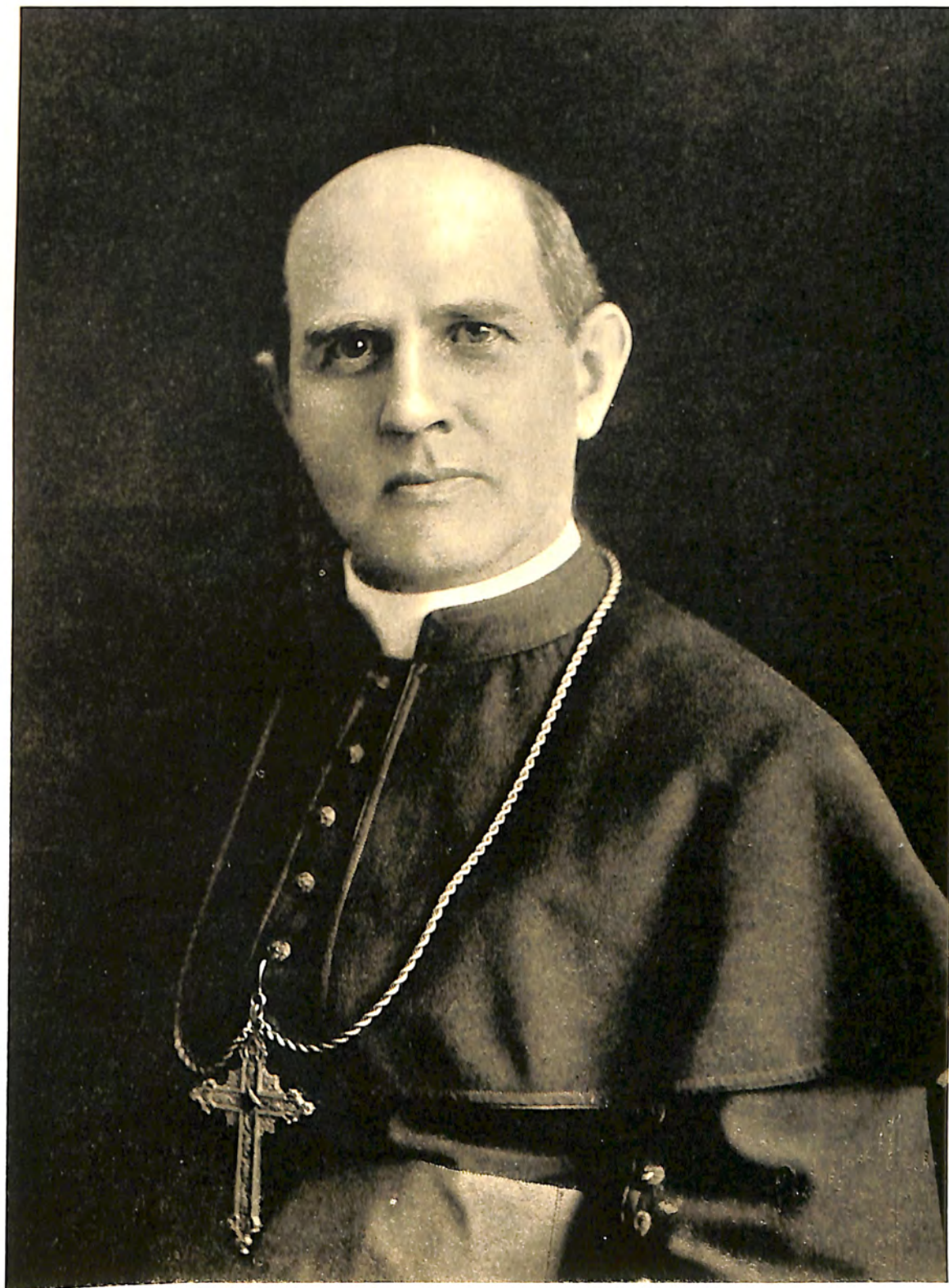
These years of toil have meant much sacrifice, great victory over self, supreme confidence in a great ideal, kindly patience, great enduring hope and love.

Above all, these days and nights of unremitting labor mark a triumph over difficulties only possible in one who, though truly great, feels that she is only the humble instrument in divine hands for working out God's great designs.

In such a leader we have been blessed beyond our desert and a prayer of heartfelt thankfulness comes to our lips as we gather to bless her day of Jubilee, a feeling of joy fills our souls because we have been privileged to *know* her Mother's guidance. May she be spared long years unto us, and in the glowing sunset of her days, may she see her great work grow unto that fulness which has ever been the desire of her heart! This is the prayer of those who in loving affection greet our Mother on her golden, festive day.







THE MOST REVEREND EDWARD J. HANNA, D. D.  
ARCHBISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO

DOMINICAN COLLEGE LIBRARY  
SAN RAFAEL,  
MARIN COUNTY  
CALIFORNIA

## TO MOTHER M. LOUIS

1870-1920

By hope-wrought triple cord and prayer-linked chain,  
Full fifty glorious, golden years ago,  
Your youthful heart, with sacrifice aglow,  
Was bound by love's strong fetters—welcome pain.  
With ardor that no seraph might disdain,  
With zeal that only chosen souls may know,  
You labored where celestial roses grow,  
In Dominic's garden of eternal gain.

Today, you see upspringing by your side,  
The lily souls your power led to God;  
They sing with joy, anear this western sea,  
The humble beauty of their Heaven-sent guide;  
While tread you, thorn-wreathed, as the Master trod,  
The paths that lead to endless jubilee.

S. M. D.





To the Very Rev. Mother Louis, O.S.D.  
of San Rafael, California, with my heartiest  
Congratulatory on the golden Jubilee of her  
Religious Life, bestowing on her the  
special blessing of our Holy Father St. Dominic  
and my own, and felicitating her on her  
very successful work as a Religious  
Educator in California.

Rome March 29<sup>th</sup> 1920.

J. L. Theising O.S.D.  
Master General.

### A TRIBUTE OF LOVE

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

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

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

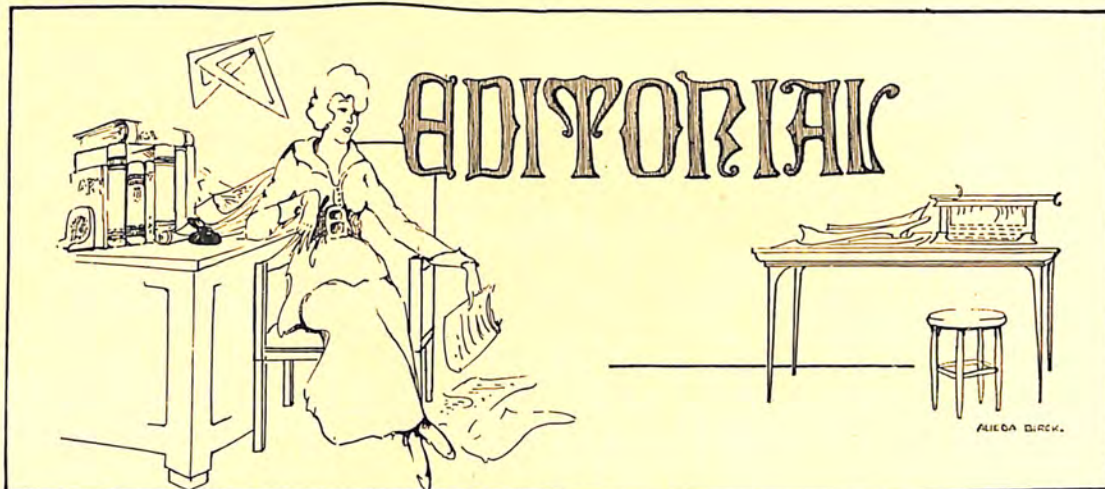
### OUR MOTHER

A soul serene and pure!  
Free, as the untrammelled heavens are free,  
Its infinite deeps unsounded.  
A spirit dwelling on far heights,  
To which we can but raise aspiring eyes,  
Our footsteps faltering in the paths you mount.

But with beneficent and gentle grace,  
You descend to us, your glance a benediction;  
And mystic treasures, garnered in hours of prayer,  
Communion close and intimate with God.  
You swift outpour upon our thirsting souls.

EDITH BROOKS HERMAN.





**T**HE editors of the present issue of the Year Book experience not a little pleasure in being able to congratulate themselves, their fellow-pupils, and the faculty on the exceptional prosperity which has marked the scholastic year, 1919-1920. While the growth of educational institutions, like that of other organisms, may occasionally be factitious and artificial rather than natural and spontaneous, we feel that our largely increased muster-roll in the courses of the college proper, the high school and the grammar school is the result of a healthy organic development, not of fortuitous and transient circumstances. It is especially gratifying to record the notable increase in the number of pupils attending the Junior College, one of the most promising signs of assured future success.

\* \* \* \*

That the authorities of Dominican College have turned the year's prosperity to good account is evidenced in the various improvements of a material nature that have been made since the summer of 1919. Foremost among these—a splendid acquisition rather than an improvement—was the purchase of "Edgehill," the beautiful and finely cultivated estate of Mrs. William Babcock. The addition of this choice domain to the already extensive landed property of the college is a source of genuine gratification, not only to the present pupils, but to the hundreds of alumnae, the graduates of other years, who cherish an undying love for their Alma Mater and an enduring interest in her growth and expansion.

\* \* \* \*

Of more immediate interest, perhaps, to the girls of today are the additions made to what may be styled the athletic equipment of the institution. Golf links, a hockey field, a new gymnasium, and a fine large swimming-tank, these are possessions to rejoice a troop of healthy, robust, growing maidens who balance with judicious poise periods of intellectual work with hours spent in the physical relaxation of out-of-doors exercise, attaining thereby the grace and suppleness of Tennyson's "daughter of our meadows," "Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand."



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

The harmonious development of body, mind, and soul is the desideratum in all systems of education; and no experienced observer of convent schools and their graduates will be inclined to deprecate a generous insistence on such athletic activities as promote the fullest enjoyment of bodily health.

\* \* \* \*

For the last of these paragraphs we have reserved the topic which might have more appropriately perhaps, been treated first of all, as it is undoubtedly first in the minds and hearts of both faculty and pupils, the Golden Jubilee of our beloved Reverend Mother Provincial. It is not of course for such immature pens as ours to pay even an approximately adequate tribute to Mother Louis, the "valiant woman" and typical daughter of St. Dominic who throughout five decades of strenuous years has carried forward the consecrated banner of Catholic education, and who by forceful example not less than by inspiring words has dowered the Golden State with a multitude of women of character and culture, Christian mothers, self-sacrificing sisters, matrons and maidens to whose social worth and charm are added those fairest accomplishments of a genuinely good woman, religious depth and an accurate sense of spiritual values. Elsewhere in our Annual are her many virtues told and sung. In this brief foreword we must content ourselves with assuring her of a fact about which, we feel, she needs no assurance, that we welcome her Golden Jubilee chiefly because it furnishes us with a fitting opportunity of proffering to her our unstinted and undying gratitude and love.



GROTTO OF LOURDES

*"Touched with a holy purple light  
The benediction of the day"*

— CLARENCE URMV





MOTHER M. LOUIS, O. S. D.



# DOMINICAN COLLEGE

1889-1920



CARCELY more than a hundred years ago, the brown-robed Padres of the Mission Dolores, when seeking a healthful location for a sanitarium for their sick neophytes, were attracted by the advantages of the northern shore of the Bay, and founded the Mission San Rafael Archangel. For some years their labors were marked with success, and the Mission flourished. The eager and untiring zeal of the holy Franciscans brought many of the Indians to the Church of Christ, and the savage tribes of the Marin and Sonoma hills were as children under this fatherly protection. But the glory was short-lived. In 1833 came the Secularization Act of the Mexican government, and Mission lands, cattle, herds, flocks, and other property fell a prey to the enemy. The neophytes were scattered, the Missions ruined, and the zealous sons of St. Francis were forced to leave all to decay and desolation. But their spirit did not die. Fifty years later it came forth in renewed vigor, not this time, it is true, to go into virgin lands and to face hostile Indians, but, none the less, to carry on a form of work just as truly requiring the missionary spirit—the opening up of a large educational institution. This was undertaken by the Dominican Sisters, the pioneers among the religious teachers of California.

Founded in Monterey in 1850 by Mother Mary Goemaere with the assistance and co-operation of Archbishop Alemany, the Community in 1854 moved to Benicia, then the capital of the State, where St. Catherine's Academy was established. For nearly forty years this school held a foremost place for its scholastic attainments, and scattered over the world today are many who are proud of having been graduated from St. Catherine's.

With the growth of the State and the development of San Francisco as a commercial center, the advantages of having a school nearer the metropolis was realized, and in 1888 it was deemed advisable to take steps toward that end. The late Archbishop Riordan, with far-seeing wisdom, chose for this undertaking a garden-spot of the earth, the former Mission San Rafael. In the spirit of the early Padres, came the white-robed Sisters of St. Dominic. Invincible courage and energy coupled with unbounded confidence and reliance on Divine Providence were their main assets. At their head was Mother Louis the newly-elected Prioress Provincial. The history of Dominican College is her history. From the time when she was entrusted with the important step of erecting the college, down to the present day when her children are celebrating her Golden Jubilee, the name of Mother Louis is inseparably linked with the development of the institution. Infinite trust, unyielding fearlessness, gentle firmness, enthusiastic zeal, and ardent piety have characterized her from the beginning. Financial difficulties presented themselves, but she faced them unflinchingly, and notwithstanding their pressure, caused the erection of the building which was dedicated by Archbishop Riordan on July 21, 1889. The following month the boarding school was opened, and on June 5, 1890, the first Commencement Exercises were held and High School Diplomas were awarded to the Misses Winifred Kaseberg, Amelia Fernandez, and Virginia Nippert. The college grew steadily, and in August, 1891,





DOMINICAN COLLEGE : ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

*"In the land where summers never cease  
Their sunny psalm of light and peace."*

—EDWARD ROWLAND SILL



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

was incorporated under the laws of the State of California and empowered to confer degrees. Christian education had gained another stronghold.

Mother Louis' unflagging interest in those under her care caused her to take every opportunity to improve the college. As the years went on there were many obstacles to be removed, and many difficulties to be overcome, but her serene and patient perseverance surmounted them all. To any but an heroic soul they would have been insuperable. Her Sisterhood, strong-minded, generous women, always co-operated. One dominating thought—the formation and development of character, and the instilling of those principles which beget the highest ideal of true womanhood actuated their every move. All improvements in educational methods were welcomed. The curricula were arranged to meet the actual needs of the pupils, to keep them abreast of the times, and to make them at graduation worthy competitors in every sphere of life with graduates of other institutions. To facilitate this, the work of the college was organized in accordance with the requirements of the University of California, and in 1902 the accreditation was received. Since then Dominican College has sent to the State University many students, testifying by their work to the results achieved in schools whose creed is that religious, moral, and secular training must go hand-in-hand for the perfecting of the whole human being. This secular training has not been entirely along literary and scientific lines. Music and art have always held a prominent place, and the fame of the School of Music is growing. At present it is one of the few private schools privileged to confer State Certificates. More spacious accommodations becoming necessary, in 1909 the present building was opened, a fine specimen of Mission architecture, built in old Spanish style around a paved and collonaded patio. About this time arose a need of more adequate equipment for the High School department, and in 1913 St. Thomas' Hall was completed, a memorial to Mr. and Mrs. James Enright.

A few years ago the University authorities urged the establishment of Junior Colleges throughout the State, in private as well as in public schools. The Dominican Sisters were ready to take advantage of this step, and in 1916 the Dominican Junior College was opened. Again, more accommodations became imperative and "Meadowlands" was acquired for the college students. Progress was so rapid that early in 1920, "Edgehill" was added. Of these two homes, ideal for their purpose, no description need be given here. In education it is the hope of the Dominicans that "Meadowlands" and "Edgehill" may play a vital part. The general decay of religious belief outside the Church, the unsettled economic conditions of the country, and the present social unrest make it clear that in the future the need of higher education based on sound Catholic principles will be even greater than in the past. College-bred Catholic women will find much to do in the front ranks of life.

To Mother Louis and to her sympathetic co-workers, among whom is one who also this year rounds out her half-century of service, Sister Mary Clare, Dominican College is an enduring monument of zeal and self-sacrifice. Its success has been all that its founders could have wished, for it has manifested that true progress which builds upon the foundations of the past a structure that is able in its breadth and strength to meet the needs of the future.

M. T.



## TO MOTHER LOUIS



JUBILEES are milestones, and jubilee years are especially significant years. Their significance is due entirely to the fact that they indicate the general direction in which the road of life has stretched and enable us to stand a little out of the heat and the dust and see that road in its relative totality. In other words, to those of us who are too young or too foolish or too wise or too inconspicuous to have jubilees of our own, jubilees come as monitors, as inspirers, as kings and priests and prophets. For jubilees make us compare ourselves with the jubilarians, and thus we find out something of our own littleness and of the slender value of our wanderings and meanderings along the highway of life. We somehow find out that while we have raised much dust the jubilarians have builded solid roads and walked therein.

This is what I think when I sit down, just before going into retreat, in response to an invitation to write something for the jubilee of Mother Louis. Here is a woman who has walked straight and who has builded the King's highway. During more years than fall to most religious superiors she has guided the destinies of a singularly efficient teaching organization; and she has not failed to make of herself a center of that piety and culture which in our work must go hand in hand, which tends in the direction of Bishop Spalding's splendid ideal of scholars who are saints and saints who are scholars. Mother Louis, as a woman dedicated to God's service in the religious life, has walked straight in the straight path of freely accepted obligation; and as a woman dedicated to God's service in the harvest-white field of education, she has constructed and widened and lengthened one of the roads that cut through the Valley of the Shadow and lead unto the Delectable Mountains.

Metaphors! Yes; but vital metaphors. Ye that are wise will understand; and ye that do not understand are perfectly welcome to smite me hip and thigh. But all must agree that in so fine a woman as Mother Louis, so tactful, so adaptable, so considerate, and yet so enterprising, so far-seeing, so progressive and aggressive, Catholic education in California is signally blessed.

But her greatest claim to prominence as a road-builder of the Lord is still unnoted; and that is her very marked and very unusual ability to develop among her Sisters women of scholarship and piety and forward-looking vision. Time and space are alike denied me to expatiate on this theme, and I could hardly make an illustrated lecture of it without perturbing many valued friends; but to me this is the greatest and most distinctive trait in the character of Mother Louis and the brightest jewel in her ample crown of multiform achievement. To be selfish in piety is, alas, as facile—and possibly as frequent—as to be selfish in scholarship; to keep one's head above the crowd by the unchristian but effective expedient of hitting all other heads with a cudgel, is common in the world and at least understandable in the cloister. It is to Mother Louis's credit that her triumphs have never been personal triumphs, that her corn has never been destined exclusively for her own mill. She has been more mindful of building up her schools and making real, well-rounded, Catholic-spirited women of her Sisters than of building a puny temple of fame for herself alone. She would not save her life; and so she has not lost it.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

It would be easy to frame a concluding paragraph as the thing is generally done (consult any jubilee publication for particulars); but let me content myself with expressing the hope that after this milestone has been passed, the King's highway will continue to gleam across the plains and to extend itself into the dark places and through them, and to open the way to simple delights beside still waters. And those of us who, more or less haltingly, follow along the road will bless the memory and the name of Mother Louis in fair weather and foul, in gray days and gold. And perhaps, when some weary but glad-hearted traveler catches sight of the Delectable Mountains and realizes with absolute certainty that this wondrous road leads thereunto, he may pause for a brief space and build a little monument of stones; and with his sheath-knife he may fittingly carve the inscription: "To Mother Louis, Maker of Women."

BROTHER LEO.

### HOPE AND LOVE

Who starts each new born day with hope,  
Can surely happier be  
Than they who hold depressive thoughts  
And only failure see.

Who starts each new born day with love,  
Can give a tired world rest  
And at the end can sleep in peace  
For love gives all that's best.

CARRIE JACOBS BOND, 1920.



1870

1920

## THE GOLDEN JUBILEE

TO MOTHER LOUIS

How shall a worldly mind, an erring soul,  
 Mount heights where but the just should dare extol  
 The history of fifty stainless years,  
 That baffled sin amid the taunts and sneers  
     Of narrowness and spite?  
 How shall the hand that has not learned the way  
 To lead unto the truth souls gone astray,  
 Though yielding to the thrill of penitence,  
 Presume to pen sweet lines of reverence  
     For sinlessness and might?

And yet the worldly may midst cloisters live,  
 To learn the faith that teaches to forgive;  
 And so do I upon this hallowed day  
 Cast the world's dross and tinselled thoughts away,  
     To add my mite of praise,  
 Unto the Golden Jubilee of one  
 Who lived to do what others left undone;  
 Whose silvered head reflected wisdom's truth  
 Upon the immaturities of youth  
     Through eighteen thousand days!

Ah saintly days! Ah wondrous fifty years!  
 Soothing the sighs that came of aimless fears,  
 Breathing the strength of learning and of trust  
 Into the minds that else were prone to rust,  
     Or yield them to the wrong.  
 From youth to age her efforts knew no pause;  
 From youth to age stern education's laws  
 With power unflinching she hath seen obeyed  
 And down through fifty years her courage made  
     The battle of the strong.

Till education's history be done  
 And pens shall write no more of laurels won;  
 Till praise shall have been silenced, glory dead,  
 Its crown of genius must adorn the head  
     That bowed beneath no rod—  
 And down along the hallowed years to come,  
 Until the magic of those lips be dumb,  
 Whatever man's or woman's voice may do,  
 Neither can offer recompense that's true—  
     Rest that with God.

CLAY M. GREENE.



## A TRIBUTE FROM ANNIE LAURIE



NCE many years ago (how fast they fly, the years—some weep, some laugh, some sing and some wonder, but they never wait, do they?) someone handed me a white rose.

"See," she said, "it is from the convent garden. Isn't it like a nun? So white, so sweet and so delicate."

"Yes," said I, and I put the white rose in a little silver vase shaped like a tiny Grecian urn, and I kept it a long time. And every time I looked at it, I thought of white roses in the moonlight and quiet gardens under the starlight, and kneeling figures, silent and a little sad, and a dim chapel drenched in a blue cloud of incense.

The other day it rained and three good friends and I came across the bay to the convent here in San Rafael, and when we entered the gate, the Sisters came fluttering down the steps like a flock of white doves—for the two friends who took me to the convent were visitors of distinction and worth. And we entered the convent and talked together of many things—the Sisters and the three good friends and I, and there was soft laughter and pleasant talk, and the topics ranged from politics to religion and from the newest books in the world to the oldest books ever published—the books of the human heart. And between the drops we ran out into the garden, and saw the roses all drenched in rain, and the English hawthorne red as a sacrificial fairie, and white as the foam upon the sea that breaks on the green shore of Erin, and lilacs purple and pearly, and yellow cowslips and great trees and hedges, and rows and glorious riotings of roses, yellow and red and saffron and pink, and only here and there a white rose. And there they were, among the flowers, the Sisters of St. Dominic, laughing, rosy, sweet and gentle, purity itself, but not at all sad, not even pensive. And chief among them all, the dear Mother Louis, stately, gracious, gentle, noble, tolerant, generous, loving, understanding, wise, benignant, deep eyes burning with the zeal of a noble life.

And I thought of the frail, delicate, white rose I saw so long and long ago and smiled.

Mother Louis—No. Moonlight, starlight, sunshine and shadow, clean winds singing in from the sea, broad meadows with the tall grass rippling, great forests deep and religious like a cathedral aisle, a deep calm lake—all these things are like the Great Religious, not at all like a delicate white rose, fading in a vase of silver shaped like a tiny Grecian urn.

Fifty years a nun, fifty years of meditation and of prayer and of hard, hard, work, splendidly planned and wonderfully done. The mother of several different hospitals, any number of communities, and the inspiration and strength of one of the finest institutions of culture and education in the new world. How has she done it all?

A few thousand dollars and twenty girls, that was the beginning not so long ago. And there were some who smiled at Mother Louis' idea for a great school and a wondrous convent here in San Rafael, and now Edgehill, Meadowlands, the Home Place, an enchanted ring of little Edens, all knit together by her strength and courage and vision. Two hundred girls and a waiting list not to be numbered, a center of religious influence and consecration. What a work for what a life.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

Youth and promise are hers to train. Hope and faith, it is hers to give. Ignorance and bigotry and the sullen hate of good, it is hers to crush, as Eve crushed the serpent in another garden long and long ago, and well has she done her great and noble work.

If someone had gathered rose leaves in the convent garden, and made from the fragrant petals a perfumed bead for every good thought encouraged, and every fine ideal upheld, and every kindly deed done in all those years, what a rosary of love and fealty and consecration we should have today to say, for Mother Louis:

"Hail, Mary, Full of Grace,

"The Lord is with Thee."

It is the hour of prayer, how low and firm and beautiful is the accustomed voice of the well loved mother as she begins the ancient supplication:

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death."

Ah, rose of the passing hour, bow your proud head of queenly beauty, and hearken well. 'Tis of sinners they pray, the good Sisters, for poor, weary, world-worn sinners who do not know the peace and radiance of final surrender.

Hark, how the birds sing in the yellow acacia. Listen, is that the water dripping into the quiet pool in the upper garden? "Pray for us sinners now".

Oh, that all sinners fainting and dying in the stress and agony of life could be remembered in such orisons as these.

Fifty years a religious, fifty years of prayer and meditation, and noble and wonderful work, well crowned with splendid success.

To build in the very heart of the greed and the cruelty and the hysteria and the careless levity of the thing we call modern life such a sanctuary as this, and keep it pure and sacred, like an altar to the Most High, is not that a work of grandeur and of noble faith?

Back to her they come flocking through the years, the girls who have known the benign and the wise care of Mother Louis, some to tell a sorrowful tale of trouble and care, some to whisper joyful tidings of simple happiness or great worldly honors showered upon them. And always at the last there is a little prayer together, and back they go to the great careless, heedless world, the many daughters of Mother Louis, strengthened and uplifted, to pass along the torch of faith and love and charity to light the cruel darkness of this poor, black earth of ours.

True friend, wise mother, keen counselor, brave teacher, great religious, to you we dare to consecrate this rosary of the hours that we misname a day.

And if, when evening falls and in the quiet skies the stars begin to shine for you, like silver lights in some far high altar, you will remember even the least of us with one little prayer, peace may yet come to many restless souls, for the prayers of the good, they say, are always answered.

ANNIE LAURIE.



## GREETINGS FROM MONTEREY



GOLDEN jubilee. Another rosary of years laid at the feet of our Lady. How many beautiful souls have donned the white robe, and followed the path that leads away from the haunts of men since the days when saintly Mother Goemaere came at the call of Archbishop Alemany to California.

Today amid all the beauty of the Dominican College at San Rafael as it is, and picturing in our imagination the greater things that are to be, it is but fitting that we visit in spirit that humble beginning at dear old Monterey.

A delightfully young old lady who was a pupil at Monterey and later at Benicia, and whose grandchildren are now attending one of the schools conducted by the Dominican Sisters, has often told them of the old days at Monterey. The story is best told in her own words. A simple recital, it is true, just as simple as that first foundation. The convent is gone, the nuns long since departed, but the little child who went to them so long ago still holds them in her memory.

"I was a little girl about seven years of age when we came, father, mother, and several children from Valparaiso to San Francisco. It was a long journey in the good ship Chateaubriand. We landed at what was then known as Clark's Point, in April 1849. San Francisco was only a city of tents.

A year later at the call of Archbishop Alemany, Mother Goemaere and her companions came to California. They stayed in San Francisco for a time, and I remember their teaching Sunday school at old St. Francis.

They soon went, however, to Monterey, and there in the historic old town where rest the remains of the apostle of California, Junipero Serra, they began their work, truly following in his footsteps. He came, the brown robed son of St. Francis, to bring the Indian to the knowledge and love of God; the white robed daughters of St. Dominic came to do a like work for the children of the white man, who had followed the march of empire.

I was sent to boarding school at Monterey in 1852. How well I remember the old convent. Today no trace of it remains but a hollow place which marks the location of the old well. The building set in the midst of the pine trees, extended along two sides of a block of land. It was a two story adobe house somewhat in the traditional Spanish style. On the ground floor were the chapel, school rooms, parlor and refectories; on the second floor the dormitories and Sisters' quarters. On this floor too, was an open porch which served the girls as a wash room. To the rear, cut off from the outside world by a high fence, was the garden where the girls had their recreation, and where the Sisters walked in the quiet evenings telling their beads.

Sometimes we were allowed to go into the woods and gather pine nuts and huckleberries, both of which grew in great profusion. On these occasions, the Sisters supplied us with salt bags in which we carried home our treasures—pine nuts and huckleberries. What would the girls of today think of them when compared with the dainties that grace their feasts?

One day we had a wonderful treat—a journey to Carmel Mission. We walked from Monterey. Many of the adjoining adobe houses and much of the old wall were



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

still standing. Today little trace of these remain. The pear trees were in full fruit and provided us with a welcome addition to our lunch. We rode home in great farm wagons drawn by bullock teams. The wagons were supplied with a good bedding of hay, and despite the absence of springs I doubt not we enjoyed our ride as much, if not more, than any group of young people in the pretentious conveyances of today. What matter that the pace of the oxen was slow; we were young and the rush of modern American life had not yet disturbed the quiet of the old town.

Mother Goemaere, as I remember her, was a very large woman with features almost masculine in type—she was a cultured scholar, spoke Spanish with the same fluency that marked the use of her mother tongue—French. Among the others I remember Sister Hyacinth, Sister Madeline, Sister Frances, Sister Margaret, Sister Inez a remarkable musician, and Sister Dominica whose romantic story Bret Harte has given to the world; then too, there was Sister Aloysius O'Neil, who was to us a most romantic character, because, as the story went, her father had been killed by Indians in a raid in Ohio. She was reared by the Ewing family, one of whom became the wife of General Sherman. The school was attended by girls from the ranchos near and far, with occasional additions from the city. I remember when the Murphy girls came to school. They were very lonesome, and wept bitterly, that first day. Mother Goemaere comforted them and said: "Come, you must let me measure you for the habit." Was it a bit of inspiration? Later, as Sister Raymond and Sister Emily, they were numbered among her daughters.

Spanish was spoken generally, even the American girls learned to chatter in that musical tongue. How simple some of us were. I remember one little girl who had her first lesson in geography, and that night the whole dormitory was aroused by her wailing. When Sister went to investigate, she found it was all because the child was fearful that during the night she might fall off the earth. She had learned that day for the first time that the earth was round, and that people walked about on the outside of it.

The Sisters stayed in Monterey till June 1854. The closing exercises that year were attended by numerous visitors from San Francisco. The Archbishop, Father Louis, Father Villarassa, two Sisters of Charity, and relatives and friends of the pupils. My mother and father were among the guests, and mother used to tell of the shock she had when I appeared in a uniform which had been lengthened by adding a ruffle of paper muslin—that being the only material available when the shortness of my dress shocked some of the good Sisters.

That "closing" marked the end of the Dominican story in Monterey. It was too far from the center of population, and so the old convent was closed and the next scene was laid in Benicia, then a thriving metropolis. Among my treasures is a Bible presented to me on that closing day, in which is inscribed my name, the date, and the signature of our Most Reverend Archbishop Alemany.

I am so proud to be able to greet Mother Louis, and as it were congratulate her for Mother Goemaere, the good Sisters, and the girls of Monterey.

Truly they must all rejoice that the work begun so simply has borne such wondrous fruit, "Monterey, Benicia, San Rafael." What a vision opens up before us of what the future may add to the glorious work of the white-robed daughters of St. Dominic in California.

AGNES REGAN, Alumna, St. Rose.





## ALMA MATER TO HER CHILDREN

"Come!"

We called in life's fair dawning,  
When with hope-filled, wonder eyes,  
You stood at youth's bright portal,  
To greet the glad sunrise:

"Come,

Find the choicest flowers  
In this earthly paradise!"

"Stay!"

We pleaded in your girlhood,  
When with hearts unknown to guile,  
You sought pleasure's thorn-hid mazes,  
Saw beauty's luring smile:

"Stay,

Gather up the treasures,  
For many a weary mile!"

"Go!"

We pray today, at parting,  
When with grace-blest souls you stand  
Faith-amoured, for life's battle,  
In your rose-bound meadowland:

"Go,

Win a glorious victory,  
Holding fast your mother's hand!"





## VERITAS



ARDINAL NEWMAN says that the chief purpose of education is to train good members for society; if this be true, nothing can be of greater importance than the students' attitude toward truth and falsehood, for the value of a member of society is measured by the worth of his character, and there is no more vital element in character than truth. It follows that the only justification a teaching order can have is that it is an institution for proclaiming and guarding truth. The various mottoes of our American colleges indicate that organizations devoted to learning generally recognize this purpose; the motto of Harvard is "Veritas" and "Lux et Veritas" is that of Yale. Their assumption of responsibility is slight however when compared with that of the teaching orders of the Catholic Church. The professed purpose of secular teaching bodies is mental culture; direct moral teaching is excluded as superfluous, in the belief that when man knows better he will do better—a belief which human experience hardly warrants.

Direct moral teaching is an important part of Catholic education—in fact it is the important part. The means employed are various, and the individual's sacrifice is complete. It was said of St. Dominic that "he was wholly absorbed in the salvation of souls by all means, and as many as he could." This sentence adequately sums up the life of any one of his most faithful followers. St. Dominic organized his order with a view to this diversity of means. The elasticity of the Dominican rule facilitates the saving of souls in any and every way in which it can be done. There is no rigidity about the laws governing Dominican lives—when means cease to be means and become hindrances dispensation is always available. External observances are entirely subordinated to the fundamental aim of teaching truth—which to St. Dominic meant "saving souls." The great Founder recognized the axiom that "it is necessary to receive light before diffusing it." The union of action and contemplation which is characteristic of the order is intended to provide that no one shall engage in action who has not first prepared himself by prayer and study.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

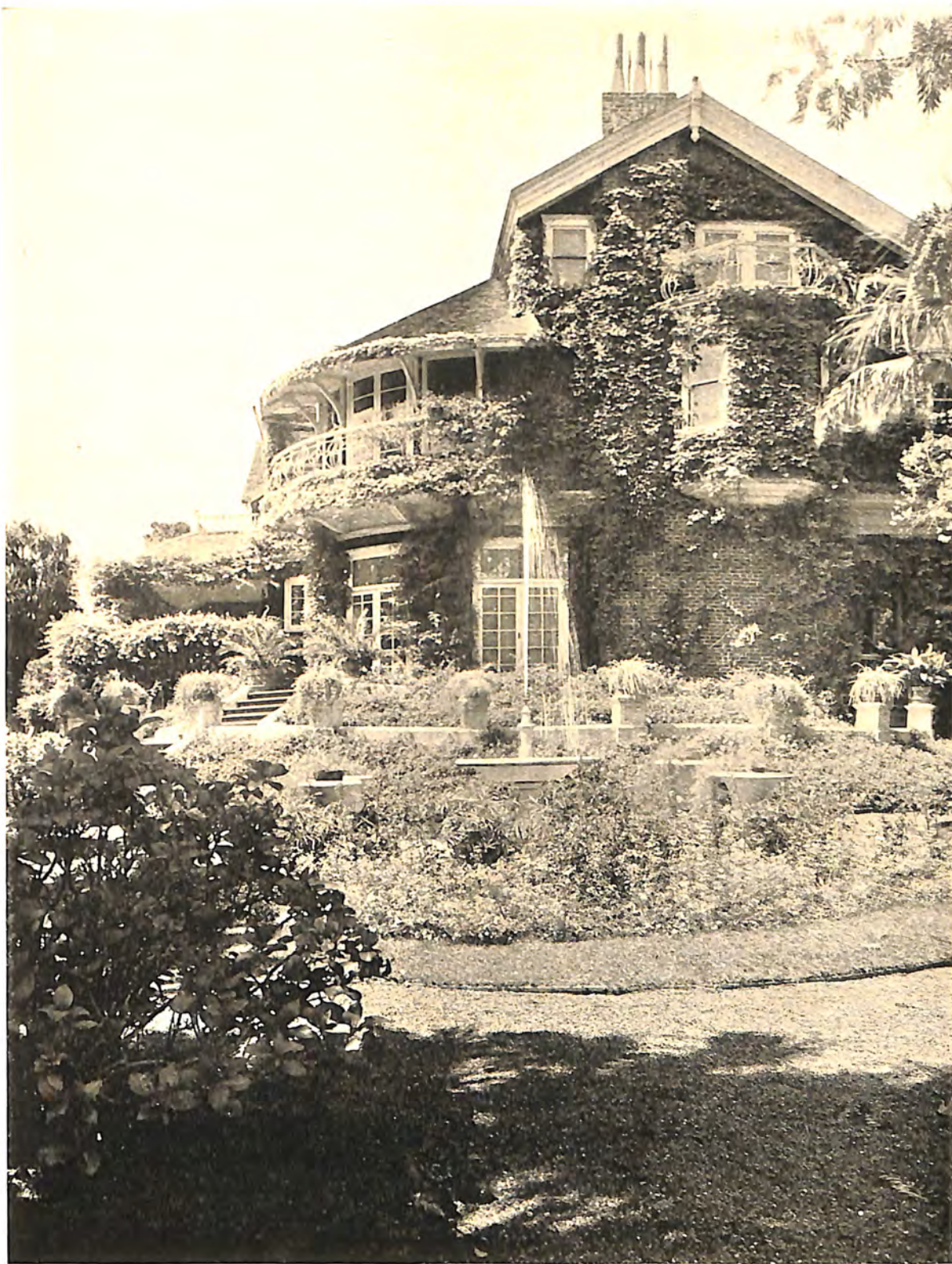
In education St. Dominic and his disciples do not place their sole reliance upon formal teaching; this is exemplified in the work of the order of women. Thackeray says that men do good by doing what they do, and women by being what they are—a principle which the Dominican Constitutions of the Third Order seem to endorse: "It is most necessary that those who devote themselves to a work so sublime and holy, should before all things labor at their own sanctification, so that they may become fit instruments for the sanctification of others." The method of teaching by example is more effective in providing a motive, than the method of teaching by precept; it is consequently better adapted to moral teaching—or the education of character. St. John Chrysostom says "if we love true and faithful souls because we see in them faith and justice, we can also become what they are, if we do what they do." If this method is more effective, it obliges those who use it to greater effort. Knowing the truth they must live the truth, in order to be able to say with St. Paul: "Be ye followers of me, as I am of Christ."

The motto "Veritas" sums up the spirit and aim of the Dominican Order. The "spirit" of an order can rarely be grasped by anyone not a member; the daily life, the daily following of traditional as well as constitutional exercises, constant association with those who have grown old in service, these experiences alone can reveal the "inner self" of a religious life. To conquer this elusiveness there seems to be no other way than to consider the spirit as embodied in the life of the Founder and in the lives of the most illustrious members. St. Dominic's zeal for truth was his consuming passion, and all of his life that was not spent in teaching truth was spent in fighting untruth. The Albigensian heresy, which he combated long and valiantly, was not only subversive of Christianity, but of the entire social order. The sect taught that the world was the creation of the "evil God" that life was unclean, and an absolute misfortune, that the destinies of men were controlled by diabolic spirits, that all law was injustice. This monstrous doctrine could only result in anarchy and absolute irreligion. St. Dominic spent his best energy against this unspeakable iniquity, and when he instituted his order to combat it, he stamped that order with a distinctive zeal for truth. St. Thomas Aquinas, probably the most learned disciple of the great master, did quite as much for truth, but in a different way; his life was spent in study and his great legacy of theological truth is always equal to the refutation of errors of all time. St. Catherine of Siena whose zeal for truth was almost martial, spoke it boldly when duty required it. Of Savonarola it may be said that he died for the truth—died at the hands of the people whom he had so often taught, guided and comforted. His moral and intellectual grandeur, his sanctity, and above all—his godly sincerity rank him among the greatest of Dominicans.

The merest cursory survey of Dominican life through the ages clearly shows that the animatory spirit is pure and strong in zeal for truth. This spirit is the common heritage of all Dominicans, and it is a noble heritage—for truth is the "sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense, the last was the light of reason and His sabbath work ever since is the illumination of His spirit. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence and turn upon the poles of truth."

M. S.





MEADOWLANDS

*"Here, each flower and blossom shy  
Linger the livelong day in still delight."*



## CARDINAL MERCIER



THE first interest of the journalist is the momentary. In his standard of values the deed transcends the idea. Even be the agent an obscure individual, and the act short-lived in its influence on the fortunes of a few, yet may the news item crowd into insignificance the enduring thought which a later generation will appreciate.

So that most of us insulated as we are from current happenings rejected of periodicals, had heard little or nothing of the work of Cardinal Mercier until 1914. His achievements in religion, in education, in philosophy had been too comprehensive for the myopic vision of the press. It was a minor phase of his activity that brought the Cardinal into the field of observation of news writers. The famous Christmas Pastoral was first acclaimed, not for its intrinsic worth as an expression of the principles of order and justice, but as an act of defiance issued to the invader.

The challenger was hailed where the churchman had been unheard. The world loves a hero, especially when the odds against him are very great. And in those days when the fate of Belgium was so uncertain, the Cardinal's intrepidity seemed strongly tinged with the poignant romance that lies in a lost cause. But even as the first febrile applause was subsiding, the judgment of men began to be molded in a firmer cast by sentiments of respect and admiration for the ideals which had inspired the deed. Recognized as the spokesman of a nation, the Primate of Belgium was placed in the front rank of the leaders forged in the shock of war. Today, respect for his words has deepened into absolute faith in his probity, and admiration for his principles has widened into personal affection on the part of all those who know his story.

Too often does the world misplace its confidence. It is a familiar story in every age, that of the idol with feet of clay. For in order to rise to the occasion one may need only the stimulus of exigence; to keep to the level of all occasions requires sure judgment, tireless effort, and utter disinterestedness. Above all disinterestedness, or there can be no continuance in leadership, no furtherance of the common good. From demi-god to demagogue the transition is swift; and the cause thereof is none other than the departure of the grace of God.

What are we to think of his discernment, who has known so well when to speak and when to be silent; when to act and when to suffer; who has been not only the gentle Angel of the Church in Belgium, ministering, guiding, consoling, but also the valiant Archangel of the Church in the world, barring with the sword of the moral law the entry of force as a deciding factor in human affairs? What may we not hope of his integrity, whose life's work it is to advance the cause of Him Who is Truth itself?

This much, surely! That whether the issue be great or small, whether men choose to praise or condemn, Cardinal Mercier will not fail to point out the way of right, and to walk in it unflinching. The spectacular setting of war, the need for dramatic action, these things have passed; but still there remain the clear vision, the unflagging devotion, the high nobility of soul. So long as he lives and works and prays, so long shall there bloom in Belgium the flower of perfect service, whose roots are in God.

ALICE LAGAN, Alumna, St. Rose.



## GREAT EPOCHS IN DOMINICAN EDUCATION

**T**OWARDS that part where sweet Zephyr riseth to open the new leaves, wherewith Europe seeth herself reclad, not far off from the smiting of the waves, behind the which because of their long stretch, the sun sometimes hideth himself from all, the fortune-favored Calaroga sitteth \* \* \*. Therewithin was born the amorous frere of the Christian faith, the sacred athlete, benignant to his own and terrible to his foes \* \* \*; Dominic was he named; and I speak of him as of the husbandman whom Christ chose for his orchard to bring aid to it. Well did he show himself a messenger and a familiar of Christ, for the first love made manifest in him was to the first counsel that Christ gave. Many a time, silent and awake, was he found on the floor by her who nursed him as one who should say, 'It was for this I came \* \* \*.' Not for the world for whose sake now men toil but for the love of the true manna, in short season he became a mighty teacher, such that he set him to go round the vineyard, which soon turneth gray if the vine-dresser be to blame; and from the seat which erst was more benign to the just poor \* \* \* he made demand, not to dispense or two or three for six, not for the fortune of the next vacancy, not for the tithes belonging to God's poor; but only for *freedom to combat against the errors of the world by the word of God*. Then with teaching and with will together, with the apostolic office he moved forth, like a torrent that a deep vein out-presseth, and his rush smote amongst the stumps of heresy most livingly where the resistances were grossest. For him then diverse streamlets sprung, whereby the Catholic orchard is so watered that its shrubs have the fuller life."

Such is Saint Dominic as pictured by Dante, and such will he remain in the hearts of all who read his life. His great desire was to "combat against the errors of the world by the word of God." For this reason is the Order of Saint Dominic called the Order of Friars-Preachers, the Order that has done so much for the enlightenment of the world.

The greatest work done by the Dominicans in "combatting the errors of the world," may be divided into five periods: first the time of Saint Dominic; second that of Albertus Magnus and Saint Thomas Aquinas; third that of the missionaries in the newly discovered world; fourth that of Savonarola in the Florentine Renaissance; fifth that of Père Lacordaire. There remains the present. These periods of the past were critical times, epochs of excitement, unrest, and indecision among the people, and periods in which the Order of Saint Dominic saw the people's needs, came to their aid and settled their doubts.

During the life of Saint Dominic the Albigensian heresy, which had been spreading for many years, had gained such influence that the Holy See was obliged to do all in her power to stop its growth. Accordingly many were sent to preach against the heretics, and among those sent was Saint Dominic. The majority met with failure, but not Dominic. He saw the reasons why others did not succeed; and he saw the frightful results of the unchecked heresy, a heresy due chiefly to ignorance of the faith; he determined that the children of Catholics must be taught, since from necessity and carelessness all their little knowledge was the work of the heretics.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

He saw that women had great influence in spreading this heresy, and therefore he founded in 1206 the Second Order of Dominicans at the Convent of Prouille, where he gathered together a few holy women for the purpose of teaching young girls.

In 1216 Saint Dominic obtained permission to establish the so-called First Order of Friars-Preachers. Their ideal was to preach and by their preaching to bring the light of true religion to those who would otherwise be ignorant. In order to do this it was necessary to establish schools where their most promising candidates could be given a thorough education. Therefore, at each great center of learning was established a studium generale in which the Dominicans could receive their education under the most learned doctors of the time.

The first of the long list of Dominican teachers to bring out the spirit of the Order was Albertus Magnus, a man well versed in every branch of knowledge then known. Many of his pupils are saints today, but the greatest of them all is Thomas of Aquin.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries men became troubled and anxious. They were ignorant, and knowing they were ignorant they longed for knowledge. In various parts of Europe dangerous doctrines arose that were readily seized by the thirsty people; the first fanatic who appeared could easily sway this doubtful mass of humanity. Out of the universal demand for knowledge came the universities, and because the professors were often tempted by the desire of founding a new system to teach to the huge crowds that came to hear their learned discourses, it was chiefly in the universities that these evil influences were felt. In the midst of this confusion, Saint Thomas, for the Dominican Order in accordance to their ideal, had spared nothing to develop his intellectual powers, was teaching in the University of Paris. He attracted thousands by the fame and skill of his learning, and he held them by the charm of his personality, and his sanctity. At the request of Saint Raymund of Pennaforte, he wrote his famous *Summa*. By this work he directed the intellectual enthusiasm of the time into the right courses.

With the discoveries of new lands the Dominicans entered into a new era of influence, and extended their work over a still wider field; their missionaries were soon preaching to the Indians. In the civilized communities of these foreign countries, Universities were established. In South America, in 1551, the University of Lima was founded by a Dominican, eighty-five years before the founding of Harvard. In the Phillipine Islands a university was opened in the year 1645. Although for awhile this institution was closed, Mr. Taft reopened it for classes when he was governor of the Islands. In 1905 the Dominicans as their final work along university lines in America, founded a studium generale in connection with the Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

During the period of the Renaissance, the evils of the world were due less to heresy than to wrong ideals of living. The moral standard of the clergy had become even lower than that of the laity, the churches were places more for listening to the splendid music than for praying. In Italy an air of anxiety, a fear of a French invasion, and a knowledge of the fact that their army was in poor condition, made the people even more susceptible to the teachings of Savonarola, the great Dominican monk who had become practically the ruler of Florence. As Saint Dominic had arisen to overthrow the heresy of his time, and Saint Thomas of Aquin to convince the doubting of his time, so rose Savonarola to bring about the reforms necessary to



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

make the people return to the right ways of living. He was a man of great spirit and fire; his sermons were full of prophecies and coming disasters. He preached against self-seeking politicians, dishonest merchants and gamblers; he advocated giving work and not charity to the poor. He knew the crying need for reforms, and he did all in his power to bring about these reforms in Florence. He was convinced of the value of educational institutions, and he believed that the pulpit was among the greatest means of educating the people. Savonarola was a character of such strength, energy, and vigor that in spite of the circumstances that surrounded his tragic death, circumstances that caused many to disbelieve him, his influence is still felt. He will always stand out as a man who, in spite of physical weakness and political opposition, did much to raise the standards of life.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, after the world had risen and fallen again, a Dominican once more came to the rescue. This man was Père Lacordaire, who brought the Dominican Order back to France.

Up to this time and since the religious orders had been exiled from France, the Catholic Church had been held in a sort of ostracism and contempt. No one who had raised his voice in her defence had attained success, but Lacordaire in his conferences at Notre Dame spoke with all the spirit, all the soul of a poet as well as a priest. There were few who were not moved by his eloquence and his power. His conferences attained for him great popularity, and it was this that aided him greatly in restoring the Dominican Order in France. It was shortly after this time that Lacordaire first thought of becoming a Dominican monk in order to bring back the Dominican Order. This was a bold step, for even though the law was not emphatic on the point, public opinion was strongly averse to it, and this it was that was hardest to overcome. There were struggles with the government, struggles with public opinion and all manner of obstacles which had to be overruled, but by an undying faith in God's aid, by brave work and unceasing efforts, Lacordaire succeeded. His order soon fairly well established, Lacordaire carried out his second great desire, the teaching of young men. He had always wished to make instruction from the pulpit and the education of youth his chief aim in life. "He remembered," writes Mother Drane in her translation of Père Chocarne's "Inner Life of Lacordaire," "how he himself had lost his religious faith and the innocence of his soul at the Lyceum of Dijon. He had entered the college, pure in heart, praying, and loving the God of his mother; and he left it with his faith ruined and his morals blemished. This he well knew was almost the universal lot of young men." Therefore it was with great joy and thanksgiving that in 1852 when a university was given over to be taught by the Dominicans he had now, "to resolve on creating a new branch, under the wider and more supple rule of the Third Order."

The present day is strikingly similar to that of Saint Thomas of Aquin. There is the same restless craving for knowledge, but this is general not among men alone, as in the time of Saint Thomas, but among women also. Saint Dominic when he built his first little convent in Prouille, realized the need of education for women; the Dominicans today realize this same need. It is by women, chiefly, that the religious beliefs of coming generations will be formed, hence the necessity of giving women an adequate education. In the development of this great work the Third Order has come to the front. Through seven centuries the Sisters of Saint Dominic



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

have been laboring with quiet strength. The result of their work speaks for itself. In the United States convents have been established from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico in a far-reaching and influential line. In 1822 the first Dominican Convent was founded in Kentucky. From that time on Dominican educational institutions have become important factors in the different states. The Dominicans have wisely worked in sympathy with state institutions, following the best in modern methods, giving themselves heart and soul to their teaching, praying daily for strength and light. Many of the Dominican schools are accredited to the state universities; in 1918 the Newman Club of the University of Texas at Austin announced that the Dominican Sisters had purchased land on the campus, and that plans were drawn for the erecting of a hall for Catholic students attending the university. There are women's colleges at Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, and at San Rafael, in California. Nothing has been spared in the development of these institutions. To meet the demands in the work of higher education is an undertaking that requires courage. But under the leadership of women like Mother Emily Power to whom the Sinsinawa community owes its greatest inspiration and Mother Louis O'Donnell, the Prioress Provincial of the California Congregation of the Holy Name, the Sisters of St. Dominic feel that no labor, no discouragement can be too great. Quietly but surely Mother Louis has worked, calm and tranquil in the greatest difficulties. Years ago like St. Thomas, she saw far ahead and realized the needs of her time, saw the wisdom of working side by side with the workers of the world. Only those who know her best realize what she has accomplished. Failure never discouraged her. Her work was God's work; and in time it would be crowned with success. Gentle, strong, trusting in God, less ruler than friend, she has guided and encouraged her community until the preparatory schools of the Dominicans in California, and the Junior College at San Rafael have won generous recognition. To the sisters happy in knowing and loving her, Mother Louis is an Angel of the Schools, chief source of inspiration to her community as they labor to meet the ever-growing needs of the present.

MARIAN ADAMS, '23.

### SPRING'S GIFT

Sometimes I shut my eyes and see  
That magic herald of the spring—  
Just an Acacia tree.

A swaying mass of purest gold,  
A jewel set where stately pines  
Their warm green boughs unfold.

Of all the gifts spring brings to me,  
The loveliest of them all is this—  
Just an Acacia tree.

NANCY PATTISON, Alumna.



## SQUARED



HEY had been boys together and chums, too. Even when the terrible thing happened it made no difference between them. At first, Hoppie had been sick with grief and shame, thinking he could never look Ken in the face again. But that was over quickly for as soon as Ken had wakened and seen the flushed face of his friend above him, and had seen his eyes averted in desperation, he had understood and thrust out his hand with quick words, "Say old top, it's all right. Don't you mind." It had been necessary to reassure him during the long weeks of recovery, but when Ken was better they had been as good pals as before. Even better in fact. Their friendship was cemented by Hoppie's eager desire to atone and Ken's wish not to make Hoppie feel any difference. So between these two the terrible thing had been a tie. It happened this way.

Both the Hopkins and the Deans were in the mountains during the summer vacation. They were at Pine Inn, one of those wilderness resorts where everyone khaki clad is either walking or hunting or horseback riding or swimming in fern-banked pools. There had been jolly picnics and more or less exciting rides. Ken and Hoppie were allowed to carry the camp's mail on the three mile run to the post office. This was a privilege granted to the biggest and therefore most reliable boys in the crowd. Puffed up with importance they would climb up in their saddles, sling the mail bag over the pommel with an air of nonchalance, and tear off, very conscious of admiring glances from younger brothers and sisters. For they rode well. They were strong and tanned and they did everything well. Out of sight of the onlookers they would invariably pull up their horses, and in lowered voices discuss the possibility of being held up. You understand the responsibility of carrying United States mail. And one can never tell. So they made numerous plans of how they would evade the brigand, but nevertheless he failed to turn up. Secret disappointment down in two boy hearts; it would have been so interesting to tell about afterward!

With the opening of the deer season every other sport was forgotten. Of course Kenneth and Hoppie begged to go with the men. It wasn't till the morning the party started out that John Hopkins Senior looking just a little proud of his mannish son, rather doubtfully gave in to his pleadings. Ken's father was going to let him go, and he and Ken were the biggest, strongest fellows in the crowd, and so forth, and so forth. So, of course, the biggest, strongest fellows went, with yellow and red around their necks and hats so they wouldn't be mistaken for deer by any possible chance. High up in the hills they all separated.

And then it happened. In the thick underbrush, Hoppie wild with excitement saw a deer. He got his gun ready and then looked up for his aim. The deer wasn't as distinct as before, but he saw something brown move and he quickly pulled the trigger. Simultaneously as the shot rang out in the woods he heard the brush crackle as the deer fled. That was odd. He had shot the deer; why was it running away? He ran quickly to the spot, and his father, hearing the shot, came up smiling to himself. "If the little beggar has really got one."



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

Ken had been stealing around cautiously, eyes and ears alert. With the heavy brush in front of him he came almost on top of a deer without realizing it. Then he heard a shot and felt a stinging, throbbing pain in his right hip. He became unconscious.

The country doctor did his best. When the boy was well enough to move they brought him home. At first the doctors were hopeful, but afterward they knew that he would limp—limp all his life. It was hard. His little sister Jean was bitter. Her big brother would never ride or swim or dance again like John Hopkins. And it was John Hopkins' fault. In her ten year old heart she tried to nurse a bitter anger against her brother's friend. It was as if she grudged him his fine strong body which Ken's had once been like, and as if she hated herself for her admiration of the fine strong body. And Ken was such a man about it all. The feeling in the heart of his little sister was almost fierce in its intensity when she watched the two of them together. Always together just as before. This way they grew up. Then a new different feeling for Hoppie began to grow in Jean's heart, something that she tried vaguely to stifle, and did stifle as far as she or anyone else knew. Then came the big crash on the other side of the water—a crash that did not come home to the Americans at first, so that when Hoppie suddenly left everything and went over people were surprised and bewildered.

Letter to Kenneth Dean at home, from Lieutenant John Hopkins, with the Canadian Army in France, September 5, 1916.

My Dear Ken:

Your last letter seemed particularly good to me, I don't know why, not meaning that you're not a perfect brick about writing and all, but I guess I was unusually blue when it came. I hung on every word.

I'll confide in you—this is a drizzly hole. There's about an inch or two of water on the floor, and the candle sputters away and goes out ever so often. A little Canadian captain is writing with me on this table, which is only about big enough to hold the candle. We jog elbows ever so often, as you would imagine. He has some sort of a contraction in the fingers of his right hand from having it frozen to the trigger of his gun, so he is learning to write with his left hand and he's still a bit awkward at it. Every time he bumps into me he says "sorry," and bows. Poor chap, he has been in it from the first. They are all like that—quiet and unassuming—they wouldn't hurt a mouse. Yet they have two years of bombs and bayonets behind them. Many of their comrades left behind them, too.

Ken, I'm glad I came. You never knew why I made up my mind so suddenly. It was your sister who decided me. You know how she feels toward me—cool and almost resentful. Yet outwardly as decent to me as to any of the rest. I think you're the only one who knows how she feels. I feel somehow that you should know just why I'm here, so I'll tell you about it now. It was at a dance at the country club, and she had given me one dance (and no more) as usual. We were sitting out part of it in a nook, and she was darling to me. Then we saw you come in with the Howitt girl. You sat down and Jean was watching you while you were talking. For a long time she seemed to forget I was there. I heard her saying, "I just know that he's aching to go, and he can't—he can't." There were tears in her eyes. She turned to me suddenly with a look I'd never seen before. "Because of you—you! Why don't you go? He can't. And get hurt! Hurt anyway—I don't care." She shot this at me fiercely, and I saw her point or maybe I was angry; but anyway at that moment I made up my mind. You were always such a wonderful sport, Ken, you made it hard for me to realize the terrible thing, but I do now. That's why I'm here. I want to give the Germans a hard whack—your whack and mine, but I want to be hurt, hurt hard before it's over. I think you'll understand Ken, as you have understood everything. If only she would understand, nothing would matter.

Good-night, mon ami,

HOPPIE.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

Cable from Kenneth Dean to Lieutenant John Hopkins with the Canadian Army in France. October 10, 1916.

See here, John, take care of yourself. Jean saw last letter. Cried over it; better be good, man.

Letter to Kenneth Dean from Lieutenant John Hopkins, British Army Base Hospital. October 28, 1916.

Dear Ken:

Just received your note. Nothing wrong with the cable service but I've been out for a few weeks. Little shrapnel in my lung and right side. They say I'm past danger, but I'm squared with the world now. It was enough to keep one oblivious to the world for a while, but when I woke up and saw your message—it's a glorious world, Ken, after all.

The nurse won't let me write any more. It's a queer thing, she reminds me of Jean. But she's not half so pretty. Home as soon as this confounded lung is well enough to let me.

Till then,

HOPPIE.

HÉLÈNE STURDIVANT, '23.

## THREE TWENTIETH CENTURY CHILD PRODIGIES



DAISY ASHFORD was the first twentieth century child prodigy to make the literary world sit up and rub its eyes. But now two more budding geniuses have come into the limelight, namely: Opal Whitely, diarist, and Hilda Conkling, poetess.

The original manuscript of these three children was submitted for publication in very different forms. Daisy Ashford at the age of nine wrote her book, "The Young Visitors" in pencil in a stout little note book (twopence) and there it remained until she was a grown woman and the publisher came and carried it off. The story of Opal, "The Journal of an Understanding Heart," was presented in a much more exciting form, being printed in colored crayons, in large letters, each one inch high, written on pieces of wrapping paper, or even strips torn from bags once containing butcher's meat. One day when Opal was twelve years old, a foster sister in a fit of temper seized the precious work and tore it into bits. Opal who treasured dearly the pages of her journal, gathered together the fragments, and stored them in a secret box where they rested in pieces until disturbed many years later by the editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," who had Opal put the puzzle together so that it could be published. When we stop to consider that the manuscript comprises more than one hundred and fifty thousand words, the task of putting it together may well be considered enormous.

Hilda Conkling, who is now between nine and ten years old, merely tells her poems in the course of a conversation, and her mother, Mrs. Grace Hazard Conkling of Smith College, hurriedly scribbles them down. Sometimes she waits and tries to write them later from memory, but if she makes a slight mistake she is immediately corrected by Hilda who always remembers her own exact wording. These verses are published in a volume called "Poems by a Little Girl" (Frederic A. Stokes Company), and specimens of them are printed in "The Literary Digest," June 5.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

Now let us return to Daisy Ashford's book, "The Young Visitors, or Mr. Salteena's Plan." It is so innocently childlike throughout, that some people even venture to say that it may be the work of a very clever "grown up." Sir James M. Barrie, who wrote the Preface, has often been accused, but he asserts positively that "The Young Visitors" is a child's work. He pictures Daisy writing fast and furiously, and in her earnestness biting her tongue between her teeth.

The hero of the book, "Not Quite a Gentleman" was a would-be social climber, and is described in this wise: "Mr. Salteena was an elderly man of 42 and was fond of asking people to stay with him. He had quite a young girl staying with him of 17 named Ethel Monticue. Mr. Salteena had dark short hair and mustache and whiskers which were very black and twisty." In the end Ethel falls in love with a handsome young man named Bernard Clark, and "poor Mr. Salteena was at the wedding dressed in black and crying into his handkerchief."

The book in its length, completeness and clever satire is really remarkable. It totally lacks punctuation, and the spelling could be greatly improved, but it is certain that the average child of nine could not have written a complete book the way in which Daisy Ashford's book is written, for children often start things but seldom finish them. One must read the book to try to decide the true authorship for himself, for there is too great a diversity of opinion upon the subject. But when such men as Sir James M. Barrie and Hugh Walpole declare that Daisy Ashford, aged nine, did write the book we almost let ourselves be convinced.

Opal Whitely is now about twenty one, but from sometime in her sixth year to the present time she has kept a diary. The pages which are appearing in the "Atlantic Monthly" were written by Opal during her sixth and seventh years. No changes have been made except in the adoption of certain adult rules of spelling and capitalization.

Opal after the death of her "Angel Father" and "Angel Mother" was adopted and named by a certain Mrs. Whitely, the wife of an Oregon lumberman. The only clue to the identity of the little girl's parents comes from her frequent use of French expressions in her writings. In her childhood Opal had no children of her own age to play with, and so she confided in her diary, in her pets, in the brooks and trees and flowers. She had two valuable books in which her father and mother had written for her of the famous characters of history, and from these books she selected names for her various pets of which she had a great number. Brave Horatius, a shepherd dog, Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, a wood rat, Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil, a toad, Peter Paul Rubens, a pig, Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides, "a most woolly lamb," and Plato and Pliny, twin bats were a few of the many which received her childish affections.

Of the morning that Peter Paul Rubens, like Mary's little lamb, followed Opal to school, she writes: "This morning when I did start to school, he gave that same squeal and came a following after. When he was caught up with me he gave a grunt and then he gave his little red ribbon squeal. A lump came in my throat and I couldn't tell him to turn around and go back to the pig pen. So we just went along to the school together. When we got there school was already took up. The new teacher came back to tell me that I was tardy again. She did look at the door. She saw my dear Peter Paul Rubens. She did ask me where that pig came from. I just



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

started in to tell her all about him from the day that I first met him. She did look long looks at me \* \* \*. After she did look more long looks at me she went back to her desk by the blackboard. She did call the sixth grade fiziologie class. I went to my seat. I only sat half way in it. I so did so I could have a seeing of my dear Peter Paul Rubens. He did wait on the steps. He did look long looks at me toward the door. It wasn't long until he walked right in. I felt such an amount of satisfaction having him at school."

Opal had a peaceful and happy childhood, in spite of the fact that she was often spanked without explanations by "the Mama," Mrs. Whitely, who unlike her foster daughter, did not have "an understanding heart." The diary is very amusing and entirely natural, and one does not doubt in the least that the child Opal wrote it herself.

As for Hilda Conkling her free verse is wholly original, charming, and unaffected. She has a great variety of subjects ranging from "Roosters" to "Green Apples." She makes a poem to anything that strikes her fancy. Flowers quite naturally form the subject of many of her poems. Her imagination is elastic as can be seen by the following:

### DANDELION

"O little soldier with the golden helmet,  
What are you guarding on my lawn?  
You with your green gun

And your yellow beard,  
Why do you stand so stiff?  
There is only the grass to fight."

Hilda Conkling's poetic powers seem beyond dispute, and we really cannot help but wonder what she will do with her talent in future years.

DORIS HUNTER, '23.



*"O sunset land! O land of vine, and rose and bay!"*

—INA COOLBRITH



## A MEMORY OF LOURDES



HAVE you ever heard of a blessed town, in the South of France where every year millions of people come to pray? Don't be afraid of the long trip, it is worth crossing the States and the ocean to try to see Lourdes, as I saw it, before the war broke out. "La douce France" was quiet and the minds at ease. A bright summer was ending; Le Gave a tumultuous river which runs through the town had just been transformed into a torrent after a violent storm; a new carpet of snow had appeared on the eternal glaciers, the first leaves were beginning to fall, the colors of the trees were of a great beauty.

The first thing which attracts your eyes is a cross, on the top of a hill, a big cross which an angel seems to have dropped. You walk into the small streets with visitors and pilgrims. You neither pay attention to them, nor to the numerous little shops where rosaries and medals are sold; faster and faster you walk on, towards the Grotto, where the Holy Mary appeared to Bernadette, the young innocent child of the mountains. I saw the Grotto at twilight, before the sun disappeared completely behind the mountains. Nature was going to sleep with the songs of the birds. Before the rock, before the statues of the Virgin Mary and little Bernadette were men, women and children, kneeling down on the earth, arms outstretched, saying their rosaries with a wonderful faith. You look at them a moment, you admire their confidence, then, probably you kneel too and pray while you stare at the crutches left in perpetual gratitude by the blessed ones who have been cured. You gaze at the children who innocently touch the Grotto with their medals. You still pray while you hear, as from a distance, a priest blessing all the pious souvenirs you bring back from Lourdes. Near the Grotto is the chapel, the fine three story chapel, built according to the desire of Bernadette. In the morning you must go there, and you are interested in all the people who receive Holy Communion. Days and years may pass but you will always remember the bright, confident faces of the pilgrims.

One of the prettiest scenes I have ever beheld was a procession, at night, into the hills. Imagine thousands of people carrying lights, singing and praying in winding trails. I stayed long listening to the echo of the hymns brought back to me by the wind; I stayed long watching the procession in the moonlight. More beautiful is the procession of the day-time, in front of the chapel—the procession of the Blessed Sacrament for the sick, who, either on chairs or on beds are waiting to be cured. Behind them their friends or parents take care of them and from time to time, pour into a cup, a few drops of the miraculous water.

During my stay in Lourdes I heard of a miracle; a blind man recovered his sight; but, I was not fortunate enough to see a miracle the day I stood on the steps of the chapel among so many people.

Sometimes God does not seem to listen to the prayers of the suffering ones, some leave Lourdes with the same disease as when they came; it does not alter their wonderful faith, God knows better than they do.

Some day you may go to Lourdes and have the chance to see a miracle. You will see the poor sick at the Grotto, you will see them at chapel, you will listen to them. Long, long after you come back you will think of them, and you will seem to hear again their so faithful and simple prayers: "God make me walk; Holy Mary make me see."





EDGEHILL.

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



## THE DOMINICANS IN ART



THE Dominicans hold an important place in art; they have contributed in many ways to the artistic life of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. The Dominican Order created a religious school influencing and inspiring artists by establishing higher standards, truer ideals and nobler ends for their genius. The Dominicans became not only patrons but creators of art. Theirs was a special architectural development.

They made use of art as they found it in each succeeding period of history, and they adapted it to their needs. Gothic architecture appealed to them, and they assisted at its diffusion; but they accepted the art of the Renaissance as well, when it supplanted the older form.

The first great activity in this field was commenced by the Dominicans in Italy; they soon had temples, veritable wonders of art, in all the principal towns.

The Church of Santa Maria Novella, Florence, won praise and celebrity for its two Dominican architects and designers, Fra Sisto and Fra Ristoro. This glorious church erected under their direction, was built by the hands of the religious themselves without secular assistance.

Among other fine monuments and churches are those of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva at Rome, St. John and St. Paul in Venice, St. Dominic at Naples, the church and tomb of the saintly founder at Bologna, the Church of St. Catherine at Pisa, and several others, mostly Dominican in architecture marked by rich simplicity.

The greatest glory of the Order in the field of Christian Art is Giovanni da Fiesole, better known as Fra Angelico. He was the earliest and the most famous among painters of the Dominican school of which he was the founder. He was an ideal religious as well as an artist immortal among artists. His paintings seemed a very part of him, a part of his prayer. The great Michael Angelo said of Fra Angelico's picture of the Annunciation, "No man could have designed such figures, had he not been first to heaven to see them." An intense religious feeling dominated his art giving it a supernatural atmosphere, lacking in other religious paintings of even the greatest artists of the Middle Ages; he had his own style and his own colorful imagination. In narrating the life of our Redeemer, Fra Angelico was very successful. Paintings especially worthy of note are: "The Adoration of the Magi," "The Flight into Egypt," "The Slaughter of the Innocents," and the "Resurrection of Lazarus." All of these deserve much praise for their truth and skill in execution. Two of Fra Angelico's finest works are the "Coronation of Our Lady," and the "Annunciation."

Another Dominican renowned in this field of art is Baccio della Porta, better known as Fra Bartolommeo, who accomplished his work in the golden age of the Italian Renaissance. He is second only to Fra Angelico in fame as a painter. The style of Fra Bartolommeo is scholarly, noble, simple, filled with tranquil and restrained piety. He won the merit of giving to the Florentine school that principal element in which it had formerly been so defective; for although it had excelled many of the Italian schools in gracefulness and beauty of design, it was, nevertheless, inferior in coloring. The chief excellence of Fra Bartolommeo is in this element. Among his paintings are: "The Crucifixion," "The Madonna and the Infant," "The Madonna and the Angels," "St. Catherine of Sienna," "Sts. Peter and Paul," and "The Nativity."



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

It is said of Bartolommeo that "he influenced all that was best in Venice, Florence and Rome, expounding in color what Savonarola had taught with the eloquence of his lips."

Savonarola exercised a great influence on the art of his day. He found it dedicated to paganism, and supported by the rich people of Florence. Against all this he spoke with burning eloquence. In the end Savonarola succeeded in purifying, and christianizing art and in consecrating it to the cause of religion.

John Dominic, a painter of the seventeenth century, was an artist of no small merit, who acquired considerable fame as a miniaturist. In glass painting, as in other departments of art, the Dominicans founded their own school. That their work was not done for earthly fame or glory is witnessed by the fact that so little is known of their personalities. Their love of prayer and their humility was equalled only by their love of the beautiful.

To Germany, Spain and France the Order spread, erecting and designing convents and churches which are noble monuments of architecture.

In the early nineteenth century we find another Dominican artist, a young Frenchman, Charles Jean Baptiste Besson. He is described by Père Lacordaire as "the beautiful growth of grace, the most exquisite reflection of Fra Angelico, a soul infinitely pure, true and simple, possessing the faith of a great saint." Père Besson expressed truth and art principally by painting, but he was also a good architect and sculptor. He had a great influence on the public, and exchanged for the battle pieces and other sensational pictures common at that period, a series of paintings breathing only the spirit of Christian poetry and noble deeds. Père Besson's life is associated with the celebrated Madonna of La Quercia. Fulfilling a promise to Lacordaire he went to La Quercia to copy the Madonna, and it was during this visit that he received the call to the Dominican Order.

After becoming a religious, because of his deep humility Père Besson decided to give up his painting. However, his work was resumed later at San Sisto under the direction of the Holy Father himself. Here he undertook the decoration and painting of the chapter-hall especially associated with the memory of St. Dominic.

On May 5, 1861, Père Besson died, sincerely mourned by all the Order. Lacordaire says "he was among those who did most to further our work in France, by means of his devotion, his clearness of mind, and his holiness."

In the field of art, as in every other educational work, the Friars-Preachers have made worthy contributions. "The Order was not content to consecrate to the cause of Christian art those of its members who were naturally talented in that way, but it actively cultivated the love of art, and exercised a profound influence over it to the end that it might reflect the highest possible ideals of beauty."

ALICE QUEEN, '23.  
History of Art and Travel Class



## HER TRAIN OF THOUGHT



ELEN GREEN was going West at last! Not until she was on the train, however, did she realize that her dream was coming true. California, in her imagination had always been a land of romance where the people resembled the characters in "Ramona." Even though her common sense scoffed at this idea, and told her that California had progressed far since the days of the Spaniards, she allowed her fancy to dwell on the golden past, creating a romance centering around herself. Helen sat on the observation platform gazing with wonder at the beautiful scenery. She felt a great longing to wander at will through the wide green fields, and she wished that the train would stop long enough for her to get out and walk in the deep grass. As she sat and gazed at the beautiful forests through which she passed, the last two lines of Joyce Kilmer's poem "Trees," which she and Peter had memorized, kept running through her mind keeping time to the sound of the grinding wheels on the track:

"Poems are made by fools like me  
But only God can make a tree."

"Dear me!" thought Helen, "I wish I could get that out of my head. I'll be thinking of it all night. I'll read Peter's letter again, perhaps that will take my mind off "Trees."

For the fourth time she read the letter in which Peter told her that a firm in Oakland, California, had offered him a good position which he would accept if Helen would change her decision in regard to marrying him. She was to wire her final decision from San Francisco. A very matter of fact and businesslike letter, but Helen could read between the lines.

Peter Stuart was one of Helen's few friends. She had never considered him as anything more than a friend until a few nights before her departure, when he had asked her to marry him. This proposal had come as a decided shock to Helen, and she had refused him. She was a sensible girl on the whole, but her ideas in regard to marriage were very romantic. The hero of her dreams in no way resembled prosy, commonplace Peter. Peter was a steady young man, not exactly resembling Rupert Brooke or Lord Byron in appearance, but he had a pleasing face, and decided strength of character. Helen and Peter had always done things together, and for all Peter's prosiness, many an evening he had patiently and perseveringly read poetry aloud with Helen.

After reading Peter's letter once more Helen tried to decide how to word a final refusal which would not hurt him any more than was necessary.

She was distracted by a cranky old man opposite, scolding his wife.

"Some men are so obnoxious," she thought. "That sweet old lady looks familiar to me, too. How patiently she bears his wrangling, poor dear!"

And then she caught herself reflecting: "But Peter would never be like that!"

At that moment the old lady caught Helen's eye, stared at her fixedly, and finally, with a look of recognition came over to her and said: "Aren't you little Helen Green?"

"Yes, and you seem very familiar to me, although I can't quite place you," answered Helen.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

"I am Mrs. Butler, your old neighbor. I lived near you in Chicago when you were a little girl. How is your mother? I lost track of her after your father's death."

"Indeed I recognize you now Mrs. Butler, and it is wonderful to see a friendly face among strangers!"

Helen acknowledged Mr. Butler's crisp greeting, and then began to tell her old friends about herself.

"After father's death mother began to fail, and at last she left me when I was fifteen. After paying all the bills I had a very small bank account left, so I went to work in a department store, where after four years I was made manager of the glove department. During this time I went to night school as I had always hoped to have a good education. Last month I was offered a position in our western firm, so here I am on my way to San Francisco."

"You poor child. What a hard time you have had. If I had known you were alone you could have come to us in Pittsburg. Never mind, I shall not lose sight of you in the future," said Mrs. Butler. "We are coming out to California to be near our son Reggie who is training in the aviation camp near Sacramento."

"Is Reggie really an aviator Mrs. Butler? How perfectly lovely! I hope I shall see him in California. Is his hair as curly as ever?"

"Yes, in spite of all his efforts to make it straight, he still has curls," laughed Mrs. Butler.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler remained inside after dinner, but Helen went out to watch the moon rise. It was too tiresome in the close coach, with the chattering women and fretting babies.

Suddenly the train stopped and the conductors and brakemen ran with their lanterns toward the engine. Finally Helen saw a colored porter coming from the scene of excitement.

"What happened?" she inquired.

"It's a broken piston missy, and we'll be stalled here foh two hours yet, ah reckon. It's a hoodoo! We's carryin' a corpse in de baggage car, and suah as yo' born some-thin' is boun' to happen whenever a dead man rides in dis train!" and off he ran before Helen had time to answer.

"Now," said Helen, "I shall explore that beautiful meadow that looks so heavenly in the moonlight."

Hastily throwing on a coat she jumped off the train and walked through the fields.

"How sweet everything smells! I wish Peter—oh, dear! It's annoying to think that just because he persists in being silly we can't ever enjoy things together any more."

Intent upon her thought, she walked on and on. It seemed to her that she floated over the dewy grass. Suddenly there was the sound of a whistle, and Helen turned around to see the lights of the train fading in the distance.

"Merciful Heavens!" she gasped, "there goes the train! What shall I do?"

In her excitement she failed to see a slight rut in the ground. Down she fell, badly twisting her ankle. Just as she was recovering from the shock, she saw a light shining in the distance. She sprang to her feet and much to her surprise was able to



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

glide over the ground easily in spite of her sprained ankle. Finally she came to a clearing where she could see an aeroplane with a handsome curly-haired aviator tinkering with the machinery.

"I am lost," said Helen simply, "can you help me?"

The aviator appeared startled for a moment, but he came forward with a peculiar gleam in his eye.

"I've been looking for you," he said.

Helen, in her dazed state of mind accepted this statement as a matter of course.

"I am glad you found me. I would have been terrified out here all night, alone."

"Get into the machine, and we'll start," said the aviator.

Helen climbed in with a sigh of relief.

My adventurous life in the West has begun at last. I never dreamed that I'd ever ride in an aeroplane. He reminds me of the description of Alessandro in Ramona, only instead of taking me away on a horse he is rescuing me in a flying machine.

A twist of the propellor and they were off. The earth seemed to recede from their sight with terrific rapidity.

"Now!" shouted the aviator through the noise. "We are going to the moon! The president has given me a message to take there, and you are coming with me!"

Helen laughed, thinking he was joking until she looked at his eyes. They were wild and glaring and he laughed in fiendish glee.

"You can't escape! You can't escape!"

"Oh," moaned Helen. "If Peter were only here. To think I considered him too commonplace and slow!"

Her blood froze in her veins when she realized she was in the power of a madman.

"Oh! You are too heavy—your weight is hindering the flight—unless you get out I can't reach the beautiful moon."

Before Helen had a chance to reply he pulled a certain lever and the machine turned upside down. Taken without warning, Helen was hurled from her seat into the cold air with the shrieks of the madman ringing in her ears. Down she plunged towards the earth. She closed her eyes in terror and lost consciousness. Roused by a violent shaking she heard a voice which she vaguely recognized as that of fussy old Mr. Butler.

"Bless my soul! If it isn't just like a woman to go to sleep on the observation platform and not even have the sense to wake up when she falls off her chair!"

Terrified by the vividness of her dream Helen welcomed the company of the old man. Stiff and cold she stood up and started to go inside.

"Hm! you dropped this!" said the little old man handing her Peter's letter.

"I suppose it is a love letter! I pity the poor man who is in love with you. You are almost as crazy as my wife!"

Helen took the letter and suddenly she realized how sane, strong, and dependable Peter was. Needless to say she did not wait to reach San Francisco, but dispatched a telegram the very next morning to Peter. It read, "Come."

One day Mrs. Peter Stuart told her husband about the dream. Some people believe that dreams have no influence on human actions, but Peter is firmly convinced that a dream helped Helen to make the most important decision in the world.

GRACE SPOTTISWOOD, '22.





# OUR MOTHER

*"No picture of mere memory ever looked so fair"*



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK



### SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

MARGUERITE HARRIGAN.....	President
Double Honor	
MARGARET COX.....	Vice-President
Scholarship	
LEANOR KRAUS.....	Secretary
Double Honor	
CLARE O'SULLIVAN.....	Treasurer
Scholarship	



## ROMANCE



THE picnic, or perhaps the main part of the picnic, was over—the coffee, wienies, bread and butter and pie had all been consumed with relish by the famished hay-riders. Now they were strolling along the little secluded beach to which they had come, eating apples and talking. The girls were separated into groups of three or four. Sometimes only two were seen together sitting on some rock, telling each other the inmost secrets of their hearts.

Four girls farther away than the rest were wandering idly down the wet sand, stopping to pick crabs from between the rocks, or looking at the evening tints of vermilion and blue in the western sky. They talked of many things—clothes, examinations, their pet likes and dislikes—all the million and one subjects dear to girlish hearts. Suddenly one of the girls called up from a little cleft in the wet rocks—“Look, look, there’s a little house over there about half a mile. Maybe it’s haunted! Let’s go see!”

“Well, of course, I have no particular penchant for ghosts—but then—” this from Angela Morgan, a quiet, clever girl of seventeen. “Oh, do let’s—it sounds exciting!” cried little Betty Bronson, who had barely turned sixteen, and was ever in quest of the unusual.

“My dears, you don’t seem to see the real idea at all,” spoke up Peggy O’Hara, and everyone was quiet to hear her adored Peggy speak.

“It’s probably not ghostly—in fact it looks as if someone lives there. So Miriam and Angela are both wrong. And, Betty, it may be exciting—but excitement has queer ways of showing itself sometimes. But there’s one thing anyway, girls—we *might* find some romance.”

The other three laughed and teased. “There goes our old Peggy again; her Irish soul always longs for the romantic,” cried Miriam.

Peggy tried to take on a serious mien. “No, girls, you know it’s never for myself that I do things like that; I fully intend to be an old maid and be independent, but you girls are getting along in years and—”

But she got no further. Laughing they dragged her down from her natural platform of stones, and all joined in the run to the little house.

“It—it looks rather bare,” faltered Betty. “Do you suppose it’s just a—a woodshed?”

“Well, of course, if some like long walks it would be all right, I suppose, but personally, I wouldn’t want to carry *my* wood so far,” said Angela.

But Peggy was at the open door, standing as if entranced by a vision of beauty. The other three came rushing up. “Goodness, Peg, what *is* it?” they cried expectantly, and then fell back with sighs of disappointment.

For the interior was almost bare. There was a bed, a chair, and in the corner a small mirror and wash basin. On the chair were three late magazines, and a fishing rod stood up boldly in the corner. A calendar adorned the end wall.

“Ah, Mary Pickford!” said Angela. “By this I deduce that the gentleman in question likes movies and that—”

“How do you know it’s a man at all?” said Miriam.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

"I was going to explain when so rudely interrupted," continued Angela calmly, "that the occupant is a gentleman because—well, regard the size of yon boots beneath the bed, and likewise yon pipe on the window-sill, and moreover, yon shaving mug on the plate-rack."

"Well! I think you'd better hurry and *do* something before yon red canoe I see in the distance gets much nearer," cried Peggy.

"I can't see anything to do except run away as fast as possible," said Angela.

"No, we won't run *yet*," said Peggy. "I tell you what—let's write a note and leave it, just for fun."

"Well, I remember the last thing we did just for fun cost us a week-end," said Angela.

"Oh, *Peggy!*" shrilled Betty horrified. "*What* would he think of us?"

"Why he'll never know who did it and maybe he's lonesome and this will relieve his monotony," said Miriam.

Peggy had paid no heed to their discussion, and had already begun the note with her fountain pen and a piece of candy bag. Suddenly she looked up with shining eyes.

"Has anyone here a handkerchief with perfume on it?"

"Yes," said Betty. "The nicest one with embroidered forget-me-nots and Djer-Kiss right in the middle."

"Wonderful. Let's put something about it in the note and pin the two together and leave them."

So the four romancers completed their work hastily with many hushed laughs and whispered suggestions. The spirit of secrecy was on them, and although no one was nearer than half a mile, they whispered. When finished, Peggy read her composition aloud.

"Mr. Man in the House: Keep this handkerchief and remember its perfume—there is only one such perfume in the world and I alone use it."

Peggy O.

"Well," remarked Angela, "after giving him so much valuable information on perfume, what do you think he'll do about it, anyway?"

"Why he may begin to trace it, and if he should come up to the convent I shall tell him that the handkerchief is Betty's, and although she is the youngest—I suppose she will have to come in for the—the"

"*Romance*," supplied Angela.

"Don't be horrid, Angie! Put the note and the handkerchief on the chair. Come on, I hear the girls calling us." And they ran down the beach to their waiting companions just as the red canoe paddled up the back-water and past the house to a tent a few rods farther.

\* \* \* \* \*

Peggy O'Hara was laboring over her Virgil in the study hall. The autumn days had come, and outside the leaves were turning red and brown. Dusk had already fallen, though it was only five o'clock. The girl had almost forgotten about the house by the beach, and the perfumed handkerchief, but for some unknown reason she suddenly recalled it and wondered if anything would ever come of it. Wouldn't Sister Winifred Marie be shocked if someone should come to the door and ask for her? Had she been very foolish? Now just suppose—



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

"Margaret O'Hara, please—you are wanted in the office."

O cruel words. "In the office." How much they hold. They may mean a visitor, a scolding, some money, or just "what is your new address?"

Peggy wondered what they meant for her as she hurried upstairs. Sister Winifred Marie was there, and with her an old white-haired man, who carried a large hawthorn cane, and looked unmistakably Irish with his twinkling blue eyes and pink cheeks.

"Margaret? Come in, dear. This is Mr. O'Brien who lives out by Sandy Point. Do you know him?"

"Why—why *no*, I don't think I do!" stammered Peggy.

"Are you the lass who left the kerchief with the perfume at my house?"

"A—a handkerchief with—with—oh, *yes, yes!* I did!" cried Peggy, looking fearfully at Sister Winifred Marie.

"I *thought* I'd find ye here!" he said exultingly. "Someone told me that the convent girls had a picnic there that day. I was after taking my little granddaughter to the city to see the shops. When we got home she found the kerchief and thought the wee folk had sent it to her. I didn't tell her otherwise, but I kep' the note thinkin' I might sometime come up here and find 'Peggy O.' Did you want me to return it to you—the hankerchief, I mean?"

"Oh, no, said Peggy. "If the little girl likes it, let her keep it."

The old man's eyes filled, "I'm thinkin' she'll have to keep it, miss. Sure I buries it with her in her little hand," his voice broke.

"Oh, oh," said Peggy. "Was she sick?"

"She was always delicate, and that day I took her across the bay she caught a cold comin' home, and 'fore I knew it she was gone. And it's lonesome down in my old house now—but sure I'm an old man an' I'll be goin' to her soon. God rest her sweet soul. But you made her last days happy ones, little Peggy O, and I'll never, never forget you."

Sister Winifred Marie helped the old man to the door and then turned to Peggy.

"This time it is all very well, Margaret, but really, you *must* be careful with your wild pranks—I think St. Patrick himself, must take care of you and direct your activities in the right channels."

"Oh, sure and he does, Sister. My middle name's Patricia," smiled Peggy and she ran down stairs to tell the girls all about it.

FRANCES RAMSAY, H. S., '20.

## OUR MOTHER

Humbly we ask that we may write  
This little verse today,  
To tell our mother one small part,  
Of what we cannot say.

She smiles on us, and suddenly  
The clouds are brushed aside,  
For in her smile the spirit shines,  
Of all things which abide.

The high ideal of all her girls,  
Her life must always be,  
No thought of self, she lives for us,  
And helps us patiently.

Dear mother, much we cannot say  
And much we cannot do,  
To show our love—but this we can,  
We try to be like you.

HELEN KULLMAN, H. S., '20.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK



### JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

NOEL McGETTIGAN.....President  
Double Honor

MARY LOUISE McCONE.....Vice-President  
Double Honor

HELEN CURTISS.....Secretary  
Double Honor

GRACE SMART.....Treasurer  
Double Honor



## THEODORE ROOSEVELT



THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S life was love, deep, sympathetic, overflowing love for children, for home, for country, for fellowmen. All that prompted his actions, all that led him to difficult self-sacrifice, to unwearying work, to death—was love, a love doubly beautiful in a man so blessed with ability, with vigor, with strength. The strong are not always gentle, nor the powerful sympathetic; one never looks for intolerance, weakness, pity or cowardice in one so essentially strong and brave. This is the majesty of Roosevelt—that he was too big to scorn, too truly great to misunderstand. Perhaps this virtue was carried to a fault. Perhaps in his noble confidence he was mistaken. But it is a glorious fault, and one indicative of a child's unspoiled nature—the splendid characteristic of too much trust.

His love for children, for animals, for nature, proved the man. There was always time in the full, busy life of an energetic President to write often to his children, cheering, devoted letters, radiating affection and care. There was always time to play their games, to discuss their books. There was always time to visit the sick; to walk in the gardens, glorying in sunshine and birds and budding things. There is a gentleness in his letters to his children, hard to reconcile with the fire and courage of the man, a sweet confidence not analogous to the conservatism of his public life. This is the real Roosevelt, the Roosevelt whom children and animals and the weak *adored*. This is the Roosevelt who “loved all these children and had great fun with them;” who was “touched by the way in which they felt that he was their special friend, champion and companion.”

His dependableness was a distinctive gift, his determination to do what was expected of him—to give his best. “I am very busy now,” he wrote, “facing the usual endless worry and discouragement, and trying to keep steadily in mind, that I must not only be as resolute as Lincoln in seeking to achieve decent ends, but as patient, as uncomplaining, and as even-tempered in dealing not only with the knaves, but with the well meaning, foolish people, educated and uneducated, who by their unwisdom give the knaves their chance.” He was sometimes patient, always persevering, serious, thoughtful. His immediate action was not impulse. He had the power to think developed to a high degree, he had the power of rapid execution; the power of doing, not saying. He knew well the privilege that was given him, and it was not in his conscientious nature to abuse opportunity. He did not overestimate his ability, but he realized it, and strove to give what was expected. He felt that a great responsibility was a compliment. He was glad to be considered worthy and he would not violate the trust.

“There is a great deal of sullen grumbling against me,” he wrote, “but it has taken more form of resentment against what they think is my dictation.” His dictation was born of infinite courage and real conviction. He was not afraid of what “they” said. He was not ashamed of what he thought. Whether tracking buffaloes in the wilderness, or fighting the dread Cuban fever, or facing antagonistic crowds from the platform, there was in his glowing eyes, in his clenched fists, the bravery of a sportsman and a diplomat, a soldier and a man. A splendid optimism and hope



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

were his, springing from his courage, perhaps—an optimism which reigned in his darkest hours—a hope which made sorrow bearable. “Don’t get cast down” (to Ted) “sometimes in life, both at school and afterwards, fortune will go against anyone, but if he just keeps pegging away and doesn’t lose his courage, things always take a turn for the better in the end. As we grow older the bitter and the sweet keep coming together. The only thing to do is to grin and bear it, to flinch as little as possible under the punishment, and to keep pegging steadily away until the luck turns.” This was the observation from experience; this was the motto of a philosopher; of a man who always grinned and bore it; of a man whose life had many bumps, yet who had preserved through it all his love and his faith, his shining smile and hopeful eyes.

“I always believe in going hard at everything blessed, Ted, whether it is Latin or mathematics, boxing or football, but at the same time I want to keep the sense of proportion. It is never worth while to absolutely exhaust one’s self or to take big chances unless it is for an adequate object.” He “went hard” at everything he did. He put all his strength and energy into each move, all his thought and understanding into each judgment. There was nothing not worth while in his brimming life, but there was not time for non-essentials. Each tiny detail of the things that count was carefully taken, because, he wrote, “when one does not do what one ought to, the excuse that one erred from thoughtlessness instead of wrong purpose is of small avail.” He considered results, not effort, and no reason at times for the fact that a duty is undone. This is stern reasoning, but reasoning which guided Roosevelt through a turbulent career, which gave him a rigid sense of right and wrong, which gave him the title the “Square Deal Man.”

And now we come to what made Roosevelt a good fellow, a rare companion, a jolly playmate—his crowning sense of humor. He had through all his life a joyous appreciation of the incongruous. In his most tired moments, in his most trying times, there was a saving gaiety, a priceless cheeriness, that shone in his eyes and teased from his lips—a queer, elusive something that helped in the rough places and made happiness dearer.

And now he is dead. It was not an active soldier’s death. It was a merciful, sudden end to a mind so full of activity, to a soul so bubbling with energy, to a heart so brimming with love that his life was a glorious song, now spirited, now slow, now triumphant, but always with a light, merry undertone, always with a strong resolute touch. On earth he was unappreciated; in death he is missed; and those who knew and loved him, the few who understood and admired, are gathering the multitudes to mourn with them the passing of an ardent patriot, a glorious soldier, a splendid man.

ALICE WOODS, H. S., '20.

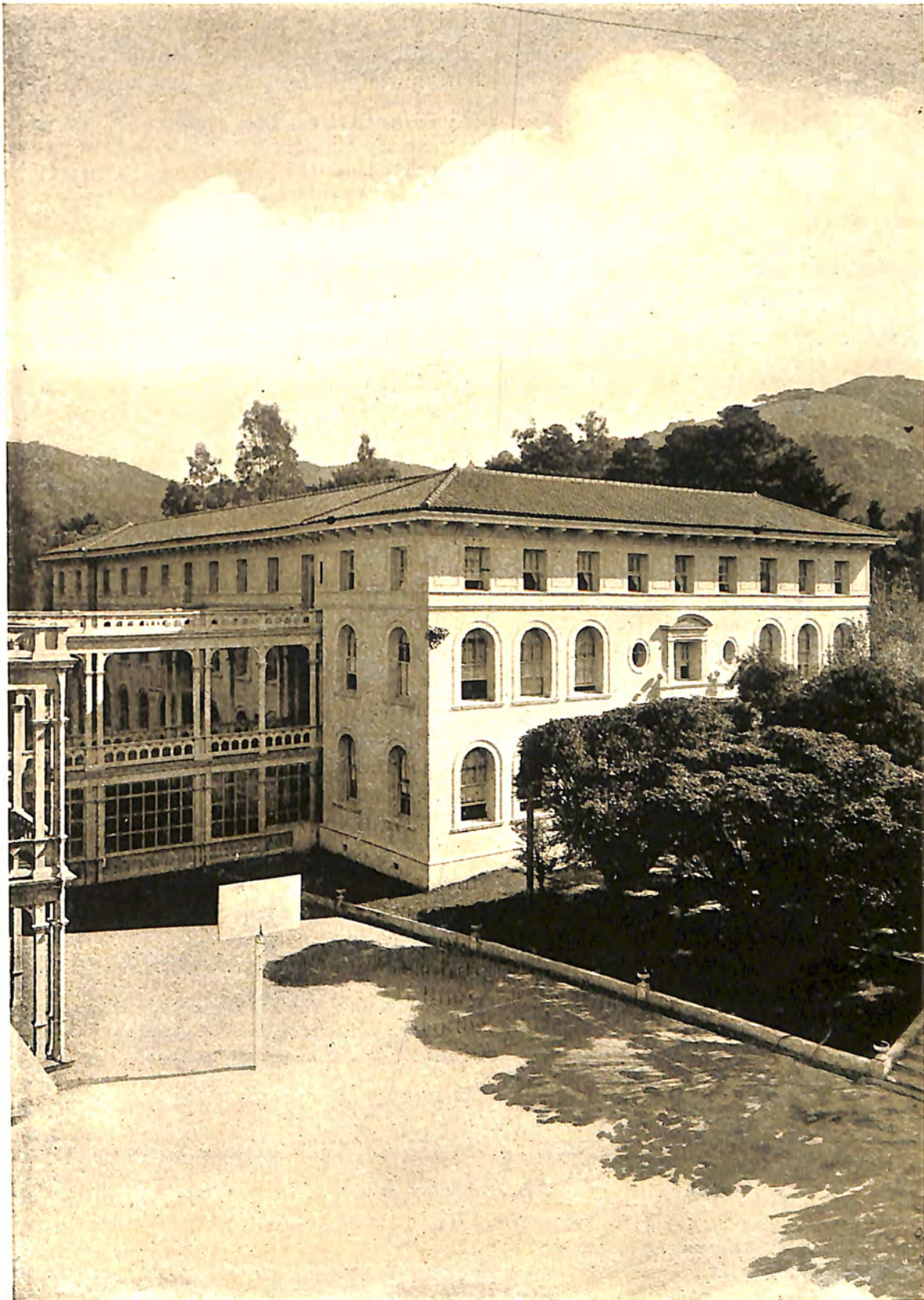
### LADY TULIP

Stately, stately, Lady Tulip,  
Swaying, bowing in the breeze,  
Blending, beauty, richest colored,  
Lovely chalice, sipped by bees.

Pansies, velvet-cheeked, around you,  
Kneeling as you reign supreme.  
Your adoring humble courtiers  
Idyl of a summer’s dream.

JANE O’SULLIVAN, H. S., '20.





ST. THOMAS HALL



# A VISIT TO SWITZERLAND

DEAR SISTER:

April 1, 1920.

Now that we are at last in this wonderful country of Switzerland, I shall begin to find time to write and tell you how much I admire the scenery. It is so entirely different from elsewhere that we are ever finding delightful new surprises. Often when I look up at the mountains, I think of the pictures you used to show us when I was at school. How little did I then dream that one day I should really see them! Those lectures of past years are a wonderful help to a better and fuller appreciation of the beauties which now surround me.

We first went to Constance, on Lake Constance, listed as a German city, but really on the Swiss side. It is an old manufacturing town, but it contains many picturesque points of interest, and is the birthplace of the river Rhine. At this point the waters of the river are a beautiful pale green. The Rhine touches Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, and Switzerland, five important states. In Constance there is also an old Gothic cathedral which is well worth a visit.

We then went to Rhine Falls, one of the many in Switzerland. This has been called the land of water falls, and the name is surely justified. The three cascades of these falls are eighty feet high, and at night electric lights make the waters sparkle like diamonds, and adds to the mediaeval impression of the little city. The picturesque castle of Laufen is built almost over the water. The falls are visible from the train, and their roar can be heard at a distance of eight miles.

We traveled on to Zurich, a city on the banks of the lake of the same name. It is one thousand three hundred and seventy feet above sea level, and has a population of two hundred thousand. It is one of the finest cities in Switzerland, and a commercial and cultural center. Around its harbors the quays form a continuous walk, from which one can gaze at the little villages with their vineyards and orchards, nestled along the shore. We visited the Swiss National Museum, the Art Galleries, and the Opera House. German is the prevailing language in Zurich. I must not neglect to mention that the bells of the different churches are so attuned that when they all ring together, as they do at certain times, one great stream of beautiful harmony resounds, they are so sweet and true.

After a time in Zurich we went to Basle, the northwest gate of Switzerland. It is remarkable for the fact that it was once the home of Erasmus. Holbein and Buchlin, two great artists, are also associated with the city. Basle is very important artistically as well as commercially.

Einsiedeln, another city we visited, dates from Charlemagne. It has a population of more than eight thousand, and is thirty miles south of Zurich. There is in Einsiedeln an Abbey of Our Lady, which, next to that of Saint Gall, is thought to be the finest in Switzerland. Most of the houses in the town are used as inns for pilgrims to this shrine.

Our next stop was Lucerne, which has always been an interesting spot for tourists. One of the quaint sights is the Kapellbrücke, a roofed bridge which contains a number of frescoes depicting incidents from the lives of patron saints of the city. There are many fine hotels and a pleasant promenade. We visited the "Lion of Lucerne" by Thorwaldsen. I was deeply impressed by this vine-surrounded niche, and the majesty of the dying lion, who, even in the agonies of death, clings to the Bourbon Shield, and protects it to the last fleeting moment.

Lake Lucerne, or the Lake of the Four Cantons, held us for some time. There are many towns on the lake, which is very irregular in form. They say that violent storms often prevail, but the waters seemed quite placid and sunny when we arrived. The story of Wilhelm Tell is woven about this section, giving it added interest.

Of course we went to Rutli, on the southern part of the lake. It is very old and historical. Here the thirty odd men, with Walter Furst, formed their conspiracy against Austria. Tellsplatte, the rock upon which Tell jumped from Gessler's boat, is near this spot. We went down the Axenstrasse, a wonderfully fine road, and then on to Altdorf.

At Altdorf the principal object of interest was the Tell monument. I like the statue very much as I have always enjoyed the tale of Wilhelm Tell, his son, and the apple. There is something very fine and strong in the statue that leaves a deep impression.

Mount Rigi and Mount Pilatus, the two grand mountains of glorious sunrise and sunset fame, were not neglected, you may be sure. We spent the night in the hotel at the apex of Rigi, where we were awakened in time to see the blood-red rays over the awakening earth. Some visitors have Rigi as a



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

favorite, others Pilatus, but to me both are so noble and inspiring that there is no choice. Indeed, I was loth to leave them for Engelberg, a resort for people with weak constitutions, a small place, hidden in the canton of Unterwalden. Snowy Mount Titlis, ten thousand six hundred and thirty-six feet high, rises nearby: We were awed into reverent silence at its height and grandeur.

Berne, our next visit, proved to be a mediaeval and picturesque city of bountiful attraction. We went to see the cathedral, the fountains (of which there are many), the big clock, the bear pit, and the market place. We spent a few days in Berne, but at last had to leave for the Italian Lakes.

On our way we passed through the Bernese Oberland. This mountainous region which begins in the southern part of the canton of Berne is famous for the most picturesque scenery in Switzerland. We stopped at Interlaken for a day, but had to forego the pleasure of visits to the other resorts in this section because of our hurry to reach the Italian Lakes.

When we reached the border between Switzerland and Italy, west of Monte Rosa, the great, steep Matterhorn rose to greet us. The emotions which flood the heart at sight of this regal mountain are almost inexpressible. It is more than beautiful—it is glorious, inspiring! And with all its splendor, around it is woven many a sad tale of hardships endured and of lives lost in the treacherous crevasses of snow.

We could have gazed at the Matterhorn forever, but after we had spent two days drinking in its beauty we reluctantly continued our journey to the lakes.

The scenery here becomes more Italian. There are tall cypresses and profuse flowers and a calm, balmy climate which dulls the desire to go on to the other cities, and holds one enthralled. The people are soft, pliable, unruffled, with few worries and fewer cares. This is a sort of earthly Paradise of great beauty, but it lacks the elements of progress.

Como, at the southern end of the lake, has a population of thirty-four thousand and is quite important commercially. The principal manufactures are silk and dyes. The wonderful black marble quarries which are world-renowned are found here. We saw the white marble Gothic cathedral, with its paintings by Guido Reni and Veronese. The hotel Plinius, which is named for the elder and younger Pliny, who at one time made Como their home, we chose as our headquarters. Lake Como, shaped like a Y, and thirty miles long, is surrounded by beautiful villas, most of which belong to the aristocracy of Milan. From Como we went to Bellaggio, where we stayed at the Villa Serbelloni, and also visited the Villa Poldi, at one time the home of the noble Gonzaga family.

Cadenabbia, a place for people with weak lungs, is attractive. We went on to Lugano, at the foot of Mount Salvatore. Lugano has a population of six thousand and twenty-four inhabitants, of whom the larger part are Catholics. The villagers wear strange and picturesque costumes. We saw the cathedral of San Lorenze and the church of the Madonna of the Angels. This latter church is built in Baroque style and contains two notable pictures by Luini.

Maggiore, which lies partly in Switzerland, is the largest lake, forty-two miles long and twelve hundred and twenty feet deep. On its banks is Locarno, an old city, which dates back to the fifth or sixth century B. C. There is an interesting monastery, which we visited in order to see a Ciseri picture, "The Madonna Del Sasso," which all tourists go out of their way to see. From here we went on to Pallanza. This is a summer and winter resort. We stayed here a few days and then visited the Borromean Islands, which include Isola Madre, Isola Bella and Isola Superiore. These three islands are beautiful and restful, and we shall leave with great reluctance.

Dear Sister, the chief impression that one receives from being in these wonderful regions is: how much nearer one has been brought to God. All that man may build looks puny and insignificant in the presence of these grand mountains of Switzerland. When his work shall have been swept away by the avalanche of time, these wondrous mountains and shining lakes will remain, reddened by the rising and setting of the sun of the coming centuries, enhanced by the azure beauty of the gleaming glaciers. It is indeed a place to make one bow one's head in humble reverence to the majesty of the great and beneficent God who has created all this beauty!

But, after all, America is my own dear home-land, and I shall soon joyfully return. I expect then to visit you, and we will talk over our travels together.

With love,

Your pupil,

JEANNETTE BARTHE, '20,

History of Art and Travel Class.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK



### SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

MARY YOUNG.....	President
Double Honor	
LENORE KEITHLEY.....	Vice-President
Scholarship	
MARY CRUM.....	Secretary
Single Honor	
VIRGINIA SMITH.....	Treasurer
Double Honor	



## RUINED SANCTUARIES

(Translated from the French)



IN the April number of "Caritas," a journal published by the Sisters of Charity at Gand, Belgium, there are several interesting items concerning the ruined churches of Belgium. They are from the report of M. l'Abbé Hansen, chaplain of the fifth engineering corps, to M. Poulet, Minister of Sciences and Arts, and have been collected under the title "La Grande Pitié des Églises de Flandre." Save for mention of Ypres, the extracts deal with the fate of churches little known to the world, and for that reason carry a new appeal. Some of the more interesting paragraphs follow:

"These martyred churches were as the stone symbol of bruised and devastated Flanders. They made part of all the glorious and terrible panoramas of that long and bloody battle of the Yser. So many soldiers died in the shadow of their towers. They lie there still in graves affectionately ornamented by their comrades. It is there that we are going to salute their glory, since peace has come.

"To the majority of these churches were attached 'Calvaries,' symbols of faith, of sorrow and of fidelity which often remained miraculously upright in the midst of the tragic ruins. The soldiers declared it a triumph that the cross should stand after each bombardment.

"All, even unbelievers loved this great Christ extending His arms in a protecting gesture, this Christ becomes their Friend, their Confidant, this Christ sharing in their dangers and their silent sufferings . . .

"Loo is one of the oldest cities of Flanders, she alone bears in her escutcheon the Roman eagle. Four military roads, to Poperinghe, to Estiaires, to Calais and to Gand bespeak her antiquity and her importance.

"In the center of the town, at the place where the Romans had dedicated a temple to Minerva, stood the parish church of St. Peter, an old Gothic church of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries . . .

"At noon of the twenty-fifth of October, 1915, in a violent bombardment of the little city, the steeple of the church was broken. The tower once shattered, the huge shells began to rain on the nave and choir, tearing open graves, scattering cemetery crosses. One by one the neighboring houses fell, adding their debris to the ruin of the church in an inextricable confusion. Fifty-two shells were fired on Loo that terrible day. Loo had become uninhabitable. Its monuments and its houses were destroyed, its streets rent by shells . . .

"When I saw them last the mist enveloped them in an atmosphere of heavy sadness. Like a phantom the old cure wandered about, stumbling over the ruins. Among the dead leaves of the cemetery a bullet in one side, the great bronze Christ was lying."

"Lampernisse, incomparably artistic jewel of architecture, has been lost forever. The ancient church has become an immense mass of ruins. We had hoped that once the steeple was destroyed the German shells would no longer be aimed at these in-offensive ruins, and that the war finished this architectural relic would be to us a place of pilgrimage full of wonderful souvenirs. Alas! Not strategic, but simply military



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

necessities decided otherwise. Some Canadian engineers who had come in September 1915 to aid our soldiers in strengthening the trenches, needed stones for the construction of roads. We could find nothing better to give them than the ruins of the church. Officers and soldiers told me that they performed this work with remorse in their hearts, as though they were committing a sacrilege or killing a wounded creature. The beautiful church which for eight months had proudly borne its scars was demolished in one month. The imposing mass of its square tower alone continued to face the Germans and military necessities."

"The beautiful village of Reninghe has been one of those most tried by bombardment, and is nothing more than a huge pile of ruins. The German batteries fired shells obstinately, with no other effect than to plow up the ruins, and to fell one or another cracked bit of wall.

"The beautiful bell of Reninghe lies broken at the foot of the tower, beside the clock dial. Of all the chimes this debris is the only souvenir. Behind the church a 'calvary' was for a long time intact. The soldiers returning from the trenches were so happy to find it there on their path. They considered this 'calvary' as a gauge of the protection of Providence, and believed that in spite of all, 'God was with us.'"

We see from these extracts that Belgium has not forgotten her ruined churches, though they were small and practically unknown to the world. Still does she grieve for them. Nor has she forgotten that God was with her in her hour of need. Still has she faith in Him.

NOEL McGETTIGAN, H. S., '21.

## DAWNING

A gray, cold earth, a gray, bleak sky—  
Slow, gray-winged birds go drifting by—  
A sad, gray hush in the heart of man.  
A gray, gray veil over life's short span.

A rosy blush on the sky's pale cheek—  
It's been kissed by the sun, the day's proud sheik,  
Bringing gifts of gold and pearls of dew  
And sweet-singing joy for the heart of you.  
There are wild, flowered paths that curve and stray  
And God-given spring makes tomorrow, today.

JANE O'SULLIVAN, H. S., '20.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK



### FROM THE HILLTOP

From the hilltop, looking downward  
To the peaceful vale below,  
One can see the wee lights glimmer  
In the sunset's after-glow.

Twinkling, shining in the half-light,  
As the stars above appear,  
How they mirror Heaven's candles,  
Bringing Paradise more near.

Purple grey, the distant mountains  
With their setting, rose and blue,  
Silhouetted on the sky line,  
As the moon slow rides in view.

Comes the wind now faintly, breathing,  
Barely stirring tree-tops tall,  
And the calm of sleep and rest-time,  
As a cloak enfolds us all.

Looking down upon our convent,  
In the valley, nestled there,  
Gratefully our hearts quick throbbing  
Breathe for her a prayer.

HELEN KULLMAN, H. S., '20.



## MISSION SAN RAFAEL



HEY had come, the good Fathers, with the sick, the lame and the blind from the more severe climate of San Francisco, to the beautiful valley which the Indians called "Jouskionmes," and had founded there San Rafael, "the healing of God."

On Saturday, December 17, 1817, at vespers, the cross was planted and all the ceremonies performed which precede the founding of a Mission. At first there were but two hundred in the little flock at San Rafael. But before a year had passed, the Mission building was completed, and over two thousand acres surrounding it were under cultivation, while the Friars ministered to 1600 souls.

In this quiet valley which George Wharton James describes as "sheltered and secluded by surrounding hills that rounded and beautifully sloped, and then covered with richest verdure and a variety of trees in which song birds nest and sing, and beneath which peaceful cattle and sheep graze," the padres taught "the Word of God." They were untiring; the Mission building, which consisted of the chapel, the Father's apartments, the school and the kitchen, was completed within a year, during which time hundreds of Indians were converted and their children baptized.

Great was the preparation which anticipated the first Easter in the new Mission. For many weeks the beloved Friar Amorso had been instructing a Confirmation class of children from far and near, camped about the Mission to assist for the first time in the mysteries of Passion Week and to be present at the conferring of the Sacrament on the following Sunday.

On Easter Sunday morning the little procession of a hundred children, led by the Fathers, wound in and out among the throngs of Indians whose faces were streaked with brilliant hues of wild herbs in honor of the day. They knelt as the children approached and with one deep voice, which sounded like the mighty recurrent tone of the sea, chanted the prayer which the priest had taught them.

These were days of strange content and happiness for the Indians. The warlike "Digger" tribesman lived beside his enemy from Olompalia and learned with him the joys of peace. San Rafael was a haven of plenty and quiet for him, and a merry land too, on holidays and in the pleasant evenings, when Father Amorso's choir of children would sing, while the young people would dance to the strains of the stringed orchestra played by the Indians whom this Friar had taught, the instruments of which had come from Spain.

Several times the calm happiness of this little family seemed in peril, but each storm passed leaving it untouched, and leaving too, a deeper love and a greater appreciation for the quiet Mission. The first attack came in 1822 when it was decided that the Mission Dolores together with the Mission San Rafael should be removed to one of the northern counties of the State. Father Amorso immediately appealed to Governor Arguello who spared the Mission. Again the inhabitants of the little community were terror-stricken by the ravages of the renegade neophyte Pomponio, who was finally captured by Lieutenant Martinez.

Excepting for these inconveniences the quiet content of the busy little world at San Rafael was uninterrupted until at length came the order of secularization in 1834.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

It fell like a bolt of lightning, crashing through the smiling blue of the calm sky, destroying at a stroke the labor of years. The padres were deprived of all their lands and property save the church and a dwelling place.

Ten years after the execution of the order, there remained about ten, or at the most twenty of the two thousand Indians who had lived in the vicinity of the Mission San Rafael, so cruelly had they been treated under secular authority. In 1846 the lands of the Mission were sold for a little over half their value, eight thousand dollars.

At the present time, so complete has been the destructive work of secularization that the only memento of this once prosperous Mission, is a group of gnarled old pear trees. The padres, like ministering angels who disappear when their task is accomplished, have all vanished, though they will live forever in the memory and affection of every Californian.

MARGUERITE HARRIGAN, H. S., '20.

## THE MAGIC SPELL

Do you believe in fairies?  
But oh, please say you do,  
I know the loveliest fairy tale,  
And best of all it's true.

Once in a sheltered valley,  
A fairy chanced to stray,  
She built a wondrous garden there,  
Where fountains sing all day.

Gently she waved her wand, and lo,  
A convent nestled there,  
With white-robed sisters, gravely kind,  
To keep it pure and fair.

And still this fairy roams among  
Those garden paths, blue-arched above,  
And casts on every heart her spell,  
The magic spell of love.

HELEN KULLMAN, H. S., '20.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK



### FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

MADALIN WILSON.....	President
Double Honor	
KATHERINE SHEA.....	Vice-President
Double Honor	
FRANCES RUSSELL.....	Secretary
Double Honor	
MARIE WEMPE.....	Treasurer
Double Honor	





# ALUMNAE

We wish to offer our sincere appreciation for the gracious response from the distinguished friends we invited to contribute to the Jubilee Number of the Year-Book:—The Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, D. D.; The Reverend A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C.; Brother Leo, F. S. C., L. H. D.; Clay M. Greene, Annie Laurie, Kathleen Norris, Laura L. Byrne, Carrie Jacobs Bond.

## TO OUR ALUMNAE



HE 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
Business Secretary.....	Sister Mary Thomas Dominican College, San Rafael, California
Treasurer.....	Miss Katherine Hedges Hall San Jose, California



## OUR PRESIDENT'S TRIBUTE TO MOTHER LOUIS



FIFTY golden years! Half a century spent in the work dearest to the Heart of God, but hardly appreciated by the busy world as it counts the coin of human values. Fifty years devoted to the building of human character and the embellishing of human souls with those Christian graces and virtues which are the glory and the strength of Christian womanhood. Could the Muses of poetry or song give us a more beautiful theme than that which is the life of our beloved Mother Louis?

Let us wander back with sweet memory for a companion, through the days that are past to meet this gentle nun and her little band of pioneers as they prepare to break ground for the building of a structure that is one of California's fairest monuments. What courage must have been in their hearts as they set about this great enterprise. Little can we understand the fortitude required to face the difficulties in their path. What doubts and fears must have assailed the valiant woman who has been the guiding spirit of the great project ever since its inception some thirty years ago. Her spiritual courage conquered what human misgivings there might have been and helped her to meet and overcome obstacles.

When we look upon the work of Mother Louis as it appears today in the Dominican College at San Rafael, we marvel at this monument to Christian education, and our hearts are filled to overflowing with respect and reverence for the noble woman to whose courage and foresight it owes its existence. What we behold in all that sheds such lustre upon the Dominican College, is but the outward and material expression of the vision God placed in the soul of Mother Louis many years ago. Today we, her spiritual children, behold with pride the consummation of the work of her years of devoted labor.

This external monument set among the beautiful hills of San Rafael and surrounded by such natural beauty that the eye is charmed with the picture, is in reality but the visible expression of the greater work that has so abundantly blessed the life of Mother Louis. Not in the building of structures which time may efface from the earth does the genius of our Mother shine forth and evoke our admiration; but in the building up of womanly character in the faith and love of God. This truly is the touchstone of her life.

Who but God really knows what her gentle direction and quiet influence and example have done in the souls of the religious entrusted to her care for many years? What but His encompassing eye can see her influence upon the lives of all those children of yesterday that have gone forth to carry to the world the sweet lessons they learned within the convent's sheltering walls? The little children who grew to womanhood blessed with her wisdom and charity have gone forth to exemplify in the world the Christian training they received at her hands. These are the flowers which she has offered to God, Who now smiles His benediction upon her golden years.

MAZIE CROWLEY BLETHEN.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

The regular meeting of the Alumnae Association was held Saturday afternoon, October eighteenth. A large number responded to the roll. The main business of the meeting dealt with the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Mother Louis which takes place on August 30, 1920.

The community hopes to erect a new chapel and the members of the Alumnae feel that they should do something towards it. With this purpose in view, it was decided to take up a collection, and to use the money towards a donation for the chapel. All present pledged themselves to give their concentrated effort to make the chapel fund a success.

At the close of the business meeting a reception was held at Meadowlands, the home of the Junior College. The house was beautifully decorated in white and gold, the college colors, chrysanthemums being effectively used. While the guests were busily discussing by-gone days, the college girls served refreshments. The tea proved to be a great success and we are already looking forward to the next reunion.

---

Our prayers and good wishes attend Miss Agnes Regan, elected executive secretary of the Women's National Council. Miss Regan is an alumna of St. Rose Academy, and was formerly a member of the San Francisco Board of Education.

Before leaving for Washington Miss Regan visited San Rafael, and gave a most interesting lecture to the Normal class. One of the first big projects the organization will undertake is a membership drive intended to bring every Catholic woman in America, as well as every Catholic women's organization, into the ranks of the National Council.

Madeleine Muldoon '13 was among the fifteen women selected from U. C. to act as ushers for the women delegates at the Democratic Convention. Madeleine is working at U. C. toward an M. D.

Esther Cardwell '16, was graduated in 1920 with highest honors in Latin. She was one of the few to be elected to Phi Beta Kappa, the scholastic honor society.

Kathryn E. Kraft, '17, was one of the twenty-four Junior women chosen for membership in Prytanean, the woman's honor society of the campus. She has been active in Sorority circles, was elected as delegate from the local chapter to the National Convention of Alpha Phi, and has been chosen as house-mother for 1920-1921.

Carmelita Heffernan, Elsie Melton, Lucille Toone, Regina McCaulay, Guinevere Terwilliger, Nadine Donovan, Dorothy Hall, Marcella Radjesky, Elizabeth Radjesky and Mary Edna Gossage have been regular students at U. C. during the past year.

Since leaving us, Evelyn Phelan has been pursuing her piano study under George Stewart McManus of San Francisco. Evelyn's application and progress is a source of great satisfaction to those whose loving interest is with her. She is also studying the pipe-organ with much success under the able tutelage of Uda Waldrop.

Eileen Kengla is teaching at the Denman School for girls in San Francisco.

Margaret Boillot, '13, returned in July from her war-work with the Red Cross in Europe.

Of the High School class of 1919: Ruth Marion, Helene Sturdivant, Dorothy Wall, Elizabeth Waterman, Marian Adams, Blanche Kengla, Lillian Leland attended Junior College. Carmelita Hunt is at San Francisco Normal. Charlotte Merkley and Florence Wainwright are at Art School.

Of the Junior College class of 1919: Dorothy Hall is at U. C., Regina McCaulay studying in Chemistry Department at U. C., Geraldine Stephany has returned to her home in Berlin.

Florence Ivanoff has made rapid advancement in the study of Oral Expression. Florence is now a member of the Player's Club, and took part in the production of "Richard III," given July 10th, in the Greek Theatre in Berkeley.

Grace Patterson '13, received the white habit of St. Dominic on January fourth, and is known in religion as Sister Mary Grace.

Florence and Blanche Yorktheimer and Elsa Behlow are giving concerts in New York.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

Alma Mater's interest has followed Dorothy Blaney to New York where she is devoting her time to study of the piano under Josef Lhevinne. Dorothy's musical endowment is very exceptional and a great artistic future is predicted for her.

Miss Kathleen Parkin is to be congratulated upon the receipt of a one hundred dollar cash prize, awarded to her by the Royal Typewriting Company, for the completion of the last line of an unfinished limerick. The poem appeared not long ago in the San Francisco Chronicle.

### WEDDING BELLS

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

Clara W. Claussen to Clarence Pope.  
Edith Clarken to John B. Orynski.  
Marie Miller to Horace T. Brown.  
Estelle Gassner to Paul Levy.  
Nadine Donovan to Arthur Bachrach.

Bertha Radovich to Dr. Clarence Lappington.  
Juliet Levy to Maurice Knox.  
Alberta Brizzolara to Allan Larkin.  
Evelyn O'Donnell to Anthony Neuhoﬀ.  
Marie Freitas to William Crane.

### CONGRATULATIONS

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

Edith Brooks Hermann. Phyllis de Young Tucker. Bernadette Williams Ernst.  
Dorothy Douglass Trabuco. Genevieve Martinelli Bogle. Edna Gianelli Dooley.

### LOVING CONDOLENCE

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

Ferdinand Thieriot.  
Dana Cressy.

Joseph Prescott.  
James Enright.

Mayjule Collins Welsh.

### OBITUARY

At St. Joseph's Home, Stockton, on Saturday, July 10th, Sister Mary John passed to her reward. All who knew Sister Mary John lament her death. Her strong and beautiful character made her an abiding influence among all with whom she lived. Her loss to the Dominican Sisters will never be quite replaced. For thirty-eight years she labored tirelessly among the little ones, many of whom have grown to womanhood, the tenderest recollections of their early childhood centering about the devoted care of the noble woman who bore to them a mother's place. Sister Mary John is survived by her aged mother, Mrs. Anne O'Malley and four sisters.

To her aged mother and to her sorrowing sisters our hearts go in loving prayers and sympathy.

Again the angel of death has visited the Junior ranks of our association and taken two young souls to the home of Our Heavenly Father. Mrs. Alberta Livernash Hyde, aged twenty-eight, died at St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco.

Alberta spent many years here devoting her time to the study of piano. Her gentle sweet nature won all hearts, and it was a happy day for her Alma Mater when she asked to be received into the Church in her loved convent chapel.

To her husband Mr. George Hyde, we offer sincere sympathy, praying that Alberta may intercede for him in her eternal praise of God.


Mayjule Collins Welsh was spending a few days with her parents in Fresno when she was taken ill suddenly and passed away on May twelfth. Mayjule spent several years here, devoting her time to the study of vocal music and piano. She had a sweet sympathetic voice and was always ready to lend her talent for the entertainment of her friends.

Her happy genial nature won for her many friends at Dominican College as well as in her home in Sacramento, where she lived for the past few years.

To her sorrowing relatives we offer our sincere sympathy and the assurance of a fervent remembrance in our prayers.



## THE MOTE

HE'S always up in Chapel praying, but she's a liar," said Margaret Mary O'Connor roundly.

"And you know Marg'ret Mary and I hate liars, Sister," Anna Mary O'Connor added.

"Don't let me hear you use that word again, girls," the nun said, parenthetically.

"No, Sister, but she doesn't tell the truth," both girls said at once.

Sister Philip looked at them helplessly. She was afraid, in her secret heart, that they were perfectly right. She also realized what they did not know, that these handsome, friendly, intelligent little O'Connors were the most influential girls in the school. They belonged to a large family of boys and girls, reared in a simple home by a wise mother who had taught them to respect only the good and true things of life. They had been boarding for a year or two, and they had become leaders among their companions. And now they frankly admitted that they did not like spoiled, sulky, arrogant Inez Saunders, the new boarder who had recently been added to their ranks, and they felt, and Sister Philip feared, that that was the end of friendship and companionship as far as Inez was concerned.

"Give her another chance, girls," Sister Philip suggested. But the usually goodnatured and careless twelve-year-old, Margaret Mary, as well as grave little ten-year-old Anna Mary, shook their heads.

"She's always boasting," said Margaret Mary, "She says she's been to New York, and her father gives her everything she wants, and her cousins all have country places—and all that."

"Well, perhaps that's all true, Margaret."

"No, Sister, it isn't. Because when Sister Teresa asked her some questions in class about it, she had to admit that she hadn't been in New York since she was three years old."

"H'm," said Sister Philip, baffled.

"She boasts about her clothes, and her money, and everything," Margaret Mary said scornfully, "but Irene Johnson told me that her father is just a contractor and builder, in San José—"

"Well, girls, Saint Joseph was a carpenter," Sister Philip reminded them, smiling. "It seems to me," she added, "that while what poor Inez says may be in bad taste, she perhaps was trying to make a pleasant impression upon all of us here. She is lonely and strange, she has no mother, and she wants us to think well of her."

"She needn't be lonely, if she'd act decently," Margaret Mary said severely. "But the minute we're nice to her, Sister, off she goes boasting again. You heard her last night, about the horses on her uncle's ranch, and how her father tipped the porter on the train—"

Sister Philip sighed, and for a few minutes the three paced the garden in silence. It was the noon hour, and the arbor where they were walking was checkered with a pattern of sunshine and green leaf-shadows. Beyond, the hollyhocks and roses of the garden blurred in a blaze of light, not a leaf of the great trees stirred in the shadowless calm.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

"We can pray for Inez, Sister," Anna Mary said suddenly. "We can make her a special intention." Sister Philip smiled.

"Indeed we can always do that," she said, "and we must. That is the real cure for all our problems." And in a lower tone she added, "here comes Inez now."

The new boarder, with a book under her arm, joined them on their way to the house.

"Did you get some figs, Inez?" asked the nun.

"I don't care for figs, thank you," the girl answered, flatly. "I suppose I had too many of them when I was little. The ranch up near Vacaville has the finest figs in the state. My uncle knew the Governor, and he used to send a box to the Governor every year—"

Margaret Mary glanced at Anna Mary. Their eyes met Sister Philip's eyes. Neither spoke, there was no need to speak. But at Mass the next morning Anna Mary leaned over to whisper a reminder to Margaret that they were to pray for "their intention."

The prayer did not seem to be immediately granted, and matters between Inez and her new associates rapidly went from bad to worse. Inez was so avoided and ignored that even her far-from-sensitive nature felt the chill, and she began to be really unhappy, and by All Souls Day the O'Connors were heading a sort of faction that made her life almost unendurable at the school. Nothing that she said was given the slightest attention, and her conversation was discounted by the girls' cool smiles, lifted eyebrows, shrugs and a poorly concealed inclination to turn away.

Then there was a change. Inez did not instantly become simpler and more sincere, but at about Thanksgiving time she showed decided alteration for the better. She did not immediately stop boasting and pretending, yet by degrees everyone began to feel that she was seeing herself as they saw her, and was not satisfied. In small ways the girls began to accept her overtures of friendship, and to show her friendliness in return.

Margaret Mary and Anna Mary O'Connor had long ago stopped their special prayers. But Inez's change of heart was too noticeable to escape their notice, and they began them again.

One day just before Christmas the girls were all in the Study Hall, busy with sweet stiff masses of damp evergreen, red berries and silver wire. The chapel was to be looped and garlanded with the fragrant rope that was growing under their fingers, and in the excitement of the approaching holidays and the general sense of joy and good will, Inez had been drawn quite naturally into the group that included the chattering and laughing O'Connors.

Margaret Mary and Anna Mary had agreed, in their private conferences, that they did not wish to befriend Inez, but today was exceptional. Many of the boarders, who lived nearby, had driven off in the omnibus yesterday for holidays at home. But the O'Connors' Oregon home had measles in it now, and they were staying at school, as also was Inez. A box had come for them already, other packages had come, and after early Mass on Christmas morning there would be great rejoicing over presents in the study.

The little girls who stayed were naturally drawn closer together than they might otherwise have been, and Inez the new and timid and more accurate Inez, was eagerly accepting such casual words as Margaret Mary or Anna Mary deigned to give her.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

"My uncle—" Inez said presently, busily working, "has lots of evergreen trees, on the ranch."

"I suppose it's a million acres," Margaret Mary said, looking humorously at her sister.

"No, about three hundred," Inez said. She reddened and after a moment's pause she added firmly. "It doesn't belong to my uncle, you know. He's just employed to—to manage it."

The full value of this did not strike Margaret Mary for a minute. When it did she had time for a swift, almost embarrassed, almost ashamed glance at Anna Mary.

"I thought—from the way you talked—that your uncle owned it," she said, impelled by the truthfulness of her own nature to say what was not kind. Tender-hearted Anna Mary looked up quickly, with a sort of fear. They didn't want to hurt anybody's feelings—so near to Christmas.

But Inez looked at them bravely, with a deep flush.

"I know you did, Margaret," she said simply, "I'm sorry."

Margaret Mary almost felt her breath fail. This was humility on a scale that overwhelmed her.

"My uncle was a contractor like my father," Inez said, "but his health gave way years ago. So he went up to Sacramento and he was gardener—"

There was a dead silence in the group. Margaret Mary and Anna Mary worked steadily.

"He was gardener to the Governor, and then he went on the Governor's ranch," Inez said, swallowing with a dry throat. "And I used to visit up there, when there was nobody in the big house."

"I hope he got his health back," Anna Mary said in the silence.

Suddenly they all began to laugh and talk like so many Christmas sparrows in a nest of green boughs. Sister Philip coming to summon them all for supper, could hardly believe her eyes and her ears. The name "Inez" was ringing through the happy clamor quite as constantly as those of Margaret and Anna, and it was with Inez that the O'Connor girls ran chattering upstairs to wash their hands.

Several weeks later when utter harmony was reigning among all the girls, and the improvement in Inez's manner and nature was a secret source of amazement to every teacher in the school, Sister Philip chanced to have a confidential conversation on the subject with the O'Connor sisters.

"You see, girls," said the nun, "that Inez is really a sweet and friendly little girl, and that silly manner she had at first was only because she had never had girl friends, or perhaps never been told that boasting and exaggerating is wrong. She has no mother, you know, and I am very glad that you two, with your interest in her, and your prayers for her, have helped to bring all this happiness about. You do like her, don't you?" she added, to Margaret Mary, with a little surprise. For both the girls looked sober, and even a little troubled.

"We love her," Margaret answered quickly, "and we've written mother, to ask if she can't spend part of her vacation with us, up at Grandpa's. But Sister, Anna and I feel terribly about—about your thinking that we helped Inez."

"But you did," Sister Philip said, surprised. "Didn't you pray for her?"

"Yes, I know," Margaret Mary agreed soberly. "We did. And of course we



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

know that helped. But one day, after we were all friends, we were talking to Inez about how we used to hate each other—”

“Margaret, I’ve asked you not to use that word.”

“Well, dislike each other then, Sister—and we told her that you had been worried, and that we had prayed for her. And do you know what she said?”

“She said she had prayed, too, Sister, after Thanksgiving, when she was so unhappy, and that after she had wondered and wondered why we didn’t change toward her, she began to pray that she *herself* would change. And that—” said Margaret Mary solemnly, “that did it. And it made Anna Mary and me feel so ashamed,” she said, and Sister Philip saw the tears in both little sisters’ eyes, “to think that Inez, who didn’t have any mother, and had been so lonely, would want to change herself, and all we thought of was praying for her, as if *we* were perfect.”

“And Margaret Mary and I, after this are always going to pray for ourselves first,” Anna Mary added, blinking her wet lashes, and laughing. “And then, if we are doing right, the chances are the other person will.”

“‘First cast the beam out of thine own eyes,’ ”

the nun said, half-aloud. And then turning back at the garden wall, and facing the beds already filmed with the spring green, and the sunshine that was flooding the world with heartening light, she said, seriously. “Ah, girls, if you have learned that, no matter what you do for Inez, *she* will have taught *you* one of the greatest lessons of your whole life.”

KATHLEEN NORRIS, Alumna.

## THE SPIRIT OF SAN RAFAEL



SAN RAFAEL. How resplendent is that name to those who have known and loved that blessed portion of your golden beauty dedicated to Saint Dominic. Not exultant and bold is that beauty, but mellow and tender, like the softened rays of the rising sun through the glistening mist, gleaming an early morning benediction upon the chapel-goers. You who are leaving and you who have left, look back and see what has been yours. Did you love the sports at Dominican, and all the fun of free, exuberant exercise? The secret of your delight was the beautiful, bright spirit of fair play. Were you earnest in study and in all work, it was because there glowed for you the lamp of lofty endeavor. If you found comfort and courage in prayer, it was because there gleamed the white radiance of holy confidence. Practical, real, and upbuilding, yet rare and sublime such was your life here, all golden and white colors of Saint Dominic, reflecting the glow of the surrounding hills, the gleam of the morning sunshine. And such is your college spirit, a pure, all-pervading radiance, strong like the hearts from which it emanates, bright like the graceful robe that conceals those hearts.

Dear Sisters of Saint Dominic! Through them a Holy Spirit shines forth, and through her who would be thought the least of these—dear Mother Louis, sweet, loving and strong. San Rafael! The Spirit of Saint Dominic dwells with you. Divine Beauty blesses you through the hearts of such as these.

LAURA L. BYRNE.





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



## THE BELLS OF MONTEREY

Comes to me across the headland,  
Through the mist of dashing spray,  
Comes the soft appealing music  
Of the bells of Monterey:  
Mission bells of Monterey,  
Twilight bells of Monterey,  
Comes the pealing softly stealing  
Of the bells of Monterey.

In the blaze of sunset's glory,  
Palm and pine, and hill and bay  
Tell again the wondrous story  
Of the bells of Monterey:  
Evening bells of Monterey,  
Twilight bells of Monterey,  
All the glory of the story,  
Of the bells of Monterey.

Señorita, caballero,  
From the past so far away  
List from out the deepening shadows  
To the bells of Monterey:  
Sad sweet bells of Monterey,  
Mournful bells of Monterey,  
To the rolling and the tolling  
Of the bells of Monterey.

Once again comes saintly Serra,  
Blesses hamlet, grove and bay,  
And a holy silence hushes  
All the bells of Monterey:  
Vesper bells of Monterey,  
Holy bells of Monterey,  
Falls night and peace and starlight  
On the bells of Monterey.

S. M. R.



MESSAGES

Oh, winds that blow far, far away,  
Across the mountains and the streams,  
To where, beyond a hill-crowned bay,  
There lies the valley of my dreams.

There, through the fragrant pine trees blow,  
And sing to her, our mother-friend,  
Till listening she shall hear and know  
My prayers with your deep music blend.

And clouds, slow-drifting towards the west,  
When poised as darkness falls, above  
Mt. Tamalpais' lofty crest—  
Let her behold in you, my love.

But most of all, oh, stars that shine,  
Fog-veiled the long night watches through,  
Shield her from harm with Love Divine,  
With peace, content, her heart imbue.

Yet little birds, I ask of you  
The sweetest task. Oh, fly to where  
A garden lies, all spun with dew,  
And sing your very hearts out, there.

Amid those paths where she and I,  
Once (was it long ago?) would stray,  
Sing, sing—and she will understand  
The things I know not how to say.

NANCY PATTISON, Alumna





#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The Sisters of St. Dominic wish on this the fiftieth anniversary of their loved Mother, to give public expression to their gratitude to all the friends of the golden years who have been generous in gift and service to Dominican College, San Rafael, and its dependent convents.

### OUR MOTHER'S DAY



**A** DELIGHTFULLY arranged program was given on the evening of the feast of Saint Louis Bertrand. The commencement hall was transformed by lovely masses of flowers. To the rhythm of the "Marche Heroique," the girls came on the stage and passed down the center of the hall in a grandmarch. They curtsied with old fashioned grace to Mother Louis and the guests of honor who were seated on a dais against ferns and smilax. Taking their places, the girls in their white dresses made an effective background for "Our Mother's Guard" L, O and V and E—represented by Christina Marelia, Ethyl Bryte, Helen Adams, and Claire Harney, who each in turn placed a basket of flowers at the feet of our Mother, as Ruth Marion, flanked by the guard, read the words, "Our mother and her grenadiers, L, O and V and E."

Because of the unusual character of the prologue and the success with which the program was rendered, the evening was pronounced the prettiest and the most unique entertainment ever given on the Feast of Saint Louis Bertrand.



"OUR MOTHER'S GUARD"

There they stand  
The gallant band,  
Just as they've stood for years  
Our Mother's guard of honor,  
Four gallant grenadiers,  
L, O and V and E  
They answer to the roll,  
The ever watchful guardians  
Of the convent's heart and soul.

'Twas Mother who recruited them  
From out her tender heart,  
And schooled them in the rudiments  
Of military art.  
These tireless defenders  
Stand ready night and day  
To guard the convent's battlements  
And keep all foes away.

When doubt and dread and loneliness  
Come swarming up the stair,  
You'll hear the grenadier on guard  
Give challenge, "Who Goes There?"  
His rifle at the ready,  
He peers into the night,  
While instantly the enemy  
Wheels round in sudden flight,  
And Mother simply smiles again  
With every victory,  
And passes in review her guard,  
L, O and V and E

Through all the passing hours 'tis she  
Who ceaselessly prepares  
The stalwart guardmen's cartridges—  
They're made from fervent prayers.  
Thank God for such defenders  
Of dauntless bravery,  
Our Mother and her grenadiers,  
L, O and V and E

G. A. MARION.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

### THE FLEET

TO DOMINICAN COLLEGE, no less than to the rest of the bay communities, the arrival of the fleet was a signal for a holiday. So when the hydroplanes, flying, dipping, circling, like so many sea-gulls, announced the long file of mighty vessels, the eager eyes of the girls watched them from Fort Baker. Out of the fog they glided like ghosts, on, through the Golden Gate. Quite suddenly the sombre grey world seemed to go mad; the muffled roar of salutes mingled with the frantic cheering of men and women in wild confusion. But through it all the silent guardians of the Pacific passed in calm procession, confident, unafraid. As the last ship passed from view a sigh rose, for the dream was gone, the vision which had come out of the fog had as silently disappeared, the arrival of the fleet had already become a beautiful memory.

### ROSARY SUNDAY

ROSARY SUNDAY. And once again a slow, silent procession circled along the olive-arched path to the Grotto. There, in the calm, afternoon sunlight, Benediction was given while the birds overhead joined in the Te Deum of praise. Then the white-clad figures passed again beneath the trees, into the dim chapel where a final Benediction crowned the glories of the day.

### VISIT OF THE MOST REVEREND EDWARD J. HANNA, D. D.

OUR BELOVED Archbishop paid us a visit a short time ago and gave a very short but interesting talk. The Glee Club sang, "Ave Maria," and Ruth Marion made an address of welcome in her own inimitable way.

### FIRST ISSUE OF THE "MEADOWLARK"

WITH this issue the "Meadowlark" makes its first appearance. After many heated arguments for and against, the girls decided on the name. The "Meadowlark" will appear monthly, and it is hoped that it will have a large circulation in the college and in the high school. The staff have worked hard on this first issue; next month they hope to have more help from the other girls. All must be represented so that they will feel that the paper belongs to them. In large colleges and in small colleges as well, a school paper makes for unity, adds a new interest to the school life, and brings the girls into closer contact with one another. In working on a paper the meaning of news value is learned, and also some of the principles of journalism, with which we should be acquainted. The paper records the events of each month, and by saving every number we have a complete history of our school days, of which we will be glad later on in life. As our paper grows our ideas will grow with it. Success and a long life to the "Meadowlark."

### The Staff

Editor.....	Doris Hunter
Assistant Editor.....	Grace Spottiswood
Assistant Editor.....	Dorothy Wall
Business Manager and School Notes.....	Elizabeth Waterman
Music and Dramatics.....	Agatha Drew
Society.....	Marian Pritchard
Sports.....	Ethyl Bryte
Jokes.....	Elizabeth Smith
High School Notes.....	Frances Ramsay

### CONCERT BY WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

MR. WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN the well-known baritone and voice teacher offered a worthy tribute in his choice of the songs which he interpreted for us on the evening of October 20th. Arias from Handel's "Julius Caesar" and "Berenice," several Hungarian folk-songs, two Shakespeare songs with several modern English songs comprised the program. Mrs. Chamberlain accompanied her husband, as well as her little daughter Mary, who charmed all with her violin playing.

### LECTURE GIVEN BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

THE evening of October 21st, George Wharton James, the well-known California author, interested the girls with pleasing stories and slides of his friends among the animals of the wilderness, and with readings from the works of the three California writers, Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, and Ina Coolbrith.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

### REDFERN MASON LECTURES

NOVEMBER the twenty-second, Redfern Mason talked to us on subjects rarely discussed in lectures on wartime France: Lourdes as the scene of the American soldiers' devotions, and the influences emanating from the lives of Bernadette, of the Little Flower, and of Joan of Arc. Most impressive was the deep faith, the intense earnestness with which the well-known musical critic, the broad-minded man of the world described the experiences which, alone, he said, would have made his journey to France worth while.

### DOMINICAN COLLEGE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

THE ATHLETIC meeting was the most satisfactory one we have ever had. The main feature of the evening was the presentation of the Spalding Tennis Cup to Sylvia Leland. Songs were sung by different glee clubs, and a recitation given by Miss Helen Shay. Numerals were awarded to the basket ball teams and class tennis champions.

### THE CHRISTMAS WITH THE ORPHANS

THE boys of St. Vincent's Orphanage have endeared themselves to Dominican College. No festival during the year meets with so enthusiastic a response as the one which supplies Christmas cheer for these orphan boys. An abundance of good things was sent in time to reach the little ones on Christmas day.

### CHILDREN OF MARY

EACH year on the feast of the Immaculate Conception the aspirants to Our Lady's Sodality are received as her children. After the Act of Consecration, the Reverend Thomas J. Brennan blessed the medals and gave the young ladies a practical instruction on their duties as Children of Mary. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed. On the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, twenty-one members of the Junior College were received into Our Lady's Sodality.

### EDGEHILL, ESTATE OF MRS. WILLIAM BABCOCK, ASSURES AMPLE ROOM FOR EXTENSIONS

*From San Francisco Examiner December 21, 1919.*

THE Sisters of Dominican College, San Rafael, completed on January 6th the purchase of Edgehill, the estate of Mrs. William Babcock. Edgehill is adjacent to the convent, making with Meadowlands—the recently acquired De Young home—a park of seventy-five acres. This property is highly cultivated with a superb natural setting. The addition of this valuable estate insures ample room for carrying out the extensive plans for departmental buildings necessitated by the growth of Dominican College. A number of acres of Edgehill consists of a well-cultivated farm land with modern equipment and buildings giving the school all the advantages of country supplies of milk, fruit and vegetables. Everything is being done toward keeping Dominican College, San Rafael, a well ordered and beautifully appointed college for women. The work of the school is planned to maintain and to promote the highest educational ideas, not only for elementary but also for secondary and college training. Besides the college courses, with an exceptionally strong faculty having degrees from Louvain, the University of California, the Catholic University, Columbia, John Hopkins and Bryn Mawr, there is a regularly established Normal Training School and departments of music, art, languages, secretarial, commercial and household economics. The school of music was recently placed upon the list of State accredited schools. This accreditation gives Dominican College the privilege of recommending an individual student for the California Secondary Special Certificates in Music. The recipient of this certificate is enabled to teach music or to take a position as supervisor of music in any high school, grammar or primary school of the state. Dominican College thus presents the rare opportunity of studying music in a collegiate atmosphere. Its School of Music aims at academic standards and methods, and to this end the general plan of study is modeled after the college, with practically the same rules for attendance, discipline and examinations. An interchange of work is in effect between the college and the School of Music, so that a student majoring in music may obtain a secondary certificate in music and the degree B. A. Dominican College is easily accessible to San Francisco, making possible a registration of day pupils who may wish to take advantage of the opportunity to study for the elementary or secondary music certificate in an accredited school.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

### THE ANNUAL RETREAT

THE annual Spiritual Retreat, which was conducted from March 11 to March 14, for the students of Dominican College, San Rafael, was a period rich in the joys which come from time spent apart, and in recollection. The two hundred and fifty retreatants were under the able guidance of two Retreat masters, Rev. T. L. Brennan, S. T. L., and Rev. W. T. Lewis, O. P. Their conferences upon subjects close to the heart of every Catholic girl not only renewed in their listeners a keener love for the mysteries and beauty of Faith, but also awakened a realization of the opportunities of a retreat. The sincerity of purpose and spirit of recollection with which the students followed the exercises of the three days were striking evidence of a desire for spiritual gain. The Retreat was concluded Sunday morning, when at the end of the second Mass, Father Lewis gave the Papal Blessing and addressed the students, encouraging them to persevere in following throughout life the high ideals set before them by the Church. The Retreat closed, giving hopeful promise of bearing future fruit a hundred-fold.

### DE-FENCE PARADE

THE College, High School and Grammar School students distinguished themselves in the De-Fence parade as the following letter from the San Rafael philanthropist, Mr. Leon Douglass will testify.

MY DEAR SISTERS:

March 15, 1920.

Please accept my heartfelt thanks for your kindness in allowing your girls to parade last Friday in the "De-Fence San Rafael" interests. They certainly looked lovely and the splendid training they receive was evident by their carriage and general appearance.

Wishing you every success in your work, and with kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

LEON F. DOUGLASS.

### ST. PATRICK'S DAY

THE Feast of St. Patrick was the inspiration of a musical-literary program, the honored guest was the Very Reverend Patrick A. Foley V. F. of St. Raphael's Church. At the close our revered pastor and friend expressed his appreciation of our work, and in his usual kindly way, encouraged us to still higher endeavor.

### PERGOLESÌ'S STABAT MATER

THE choral sang the "Stabat Mater" of Giovanni Battista Pergolesi in the college chapel on Sunday afternoon, March 21. This celebrated hymn on the Passion of Christ has a part in the ritual of the Catholic Church for Passion Sunday, and has been worthily treated by the eighteenth century master. Apart from its historic and formal interest, Pergolesi's work is significant as embodying the musical spirit of the church communicated to us through the Gregorian Chant and the traditions established by Palestrina. The students who took part in Sunday's program are: Soprani—Marcella Knierr, Elizabeth Patria Yribarren; alti—Agatha Drew, Marguerite Harrigan, Antoinette Erro, Marie Stanley, Irene Chisem, Lenore Keithley, Georgia Smith, Marian Adams. An organ prelude and postlude were rendered by Agatha Drew.

### CONCERT BY SIGMUND BEEL AND GEORGE McMANUS

It is hardly necessary to say that the concert given on the evening of March twentieth was one of the most enjoyable of the year when we mention such artists as Sigmund Beel, violinist, and George McManus, pianist. Our appreciation of the various numbers was greatly increased by Mr. Beel's brief explanation of their historic and formal interest. We remarked particularly the Cesar Franck Sonata and the Irish folk-melodies.

### Y. L. I. CONCERT

THE honor girls were given the privilege of listening to the program given by the Y. L. I. at the Garden Theatre on May twenty-ninth. There were three short skits by the members of the Player's Club, clever and amusing, and a song by Miss Marcella Knierr.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

### SACRED CONCERT GIVEN BY THE CHORAL CLASS

THE Dominican College Choral, which has gained a reputation for itself in the past year because of the perfect harmony and unison of the fine voices, and the members' readiness to perform whenever called upon, gave a Sacred Concert in the new church Friday evening, June eleventh. Their work reached its usual high standard of excellence and was enjoyed and appreciated by all.

### CHURCH BENEFIT AT SAINT RAPHAEL'S CHURCH

MR. JAMES W. FOLEY, lecturer and humorist and present editor of the Pasadena Post, came all the way from the South to assist in this benefit. Needless to say Mr. Foley sustained his already high reputation as a lecturer. The St. Raphael's Record complimented the young ladies of the D. C. Choral by saying they pleased both the eyes and ears of the large audience who attended the concert.

### FATHER HARVEY'S LECTURE

WE had all enjoyed Father Harvey's first lecture on Hamlet, and so looked forward with pleasure to his second on "The Merchant of Venice." Father Harvey's clearness of explanation and quickness to catch the keynote of Shakespeare's plays are new and interesting to us, and we were entertained and instructed at this lecture as well as at his first one. We hope to have him again next year and hear "Othello" or "King Lear." We are all quite sure that these lectures would be an enlightening and pleasurable part of our course in English.

### MR. GRIFFITH'S LECTURE

A FORTUNATE coincidence was the coming of Mr. Griffiths soon after Father Harvey. Mr. Griffiths read for us the whole of the "Merchant of Venice" with his own wonderful interpretation. His "Shylock" was much better than his "Portia," naturally; but we enjoyed the whole immensely, and those of us who have heard Mr. Griffiths in previous years were not disappointed this time. We shall never forget "Othello" and "The Merchant of Venice," since they have been impressed upon us by the powerful portrayal of Mr. Griffiths.

### CORONATION CEREMONY

THE MAY DAY procession was rendered impressive by the charming ceremony known as May crowning. The students, white veiled and dressed in white uniforms led the procession which passed from the chapel across the arcade into St. Thomas Hall, out through the olive trees to the Grotto of Lourdes, where the statue of our Lady is crowned. This year Noel McGettigan, Mary Young, Virginia Smith, were the flower girls, Lorene Dyer bore the crown, and Marguerite Harrigan president of the Senior class and of the Children of Mary Sodality, had the honor of crowning Our Lady. The ceremony closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

### FIELD DAY

THE court on June ninth was all swept and hosed, and although at some points it presented a rather streaky aspect to the onlookers above, it was soon to be the scene of great activity, so no one was worried. The marching began at four, when the court was shady enough. The High School and Grammar School competed for the reward of good marching—a D. C. pennant. The winners were judged by applause, and the High School carried off the prize. The College Indian Club Drill, the Babies Wand Drill and the setting up exercises by the High School were done with a unison of motion and decisiveness of gesture not to be excelled. The Sweet Pea Dance by some of the Grammar School, and the Japanese Dance by the more graceful members of the High School were enjoyed as much for their daintiness of costume as for their light gracefulness. The relays were attended by much shouting and applause, and a few arguments about handicaps, etc., the usual state of such tests of skill. The baseball game between the Grammar School and First Year High was very close, but the decision was given to the former. We were glad as that soothed their hearts, which still rankled at the loss of the pennant. To make a fitting climax to the day, the college sold sandwiches, ice-cream and pop for the benefit of the Year-Book.

### OUR BASKETBALL TEAM

OUR basket ball team is without doubt the most wonderful on the Pacific coast. The college part will be complimented in their own section, but we simply must place our humble wreaths (acacia) at the feet of Bernice Ielmorini, Clare O'Sullivan, Margaret Cox and Thelma Jennings. The reassuring coolness of Bernice and Clare is one of the most comfortable feelings we know.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

### THE COLLEGE GIRLS' FAVORITE SPORT

MANY of the college sports have been given up in favor of golf. Each Wednesday morning the girls hike over the hills back of Meadowlands and down the short cut to the golf course. Although golf has long been popular in the outside world, it has never before been introduced in this school, the main reasons being lack of time and talent. But now we are looking forward to having our own course on the large vacant lots across from the main building.

### OPENING OF ST. RAPHAEL'S NEW CHURCH

A SACRED concert was given on Friday evening, June 11th, by the Choral Society of the Dominican College. A very excellent program selected from the representative composers was offered.

The new church was opened for inspection on that evening. The church is almost completely equipped except for the lighting fixtures and some minor details about the altar.

### FIRST COMMUNION

THE past year has many happy memories for Lillian Stephany, Andrée Beauvais, Martha Canavan, Dorothy Lambert, Lulu Plunkett, Elizabeth Handy, Lucene Hertsche, Clare Haight, Mercedes and Elizabeth Trueman and Gabriel Lahore, who had the happy privilege of receiving their first Communion in our Convent Chapel.

### VISIT OF MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP MANNIX

ON June 9th we were honored with a visit from the Most Reverend Archbishop Mannix of Melbourne. The distinguished prelate was accompanied by Right Reverend Bishop Foley, Father Vaughn, Monsignor John Rogers, the Reverends William, James and Arthur Cantwell and Edgar Boyle.

### SCHOOL NOTES

ON June 9th The Right Reverend H. Boeynaems, D. D., Bishop of Honolulu, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the following young girls:

Andrée Beauvais	Marian Doyle	Beatrice Maggetti
Georgina Burt	Martha Lowenthal	Evelyn Smith
Isabel Bettencourt	Isabel Lowenthal	Mary Stephens
Marie Bishop	Grace Lowenthal	Florence Rodrigue
Ilma Crotty	Dorothy Lambert	Florine Vanderbilt
Mary Corbett	Cecilia O'Day	Katherine Wright
Lucille Dixon	Nina O'Day	Geraldine Wagoner

### FILM-PLAYS

THROUGHOUT the year a number of film-plays were given for the entertainment of the school. Those particularly enjoyed were "Little Women," "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Confession."

### ORGAN RECITAL

AGATHA DREW, who has made rapid progress with her organ study this year, was heard in a recital on the 10th of June. She was assisted by her talented brother Gerald, who played a group of violoncello numbers.

Several of the students gave some time to the pipe organ during the past semesters; Dorothy Duffy and Christina Marelia were among the interested ones.

### PROGRAMS OF PIANO MUSIC

IRENE CHISEM was heard in a piano recital on the afternoon of March the 10th. This pianist is possessed of a rich musical endowment which time will fully reveal. Irene is also giving her attention to the harp, and bids fair to becoming an accomplished harpist.

On the afternoon of April 27th Lenore Keithley offered a program of piano music, including works of the early masters as well as those of the later periods. Lenore's playing revealed an insight which is rarely the possession of youthful players. We may hope for much from our little pianist in the future.

Priscilla Jacobi played informally for a group of friends and a number of the students on the afternoon of June 6th. The talent and earnestness of this piano student give promise of a genuine musical development.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

### CONVENT GARDEN WINS A PRIZE

WE are proud to note that our college won a prize for the beauty of its gardens. Miss Marjorie Powell was deputed to accept the prize, which was awarded at the Fourth of July celebration.

### THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON

AN impressive solemnity attended the preaching of the Baccalaureate Sermon. The students entered the chapel in procession, the college girls in white caps and gowns, the seniors in white uniforms and veils. As the notes of the processional ended they took their places, and the Reverend Andrew Carroll, of St. Raphael's Church, San Rafael, began his sermon by pointing out the advantages of Christian education. He stressed the responsibility that devolves on the student who has received a Catholic education, and he commented on the fact that the world is keen to mark the weaknesses of that student. The conclusion of the address was a stirring appeal to the graduates of 1920 to live as befits those who have been educated under the symbol of the cross: to live nobly, emphasizing duties not rights, understanding and accepting the Christ ideal of service and sacrifice.

### THE CHORAL

THE Dominican College Choral is now a vital factor in our musical activity. The interest of the students led to a gradual increase from a small nucleus to a membership of thirty. Several recitals were given during the year, the most notable the singing of Pergolesi's Stabat Mater in the College Chapel on Passion Sunday, the Sacred Concert in St. Raphael's Church on the 11th of June, and the open air recital of Commencement Week.

### HISTORY OF ART AND TRAVEL CLASSES

THE History of Art and Travel Classes have been engaged this year in the study of "Aesthetics of Art," "Color: its Significance and its Symbolism," and "American Art," which includes an intensive study of the development of American Architecture, Sculpture and Painting.

Reference and Research work are well prepared, and lantern slides are used in illustration.

The Classes gave successful lectures on Switzerland; the lectures on the Bernese Oberland, and the Italian Lakes were particular favorites.

In the second semester Norway and Sweden were the subjects for travel. Lenore Keithley read the lectures in a clear, distinct and pleasant voice, and the stereopticon views were ably managed by Jeannette Barthe and Dorothy Duffy.

### MUSICAL APPRECIATION

THE Tuesday evenings of the year were given to the musical Appreciation course. With the aid of the victrola all formal types and modes of expression were considered with the aim of giving to the students a broad and comprehensive knowledge of the musical art. With the aid of Lenore Keithley, pianist, special attention was given to the Sonata Form.

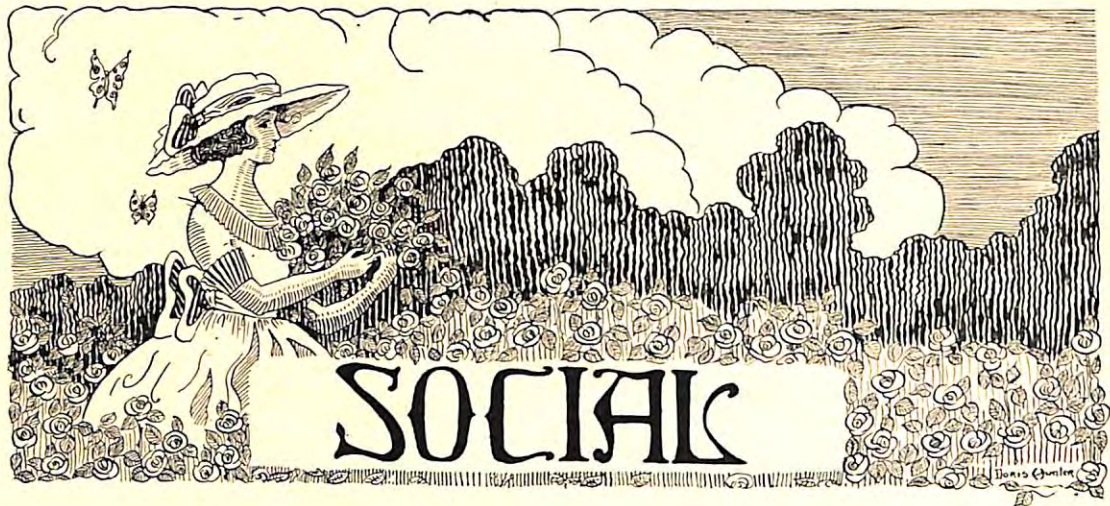
### ART CLASS

THE art students of Dominican College have made good use of their opportunities during this year. Poster work was very popular, and Miss Doris Hunter, Marian Adams and Anita Birney did excellent work in this line. Several of the Junior College pupils studied Interior Decoration.

### DOMESTIC ART

JUDGING from the two exhibits, one at Christmas, the other on June 15th, much time was given to this womanly accomplishment.





#### OLD GIRLS' WELCOME TO THE NEW

THE Dominican social year of 1919-20 began with the Old Girls' Welcome to the New. A dance was given in Veritas Hall, which was artistically decorated in the Senior Class Colors. The girls in their bright dresses made a gay and happy picture as they danced lightly through the halls. During the evening refreshments were served, very simple, but plentiful, and thoroughly enjoyed.

#### HALLOWE'EN PARTY

THE Seniors entertained at a Hallowe'en Party. The Pines was selected as the most opportune spot to carry out their weird projects. A chamber of horrors was prepared for those unsophisticated enough to enter. At ten o'clock the weirdly clad figures stole to their rooms and ten minutes later the scene of so much amusement was in utter darkness and silence.

#### MARION KNIGHT'S PARTY

NOVEMBER 15th, the day after Marion Knight's birthday, was the day chosen for her party. The entertainment was given in Veritas Hall, where all her classmates and special friends assembled to enjoy with her the good time attendant upon eighteenth birthdays. Favor dances, songs by Marcella Knierr, and refreshments of ice cream and cakes delighted everyone. The unexpected arrival of her brother lent new excitement to the already hilarious party, and when at last it was time to leave, everyone expressed both admiration for Marion's gifts as hostess, and regret at having to leave so early.

#### FIRST YEAR BAZAAR

THE First Year, whose motto seems to be "Higher, ever Higher," essayed to produce a little play in connection with their benefit for the Year Book. All the actresses were taking their first plunge into the drama, and they did exceedingly well. All the portrayals were perfect, especially Madame de Portment, the head of the school, about which the story centered. After the presentation of the skit, all manner of edibles were sold, and a goodly sum was garnered for the coffers of our struggling annual.

#### COLLEGE HAYRIDE

THE September afternoon, although nearly perfect, gave even better promise of evening. Packed in two big automobile trucks filled with hay, we started along the road at a good speed, and amid songs, laughter and cheers arrived at Paradise Cove. Naturally, everything had to be discovered and experimented with by the more ambitious group of girls, while the others, the butterfly sort, danced, and the domestic ones helped get dinner, with the assistance of Julius and the auto drivers.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

When dinner was ready we all came with joy, and seated ourselves around the outdoor table, and ate the beans and other delicious things that always taste so good on a hayride. The invaluable Julius built a huge fire, and we sat and watched the sparks fly skyward. And the twinkling lights of the cities and towns appeared on the other side of the bay.

We started for home at nine-thirty and took the longest route possible. We arrived home at ten-thirty tired, but happy.

### CHARACTER PARTY

OUR first dance of the New Year was a Character Party. Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer, or Jane O'Sullivan and Cecile Pinkham in real life, won the prize. They carried a can of worms, which seemed to us the last word in local color. Simple Simon, Little Miss Muffet, Bluebird, and Fatima, Harlequin, and Darby and Joan also won unqualified approval.

### HARD-TIMES PARTY

OUR Hard-Times party was a revelation. Many of us were surprised to see how some of our most dignified Seniors and Juniors blossomed forth in—well, the “hardest” costumes. Imagine neat, quiet little “Sis” in a costume which would draw laughter from a stone, standing on one foot and singing “School Days” in a high falsetto. The refreshments—coffee and doughnuts—were enjoyed by all the optimists, who were so hungry from their efforts at rustic behavior that they could almost have eaten the holes in the second half of the menu.

### THE MARDI GRAS

“THE Mardi Gras” given by our resourceful Juniors, was a vision of Russian splendor. Miss Helen Freitas presided as Tsarina of the Festivities. Four odious Bolsheviki almost broke up the party, but they tired of being wicked, and quietly stole away to their den—we know where it is too, but we're not going to tell. There were the usual Nipponese maidens, Russian ladies, Chinamen, Martha Washington, etc., etc. Three sylphs, Marcella, Marguerite, and Marion Knight personified Spring, and enchanted all with their graceful performance.

### OPENING NIGHT OF GYMNASIUM

OUR new gymnasium required every honor possible, of course, so Miss Fisher, our Athletic Director, arranged a “house-warming” party, which at the same time gave an opportunity to bestow numerals upon our valiant basketball team, which has upheld our standard with a glorious record all season. The big hall was lavishly decorated with vines and flowers on the rafters, and a most artistic gold and white design in the middle, executed by Miss Ethyl Bryte. Favor dances, a program of songs and music, and ice cream and cake for refreshments were most delightful complements to the dancing. This was our first time with the so-called “Jazz Band,” and a precedent has been established by the ambitious members of the D. C. A. C., which will doubtless be carried on by future merry-makers. The hall is too large for one poor piano, and so now it is the proper thing to call in two or three devotees of the god “Saxophone” to furnish the magic strain. The party was most successful and we feel that the College Gymnasium was properly and fittingly christened.

### JUNIOR'S DINNER DANCE

#### FOR THE SENIORS

MONDAY evening, June 14th, the Junior Class entertained the Seniors at a well-appointed dinner-dance in the new gymnasium. It was the last party of the school year, and was a fitting climax to all those that went before. With this party the Seniors bade farewell and gave their mantles to the Juniors, who will follow in their footsteps next year.

### THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL DANCE

THE Grammar School lassies entertained the College and High School in quite a magnificent style in the new gymnasium. It was a “Farewell Party”—the Eighth Grade made their bows of departure to short skirts, curly hair, grammar and arithmetic, and all the other childish things, and prepared to be introduced into the untrod realms of High School. King's orchestra—piano drums, and lo!—a saxophone, provided the music, while several of the youthful hostesses served punch to the dancers. It was a most delightful sort of farewell party, and furnishes an example to all aspiring seventh-graders to come.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

### JUNIOR-SENIOR PICNIC

SEPTEMBER 8th brought the much-anticipated Moonlight Picnic, when packed in two large automobile trucks filled with hay, the laughing girls departed for Paradise Cove. Here, hot coffee and other delectable things were enthusiastically welcomed by the hungry multitude. But sea air and night-time make even the merriest eyes droop, so once more the trucks rolled gayly away with their burden of sleepy girls, who pronounced the hayride a glorious success.

### COLLEGE COUNTY BAZAAR

FERNDELL was the scene of a fair festivity on the afternoon of November the 5th. The green and gold booths along the green banks of the shrub-grown creek were very effective. In an endless string tempting Wienies were served from a witches' cauldron. Around the embroidery counter there was constant traffic. Horseback riding and dancing were very popular. The House of Horrors was entered only by the most venturesome; it was a scene of Grammar School tears and High School thrills.

### FARMERS PARTY AT MEADOWLANDS

AN impromptu party was given at Meadowlands to while away a Saturday evening. The costumes were clever and amusing. Kathryn Ross carried off the prize as a Swedish Bride.

### CHRISTMAS PARTY

THE night before the Christmas vacation a merry affair was given to the Seniors at Meadowlands. A jovial Santa Claus gave appropriate gifts which were full of meaning. Meadowlands looked her prettiest in gay holiday greens.

### HARD TIMES PARTY

AGAIN the Auditorium was transformed and this time the village belle, her beau, and all the farm hands and their families played and danced in the Town Hall. The characters and their by-plays were quite interesting. It was a refreshing and original affair.

### COLLEGE DANCING PARTY

TO pay tribute to Saint Valentine a charming party was given to the Seniors at Meadowlands. It always gives great pleasure to the college to have the Seniors with them. At this affair the spirit and the music were delightful.

### MEADOWLANDS DANCING PARTY

SEVERAL weeks after school opened, the pioneer Meadowlanders welcomed the new girls at an informal dancing party. The rooms were beautifully arranged, banks of hydrangeas filled the fireplaces, and delicate pink dahlias covered mantels and tables. Miss Sylvia Leland and Miss Lois Raggio delighted all with their dance music. With great care each young Freshman was duly welcomed by the original Meadowlanders. The success of this party promises well for those that will follow.

### A DAY ON TAMALPAIS

EARLY in the morning of Saturday, May 29th, the Seniors, accompanied by the Sisters, who had suggested the party, took the train to Mill Valley. Thence they went to Mt. Tamalpais. The ride up was beautiful, and the view at the top, from the observation tower, was a glorious feast for the eyes of those who had been used to gaze up at the lofty mountain and were now looking down at the panorama of lake, and wood, and grassy plain. A "Varsity Lunch" of the highest order was enjoyed by the hungry travelers. The perilous journey to Muir Woods via the Gravity Car was then undertaken and soon the lofty redwoods were reached. Here everyone rested, and breathed in some of the peace and quiet of the cathedral-like grove. Reluctantly the picnickers left the big trees, and returned to Mill Valley, and ultimately to the Convent. It was a memorable day, which made a pleasant impression to be carried away by the Senior Class of 1920. Perhaps in later years, when they are far away in distant lands, they will remember their visit to the Sleeping Maiden with longing and tender recollections.

### BARBARA BEARDSLEY'S LUNCHEON

ONE of the first springtime private parties was the luncheon given by Miss Barbara Beardsley at her home in San Rafael. Several friends were bidden to the luncheon and were afterwards entertained with motion pictures.

### LUNCHEON OF THE MISSES PENTZ

ON May 2d Miss Deborah and Miss Edith Pentz entertained a party of Seniors, Juniors, and Freshmen at the country club at a luncheon, and later at the motion pictures.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

### FRESHMAN PARTY

INVITATIONS were issued by the Freshman class to the Sophomores and teachers, for a dance at Meadowlands, Tuesday, the 21st of October. The color scheme was carried out in green, the Freshman color. The affair was a huge success. The early part of the evening was spent in dancing, while during the latter part, supper was served. The green crepe paper lamp shades threw a greenish glow about the dining-room which was simply but effectively decorated with greens. A large fern adorned with a green tulle bow made a beautiful centerpiece for the table. At every place was a small green candy cup, place-card, and a green carnation as a favor. Even the ice cream had green sauce and a green cherry.

### JUNIOR AND SOPHOMORE BAZAAR

THE Junior and Sophomore Bazaar before Thanksgiving was a success, both socially and financially. The Oriental effect was quite good; the girls were dressed as little Nippon maids, and even though the faces were nearly all recognizable, with low lights and a Japanese song by Helen Curtis we really felt quite Eastern. The food, however, was American, especially the doughnuts. The tea garden was popular, and the tea itself a pleasant surprise. It was good.

Waffles were an innovation, and it took much coaxing to persuade some of the more timid girls to indulge. They were rather hard to advertise at first, but later they sold like hot cakes (which they were).

After the inner woman had been partially satisfied, the American division danced, while the Japanese contingent counted their hard-earned dimes. The said dimes piled up to \$90.00 which will soon make some little boys happy.

### SENIOR AND JUNIOR LAUNCH RIDE

It would be hard to say who had the more interesting day—the Seniors, who went to Mare Island on a tug, or the Juniors, who went in state in Mr. Hanify's launch, "Scout," to Angel Island. We think the Seniors had the most adventure—and the Juniors the most refreshments. The Honored Graduates gazed in wonder at the busy foundries and construction of ships on Mare Island, and they by special invitation went on board the "Georgia," where the explorations were thrilling and unexpected. They were pressed to stay to dinner, but were forced to decline on account of the on-coming dusk and the long journey home. The return trip was chilly, but the explorers enjoyed it nevertheless.

The Juniors went to Angel Island, where they were entertained by Mrs. Powell, and shown the points of interest on the island. Later they went to Red Rock. All enjoyed the day very much, but some paid for their pleasure with good doses of poison oak, an evil entirely escaped by the Seniors. The First and Second Year confined their peregrinations to the land, and spent a day in the hills around Mill Valley, tramping and enjoying the fresh spring scenery.

### SENIORS ENTERTAIN COLLEGE

THURSDAY evening, June 3rd, the Seniors entertained the College at an informal dance given in the Grammar School Recreation Room. Music was furnished by different obliging guests, and later, salad, sandwiches, cake and ice cream were served. It was a pleasant little party, whose great charms were its simplicity and informal character.

### THE GOLF TEA

ON May 15th the Junior College gave a tea to celebrate the completion of the new golf course. Meadowlands looked its best and was simply but effectively decorated with flowers and greens, and also by girls dressed in light organdies of contrasting shades.

## THE TWO GOLD CROSSES OF OUR CONVENT

Two gold crosses, strangely bright!  
So, they looked to me, a child;  
And I wondered at their light,  
Radiant, free.

Two gold crosses, strangely wise!  
So they seemed to older eyes,  
And I wondered what they knew,  
Was it true?

Two gold crosses, strangely dear,  
Though unseen for many years  
Their lesson sweet all else above  
It is love.

NANCY PATTISON, Alumna.



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

### SURPRISE PARTIES

THE month of May was a month of birthdays and surprise parties for some of the inmates of Meadowlands. The surprise supper parties which were given to Ethyl Bryte, Lillian Leland, and Kathryn Ross, were all enjoyable affairs.

### HOUSE PARTY

MISS AGATHA DREW entertained several of the college girls at her new summer home at Willow Camp over the week-end of June 5th. Those included in the party were the Misses Blanche Kengla, Ethyl Bryte, Claire Harney, Constance Beach, Elizabeth Smith, Doris Hunter and Marian Pritchard.

### MOONLIGHT PICNIC

MISS KATHLEEN PARKIN and Miss Phyllis Hyde gave a moonlight picnic on Friday evening, June the 4th. The following girls were their guests: Marie Stanley, Claire Harney, Agatha Drew, Helen Tucker, Blanche Kengla, Antoinette Erro, Kathryn Ross, Georgia Smith and Dorothy Lambert.

### FERNDELL HOUSE WARMING

FERNDELL was christened twin sister to Meadowlands at the house warming given on the evening of September the 9th by the Ferndellers. The hours were spent not only in supping and dancing, but in listening to the song and stories of Miss Helen Shay, Miss Antoinette Erro, and Miss Sara Mizener.

### FERNDELL ENTERTAINS

ON the evening of February 21st Ferndell entertained the Meadowlanders at a delightful social affair. A supper was followed by a dance.

### BIRTHDAY PARTIES

ANOTHER of those "almost" surprise parties was given for Marian Pritchard on her birthday, February the 12th. All the inmates of Meadowlands were present and a pleasant evening was spent in feasting and chatting. Results the next morning proved conclusively that things would have been better if the latter had been the sole diversion.

Blanche Kengla has entered upon a new era of growth. In recognition of the fact, Claire Harney prepared for a festival on Saturday night. This affair was far from spontaneous; there were preliminary stages of coaxing, and numerous reminders of a past promise made to Blanche before she entered our portals. The guests were greeted with table decorations that were unique—tastefully arranged bread and butter plates, and empty cups! To aid Claire's hospitable plans the electric lights went out for the night. Friendly candles, however, soon revealed a dainty supper in place of the aforesaid vacuum, and Blanche was feted with much attention.

Miss Agatha Drew's eighteenth birthday was celebrated by a theatre party the opening night of the Orpheus to see Norma Talmadge in the "Isle of Conquest." A surprise supper afterward was very pretty and successful.

## OUR MOTHER'S GARDEN

Somewhere a garden is all abloom,  
With children's flowers, and children too;  
And the children laugh and sing all day  
Under a white-flecked sky of blue.

Our mother looks down from Heaven and smiles;  
These children are dear to her heart;  
And another, our earthly mother, she,  
Prays their grace may never depart.

But the years must come, and the years must go,  
The children be scattered far away,  
Still many a time will they come to roam  
The garden where once they were wont to play.

Oh, Mother, dear, in your open arms,  
Your children will always find rest—  
And they pray with hearts too full for words,  
May God keep you forever blest.

NANCY PATTISON, Alumna.







## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

### WEDNESDAY THE TENTH OF MARCH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY IRENE CHISEM, PIANIST

Prelude and Fugue C minor.....	<i>J. S. Bach</i>	Etude de Concert Op. 36.....	<i>MacDowell</i>
Capriccio No. 11.....	<i>G. F. Handel</i>	"Si Oiseau J'etais".....	<i>Henselt</i>
Gavotte.....	<i>Padre Martini</i>	Au Couvent.....	<i>Borodin</i>
Nocturne Op. 15, No. 2.....	} <i>Chopin</i>	Chant Polonais.....	<i>Chopin-Liszt</i>
Preludes Op. 28, Nos. 3 and 1.....		Hark! Hark! The Lark!.....	<i>Schubert-Liszt</i>
Romanza Op. 28, No. 2.....	} <i>Schumann</i>	Rigoletto.....	<i>Verdi-Liszt</i>
Novellette Op. 99.....			

### FEAST OF SAINT PATRICK NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY

Medley of Irish Airs (Harp).....	<i>Moore</i>	Andante from Opus 22.....	<i>Schumann</i>
Lorene Dyer		Lenore Keithley	
Irish Love Song.....	<i>Margaret Ruthven Lang</i>	a. Eyes of Irish Blue.....	<i>Litta Lynn</i>
Intermezzo Choral		b. Have You Seen the Fairies.....	<i>Barnicott</i>
Au Couvent.....	<i>Borodin</i>	Marcella Knierr	
Irene Chisem		a. Chant des Exiles (Harp).....	<i>Godefroid</i>
My Dear Little Irish Rose.....	<i>Abbie Gerrish Jones</i>	b. The Last Rose of Summer.....	
Kathleen Smith		Irene Chisem	
a. Machree.....	<i>Francis Donnelly S. J.</i>	a. Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms	
b. Nora.....		b. The Kerry Dance.....	<i>Malloy-Harris</i>
Frances Ramsay		Dominican College Choral	

### SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH TWENTIETH, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY

#### SIGMUND BEEL, VIOLINIST GEORGE STEWART MCMANUS, PIANIST

Sonata, D minor.....	<i>Brahms</i>	a. Rich and Rare	
Allegro		b. Fly Not Yet (Jig)	
Adagio		Dedicated to Sigmund Beel	
Con sentimento		c. Poeme.....	<i>Fibich</i>
Piano: Presto agitato		d. Scherzo-Tarentelle.....	<i>Wieniawski</i>
a. Mazurka, B minor.....	} <i>Chopin</i>	Sonata, A major.....	<i>Cesar Franck</i>
b. Nocturne, B major.....		Allegro ben moderato	
c. Barcarolle.....	<i>Liadow</i>	Allegro	
d. Novellette, E major.....	<i>Schumann</i>	Recitative-Fantasia	
Violin:		Allegro poco mosso	
Two traditional Irish Airs arranged by Esposito....			
.....(Dublin)			

### PASSION SUNDAY NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY

Organ Prelude .....  
Agatha Drew

DOMINICAN COLLEGE CHORAL  
in

Stabat Mater.. *Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736)*

I Stabat Mater dolorosa	VII Eja, Mater fons amoris
II Cujus animam gementem	VIII Fac ut ardeat cor meum
III O quam tristis et afflicta	IX Sancta Mater, istud agas
IV Quae moerebat et dolebat	X Fac ut portem Christi mortem
V Quis est homo qui non fleret	XI Inflamatus et accensus
VI Vidit suum dulcem natum	XII Quando corpus morietur —Amen
Organ Postlude.....	

Agatha Drew



DOMINICAN COLLEGE LIBRARY  
SAN RAFAEL,  
MARIN COUNTY  
CALIFORNIA



SCHOOL OF MUSIC



# DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

SATURDAY, APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY

AT THREE O'CLOCK

LENORE MARIE KEITHLEY, PIANIST

Fantasie, C minor .....	<i>Bach</i>	Andantino, Opus 22.....	} <i>Schumann</i>
Fantasie, D minor .....	<i>Mozart</i>	Papillons.....	
Sonata, Opus 13.....	<i>Beethoven</i>	La Cathedra engloutie .....	} <i>Debussy</i>
Grave		Clair de la lune.....	
Allegro		Scherzo.....	<i>Martucci</i>
Adagio		Moment lyrique.....	<i>Blumenfield</i>
Rondo		Valse Capricieuse.....	<i>Grodski</i>

MAY THE TWENTY-SEVENTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY

HIGH SCHOOL FRESHMEN CLASS PRESENTS

## MADAME DE PORTMENT'S SCHOOL

Directed by Frances Ramsay, '20

### THE PLAYERS

Madame de Portment.....	Frances Russell	Jennie Slow.....	Priscilla Jacobi
Mabel Frolics.....	Elizabeth Hogan	May Frisky.....	Janet Turpin
Gertrude Smiles.....	Corinne Gelinas	Susan, the maid.....	Madalin Wilson

School Girls—Ruby Carr, Ann Gallagher, Marie Wempe, Nellie Johnston, Bessie Corbett, Albertine Shelloe, Frances Boyd, Madaleine Costa, Pauline Phalen.

Scene of Action—Classroom of Madame de Portment

## RECITAL OF FRENCH MUSIC

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, THE TENTH OF JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY

Scene de Ballet.....	<i>Massenet</i>	Chant sans Paroles.....	<i>Saint-Saens</i>
Sylvia Leland, Lois Raggio		Irene Chisem	
Elegie.....	} <i>Massenet</i>	Sous les Etoiles.....	<i>Goring-Thomas</i>
Ouvre tes Yeux.....		Esmerelda Trembly, Antoinette Erro	
Esmerelda Trembly		Christina Marelia at the piano	
Mazurka.....	<i>Debussy</i>	La Cathédrale.....	<i>Debussy</i>
Lois Raggio		Lenore Keithley	
Le Cor (Premiere Partie).....	<i>Alfred de Vigny</i>	Air des Bijoux (Faust).....	<i>Gounod</i>
Frances Ramsay		Andrée Beauvais	
Ballade (Harp).....	<i>Hasselmans</i>	Irene Chisem at the piano	
Irene Chisem		Menuet.....	<i>Rhene-Baton</i>
Agnus Dei.....	<i>Bizet</i>	Dorothy Duffy, Lenore Keithley	
Dominican College Choral: Violin, Sylvia Leland			
Piano, Dorothy Duffy; Harp, Irene Chisem			

## RECITAL OF ORGAN MUSIC

AGATHA DREW

Assisted by GERALD DREW, VIOLONCELLIST

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, THE ELEVENTH OF JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY

Pomposo.....	} <i>Rogers</i>	Gavotte.....	<i>Popper</i>
Serenade.....		Gerald Drew	
Pastorale.....		Antiphon.....	} <i>Batiste</i>
Con Sentimento.....		Three Preludes.....	
Orientale.....		Spring Song.....	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
Kol Nidrei (Ancient Hebrew Melody)		Moderato.....	<i>Gounod</i>
Le Cygne.....	<i>Saint-Saens</i>	Triumphal March.....	<i>Wachs</i>



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

### CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC

#### DOMINICAN COLLEGE CHORAL

Assisted by AUGUST WIEBALK, VIOLINIST; GERALD DREW, VIOLONCELLIST

AGATHA DREW, PIANIST

FRIDAY EVENING, THE ELEVENTH OF JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY

Saint Raphael's Church, San Rafael, California

Moderato e Andante. . . . . <i>Ph. E. Bach</i>	Agnus Dei. . . . . <i>Bizet</i>
August Wiebalk, Gerald Drew, Agatha Drew	Dominican College, Choral
O Quam Tristis. . . . . } ( <i>Stabat Mater</i> ) <i>Pergolesi</i>	Marcella Knierr, soloist
Amen. . . . . }	Andante (Concerto E minor). . . . . <i>Mendelssohn</i>
O Salutaris. . . . . <i>Gounod</i>	Meditation. . . . . <i>Massenet</i>
Dominican College Choral	August Wiebalk; Lenore Keithley at the piano
Chanson Triste. . . . . <i>Chaikowski</i>	Ave Maria. . . . . <i>Marchetti</i>
Andantino Op. 64, No. 1. . . . . }	Dominican College Choral
Animato. . . . . } <i>Popper</i>	Elegie. . . . . } <i>Rene de Boisdeffre</i>
Gerald Drew; Agatha Drew at the piano	Allegretto grazioso. . . . . }
Ave Verum Op. 2, No. 1. . . . . <i>Elgar</i>	August Wiebalk, Gerald Drew, Agatha Drew
Bless the Lord (a capella). . . . . <i>Ivanof</i>	The Heavens are Telling. . . . . <i>Haydn</i>
Dominican College Choral	Dominican College Choral
Nocturne, A flat major. . . . . <i>Liszt-Klugescheid</i>	Dorothy Duffy, piano; Irene Chisem, harp
August Wiebalk, Gerald Drew, Agatha Drew	Sylvia Leland, violin

### DOMINICAN COLLEGE CHORAL

Assisted by FRANCES RAMSAY, READER; IRENE CHISEM, HARPIS

SATURDAY, THE TWELFTH OF JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY

A capella { Sumer is Icumen In. . . . . <i>Twelfth Century</i>	Hark! Hark! the Lark. . . . . <i>Schubert</i>
{ In These Delightful, Pleasant Groves	In the Merry, Merry May. . . . . <i>Mallard</i>
. . . . . <i>Purcell</i>	Ballade (Harp). . . . . <i>Hasselmans</i>
O Quam Tristis. . . . . } ( <i>Stabat Mater</i> ) <i>Pergolesi</i>	Irene Chisem
Amen. . . . . }	Agnus Dei. . . . . <i>Bizet</i>
The Blessed Damosel. . . . . <i>Rossetti</i>	Bless the Lord (a capella). . . . . <i>Ivanof</i>
Frances Ramsay; Lenore Keithley at the piano	Ave Maria. . . . . <i>Marchetti</i>
Welcome Pretty Primrose Flower. . . . . <i>Pinsuti</i>	The Heavens Are Telling. . . . . <i>Haydn</i>
The Lotus Flower. . . . . <i>Schumann</i>	Dorothy Duffy, piano; Sylvia Leland, violin

### RECITAL OF RUSSIAN MUSIC

MONDAY, THE FOURTEENTH OF JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY

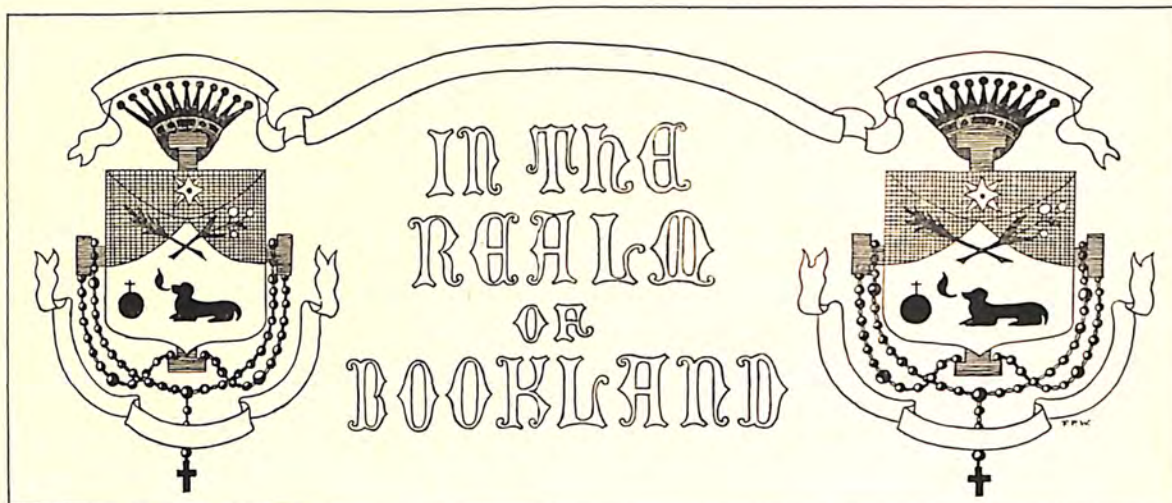
Prelude G minor. . . . . <i>Rachmaninoff</i>	Melody E minor (Harp). . . . . <i>Bortkiewicz</i>
Helen Kullman	Irene Chisem
The Rose Enslaves the Nightingale. <i>Rimsky-Karsakow</i>	Etincelles. . . . . <i>Moszkowski</i>
Jane O'Sullivan; Irene Chisem at the piano	Agatha Drew
Bless the Lord (a capella). . . . . <i>Ivanof</i>	O Thou Billowy Harvest. . . . . } <i>Rachmaninoff</i>
Dominican College Choral	Floods of Spring. . . . . }
Moment Lyrique. . . . . <i>Blumenfeld</i>	Marcella Knierr; Irene Chisem at the piano
Valse Capricieuse. . . . . <i>Grodski</i>	Prelude C Sharp minor. . . . . <i>Rachmaninoff</i>
Lenore Keithley	Helen Higgins, Theone Lindeman, Mary McCone

### COMMENCEMENT

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE SIXTEENTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY

Petite Suite. . . . . <i>Coleridge-Taylor</i>	Allegretto. . . . . <i>Sir Arthur Sullivan</i>
Orchestra	Orchestra
Ave Maria. . . . . <i>Marchetti</i>	ADDRESS
A capella { Sumer is Icumen In. . . . . <i>Twelfth Century</i>	The Right Reverend Monsignor Joseph Gleason
{ In These Delightful Groves. . . . . <i>Purcell</i>	En Mer. . . . . <i>Augusta Holmes</i>
Ode to Music. . . . . <i>Zollner</i>	Orchestra
Dominican College Choral	





THE STORY OF OPAL. THE JOURNAL OF AN UNDERSTANDING HEART. Published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, beginning March, 1920.

Did a child really write it? Most likely! At least it seems to me more probably a work of child authorship than its contemporaneous product, "The Young Visitors." Opal Whitely, if such a person really exists, is either clever in her treatment of children, and understands them perfectly, or she really did as she claims, and kept a diary, an account of her childhood impressions. Of course one has to be more skeptical nowadays, when the "Lady Mary" who writes the fashion column in the daily paper, sits with his feet on the desk, and smokes a nasty black Havana, and reads the latest entries at Belmont with evident interest. We are getting to take everything with a grain of salt, so when Opal Whitely's Journal appeared as the composition of a child six years old what could we do but say "Maybe so." Yet I think, that as compared with "The Young Visitors" of nine-year-old Daisy Ashford with its satirical undercurrent and its too evident criticism of life, "The Journal of an Understanding Heart" may more readily be believed a child's work. First, in its subject matter: "The Young Visitors" is a story of society life, while "The Journal" is a story of every day happenings that mean so much to a country bred child, such as the birth of "Solomon Grundy," a pet pig, and the intense excitement of his christening. The treatment of the subject matter in "The Journal" is disconnected, and shifts just as a child might be expected to jot down her ideas, while Daisy Ashford offers a too unified complete story, climax and all. I like the quaint simplicity of Opal Whitely's style, although the fact that she uses odd grown-up expressions and queer names, classical and of great length, for her pets, seems to be the stumbling block on which the decision in favor of child authorship is shaky. "The Journal" is pleasant reading, and although it has evidently been rewritten, it gives a taste of out-doors and an insight into the beauty of a child's soul, and the bigness of a child's heart. Read it and judge for yourself.

RUTH MARION, '23.

THE YOUNG VISITERS, or MR. SALTEENA'S PLAN. By Daisy Ashford, with a Preface by J. M. Barrie, N. Y., George H. Doran Co.

"The Young Visitors," prefaced by Sir James Barrie, written by Daisy Ashford, an authoress of nine years, at least so they say, has created a mild excitement in the literary world. Possibly this excitement is not as great as the editor had hoped, because one can clearly see the master hand playing cautiously with a child's imagination until a satire is produced. Nothing on earth would make me believe that "The Young Visitors" was written by a child. First, because the book is a satire on English court life, on the social climber, on the sentimentalists. The satire, though cleverly veiled behind the nine-year-old authorship with its misinformation, queer flights of fancy and total unsophistication, is as plain as if it had been published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, written with perfect mastery of the English language, signed by one of our literary lights. Secondly, the plot is too carefully planned, the setting is too wisely placed, the



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

characters are too true to life. At the critical moment the reader is held in suspense so evident and subtle that no child mind could have conceived it. The characters are such that an ordinary child, as Sir James Barrie declares Daisy Ashford was, could not and would not have created. Lastly, what child of nine would be bothered writing about a social climber such as Mr. Salteena. Would not her mind run more to fairy tales, more to romance? Of course, even if a child with her meagre knowledge of life except as a succession of birthdays and Christmases, would have written a book like "The Young Visitors," would she have followed in such a logical manner her story? No, a child of nine did not write that book.

Considering it as the work of a man, it is remarkable; remarkable because of the way the author has used the style of a child, the unconscious humour of children, the viewpoint of a child. Perhaps some day Barrie may tell us who really wrote "The Young Visitors," but until then we must merely shrug our shoulders and say "Who knows?"

RUTH MARION, '23.

### THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS.

"One of the most brilliant, subtle and suggestive autobiographies ever written" treats of the utter failure of everything under the sun to educate the author. Education properly so-called (or improperly), travel, art, politics, science—all failed completely, and Mr. Adams reiterates the fact, ad infinitum throughout his "Education."

The "Education" begins at the beginning—with Adams' childhood in Boston and Quincy. From the first, the chief influence in his mental development was his father's political party; when he was ten or twelve years of age he had an alcove in his father's library, and there he worked at his lessons during the winter evenings and listened to the anti-slavery discussions of his father and three friends: Dr. Palfrey, Richard H. Dana and Charles Sumner. His father's character was the larger part of the boy's education—as far as any person affected it, and he worshipped Mr. Sumner as a hero. The effect of Adams' family upon his early education, he describes as "an atmosphere rather than an influence." No one actively interfered with him, his mind had free play. He had "a large and overpowering set of brothers and sisters," who knew no more than he what they wanted or what to do for it. All were conscious of the desire to control power in some form, but Adams says, "the same could be said of an ant or an elephant."

The first step in rational politics was taken when he was twelve. "It was a little like the walk before breakfast: an easy, careless, genial, enlarging stride into a fresh and amusing world, where nothing was finished and where even the weeds grew rank." The occasion was a visit to Washington with his father—the Free Soil candidate for vice-presidency; the boy was presented to many of the men who were great in their day.

"Of all the conditions of his youth, that afterwards puzzled the grown-up man, the disappearance of religion puzzled him most." The score of Unitarian clergymen who dominated Boston Society and Harvard College, insisted upon no doctrine; they held that a virtuous life was sufficient for salvation. Doubts were a waste of thought—nothing exacted solution. Young Adams went to church twice every Sunday and observed all the forms, but he and all of his brothers and sisters threw off the mild yoke of Unitarianism as soon as they could, and not one of them ever afterwards entered a church. That one of the most powerful of human emotions should disappear might be a defect of his own, but Adams never could understand how "the most intelligent clergy, in the most moral conditions he ever knew could have . . . persuaded itself that all the problems which had convulsed human thought from earliest recorded time were not worth discussing." The result of this atmosphere upon Adams' education was that he grew to manhood without knowing religion, and with the certainty that dogma, metaphysics, and abstract philosophy were not worth knowing.

Harvard College was "probably less hurtful than any other university then in existence. It taught little, and that little ill, but it left the mind open, free from bias, ignorant of facts, but docile." When Adams left it, he declared that as yet he knew nothing—education had not begun.

Berlin was the next educational venture. The experience was infinitely more disappointing, as education, than Harvard. Adams' first lecture in Berlin University was his last; he had thought that Harvard College was a torpid school, but it was instinct with life, compared with all that he could see of the University of Berlin. "The professor mumbled his comments; the students made or seemed to make, notes; they could have learned from books or discussion in a day, more than they could learn from him in a month, but they must be his scholars if they wanted a degree." German education was State education, and as all State education is "a sort of dynamo machine for polarizing the popular mind—for



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

turning and holding its lines of force in the direction supposed to be most effective for State purposes," and since the German machine was terribly effective, the effect upon children was pathetic. The memory was strained past all endurance by the system, and the reason totally neglected—the German government did not encourage reasoning.

Henry Adams' German experience was followed by travel, the first point of interest being Rome. He found that Italy was "mostly an emotion, and the emotion naturally centred in Rome;" it was seductive beyond resistance before 1870 when Mediaeval Rome was still alive, "before the sand blast of science had skinned off the epidemics of history." Here he met Robert Browning, "a middle-aged Englishman, evidently excited, who told of a shock he had just received when riding near the Circus Maximus, at coming unexpectedly on the guillotine, where some criminal had been put to death an hour or two before;" Adams remarks that "the new form of grim horror had for a moment wiped out the consolation derived from history and statistics, that most citizens of Rome seemed the better for guillotining." The book abounds in anecdotes of Adams' great contemporaries; there were few men of his time worth knowing, whom Henry Adams did not know. During that same Roman visit, he met Garibaldi whom he analyzes with great subtlety. "The lesson of Garibaldi, as education, seemed to teach the extreme complexity of extreme simplicity—but one could have learned this from a glow-worm." Afterward, he draws an interesting parallel between Garibaldi and Grant—both preeminently simple men.

At the age of twenty-three Adams' diplomatic career began. His father was sent to London as Ambassador by Mr. Lincoln, and Henry went along as secretary. Here, he had ample opportunity to study statesmanship at the source. He wondered a great deal at the total absence of morality in the doings of the men who had the affairs of nations in their hands. Even Gladstone "abounded in contradictions" and professed not to have been an enemy to the Union, when there was known to have been an understanding between Russell, Palmerston and himself for that very purpose. Adams' final judgment of these men was that "Gladstone was not quite sane; that Russell was verging on senility and that Palmerston had lost his nerve."

Education in English social life followed the diplomatic education. It was (of course) a failure: "from the European point of view, Adams had no social experience, and never got it." His opinion of English society, he gives at length: he found that the manners were notorious, and the taste was worse. The chasm of London to Americans was due to the violence of its contrasts: "the extreme badness of the worst, making background for the distinction, refinement or wit of the few; the result was sometimes coarse to a degree that might have startled a roustabout."

In 1867 Adams became Darwinist "because it was easier than not. Unbroken Evolution under uniform conditions pleased every one—except curates and bishops; it was the very best substitute for religion." This flippant dismissal of a vital problem is characteristic of Adams: he takes the attitude of an indifferent spectator whose only desire is to be amused by life. Every question is set aside with a gentle cynicism that is most irritating; as he confessed "he really did not care that it should be proved true, unless the process were new and amusing. He was a Darwinian for fun"—a most hateful confession as he seemed to realize, for he says that he could not help this attitude, and he regretted it, but "because he realized the effect of the pale cast of thought upon enterprises great or small." The word "amusing" recurs with great frequency throughout the book. The complaint of the old man of sixty that "the planet offers hardly a dozen places where an elderly man can pass a week alone without ennui, and none at all where he can pass a year" and his statement "that no man of sixty should live, but that while he remains he has a right to require amusement" show that this point of view of the indifferent spectator upon life persisted from the time when, as a comparatively young man, Adams spoke thus of his decision to accept the professorship of History at Cambridge: "One cannot take oneself quite seriously in such matters; it could not much affect the sum of solar energies whether one went on dancing with girls in Washington or began talking to boys at Cambridge."

After ten years spent in England, the Adams' family returned to their native shores. "Had they been Syrian traders of the year B. C. 1000, landing from a galley fresh from Gibraltar, they could hardly have been stranger on the shore of a world—so changed from what it had been ten years before." At thirty years of age, Henry found that he had got no further than to study the situation. The war was lost ground that had to be regained, and he was no worse off than any of his friends. He decided that he was "to strike for the press," and forthwith went to Washington to study the political situation. He summarized the results of his study by a comparison: "The government resembled Adams himself in the matter of education. All that had gone before was useless and some of it was worse." Adams found



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

himself almost hopeless of a journalistic career. "All he wanted was something (political) to support; something that would let itself be supported. Luck went dead against him . . . Grant avowed from the start a policy of drift . . . he had no objects, wanted no help, wished for no champions. The Executive asked only to be let alone." Adams adds somewhat caustically: "the progress of evolution from President Washington to President Grant was alone evidence enough to upset Darwin."

In a chapter entitled "Failure," Adams recounts his experience as assistant professor of Mediaeval History at Harvard. He taught for seven years—years wasted, according to his own account, but not according to his colleagues nor his pupils. It was during this period that he met Clarence King. "As with most friendships, it was never a matter of growth or doubt. Friends are born in archaic horizons—they were shaped with the Pteraspis in Siluria—they have nothing to do with the accident of space. A new friend is always a miracle, but at thirty-three years old, such a bird of paradise rising in the sage brush was an avatar . . . one friend in a lifetime is much; two are many; three are hardly possible." Adams made two close friends during his life—Hay and King. After 1879 the three were inseparable. The latter part of the "Education" is largely taken up with the account of Hay's diplomatic victories.

During the later years of his life Adams found himself wondering about "a necessary sequence of human movement." His attitude of mind is not unlike that of Langley, of whom he says that he rigidly denied himself the amusement of philosophy, which consists chiefly in suggesting unintelligible answers to insoluble problems, and liked to wander past them in a courteous temper, even bowing to them distantly as though recognizing their existence, while doubting their respectability. "Satisfied that the sequence of men led to nothing and that the sequence of their society could lead no further, while the mere sequence of time was artificial, and the sequence of thought was chaos, Adams turned at last to the sequence of force." From this germinal idea sprung his dynamic theory of history—which, with the Law of Acceleration are the only "solutions" which Adams ventures, in a book fairly bristling with problems.

The "Education" ends with the death of Hay. King had died in 1901, and Adams, the last of the trio, had no motive to carry on his education alone. A note of pessimism, faintly discernible throughout the book, becomes emphatic in the closing sentence; the author suggests that perhaps the three friends might be allowed to return some day for a holiday "to see the mistakes of their own lives clear in the mistakes of their successors; and perhaps then, for the first time since man began his education among the carnivores, they would find a world that sensitive and timid natures could regard without a shudder."



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





WITH the editor of THE REDWOOD (University of Santa Clara) we agree. "Progress without change is practically impossible. The trouble comes from the fact that change without progress is not impossible." This anent the rise of the weekly paper in college journalism to the threatened neglect of the monthly magazine. The main reasons for the popularity of the smaller periodical are the demand for last minute news and the desire to make the publication self-supporting. But too often the guerdon of these quick returns is the loss of literary finish and the dwarfing of literary endeavor.

Certainly no traces of Philistinism mar THE REDWOOD's short stories. (Your poet, if he be a poet and not a mere writer of rhyme, is naturally immune.) The supernatural and the improbable are dexterously handled as foils for action. "Twixt dusk and dawn" fits an old legend into modern surroundings and makes use of it to effect the traditional Christmas reconciliation, so as to form on the whole, an acceptable Christmas story. "The Manikin" depends on coincidence for the development of an Edgar Allen Poe motif.

A fine, singing bit of verse is "Grey Sails;" the author has an eye for color contrasts.

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE, as usual, contains an abundance of poetry, widely diversified as to form and subject matter, and including at least two notable contributions, "Introibo ad Altare Dei" and "Sea Song." An anthology of Holy Cross College verse has been published recently under the title "Pan on Packachoag." A review of the collection, judiciously, tantalizingly illustrated appears in an issue of THE PURPLE.

THE LABARUM must be a joy to alumnae of Mt. St. Joseph College. Not only by reason of the Alumnae Notes which are unusually generous and succinctly stated, but because of the incident and anecdote, vignettes of college life in which the journal abounds. Slight though some of these sketches are, they stamp the quarterly with the impress of college spirit and witness the fact that THE LABARUM is a real organ of the institution.

Substituting a piece of string for a piece of perlite, and a peasant for a professor, "A Verdict Out of Court" becomes Maupassant's "La Ficelle." "Studies in Mediaeval Drama" is commendable; the authoress has read widely and reflected profitably.

THE FORDHAM MONTHLY is a well-balanced publication. One or two essays, a tale of revenge, a humorous short story, a dialect dialogue, varied poetry and a few jingles make up an average issue.

The author of "The Stream" has aimed high and achieved his goal in the first two stanzas but, towards the end there are one or two halting phrases. The verse scheme chosen for "The Song of the Spad" has something to do with the breeziness that makes it a true chant of air craft.

The thinker of A TRIAD OF FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS has stood at a new vantage point and surveyed some old things. His prose is musical; there are lines that approach closely to poetry.

FROM Saint Clara College, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, comes an issue of THE YOUNG EAGLE that is largely of local interest, since it is devoted chiefly to accounts of the launching of the Sinsinawa, of the United States Merchant Marine, at Hog Island, New York. There are several tributes in verse to this vessel, whose name means so much to Saint Clara College; and a strong, dignified college song.



## WITH OUR FRIENDS

It is difficult, save for one who knows the thoroughness of Convent education and its careful cultivation of the fine arts, to realize that the splendid DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR BOOK of 1918-19 is the work of young girls, the majority of them not yet out of college, attending the Dominican College at San Rafael.

The various contributions, poems, stories, reviews and essays show a sincerity, a beauty of thought, and a Christian optimism, that are refreshing in these days of materialistic writing and thinking.

The review of "The Dream of Gerontius" by Ruth Marion, editor-in-chief, is written with a charming directness and simplicity of style; while all of the contributions show a knowledge of technique that comes to many an older writer only after long, arduous practice.

Among the Alumnae contributors is Kathleen Norris who offers, "The Berry's Vacation."

One of the charming features of this most attractive book is the clever illustrations by the two art editors, Miss Florence Wainwright and Miss Ethyl Shearer.

The publication would be a credit to any educational institution in the country.—*The Monitor*.

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR BOOK—1918-1919, from far San Rafael, California, maintains its previous high standard of excellence, both literary and artistic. Love of the beautiful in nature and appreciation of the best in literature are stamped on these pages, where we are treated to glimpses of California's surfeit of beauty and to worthy estimates of the poetical wealth of Newman, Crashaw, Kilmer, Lanier and Coolbrith. This youthful work bears promise for the future in Catholic letters.—*Catholic World*.

OFTEN a note of frivolity is sounded in at least a portion of the contents of the souvenir volumes issued under the auspices of educational institutions in connection with the joyful celebration of commencements. The impression made by every page of the 1918-1919 year book of the DOMINICAN COLLEGE AT SAN RAFAEL, California, is that of refined good taste. First, the book is a choice example of dignified achievement in typographical art. Secondly, its literary content without exception measures up to a high standard. There is a thoughtful protest against immoral tendencies of ill-regulated motion picture entertainments. There are well written essays on the poetry of Richard Crashaw, Sidney Lanier, Joyce Kilmer, Ina Coolbrith, and James W. Foley. There is an interesting study of the letters of Dorothy Osborne, and another of Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius." The illustrations are charming halftone reproductions of photographs—portraits of graduates and views of the college. Besides the attractive items here listed there are others "too numerous to mention." The publication is a model of its kind, affording evidence that the young ladies for whose future refreshment it is especially intended, have reason to be proud of their Alma Mater.—*The Catholic School Journal*.

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR BOOK, 1918-19, sustains the high standard set by the issue reviewed in these columns a year ago. In commenting upon a college publication in this section of the paper there can be only one justification and that its challenge to consideration as a literary effort. Such challenge is well met. The essays are of unusual merit and cover a wide variety of topics, those of a literary character being exceptionally well written and informative. Among the subjects of the current issue are "Joyce Kilmer," "The Poems of Richard Crashaw," "The Letters of Dorothy Osborne," "Sidney Lanier," "The Dream of Gerontius," "Ina Coolbrith, Poet Laureate of California," "An Evening with James W. Foley," "Phidias; His Influence Upon Art." In addition there are original poems and sketches and some good translations.—*George Douglass, in San Francisco Chronicle*.

THE year book just issued by the good Sisters of the Dominican Order, for their college at San Rafael, is one of the most pretentious and carefully made publications of the kind that has come to hand. Aside from being an unusually good example of the bookmaker's art, its editing is studiously workmanlike, reflecting great credit, not only on the talented young ladies who were responsible for the work that must have been new to them, but also upon the Sisters who instructed them. Full of more than unusual poetry, interesting anecdote and capably conceived editorial, it is indeed "a thing of exceeding fancy and infinite variety."—*Clay M. Greene, in Town Talk*.

"Beyond the sunlit waters,  
The mountains dry and brown  
A valley lies, encircled  
By an eucalypti crown."



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

WHAT must be the charms of the place that has sent us such a pleasing bit of literature all done in soothing mellow leaves, and bound with an appropriate cover? The Dominican College Year Book maintains, if, indeed, it does not surpass, the standard of previous years in the remarkable collection of excellent verses, good stories and enlightening essays. We especially noted the superior quality of the verses by Miss Nancy Pattison, who undoubtedly has fallen heir to the Lesbian lyre; and, as an excuse for our familiarity, we were tempted to quote some enchanting lines from "Spring in San Rafael." The beautiful imagery and peculiar sense of technique exhibited in her verses give promise of a bright future. But our praise is also directed elsewhere. For a good exposition and appreciation of the charms of our great poets, we have selected "Joyce Kilmer" and "The Dream of Gerontius" as presenting not only a thorough knowledge of the exquisite beauties of their poetry, but also, what is better, a clear insight of the noble character of these literary geniuses. As lovers of Horace we appreciate the excellent verse translations, which are uncommonly true to the original thought and mood.

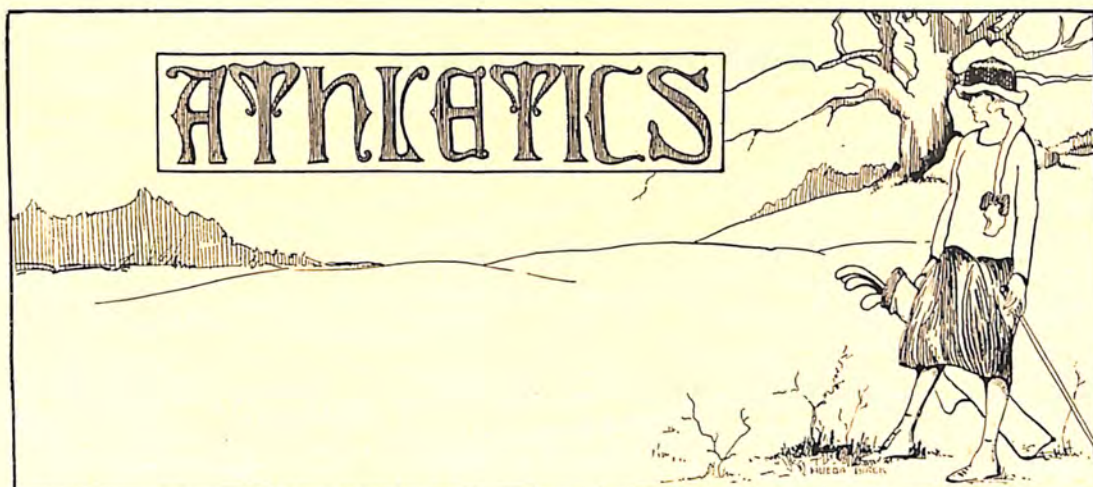
There is in the cream-colored pages of this book a certain harmonious blending of verse, essay and story that untiringly leads us to admire it the more. So it is a distinction quite enviable to be able to exchange with such a well-wrought literary production as the messenger from the fairyland across the bay; and, needless to say, its presence is always welcomed in our midst, here in this kindred mission atmosphere. And while waiting for its coming, though its visits are long delayed, we freely confess our sympathy with the thought that—

"There my heart is held imprisoned  
By a fragrant green-tipped spell,  
Calling, calling, calling,  
That it's Spring in San Rafael."

—*The Redwood, Santa Clara University.*

THE San Rafael DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR BOOK for 1918-1919 evinces the progressive spirit of the West as it has been adapted by the Sisters of San Rafael to Dominican ideals of scholarship. Artistic and literary completeness, indicative of serious study and work, characterizes the students' contributions to their yearly publication. We are pleased to note the able discussion of subjects which are today occupying a prominent place in the public mind. Worthy of special mention are the articles, "Joyce Kilmer," "Sidney Lanier," "Poems of Richard Crashaw," and "Ina Coolbrith." The students are to be commended on the excellent organization and literary quality of these articles. The article, "The Convent Girl in the Business World" by Lenore J. Coffee, a well-known alumna of San Rafael, is an up-to-the-minute discussion of the problems confronting young women upon their entrance into the business world. The article emphasizes the inestimable advantages which convent girls enjoy in having learned lessons of discipline and order in their school days. "In any phase of life where discipline, self-reliance, balance, and fine thinking count, then in that place will the convent girl come off with flying colors." The appeal of Miss Nancy Pattison's, "Spring in San Rafael" is so compelling that we, too, felt the call of spring to "the valley of contentment, with its eucalyptic crown." Another widely known alumna, Mrs. Kathleen Norris, has written a clever little story, "The Berry's Vacation," which sustains her reputation as a woman of letters.—*The Young Eagle.*





**F**OUR years ago, the first number of the Year Book was issued, and in its sports section was chronicled the founding of the Dominican College Athletic Association, exclusively a high school organization at that time. The progress of the athletic department in this short space of time is an indication of the wonderful strides the Dominican College has made in all departments and in every phase of school life. A plea was set up at the founding of the Athletic Association for the united efforts of the faculty, undergraduates and alumnae to put the school's athletics on a firm basis that would insure future success—and the plea has been loyally and splendidly answered.

The faculty has recognized the value of efficiently directed sports, and has co-operated generously with the directors of the school's athletic destinies—the coaching staff. Games have been put in their proper place—subordinate to studies, but ranking high in the list of Dominican College activities. The faculty has been careful to select experienced coaches and instructors, and has insisted on having each girl take part in some form of outdoor sport. The very best of equipment has been supplied the students. Indeed the athletic fields at the disposal of the Dominican College girls are far superior to those of any girls' school on the Pacific Coast, and the equal of any in the country. With the phenomenal increase in attendance, the playing fields have been correspondingly enlarged to meet the growing needs of the college. A new gymnasium has been constructed, and in the rear of St. Thomas Hall a fine open-air swimming-pool has recently been completed.

The student-body has done its share towards placing the Dominican College colors in the sunlight of success. The girls have won for their school a reputation for sportsmanship of the highest quality, and have already instilled in the hearts of their opponents a most hearty and wholesome respect for the various teams that take the field as representatives of the Dominican College. Each contest seems to add a weighty contribution to the athletic traditions of the school—either by some notable feat that provides a whiff of glory to shake out the proud folds of the school's standard, or an element of self-sacrifice in the interests of the team. The clash of interscholastic

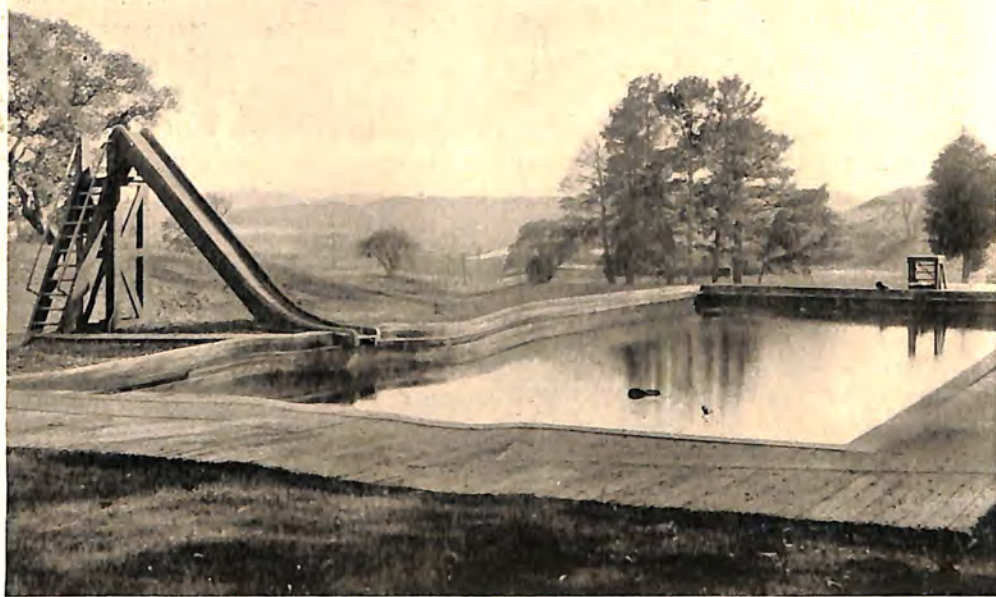


## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

combat is aiding in the moulding of character—in days to come, when the world may seem to have suddenly gone grey, young hearts can remember how the team used to fight on with increased vigor when staring into the very eyeballs of defeat, and gained the victory no matter what the odds simply because they had been trained to remember that they carried in their hearts and hands the honor of the school.

The 1917 teams were composed of excellent individual players, but the lack of teamwork was noticeable. The year was a successful one, however, and the newly founded Athletic Association gained the necessary confidence. It was the first experiment with interscholastic competition, and for most of the players, a first experience under a coaching system that followed any definite plan of action.

Next year was marked by the inevitable re-action. The teams suffered heavily through the graduation of the star players of the '17 lineups, and the girls of the lower classes had not had the advantages of a sufficient period of systematic training. Consequently the gaps in the ranks of the first teams were inadequately filled. But towards the close of 1918, it became evident that the systematized instruction of the coaching staff was at last producing the desired effect. In 1919 a splendid nucleus aided the work of the coaches, and the teams were invincible. A gratifying feature of the season's athletic activities was the great number of girls taking an active part in the various games, especially in regard to the younger girls—which meant a promise of ample *trained* material for the teams of the future. And now we see the result of a few years of coaching under a single system. The 1920 basketball squad



SWIMMING POOL

*"What is the merriest promise of May?"*





*"Is this a place for mirthful cheer,  
Can merry-making enter here?"*



## DOMINICAN COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK

has had a glorious season. The players have completely outclassed every rival team, displaying the finest of teamwork, excellent physical condition, and a splendid sense of sportsmanship.

The most important games on the schedule were with Oakland Technical High, Miss Ransom's School, the San Francisco Y. L. I. team and Miss Burke's School.

Oakland Technical High succumbed easily, after a slight struggle in the first few moments of play. D. C.'s forwards penetrated the transbay school's defense at will, the final score reading 40-15.

In the game with Miss Ransom's School, the enemy led for a few fleeting moments, but the grand march to victory soon started. The school team showed a dazzling attack, rolling up a score of 56 points to the 17 accumulated by Miss Ransom's team.

The Y. L. I. team of San Francisco came to San Rafael, confident of repeating their victory of last year, but despite the clever work of their forwards, D. C. led at the final whistle, by a score of 42-33.

In the inter-class basketball series, close competition resulted, with the Senior High School team facing the Freshman College players in the finals. A game replete with thrills gave the High School team the school championship.

A good deal of credit for the year's unbroken series of victories is due to the loyal support given the teams by the student body, under the extremely capable leadership of cheer leaders Carol Cochrane and Juliet Couchot, who added to the Dominican College's extensive repertoire of songs and cheers.

Golf and tennis have gained a firm place in the hearts of the students. Important additions to the school's equipment in the way of new links and courts aided in attracting a large number of the devotees of these sports to battle for the supremacy. The silver tennis cup offered by Spalding & Co. was won by Sylvia Leland, who possesses strong strokes coupled with a thorough knowledge of the principles of court generalship that stood her in good stead. Hazel Rudgear also played a strong game that won the plaudits of the gallery.

Marion Pritchard, Connie Beach and Elizabeth Waterman are the leading golfers of Dominican College. The fascination of the sport has taken hold of the hearts of the school, so there is no question about its future position of prominence.

Block letters were awarded for basketball as follows:

In the Junior College: Blanche Kengla, Marian Adams, Merle Enright, Helen Shay, Elizabeth Waterman, Doris Hunter, Claire Harney, Kathleen Parkin, Dorothy Wall, Agatha Drew, Elizabeth Smith and Constance Beach.

The all college team: Blanche Kengla, Marian Adams, Merle Enright, Helen Shay, Elizabeth Smith, Elizabeth Waterman.

The all school team: Blanche Kengla, Margaret Cox, Merle Enright, Bernice Ielmorini, Claire O'Sullivan, Thelma Jennings.

The tennis letters were awarded the class champions: Sylvia Leland, Senior and school champion; Hazel Rudgear, Junior high school champion; Pauline Phalen, Freshman high school; Alene Von Johansen, grammar school.



GREETINGS FROM THE  
**ALUMNAE**

St. Joseph's Home and Hospital  
Stockton, California



CAPACITY 125 BEDS  
COMPLETE X-RAY LABORATORY  
MODERN SURGERY

SCHOOL OF NURSING ACCREDITED BY STATE BOARD



HENRY GROBE  
SAN FRANCISCO'S POPULAR MUSIC  
DEALER

**M**USIC of the better kind." This is the unique and engaging business motto put forth by Henry Grobe, proprietor of the Sheet Music, Musical Instrument and Merchandise Departments of the Wiley B. Allen Music House of San Francisco.

¶ There is perhaps nobody on the Pacific Coast more fitted to set a standard for music salesmanship and knowledge, especially adapted for teachers and serious students than Mr. Grobe. An excellent musical education, followed by ten years intimate social and business connection with large publishers and prominent artists, have all combined and developed in him that rare discernment and judgment so necessary in supplying the proper and intelligent selection of what we would call "grades of music," and among the teachers and artists

of San Francisco there has grown a general understanding that when they require a course, or a single printed selection that is difficult to obtain elsewhere, Mr. Grobe is the man who, with the least wasted time, and often at less expense, will secure it for them.

¶ It is evident in talking to Mr. Grobe that he is in love with his chosen business, so much so that he has elevated it to a profession. He takes pride in his well-stocked shelves, and is always on the lookout for the newest and best in everything musical, also in his large and exhaustive library of musical literature and text-books of which he carries a stock second to none West of Chicago.

¶ We take genuine pleasure in recommending our friends to the efficient and kindly service which will always be theirs when they patronize Mr. Grobe's establishment.

—Extract from (P. C.) Musician.

John G. IIs & Co.

Manufacturers of

French Ranges  
and Broilers



Complete  
Kitchen and Bakery  
Outfits

839-841 Mission Street  
San Francisco, California

The  
Racket Store

601 4th Street

San Rafael, California

Phone S. R. 222W



¶ The small store with big values for your money. Why go to the "City" when you can do as well right here at home?

E. T. Burmister, Proprietor



CHAS. JENSEN

J. W. SCHLOSSER

# Jensen & Schlosser Lumber & Mill Company

Lumber and General Mill Work

Shakes  
Shingles  
Posts  
Laths  
Sash

Brick  
Doors  
Sand  
Lime  
Cement

Chimney Pipe  
Plaster  
Sewer Pipe  
Drain Tile  
Flue Lining

TAMALPAIS AVENUE AND THIRD STREET, SAN RAFAEL, CALIF.

NEAR UNION DEPOT

PHONE S. R. 742

## Albert's

Incorporated

Dry Goods  
AND  
Ladies' Furnishings

Queen Quality Shoes

San Rafael Store : Phone S. R. 400

Branch Store : San Anselmo  
Phone 212J

Compliments of

Marin  
County  
Milk Co.

825 Fourth Street  
San Rafael, Cal.



# TECHAU TAVERN

"America's Handsomest Cafe"

247 POWELL STREET  
DOUGLAS 4700



## REFINED ENTERTAINMENT

BALLET OF INDIVIDUAL ARTISTS :: HIGH CLASS ENTERTAINMENT

## TECHAU TAVERN DANCE ORCHESTRA

AN AGGREGATION OF SOLOISTS DISTINCTLY INDIVIDUAL

## APPETIZINGLY PREPARED MENUS

TEA 3:30 TO 5:00, FIFTY CENTS :: RIGAUD FAVORS PRESENTED TO LADY PATRONS

TECHAU TAVERN, A. C. MORRISSON, Manager

Compliments of  
DR. N. S. HALSEY  
SAN RAFAEL



Day's  
Pharmacy  
San Rafael

736 Fourth Street  
Phone San Rafael 11



# Schlueter-Beecher Company

INCORPORATED

Contracting Furnishers and Decorators

Decorators for Junior College and St. Thomas Hall

Hotels, Clubs, Public Buildings and  
Institutions Completely Furnished  
Complete Steamship Furnishings

755 Mission Street, San Francisco, California

Telephone Douglas 1810

## Hallawell Seed Company

256-258 MARKET STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO



Nursery

GREEN STREET AND  
VAN NESS AVENUE

Write for our 1920 General Catalogue  
which gives a full list of all we carry  
and planting instructions

## Scott & Co.

Agents for  
W. P. FULLER & COMPANY'S  
Paints for Every Purpose

Hardware  
Paints, Oil  
and  
Sporting  
Goods

835 FOURTH STREET  
SAN RAFAEL



# BANK OF SAN RAFAEL

"The Bank of Service"



M. T. FREITAS, President

CAPITAL . . . \$200,000

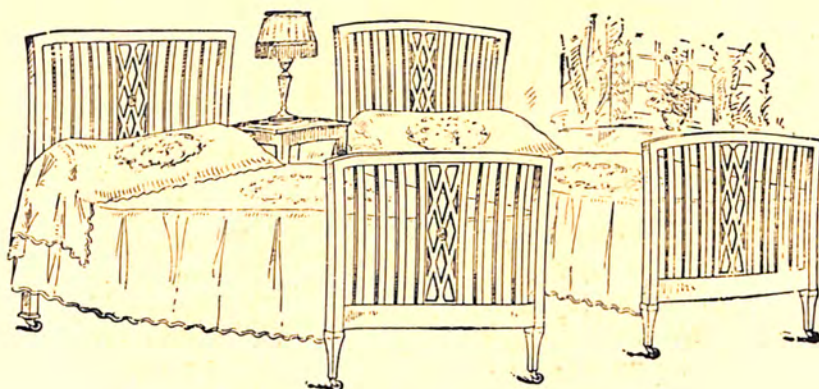
SURPLUS . . . 80,000

COMMERCIAL

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

SAVINGS





A PAIR OF TWIN BEDS MANUFACTURED BY  
**SIMMONS COMPANY**  
 198 BAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

## Stapp's

San Rafael

The Candy Store  
 That Leaves  
 a Pleasant  
 Memory



## Lafargue French Laundry

### Dyeing and Cleaning

Lace Curtains and Blankets  
 a Specialty & Silks and  
 Flannels Done Up  
 Like New



614-616 THIRD ST., SAN RAFAEL  
 Telephone San Rafael 17

Branch Office 623 Fourth Street



# NATIONAL

THEIR AVAILABILITY IS LIMITED

THE DEMAND for National Motor Cars exceeds the supply. In past years those who have deferred buying have found the allotment exhausted. We have more orders this season than ever before with no increase in the number of cars we will receive. Now is the time to place your order if you desire a National.

## F. J. LINZ MOTOR COMPANY

1128 VAN NESS AVE, SAN FRANCISCO 2400 BROADWAY, OAKLAND

## Rosenthal's

INCORPORATED

Four Stores of Fine  
Footwear

*for* Men, Women  
and Children



151 Post Street  
734 Market Street  
San Francisco

737 South Broadway  
Los Angeles  
469 Twelfth Street  
Oakland

## Jacobs, Malcolm & Burtt

101 Washington St. Phone Sutter 6810  
San Francisco



Headquarters for  
Fresh Fruits and Vegetables



# City

GEARY, STOCKTON  
& O'FARRELL



# Paris

TELEPHONE  
DOUGLAS-4500

## NEW DEPARTMENTS

RECENTLY ESTABLISHED



GALERIE OF FOOTWEAR  
SPORTS APPAREL - ATHLETIC GOODS  
BABY AND JUNIOR SHOP  
TOY SHOP - TRUNKS  
SALON DE BEAUTE - OPTICAL SALON  
PHONOGRAPH SALON





LOUIS GASSNER, President

ROBERT BEHLOW, Vice-President

# Louis Gassner



Incorporated

Manufacturing  
Furriers



Importers of Exclusive  
Models and Novelties  
in FUR GARMENTS

112-114 Geary Street  
San Francisco  
Telephone Douglas 4553

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

Johnson  
Hardware Company

412-414 B Street  
San Rafael, California  
Telephone S. R. 32

Established 1850

Coffin Redington Co.

Successors to Redington & Co.



Importers and Jobbers of  
Drugs, Chemicals and  
Druggists' Sundries

35 to 49 2nd St.  
Near Market  
San Francisco



# T.P.CROWLEY

430-434 GEORGIA STREET, VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

TELEPHONE 386



Ladies and Misses Cloaks and Suits

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods

Gentlemen's Furnishings

## Home Chemical Company

Manufacturing  
Chemists

1765 Twelfth Street  
Oakland

Telephone Lakeside 6194

Processed Mica  
Boiler Compounds  
Belt Dressing  
Metal Polish  
Floor Oils  
Furniture Polish  
Disinfectants

Agents for Nicine  
Disinfectant and  
Deodorizer

## The Leader

The Only Irish Catholic Weekly on the Pacific  
Coast. All the Latest Irish and Catholic News

Subscription { \$3.00 per year  
                  { \$1.50 6-months

Foreign Subscription { \$3.50 per year  
                              { \$1.75 6-months

675 STEVENSON STREET, SAN FRANCISCO  
Between 7th and 8th Sts. Phone Market 1570

## Kodak Finishing Expert Work—City Prices

Work called for  
and delivered at

Webb & Rogers, San Rafael

## J.A. Lombard & Company

Importers and  
Manufacturers



222 to 232 Front St. San Francisco California Telephone  
Sutter 2319



# S U C C E S S

is attained by diligent application to, and  
an intelligent study of your occupation

## —Success

in Athletics, depends not only on  
the measure of your application,  
but on your equipment as well.  
This is a vital item.

## —Our Success

is due to the fact that we have dili-  
gently and intelligently applied  
ourselves to the making of proper  
equipment for the athlete, during  
the past forty-five years.

"Quality Is Our Watchword"

A.G. SPALDING & BROS.

44 STORES

156-158 GEARY STREET

12 FACTORIES



M. Burke

C. H. Fletcher

## Marin Furniture Co.

Estimates Furnished for  
Furniture, Carpets, Linoleums  
Painting, Papering, Interior Decorating  
Paints, Oils and Varnishes

Fourth and B Streets, San Rafael  
Telephone S. R. 137

## Stephen Eden


Mrs. Eden, Assisting

Funeral Director and Embalmer

408 Fifth Avenue, San Rafael

Opposite Hall of Records

Telephone 154



Get Your  
Copy of  
"The DIFFERENCE"

—interesting, instructive, helpful, a brochure of flour facts published for your guidance in flour buying. A copy will be mailed to you FREE — write for it today.

**GLOBE MILLS**

Los Angeles    San Francisco    San Diego  
Sacramento    Colton

Altred Gustafson, President  
Frank Gustafson, Treasurer  
Chas. A. Koenig, Secretary and Manager  
John M. Reynolds, Sales Manager

## Inlaid Floor Co.

Incorporated 1897

Manufacturers of

Plain and Ornamental Flooring  
Grills and Weather Strips  
Machine Floor Sanding



8th and Alabama Streets, San Francisco  
Phone Mission 1575

Oakland Factory  
WATTS and PARK AVENUE  
EMERYVILLE

"Say it with  
Flowers"....

F. C. BURNS  
FLORIST  
SAN RAFAEL  
CALIFORNIA

Telephone Sutter 1034

## J. B. McIntyre Bindery Co.

Bookbinders  
Account Book Manufacturers  
and Printers



442 Sansome Street, S. E. Corner Clay  
San Francisco



Phone Douglas 953

**JAMES A. MORGAN**  
JEWELRY TO ORDER  
ROOM 659, PHELAN BUILDING  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Diamond Rings      Engagement Rings  
Class Pins, Medals      and Graduation Presents

**The**  
Gift Shop---

**J. D. Bennett · Jeweler**  
San Rafael, California

**Eugene McCoy**

3083 Sixteenth Street  
San Francisco



Wholesale and Retail  
**Grocer**

Importer of all kinds of  
Religious Articles, Statuary and  
Vestments, etc.



Pacific Coast Agent for the  
**MACK MILLER CANDLE CO.**  
Syracuse, N. Y.

Phone Sutter 2398

Phone Sutter 2399

**OLIVA BROS.**

GENERAL  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
565-567 CLAY STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO



Cafes  
Restaurants  
Hotels and Ships  
Supplied

**San Rafael**  
Cottage Hospital

20 Nye Street, Corner Mission Street  
San Rafael, California



Medical, Surgical and Obstetrical Cases Taken  
No Contagious Diseases Admitted

Warehouse 22 B Street  
Residence 24 B Street

Office and Residence  
Telephone 303W

**BURKHART'S EXPRESS**  
AND FIREPOOF STORAGE  
TRANSFER · DRAYAGE  
SAN RAFAEL

Tables and Chairs Rented at Reasonable Rates  
Furniture Moved, Packed and Shipped



UNDER SUPERVISION OF  
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT  
IS THE

# MARIN COUNTY NATIONAL BANK

[LARGEST COMMERCIAL BANK IN MARIN]  
[MEMBER OF FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM]

AFFILIATED WITH  
MARIN COUNTY SAVINGS BANK  
DEPOSITS OVER A MILLION



“Solid As Tamalpais”

S. H. CHEDA  
President

F. W. DICKSON  
Vice-President

V. J. B. CHEDA  
Manager

GEO. A. CHEDA  
Cashier

R. E. WILSON  
Assistant Cashier

H. L. SMITH

P. H. COCHRANE



DOYLE BROS.  
MONUMENTS

Erected in Any Part of the State

VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

Medals and Ecclesiastical Goods a Specialty

PIUS GFELL

Successor to T. Musgrave & Co.

WATCHMAKERS, GOLDSMITHS AND  
SILVERSMITHS



3272 TWENTY-FIRST ST., SAN FRANCISCO  
Bet. Mission and Valencia Phone Mission 890

MARIN  
FEED AND FUEL  
COMPANY

J. P. GRADY  
Manager



HAY, GRAIN  
WOOD, COAL AND  
FEED

Main Office in rear of  
MARIN COUNTY NATIONAL BANK  
Opposite Court House, Phone S. R. 89  
Warehouse on Canal, near Irwin Street  
SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

Branch Office and Yard:  
SAN ANSELMO, CALIFORNIA  
Telephone S. A. 89

John A. Lennon

Wholesale Grocer  
and Importer of Teas  
Coffees and Rice



Pacific Coast Agent  
Cathedral Beeswax Candle Co.  
Syracuse, N. Y.

137-139 Sacramento Street  
San Francisco, California

Compliments of

Dr. T. I. C. Barr

Cheda Building  
591 Fourth Street  
San Rafael, California

Formerly  
W. G. Stafford & Co., Sturdivant & Co.  
L. Brizzolara & Sons

City Coal Company  
Incorporated

Main Office  
100 Brannan Street  
San Francisco

Branch Yards  
425 Fulton Street  
4545 Geary Street

Telephone Douglas 4620



## Jas. Byrne

Hardware, Janitor's Supplies  
Brooms and Brushes

Phone Sutter 2287

Moved to 465 Pine Street  
San Francisco, Cal.

## MME. J. TROUILLET FRENCH LAUNDRY

2131 FILLMORE STREET  
Between California and Sacramento Streets  
SAN FRANCISCO  
CALIFORNIA



Phone:  
SUTTER 2012

Office Phone:  
SUTTER 2014

## F. Uri & Company

Wholesale  
Butchers

517-521 Clay Street  
San Francisco

MIRRORS  
FRAMES - PICTURES  
FINE PRINTS  
ART OBJECTS



Artists' Supplies  
Drawing Materials



Schussler Bros.  
285 Geary Street  
San Francisco

## Hoover's

G. F. Kirner  
Proprietor

Maker of  
Choice Candies  
Ice Cream and  
Frozen Desserts



501 Fourth Street  
San Rafael, Calif.  
Phone San Rafael 87

Kodaks and  
Supplies

Developing and  
Printing

## Inman Drug Company

Fourth and C Streets  
San Rafael, Cal.

Stationery

Lowneys Candies



# The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

Hibernia Bank  
Incorporated 1864

Corner Market, McAllister  
and Jones Streets  
San Francisco



ASSETS . . . . . \$71,157,622.91  
RESERVE FUND . . . . . 2,835,448.78  
  
NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS . . 82,332

Daily from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. } Open } Saturday Evenings from 6 to 8  
Saturdays from 10 A. M. to 12 M. } o'clock for Depositors Only



New  
Marin Bakery

Home Industry

Give us a trial



719 Fourth Street  
San Rafael  
Telephone Number 51

EVERYTHING  
IN  
MUSIC

Sherman,  Clay & Co.

Kearny and Sutter Streets  
San Francisco

Marin  
French Dry Cleaners

WE clean your garments clean  
and in a superior manner.  
Prompt service and prices the low-  
est consistent with first-class work.  
Work called for and delivered.

Office and Works:  
518 Third Street, San Rafael, California  
Phone 467J

CONGRATULATIONS  
AND

BEST WISHES  
FROM

JAMES D. PHELAN

SAN FRANCISCO  
CALIFORNIA



COMPLIMENTS  
OF  
A FRIEND

DOMINICAN COLLEGE LIBRARY  
SAN RAFAEL  
MARIN COUNTY  
CALIFORNIA



# Hitchcock Military Academy

San Rafael, California



A SELECT  
BOARDING SCHOOL  
FOR BOYS

Forty-second Year Begins September 6, 1920 - Catalog on Request







27110

NON CIRCULATING



