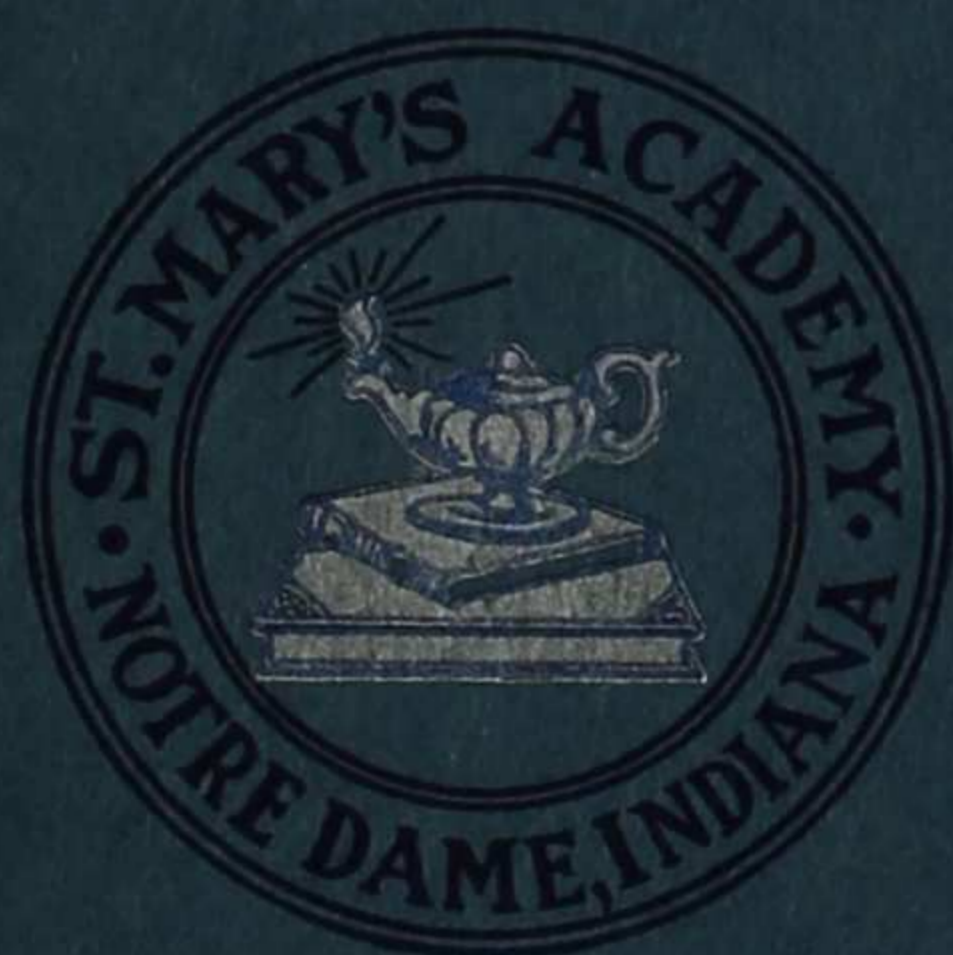
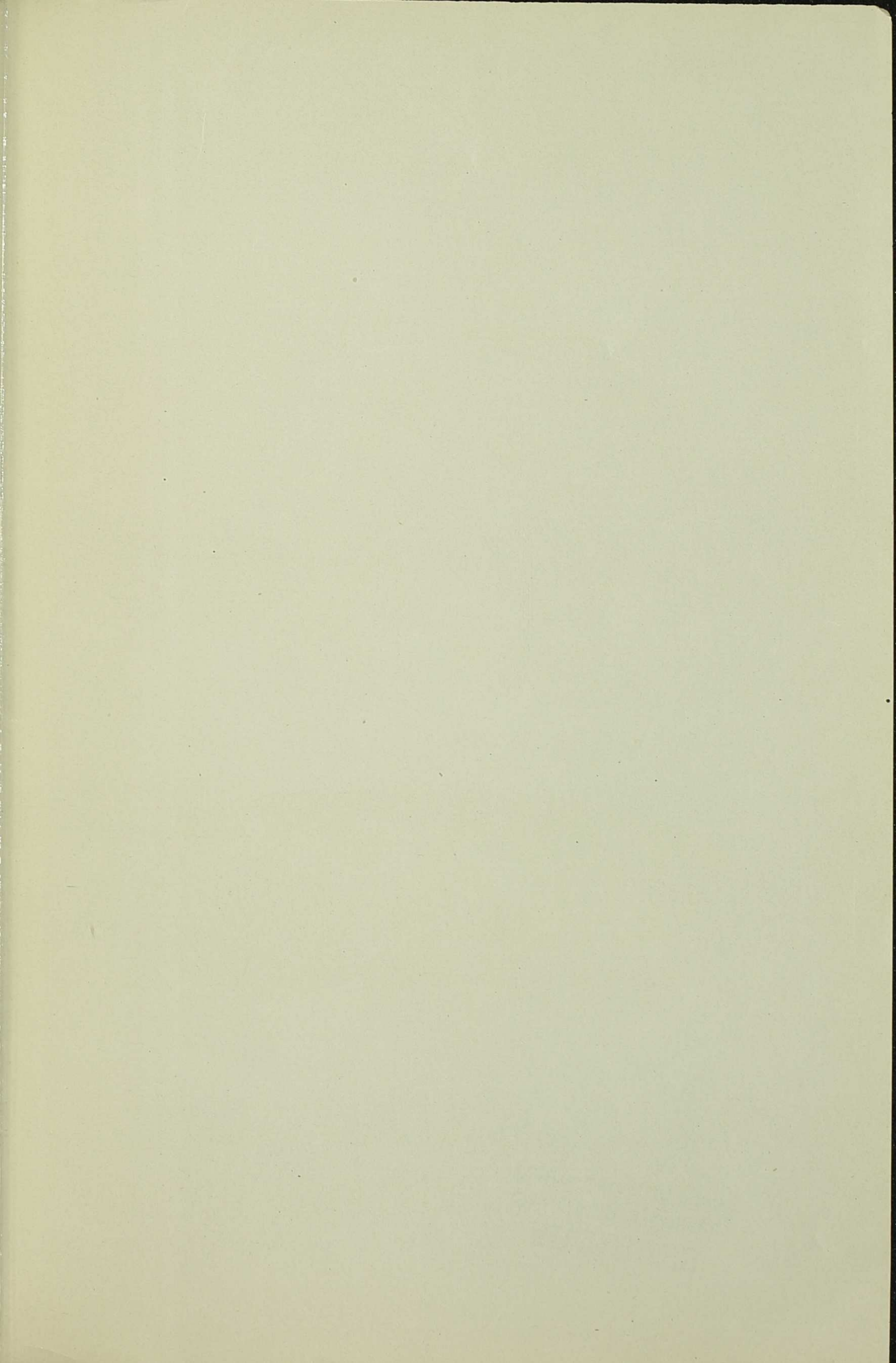


St. Mary's
Academic
Annual



1914



ST. MARY'S COLLEGE AND ACADEMY

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TO OUR BELOVED DIRECTRESS,
MOTHER M. PAULINE,
THE FOURTH ACADEMIC CLASS OF 1914,
ST. MARY'S,
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA,
DEDICATE (WITHOUT ASKING PERMISSION)
THIS FIRST NUMBER OF
ST. MARY'S ACADEMIC ANNUAL.

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The Good Shepherd.

Academic Annual

Edited by the Students of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Vol. I.

JUNE, 1914

No. I

The Good Shepherd.

Judea's sun is sinking far in the crimson west,
And the feathered folk returning to their airy, leafy nest;
Now the day has spent its glory and night steals on apace,
And the dark and shifting shadows soft purple patterns trace.
The day's long tasks are over, its duties now are done,
While the curious crowd stands murmuring 'gainst Mary's gentle Son.
"This man receiveth sinners, and eateth at their board."
O blessed truth! Will He deny? He speaks—the Eternal Word:
"What man is there among you who owns an hundred sheep,
And loses one, yet search not ere he lay him down to sleep?—
He leaves the ninety-nine alone, and roams the desert wild
Till joyfully he clasps his lamb as mother clasps her child;
Then home returning, gathers he his friends and neighbors all—
'Rejoice with me, make gay this day the festive banquet-hall!
The sheep I lost, 'tis found again, safe hid from harm and cold
Close to my heart.' O, tell Me if he more dear shall hold
His one lost sheep, than I the lambs strayed from My human Fold?"

* * * * *

A hush falls on the jostling crowd, the stars wake one by one,
A radiance fills the dark'ning sky—the glory of God's Son.

—LUCILE M. WILLIAMS,
Fourth Academic.

Historic Hosts and Guests.



SHROUDED in almost impenetrable mists are the ages spoken of in the first pages of history; but from them stretches a tie that must bind all ages, past and to come—the golden tie of hospitality.

The very essence of hospitality were these old-world people. In the pagan literature of Ovid and Virgil are to be found numerous instances of the visits of gods and goddesses, sometimes in their own forms, but more often in human semblance.

Virgil gives us a vivid description of the welcome Aeneas received from Dido, the queen of Carthage. The scene is redolent of the luxury of the time, and no necessary detail is lacking. Ovid's story of the aged Philemon and Baucis entertaining in disguise the gods Jupiter and Mercury, bears a striking resemblance to that in the early pages of the Old Testament, where we read of Abraham and Sara "entertaining angels un-awares."

More familiar are we with the numerous instances related in the New Testament. The Blessed Virgin, a young girl, though wedded, journeying through the hill country to the home of her cousin Elizabeth, is a pleasing picture. She was truly an ideal guest. We can imagine her cheerfully performing innumerable little tasks and showing her love for Elizabeth in a thousand ways. Again, many years later, when Mary had become the Mother of the Desired of Nations, and was present at the marriage at Cana, how thoughtful and solici-

itous she is for her hosts in their embarrassment. The God-Man Himself confirmed this virtue by performing His first public miracle in behalf of hospitality.

Although it is hard to find in the whole of the Scriptures a more pathetic word than this, in the first chapter of St. John's Gospel—"He came unto His own and His own received Him not,"—still there are some pictures in the New Testament before which we love to linger, for in them we see our Lord generously, lovingly received. Such a picture is that in the little home in Bethany. Here were two totally different types of the ideal hostess—Martha, "busy about much serving," solicitous for the material comfort of her Guest, and Mary, the silent listener, "sitting also at the Lord's feet."

Must it not have gladdened the Heart of Jesus, too, when walking with the two disciples to Emmaus; they constrained Him to go in with them in those sweet words, "Stay with us, because it is toward evening, and the day is now far spent."

In sharp contrast are the hosts whose names have gone down in history as infamous, and surely among the worst in the list are Shakespeare's Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. What treachery and ingratitude, to murder under their own roof their king and guest!

Every student of history will recall, too, the famous meeting between Henry VIII. of England and Francis I. of France, where the cordiality and magnificence displayed merited for it the title, "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

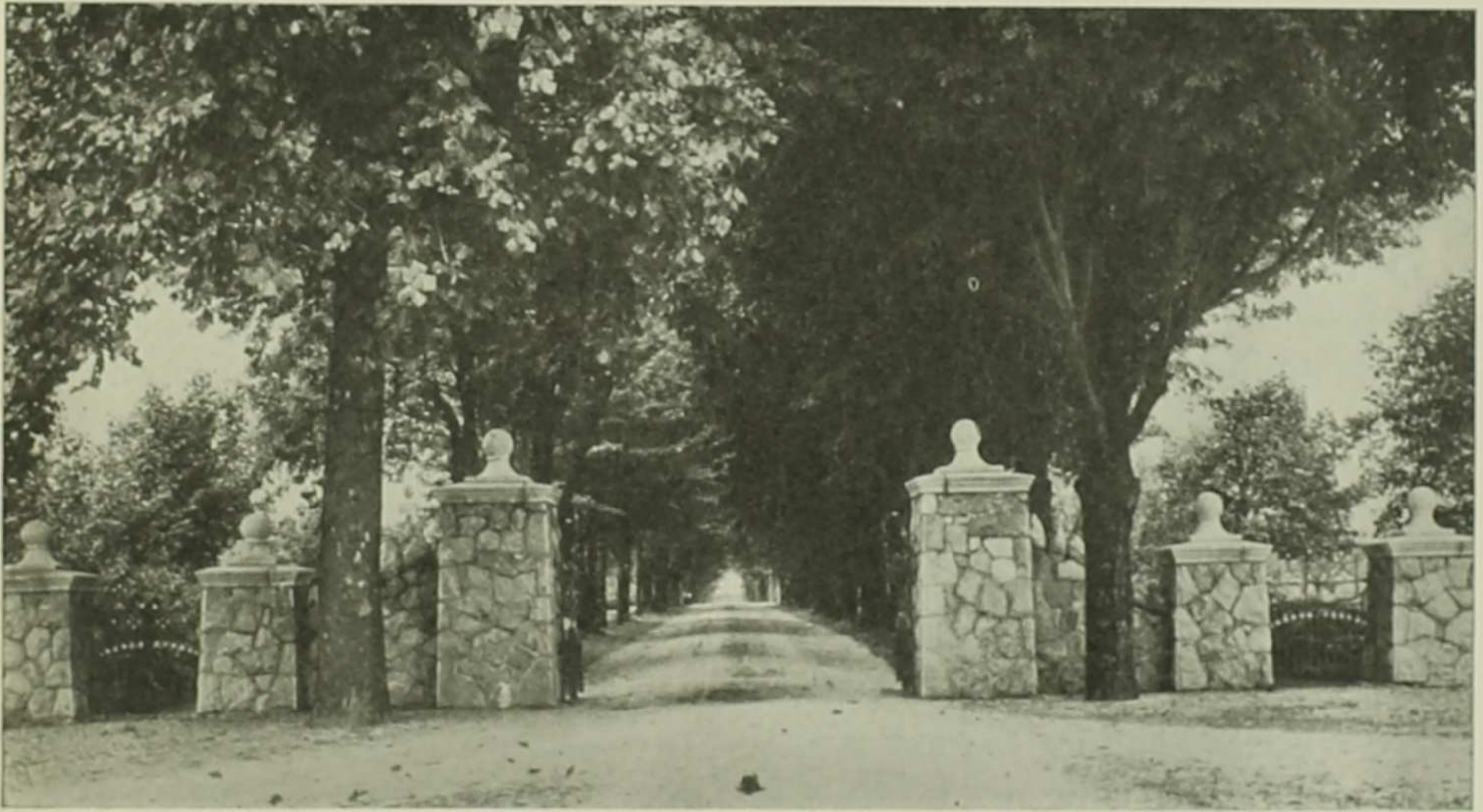
Speaking of Henry VIII. as an historic host, reminds us of another picture—that of his daughter Elizabeth, the erratic sovereign of England, leading her cousin, Mary Stuart, to believe that she will be under her protection if she will but remain with her, the promised protection later taking the form of imprisonment and finally death.

But to narrow our title down to our own twentieth century selves. Through

the graciousness of our present Holy Father, we are permitted daily to be hosts of a Divine Guest. If we endeavor to become less unworthy of so stupendous a privilege, our names, though never found among "historic hosts," will be written among beloved hosts, like Martha and Mary, in the Book of Life.

MARIE SATTUER.

Fourth Academic.



The Love-Feast.

*I know that of all gifts this is the One
I need the most;
For He Who rules and orders all things well
Comes in the Host.
If I could know how low is His descent
All in my name,
My love, my life, my all should e'er be spent
To feed that flame.*

MARY LOUISE COWSER,
Fourth Academic.

Being a Twin.



HAVING had eighteen perfectly good years of experience in being a twin, the novelty of the situation has quite worn away for me; but I suppose there are a few curious persons in this old world who would like to know how it feels to have one's double constantly with her, so I shall do my best to show such people some of the joys and sorrows of Twindom.

Ever since I can remember, people used to marvel at the close resemblance between my sister and me, and the phrase, "How much they look alike!" grew to be a humdrum, monotonous sound to our youthful ears, so much so that at a very tender age, I at least, gave up all ambitions and desires of ever being truly original. How could I be, with a fac-simile of myself (or rather me being a fac-simile of my sister, since she had ten minutes to make friends with the world before I did,) always with me?

I have always had a queer feeling of being a part of a whole. No one ever spoke of me as an individual, the plural being constantly used where I was concerned, as: "The Twins will be there, too," or "How old will they be their next birthday?" etc., etc. It was maddening to be so frequently considered a half, that the sound of my own name would actually startle me for a moment, and I would feel as if I were meeting my stranger self—a real, live person, all in one, without any better or worser half.

It was a strict rule, made by the head of our household, that the Twins should

dress alike as long as they were under her care and protection, and dress alike we did, and still do. And what a time we have! Often, when we are silly enough to even dream of getting a ready-made garment, we search all day for something that satisfies the tastes of us both; then having decided on a certain dress, the tired but patient saleslady usually greets us with the well-known sentence, "I'm very sorry, but this is a little novelty dress and it will be impossible to get one exactly like it." Of course, there are exceptions to all rules and sometimes we are agreeably surprised at not hearing the dreaded statement. Nevertheless, twins who wish to have everything alike usually give up the "ready-made" idea, and resort to a fatigued, nerve-racked dressmaker as the only reliable pilot to steer them through the storms of shifting fashions.

Luckily though, our tastes in dress were, like the rest of us, almost identical; but whenever a dispute did arise as to what we should wear on a certain occasion, it was quickly settled for both of us by the wise Mother, whose word was law in our home; or mayhap we were willing to compromise, and the drawing of lots would decide the outcome.

An amusing incident occurred one evening as we were returning home from the busiest section of our busy city. Just as we turned a corner, we came upon two men gazing interestedly at two fat, gurgling babies tucked in a baby-carriage. As we came in sight, one of the men was saying, "Isn't it funny how two people can look so much alike?"

When the speaker discovered us, he rubbed his hand over his eyes, seized his companion by the arm and said, in bewilderment, "Say, George, how many babies were in that carriage, and how many girls are walking ahead of us? Am I seeing things double or not?"

The most peculiar sensation of all, though, is to be walking leisurely down the street with one's twin, both our graceful figures reflected in some large store window, when (it is really embarrassing to admit) it is necessary to raise my hand to make sure which of the two is my reflection.

Again I remember, when we twins were but "knee-high" and lived away out in a little "wild-and-wooly-Western" mining camp, we strolled, one day, down to the log shack that Father called "the office." As we entered, two rusty, gruff-looking men who had been in earnest conversation with Father, turned about and eyed us critically. "Say, Jones," came in a thunderous voice from the taller one, "I'll bet you can't tell them kids apart." "You're on," drawled Jones, in a nasal twang, digging down into his "jeans" and producing the specified sum. "Now," said the tall one, addressing my sister and me, "you youngsters run out and twist your hats around a bit and then come back."

We followed out directions to the dot. When we returned, both men scanned us curiously; then Jones said, nodding his head in my direction, "That there one is—Pete." "G'wan," growled the other, "it's Repeat." They argued the point for a few moments, then turned to Father, with puzzled looks, to see which was right. Looking at my sister carefully, then as carefully at me, Father

said, "Well, ahem—er," then began to rub his hands together, which meant that he was doing some hard thinking. Finally, in despair, "Just a minute, gentlemen," he said, and reached for the telephone. Immediately the silvery voice over the wire was recognized as Mother's. "Will you please come down right away," Father was saying, "and tell the Twins apart for us? They are so agreeable they will consent to be whichever one we say, and we are trying to decide a bet." Mother soon arrived on the uncertain ground and released us, as we were not allowed to move for fear of getting mixed up again.

Yes, Jones was right; he was the winner; but now I see how unjust I was in not asserting my rights and demanding the name "Repeat" (which I really was); but I had a soft spot in my heart for Jones, and wanted him to win the bet; besides, Mother seemed so positive she was right, I hated to disillusion her.

Another instance that I now recall happened on a rare autumn evening in September, just before we returned to school. Fair sister, feeling rather worse for wear after a day of shopping, retired early, and asked me to say good-bye to a callow youth who was calling on big sister that evening, and who, by the way, was a friend of the family. So a few minutes after the young man arrived I made my appearance as "Kate" and chatted for a while; then excused myself, pleading fatigue, and listened to a very pretty little speech before leaving him. In a short time I again appeared, this time as "Dupli-cate," and enjoyed another conversation with the visitor, listening again to the very same little speech, wishing me success, and so on

and so forth. And the man never knew the difference until I accused him one day of having a few stereotyped phrases that he liked to use, and then I told of the trick I played on him. Well, all I can say is, I'm glad I am still alive to tell the tale.

Oh, yes, indeed, our adventure as twins would easily fill a good-sized volume. But there is one thing that worries me—

what if we should both fall in love with the same man! I can think of nothing more horrible. However, there's no use in crossing a bridge till you come to it. But I have reached one conclusion, that being a twin is—oh, my no! not a lonesome—but at times a very puzzling job.

MILDRED McDONALD,
Fourth Academic.

Remembrance.

*Until eternity, loved memories—
Not of thy beauty, nor thy grace nor goal
Shall hold me silently enthralled—but, dear,
The whiteness and the greatness of thy soul.*

LILLIAN WILCOX,
Fourth Academic.

Evangeline in Harvest Time.



HE walk had been long and hot from the farm-house to the fields, where daily Evangeline came, bringing cooling drinks to her father's reapers.

She paused for breath within the sheltering shade of some corn-shocks, before resuming her walk. It was indeed a beautiful picture that this lass of Acadia made as she stood, breathing in the pure September air.

She seemed like a bird, poised ready for flight, with her head thrown back, and her round, red mouth puckered into

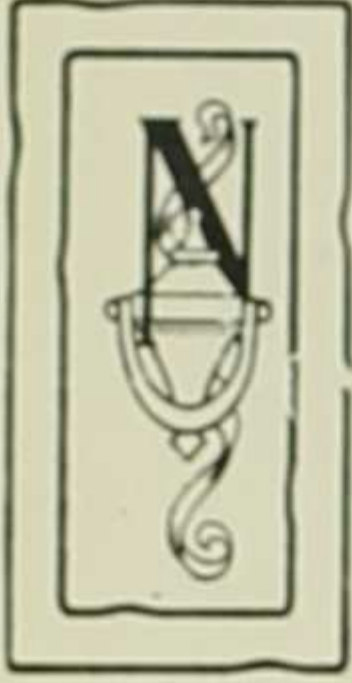
a pleasant smile. Her brown hair, where it had managed to escape from under the rim of her white cap, curled in warm little rings about her face, and two roguish, black eyes looked out merrily from beneath their shadowing lashes.

Over her neat, homespun dress was a large, white apron, and in her two, strong, young arms she held a great flagon of ale.

Truly, her sixteen years rested very lightly upon her, and standing amid the friendly corn, Evangeline looked, in truth, like a fairy or sprite of Harvest-time.

KATHERINE A. ORR,
First Academic.

King Arthur's Place in English Literature.



NO character in English history has furnished more inspiration to poets and prose writers than has King Arthur. Though not wholly a fictitious character, he is not really an English one. The English have borrowed a Welsh hero of the sixth century who resisted the invasions of the Saxons. The numerous tales concerning Arthur were at length gathered together and considered as a national legend. It is said that one of the Arthurian tales was among the first books printed by Caxton, who published it at the request of a nobleman who held, that after the Bible, the Arthurian Legends were of most importance to the English, since they dealt with England's earliest days and her greatest king.

When the Normans came over into England, English literature underwent a great change. The Normans loved chivalry and military life; they patronized learning; they set up new standards of courage, discipline and taste, and gave them to the English when the two races became one nation. As a result, what is known as the "metrical romance" came into existence about the thirteenth century. It was a tale of adventure, in which robbers, evil spirits, giants and Saracens were overthrown by a knight, in the interest of a fair damsel or the Church. The richest storehouse of romance was in the Celtic parts of England and Brittany, where these Arthurian tales were continually increasing in number. In 1147 Geoffrey of Monmouth

wrote in Latin "Chronicum seve Historia Britonum." This, though Geoffrey pretended it was founded on fact, was really a number of romantic incidents, few of which had any foundation on fact. This work was translated into French by Wace of Jersey in "Brut d'Angleterre." Finally, it came into the hands of Layaman, a holy monk. It is strange that the first attempt of the English in this romance should be made by a monk. His work is in a chronicle and pretends to be history, but, like Monmouth's, it is really composed of legends and romances. Layaman, in his "Brut," adds much to the Arthurian tales, notably the founding of the Round Table, and the Fays, who are present at Arthur's birth and who carry him, after his death, to Avalon, the mystic isle.

From this time on, these tales were constantly being chosen for subjects by English writers. In 1467 Malory combined, in a great prose poem, the legends of King Arthur and the Round Table. "The Morte D'Arthur" has much of the elevation and splendor of great poetry, and it is one of the important works of the fifteenth century. Even the great Milton did not ignore these simple legends, but it was Tennyson who made them immortal in his "Idyls of the King." Thus the Arthurian tales found their place in English literature and for centuries they have inspired its writers and helped to give us some of the finest romances we have in the English tongue.

NANCY DALY,
Third Academic.



Melodies of Morn.

*Faint at first,
So very faint it seems—
That distant tower-bell breaking my dreams.*

*Afar I hear
The old cock's lusty crow,
And like an echo comes the cattle's low.*

*And then a note
From distant hunter's horn
Reminds me that another day is born.*

*The sleepy sun
Arises from the sea,
And sends his rosy beams across the lea.*

*A very young
And truant summer breeze
Lightly pipes a tune among the trees.*

*The music wakens
Birdlings in their nest;
They cheep and flutter 'neath their mother's breast;*

*But ere the parent
Soars to richer sod,
A carol sings, as if to praise her God.*

*The laughing, stumbling,
Babbling, sunny brook
Winds in and out, singing to every nook.*

*The flowers nod
Beneath the shady trees,
And mark the time for hum of honey bees.*

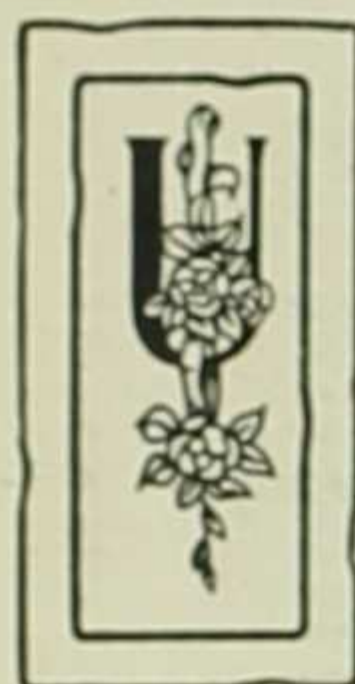
*Then down
A mighty cliff is swiftly hurled,
Yet happy with itself and all the world.*

*O Concert
Of the morn, thou art sublime!
Nor will thy charms be changed with flight of time;*

*Away, O Slumber!
Night has long ago,
And now I rise to greet the rosy Dawn.*

MARION McDONALD,
Fourth Academic.

The Story in the Poem.



UNDER the heading, narrative poetry, are to be found some of the most romantic, the most thrilling stories of love and war, that we have in the language; and the story in the poem loses none of its charm because hemmed in by the conventionality of meter and rhyme.

Although with difficulty I pass in silence Longfellow's charming story of "Evangeline" and Matthew Arnold's poignant narrative of "Sohrab and Rustum," this paper will deal only with the metrical romances of Sir Walter Scott—"The Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion."

The Romantic movement owes nearly as much to Scott as to Shakespeare. To him also is due the beginning of a better appreciation and a more human understanding of history. Scott's popularity during his life and fame after his death is due, perhaps, to the fact that he put into words the chivalric ideas of England. To this sentiment was added a love of the Highlands and the heather. Like a true Scotsman, he loved not only the rock and timber in the homes of his ancestors, but cherished the hearth at which his mother and father rested after the labor of the day.

"The Lady of the Lake" was most popular on its first appearance. Everybody read it. Though its tone throughout is romantic, yet there are true gleams of heroic fire, as in the Gathering and in the combat between Roderick Dhu and Fitz-James.

The story is appealing, and suggests the atmosphere of the Highlands. Douglas, the Earl of Angus, and his daughter Ellen, the Lady of the Lake, have fled from the Scotch court and have found refuge on a little island in Loch Katrine. While chasing a stag, Fitz-James, James V., loses his gallant horse. Ellen, hearing his calls, rows across from the island and invites him to her home. After his departure, Sir Roderick Dhu and Malcolm Graeme, Ellen's lover, arrive. Roderick asks for her hand, but is refused by Douglas. James Fitz-James is taken through the woods by a Highlander disguised as Roderick Dhu. He leads him astray, and in a single combat the real Roderick Dhu is wounded and taken to Stirling Castle. When Fitz-James arrives at the castle, Douglas has returned to ask his pardon, and he is restored to the royal favor. Roderick expires, Fitz-James is made king, and Ellen marries Malcolm Graeme.

Every Catholic student loves Scott for making of Ellen Douglas a true Child of Mary, and teaching her to pray:

"Ave Maria! maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear, though from the wild;
Thou canst save amid despair."

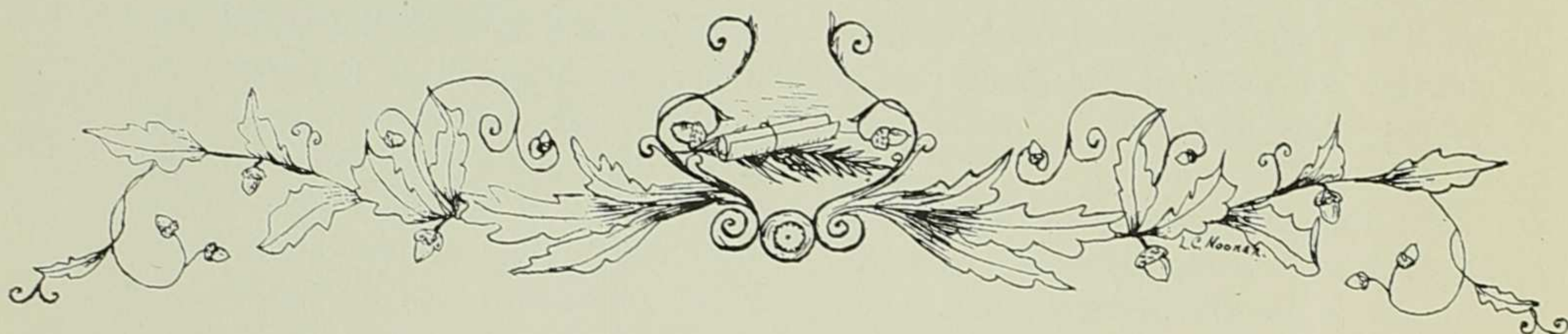
Marmion is by far the most dramatic, and by many considered the best of Scott's romances in verse. In this, his second poetic work, he had chosen a national and truly heroic event as the center of the whole poem—the battle of Flodden Field. Most readers will probably agree with a late eloquent critic, that "of all the poetic battles which

have been fought from the days of Homer, there is none comparable for interest and animation, for breadth of drawing and magnificence of effect, with Scott's Marmion."

Cardinal Newman reminds us that there are things in the romances and poems of Scott of which a correct judgment is forced to disapprove, and which ever must be a matter of regret. We have grounds for a quarrel with Scott for his account of the romance between Marmion, the hero of the poem, and Constance de Beverley, the nun whom he induced to leave her convent and follow him in his campaigns. While the

author admits that these are fictitious characters, nevertheless he leaves the reader under the impression that the punishment meted out to Constance for her infidelity was common in convents at the time. This is far from the truth. The poet has simply jumped at the conclusion that because bodies were found buried within convent walls, therefore these were bodies of nuns who were buried alive, as were the unfaithful Vestal Virgins. It was common at the time for the faithful in general to seek burial in monastic houses.

MABEL VOGEL,
Fourth Academic.



The Violin.

MYRTLE REED expressed a beautiful thought when she wrote, "It seems strange to think my violin was once a tree. It must be centuries old, and all through those years it was listening and learning and weaving in with its growth the forest melodies."

Next to the human voice, there is perhaps no greater musical instrument than the violin. In power of expression and execution, there is no other instrument which can be compared with it. It has a wide range of sounds, to which any

degree of loudness or softness, staccato or legato, may be given.

The true violin, both large and small, began to be made about the middle of the sixteenth century, particularly in the northern Italian towns of Cremona and Brescia. The greatest refinement of shape and construction was attained by Antonius Stradivarius, about 1700, and has never since been surpassed.

The violin being so well known, it is unnecessary to give a detailed description of its constituent parts, but it might be of interest to note what a delicate construction it is. The minutest details

of wood, model-jointing, varnish, etc., are important, so that a really fine instrument is an elaborate work of art. In the violin, both the back and breast are arched; this nearly doubles its tone-producing powers. If these are too high in build, the tone lacks volume; if too low, it lacks sympathetic quality. The varnish also affects the tone: too hard a finish makes it piercing and unmusical; too soft a finish robs it of resonance. A full size violin is fourteen inches in length of body. The bow, by which the violin is sounded, also has been gradually refined in shape so as to present the utmost strength, elasticity and lightness.

In poetry we do not hesitate to regard the moral qualities of the poet; so in music, where this personal tone is more powerful than in the other arts, the musician is judged by the emotion he conveys to his hearers. How much better it would be if there were more students who studied for the love of the art, and who did not feel it necessary to coin their musical activities into money!

Many poets—among them Browning, Taylor, Longfellow and Holmes—have sung the praises of the violin, while no less a novelist than Charles Reade became foremost as its most loving connoisseur. A. L. Donaldson has said:

"Down Memory's dim arcade in centuried gloom,
Rises Cremona, and the lonely room
Where immortality was wrought in wood;
Where Stradavari, in his attic shop,
Drained his aspiring soul-life, drop by drop,
To give his works their lasting lustihood!"

That one who would truly learn the violin must love it and aim high. Almost solely then upon the player, to whom the violin means a part of life, of very existence, and whom nothing can keep from following the call of the four strings and the bow, falls the task of drawing from that little brown structure of wood those tuneful "forest melodies" that speak to the very soul of the listener.

GERTRUDE HAMPTON,
Conservatory of Music, '15.

To a June Rose.

*Deep-red rose of richest hue
Symbolizing love so true,
Blooms upon the altar white,
Guardian there by day and night.*

*June this gift in love bequeaths;
Perfume rare on high it breathes;
Living here for Him alone,
On His Eucharistic throne.*

*Deep-red rose of richest hue
Symbolizing love so true,
Let my life, like thine, impart
Fragrance to the Sacred Heart.*

HELEN DINGLEY,
Fourth Academic.

Self - Education.



THAT the limited knowledge one is able to receive within the average school-room is, after all, but a small factor in the broad term, education, is a truth recognized by student and teacher alike. The education that is imparted to the developing minds there, is only a preparation to enter into that larger school wherein one has ample opportunity to educate oneself.

The term, self-education, may be considered applicable, first, to the partially educated, and, second, to those who have no means of obtaining knowledge but through their own efforts. It is generally the latter who appreciate the means of self-education; while the former, self-satisfied, seem content to sit back and beam upon the world at large. As in our modern schools the instructors are the important factors, those who lay before the growing minds a systematized course of study, so also in the great world-school there are most competent instructors for all.

As a means of instruction in this school of self-education, we have first to consider reading. "Give a man a taste for reading," says Herschel, "and you can hardly fail to make him a happy man." Herschel does not mean the vast amount of cheap, degenerate literature which is today within the reach of all. This problem of not only "light," but bad literature, has become a serious one. We are all forced to admit that much of the literature of today is in painful contrast with the lasting literature of years ago. Of course, there are plenty of good

books in our own day. The evil to be fought against is the readers' lack of discrimination. If we cultivate a taste for such literature as makes our ideas and thoughts shadowy and unreal, or even bad, then we are sadly responsible for wasting and depraving our intellectual energy. If we are to be improved by reading, let us choose our books carefully, and with a view to profit by them.

Association with the learned and refined is another great aid to the ambitious student outside the class-room. One cannot help taking on refinement from association with the refined. This influence may not be startling, because it is gradual; but if, as it has been said, we influence even a passer-by on the street, how great must be the power of good or evil frequent association!

"Responsibility educates," says Wendell Phillips, and with responsibility comes experience, the greatest of teachers; for nothing can be thoroughly appreciated unless one "has been through the mill." It has been said, "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other." One who has undergone a great deal is usually more broad, more mellow, more sympathetic, unless he has unfortunately been soured by contact with adversity which he knew not how to profit by. No man of mature years would be willing to "rub out from his experience in life the sorrows which have softened his character, or the mistakes which have taught him wisdom, and which by their influence have formed the texture of his character."

Still another great educator along right lines is Nature, the source and in-

spiration of Art and Science. We have only to study Nature to increase our appreciation of Art and develop our taste, if we are the happy possessors of any! One should cultivate appreciation for the beautiful everywhere. A thorough nature-student needs no science, for he has gone to Nature, the source, to observe their phenomena. Here barefoot boy and proud philosopher alike have seen and grown wiser in the "knowledge never learned at school."

Now we come to another great means of self-education—travel. It is a fact that the persons who have had few advantages, besides extensive travel, with wide open eyes, have as great a store of resources as the untraveled ordinary stu-

dent. From travel we get our book-knowledge at first hand, form our own opinions, and cultivate within ourselves such qualities as will render us independent of others for amusement. If one, starting out in the career of a traveler, is without well-developed powers of observation and a keen sense of humor, it will be almost sure to come in due time. Numberless are the means to educate self, all about us; and we should use them; for, after all, one's real education depends greatly upon oneself. "The shaping of our own life is our own work. It is a thing of beauty, it is a thing of shame, as we ourselves make it."

MARY LOUISE COWSER,
Fourth Academic.

Could You Guess?

*Could you guess what brings the tears, dear,
When one is far from home?*

*Could you guess what brings the heartache
When once you are alone?*

*Could you guess what makes you lie awake
With hard thoughts of your debtor?*

*Well—'tis the dreadful time it takes
To come—that longed-for letter.*

*Could you guess what brings the smiles, dear,
When one is far from home?*

*Could you guess what brings that happiness
E'en though you are alone—*

*Could you guess what brings the peaceful sleep
That makes you feel heaps better?*

*Well—'tis the thing against your heart,
That dreamed-of, promised letter.*

LILLIAN WILCOX,
Fourth Academic

The Angel Who Goes Forth With Me.

*Pale glowed the evening taper,
Diffused in mellow vapor;
Beside a tiny crib, pure white,
My Angel watched all through the night.*

*In childhood fancies wand'ring,
Through flow'ry fields meand'ring,
He closely held my hand the while,
Lest footsteps falter—foe beguile.*

*Maidenhood stole swiftly,
All too soon it left me;
Yet lingered still, my guide to be,
The Angel who goes forth with me.*

*The years grow long and lonely;
None left to me—you only;
'Tis now, sweet Guardian, late on earth,
I feel your presence—know your worth.*

*Bright Spirit! hover near me,
Counsel, direct and cheer me,
And bear me far beyond the blue
Unto that God Who gave me you.*

ROSEMARY BENNETT,
Fourth Academic.

Sketches From Life.

Birdie.

SHE was known as "Birdie." Even pompous Aunt Cibal and grave Uncle Ebenezer accepted the title. How the name first descended upon her no one can accurately say. It just fell, settled itself comfortably, and there remained, becoming as truly a part of her dainty being as her ten tiny, shell-pink toes.

Thus it came about that her name of proper length and gravity—the name endowed at solemn baptism—became a thing far remote. Elizabeth Barden Rouhen Kirkton Phillips was a forgotten, never-alluded-to appendage.

Birdie cooed like a dove. This ac-

complishment followed her from long dresses into short ones, and then stealthily, inch by inch again, to long, graceful "petties" of early days, remodelled, of course, to suit the requirements of worthy "Madame Mode."

Birdie was not frivolous. Yet, in her most solemn moods her very steps indicated joy,—joy which suggested an airy flight far off into space. Whenever a weighty question arose, like some saucy, fluffy canary, the shiny, golden curly head was cocked to one side and the red lips slightly parted. In this mood Birdie was irresistible. Of this she remained to-

tally unconscious. How could she know that her whole being radiated love, laughs and sunshine!

Birdie had other attractions. The golden curls turned into a halo, the smiling face into something like that of an angel's, and the "coo" to a wondrous

melody, as from her pure young soul untamed music poured forth in ecstasy of song.

Can it be wondered that Birdie will always be just—Birdie?

L. M. W.,
Fourth Academic.

* * * * *

Speck.

"SPECK," yes, that was his ordinary name; but he answered just as cheerfully to "Red," "Carrots," "Ginger" or "Bricktop."

"Speck" was twelve. His cheery face was covered, from turned-up nose to turned-down collar, with freckles, and a pair of mischievous eyes looked out from a frame of them. From morn till eve these self-same eyes sparkled with enthusiasm over one thing or another, making even the freckles to glow. (The afore-mentioned nose seemed really not much of a nose at all—just one huge, brown spot.)

I most forgot "Speck's" hair. Ah! that hair was the trial of his life. Red? Yes, red as fire, and straight as a poker, and most unruly—flatly refusing to lie in fashionable pompadour style.

"Speck" was short, but wiry—a regular bunch of double-jointed, knock-kneed nerves,—continually moving, always happy, with a cheery word even for those who flung at him the much-hated epithet, "Bricktop." A bit of a tune or whistle tumbled everlastingly from the pursed-up corners of his mouth.

ESTHER DUGAN,
Fourth Academic.

* * * * *

Laddie.

WHEN a certain mood descends upon me like a great, dark-blue cloud, and envelops me from the top of my bald head down to my "comfy" slippers, somehow Laddie always manages to bore a hole in that same cloud and creep in.

Who is Laddie? Just a tiny, yellow dog, with a stubby little tail and the kindest, knowingest eyes you ever saw. A warm, damp nose felt in the palm of one's hand, or the touch of a long, pink tongue when belonging to a comrade

as faithful as a small boy is to his baseball hero, can be the most comforting thing in all the world.

I was just a lonely, crippled old man until Laddie—a pitiful, abused Laddie then—came into my life. Now, when one of my bad days drives me almost to despair, I know that some living thing is suffering with me, and the loving eyes and small, quivering body of my Laddie makes me brave again.

M. S.,
Fourth Academic.

Musing at Eventide.

*As I wandered alone one evening,
'Twixt the time of work and prayer,
I came to a glen in the woodland
And I stood in rapture there.*

<i>For lo! the Master had painted</i>	<i>Then into my soul came a longing</i>
<i>In colors of crimson and gold</i>	<i>As I studied the beauty o'er,</i>
<i>A picture of delicate beauty</i>	<i>To gaze on the hand of the Artist</i>
<i>As dreamed by the poets of old.</i>	<i>From Whom the world's blessings outpour.</i>

LOUISE DEWENTER,
First Academic.

The Militant Bundle.



ONE day last summer as I was walking down the street, I noticed a man in the crowd ahead of me. He carried a large bundle under one arm, and, by his actions (for he handled it very gingerly) seemed to think it was in danger of exploding. Fear that someone was watching him was evident, for he kept glancing nervously behind him and dodging about among the people as though he were trying to get out of sight. My curiosity was aroused, and I followed him.

He changed his course so many times that I was obliged to walk close behind him in order to follow him at all, and thus I was able to observe his personal appearance minutely.

He was small—both short and slight; under the edge of his hat I could see that he was bald; he had little grey eyes and a small moustache. Just at present he seemed very much agitated, and once,

as I walked directly behind him, I heard him mutter:

“The very idea! My daughter mixed up in such a thing! I’ll soon fix that—once get this pernicious influence away from her, and she’ll be all right.”

I soon saw that he was going toward the river. I followed him until he came to a pier. Here he looked about him for a moment, to see that no one was watching him. Then he proceeded to untie his bundle. From it he took what seemed to be another bundle, wrapped in white cloth, and weighted with something heavy tied in one corner of it. After fussing for a moment, he lifted the package and flung it into the water, then turned without another glance and walked swiftly away.

Scarcely knowing what to expect, I stood watching the bundle. It floated for a moment, then slowly the edges spread out. It was a great, white sheet, on which, just before it sank, I was able to see clearly, in huge characters, the words, “Votes for Women.”

MARGARET DAY,
Third Academic.

A Song of Life.

*At eve, in silence wrapped, I stood
Within a somber, mighty wood,*

*And yet that silence seemed to me
Itself a wondrous melody.*

*I knew that then some master hand
Was playing music soft and grand,*

*And there, away from noise and strife,
I listened to a Song of Life.*

*The instrument the Master played
Was nobly planned and wondrous made;*

*A golden harp—a mighty thing,
Each human soul—a measured string—*

*Was stretched from earth to heaven's bar
And held securely by a star.*

*A flood of music, gay at first,
Upon my dream-thoughts sweetly burst,*

*As when some bird's small throat outpours
The song it holds in goodly stores;*

*Then, with a vast and mighty sweep,
The theme grew solemn, slow and deep;*

*Still weaker, fainter grew the strain
Till all was hushed and still again.*

*The Master wept. What had mishapp'd?
Alas! a silken string had snapped;*

*Nor can the melody ere run
In harmony without that one;*

*And the strain a master mind had planned,
Is discord 'neath a master hand.*

* * * * *

*O Master Harpist! grant this boon—
To keep my soul for aye in tune;*

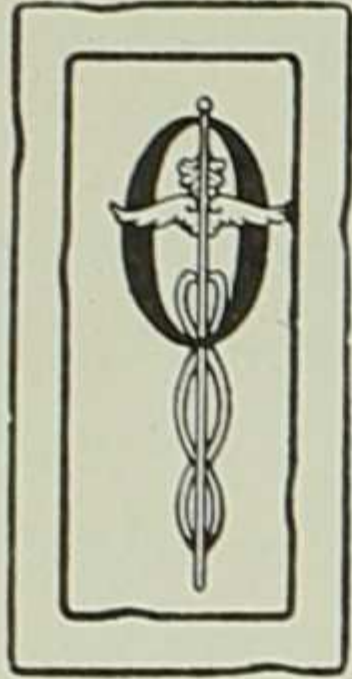
*That when my thread of life is cleft,
A fond, sweet memory may be left*

*Of one who strove in ecstasy
To propagate Thy harmony.*

MILDRED McDONALD,
Fourth Academic.



A Saint Who Founded a Republic.



OF the little republic of San Marino, smiling down from its seven hills like its neighbor, the Eternal City itself, had nothing else but the beauty of its situation to commend it to one's interest, it would be well worth the tourist's trouble to climb the picturesque Apennines. But it is of special interest to us because of its founder, Marinus, the facts of whose life history are meager and perhaps forgotten by the world at large.

Saint Marinus was an ecclesiastic of the fourth century and a native of Dalmatia, Austria. During the reign of Diocletian and Maximian, when the tenth persecution was on, a poor, converted stone-cutter, Marinus, sought refuge upon Mount Titanus. It was here, about 303 A. D., that he founded the first Christian Hermitage. People came to hear the words of the holy man and then left to spread his fame afar. Mount Titanus at that time belonged to Felicissima, a Roman lady, who lived in a luxurious house on the plain surrounding it. Her two young sons served in the guards of the emperor. While visiting their mother, they heard of the saintly Christian dwelling on the mountain, and of his increasing fame. They were seized with a violent rage, and hastened to the mountain, intending to slay the hermit. As one of them raised his bow to shoot, his arm suddenly became paralyzed. The boys returned home terrified, leaving Marinus in peace. The mother, as soon as she heard of the injury, sent for Marinus to

bind up the wound. Before he would enter the home, however, he caused the image of Apollo and all other gods to be overthrown. Then he performed his first miracle, that of curing the paralyzed arm of the boy. Immediately Felicissima and her sons were converted to Christianity, and as a token of gratitude, she presented Marinus with Mount Titanus. The saintly man, always solicitous for the welfare of his people, after the custom of the first Christians divided the land equally among his followers. Consequently he had soon founded a free society upon the principles of true morality. Houses were built, new converts joined the flock, and Marinus took Christianity for a fundamental constitution. The miracles wrought at his tomb have drawn many pilgrims to the city of San Marino.

Let us now return to the little republic itself—the plucky little state that has held its own throughout the ages. San Marino has an area of about thirty-eight square miles, and a population of ten thousand. Its chief industries are agriculture and vine-growing. The important towns are Borgo, San Marino, Serravalle and Taetano, besides several villages.

The business center of San Marino is Borgo, which has many palaces and beautiful houses; besides, its streets are well lighted and well paved. In the lower part of the town are the famous church of the Franciscans and a theater. Ascending rapidly from Borgo, the Pianella, so called from being the only level ground, is reached. From here a short walk leads to the Cathedral dedi-

cated to Saint Marinus and which was built to take the place of the old Cathedral of the same name. It somewhat resembles the Madeleine of Paris in form.

The city of San Marino is built on the highest of the seven hills, Il Tatino. It is accessible by one road only, and its streets are steep and narrow. The republic is governed by two Consuls, elected from the members of the General Council for a term of six months. Sixty members, elected for life in equal numbers, from the nobles, burgesses, and rural land-owners, forming the General Council, hold the legislative powers. The independence of the country was recognized by the Holy See in 1291 and by Italy in 1862. The latter has ever since retained friendly relations with it, and, in turn, is acknowledged as a protector. San Marino has its own little army. Taxation is voluntary, and when the public chest is empty, a drummer is

sent around the town to invite contributions.

During the latter part of the sixteenth century, feudal lords attempted to take away its liberty, the last efforts being made by the legate of Ravenna, Cardinal Guilio Alberoni. Aided by rebels, he invaded San Marino in 1739, contrary to the orders of Pope Clement XII., formed a new constitution, and endeavored to force the people to submit to the government of the Pontifical States.

Since then, the unimportance of the republic has proved its greatest blessing; for no country, however barbarous it might be, would tamper with a people seemingly not worth the trouble. Consequently, while other countries have been ravaged by war and torn by internal dissension, this little republic, founded by a saint, has remained unchanged.

BEATRICE GARVIN,
Fourth Academic.

For Thee.

*From morn's awaking call,
Till evening shadows fall,
My deepest thoughts are all
For thee;*

*If to my humble state
Great riches came, that fate
I'd change, content to wait
For thee.*

*If the world were mine to roam,
And thou shouldst call, I'd come
From earth's far ends, to home
And thee.*

LORETTA BROUSSARD,
Fourth Academic.

Eternity.

*God gave to man the way
To measure off the life that is;
But of the life that is to be
God smiled, and said "Eternity."*

L. W.,
Fourth Academic.

On the Other Side of the Moon.



HERE wasn't a stern-faced warrior, scowling squaw, nor noisy little papoose in the whole Indian village of Wampshaw, that didn't love Rainbow.

Rainbow was a small, extremely shy maiden, with large, lustrous eyes, delicate olive complexion, with a tinge of crimson on the full, well-shaped lips and high cheek-bones. Two heavy raven braids hung down her back, and she was always clothed, from tiny moccasins to slender neck, in white buckskin.

One evening, late in summer — that time of the year when the leaves begin to turn red, yellow, gold and brown, and all Nature wears her fairest gown, and every nook and corner is a delightful resting-place of dreams—Rainbow sat on a large, moss-covered rock in the center of a little clear space, surrounded by a dense forest of softly-murmuring pine trees. Her slender, brown fingers clasped her knees. There was a far-off, misty look in her dark eyes. Pictures of fancy formed themselves in her childish mind.

Rainbow sat thus for a long time, facing the east, as if waiting for something. That something came with the first bright edge of the crescent moon, as it appeared above the horizon. With a low,

silvery peal of laughter, Rainbow rose swiftly, and gazed and gazed until the moon had fully emerged, and never turned from it once, but followed its slow course up, up into the dark-blue dome of the heavens. Daylight slipped silently away and dusk approached, but Rainbow still gazed longingly at the moon.

Many, many years ago, when she was but a small child, her dear mother had brought her, one twilight, to this fairy-like spot, and while they were there, the moon had risen as it did tonight, and the mother had told her daughter a story of love and peace, in the beautiful land on the other side of the silvery moon, and how we shall all be happy there some day. Rainbow recalled the few times they had gone to this rock together, and then one day her mother had gone to sleep and they could not waken her. Then they took her away, and Rainbow had never seen her since. She was sure that her mother still lived and was happy in that wonderful country; so in her loneliness, every evening the child hurried to the faithful old rock, and as she closed her eyes tightly, she seemed to be lifted up from this sad earth and borne to that peaceful realm where everything glistened in silver, where beautiful maid-

ens, in sparkling robes, danced and sang songs such as she had never heard in her life before. And, best of all, here she would find herself held close in the embrace of her lost mother, where she might pour out all the troubles of a lonely little heart, and be consoled and comforted.

Soon as the twinkling stars began to appear, Rainbow would find herself back

again on earth. Then, with a light heart, this shy daughter of the wilderness would bound gracefully from the rock and run swiftly back to the village, with new encouragement to help the fat, old squaw roast the thin slices of meat before the open fire, or hush the fretful crying of a sleepy, hungry little papoose.

ROSEMARY BENNETT,
Fourth Academic.



Robert Burns.

THE life picture of Robert Burns is painted on a many-colored canvas. In it there is a strange blending of the pathetic and humorous, of the gray and gold. He was the bard of Scotland, of her peasantry, and Scotland loves and honors him.

From his birth in the little village of Alloway in Ayrshire, his life was a constant struggle with poverty. He began school at six years old, under John Murdoch, who afterwards said that if anyone had told him Robert was to court the Muses he would have laughed at the absurdity of such an idea. Burns delighted in debates; he and his companions could often be heard sharpening their youthful wits on such questions as this: "If a poor man had a chance to marry either of two girls, one rich but not beautiful, the other poor but beauti-

ful and amiable, which should he choose?"

Burns' love affairs were numerous, some of which marked, others marred his career. At twenty-nine, Burns married Jean Armour, whom he had met three years before at a wedding. They were dancing in the same quadrille when his dog rushed in, and leaped upon him. Burns remarked that he wished any of the lassies loved him as his dog did. A few days later Jean, seeing him pass, asked if he had found the lassie; thus began their acquaintance which culminated in marriage. To this Scotch lassie he dedicated the charming love song, beginning

"There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But 'minds me o' my Jean."

In 1786 he published a small volume of his poems. This gave him entrance into the literary circles of Scotland. Of

his popularity Robert Herron wrote, "The country murmured of him from sea to sea; with his poems, old and young, grave and gay, learned and ignorant, were alike transported. I was at that time a resident of Gallaway, and I can well remember how even the plough boys and maid servants would gladly have bestowed the wage they earned most hardly and which they needed to purchase the necessary clothing, to procure the works of Burns."

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlap, his true friend and adviser, Burns wrote, "The appellation of 'Scottish Bard' is by far my highest pride, and to continue to deserve it is my highest ambition." Nevertheless, all we have left of Burns' writings seem but a poor excuse for what was in him, mere glimpses of his great genius, which he was not strong enough to develop. The poetry of Burns is purely the outpouring of the feelings of the moment in response to the immediate circumstances of life. Seldom have such tenderness, manliness and passion been united as in the songs of Burns. He is the great master of lyrical verse.

Even as a plough boy he had a poet's soul within him, and at the age of fifteen he wrote his first poem, "Handsome Nell," to a chance partner in the field. No other poet has displayed such genuine feeling in his love-songs as Burns in "Highland Mary," "I Love My Jean," "To Mary in Heaven," and "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," which latter Mendelssohn thought good enough to set to music.

Nor is the spirit of patriotism wanting in his poems. In the minstrelsy of no people is found a more striking war ballad than "Scots Whae Hae Wi' Wallace

Bled," nor a more home-loving sentiment than in the poem beginning "O Scotia! my dear, my native soil."

From an illness contracted during the winter, he never recovered and died July 21, 1796, at a poet's age of promise.

Sir Walter Scott described Burns thus: "His person was robust, his manners rustic, not clownish. His countenance was more massive than it looks in any of his portraits. The eye alone indicated the poetic character and temperament. It was large and of a dark cast, and literally glowed when he spoke with interest. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the least intrusive forwardness." Some biographers have branded him irreligious, but there is proof to the contrary in the last stanza of "Winter."

His poetic creed was to sing so naturally of the loves and sorrows that touched his life as to win the hearts of all the Scottish people.

Critics disagree as to the poet's masterpiece, some declaring that had he written no other than "The Cotter's Saturday Night," this picture of simple life would have been sufficient to have immortalized his name. Others favor "Tam o' Shanter," in which the poet displays the superstitious element of that part of Scotland. Still others prefer the "Jolly Beggars," as it illustrates the poet's power of exalting the commonplace.

The songs of the Scottish Bard will live and re-echo, not only in the Scottish Highlands, but among all peoples whose hearts respond to the familiar strains of "Sweet Afton," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

MARY McCook,
Fourth Academic.

The Heritage of May.

*Month of Mary, month of beauty,
Brings us each a royal duty;
Court we pay to Heaven's Queen,
Fairest one the world has seen.*

*Through the misty vales of May,
Along a floral-scented way,
Emerald sod and azure sky,
June comes tripping gaily by.*

*Fragrance lingers everywhere,
Song-birds warble far and near;
May and June-time sweetly meet,
Mary leads to Jesus' feet.*

MARGARET HICKEY,
Fourth Academic.

The Lily of the Garden.



AR away in the beautiful country of Galilee grew a luxuriant garden. In a particular manner, the Gardener's heart went out to the violets and pansies, whose only aim was to give out the fragrance of their sweet, humble lives in gratitude to Him Who gave them life. Daily, this kind and loving Gardener sheltered, nourished and strengthened His precious plants. Often some drooped with cold, or want of light; but tenderly He breathed upon them and instantly the delicate flowers revived.

In a secluded corner of the garden, Nazareth, an immaculate Lily lived in humble retirement. To the Gardener's sight, her heart was more resplendent than the primal state of His first flower. "Perhaps," thought the Lily, "some day I may be able to grace His Home." Wishing His Mystic Flower to know His boundless love, the Master one day sent a white-robed messenger to her. Approaching, the messenger found the Maiden

Lily wrapt in joyous contemplation. An effulgent light pervaded the place, and rare, sweet music filled the air.

Timidly glancing up, the Flower beheld the angelic vision, bearing the Gardener's same sweet look. Addressing her, he said, "Hail, full of grace." She answered, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." The messenger assured her that she was high in favor, and stooping, breathed into her heart the message of his God. He then disappeared, and left the lowly Lily wondering at the preference shown her.

Not many months had elapsed when the Lily brought forth a tiny Bud. Wrapping her snowy petals around it, she held it up to the Gardener in greatest joy. She mothered her precious Bud, which grew into a beautiful Blossom. All the other buds and flowers received a healing balm from the Madonna Lily and her Flower.

One day, alas! a man clothed in mysterious black robes poured jealousy and hatred into the hearts of all the flowers.

Soon their heads were turned away, and finally their cruel, choking thorns crushed the Lily Bud. The traitor coming up with his mortal weapons, cut it from the stem; tore off its petals, and leaving it wholly mutilated, he thrust a cruel knife into it and fled away.

What sorrowful and bitter tears the Mystic Lily shed! Yet she was not alone in her bereavement. Growing beside her and now ready to comfort her, were three companions of tender care; a penitent Lily of the valley, a pale pink Rose and a virgin Sapling. When these saw the terrible death of their loved One, they alone felt faint and sorrowful. All the cooling dews and soothing perfumes seemed lost forever. Surely this was a mystical death. Yet these had one consolation. The Gardener had promised He would raise this dead Bud to life again.

Now it happened when the eastern sky was flooded with golden light, the sorrowful Lily, looking down, saw again the same wonderful messenger. Inquiring the object of his visit, he answered, saying: "I have come to bring you and your three flower companions gladsome news. Your Bud lives, to bloom eternally in everlasting gardens."

The Madonna Lily, having searched the depths of the garden, found the Flower by His former friends. Sud-

denly mists and clouds began to gather, and the Gardener came out amidst a shining multitude of his messengers. Lifting gently the beautiful Flower, He bore it away tenderly. A great longing and loneliness possessed the dear ones left behind, especially the Lily. She yearned to follow Him, who was her very life, hope and consolation. At length this Shining Queen of Flowers felt her desolate heart lifted up and herself carried higher and higher, until coming closer, she recognized the merciful Gardener seated majestically amidst a glory of light and music. Glancing up, she saw her Cherished One seated near the Gardener, who held a crown of tiny stars. All the messengers had armfuls of rose garlands, which they wove while they sang. How happy she felt when her Maker placed the starry crown upon her spotless head. However, in all her happiness she did not forget the lonely flowers she had left behind. Smiling upon them, she beheld their beautiful faces, while in a harmony of sweetest music she heard, and still hears, them sing,

"Thou art the Flower of the field and the Lily of the valley."

JULIA LOUISE BROWNE,
Second Academic.



Diary of a Little Sister.

JANUARY 7.—I am again participating in the joys and sorrows of the school-room. (I read that, and it sounded so grand I thought it would be a good way to begin my diary.) I got this for Christmas, but I haven't had time to write in it until today, in spelling-class. My sister, Genevieve, had a boy walk home from school with her yesterday. He goes away to college and wears a lovely green hat. I heard my teacher (she's an old maid and can't get a beau) say that that young minx (meaning Gen), should be taking that unbearable small sister of hers (meaning me) home, instead of gallivanting around with members of the male sex.

JANUARY 20.—I'm up in the attic and I can't go to the party. I had on Gen's new long gloves, Mother's feather boa and a beautiful hat that I trimmed myself, and I looked just lovely. Jimmy, my brother, (he's thirteen, and was going to take me to the party) came along, and when he saw me, he howled! Of course, everyone came running up, but I just gave them one scathing glance and glided majestically past. I couldn't get past Mother, though; so I'm in the attic. Jimmy promised to bring me a cream-puff, so I don't care much.

FEBRUARY 14.—I got a valentine from Billy. His mother washes our windows, and Billy is just divine. I got another valentine. It was a picture of a girl with the longest legs and the reddest hair, and I know it's from Jimmy. I sent him a worse one before, though.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.—We didn't

have to go to school today, and I had a glorious time catching spiders in Sally Murdoch's barn. We are going to train them and give a show and charge two cents admission. Then we're going to buy tickets to China with the money, and be missionaries.

MARCH 17.—I painted green shamrocks on my face, laced my shoes up with green, wore Aunt Helen's green opera scarf, wound green cheesecloth around my legs, and carried Gen's green sunshade. When I got to school I had about ten infants following me, and Teacher sent me home. First, I was insulted, but when I didn't have to go back, I gloated over it.

APRIL 2.—I'm broken in spirit. In fact, I don't think I can ever recover from this crushing sorrow. I hate to tell what happened, but as all my most secret thoughts are supposed to be recorded here, I s'pose I'll have to. Well, yesterday was the first of April, and anyone who has a speck of sense would know that it's just funning to scare people on April Fool's Day. Annabel Fitzgerald (I nicknamed her "Angel" 'cause she's got such long, yellow curls—but she's snippy, too) sits right in front of me, and I thought I'd just see if she *could* yell. I took my own pet frog Wuzzie, that has so many warts on it, and sacrificed it on the "altar of learning" (that's her desk). I tenderly placed the little fellow inside, and when "Angel" lifted the cover, of course, he jumped right out at her. She screamed and fainted, and it was the very most excit-

ing moment of my whole life. After she had about six glasses of water poured over her and was feeling some better; Miss Graham looked down at us over her glasses, like she does when she's awful mad, and said, "Now, who's the culprit?" 'Course, I had to stand up, and I was kind of glad at first that she called me such a nice-sounding word; but when she made a big, old, freckle-faced boy tie Wuzzie, my poor, dead Wuzzie (the shock killed him) around my neck on a long string, I was humiliated beyond words. P. S.—I had to wear *it* all day. Miss Graham is a *cruel tyrant*.

APRIL 14.—Jimmy and I hooked it to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" yesterday and Little Eva looked just like a royal princess. I thought I'd be sweet and kind like her, so I took Mrs. Dorry's baby out for a ride today. We went down to the park, and I left her by the lake watching the swans, while I ran back for her bottle. While I was gone, that ungrateful child

squirmed out of her go-cart and into the water. When I saw her, my blood chilled! Thinking what MIGHT have happened, I almost forgave her for ruining her very best dress. Mrs. Dorry didn't forgive me, though.

MAY 1.—I can't write any more because I'm going to be in a play at school. I have the leading part—a princess who elopes with a prince. (He's got red hair, but he's going to wear long, raven ringlets in the play, so I won't think about his freckles.) Anyhow, this was supposed to be a secret, not to be read until I had died, and it was discovered in an old trunk by my grandchildren. Jimmy found it, though, and read that part about Billy at the dinner-table the other day, so it seems I'm doomed to a life of blasted hopes. If I'm alive after the play, maybe I'll write a few items about it in these hallowed pages.

MAY 30.—I wasn't!

MARIE SATTLER,
Fourth Academic.



A Great Priest and Little Children.



AMONG the number of eminent men who have entered the Catholic fold from Anglicanism, perhaps none is more admired and loved than Father Frederick Faber, priest of the Oratory of Saint Philip Neri.

On June 28, 1814, at the Vicarage of Calverly, Yorkshire, England, Frederick was born. His remarkable powers of mind were noticed in early youth, nor did he, through false humility, hide his personal charm and brilliant gifts. While a student at Harrow, a classmate remarked one day, "I cannot tell why it is, but that Faber fascinates everybody." Speaking of this later, Faber said, "This sunk deep into my mind, and I could not but feel that if God had given me the peculiar talent of attaching people to myself, I should hasten to lay that talent at the feet of my Redeemer."

After spending five years at Harrow school, he went up to Oxford. Here his religious ideas underwent a definite change. From a Calvinist he became a devout Anglican, and as he wished to devote his life to the service of God, he was ordained in the Church of England in 1830, and was soon appointed Rector of Elton.

In order to regain his strength after an illness, he took a trip to Europe, and while visiting Rome he imbibed many Catholic ideas and practices, which he introduced into the Anglican service. His people did not object to this. One of them, however, found fault with his wearing a surplice. Faber, in his characteristic way, told him he would preach

in his shirt sleeves if it would please them.

According to his own words, he "was becoming more and more Roman." His letters telling of the mental trials he underwent are sad, but a childlike confidence and submission to the Divine Will speak from every page of them. To embrace the Catholic Faith at this time was a heart-wrench. He loved his place at Elton, and he realized that his conversion would make him a stranger to Oxford University, which he regarded as a mother.

One of the most valued friendships of his life was with William Wordsworth, whose poetry he had long admired. The Lake Poet used to say that Father Faber had a better eye for nature than himself and if it were not for devoting himself so entirely to his sacred calling, the great priest would be the poet of his age.

In 1845, many of Faber's friends were received into the Catholic Fold, and he knew that his own conversion was a matter of short time. His convictions were strengthened when his great friend and adviser, Cardinal Newman, entered the Church. A few months afterwards he himself embraced the Catholic Faith, and became an Oratorian. Soon after he was ordained a priest, and he, with a community of forty Fathers, converted the entire parish, except, as he says in one of his letters, "the parson, the pew-opener and two drunkards." Later Cardinal Newman urged him to found a branch of the Fathers of St. Philip Neri. This he did, and although much against his will, was later appointed its superior.

Every great author writes himself into

his works. This truth is in no case better exemplified than in Faber's works. During a period of six years, a time marked by frequent attacks of illness, which many of his friends say were caused by his long fasts and vigils, he wrote those books which have endeared him to countless souls—"All for Jesus," "Growth in Holiness," "The Blessed Sacrament," "The Creator and the Creature," and "The Book of Hymns," which will be found in almost every collection of religious songs, Catholic or Protestant.

Despite his physical suffering, to the last moment when his pure and lovable soul passed to its Creator, whom he loved and served so faithfully, he kept his serenity of soul and fascination of manner.

It is true that Father Faber was a great priest, and because he was great he loved little children. "Who loves not the prattle of the child? Who hears not its voice without a feeling of heavenly joy? Who guides and guards them without feeling a special grace from the Father of all humanity?" He who captivated learned men by his brilliant conversation, by his wisdom and lofty ideals, by his tenderness and unselfishness, did not fail to gain the love and confidence of the little ones.

The childlike faith which seven-year-old Lady Minna Howard showed when she wrote to tell him she wished to be-

come a nun, shows that she knew he would not laugh at her, but would help and advise her. Imagine the great priest taking time to address her: "So you are seven years old and you have made up your mind to be a nun? Well, now what must you do? Must you put on a strange dress and cut all your hair off, and go into a convent and live a hard life? No, not yet." Then he goes on to tell her how she may live the life of a nun in her own home if she but love God above all things.

In one of his letters to the children of St. Anne's Home he tells them, "One of my ways of getting cheerful after I've been out of spirits is to think of you, for you are my treasures and my joy."

While some of his little friends were visiting the shrine of St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, they prayed that the severe headaches to which the good priest was subject for years might go away. A miraculous cure was the result. As these children prayed for Father Faber in life, they did not cease to pray for him after his death in 1863. May we not believe that they will sing with him forever the praises of the Eternal Priest who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"?

LILLIAN BURKE,
Fourth Academic.



Beyond the Hill.

*Folks call it "Little Mountain," an' I'm the mountaineer,
'Cause I'm always tryin' to climb it 'nd haven't any fear
Of nothin' on that great big hill as far as I have seen;
I've never got quite to the top, like Joe, he's seventeen.*

*But when I do, it'll be worth while, for I can see from there
The whole wide world a-stetchin' out, a world without no care;
I'll start right then to conquer it; I just can't wait until
I'm old enough to get way up and look beyond the hill.*

M. S.,
Fourth Academic.

The Pearl Brooch.



IN a verdant mountain valley stood a rude old cabin of logs. Steep, pine-clad hills rose on either side, and a rushing mountain torrent leaped and tumbled headlong over the rocks to feed a crystal lake near by.

Often the calm surface of this little lake mirrored a youthful face full of hope and womanly beauty, with dark eyes, in which lingered a springtime gladness.

Beth Fairmont lived alone with her rapidly aging father, his comfort and support. When the sun sloped to its decline, casting long shadows over the valley, he would tell her of the beautiful, talented wife and mother, whom they had lost years ago when the "Marie S." went down with all on board. True, many who had been reported lost had afterwards returned to their loved ones, but those two in the little hill-side cabin had long ago ceased to hope.

Beth inherited from her mother a pas-

sionate love of art and nature, and managed to save from her small earnings each week enough to purchase a cheap grade of crayons and paper, with which to indulge her favorite pastime. Many a morning she rivalled the birds with her song as she tripped gaily over the dew-besprinkled grass to the distant town, there to dispose of her drawings. Noon found her returning with more crayons and rosier dreams of artistic fame.

It was on such a morning that the shop-keeper told her of a prize to be offered for the best landscape painting of the surrounding country, and encouraged her to try for it. Anyone, he said, might enter the contest, the only condition being that the picture must be done in colors.

A wild desire to try for the prize seized Beth; but the colors! What could she do with her little box of cheap, faded crayons? Instinctively her hand crept to the ribbon at her throat, where rested a brooch studded with pearls—the only memento of her mother she pos-

sessed. The mental struggle was momentarily visible on the youthful face. Then she passionately clasped the loved article, pressed it to her lips, and with a determined "I'll do it!" passed out of the art shop, into the jeweler's across the way, and back again to the art shop.

Morning saw the little artist, with a box of colors Rembrandt might have envied, eagerly sketching the steep hills, the picturesque cabin, and the crystal lake below.

For many weeks Beth labored at the picture; but it was at last completed and sent with timid hope to the shopkeeper. Days of anxious waiting passed. Then one morning came a letter announcing Beth Fairmont winner of the prize for the best landscape painting in colors.

* * * * *

A handsome woman, perhaps somewhat beyond the prime of life, with sprinklings of silver in her dark hair, sat in a luxuriously furnished apartment. Was her gaze bent upon the rich coloring of the picture before her, or upon the artist's name?

"B. Fairmont," she repeated again

and again. "Could it be—O, my darling little Beth, I must find you!"

Late that same day a carriage stopped before the home of Beth and her father. A woman alighted and eagerly mounted the little incline leading to the open doorway, where Beth sat. The young artist quickly rose to greet the unknown visitor, who took her hand and asked in tremulous tones,

"Are you the young lady who won the prize for the landscape painting?"

Beth replied that she was. Then the woman drew her close, bent a fond, if searching, gaze upon the uplifted face and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead.

"Your father, child, where is he?" asked the now excited woman.

Mr. Fairmont was just entering the room as Beth turned to seek him. One glance only was sufficient, and husband and wife were once more clasped in each other's arms.

"It was the sight of this in the jeweler's window that led me to the picture and to you," said the happy mother, as she kissed Beth's white forehead and pinned a pearl brooch at her throat.

M. H.,
Third Academic.

In the Spring-time.

*The laughing tinkle, tinkle,
Of the brook near by,
And the merry spring-tide music
Of the young robin's cry,
Came to me as I was dreaming
'Neath an old oak tree;
Then a curious little sparrow
Cocked his head around to see
If I were asleep—
Or just "pretendin'" to be.*

HELEN KELLY,
First Academic

The Vision of Sir Launfal.



THE Vision of Sir Launfal, the most popular of Lowell's longer poems, is based upon the legend of the Holy Grail, which has been made the theme of song by many poets. It is a poem exquisite in its descriptive passages and unsurpassed in its charming style, except, perhaps, by Tennyson's Holy Grail, which not only has an adequate style, but has the purer, more Catholic idea of the Holy Grail.

We may account for Lowell's inferior conception by the fact that he was born and brought up in Protestant New England, where Catholic ideas could not flourish. Furthermore, he was the son of strict Unitarian parents, who transmitted all the conservatism and self-satisfaction of their religion to Lowell.

In his prelude to part one—

"The musing organist
Beginning doubtfully and far away,"

strikes chords of matchless beauty attune with the harmony of the beautiful spring-time. But suddenly, amidst this music tender and sweet, there sounds a false note, which rasps harshly on the trained ear of faith as we read the line, "The priest has his fee who comes and shrives us."

It is a line significant of the false idea of the Catholic priesthood. How different, how superior is Tennyson's conception of the Church ordaining her priest in his lines:

"My knight, my love, my knight of heaven,
Oh thou, my love, whose love is one with mine,
I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind my belt,

Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen,
And break thro' all, till one will crown thee king
Far in the spiritual city; and so she spake,
Then sent the deathless passion in her eyes
Thro' him, and made him hers and laid her mind
On him, and he believed in her belief."

We wonder that a man, such as Lowell, with a heart seemingly so full of love and with an observation so keen, could not break through the walls of conservatism and conceive the Catholic idea of all that was holy.

Though in the Vision of Sir Launfal there sounds an unharmonious chord, yet as the skilled musician tempers the hard sound of a discordant note, so Lowell, in the fullness of his genius, has embellished the poem with poetic fancy in such a way that it is known as the masterpiece of his numerous works. The poem portrays a beautiful moral in narrating Sir Launfal's long and fruitless journey in seeking afar that which lay at his own door, in the person of the grewsome leper.

When he shared his crust with the leper, Sir Launfal saw that

"The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the Temple of God in man."

And the voice that was even calmer than silence said:

"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail,
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou

Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now,
 This crust is my body, broken for thee,
 This water His blood who died on the tree;
 The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
 In whatso we share with another's need:
 Not what we give, but what we share,—
 For the gift without the giver is bare,
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds
 three,—
 Himself, his hungering neighbor and Me."

Thus the vision ends, and Sir Launfal
 awakes from his dream with a purer,
 freer spirit and a more generous soul,
 giving itself to the service of creatures
 because of God's likeness therein seen—
 the highest standard Lowell could con-
 ceive.

ANITA HUBBELL,
Third Academic.

Stepping-Stones.



WALKING through strange fields one morning, I came to a shallow little brook. Immediately I was at a loss to know how to make my way across, dry-shod. Looking a little farther up the stream I was relieved to see a thoughtful farmer placing stepping-stones across the water, so that I might pass. As I watched him, the thought came to me, how, in our wanderings through life, we need just such little helps, or stepping-stones.

The mother provides stepping-stones for her babe in lending the helping hand to aid it in its first tottering steps, or the gentle, patient instructions in how to make its wants known by speech. The teacher furnishes stepping-stones to the child, leading him gradually from alphabet to reader and on to more advanced work. The little talks and good advice which the teacher gives her pupils are so many aids to the formation of good, strong characters. The traveler is furnished with maps, outlines and guide-

books, to help him choose the right path among many.

Every little event in life may prove in some degree a stepping-stone to future greatness. The humble clerkship has often proved a stepping stone for the future merchant prince, and the unknown teacher in an out-of-the-way rural school has later startled the world by his educational reforms.

But, let us beware upon what stones our feet are placed in our journey across the stream of Life. Tiny thefts, as the taking of a dime or so to go to the "movies" may be the first of a series of steps to burglary or forgery; or the social game of cards, mere amusement at first, may later lead, perhaps, to gambling.

Our life-path is full of stepping-stones, some leading to an honorable old age, others to misery. Let us guide our feet well, that they may step not on the unsafe stones that will sink us into the mire, but touch those firmly planted in the paths of virtue, leading to safe and peaceful havens.

MADelyn BRADY,
Fourth Academic.

The Wanderer.

*Somewhere beneath a setting sun with many a blushing ray,
Somewhere beneath an opal sky a wanderer wends his way;
The hill above, the steep beneath, dark shape 'gainst rose-red west
Poised, silent, still, one arm upraised—a silhouette at rest.
O where thy home, and where thy love? What heart doth for thee yearn?
And winds reply and mountains sigh, "None wait my lone return;
Yet when He wills, these weary feet shall cease fore'er to roam;
My heart, rejoice! Our Father's voice shall call the wanderer home."*

L. WILLIAMS,
Fourth Academic.

Ophelia's Message to the Modern Woman.



TN Ophelia, Shakespeare has embodied all characteristics lovable in woman. This "Rose of May" is a model of modesty, grace and tenderness well worthy of imitation by young women of the present day.

The tendency to child-ruling, which prevails in many of our American homes, shows that children have not the same reverence for parents as had the children of other ages. Ophelia's meekness and obedience is in marked contrast with her self-asserting, self-centered sisters of today. At her father's bidding, she readily refused to accept the letters of her lover, and received his visits again at her father's word.

The becoming reserve and shy modesty of Ophelia in comparison with the forward, modern young girls is far more

pleasing. The presence of this gentle girl had a remarkable influence on all who came in contact with her. When one remembers her environment, the corrupt court in which she grew up almost to womanhood, one marvels at the sweet simplicity and gentleness of her character. How many would be able to keep innocent and pure amid the wickedness of her surroundings?

The wretched Queen Gertrude, who should have helped this young motherless girl, was not interested in Ophelia's welfare, except to want her to become the wife of Hamlet. We note that the presence of this true-hearted, innocent girl awakens sentiments of tenderness and love in the hard heart of the Queen. We wonder how the older woman could have so steeled her heart as not to feel instinctively obliged to warn and counsel Ophelia. Hamlet many times alludes to the charms of her personality. Laertes

and her father, who knew her better than all others, endeavor to keep her in virtue and innocence, warning her, "Keep you in the rear of your affections."

Another admirable characteristic of Ophelia is her truthfulness. She attempts not to evade the prying questions of meddling old Polonius, who would have set many a modern daughter wild. Laertes and Polonius both pay tribute to her honesty and frankness. Many a girl, under similar circumstances, might have denied her affection for Hamlet. But she forgot her own sorrow to think of the unusually sharp mental suffering

that caused him to reject her. She showed her love for him in trying to alleviate his distress by hiding her true feelings. In lightening another's burden, she sacrificed all without complaint.

Ophelia's fate is so pathetic that, with William Hazlett, we may say, "O Rose of May! O flower too soon faded! Here is a character which nobody but Shakespeare could have drawn, and to the conception of which there is not the smallest approach, except in some of the old romantic ballads."

ANNETTA O'NEILL,
Fourth Academic.



Mandy Starts Abroad.

"THANK you; I'se suah grateful," and Mandy placed the dainty purple waist among her other contributions: a bathing suit from Elsie, a life preserver from Margaret, a pen-knife from Mildred, a boudoir cap from Florence, and a kimona from Paddy. Mandy said, "It wasn't de gif', but de thought dat I want," and Paddy, who cried herself to sleep the night before, was now contented.

"I's sartinly agoin' to write to yo' chillens; I ain't much on de writin' line, but I can write ma name an' 'love to all,' an' when it comes yo' suah can know Mandy's heart's wid it. I hate to leave you, but I must go with Mildred. Stop yo' cryin', Lucy, Mandy don't want to go, an' she suah is scared ob de water an' boat."

"Boat? It's a steamer you're going on! Just wait until you see it!" This came from Margaret, the only dry-eyed one in the room. "There isn't anything to be afraid"—

"Afraid! Why, chile, I is more den dat; I ain't used to trabblin', 'specially wid high 'ciety. I'se suah agoin' to be lonesome widout yo'." Mandy busied herself strapping trunks and wiping her eyes with a huge red bandanna. The girls gradually went to their rooms to have their "cry" out.

The next day, amid shouts of "All aboard!" and "Passengers step this way!" Mandy appeared, smartly gowned in a suit of violet poplin. A quaint red turban sat jauntily on her head. Her black eyes surveyed the huge steamer half enthusiastically, half fearfully.

"Honey, is you positive dat dat boat ain't agoin' to sink?" she asked of Paddy, who was so busy capturing stray tears that she could not answer. "Don' yo' cry, chile; if dat boat goes down, yo' can hab ma red silk handkerchief what I wore when Sam married me; and, Lucy, yo' can hab ma book o' tales for chillen; dat's a fine book and I prize it; I'd only gib it to ma dearest frien's; an', Elsie, I's got a lock o' ma hair in dis pocket, an' when yo' poor old Mandy comes from the bottom ob de ribber yo' can take de hair, an' gib Mildred de locket. Miss Florence, yo'—"

Mandy went no further, for a large, angry-eyed officer, who had been calling "Steerage passengers this way!" seized her by the arm and hustled her across the wharf before the girls had time to realize what was happening. When they turned around, Mandy was not to be seen. The officer never stopped until he reached the gang-plank.

"Sah, yo' suah am rude, to say de leas'; I ain't used to dat kind o' pulling; will yo' please let go ma arm? I's wid ma frien's; at least, I was 'til you 'gin jerking me around."

"My dear Madam, I do not want to be unkind, but I have been placed here to see that none of the steerage passengers are left behind. I called as loud as I could, 'Steerage passengers this way!' until I am hoarse with a cold."

"Yo' got a cold! Well, I'm suah sorry. Yo' rub yo' ches' ebery night with liniment, an' I guarantees dat yo'll feel pretty good in about three weeks; but will yo' please let go ma arm? I'se a

passenger, I expect, but I's not agoin' to steer yo' ole boat; I ain't strong enough. I's got rheumatis, an' I've passed sixty-four years, so I ain't strong. I'm 'fraid yo' be making a mistake. Miss Paddy never let me steer, sah. Why, las' summah down on de sea shore when dey wanted to teach me how to work an auto, Miss Paddy says, 'No, don't do it, we'd all be killed,' an' Miss Paddy done know what she talk about. Where is dat chile, anyway?" and Mandy darted through the crowd in search of Paddy, the officer still behind her.

"Madam, I—"

"Paddy, Paddy, chile, where is yo'?"

"Madam, you must—"

"Oh, ma deah Lord, I's gon' crazy, an'—"

"Madam, for the last—"

"Yes, I's gone crazy an' I's lost ma frien's—"

"Will you please come—?"

How long this would have continued no one knows, had not Paddy, followed by the others and several officers, come running up to' them.

"Ma lambs, I's been insulted by this man, who must be a memba' ob de ladies' aid—he seemed to want to steer folks right, and want dem to steer him. Say, chile, am I to steer dis boat?"

"Steer the boat? Who put that non-

sense in your head? No passenger has to do anything like that."

The officer still remained stationary by Mandy's side.

"My dear Miss, it is time for the steerage passengers to be aboard. I have been waiting here for some time, trying to make this person understand—." The last sentence was accompanied by a severe frown directed at Mandy.

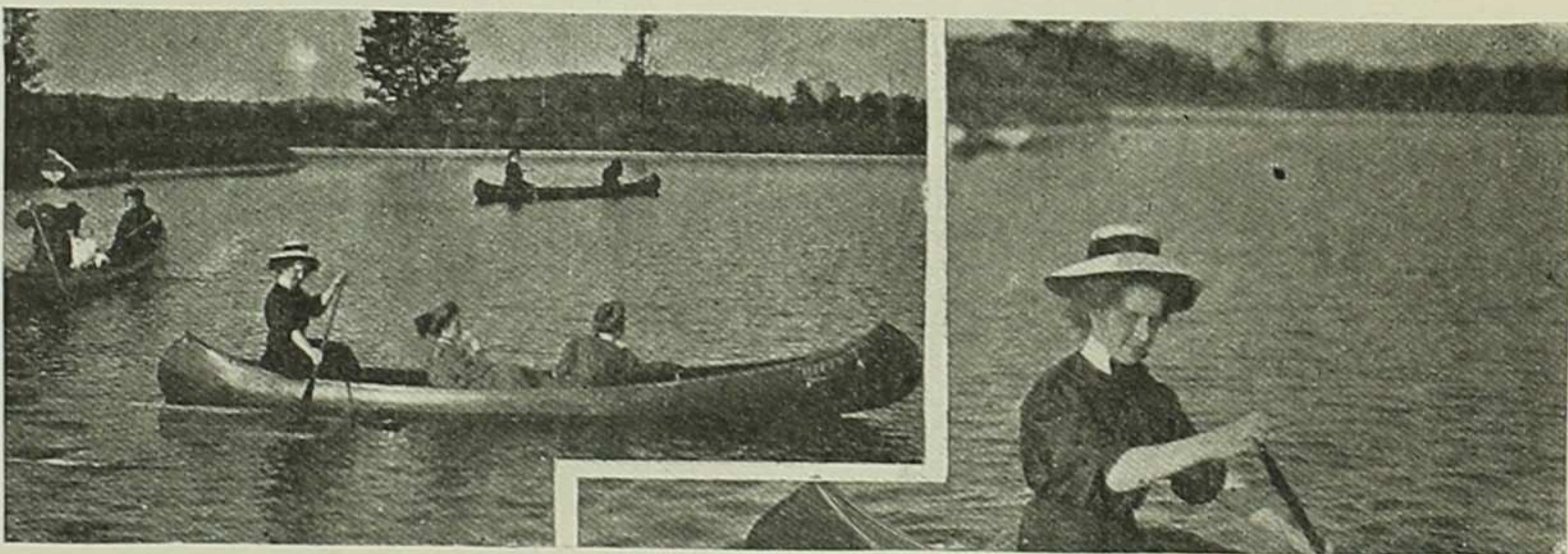
This was too much for Paddy, and in spite of her tear-stained eyes, she laughed "Why, Mandy, he thinks you are a passenger for the lower deck." And Paddy explained the situation as best she could to the officer, who turned abruptly away, grumbling about wasted time.

When the call came for the passengers to go aboard, Mandy fairly trembled. She clutched Lucy's arm and murmured brokenly, "Chile, I'se goin' away; I can't go on dat boat; I'se goin' to die on dis side, Miss Paddy; I'se so weak I'se goin' to fall. Oh! dat boat!"

This continued until Mandy was safely on deck.

The little group on the wharf waited until the steamer had passed from view; then wound their way through the crowd.

FRIEDA POEHLMANN,
Second Academic.



The Rainbow of Life.

*When Heaven-sent raindrops patter in a shower
Of liquid sorrow on the humbled earth,
In fragrant sadness droop both leaf and flower,
While birds in wonder check their songful mirth.*

*But when the rain has ceased, each drop of dew
In sorrow shed, reflects a beam of light;
And by the radiance which from shadows grew
They make the world a thousand times more bright.*

*And with the human heart 'tis ever so—
The spirits of mankind oft broken lie
While throbbing hearts and tears' unhealing flow
Raise unto God their weak, appealing cry.*

*Yet when tears cease to flow and heart-stabs heal
How heavenly bright the world about us seems!
As deep within our souls we sweetly feel
The sun of Love turn teardrops into beams.*

MARGARET DAY,
Third Academic.

Mary Queen of Scots.

THIS beautiful but most unfortunate princess was the daughter of James the Fifth of Scotland and Mary of Lorraine. One might almost say that this admirable queen's sorrows began at her birth, for when the tidings of it reached her father, he seemed more disgusted than pleased. Before Mary's baby eyes could see, she was queen of Scotland, and ere a year had passed, she was betrothed to Prince Edward of England. The Scotch disliked this union, and to prevent it, sent her to France, where she remained for twelve years. Here Mary grew more lovely and ac-

complished every day. On April 24, 1558, her marriage with the Dauphin was celebrated at the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It was agreed upon the part of Scotland that her husband should have the title of king, but Mary was betrayed into signing a paper which, if she died childless, provided that the throne of Scotland and her claims to the English throne should go to Francis, her husband. He was always weak and sickly, and soon after the marriage he died, leaving Mary a beautiful widow of eighteen. After her husband's death, life was no longer endurable at the French

court, so with a joyful heart Mary returned home, and all her subjects eagerly came to pay her homage.

Of course, this lovely young widow had many suitors, and she selected from them a cousin, Lord Darnley, a handsome worthless, insolent young man, a Catholic in name only. This marriage, for some reason, angered Elizabeth, who sent agents into Scotland to excite rebellion there. Darnley's ambition was a source of great disquiet to Mary, for he insisted on having the crown which she refused.

Mary's chief minister was David Riccio, a mean-looking Italian. Darnley believed him to be the obstacle in his path to the crown, so he had him murdered. For this crime Mary threatened to divorce him.

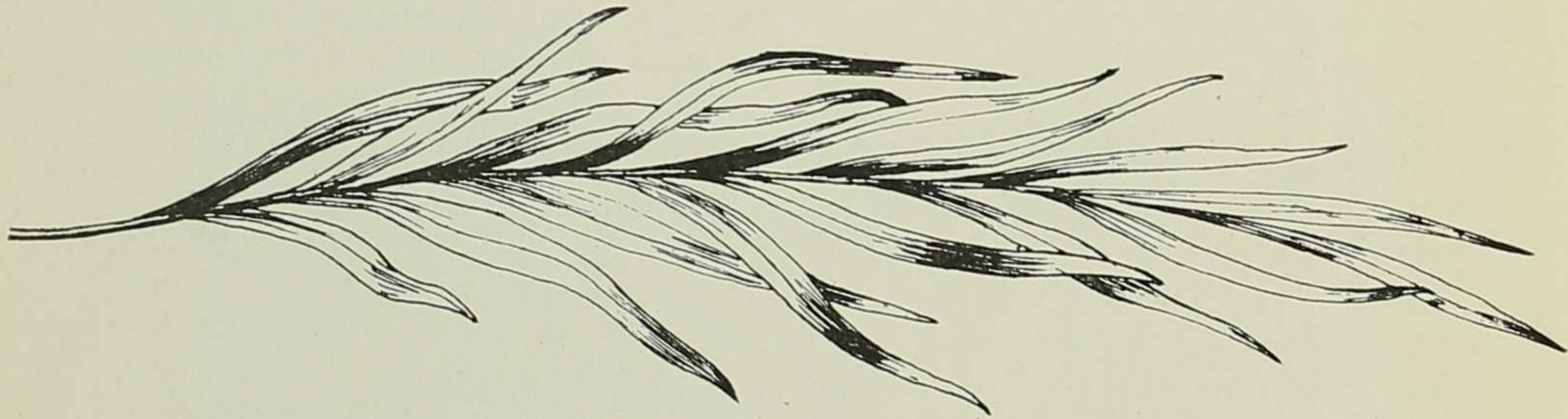
Three months after this Mary gave birth to James VI. of Scotland, later to become James I. of England.

During a small-pox plague in Scotland, Darnley contracted the disease, and later

was killed in a gunpowder plot. Mary was suspected of having brought about his death, and the people who were once so eager to welcome her, now became her enemies. About three months after Darnley's murder, Mary married the real conspirator and murderer, the Earl of Boswell. This made her stay in Scotland impossible, so she fled. Not knowing where to go, she accepted the invitation of Elizabeth to come to her for protection. We all know the "protection" she received. She was cast into prison, and on February 8, 1587, was executed. Her accusations were many, but Mary solemnly denied all of them, except the one of adhering to her faith, the charge of which she would always be proud.

Of all characters in history, Mary is the most loved for her own sweet manners, and for the unjust way in which she was treated by the jealous, cruel and absolutely unscrupulous Queen Elizabeth.

MARIE BUTLER,
Third Academic.



Acrostics.

Vacation days are all but dreams,
 A drift on the calendar it seems,
 Calling loud for line and rod
 And the wiggly worm from out the sod;
 Till weariness and summer heat
 Invite us all to have a seat
 On grassy banks, where blows the breeze
 'Neath the drooping willow trees.

MARCELLA MERSMAN,
Fourth Academic.

Tales of youth and happy hours,
 Every day a world of flowers;
 No more trouble, tasks or worry,
 No more penance-class or hurry;
 In this game we quite forget you—
 Some will say we've never met you.

PAULINE LAUE,
Fourth Academic.

* * * * *

Silence falls, and in the June night's misty air
 Alma Mater breathes a silent, fervent prayer
 In a voice of tender, yearning pride,
 Now that we must leave her sheltering side.
 "Teach me, O my Mother, to be true,

May I e'er think of thee in all I do,
 And in the years to come, O Mother mine,
 Robe me in thy love's own cloak divine;
 Yesterdays are passed beyond recall—
 Shield me then and guide me lest I fall."

GERALDINE O'NEILL,
Second Academic.

* * * * *

June, fair June, is full upon us,
 Urging ease and comfort on us;
 Now the longed-for days so free,
 Ever welcomed royally.

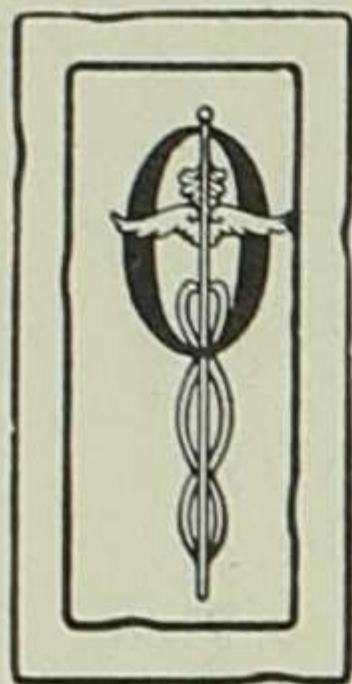
1 more week is all we lack,
 6 times fifty trunks to pack.

R. B.,
Fourth Academic.

How sweet the hours that flitting past
 On silver wings of hope, bear fast
 My longing heart to home; the hours
 Enshrined in sunshine, shade and flow'rs.

LORETTA BROUSSARD
Fourth Academic.

Dorothy's Adventure.



ONCE upon a time, many years ago, in a large white stone house near the edge of a vast forest, lived a little girl. She had everything to make a childish heart happy—beauty, riches, love—and she was happy for a time, but I am sorry to say, a very short time.

One day Dorothy—that was her name—was prevented from taking her usual morning walk, so had to content herself with her playthings and stay indoors until after dinner. About two o'clock that afternoon the weather showed signs of clearing, so, after much begging, Mrs. Snow told Dorothy that she might walk as far as the little bridge at the end of the garden, but not to cross it and go into the forest. Promise was readily given.

It was a wonderful afternoon. The air was soft and balmy, and the little girl sang gaily as she walked through the gardens, gathering the raindrop-studded flowers, and followed with her eyes the gaily colored butterflies which flitted from blossom to blossom, gathering the sweetness from their hearts. The grass seemed greener and the heavens bluer since the morning's shower—in fact, the whole earth seemed new and glad, and Dorothy's heart was in tune with it. At last she came to the laughing, stumbling brook, and paused a moment at the bridge. "Mother did not say not to *stand* on it," she said, looking longingly at the bridge. "She merely said not to cross it." So, with

this thought uppermost in her mind, she placed one small, slippered foot on the forbidden ground; then, hesitatingly, the other.

She leaned over the side of the rustic crossing, continued her song, and watched a school of minnows dashing here and there in the shining waters.

"How I wish I were a brook!" she said to herself. "You are so happy, you sing all day, and you go wherever you please. You chat with the breeze, you reflect the blue skies, and, in fact, all that is beautiful."

Then she ceased talking to the brook, for her eyes had spied something more beautiful.

"Ah, what a lovely violet!" she said. "How I wish you were on this side of the bridge, so I might pick you and take you home with me." She thought for a minute, then said:

"It is foolish to stay on this side of the bridge when such a flower is so near. I can just run over quickly, pick you, and run right back again, and Mother will never know that I disobeyed her."

She went defiantly across the bridge, but no sooner had she placed both feet firmly on the earth on the opposite side, than she began to feel a dreadful sensation.

The violet which she was watching began to sway to and fro, and everything around her grew larger and larger and larger, or else she grew smaller and smaller and smaller. Yes, that was it. She was shrinking. When she stop-

ped shrinking, she found herself seeking shade under a toad-stool.

What had she done! She could never get home now. Why, it would take her a whole day to even go across the bridge again. She sat down on a pebble and tried to think. She looked around her for aid, and finding none, the tears welled up in her eyes and overflowed. She buried her tiny face on her arm and cried as if her heart would break. It seemed years that she sat there crying, but finally she felt a gentle hand on her shoulder. She dried her eyes and looked around her. The sun had already disappeared and Night was beginning to draw her shades. There before her stood a beautiful fairy, dressed in a filmy violet robe, all covered with tiny, sparkling jewels. Her long, flowing, golden hair was crowned with a single band of jewels, with one star over her forehead. In her slender, white hand was a diamond wand.

Dorothy was startled. Who could this creature be? Was she dreaming? No, for just then, in a voice like distant music, the fairy said:

"Be not afraid, Dorothy, but you have disobeyed, therefore you must be punished. I will not make you walk home, for you would be lost; instead, Bonny, my messenger, will carry you home on his back. Bonny is the little brown bird which you see in yonder hawthorn bush. He shall fly with you to the window sill of your own room where he will leave you, and when I deem you sufficiently punished, I will visit you and change you to your original form. Farewell!"

After she said that, the fairy began to fade and dwindle until only that same marvelous violet stood where she had

been. Bonny came hopping up to Dorothy, so she, not wishing to delay until it was too dark, snuggled under his wing and started off on her airy flight.

It was not long before she found herself on the window sill of her own room, alone, for Bonny flew away as soon as she had hopped off his back.

She could not get down from the sill—it looked like miles to the floor—so she began to call for her mother. But, alas! her voice could not be heard outside of that room. It was as small as she was. At last her mother happened along, and Dorothy saw that she had been crying. At the sight of her mother's tears, Dorothy felt a pang at her heart, so with a voice as loud as possible she said, "Don't cry, Mother, I am here!"

Her mother started as if haunted by a spirit. "Here on the window sill," continued Dorothy. Her mother put her hands to her ears and looked about her wildly, and in glancing around the room she espied the tiny form of her daughter. She ran to the window, picked up the little creature, stood her on the palm of her hand, and listened to the whole sad story. Mrs. Snow forgave Dorothy's disobedience, and hoped that the good fairy would come soon.

"For," said she, "what will I ever do with you? If I put you in your own bed, you will be lost or smothered by the covers, and if I make a bed on the floor, someone will surely step on you. Oh, this is awful!"

But Dorothy soon quieted her mother. She had a splendid idea. She would live in her doll house, where everything would fit her.

So that night she crept into the tiny mahogany bed—a very dainty but sad doll, to be sure. She wears her doll's

clothes now, sweeps her house with her doll's broom, eats one toasted corn flake for a piece of bread, and a single pea is equal to a baked potato for her. However, it will not be long until her six-

teenth birthday, when she will be released, after eight long years of life in a doll house.

MARION McDONALD,
Fourth Academic.

Lady Macbeth.

IN the study of Shakespeare's tragedy of Macbeth, the character of Lady Macbeth has been widely discussed. She differs from her husband in just the right way to supplement him. Her fixed, keen, commonplace intellect is doubly charged with energy of will, and she has nothing in common with Macbeth, but an ambition which is not to be thwarted. While fantastical terrors assail Macbeth, she remains externally calm and composed, as conscience lies asleep within her. Lady Macbeth has no sympathy with her husband's mental agony, although she has intense sympathy with his ambition, and we may add, that what arouses his imagination, only stifles hers.

Her shrewdness and tact are shown when she scorns meddling with the impression the Weird Sisters have made upon Macbeth, but labours to strengthen it by mingling others with it. Once only does conscience awake within her. It sweeps all before it, leaving behind agonies of remorse. Only once does fear overcome her. Lady Macbeth is indeed a bad woman, whom we fear and pity, but we should believe, as does Verplanck, who sees her as "a woman of high intellect, bold spirit, and lofty desires, who is mastered by a fiery thirst for power, and that for her husband as well as herself.

BERYL RICHARDS,
Third Academic.

A Toast.

*Here's to our fair Collegiates,
The dearest and the best,
With a spirit of golden loyalty
O'er-powering every test.*

*Here's to our gay Collegiates,
All joyous and free from care;
May their lives outside of S. M. C.
Continue as pure and fair.*

*Here's to our brave Collegiates;
When they're called still farther away,
May the triumph of noble womanhood
Crown each at the close of life's day.*

BERTHA BROUSSARD,
Fourth Academic.

The Academic Annual

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VOL. I.

JUNE, 1914.

No. 1.

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KATHERINE ORR.

Ideals.

Some one has said that when one leaves the life of school, it is but to enter into the "school of life." Of the first, volumes could be written, wise and otherwise; but the latter at present seems a something as radiant and intangible as a glistening bubble blown from a dream-pipe.

School-days were work-days, but happy days for all of that. Will these "life-days" be work-days but happy days, too? Look carefully, closely into the rainbow bubble, and there read the golden words, "Keep your ideals." This is the first ingredient of the recipe for happiness.

When Summer is in the air and every living thing inhales the sweet-scented June breezes, it seems an easy task to breathe in sweet-scented thoughts of the June of life, and let our ambitions soar higher and higher, 'mid bits of fluffy white clouds. But when the winter of life comes, with many a sunless day, if we could but keep the odor of sweet, pure thoughts about us, the dream-pipe bubble would still gleam and shine for us. To *do* whatever we do, be it great or small, as perfectly as we can, seems

to be a sufficient "word to the wise," which might be labeled an ideal.

Way, way up in the great, dark sky gleams a tiny, sparkling star. It winks and blinks knowingly, trying to tell earth people that if they but hitch their ideals to *it*, the school of life will be easier. High ideals, ambition and living each day, be it blue or gold, in accordance with the ideals—that is the last of the happiness recipe made by the fairy god-mother, Success.

Mothers' Day.

Never has the making of a new holiday been received with the universal acclaim that greeted Mothers' Day.

Representative Heflin, of Alabama, is the originator of this beautiful custom of once a year placing the mothers of our country in the foreground, and giving public manifestation of the honor and reverence which is their due. When President Wilson set his seal upon Representative Heflin's plan, it meant "All's Well for Mothers' Day."

To us Catholics, it is a happy coincidence that Mothers' Day has been fixe!

for the second Sunday in May. During this, the most lovely of months, we are privileged to honor in a special manner the sweetest of all mothers—the Mother of God, and after her, the noblest being on earth—mother mine. Below is the President's proclamation:

"Now therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the said joint resolution, do hereby direct the government officials to display the United States flag on all government buildings, and do invite the people of the United States to display the flag at their homes or other suitable places on the second Sunday in May, as a public expression of our love and reverence for the mothers of our country."

MARGARET NEWNING,
Fourth Academic.

The Germans and Shakespeare.

Some years ago, during one of the Anglo-German war scares, a leading English writer remarked that there was one supreme reason why these two nations should never fight each other, and when asked what that reason was, he answered, "Beethoven!" Now, why should not some equally prominent German give another supreme reason and say, "Shakespeare"?

The Germans are more loyal to Shakespeare than are the English. In honor of his recent three hundred and fiftieth birthday, one hundred Germans played Shakespearean plays. A German Shakespeare society also celebrated its golden jubilee. A Berlin theatre has just completed a six months' run of Shakespearean plays, in which fourteen

different dramas were given before packed houses.

The English cannot resent this annexation of Shakespeare by the Germans. It is a tribute to them of respect and admiration; but why is it that England does not reciprocate and play Beethoven, study Beethoven, and talk Beethoven for a while?

LOUISE O'BRIEN,
Fourth Academic.

Pleasing Qualities in Woman.

Were it possible for every woman to be subjected to a keen moral and mental inquisition, how many would there be who would compare favorably with what is obviously Wordsworth's idea of what a woman should be—

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."

We all have our individual ideas, our likes and dislikes, and our unswerving views with regard to the most pleasing qualities in a woman. How frequently one hears an exclamation over the staidness of a shy, reserved woman whose diffidence may actually make her all the more lovable. Perhaps she does fail when active social work is to be done; possibly she isn't quite as charming a hostess as her more garrulous neighbor, but of the two, I wonder just which one would prove more satisfying,—which one would be really worth while at the completion of a character analysis.

There are so many varieties of character, all such drastic contrasts when compared, that it is difficult to attribute to one alone the virtues which one has idealized.

There is the studious, scientific woman

whose broad view of life and facts, and whose amazing knowledge of the remote things (which we scarcely ever trouble about) quite overwhelm us.

Again we find the social butterfly, who claims as her chief means of sustenance the shallow pleasures of the world, and whose over-sweet and effusive manner are hopelessly crushing and tiresome.

And lastly, but oh, not the least of them all, is the temperate woman, who divides her time between the home and society; whose manner in public is the very essence of femininity and grace.

Nobility of character, and a sense of the most exquisite delicacy are two qualities commonly deemed inherent in womanhood. These come first! That noble stability, disinterest in self, and an awe-inspiring love of the higher and better nature, are the essentials demanded above all others.

How often we meet a woman whose fixed aim in life is to cultivate the favor of those above her station. She plans, plots and schemes to attain either by natural means, strategy or literal assault and battery, that elevated position in society which will distinguish her from the less select multitude. A woman of this type is actually revolting! And in genteel society the manoeuvres of such a person, deplorably lacking in self-respect and common sense, are not in the least ratified.

The woman of good breeding and natural modesty prefers to remain unknown to the world, rather than battle her way to the front, only to be regarded as an impotent nonentity when she forces the world to turn its attention to her momentarily.

Consequently, upon keen investigation one finds that the courageous, self-respecting woman who receives her blessings with open arms, and accepts with equal grace the adversities destined to visit her,—the self-sacrificing woman who retains her composure under all circumstances, and with an unerring tactfulness provides for the comfort and pleasure of those around her,—is the ideal woman. Her virtues may be latent to the eyes of the world, which will doubtless think her obtuse and painfully correct. But only those who bask in the sunshine of her excellently controlled disposition, who profit by her adorable, comforting ways, who experience her thoughtfulness and who depend upon her enveloping sympathies, can vouch what a treasure she is. "Her children rise up and call her blessed," and how could they do otherwise?

After all, isn't the whole-souled and pure-hearted, home-loving woman the most lovable of them all? When you consider and estimate her virtues, do you not find her unparalleled? Will you not confess that the woman who is capable of maintaining an atmosphere of almost sublime grandeur in her home, who elevates those fortunate ones around her, and who lives ostensibly to comfort those who require her sustaining aid, but in reality to rehabilitate womanhood, which through will-o'-the-wisp-like grasping and fluttering after the material, has lost sight of the prestige due to feminine charm and grace. Will you, then, not admit that this is the woman to be idealized and revered?

R. N.,

Fourth Academic.

A May Morning Walk.

"FOURTH Ac's wanted!" came the word, and all tumbled, slid and flew out of ranks down the stairs, at the foot of which a "s'prise" in the form of permission for a really, true, long walk awaited us. Hats to keep prying freckles off fair faces, and kodaks to "snap" said faces were gathered, and we were *almost* ready—almost, I say, for the cake had not yet arrived on the scene. It was devil's food cake, with white frosting near to two inches high, and packed snugly in a pasteboard box. Needless to say, when it *did* appear, all were willing to "cake-walk."

We finally started down the avenue, Charlie, our one and only escort, leading the way. (Why, yes, of course, we had an escort!) You'd like to hear a bit about Charlie? Well, he's a perfectly good little gray dog—(some one said he was white once, but—?)—who can tell a "skiver" (from Notre Dame, naturally) farther away than the Reverend Father Farley. "Boys, beware of me!" fairly sticks out of his funny little ears, and his bark—simply terrifying! To illustrate: Two small, barefooted masculines, innocently dangling their fishing rods over sturdy shoulders, not seeing the honorable Charles *dared* to cross our pathway. B-r-r-r—"they got theirs," to use their own vernacular. No, St. Mary's couldn't get along without Charlie.

"Oh, what an adorable little brooklet," some one cried, and in one wild scramble, kodaks were focused, groups posed, and lo! a picture no artist could paint. Films were used recklessly after this, every available dell and nook making a "perfectly lovely background."

Then the *walk* really began—along shaded country roads, the kind one always reads of in story-books, down a wooded ravine and back again by the winding river, where newly-robed trees in their emerald frocks, gazed naively at their reflections in Nature's hand mirror. Incidentally, near here, we nearly stepped on two real, live . . . t-r-a-m-p-s, stretched out at full length, enjoying the morning breezes to their hearts' content. Summer must be here already!

But now, "listen to our tale of woe." No place could we find wherein to settle our selves comfortably and finish reading "Anne of Green Gables." Several days of steady April showers in May spoiled those places, and we reached the campus about two hours later, dusty, tired, but oh! so happy and *hungry!* We had that much-talked-of cake right under our very own trees, paper napkins and all. Fourth Acs. of next year, you surely have some *good* times to look forward to, and we, some to look longingly back at.

M. S.,
Fourth Academic.



Tin-types.

With doubting eyes I gazed and gazed
Upon that little girl
Whose hair was cut close to her head
(Yet 'twas inclined to curl!)
I rubbed the dimples in the cheeks
And touched the laughing eyes,—
No, surely she could not be old,
For she was just my size!

But when I saw the queer plaid dress
Drawn tightly around her waist,
And wondered over her full skirt
And why the waist was laced,
I had to smile, e'en though she was
More dear than any other;
For who'd believe that little girl
Was really my dear mother?

GERTRUDE HAMPTON,
Fourth Academic.

* * * * *

A maiden fairly billowing with curls once called divine,
A waist so small it surely looks no larger than a dime,
Upon her bodice buttons, near enough to start a store,
A look upon her pretty face says "Posing is a bore!"
A pompadour that is a show, in bold defiance rises,
And both blue eyes are shaded by two "dips," the largest sizes.

A youth in solemn splendor stands, one elbow resting lightly
Upon the high back of a chair, (he thinks the pose quite sightly),
One hand is holding carelessly a watch-chain heavy, golden,
He wears it proudly 'cross his chest as father did of olden,
One leg bent o'er the other, black hair brushed smooth and slick,
Across the top is flourished "From your fond husband, Dick."

Yes, the maiden is my mother, the youth, my own dear Dad,
And they're the only real good "tintypes" of themselves they ever had.

M. S.,
Fourth Academic.

* * * * *

"Sunday's such a lonesome day,
Never can go out and play;
Alice, why not go up stairs?
I don't think that Grandma cares,
Let's look through her old oak chest,
In the top drawer, that's the best.

What's this funny piece of tin,
And this paper that it's in?
Looks as though it once were pink;
It's been badly used, I think.
See the edge the mice have made
Where all winter they have played!

Alice, can this be a girl?
Maybe it is sister Merle;
No, she never dressed like that,
Rigged in such a funny hat.
I know I've heard Grandma say
It's her dear dead brother Ray.
Poor thing! Look at that big curl,
Makes him look just like a girl;
And that little short, white waist,
That was surely made in haste;
But the jacket is the worst!
If he'd breathe I know 'twould burst."

M. V.,
Fourth Academic.

* * * * *

The picture of our great Aunt Kate,
Who worked such good in heathen lands,
Sits up in dignity and state
Way out of reach of our small hands.

And every time we're least bit bad,
We're made to sit before the grate,
With eyes upraised, and faces sad,
And contemplate upon Aunt Kate.

BERTHA BROUSSARD,
Fourth Academic.

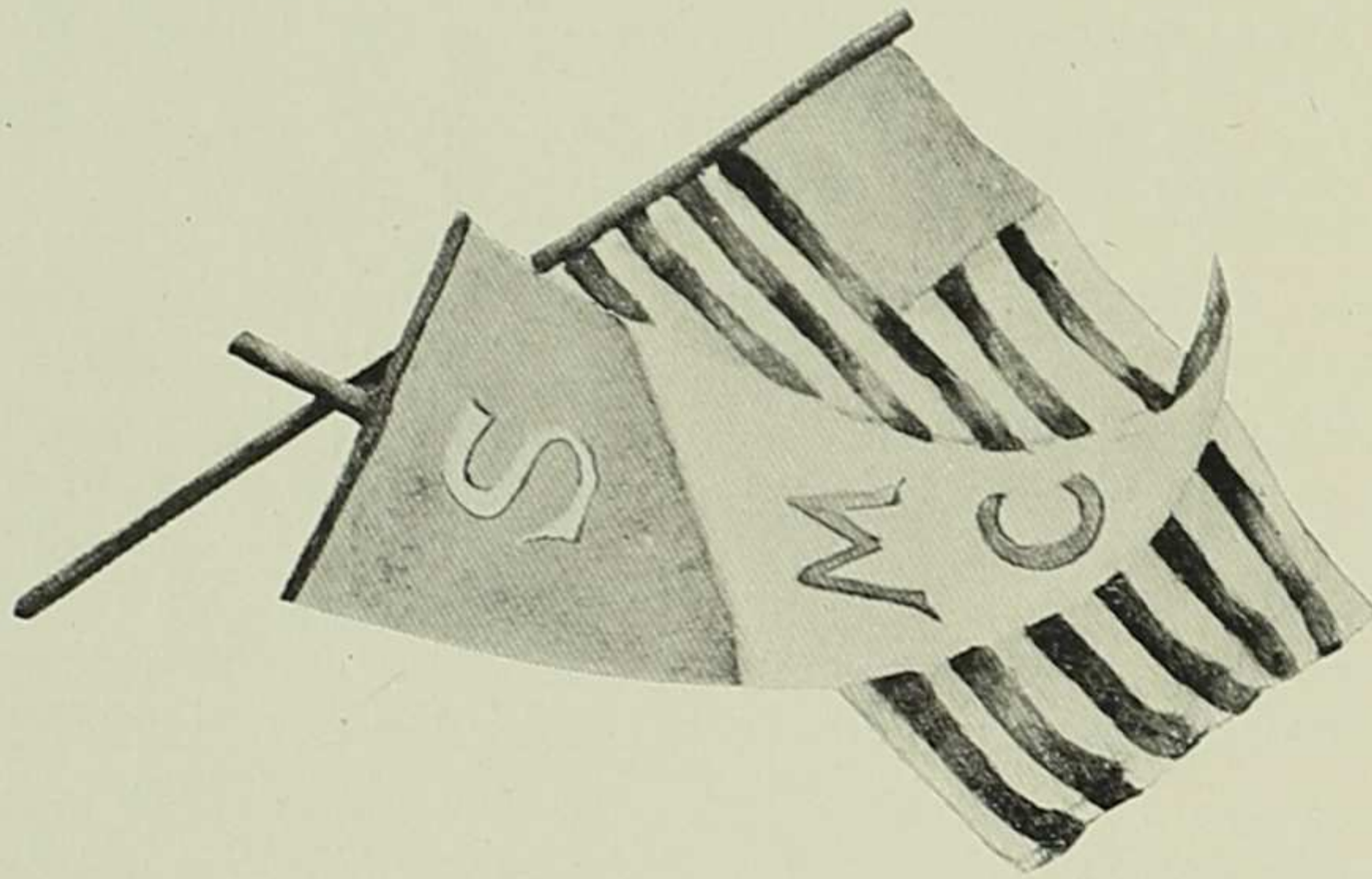
Memorial Day.

With the Honorable Samuel Ralston, Governor of Indiana, as guest, the Memorial Day exercises were entered into with the greatest enthusiasm. His Excellency's address to the students embodied a beautiful tribute to the services rendered during the Civil War by the women of our country, and especially by the Sisters of Holy Cross, who so generously cared for the sick and wounded on the battlefields and in the hospitals.

In accordance with an impressively

beautiful custom of many years' standing at St. Mary's, at the close of the program the students and guests marched in procession to the cemetery, to deck with wreaths and flags the graves of the Sisters who offered their services during the war. After the prayer by the Chaplain, the flag was raised by the members of the Class of 1914, to the singing of the national hymn.

Music was very kindly furnished for the occasion by the N. D. U. Band.



With sincere regret we chronicle in this our first number, the death, on May 18, at Cullom, Ill., of Mrs. Gertrude McDermott Kingdon, the beloved sister of our class-mate, Loretto McDermott. To the bereaved family and especially to Loretto, we extend assurance of sympathy and prayer for the dear departed one.

Fourth Academic Class Day.

On Friday, May 22, the graduates of the Academic Department held their Class Day Exercises. The Assembly Hall was decorated for the occasion with pink peonies, the class flower.

The graduates read their essays well, and the subject matter in every case showed good work along the lines of reading and literary expression. Students of the Conservatory of Music and the Vocal Class contributed some enjoyable numbers.

PROGRAM.

1. March Triumphale, - - - - - *Goria*
 First Piano—MISS M. SATTLER
 Second Piano—MISS G. CARMODY
 Violin—MISS G. HAMPTON
2. Ophelia's Message to the Modern Woman, -
 MISS A. O'NEILL
3. The Story in the Poem, - - - - -
 MISS M. VOGEL
4. Vocal Duet—"Greeting," - - - - - *Mendelssohn*
 MISSES H. DINGLEY, G. HAMPTON
 Piano—MISS G. CARMODY
5. A Saint Who Founded a Republic, - - - - -
 MISS B. GARVIN
6. Robert Burns, - - - - -
 MISS M. McCOOK
7. Poem—"A Song of Life," - - - - -
 MISS MILDRED McDONALD
8. Violin Solo—"Berceuse," - - - - - *Jarnfelt*
 MISS G. HAMPTON
 Piano—MISS M. SATTLER
9. A Great Priest and Little Children, - - - - -
 MISS L. BURKE
10. Poem—"The Angel Who Goes Forth With Me,"
 MISS R. BENNETT
11. Self-Education, - - - - -
 MISS M. L. COWSER
12. Semi-Chorus—"O'er the Sands," - - - - - *Abt*
 Sopranos L. WILCOX
 R. BENNETT L. WILLIAMS
 H. DINGLEY *Altos*
 M. LOREHN G. HAMPTON
 B. McCAMIC MARION McDONALD
 M. MERSMAN MILDRED McDONALD
 A. WEEKS
 Piano—MISS G. CARMODY

SAINT MARY'S

13. Poem—"Melodies of Morn," - - - -
MISS MARION McDONALD
14. Historic Hosts and Guests, - - - -
MISS M. SATTLER
15. March from Tannhäuser, - - - - *Wagner*
Violin—MISS G. HAMPTON
'Cello—MISS A. WEEKS
Piano—MISS M. SATTLER
16. Address, - - - -
MISS KATHERINE E. CONWAY

Miss Katherine E. Conway, of the faculty of St. Mary's College, addressed the graduates as follows:

Dear Mother General, Mothers, Sisters, Students and especially Fourth Academics:

With the privilege of introducing St. Mary's Academic Annual, I was also allowed to see its contents in proof. You who have heard these excellent essays and poems will agree with me that they represent a very high standard in the Fourth Academic Class. Looked at even with the rigorous eyes of one whose long editorial experience makes her first thought . . . "Cut it down!" they left little for the pruning knife. Every girl had really something to say, and she said it in brief space and with intelligence. It would not be true to claim the work as mature work. This we could neither expect nor desire.

Here and there, one may find a little of the redundance of youth, some abruptness in the transitions. These have not been modified to any appreciable extent. You see the representatives of this class standing quite well on their own little feet, as regards their English. We can be justly satisfied, and indulge courageously in the thought that when they do so well now, they would cover themselves and St. Mary's with glory as College Seniors. For the children's glory is their Mother's.

Even stopping their school-room training at this point, the Fourth Academics have good educations. Would that all the bright and ambitious girls in our land had as good! They are fit to adorn home and society, they can travel intelligently, they can build fairly well alone on the structure of their present education.

Yet, in view of the increased demands of the world today, and of the lengthening of the beautiful time of adolescence, we all wish most heartily that the next three months will be as heretofore only another vacation, and that many—would we might hope for all—of this year's Fourth Academic Class, may return to St. Mary's for the College course.

In the days of your mothers, a girl left school at seventeen or eighteen, and in the following winter was introduced into society; very soon after, in many cases, taking on family cares. We are wiser now, even for your happiness. There is much poetry in youthful courtship; but after the honeymoon, the prematurely wedded too often say with the poet:

Life's plain arithmetic and prose are mine,
And I have missed the glory of the world.

Few girls, even of those not taking the full college course, now enter social life under twenty, and many even a year or two later. Why not spend the intervening years in building up character and scholarship? Why not be twenty-one and look seventeen in the way of the Convent College girl, than be nineteen and look twenty-five through premature indulgence in the pleasures and the anxieties of the grown-ups—late hours, hot-house love affairs and rivalries, and all the rest?

While we who have watched your progress with loving eyes up to this turn in the road, surely hope that life will be carefree and bright before you, yet we know our hope can hardly be realized.

"Into every life some rain must fall."

Changes in fortune may come. If you are called upon to help in a material way those who are near and dear to you, the first thing you will find is that in every gainful occupation the requirements have steadily risen within the past twenty years. No girl today could get a position in a high school—nor even in a grammar school on the comparatively easy conditions which obtained in your mothers' days. The education of those who have gone before you for nearly sixty years in St. Mary's was always as good and thorough as it is now; but its scope was not always so extensive. When I heard the splendid addresses at the last Alumnae gathering of ladies whose graduation years dated from 1868 and onward, some of whom are of your own kindred, I said to myself: "Will our present day girls make as good use of their opportunities?" In order that you may, you will need the College stamp, the outward and visible token of which is the College Degree.

To adapt to present use a word of Wendell Phillips: "To be as good as our mothers, we must be better than our mothers!" That is, we must meet in our time, as strongly and well, as they would, a demand which didn't exist in their time.

So while we say "God speed!" we also say: "God speed you back to us." A fair proportion of both of the two Fourth Academic Classes which I have had the privilege of addressing since I am here, are now doing fine work within the College. May this class of 1914 give us even more.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.



St. Mary's Lecture Course.

Whenever there is a particularly good thing abroad in the educational field, St. Mary's is quick to recognize its worth, and spares no trouble to bring it within the reach of her students. This is consistent with her spirit of up-to-date-ness. She would educate and refine the tastes of those committed to her; she would show them how to recognize and choose only the worth-while things, and she does this by putting only worth-while things before them.

The brilliant lecture course enjoyed by the students of St. Mary's during the scholastic year just about to close, is but another proof of this generally known

fact. To have listened to Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, the Rev. John Talbot Smith, Mr. Wilfred Ward, the Hon. Bourke Cochran, Dr. James J. Walsh, Prof. Charles Seymour, Edgar Thompson and Mme. Marie von Unschuld is a privilege which not every school can secure for its students.

The course embraced a wide range of subjects, including music, history, art, science, literature, the drama, and religion. One need but glance at the names of the speakers mentioned to know how thoroughly these subjects were handled, and to be convinced that the lecture course for the year 1913-'14 was an education in itself.

On the Campus.

A meeting of the Athletic Association was held May 11, 1914, to decide many questions which have arisen as to our outdoor sports. The officers of the Tennis Club limited the time that one person may keep a court, to one hour, and those entering tournaments may use all gravel courts at any time.

With the opening of spring, outdoor sports—tennis, archery, canoeing and bathing—have become very popular. Tennis is the favorite, and every hour of recreation there is a grand rush for the courts. The Academic Department is proud to claim some of the champions. Miss Geraldine Fleming, of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, has won the cup for two successive years in singles, and we hope she will win it again this year. Miss Geraldine O'Neil and Miss Marjorie Shep-

herd are to play in the tournament and try for the cup in doubles.

A beautiful new cup has been presented to St. Mary's by Mr. Frank Mayr, of South Bend. Hereafter this cup will be the three-year cup of tennis singles, for as it now is, there is but one cup for both singles and doubles, and if won by players of either, they receive the large cup with the names of the winners of both doubles and singles. This arrangement is more just.

Beautiful prizes are offered for the winners of the swimming races this year. For the College girls, there is a chased silver bracelet for first prize, and second prize, a corsage pin. The Academics' first prize will be chased silver slipper buckles, second prize a gold corsage pin.

The Juniors' first prize will be a silver card case, second prize a silver dresser frame. The Minims also are taking a prominent part in the races this year,

and a dainty little sash pin will be given to the most energetic swimmer. These prizes will be presented on the morning of Commencement.



Junior and Minim Field Day Exercises.

In spite of the warm weather on May 26, the Juniors and Minims excelled as usual in their field sports. The program was opened by an excellent Dumb-Bell Drill, in which Miss Elsie Heine received a box of candy for displaying the greatest ease and grace.

Next the Juniors formed sides—"Reds" and "Yellows," for a Relay Race. The "Yellows" proved more fleet of foot, and the nine winners each received a box of candy.

The Minims came to the front again and showed great opposition and enthusiasm in a Potato and Three-legged Race. A beautiful pair of cuff-links was awarded to the winners—Misses Mary Louise Moran and Jeanette Pick.

The Tennis Finals in doubles were

then played between Misses Lillian Rubens and Margaret Hubbell for the "Yellows" and Misses Louise Maureaux and Winifred McCarthy for the "Reds." Again the "Yellows" came out ahead, with a score of 5 to 4, and each winner received a beautiful pair of slipper buckles.

Miss Virginia Russell was successful in the Ball Throwing Contest, and received a box of candy.

A very amusing Sack Race was then enjoyed, and after a persistent struggle, Miss Mary Louise Ormerod was successful and was awarded a box of candy.

The program was closed with the winning, by Miss Winifred McCarthy, of a silver cup for playing Tennis Singles against Miss Alice Shea.

Locals.

Only 1,299,999 more seconds! That's not so bad. What if it were 1,300,000!

A vote of thanks to our "big sister," *The Chimes*, for the generous "ad." in the May number.

They say that absence makes the heart grow fonder; but a certain Collegiate living on the fourth floor seems to think that a gentle reminder of the beloved (in this case, *bed*) is necessary. Perhaps she has a *pillow* case!

One of the most enjoyable exhibitions of home talent this year was the initial concert given on May 17, by St. Mary's Glee Club. Every selection on the program from the national to the humorous, was thoroughly enjoyed by an unusually large audience.

Although "we sit in solitude and starve" since Sunday, the twenty-fourth, we have become reconciled to our fate,—that is, we are trying to be, for the "College Inn" collation ended with a grand finale on that day. A picnic on the banks of the historic St. Joe ended the "hungryitis cure"—until next year, at least.

When Miss Marguerite Moran was chosen Valedictorian of the Senior Class, College girls and Academics united in celebrating the event and in making Miss Moran as uncomfortable as possible, by

drawing her, perched in state, through the grounds, to the accompaniment of horns, bells and a variety of other noises. She was madly pursued by the kodak fiends of both departments. The parade brought up under the Prefect's window, where the valedictorian asked for and obtained a free afternoon for us all.

Frantic orders for mosquito netting, pennyroyal, camphor and various other preventatives, ought to inform those beastly summer insects that St. Mary's is "*not* at home" to them. Though one of our optimistic teachers has reminded us that the POOR (biting sarcasm) things only live three hours, and that we ought to treat them nicely, at least for that short time; yet we, in turn, might remind her that we must needs get a *stinging reply* for our pains.

Even the supposedly mystic charm of

"Rain, rain, go away,
Come again some other day,"

couldn't change the weather man's verdict for the Children of Mary's picnic day. It really *was* a picnic day, though, for all the contrary storm clouds, and as for the silver lining to those same clouds, a picnic supper for everyone, black sheep and all, provided that. There were "goodies" of every kind, and ice cream, of course, and though we wish our hostesses might have had their *real* annual picnic, yet we send a sly thanks to the rain-man as well as the Sodality girls for a delightful evening.

Smiles.

Freshman (leaning against radiator):
—“I smell cabbage burning!”

Mighty Sophomore:—“Of course you do. Get your head away from that radiator.”

D.—“Generally speaking, girls are—.”

G.—“They certainly are.”

D.—“Are what?”

G.—“Generally speaking.”

“Will you hold this fountain pen?”

“Why?”

“Because it's liable to run.”

In History Class:

Sister:—“Angela, what was the Diet of Worms?”

Angela:—“Well, I suppose it was in punishment for something Luther did; but, anyway, he had to eat worms.”

In Fourth Year Latin:

Marie, translating:—“The old man

fastened his long-unused arms to his shoulders, trembling with age.”

Nancy, hearing a knock at the door, asked: “Who's there?”

“A gentleman,” came the answer.

“None today, thank you,” replied Nancy.

Marcella's mother had been called to the bedside of her dying relative. When Marcella went to school that day the teacher, a great friend of her mother, asked: “Well, Marcella, where has your mother gone?”

Marcella:—“She went to a funeral.”

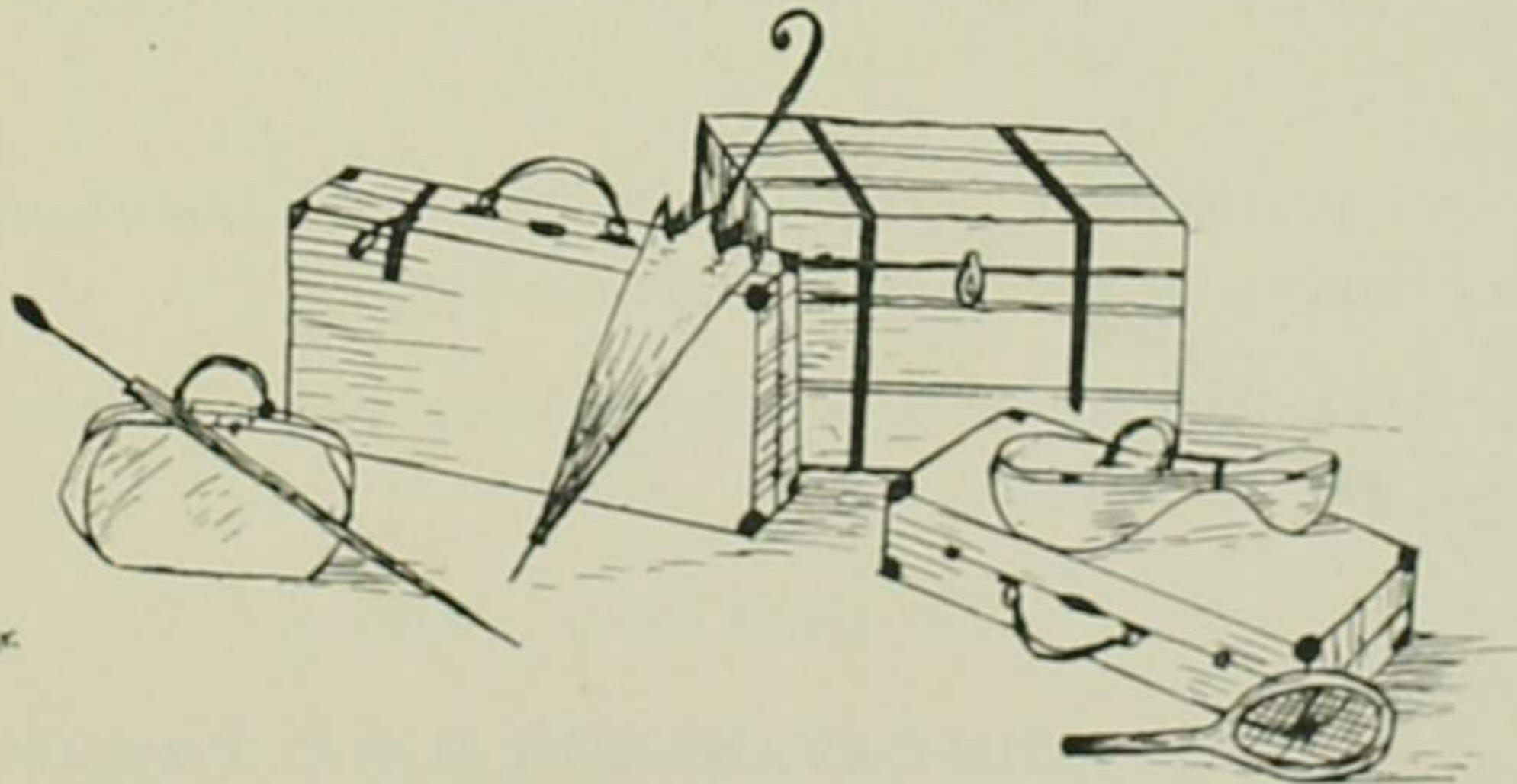
Teacher:—“Why! who's dead?”

Marcella:—“My aunt, but she ain't dead yet.”

“Have you heard about the uniforms?”

“No! What about them?”

“That's one on you!”

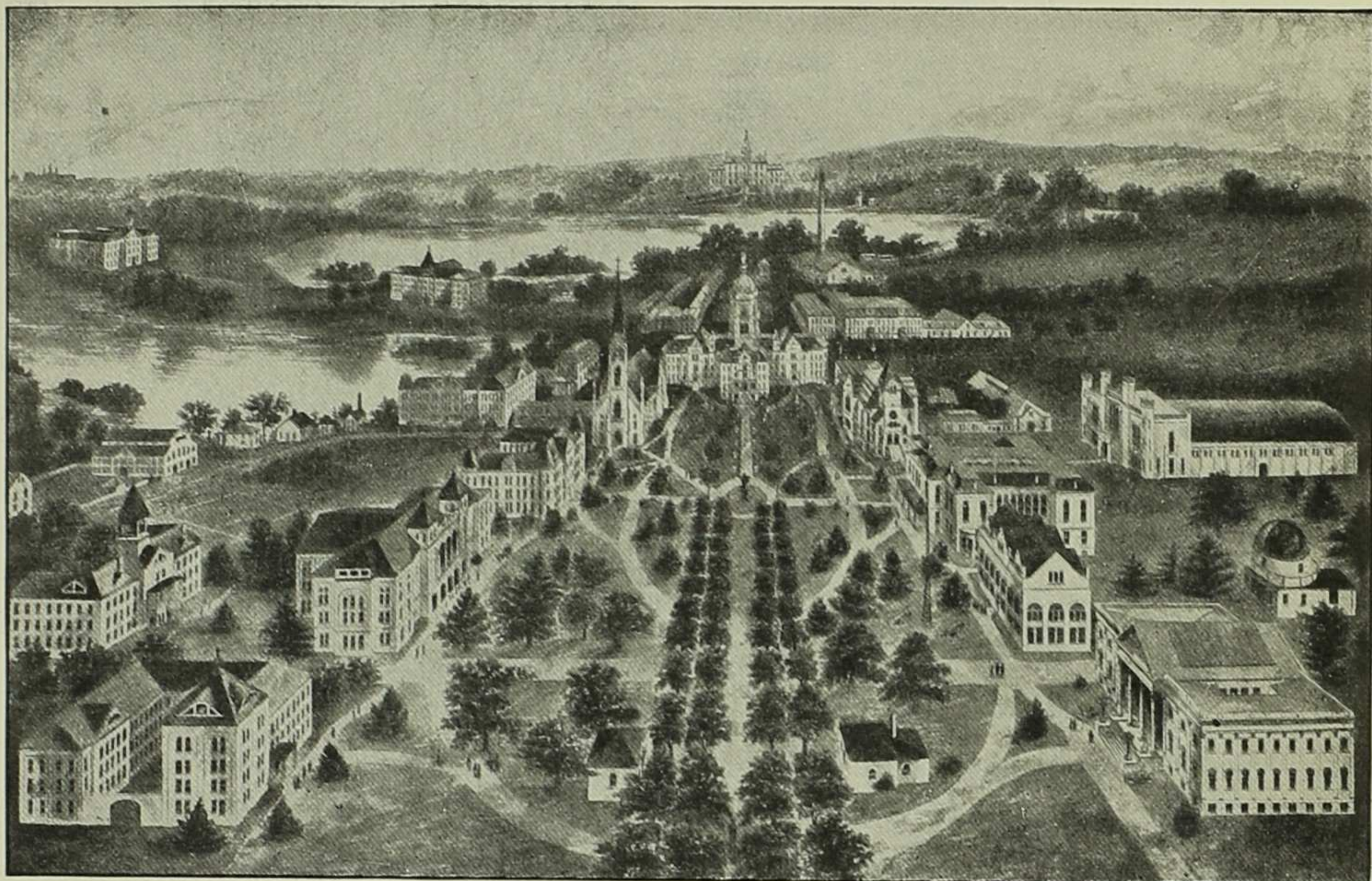


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