

ECHOES from SJA



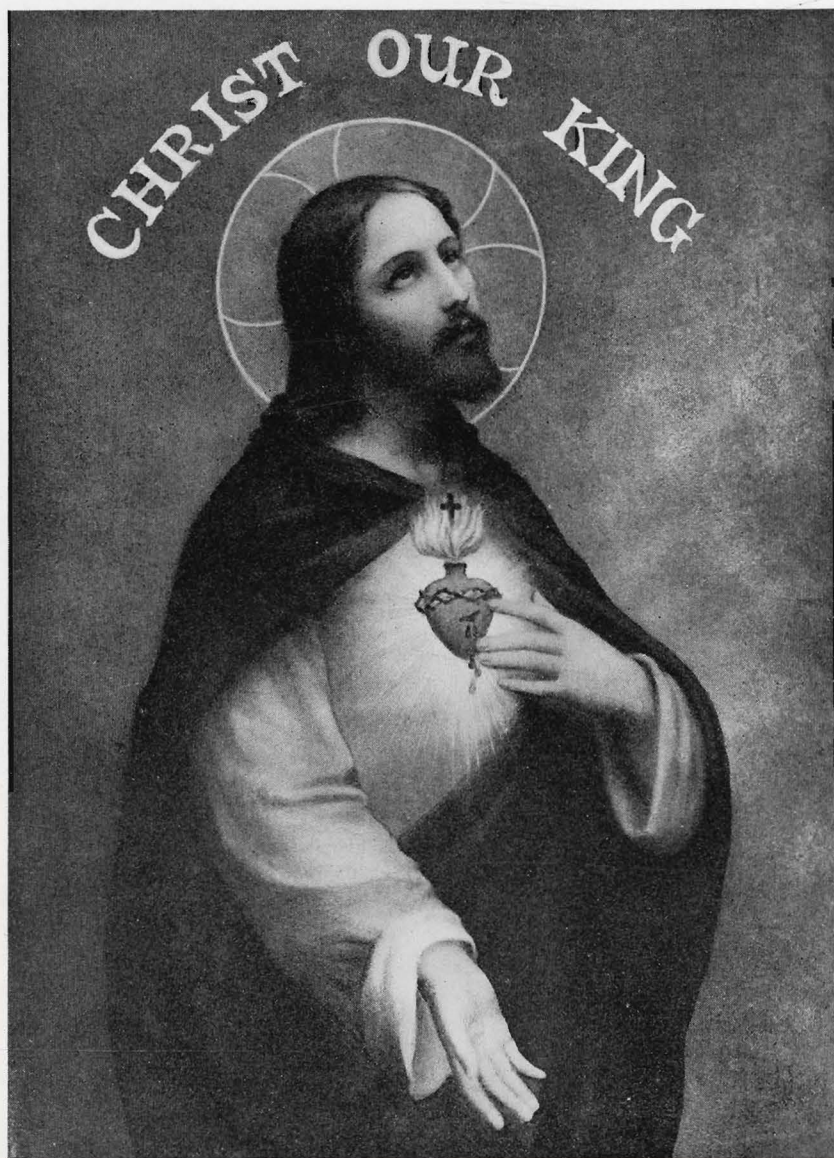
1926
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Echoes from
S. J. A.

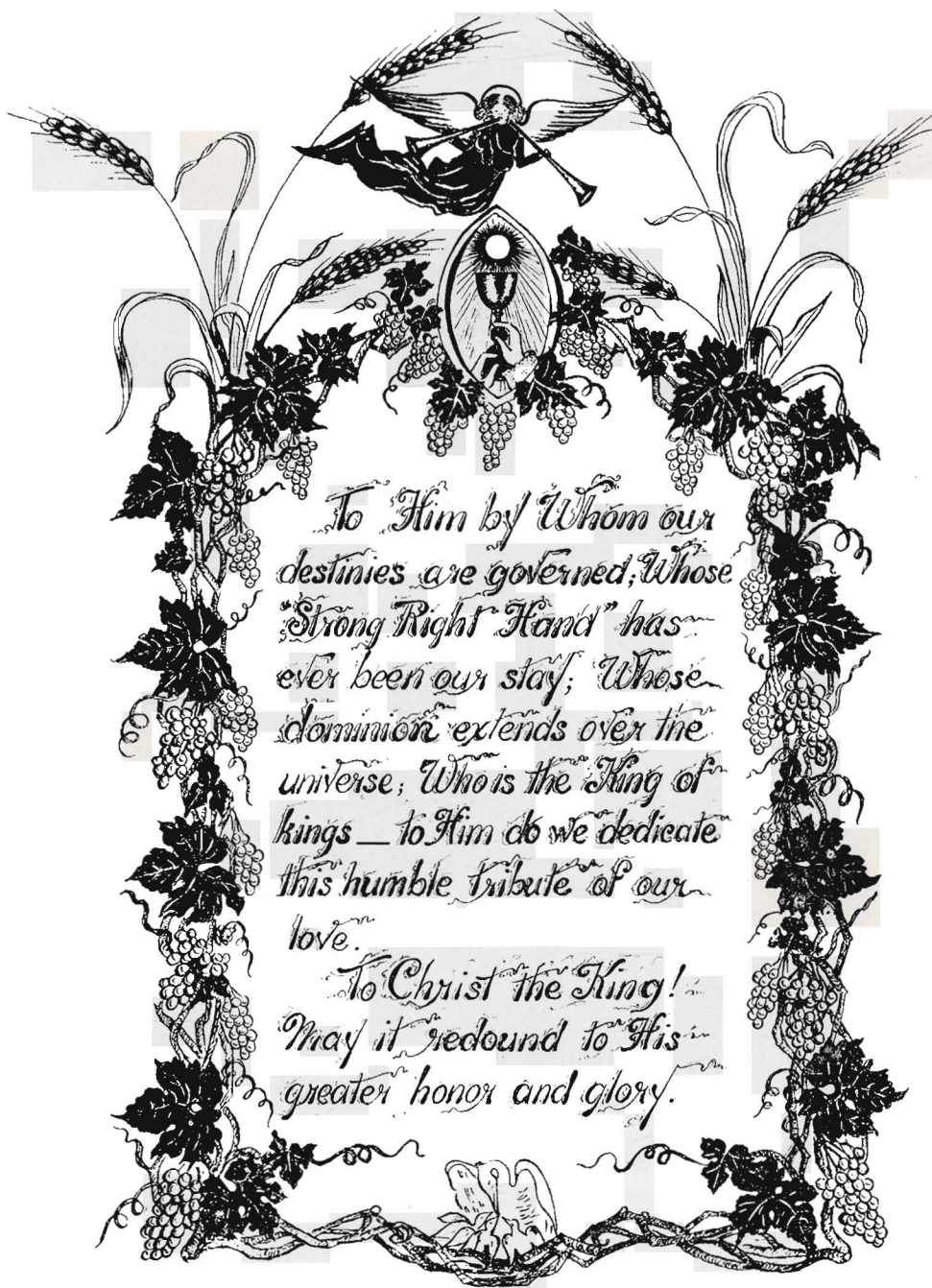
1926



YEAR BOOK OF
The Saint Joseph Academy
Sacramento, California



*O Most Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Thy Kingdom Come.*



To Him by Whom our
destinies are governed; Whose
"Strong Right Hand" has
ever been our stay; Whose
dominion extends over the
universe; Who is the King of
kings — to Him do we dedicate
this humble tribute of our
love.

To Christ the King!
May it redound to His
greater honor and glory.



Our Holy Father, Pius XI

SEGRETERIA DI STATO

DAL VATICANO, 3rd March, 1926

di Sua Santità

No. 52324

DA CITARSI NELLA RISPOSTA

Dear Rev. Mother,

It is my pleasing duty to inform you that the Holy Father has graciously accepted the "Year Book" of St. Joseph's Academy dedicated to Him. (1925 edition).

His Holiness thanks you and the Community for this testimony of filial devotion and from His heart imparts to you and to all the Apostolic Benediction.

Yours very faithfully in Christ

P. C. Gasparri.

Rev. Mother Superior
Sisters of Mercy
St. Joseph's Academy
—SACRAMENTO, Cal.—

The Kingship of Christ

The great Jubilee year has passed with its pilgrimages and grand ceremonies. And now we have placed before us a new feast, a feast, the appointment of which should give joy to every Catholic in the universe. It is the Feast of the Kingship of Jesus Christ, proclaimed by our Holy Father, the Pope, and to be observed on the last Sunday of October, each year.

The Feast of the Kingship of Jesus Christ. What does it mean? It means a feast in honor of the King of Heaven and Earth. It is Christ, the God-Man, Who is proposed to us as the object of our homage in the special feast devoted to His universal Kingship. A feast in honor of Him Who, becoming man, suffered and died for us in the terrible agony of the Cross in order to buy back our souls—to make us again the citizens of His Kingdom.

He is the ruler of all mankind, the King of every person in the universe. He was King in the Old Law, and He is King in the New Law. He is the King of kings, the Ruler of rulers, and the Most High God, Jesus Christ, Our Savior and Our King.

May every nation in the wide world, may every believer in Our Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, to Whom all power is given in Heaven and on Earth, join us in giving glory to Our Great and Divine King, and sing with us His praises on this Feast of the Kingship of Jesus Christ.

Dorothy Burke, '26.



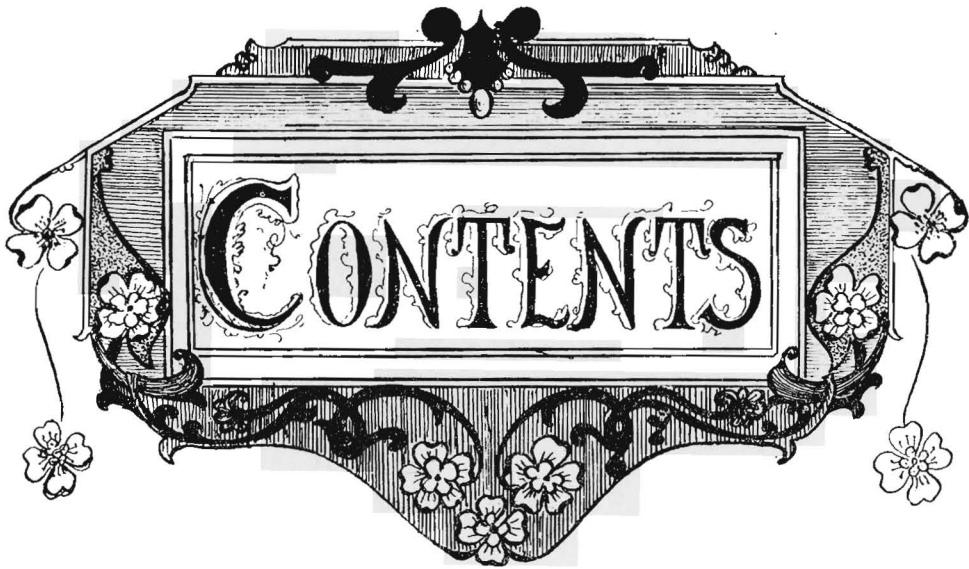
The Right Reverend Patrick J. Keane, D. D.
Bishop of Sacramento



The Right Reverend Monsignor Horgan, V. G.
Rector of the Cathedral, Sacramento, California



The Saint Joseph Academy



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--SCHOOL MOTTO--

"Onward and Upward"



The School Spirit

In estimating schools, it is the quality of the life that is in them that is important. The life or spirit of a school is that imponderable something which results from the reaction of students and teachers on one another.

The character of teachers and students is that out of which the spirit of a school arises. Hence the spirit of our school has been a most happy one,—a spirit of understanding and sympathy, of cordiality and good cheer, of looking "onward and upward", according to the Motto of the Academy.

Often enough, perhaps, we would fain have escaped the grind of daily tasks, but the sense of duty was strong enough to hold us to them. We have felt the fag of routine work in the classroom, but we have experienced, too, the satisfaction of success.

On the whole, the years have passed so happily, that they will always be recalled with the keenest pleasure, in future years, for through all, in sunshine or in rain, there has been the optimistic view point, the ever present smile, the cheery word which brightened the hours.



--CLASS MOTTO--

"The End Crowns the Work."





Josephine Brady—

"She doeth little kindnesses which
most leave undone or despise."



Dorothy Burke—

"For she was just the quiet kind
Whose nature never varies."



Loyola Burke—

"Always ready to do and dare—
An inventive brain, and passing fair."



Josephine Coyle—

"Sweet promptings unto kindest
deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book."



Cecelia Early—

"Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a
fact."



Gertrude Estell—

"Her ways are sweet."

Helen Fitzgerald—

"Her eyes are homes of silent
prayer."

Alice Gallagher—

"Zealous yet modest, patient of toil,
serene amidst alarms, peaceful,
loyal, loving, pure."

Margaret Harris—

"On her lips there played a smile."

Eleanor McEwen—

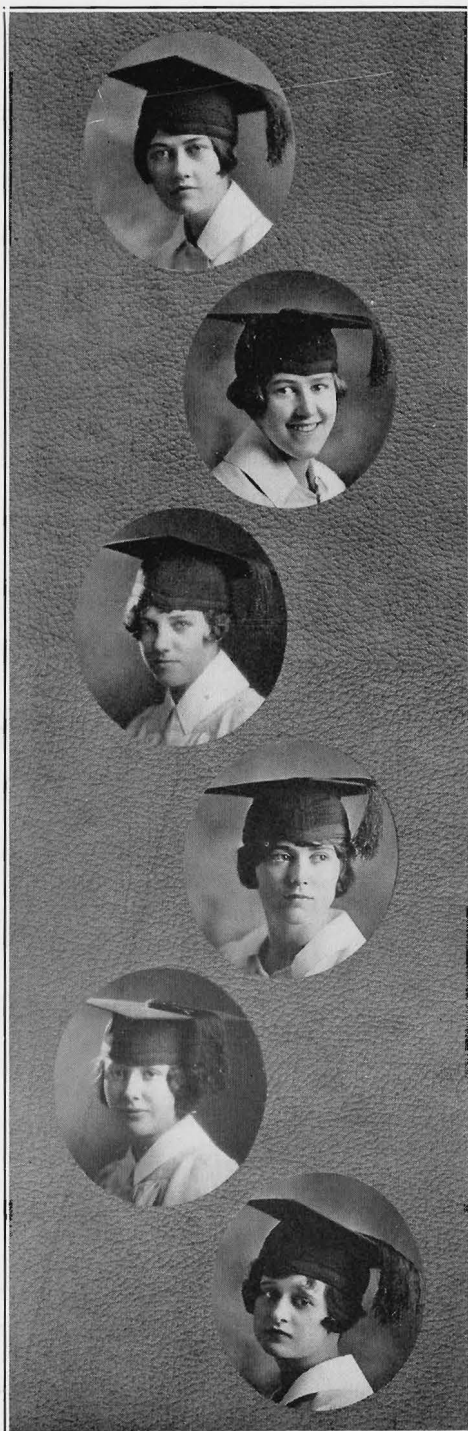
"Well known—well loved."

Helen Nold—

"And all her looks a calm discloses
Of innocence and truth."

Eunice Palm—

"Gentle of speech; beneficent of
mind."





Margaret Phillips—

"And welcome wheresoe'er she went,
A calm and gracious element."

Katherine Small—

"Merry as the day is long."

Marion Van Velzer—

"A full, rich nature free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just."

Josephine Welch—

"Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare."

Senior Class Officers

President.....	M. Van Velzer
Vice President.....	K. Small
Secretary.....	C. Early
Treasurer.....	A. Gallagher
Society.....	G. Estell
Athletics.....	L. Burke

The Alumnae Medal for 1926 will be awarded to
Alice Gallagher

Senior Class History

How time changes! If each of the Seniors of '26 could say "Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight, make me a Freshman again, just for to-night", and if these combined appeals to Father Time caused the heart of that hoary autocrat to soften, so that he gracefully **did** as requested, what a shock some of the Saint Josephites would get in seeing the high, mighty and all powerful (I speak in the language of the Freshmen), Seniors of to-day, appear as small, insignificant "infants" in plaid gingham, half-socks, and braids or curls, waiting on September 10, 1922, behind St. Joseph's gate, like a bunch of scared rabbits, each hoping for someone taller than herself to go in first, so that she could hide behind her! Well, such, if memory plays me not false, we were on that, to us, memorable morning.

After the first day or two, however, there were faint glimmerings of the sunlight of easy self-possession, until "Initiation",—the Freshman's idea of the "Reign of Terror",—was announced. At first a low muttering of "Not coming" was heard from the lips of a few hardy ones, but these indications of rebellion were soon quenched by the Sophs who warned us, one and all, of the awful fate awaiting her who did not come on the appointed night. We all came, meek as lambs, and "took our medicine."

We were not long to stay meek, however, for we soon learned to favor the upper classes with a quiet gaze of conscious superiority, when Josephine Coyle, one of us, calmly took the third prize in the Knights of Columbus Essay Contest. Modesty forbids my recording any additional proofs of our superiority.

Time's flight is proverbially swift with busy people, so, soon, it seemed—our Freshmen year drew to its close, and we were introduced to Commencement night, with its smiles, tears, flowers, and farewells.

September saw us back again, bigger, better Sophomores than the school had ever before known: (many of us with our braids bobbed and shingled). Now we were elevated to the position of tormentors of the Freshmen. We viewed them indeed, secretly, with pitying eyes. Had we ever looked like that? Nay, away with the thought!

We soon gave the Freshmen their initiation party, and as the Class of '25 had done to us in our infancy, so did we to these. In this scholastic year, being old and experienced, we did a little bit of everything: we helped in the Hi-Jinx, and gave cake and pie sales like professionals. We earned our share of honors, too; we had two medals brought home to us, one for Religion by Dorothy Burke, and another for Music by Margaret Harris.

This year passed quickly like the previous one, and soon we found ourselves Juniors, far above the petty trials of Freshmen and Sophomores, and not yet up to the Seniors' worries. There was only one blot on a perfect year—Cicero! But as 'life is what we make it', we soon decided that there was no use worrying over a poor old fossil who has been dead over two thousand years; so I, for one, let him sink back into his grave where he belongs. This year we won the greatest victory ever won by any S. J. A. class within our memory, namely, the State Home Lighting Contest Essay Prize brought to us by Gertrude Estell, who received it in our auditorium from Mayor Elkus. To say that we were proud of

Gertrude is putting it mildly. So closed this year of Chemistry, Cicero, some other topics, prizes, and dances (which we did not give).

September of 1925 introduced us to our Senior year. We have come, we have seen, we have conquered—(?) We are now THE SENIORS. Eleanor McEwen we elected Student Body President; Elizabeth Kelly, Class President. We have given a successful card party, managed, (assisted by an efficient staff of Commercialites), the Year-book, and in our spare time have shown the lower classes that they cannot look at the queen, save with proper respect.

But now our time in Saint Joseph's is growing short. Soon we must leave, never to come back in uniform. O how we hate to give over the school to other marauding hordes who may not treat it as tenderly as we have done,—we who were always models in lady-like deportment and all student virtues. So it is with tearful eyes we say farewell to S. J. A. Loth are we to say adieu to our beloved teachers,—well beloved in spite of any evidence to the contrary. If we didn't always strew your pedagogic path with thornless roses, dear Sisters, believe us the spirit was willing though the will was (sometimes) weak. "Friend of Mine" says each of us to each of you, "Quede con Dios."

Josephine Welch, '26.



Graduation Evening

A moon-lit summer evening—
Perfume from flowers breathing—
Girl-hearts excited beating
On graduation evening.

Sweet music softly stealing—
Young voices gayly pealing—
Soft garments whitely gleaming
On graduation evening.

Their honors, maids receiving,
Proud parents fond perceiving—
Young hearts elate, yet grieving
On graduation evening.

Their farewell, longing, breathing,
Upon the quiet evening,
Regrets their echoes leaving
On graduation evening.

—Dorothy Burke, '26.

Class Prophecy, 1926

Outside, raindrops sizzled, sozzled,
While the firelight's smouldering heap
Kept me musing, a most dreaming
On the borderland of sleep.

Soon I saw the Fates a-weaving
Destinies for one and all.
Timid, I drew near to Clotho
With strange pleading, I recall.

"May'nt I lift the mystic curtain
From this shadow-land of Hope—
See the future of my classmates,—
Pass along some rosy dope?"

But she only shrugged her shoulders
Saying plainly, "Nay, not so."
Then I turned me to Atropus
Rather wistfully, I know.

"Child," she said, "most human pleasure
Comes from Expectation's glow.
Could one fathom Fate's full measure,
Naught would reck he how he'd go.

"Blending sunshine with the shadow
Life is given a varied hue;
But careers are ever hidden,
All the details kept from view."

Seeing then my disappointment,
Next she handed me a roll,—
On it each name, and appended
Just a phrase. I took the scroll.

How this peep into the future
Thrilled, yet tantalized a bit!
Eunice Palm, a prima donna,
Josephine Coyle, newspaper wit.

Eleanor McEwen, famed musician,
Catherine Small, artist (on La Fleure);
Josephine Welch, a well-known author;
Alice Gallagher, M. D.-ing for the poor.

Private secretary to the Mayor,
Margaret Phillips held full sway;
Helen Fitzgerald, in our Convent,
Mother Superior at S. J. A.

Loyola Burke, social-service orator,
Helen Nold, a white-clad nurse,
Dorothy Burke, a High School teacher,
Gertrude Estell writing verse.

Margaret Harris, with a life job,
Minist'ring to husband dear;
Josephine Brady, likewise engrossed,
Held that home was woman's sphere.

Cecelia Early, as a lawyer,
Offered legal aid galore;
Marion Van Velzer, orphanage matron,
Mothered children by the score.

Then I stirred me from my reverie,
All the flickering shadows gone;
E'en the Fates had stopped their weaving,—
I'd waked up, and then 'twas dawn.

Marion Van Velzer, '26.



Class Will

We, the class of '26 of St. Joseph Academy, of the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, State of California, United States of America, being of graduating age, of sound and disposing mind, and free from the influence of anyone whatsoever, do hereby bestow all our best love and worldly possessions on the following beneficiaries:

To the Faculty, knowing that nothing however great that we could will them would supply the void we leave, or take our place with them, we hereby declare that we will attribute to them all the success we may gain in our earthly career.

To the Principal, a quartet of eyes, one of which will look north, one south, one east, and one west, by which she will be enabled to view the diligent labors of all her worthy pupils at once.

To our Religion teacher, we give half of the superabundant supply of obedience she well knows we all possess.

To our Mathematics teacher, all the "incorrect answers that are of no avail" so that she may tie them to a rock and drop them into the ocean where they will bother her no more.

To our Latin teacher, we will a complete set of Victrola records containing Orations against Catiline, given in our very own voices, so that when we are gone far, far away, she may again have the exquisite pleasure of listening to a rendition of Cicero such as we alone could translate and enunciate.

To our English teacher, all our old "America" covers so that she may paper the library with them.

To our History teacher, we give all the noisy banging books that she may put a muffler on them, and so enjoy the peace of silence.

To our Science teacher, we will one of our dearest possessions, a certain little black-framed magnifying mirror that dwells in the science room.

To our Spanish teacher, we gladly and freely give all our superfluous idioms, that she may pass them on to the next class, for never will they have the ability to learn them that we have shown.

To our Singing teacher, we will all the hours she kept us after school; these, we hope, will haunt her so that she may lose the habit of drilling Caruso-like Seniors to desperation.

Individually, we thus distribute our personal accomplishments:

I, Josephine Brady, will my curly locks to Elsie Carmody and Phyllis Howard.

I, Dorothy Burke, will my ability for blushing when chidden, to Mary Mitchell. (She needs it.)

I, Loyola Burke, will my powers of convincing argumentation to Alice Connelly.

I, Josephine Coyle, will my Irish grin which has worked such wonders to Helen Hiltenbrandt; having this, I know she will never have to explain any action.

I, Cecelia Early, will all my bluffings to Martha Dromey.

I, Gertrude Estell, will my superfluous weight to Nellie Fabris.

I, Helen Fitzgerald, will my expert method of getting out of scrapes to Beata Hobrecht.

I, Alice Gallagher, will all my deportment credits to the class of '27. (There's enough for all.)

I, Margaret Harris, will my good record for daily attendance to Josephine Whelan.

I, Eleanor McEwen, will my virtue of promptness to Flora McKenzie.

I, Helen Nold, will my tomboyish antics to Katherine Jane Mooers.

I, Eunice Palm, will my ingenuous smile to Margaret Williams.

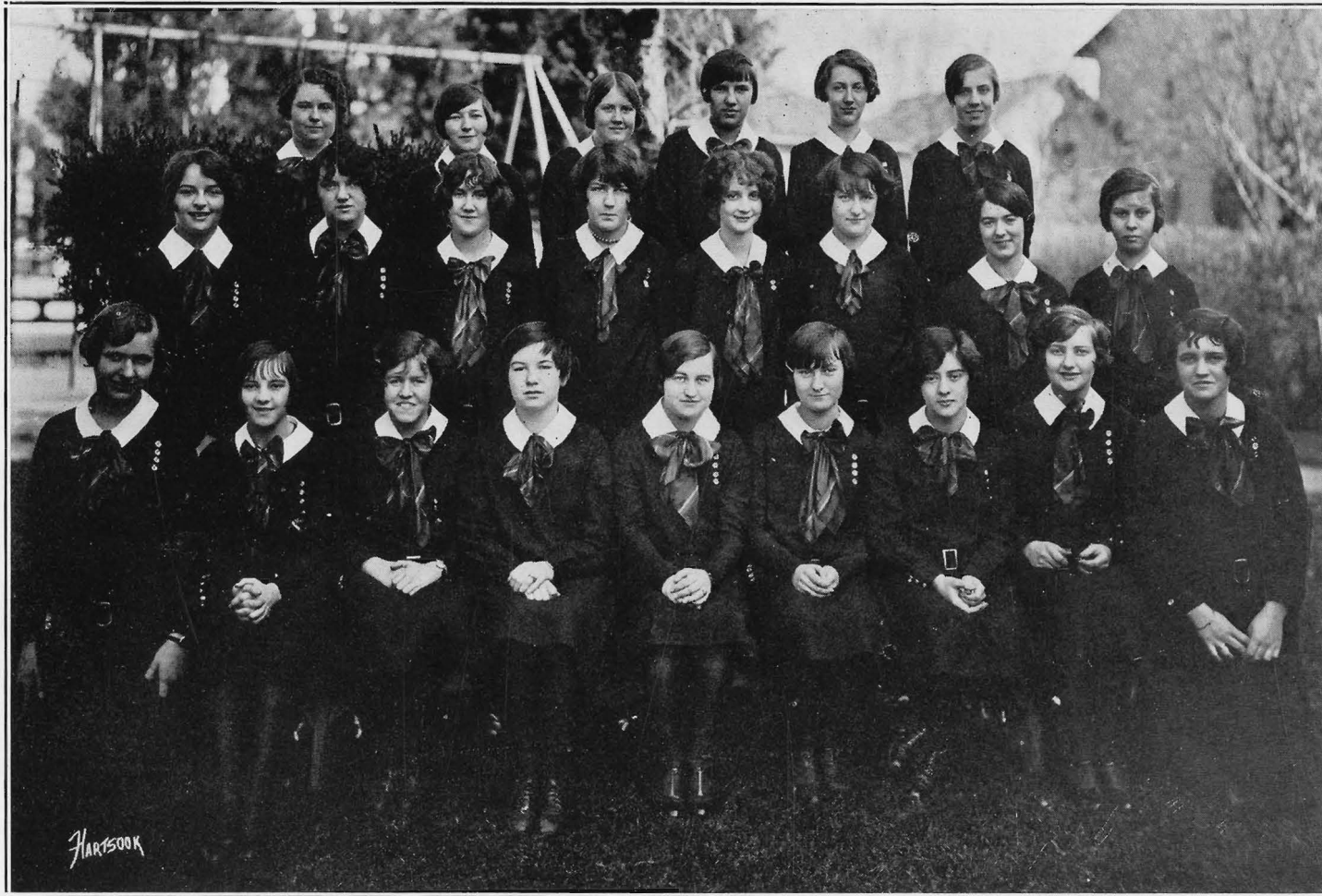
I, Margaret Phillips, will my noisy way of talking and laughing to Frances Morrisroe.

I, Catherine Small, will my recipe for making excuses to Margaret Fitzgerald, Agnes Hanna, and Virginia Nealis.

I, Marion Van Velzer, will my Spanish accent to June Carr.

I, Josephine Welch, will my Wednesday, "Good-morning", to anyone hardy enough to come in and get it.

Josephine Welch, '26.



Class of 1927



Junior Class Officers

President	M. Fitzgerald
Vice President	A. Hanna
Secretary	M. Williams
Treasurer	J. Whelan
Society	V. Freeman
Athletics	K. J. Mooers

History of the Class of '27

There is a memorable date recorded in the Annals of Father Time,—August twenty-seventh, nineteen hundred and twenty-three, for that date marked the entrance of a group of very intellectual and scholarly-looking individuals into the hall of the Saint Joseph Academy. Our appearance was such that even the sun looked dull in comparison with our luster, and our brilliance fairly dazzled the eyes of our teachers that were to be.

We were given a royal and highly entertaining, as well as highly appreciated, reception by our upper classmates, the Sophomores. After much thought and due consideration, we elected Virginia Nealis class president. This accomplished, we set forth upon an exploration of the hidden paths of knowledge and learning, for "Knowledge is power, and learning leads to God."

In the Minstrel Show, the most notable of the events in the dramatic line during our Freshmen year, we did our bit and were pronounced a great success. Altogether it has, I believe, been admitted that we were (to speak modestly), a class possessing rather remarkable ability.

To our Sophomore year we came back feeling that the Seniors had no claim to importance over ours; that we were an essential and vital part of the student body. We were anxious, naturally to give our "small charges", the Freshmen, as warm a reception as in the past our elders had given to us, for we were determined that we would follow well the silver rule of doing to them as in the past year others had done to us.

We chose Margaret Fitzgerald as class president. Our set was, to our delight, increased in number by some new and worthy members—Martha Dromey, Gwendolyn Moriarity, and Kathryn Jane Mooers. We distinguished ourselves in our various classes.

Outside of singing in Saint Cecelia's Vocal Club on Saint Cecelia's night and in the closing exercises, nothing further of much importance happened in our Sophomore year. Oh! I forgot to mention the Geometry Party at which the Pythagoreans "treated" the Platonians in the garden. After that we knew enough Geometry to last us until the end of our lives.

On September 8th, 1925, we sang: "Now We Are Juniors! Imagine That!" How high we thought we stood on the ladder of learning! We again chose Margaret Fitzgerald as president; the splendid way in which she had kept the class together deserved our gratitude and we showed it "thusly".

At the Candy Sale on Saint Cecelia's Night of this year we made more money on our booth than did any of the other classes. The Student Body had now realized our ability in making candy, so besides helping to sell tickets and collect prizes for the Seniors' Card Party we were invited to sell candy. The money we made helped a great deal to swell the profits.

This, our Junior year (with a welcome addition to our class, of Dorothy Lewis, Elsie Carmody, and Phyllis Howard), and under our most honored and re-elected president, Margaret Fitzgerald, has been our best and our happiest year at Saint Joseph's. For we were not concerned with the minor affairs of the Freshmen, nor are we yet worried with the great responsibilities of the Seniors. So, with the exception of the demands made by our studies, we have been care-free and able to enjoy school-life to the utmost.

Probably the greatest thing our class has "put over" this year was the dancing party we gave in honor of the Seniors. We had the Tuesday Clubhouse and we hope that everyone will remember it as one of the most enjoyable evenings of their lives.

Next year we come back as Seniors, but we will always cherish memories of the year spent as JOLLY JUNIORS.

Ferdinand Lannon
Margaret Williams, '27.



The Juniors

I think that I shall never see
A class as nice as we can be.
A class whose joy it is to do
All things delightful, good, and true.
A class which has a smile for all.
A class ne'er daunted by a fall.
A class which will in future time
Leave records that will live, sublime.
A school is made of many a lass,
But only Juniors make this class.

—Ferdinand Lannon, '27.



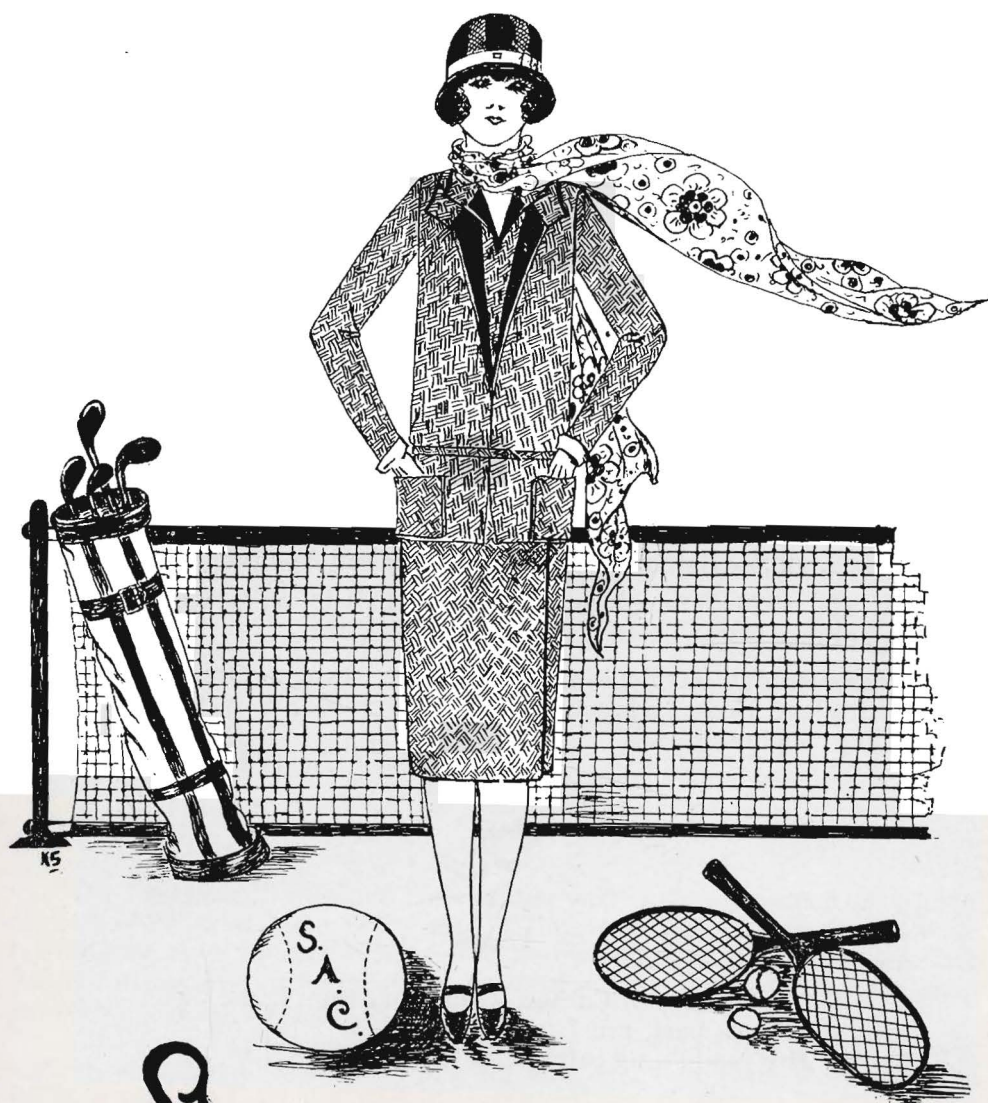
To the Seniors

To our Seniors, who are leaving us this year, we, the Juniors, wish every success that can enrich their lives; every blessing that the dear God sees will conduce to their higher good. We bid them a fond adieu and a cordial God-speed as they start out on Life's journey, and we hope to assume the responsibilities which their going casts upon us, with the same whole-heartedness and dignity with which they bore the honors and duties of Seniors of S. J. A.

Margaret Fitzgerald, '27.



Class of 1928



SOPHOMORES

Sophomore Class Officers

President.....	C. Harrigan
Vice President.....	M. Holzworth
Secretary.....	L. Donovan
Treasurer.....	M. Palmiter
Society.....	M. C. Flanagan
Athletics.....	C. Shannon

History of the Class of 1928

September 1, 1924—Entered Freshmen class S. J. A.

September 15, 1924—Freshmen class initiated and almost martyred.

September 27, 1924—Election of class President—Alice Connelly.

SOPHOMORE RECORD

August 30, 1925—Entered the race as Sophomores and started our second year work including Geometry and Caesar.

September 10, 1925—Initiated Baby Freshmen with bibs and dolls.

September 16, 1925—Elected class officers: Catherine Harrigan, President.

November 22, 1925—Took part in Musical Entertainment.

December 8, 1925—Retreat given by Rev. Father Apollonaris O. F. M.

January 15, 1926—Launching of "THE LOUD SPEAKER"—Official Sophomore Organ; Catherine Shannon, Editor.

Other events in our Sophomore year were those common to the High School Student Body. Hence my last entry above is the last about "Us Sunny Sophomores."

Beata Hobrecht, '28.



Latin

"Oh! tongue of Caesar, would that thou hadst died
In ages past, ere I, alas, aspired
Thy madd'ning intricacies to learn."

Infinitives and participles vie
With periphrastic conjugations, (My!)
Into our unreceptive heads to ply
Their woeful, sleep-disturbing misery.

Five grim deponent verbs do stimulate
Forgetfulness of those which dative take;
And how can we our credits ever make
In purpose clauses! (Dark alas! our fate.)

No wonder bobbed locks ruffled do become
When gerund and gerundive swell our fun!
Ah, soon or late we girls will sure succumb
A sacrifice to Latin martyrdom.

—Beata Hobrecht, '28.

Sophomores' Athletic Club

Among the many achievements of the Sophomore Class during the past term, the organizing of the Athletic Club stands out prominent. With the formation of the Club, real athletics were revived among the day scholars, and thanks to the untiring efforts of our manager, Catherine Shannon, we succeeded in enthusing the girls.

At the first meeting were elected Clare Drysdale, secretary, and Doris Davy, treasurer, to assist the manager. Frequent meetings were held, the chief business during the first few weeks being to make arrangements to have the basket ball court rolled and chalked. This was soon accomplished and from that time on regular practise games were enjoyed during each noon hour. As spring came on, we grew bold to challenge the boarders' team.

During the practise games with the boarders, we found many weak points in our team, but our courage being greater than our abilities, we accepted the challenge of our opponents for a "Big Game" just before the Easter vacation. Need I say more?—Yes, we were defeated; but every "man of us" feels that we have done well in making a start; and we hope, in our Junior year, by perseveringly continuing our practice, to finally succeed in carrying off the honors from those apparently unconquerable boarders.

Catherine Harrigan, '28.



Basket Ball

The basket ball seasoned opened this year upon a number of "Sunny Sophomores" who were ready and willing to work. They began their training at once upon the improved court provided by the Sophomore Athletic Club, and although there was no outside competition, two good games were played against the Boarders.

Luck was against us however, and they captured the laurels. Their victory was due to their fast playing and excellent team-work attained by long practice.

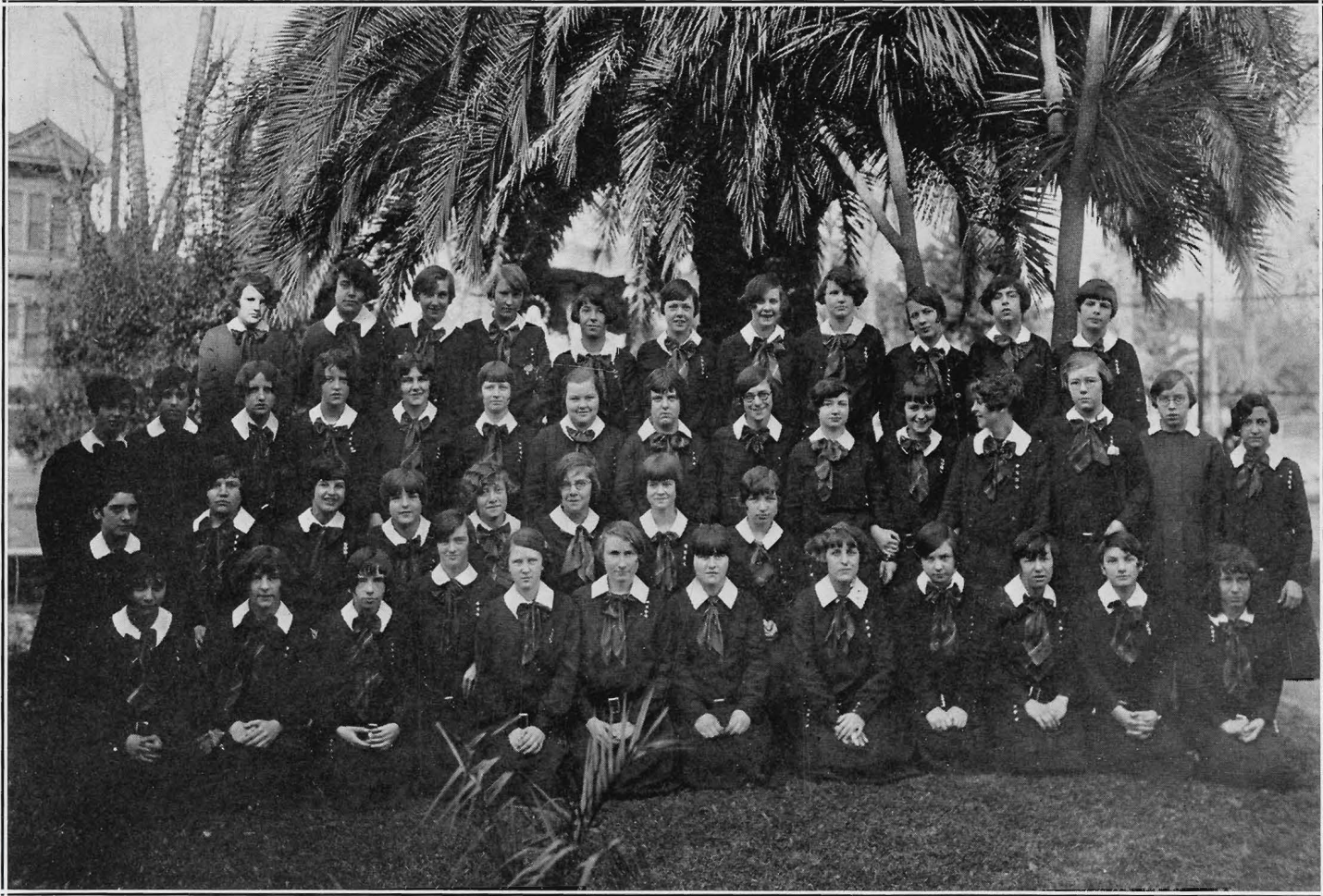
The final whistle found the respective scores of the respective games 15—39 and 34—41.

In previous years the Boarders alone upheld the athletic activities of the school, but this year the Sophomores have gone to work in earnest, and have shown exceptional ability. With the experience gained this year, they expect with persevering practice "to conquer worlds" in the coming season.

Catherine Shannon, '28.



Resourcefulness is at the root of all great successes, spiritual and material.—The Monitor.



Class of 1929



Freshmen Class Officers

President	H. Brown
Vice President	M. McLoughlin
Secretary	M. Ryan
Treasurer	R. Bennettini
Society	C. Caelly
Athletics	I. Anderson

Class History—Class '29.

On a never-to-be-forgotten day in September, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Five we "little ones" entered St. Joseph Academy. We were as green as the shamrocks of Ireland and as scared as the "babes in the woods." We were a trifle ill at ease because no one appeared to think us as big as we thought we were. Having lived through the Freshmen hazing, in which the cruel, hard-hearted Sophomores fed us poor unsuspecting, innocent Freshmen, castor-oil sandwiches, raw-mush sundaes and vaseline salads, we were treated to ice cream, cake and candy. Then began our career. We were soon recognized as the most brilliant and talented Freshmen that ever walked the floors of S. J. A. Class elections were held and Helen Brown was elected class president.

Our shyness soon wore off. We now take active part in all the Student-body activities. We furnished the best (so we think) players for Saint Cecelia's Musical; we sold the most candy and furnished the best prizes for the Seniors' Card Party. We are also **consulted** on all **important** matters such as raffles and candy sales.

I think that I may truthfully say that this year has been a very happy and profitable one for all, and as we look back on the year that has passed, though we look forward with no small enthusiasm as to the record we hope to make in the years that are to come, we feel that we would like to be remembered as The Frolicking Freshmen.

—Claire Caelley, '29.



A Child's Prayer To Our Lady

Dear Lady, my mother,
Oh! please be a guide
To myself and my brother;
In our wee hearts abide
For aye, Mother dear.

When my end's drawing nearer,
And my life's close must come,
I'll hold thy name dearer,
And that of thy Son.
Keep me, Mother dear.

I then will behold thee
In the haven of rest;
The beauty I'll see
Of thy Son, and thee blest.
Most sweet Mother dear.

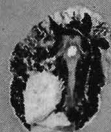
—Helen Braun, '29.



Louise



Digging
The Foundations of
Knowledge



Eleanor



Still Life



MURDER !!!



Suzanne and Helen



NOON LIFE AT S.J.A.



Puzzle—Find the
Duck?



Mary likes a
rosy apple.



Cherubs



Whose Lizzie ???



Home Gardening

"Echoes" Staff

Editor.....	Josephine Coyle
Associate Editor.....	Josephine Brady
Business Manager.....	Cecilia Early
Literary Department.....	Gertrude Estell
Department of Music.....	Eleanor McEwen
Art.....	Katherine Small
Social.....	Marion Van Velzer
Photographs.....	Elizabeth Kelly
Athletics.....	Margaret Phillips
Jokes.....	Eunice Palm
Alumnae.....	Josephine Welch

Education

The aim of every school is the imparting of knowledge, the training of the human mind in the ability to acquire knowledge, the training of the senses, therefore, as the medium through which knowledge reaches the human mind, training in language, spoken and written, by which the thoughts of others are imparted to us or we express our own thoughts.

"The imparting of knowledge"—knowledge of God's beautiful world about us, and knowledge of the God who made this beautiful world—such is the aim of the Catholic School. It is to instill God into the hearts of the children so that the thought of Him as their best Friend will always be part of their everyday life—at home, in school, and even in play time, as well as in Church. Thus they learn to realize that they were not created merely for this life, its pleasures, and its honors; that they are here to do the special work God planned for them, and to do it in the way pointed out by their Catholic Faith. Throughout the years, from kindergarten to graduation day this is kept in view.

The aim of the Catholic Academy is to impart a thorough education in secular studies, such as are followed in any High School, and at the same time to instill into the hearts of the students a knowledge of God and of the moral law, that their lives may be directed according to principles in harmony with the Divine plan.

It aims to impart principles of self-control and self-discipline; to substitute for the habit of drifting with life the right directing of life; to safeguard the student against mistaken direction of purpose, effort and spirit. It aims to give them social and spiritual power beyond their own personal needs; to teach them to so interpret their future obligations, that they may contribute generously through influence, example, and service to the upbuilding of the Kingdom of Christ in the heart of humanity.

For all this it will be evident that the guiding spirit of the Catholic educational institution is in constant contradiction to the atheistic trend of the teaching in but too many of the secondary schools and colleges in which the youth of our country are being educated.

God, Our Country, The Family, Society,—a four-fold claim on our loyalty, on our service: such is the teaching in every Catholic School. Hence the graduate of such school should be an ideal Christian and an ideal citizen.

The Catholic Academy aims to apply the dictates of Christian judgment to the valuations to be placed upon the principles guiding human endeavor, and upon the delights that allure human hearts. It thus aims to make the student a true and efficient promoter of the harmony of the Divine life, each in her own particular sphere.

Josephine Coyle, '26.



Josephine Brady
Margaret Phillips
Cecilia Early
Katherine Small

Eleanor McEwen
Josephine Coyle
Elizabeth Kelley

Gertrude Estell
Eunice Palm
Marion Van Velzer
Josephine Welch

COMMERCIAL CLASS



Helen Culbertson—

She's famous for her typing,
And known for shorthand too.
Always ready with a helping hand;
A friend in need when you are blue.

Ena Davey—

Her hair is beautiful, long and black,
She wouldn't "bob" it—refused with
tact.
She is our editor, and no wonder
Our book will go like a clap of
thunder.

Theodora De Witt—

Her thoughts of the future are always
bright,
Her work in the present a quiet
delight;
No wonder we're sure that some day
she'll be
On the topmost bough of our honor
tree.

Catherine Flynn—

In from high school to us did come,
We knew at once she wasn't dumb;
She passed her exams, and knew her
quizzes,
And now is ready to go into business.

Mary Holdener—

About shorthand, this maid need not
worry,
In P. M. to school she need not scurry.
Cuts a keen stencil upon a sheet,
Typing envelopes she can't be beat.

Freda Husing—

With life, laughter, and song
She makes us gay the whole day long.
At the lodge, she'll serve you with
a smile;
That's why we linger there awhile.





Amy Lou Jackson—

Hair as black as a raven's wing,
 Cheeks as red as a rose,
 Sweeter than the birds of Spring,—
 'Tis the girl in the picture, everyone
 knows.

Maybelle Le Sar—

Now here is one of the best of pals,
 Who is the vice-president of us gals,
 When not on time to say "Hello"
 We know full well just why 'tis so.

Anna McBride—

A pleasant girl with a ready wit;
 She knows her work and does her
 bit,
 To make her future full of successes,
 With all the talents she possesses.

Frances McDermott—

A pleasant girl with her deep blue
 eyes,
 Always so wistful and yet so wise,
 She knew her shorthand and typing
 too,
 And now is willing to bid them adieu.

Doris Messner—

Now gaze upon our President fair;
 She did her work with a lofty air;
 She managed all our little troubles
 And made them float like magic
 bubbles.

Catherine Murphy—

A little bit of laughter,
 A very charming smile,
 A friend to all who know her,—
 A girl that is worth while.

Mary Ostoja—

She is so quiet and yet so bright,
She does her work with great delight.
Courteous and sunny, and ready to
do
Anything that you may ask her to.

Ethel Silvey—

A maid so quiet and demure,
She was the pride of all who knew
her.
She'd write shorthand from morn till
night,—
In typing as successful, quite.

Annabelle Steele—

The multigraph and "mimmy" she
can run,
And though it's hard, she thought it
only fun.
And so was typing,—yes, and short-
hand, so—
Into an office gayly now she'll go.

Philomena Taylor—

She is our joke editor,
Busy as a bee;
Shorthand and typing she does well,
Prompt as you can see.

Dorothy Twohig—

With capabilities always to win,
She'll bring to a close what she'll
begin;
As Private Secretary to some big man,
Dorothy, certes will work out his
plan.



JUST A WORD FROM THE CLASS

We, the Commercial Class of '26, wish to offer our congratulations to our fellow-classmate, Ethel Silvey, the winner of the Alumnae Medal, as a token of her excellent scholarship in her three years' course at Saint Joseph Academy.

Day after day, year after year, we have watched you conquer the trivial hardships which at the time loomed big, on the road to success, Ethel, and we rejoice in the conviction, that you will always be a success. So we wish to add our bit to the many congratulations you will receive from your other friends. Our best wishes will be with you always.

—The Class of '26.

Senior Commercial Class History

"Good afternoon," came the voice of a young woman dressed in the white uniform of a nurse, as she stood at the bedside of a little girl of about ten or twelve years of age.

"Good afternoon," came a rather sullen voice from the bed. "What did you come in here for?"

"To see how you feel today. How do you feel, Doris?"

"Oh, just about the same, but I do wish you would tell me a story. Do you know any stories—any good stories, I mean?"

"Well, I am not very good at telling stories, but I will do the best I can. I will tell you about my school days at Saint Joseph Academy, I think."

"Oh, I'd like that."

"When I was fifteen years of age, I with a crowd of other happy girls entered the Commercial Department of S. J. A. We were there to learn the ways of the business world. Day after day we practiced shorthand and typing and bookkeeping. We became one of the most ambitious Senior classes you have ever heard of.

"One day in the first week of school our class had a Student Body meeting, and held an election to see who should lead us to glory through that great year. You may know some of the girls of our class; your Mother knows them all well, I think.

"We elected Doris Messner, president; Maybelle Le Sar, vice-president; Frances McDermott, secretary; Helen Culbertson, athletic manager; Amy Lou Jackson, social manager; and Ena Davey, editor. With these girls as leaders and the whole class working together, we made, in our opinion, one tremendous success of the year.

"Work was not the only thing this wonderful class thought of either, for we also liked to plan good times as the Seniors before us had done. We had several school parties with "eats and jelly" and everything good, and we took our part in all the "school activities" as we loved grandly to call them. But then, dear, with the good times and fun we thought of the other side of life, of the poor and afflicted, and so at Thanksgiving and Christmas time we did our best to provide them with cheer and happiness, too, filling great baskets with good things for several families.

"Then what fun we had one day just before Christmas vacation, when we had a Christmas Tree Gathering in our own department, with a beautiful tree decorated with joke-presents and mysterious bundles! What a jolly time we had opening them!

"Then came the closing of school for the holidays, and not many of us met until the day for the reopening, and we were all eager to come back.

"The first thing we did after settling down to business was to hold a meeting to discuss the "pins" which were to show what distinguished persons we were. Then we planned a dance and a series of parties.

"I have forgotten to tell you what exciting times we had on our various "drives"—no, not automobile drives. They were known under various names, one week it would be a "A Paper Drive," another a "Cleaning Drive," "A Shorthand Drive," "A Drive On Word-Signs," or "A Typing Drive." How school girls love variety! It carries them

through quite a lot of drudgery in a playful way—so lightening the labor.”

This little girl had become all eyes and ears. So carried away was she that she forgot to complain because her mother could not come out to the hospital that day. She was getting materials for her dreams about her own high school days.

“One day,” continued nurse, “We knew that Spring had arrived, because the girls felt they must have an outing. The rains were all gone, the gardens full of flowers, the birds all singing;—you know the feeling a girl gets when she wants to absent herself from class and just can’t. Our class, although they were wonders, began to get this queer feeling, and so we began talking about the annual picnic. It came off in time, and the teachers went, too! My, what fun we had!” “Yes,” in answer to the little girl’s inquiry, “we drove miles and miles up country to a beautiful grove where we bathed and boated and played ball and other games, and lunched and ‘hiked’—all to our hearts content.

“Yes,” in answer to another inquiry. “There’s a lovely lake there, surrounded by tall pines; and tables, benches, and a dancing platform, everything ready for a picnic.

“Summer months came soon and our class was getting a bit nervous as we knew that the final Exams were coming, and that it would not be long before we would have to take our place in the world without our school-mates and teachers.

“Examinations came along, and, of course, we all ‘passed’ creditably, and then came the best of all, Graduation Day. I remember it yet as one of the happiest, yet saddest days of the great year. There were great doings, of course, music and singing, the giving of honors, our parents happy as could be, and our Bishop giving us our Medals and diplomas. Afterward congratulations of the Sisters and the girls—and then the good-bye’s.

“Now we are scattered all over California, happy, I hope, and doing good work. You see by this story, Doris, what an ambitious class this was, and how enthusiastic its members were. Now, Doris, go to sleep, and perhaps some day you will be a Senior in Saint Joseph Academy Commercial Department.

Frances McDermott '26.



Ambition is a spirit in the world
That causes all the ebbs and flows of nations,
Keeps mankind sweet by action; without that
The world would be a lifeless, settled mud.

—Crown.

Commercial Class Will

We, the Commercial Graduates of the Class of 1926, of Saint Joseph Academy, City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, State of California, United States of America, being of sound mind and memory, mindful of the uncertainty of this frail and transitory life, and not being influenced by any person or persons, do make, publish, and declare this our last WILL and TESTAMENT, thereby bequeathing to our beloved teachers and other beneficiaries whom we are leaving behind in this busy class room, the following:

To our devoted class teacher, we give and bequeath all the books which shall be found in the press after our departure from the said school.

To our typing teacher, we will our soundless typewriters and vacant chairs.

Individually, we give and bequeath as follows:

I, Doris Messner, will my dancing partner to Tillie Saner.

I, Mary Ostoja, will the tips of my fingers to a tyro typist.

I, Freda Husing, will my Charleston "notes" to Rita Scott.

I, Frances McDermott, will my knowledge of Bookkeeping to a needy Freshman.

I, Dorothy Twohig, will my "card system" to a clever Senior.

I, Catherine Murphy, will all the balances appearing in my ledger to the class fund.

I, Catherine Flynn, will my speed in Typewriting to Olive Bradley.

I, Helen Culbertson, will my cut stencils to Velma Murphy.

I, Annabelle Steele, will my wavy locks to Frances Cleary.

I, Ena Davey, will my position as "Editor" to an aspiring Senior, of class of 1927.

I, Ethel Silvey, will my independence to the Liberty Bell.

I, Philomena Taylor, will my Irish blarney to Cosyra Guidotti.

I, Theodora DeWitt, will my calm exterior to Velma Murphy.

I, Mary Holdener, will my art of mimicry to Vera Kennedy.

I, Maybelle Le Sar, will a pair of my much admired hose to Madeline Clark.

I, Amy Lou Jackson, will my decorum in class to Velda Barger.

I, Anne McBride, will all my "original" jokes to Catherine Martin.

Duly read, accepted, and signed, without a murmur of disapproval by us, the Commercialites, who are fast approaching the inevitable end.

SSSSS eventeen

S unny

SSSSS eniors

S igned and

SSSSS ealed.

Ethel Silvey, '26.



Teddy and Hank



Paddling her own



Favorite Pastime



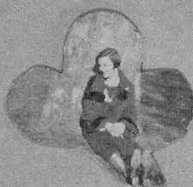
Olive



It won't be long now



Top of the world



Lonesome



60 per



Four Horsemen



Behind the bars



Light Brigade



Thanks for the
buggy ride

Class Prophecy

The hills were covered with purple shadows and the birds were twittering in sleepy tones among the pine trees when I came to Theodora DeWitt's great ranch in Denver. Her beautiful domain showed that she had prospered since I left her on that great night, the night of Our Graduation.

She met me on the porch, and in a voice as casual as if we met everyday of our lives she said, "Goodness! if it isn't Dorothy." While I, a supposedly grave, self-possessed Hospital Superintendent, flustered and excited, stammered my greetings, till it is a wonder that Theodora didn't send me back to the city. But I soon forgot my embarrassment in talking about our old schoolmates. Theodora lost the aristocratic airs that had at first disturbed me, as she talked about the ranch and her interest in all concerning it; of her success in making the wives and families of her farm hands happy; she then told me the latest news of some of our old schoolmates.

"Yes, and I must tell you I received a letter from Anna McBride yesterday,—the first one for years. She is employed by some big bank president in New York, and all she does is transcribe notes,—just what she wanted to do in school. And she had "My Word" written in that letter about five times; so I guess she is the same old 'Mac' of our school days.

"Did you hear that Doris Messner was married last spring to a great lawyer in San Francisco? She was the most popular girl in town. Catherine Flynn had a long column written about her in her magazine, and one paragraph read: 'When Miss Messner was asked how many times she was engaged she replied, blithely, I can't count 'em.' I suppose you have seen Catherine Flynn's magazine. I get mine every month for I couldn't miss her fashion page.

"Can you imagine Ena Davey as a dancer? She is on a tour in Europe, crowding houses and making no end of money,—and everybody just loves her. I'd never heard a word about Frances McDermott or Philomena Taylor until the other day, when I read in a paper that Philomena has a large Ford repair-shop. She was out trying to get a Ford started. After it had stopped dead before a hydrant, she was arrested and brought before Judge Frances McDermott. Goodness! but I laughed, Dorothy, when I read that. After the Judge and her culprit had talked and laughed for a while, Judge 'Hank' let 'Phil' go, on a promise that she would start the Fords in her shop, and not on the street. Phil laughed and said, 'All right, Judge, but you won't be surprised if I'm brought here again on the same charge.'"

Theodore and I laughed until the tears came. When Theodora got her breath she continued, "I have never heard a word from the rest of the girls." I wiped my tears away, and told her that if she 'wouldn't talk so much,' (you remember that was my old jest), 'and give me a chance,' she would hear about the rest. She laughed gaily and I began.

"Remember Maybelle LeSar? Well she is a saleswoman for a Chevrolet Car Co. and she can surely sell them. She nearly sold me one. When anyone asks her if they are a good selling car she says, 'You'd be surprised!' Isn't that herself?"

"Ethel Silvey is secretary to the president of a Typewriter Manufacturing Co. Her 'life's work,' she used to call it. And Mary Ostoja, of all girls,—is the Editor of a Joke Book. It certainly is good; she has one page under the name of 'Search Me,' her favorite expression.

"Mary Holdener never left Saint Joseph Academy. She is the cooking teacher, and everybody says she can't be surpassed. Annabelle Steele married a college professor, and is now a happy housekeeper.

"So we've reviewed the lives of all our classmates, Theodora, and they have all been doing well since the days of Auld Lang Syne, including ourselves, thanks be!"

The moon had just peeped over the crest of the hills. It threw a silvery shadow over the land, and cast a dreamy spell over us. We sat in silence for some time. Then Theodora roused me with "I wonder if the other girls are thinking about us! Just six years ago tonight we parted, each going her different way to find happiness."

Dorothy Twohig, '26



The Commercial Department

The Commercial Department continues to grow, it keeps pace with improved methods and improved equipments.

This year a new Mimeograph has been acquired by the Department,—a great help in getting work out quickly. The "Loud Speaker" can testify to that.

A Filing Cabinet, too, the gift of some past graduates, was installed in our class-room after the Christmas vacation. Lastly, the appearance of a fine new office desk for Sister delighted us all.

All these improvements have aided in making this a most successful year.

M. Le Sar, '26.



STENOGRAPHERS' EPIGRAMS

Experience develops a stenographer but never makes one.

The Stenographer who is careless in little things generally fails in the big ones.

The rapid stenographer who cannot read her notes is like a racing automobile out of gasoline.

A fair stenographer who listens attentively is generally more satisfactory than a good stenographer who is inattentive.

A small salary with a satisfied employer is better than a big salary and a lost position.

—Ena Davey, '26.

Commercial Staff

Editor.....	Ena Davey
Associate Editor.....	Ethel Silvey
Business Managers.....	Mary Ostoja, Maybelle Le Sar
Alumnae.....	Doris Messner
Artist.....	Catherine Flynn
Photographs.....	Annabelle Steele
Jokes.....	Philomena Taylor
Snapshots.....	Anna McBride

We are planning to enter the ranks of business. Are we equipped with the prime essential, TRUTH? Those who are, will succeed, those who are not BEWARE!

The St. Joseph Academy stands for honor and simplicity. Honor is the most important asset in business today. No special praise is awarded to it; it is expected.

Upon each one of us lies the responsibility of upholding the Academy's good name. The Convent demands that her commercial alumnae raise business standards. Our diploma is our commission. Are we worthy of the trust imposed by it?

Meet the world with a smile, girls; smile into the face of the world and a smile comes back. Render good service to others and good service is returned to you. Show a spirit of helpfulness, and that spirit will surely bring back to you aid of a like kind. Think good thoughts of others, and the same good thoughts will be entertained of you.

The world is a great mirror which reflects quite truly the thoughts, acts, and ambitions of every individual. Let no one cloud her vision, poison her mind and dwarf her soul with the false imagination that the world is not giving her a square deal. The only way to avoid getting a square deal from the world is by not giving the world a square deal yourself. Give the best that is in you, and you need not worry about success.

For the best and biggest women of all times have been self-made women, most of whom started out with what the world would call a poor chance. Their chances were no worse and no better than those which surround individual women today. Self-made means self-help and self-help means, first of all, the true spirit of service and helpfulness to others.

The world is a great store house from which we can take out no more than we put in. We get in returns, in proportion to what we give in service. It is the universal law of life.

It is said that foresight is the steering wheel to guide us aright in our words and actions, the speed throttle and brakelever which enables us to move ahead with dispatch and due safety. It is the mental calculation of cause and effect with respect to the seconds, minutes, hours, days, and years through which we are steadily passing.

Contemplating cause and effect sharpens foresight, and the constant exercise of foresight in our work will eliminate many of the "ifs" that are so easily detected by after-sight.

Foresight is the future tense of good judgment applied to present actions, which minimizes the regrets in our retrospect of the past, and promotes success in life.

—Ena Davey, '26.



Doris Messner
Philomena Taylor
Ethel Silvey

Catherine Flynn
Maybelle Le Sar
Anna McBride

Annabelle Steele
Ena Davey
Mary Ostoja



Junior Commercial Class

Commercial Alumnae—1926

Of those who are in the business world
In Sacramento to-day,
I take off my hat with pleasure to
The Alumnae of S. J. A.

We are proud of you, Commercial graduates of S. J. A., proud of you, everyone; you are an asset to the business men and women of Sacramento and other cities. But with us your greatest credit lies in the reputation you have made for Saint Joseph Academy Commercial.

Following is our Information List, compiled through answers to letters of inquiry:

Miss Edna Shaplin has the honor of working in the office of the Adjutant General of the State of California.

Those who are in the employ of Attorneys-at-Law realize there is something in being an S. J. A. Commercial graduate. These are Miss Lila Rogers, Miss Ida Ambrosini and Miss Isabelle McKenzie.

Miss Marie Saner has a "light" job in the office of Hobrecht's Electrical Company.

Miss Eleanor Wagner, the winner of the Commercial Alumnae medal for 1925, is now working for the California State Life Insurance Company.

Miss Kitty Flynn has a position with the Bank of Italy. Which is the luckier, Kitty or the bank?

McLaughlin Sheet & Metal Works has found two "gems" in Miss Corrine Chargin and Miss Beatrice Riley.

Kirk, Geary & Company come in for their share of S. J. A. treasures too. Miss Margie Mott and Miss Gertrude Taylor represent us there.

Because of her success in putting the right man or woman in the right place, Miss Mary Inderbitzen is assisting other people to find positions through the Sacramento Placement Bureau.

Mrs. J. B. Cusack nee Blanch Fuller had set a record at the Pacific Coast Auto Underwriters, San Francisco, which her successor found hard to excel.

The Natomas Company has acquired the services of a very capable graduate, Miss Elizabeth Heinzer.

Miss Ann Callahan is bookkeeping at the California Meat Market.

Miss Norma Guidotti is bookkeeping in Orland for Macy's Grocery Company.

Miss Angie Muheim is holding a very creditable position with the Pacific Finance Corporation. Miss Ada Braun holds a position with the same company in San Francisco.

Miss Antoinette Valerio is working for the Electrical Supply Company, Sacramento.

The Misses Gertrude Beeler and Agnes Roth represent us in the offices of the Pacific Gas & Electric Co.

We also have our young women taking care of the insurance part of life. They are Miss Alice Duffy, Wright & Kimbrough, and Mrs. R. Lucas nee Loretto Burke, Nathan & Michael Co.; Mrs. W. E. Waite nee Mary

Flynn, Carmichael Co. Before her marriage Mrs. L. E. Cannon nee Edna Wilkinson held a position with the Heilbron Realty Company of this city.

Mrs. M. Miller nee Mabel Ayres is working diligently in the Sacramento Chapter of the American Red Cross.

Miss Margaret Morgan, Treasurer of our Alumnae, is a graduate of U. C. and a successful teacher in the local High School.

Miss Evelyn Armes, another literary and commercial graduate of S. J. A., is in her teaching year in the University of California, and will soon be on its list of successful Mathematics and Language teachers.

Mrs. E. Bittencourt nee Hilda Brown formerly worked for the Pioneer Fruit Company of this city. Miss Mezeliah Meredith is at present working for the Pacific Fruit Exchange while Catherine De Bons is employed by the same company in San Francisco.

We even have to pay our taxes to two of our Commercial graduates: Miss Lucille Murphy and Miss Flora Lee hold positions at the County Tax Collector's office.

The Southern Pacific is familiar with some of our busy young women. Miss Genevieve Rickard and Miss Ethel Readman, are at present connected with that company, while Mrs. H. S. Mathews nee Eleanor Pendergast and Mrs. Harry Strader nee Eva Rickard were also formerly connected with that company.

One of the recent assets to Bond, Goodwin & Tucker Co. of San Francisco, is Miss Mildred Montaldo.

The Pacific Telephone Company would be at a loss without some of our graduates. Miss Mary McMahon, Miss Frances Butters, Miss Mary McGillicudy, Miss Catherine Harlow and Miss Frances Lawrence have positions there at present. Mrs. T. Bunker nee Teresa Carbine, and Mrs. E. French nee Gladys Hogan were former employees.

Miss Maureen Taylor seems to have picked the job of jobs. She is working for the District Attorney.

It seems as though the "Motor Vehicle" has taken a liking to our late graduates. Those employed there now are: Misses Ann Benning, Rose Furrer, Angie Pitts, Ethel Bittencourt, Adeline Silvers and Mrs. Manuel Silvera nee Olive Perry. Among the earlier graduates in the same employ are: Misses Helen Reshke, Theresa Bernegg, and Freda Bernegg.

Two of the young brides of the season are Mrs. Frank Carroll nee Marie Nealis and Mrs. Lloyd Ricker nee Margaret Roddy. They have given up their positions for a higher one in housekeeping. Congratulations!

Miss Nell Sheehan, after many years with the Farmers & Mechanics Bank of this city, moved to Santa Rosa where she is now working for the Valley Tobacco Company.

Mrs. O. L. Woodson nee Lucille La Brie, before her marriage worked for the State Board of Medical Examiners.

When you build that new home, don't forget to go to Friend & Terry about it. Miss Mary Triboli will give you good measure.

Miss Loretto McKenzie's services are indispensable to the Standard Oil Company. Miss Lillian Strauch has been with the Super-Service Station for the past eight years.

Mrs. J. Daigle nee Emma Augustine is bookkeeper for the Mater Misericordiae Hospital.

Miss Caroline Emberly is the efficient bookkeeper for the Sacramento Laundry.

Another of our graduates working for a fruit company is Miss Martha Karle who is in the employ of the California Deciduous Fruit Company.

Miss Lena Bernadotti is working for the Mortgage Discount Company, California State Life Building.

Some of our ladies at home are, Miss Alice Beckwith, Miss Teresa Meyer, Miss Ruth Knedel and Miss Ida Varanini.

Last but not least are the pride of our department—Sister M. Elizabeth nee Mabel Martin, Carmelite Convent, Los Angeles, Sister M. Paul nee Mary Ellen Norton, Saint Joseph Academy, Sister M. Evangelist nee Louise Morgan, Saint Joseph Academy.

Some of the graduates from whom we hear occasionally are:

SACRAMENTO—Mrs. Wm. Keating nee Vern Frances, Mrs. Z. Pollock nee Zeta Phelan, Mrs. Mary Taunt nee Mary Mattice, Mrs. J. J. Coyle nee Florence McGovern, Mrs. Helen Becker nee Helen Flanagan, Mrs. Stephen Rooney nee Manona Burns, Mrs. E. Walner nee Oca Burns, Mrs. H. L. Winter nee Mary Freeze, Mrs. C. E. Cassell nee Esther Twobig, Mrs. R. Johnson nee Venus Meredith, Mrs. Elmer Garcia nee La Vanche Howsley, Mrs. M. Sheldon nee Mertis Becker, Mrs. R. Carlson nee Ruth Glacken, Mrs. R. Higbie nee Adeline Soto, Mrs. J. G. Minore nee Agnes Emberly, Mrs. Earl Bruce nee Ruth Geiger, Mrs. J. Hayes nee Julia O'Brien, Mrs. O. Novotny nee Fern Smith, Mrs. Leo O'Brien nee Alice La Vallee, Miss Geraldine Genshlea, Miss Cunislave Jurich, Miss Marion Green, Miss Rose McTaggart, Miss Teresa Neeley, Miss Honora Lindner, Miss Kathryn Pickett, Miss Gladys Kirchofer, Miss Edna Fuller, Miss Beatrice Taite, Miss Gertrude Oswald, Miss Mary Ortiz, Miss Teresa Akin, Miss Annie Del Nero, Miss Corrine Miller, Mrs. Grace Smith nee Grace Hoey, Mrs. W. Petti nee Miss Evelyn Costa, Mrs. Paul Murphy nee Loretta McHugh, Mrs. H. S. Ward nee May Harris.

AUBURN—Mrs. J. Brady nee Frances Morgan.

SAN FRANCISCO—Mrs. P. R. Morgan nee Lola Meredith, Mrs. B. H. McClelland nee Annie Alexander, Miss Edith Meyers, Miss Eloise Morse, Miss Felice Sieman, Miss Inez Silva.

STOCKTON—Mrs. Charles H. Vance nee Alice Pennish, Mrs. Kenneth McPherson nee Gladys Golladay.

NEW YORK—Miss Evelyn Fox.

HONOLULU—Mrs. Fletcher Desmond nee Margaret McGuire.

NEVADA—Mrs. Earl Hawkins nee Lena Neilson.

FOLSOM—Miss Frances Foley, Miss Margaret Carbine.

COLFAX—Mrs. G. Kurtz nee Graces Armes.

Doris Messner, '26.





Over the Top



Ray of Sunshine



Her Hobby



Smiles



V. Phil R.



Helen



Gathering Posies



Diamond trio



Ukelele Lady



Going in Mary?



Rowing



Smile a while



Get busy

Calendar

AUGUST 28: Entrance day and registration of classes.

SEPTEMBER:

Class and Student Body elections held:—Eleanor McEwen elected President of Student Body.
Our Lady's Birthday.
Rev. Father McHugh began course of lectures for 1925-1926.
Freshmen Reception and Garden Party.
Feast of Our Lady of Mercy.

OCTOBER:

Feast of Guardian Angels—Foundation Day.
"Old Ironsides Week" celebration.
Mr. Peart addressed the Student Body.
Welcome Home reception to the Right Rev. Bishop Keane.
Holiday proclaimed in honor of our Bishop.
Columbus Day.
Alumnae Banquet.
Students attended Ceremony of Investiture of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Horgan in Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament.
Hallowe'en—Goblins and Witches celebrate.

NOVEMBER:

Feast of All Saints.
Saint Cecelia Club Recital.
First Quarterly Examinations—Blue Books.
Thanksgiving.
Dance of the V. V. V. (Boarders) Club.

DECEMBER:

Feast of the Immaculate Conception.
Students' Retreat conducted by the Rev. Fr. Apollonaris, O. F. M.
Anniversary of Profession of Mother Catherine McAuley, Foundress of the Order of Sisters of Mercy.
Home for the Holidays—Merry Christmas.

JANUARY:

Feast of Epiphany—Senior Class attended Religious Profession in Convent Chapel.
Election of "Echoes" staff. Josephine Coyle, Editor.
First Edition of "Loud Speaker"—official organ of Sophomores.
Basketball teams organized.
Second Quarterly Examinations—More Blue Books.
Senior Card Party.
Boarders' Dansant.
Rev. Fr. McHugh devised ways and means to enable us to catch and to keep the pearls of wisdom that fall from his lips.

FEBRUARY:

New Semester begins—Right Rev. Msgr. Horgan addressed the Student Body.
Feast of our Lady's Purification.
New students initiated.
New sounds from the Music Department—Orchestra started.
Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes—Processional to the Grotto.
Lincoln's Birthday.
Saint Valentine's Day—Junior Boarders' Valentine Party.
Washington's Birthday—A School Holiday.

MARCH:

"In the Shadow of the Cross."
Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, Patron of Schools.
Distinguished Visitors—Right Rev. Bishop Keane and Right Rev. Msgr. Horgan.
Feast of St. Patrick—Feast of our beloved Bishop.
Students attended High Mass in Cathedral and sang the "Missa de Angelis"—School Holiday.
The Boarders entertained,—guests of the V. V. V. Club at a "scrumptious" Banquet.
Saint Joseph's Day.
Quarterly Examinations.
Annunciation Day.
Safety Week observed—Sergeant Rible lectured to the students.
Students attended Ceremony of Confirmation at St. Joseph's Church, North Sacramento. They sang the "Veni Creator" and Benediction. An auto ride to Del Paso Park followed, where a little "surprise" awaited them.

APRIL:

Holy Week services. On Holy Thursday, and Good Friday the students were privileged to walk in the Processional before the Blessed Sacrament, chanting "Pange Lingua" and "Vexilla Regis".
Easter Sunday—Students sang the Gregorian "Missa de Angelis" in St. Joseph's and St. Stephen's Churches.
Easter Vacation.
Senior Pin Day.
Major School of the Canadian Mounted Police lectured to students.
Feast of Patronage of Saint Joseph. Breaking ground for new parish school on S. J. A. block. New High School classrooms provided in same.
Priests' Eucharistic League Convention. High School Students sang the Mass on this occasion. In the afternoon, students attended the Holy Hour, and sang Hymns and Benediction.
Eve of May—Processional to the Grotto. Our Lady crowned by Eleanor McEwen, president of Student Body.

MAY:

Lady Day—Crowning of Our Lady "Queen of May" in the Cathedral. Processional and chanting of Hymns.

Rev. Father V. Derschueren S. J. lectured to students and faculty on the Missions in India and related some of his thrilling experiences.

Lecture by Professor Anthony Blanks of the University of California on "Papini".

Professor Kany of the University of California visited the classes.

Ascension Thursday. Golden Jubilee of Sister Mary Aloysius Banks celebrated at Stanford Lathrop Home. S. J. A. students resident in S. L. H. rendered a program.

Feast of Saint John Baptist de La Salle celebrated in the Chapel of Christian Brothers' School. S. J. A. Students' Choral Club sang the Mass in the Chapel of C. B. S.

Picnic at Olympia Park.

JUNE:

Garden Fete of the Alumnae in Convent Garden.

Junior Dansant at Tuesday Club House.

Seniors' Farewell Party in Academy Grounds.

Grammar and Elementary Departments Closing.

Commencement.

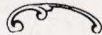
The Class of '26 attended Mass and received Holy Communion in the Convent Chapel. They breakfast in the refectory as guests of the Sisters.

Conferring of honors—Graduation.

Reception of the Class of 1926 into the Alumnae Association.

The Alumnae are the guests of the Sisters.

"Farewell."



The New School Plant on the Saint Joseph Academy Block

On the feast of the Patronage of Saint Joseph, April 22, a simple but deeply significant ceremony took place on the Saint Joseph Academy grounds, namely, the breaking ground for the Saint Joseph Parish School (of the Cathedral Parish), provision being made for housing the Saint Joseph Academy classes in the same building, until such time as sufficient funds shall be available for a district Academy plant.

The Right Reverend Monsignor T. E. Horgan, accompanied by the Rev. M. Lyons, and assisted by the various girl-presidents of the several departments removed the first earth from the foundation area. The chorus, made up of the various vocal classes, sang the Hymn to Saint Joseph—"Dear Guardian of Mary, Dear Nurse of Her Child."

Then the Right Reverend Monsignor made some brief, but felicitous remarks to the assembled pupils. The Hymn, "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name", was sung by all, and the ceremony was over.

The Bishop's Reception

One of the most memorable of our social events this year was the reception tendered by the students to our Right Reverend Bishop on his return from abroad.

On the afternoon of October 23, 1925, His Lordship, accompanied by the Right Reverend Monsignor Horgan, entered the gates of the Academy. Just within the portals were grouped the pupils of the grades. As the Bishop passed among the little ones, they artlessly expressed their joy in appropriate words of greeting. Upon his entrance into the assembly hall, Saint Cecilia's Choral Club of the high school burst forth with their song of greeting, "Thrice Welcome To-day". An address of welcome followed, then the hymn, "Ecce Sacerdos". The Bishop responded, expressing his pleasure at being among his own again, and his appreciation of the hearty welcome extended him by the students of the Academy. His Lordship then gave us a most interesting talk about his travels in various countries of Europe. Particularly interesting was the detailed account of the canonization of the "Little Flower", Saint Therese of the Child Jesus and the Holy Face, which beautiful ceremony the Bishop attended while in Rome.

At the close of the program the Bishop imparted his blessing to the kneeling students.

—Catherine Shannon, '28.



The Right Reverend Monsignor Horgan, V. G.

There has not been a time in our high school life, ever since we, the graduating class of June, 1926, entered Saint Joseph's, that we can remember when the Right Reverend Monsignor Horgan, V. G., has not been connected in some way with our beloved school.

At first he was our dear Reverend Father Horgan, the kindly influence of whose guiding hand was ever felt amongst us. A little over a year ago we saw added to his name "V. G."—two more letters for the printer to record in our *Echoes'* pages, much to our satisfaction. And during this last year of our student life at St. Joseph's there has been prefixed to his name "Right Reverend Monsignor." It is with the pride of loved and loving children that we rejoice for this title of nobility given by Almighty God's Vicar to one of His faithful ministers. Long may he be spared to guide us, our Father and our friend.

Josephine Coyle, '26.



The aim of art is to give pleasure. Among the arts Music holds a unique place, in that it alone can thrill the human heart, perforce, into correspondence with the best that is within it, with the best that is without it. Music has been styled "the divine art", and how fitly. More than any other art it can lift the soul of man into touch with the divine. It has an intrinsic humanizing influence; it can raise the heart to heights of spiritual insight, and it can imbue it with an uplifting sense of all that is elevating in nature. It can express emotions which words fail to express. It is the untrammelled voice of the soul. It can move to tears and to laughter, to disloyalty, or to patriotic fervor. It can excite to warlike emotions by martial strains, and it can in a moment soothe it to calm by a tender lullaby. It can rouse from abasement of soul to enthusiasm for the highest ideals. Weird and plaintive melodies conjure up corresponding scenes; sublime and powerful chords conduce to philosophical reflections; triumphant strains excite in the imagination pictures of glory and conquest. Subdued and prayerful cadences melt the soul to contrition and humility in the presence of the great Creator, to thrilling hope and pleading prayer to jubilant emotions of praise and adoration.

For all, the musically unlearned as well as the artist, this is true. That man or woman is not of fully-rounded character whose soul is not touched by the "songs without words" which have come forth from the souls of those on whom has been conferred the heaven-sent gift of expressing in musical strains the soul's thoughts, to those who have ears to hear. If this be true of instrumental music in which the strings of an instrument or the slender column of air is intrusted with the artist's message to man's heart, how much more true of the art in which both music and words interpret the emotions.

The idea that music is exclusively or principally the vehicle of sentiment, that it can convey nothing to the mind but what pertains to feeling, narrows the domain and the function of the art. In two ways does music raise ideas in the mind which otherwise would not become the spontaneous center of the mental vision. In the first place it excites within us such

feelings as lead us forcibly to concentrate the mind upon a certain class of objects; secondly, it immediately represents certain thoughts.

Music is then a most important asset in education. It is as valuable a mental training as any other subject, and superior to many. It is a subject that does an educational work in itself. Students who include music in their school program have frequently been found to capture over half the school prizes. It seems not unreasonable to suppose that the mental development afforded by musical study had a share in this.

This extension of the power of music as a vehicle of thought, enhances the value of the study of music in the mind of the student, as a means of training the mind as well as the ear.

Mindful of this, at St. Joseph Academy the department of Music has always been considered an important factor in the giving of a fully rounded education to her students. Piano, organ, violin, guitar, and mandolin have always been on the list of instruments taught; and for some years past the banjo, saxophone, cornet, and cello have many students listed. The Academy now has an enthusiastic orchestra—the Cecilian Orchestra of which we have reason to be proud.

Vocal, as well as instrumental music is assiduously cultivated. The glorious Gregorian Chant of the Church, in Masses adapted to their youthful voices, has been made an integral feature in the Religion period, while the beautiful devotional hymns in general use, those to the Sacred Heart, to the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph, etc., as well as the great hymn of praise—"Holy God, We Praise Thy Name" are sung with devotion by the children of all the grades. Then there is systematic vocal training in part-singing—duets, trios, and even quartettes often finding a place on the programs.



A gift from God, the singer came
With songs of mirth and gladness,
To cheer the heart of child and man
And banish thoughts of sadness.

A grace from God, the singer came
With songs of plaintive strain,
To touch the heart of sinful man
And lead him back again.



Saint Cecilia's Day, November 22, is always observed by the members of the Cecilian Club. This year the following program was presented:

1. Song of Greeting.....C. A. White
High School Chorus
2. Paper.....Cecile Chaminade
Miss Eleanor McEwen
3. Trio Mignon.....E. Sattelmair Op. 84
The Misses D. Burke, M. Palmiter, B. Hobrecht
4. Trio—Chirping Sparrow.....F. Behr Op. 377
The Misses E. McEwen, H. Brown, L. Donovan
5. To a Wild Rose.....E. MacDowell Op. 51 No. 1
High School Chorus
6. Trio—Gaburtstags Gavotte.....F. Behr
The Misses J. Coyle, C. Flynn, E. McEwen
7. Trio—Galop Militaire.....C. Mayer Op. 177
The Misses A. Connelly, L. Herring, C. Sutter
8. Violin Solo.....C. Braga
Miss Alma Garrett
At the piano, Miss Eleanor McEwen
9. Trio—Gypsy Rondo.....J. Hayden
The Misses E. McEwen, C. Drysdale, E. Beekman
10. Violin Solo.....B. Godard
Miss Margaret Harris
At the piano, Miss Eleanor McEwen
11. Instrumental Solo.....Les Sylvains Op. 60
C. Chaminade
Miss Eleanor McEwen
12. Hymn.....Hail Holy Queen
The Seniors



Our Commencement Program Is As Follows:

1. Ave Marie.....(in three part Gregorian) Vranken
Senior Choral Class
2. Au Revoir.....Julius E. Muller
Instrumental Trio—Eighteen Performers
3. An Indian Lullaby.....(four parts) Vogt
Junior Choral Class
4. Violin Duet.....Macushla
First Violin—Miss Margaret Harris
Second Violins—Misses Phyllis Howard and Eleanor Estell
At the Piano—Miss Eleanor McEwen
5. (a) When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
b) A Little Bit of Heaven
Four Parts.....Ernest Ball
Junior Choral Class
6. Camp of Glory.....(Grand March) E. Holst
Instrumental Trio—Eighteen Performers
7. Summer Evening.....(three parts) Berger
Senior Choral Class
8. Violin Solo.....Salut d' Amour
Miss Margaret Harris
At the Piano—Miss Eleanor McEwen
9. Senior Solo.....C. Heins
Misses Eleanor McEwen, Eunice Palm, Josephine Coyle,
Dorothy Burke, Clare Drysdale, Virginia Nealis
10. Farewell.....(four parts) Gibbon
High School Chorus
At the Piano—Miss Alice Connelly

Cecile Chaminade

Cecile Chaminade, famous concert pianiste and composer, comes from a family of sailors. The much-coveted gift of hereditary talent in music is missing, but the vigor and strength of the non of the sea is obvious in her mastery of an art which has placed her to-day among the world's greatest living composers. Expressive melody accentuated by sparkling rhythms is her distinguishing characteristic. Extensive use of tone chromatics in her combinations of musical values produce novel and striking, but graceful effects, and are developed with an ability that testifies as much to her real genius as to her technical knowledge.

This talented pianiste was born August 8, 1861. From an early age she showed signs of rare musical precocity and ability, and in her eighth year she composed sacred music which won the commendation of Bizet, who prophesied a brilliant future for her. She studied under Le Couppey, Savart, Marsick and Benjamin Godard.

All of these Masters showed the greatest interest in the promising talent of their clever pupil. She made her debut as a soloist in concerts in various European capitals and in the provinces, and in 1908 made a successful tour of the United States.

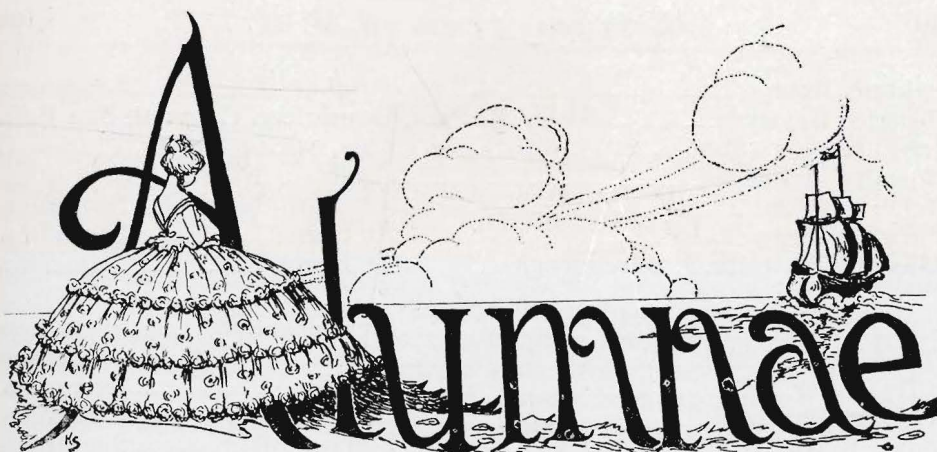
She soon became famous as a composer. Such is the virility of her composition, that, in ignorance of her sex, several critics referred to her early publications as those of a man, and unconsciously verified an epigrammatical remark of that versatile musician, writer, and poet, Ambrose Thomas, who after the performance of one of her works said, "This is not a woman who composes, but a composer who is a woman." This pithy dictum, widely published, at once proclaimed Mlle. Chaminade's advent to the circle of famous modern musicians.

A great number of songs, pianoforte pieces, and a concert-stuck with orchestra and chorus, are among her most successful works. She has also essayed the larger forms of music, having written several orchestral suites. *Symphonie-lyrique* with choral and orchestra, called "*Les Amazones*", two trios for pianos and string instruments, a ballet, "*Calleroe*", produced at Marseilles, 1888, and a comique, "*La Sevellane*", which is unpublished. Notwithstanding the real charm of Mlle. Chaminade's productions, they do not rise above the level of agreeable salon music.

"*Au Matin*", a dainty conception for two pianos, is notable for its simple, graceful touches; while "*Elevation*", a serious composition, thoroughly exemplifies its title. Her songs, artistic, and with a wealth of melodic charm, are in great demand as concert selections. Many of them were introduced by Nardeca, Plancon, and other artists. As a pianiste virtuoso, to decision, clearness, and lively and nervous vigor, Mlle. Chaminade adds the elegance and grace which constitute the free feminine charm; and with her, that charm is truly her most distinguishing quality. She is also well known as a conductor, and as such, is an attractive feature at Parisian orchestral concerts.

At present she holds a governmental appointment as Officer of Public Instruction in Paris.

Eleanor McEwen, '26.



The Alumnae are to-day scattered far and wide throughout the world but we feel that each member, at home or abroad, is keenly interested in the work of her Alma Mater, and notes with pleasure the news of her progress.

Events of the Year:

SEPTEMBER: Election of officers resulting in the election of Mrs. L. Ricker, President; Mrs. Frank Carroll, Vice-President; Miss Margaret Morgan, Treasurer; Miss Rosemary McEnerney, Assistant Treasurer; Miss Freda Husing, Secretary.

OCTOBER: The Annual Banquet.

MARCH: A meeting with splendid attendance to arrange for the June Festival. Officers elected to supervise the affair, Miss E. Von Hatton, chairman and Miss Margaret Morgan, assistant chairman.

JUNE: Garden Fete and Annual Bazaar. Reception of new members. Garden Party.

As the detailed list of Alumnae has been given in previous editions of "ECHOES", we append, for lack of space, only the classes of recent years.

Class of 1918

Margaret Roddy (Mrs. L. Ricker)	At Home	Sacramento
Lucille Murphy	City Tax Col. Office	Sacramento
Gladys Finch (Mrs. W. Goeller)	At Home	Sacramento
Marian Green	At Home	Sacramento
Cecil Gordon (Mrs. L. Noonan)	At Home	Sacramento

Class of 1919

Evelyn Armes	University of Calif.	Berkeley
Grace Armes (Mrs. Kurtz)	General Mdse. Store	Colfax
Margaret Kearney	At Home	Placerville
Adele Kenefick	Teacher	Galt
Cleta Uren	University of Calif.	Berkeley
Helen Carragher	Grad. Nurse (Dis.2)	Sacramento
Regina Ford	Stenographer	Sacramento
Vanita Schelcher	Stenographer	Sacramento
Ruth Banks	Motor Vehicle	Sacramento

Class of 1920

Gertrude Ramus	Teacher	Sacramento
Mary O'Brien	Teacher	Sacramento
Gertrude Connelly	Office Nurse	Sacramento
Rose Teutschel	Teacher	Oakland

Pauline Rooney.....	Teacher	Sacramento
Beatrice Drysdale.....	Sister M. Paul, Dominican Convent, San Rafael	
Irene Horton (Mrs. R. E. Howard).....	At Home, Spring Valley, Plumas Co.	
Dorothy Drysdale	Graduate Nurse.....	Sacramento
Helen Fenton.....	Stenographer	Sacramento
Mary Hennessy.....	At Home.....	Sacramento
Alice Simms (Mrs. J. Barendreghe).....	At Home	Jamestown

Class of 1921

Lillian Soto.....	Stenographer	Sacramento
Helen Fox.....	University of Calif.....	Berkeley
Effie Miller.....	Teacher	Sacramento
Antonia Pausback.....	Graduate Nurse.....	Sacramento
Marie Ruedy.....	Stenographer	Sacramento
Nancy Hall (Mrs. H. West).....	At Home.....	Coloma
Helen Mathushak.....	Sisters' Hospital Training School, Sacramento	
Edith Nealis.....	Sister Mary Dorothy, St. Joseph Academy, Sacramento	
Sarah Carden.....	University of Calif.....	Berkeley
Adele Marty.....	Teacher	Broderick
Marjory Compton (Mrs. C. T. Leahey).....	At Home.....	Sacramento

Class of 1922

Mary Readman	Sister Mary Immaculate..R. I. P.	
Rose Benning.....	Teacher	North Sacramento
Lillian Donahue.....	Teacher	Sacramento
Isabelle Fugitt.....	State Normal.....	San Jose
Georgia Glusing.....	Teacher	Sacramento
Margaret Hamilton.....	University of Calif.....	Berkeley
Eleanor Mamby (Mr. M. Gastman).....	At Home.....	Sacramento

Class of 1923

Elva Carmody	Stenographer	Sacramento
Agnes Coyle	Stenographer	Sacramento
Carola Diepenbrock.....	Finishing School.....	Germany
Mary Early.....	Stenographer	Sacramento
Henrietta Inderkum.....	Graduate Nurse.....	Sacramento
Flora Lee	Stenographer	Sacramento
Aletha Moffatt.....	Teacher	Placerville
Eloise Morse.....	Stenographer	Gray Eagle
Marie Negrich	Office Nurse	Sacramento
Ethel Readman.....	Stenographer	Sacramento
Bernice Soto (Mrs. L. Berry).....	At Home.....	Sacramento
Lucille Van Velzer.....	Col. of Physicians.....	Los Angeles
Genevieve Walker.....	San Jose State Normal.....	San Jose
Juanita Wilhoit (Mrs. J. F. Nelson).....	At Home.....	Pasadena

Class of 1924

Dorothy Arata.....	Arata Bros.....	Sacramento
Ruth Bennett.....	State Normal.....	San Jose
Marguerite Bilger	State Normal.....	Chico
Bernice Cifuentes	Business College	Sacramento
Marie Compton.....	Junior College.....	Sacramento
Grace Chatterton.....	State Normal	Chico
Eleanor Bolton	Junior College.....	Sacramento
Alice Ekstrom (Mrs. Meusion).....	At Home.....	North Sacramento
Marie Foley.....	State Normal.....	Chico

Eva Frates	At Home.....	Sacramento
Elizabeth Hilderbrandt.....	Stenographer	Sacramento
Rose Kenefick.....	Business College.....	Sacramento
Naomi Lathrop	Junior College.....	Sacramento
Leonilda Lewis.....	State Normal.....	San Jose
Adelyn Mamby.....	At Home.....	Sacramento
Mary Maranta.....	At Home.....	Wilton
Mildred O'Brien.....	State Normal.....	San Jose
Bernice Ramus	State Normal.....	Chico
Elizabeth Ryan.....	Teacher	Marysville
Emilie Soto.....	State Normal.....	Chico....
Josephine Pausback.....	Motor Vehicle Dept.....	Sacramento
Gertrude Rodgers	Office Nurse.....	Sacramento

Class of 1925

Ellena Arata.....	Junior College.....	Sacramento
Helen Cope.....	Com. Dept. S. J. A.....	Sacramento
Anona Cola.....	M. M. H. Trn. Class.....	Sacramento
Helen Culbertson.....	Com. Dept. S. J. A.....	Sacramento
Alice Doyle.....	M. M. H. Trn. Class.....	Sacramento
Bernice Futterer	Stenographer (Breuner)	Sacramento
Camille Ernst.....	Business College.....	Sacramento
Norma Howsley.....	State Normal.....	San Jose
Freda Husing.....	Com. Dept. S. J. A.....	Sacramento
Amy Lou Jackson.....	Com. Dept. S. J. A.....	Sacramento
Doris Leipsic.....	Junior College.....	Sacramento
Rosemary McEnerney.....	Junior College.....	Sacramento
Catherine Murphy.....	Com. Dept. S. J. A.....	Sacramento
Mercedes Poole.....	Business College.....	Sacramento

The Alumna and Her Academy

The purpose of an Alumnae Association should be to stimulate the alumnae to preserve, in every act of their daily lives, those same high ideals of broad purpose and sympathy which they gleaned from the academy heritage and its teachers; and to assist Alma Mater in every possible way in rendering its full measure of service. The individual alumna should continue, after graduation, her active affiliation with her academy and all its interests.

She should feel that she continues to be part of the school. She should be interested in the fundamental aim of the academy, which is true scholarship and the advancement of learning.

The club spirit in an alumnae association is an important influence. The young graduate seeking business and social contacts, and generally appreciative of the interest of older alumnae, can be given reasonable encouragement. It is the faith in the new girl and her ability, and the desire to help her wherever possible, that contribute to successful club spirit.

If the Catholic school is to continue its advance in higher educational circles, alumnae interest and co-operation must be solicited and obtained. A moderate amount of organized alumnae loyalty is worth more than an unlimited amount of unorganized good will. Catholic educational institutions will be strengthened if the alumnae can realize this.

Josephine Coyle, '26.



A Prayer

May God's rejoicing angels bring
Your souls on Graduation Day.
The blessings of the Christ our King,
To gladden all your homeward way.

Frail threads of joy, and sorrow, too,
Into the web of life are wove;
Then may you seek the joy that's true,
Before the Altar-Home of Love.

And often at the Festive-board,
Where countless angels gather round,
May you receive your King and Lord
With whom Immortal Life is found.

And find a joy, a gladness sweet,
In tearful hours of pain and loss,—
In walking close to Mary's feet,
Along the pathway of the Cross.

And may you plead through all life's day,—
Though oft its hours be dark as night,
"O Heart of Jesus, light my way;
O Mary, guide my steps aright!"

And when you leave this vale of tears,
Led gently by an angel's hand,
Oh! may you reach, beyond the years,
The Home of Love—the Promised Land!

Christ, The King

The angels sang to the shepherds "Christus nobis est natus; venite, adoremus! Gloria in excelsis Deo!" "Christ is born for us; Come, let us adore Him! Glory to God in the highest!"

The Magi followed the star. They came to seek the new-born King of the Jews. They came, they saw, they adored. They offered Him gold, frankincense, and myrrh,—gold for His divinity; and myrrh for His humanity. Jesus Christ is King, King of Heaven and earth.

The doctors and high priests were held spell-bound. Wisdom divine, such as they had never heard before, was falling from the lips of a Boy-King Who already taught as One having authority. King of priests and of doctors!

A wedding gift from a King! Who would or could refuse it! He commanded water that it become wine, and the created thing obeyed its Creator and King and blushed at the Divine favor. He gave them more than a mere earthly gift. He sanctified the house wherein He was; He sanctified marriage, honoring the marriage-vows by witnessing their pronouncement. King of the Home is He.

Royally He sat on a stone and suffered the little children to come unto Him, and as King He declared "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." He touched them, fondled them, talked with them, loved them. They confided in Him and told Him their troubles and came away from him consoled. And they loved Him, the King of the Children!

What truly brave King would not lay down his life, if, through that sacrifice, his country and his people would be saved? That is what our Beloved King has done for us. He has sacrificed His life for an ungrateful world, that we may one day enter into His Heavenly Kingdom. He made that awful journey from Gethsemane to Calvary. And even now He is King! He rules us of this world from His celestial throne!

"Be Thou King, not only for the faithful who have never forgotten Thee, but also of the prodigal children who have abandoned Thee, and bring them back to the harbor of truth and the unity of faith, until there shall be but One Fold and One Shepherd!" So prays the Church in the words of the great Pope Leo. So prays every devout soul among the 2,000,000,000 whose cry of jubilation is

CHRIST LIVES! CHRIST REIGNS! CHRIST TRIUMPHS!

—Josephine Coyle, '26.



Trust in God and wait upon Him,
Praying, working, He will do,
In His own good time, whatever
Will be always best for you.

The Eucharistic Congress

In May of last year, just after our last year's *Echoes* went to press, amidst scenes of almost indescribable splendor, in presence of hundreds of members of the hierarchy of the Church from every land and clime on the face of the earth together with thousands upon thousands of devout pilgrims who had come from every quarter of the globe for the celebration of the Holy year, Christ's Vicar on earth proclaimed six new heavenly patrons for the Church upon earth, the Church militant. The year 1925 was one continued series of pilgrimages to the Holy Year ceremonies; and scarcely had the Holy Door been sealed than the Catholic world was thrilled by the announcement of the coming Eucharistic Congress, (the twenty-eighth in number), to be held this time in our own beloved country in our Great Lake City, Chicago.

A Eucharistic Congress is the Catholic world's united act of faith and gratitude for the supreme gift of Christ living and always amongst us.

For the twenty-eighth time this public manifestation of Catholic faith and adoration is being offered to the Eucharistic King, once before on our continent, on the other occasions in Europe. But since the days of Pentecost, there will have been no such gathering of nations and tongues united by so single a purpose, as on the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, opening on June 20, and continuing until the 24th.

At thousands of altars erected upon the great tract set apart for the occasion, in a glorious outpouring of love, adoration and praise, will Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and Priests of the Catholic Church offer the All-atoning Sacrifice.

In public procession will countless thousands follow the King of Peace,—an enthusiastic outpouring of Catholic faith in the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, such as has never before been witnessed, is what is confidently looked forward to. All the splendor of art and ritual is heaped up to do reverence to Him by Whom was made all the beauty of earth and heaven.

Into one million hearts will He enter in Holy Communion where, upon thousands of Altars His ministers will exercise that mysterious power conferred upon them, to change, by virtue of His Own Words, bread and wine into His Own Body and Blood. And into how many other millions of hearts will He not enter on that same day, throughout the world, from the rising to the setting of the sun, where there shall be offered to His name that Clean Oblation!

There could be no such realistic vision of the Congress none so beautiful in description as that from the pen of the well-known Jesuit writer and poet, Father Lord. Father Lord says in part:

"The great city will stand on tiptoe. The afternoon sun will fling its golden arms in expectant welcome about the throngs that will fill every street and public square. There shall be gay colors, silken rainbows arched across the facades of residences and stores which will seem to smile in joyous bursts of flag and bunting. The holiday crowds, gay in their finest dress will fill the streets; but their voices shall not be the bold, strident voices of merry-makers; they will be hushed with a joyous though reverential anticipation.

"Elaborate receptions are planned for everyone but Christ. The whole city wakes with a joyous shout when a distinguished visitor passes down its streets. A victorious general returns to be greeted with showers of roses and the blast of a hundred bands. He is escorted through the city amid the shouts of a grateful towns-folk who cry aloud his name and stretch their welcoming banners along his path. A popular hero is borne in triumph on the shoulders of his admirers.

"But Christ, the Eucharistic King, the Conqueror of sin, the Victor returning from his triumphs in the heart of saints and repentant sinners, is met with silence and the inaudible prayers of a few faithful worshipers. The daily coming among His people is the most splendid and the least recognized of His achievements. Only the great love of Christ makes Him repeat this constant return to earth; and only the strange unconsciousness of men makes them so thoughtless and inhospitable to their Most Worthy Guest.

"Probably it was just the sudden realization of its coldness toward the King that has led the Catholic world to plan solemn receptions, not altogether unworthy of our Eucharistic God."

Praise Be to Christ, Our King!

Josephine Brady, '26.



Multiplication

I take my leave, with sorrow, of Him I love so well;
I look my last upon His small and radiant prison-cell;
O happy lamp! to serve Him with never ceasing light!
O happy flame! to tremble forever in His sight!

I leave the holy quiet for the loudly human train;
And my heart that He has breathed upon is filled with lonely pain.
O King, O Friend, O Lover, what sorer grief can be
In all the reddest depths of Hell than banishment from Thee.
But from my window, as I speed across the sleeping land
I see the towns and villages wherein His Houses stand.
Above the roofs I see a cross outlined against the night,
And I know that there my Lover dwells in His Sacramental might.

Dominions kneel before Him and Powers kiss His feet.
Yet for me He keeps His weary watch in the turmoil of the street;
The King of kings awaits me, wherever I may go.
O who am I, that He should deign to love and serve me so?

Joyce Kilmer.

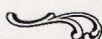
The Blessed Virgin

Most like the silvery dawn at break of day—
Most like the light that leads us on our way—
Most like the rose kissed by the morning dew—
Most like the arching sky above, so blue—
The Queen of Heaven, our Mother.

Most like a baby's tears, so pure, so sweet,
That fall from eyes of blue on rosy cheek—
Most like the snow-flake falling without sound—
Most like a shining raindrop's glistening round.
Our Lady Blessed, our Mother.

Most like the moonbeam's gleam from heav'n afar—
Most like the softly shining morning star—
Most like a fleeting glimpse of heaven art thou,
Moon under foot, stars circling thy fair brow—
Our Queen Immaculate, our Mother.

—Ferdinand Lannon, '27.



Retreat

Many things have happened this scholastic year to make the girls of '26 remember with pleasure their last year at S. J. A., but above all else the days from Dec. 8 to Dec. 12 stand out like a clear ray of silvery light, to be a guide should dark days fall in the years to come.

At three o'clock on December 8, the feast of Our Blessed Lady's special election, that of her Immaculate Conception, all the high school and commercial students, with the eighth grade girls, met in the high-school assembly room, which had been transformed into a beautiful chapel, to be present at Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament and the opening of the Spiritual Retreat to be given by Father Appollonaris O.F.M.

In the preliminary instruction Father explained to us the need of a Retreat and how to make a good one. Then for three short days silence reigned supreme at Saint Joseph's, as all were attending the exercises of the Retreat. Each day began with Holy Mass at eight-thirty, when some fifty girls received Holy Communion, and at three-thirty each day the exercises were brought to a close by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

From their "Missa Recitata" missals compiled and generously presented to the students by the Reverend Father Edward O. F. M., the retreatants prayed aloud the beautiful prayers of the Holy Mass. What tenderness, what power, what inspiration they embody, beyond the most

devout prayers ever penned by any individual saintly soul. The prayers of the Church at the all-atoning Sacrifice instituted by Our Divine Savior, that 'from the rising to the setting of the sun there be offered to the Most High God a clean oblation.

Then how solemn, how convincing, how moving, the conferences on The End of Our Creation, The Evil of Sin, The Four Last Things, The Following of Christ Our King, The Sacraments:—the Frequentation of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion; our obligation to bring others to love and follow Christ, by the influence of our example and our prayers.

On the morning of Dec. 12, the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and by a happy coincidence the 94th anniversary of the foundation of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy by the Venerable Mother Mary Catherine McAuley, the entire student-body received Holy Communion at the 8:30 Mass and went away taking with them many a holy and helpful thought to make easier the living of a good Christian life.

May we ever remember and practice what was taught us by Father Appolonaris in our Retreat of '25, and may we ever pray for the directors of this and the other priceless spiritual Retreats which it has been our privilege to make during our High-school years.

—Alice Gallagher, '26.



Every Catholic Child in a Catholic School

The reason for the wish of the Church that her boys and girls make their higher studies under teachers imbued with the Faith has been explained again and again in Commencement addresses, and in articles in our best Catholic papers and magazines.

Again and again has it been deplored that former students in Catholic Colleges and Academies are far from being unanimous in public expression of their approval of the Catholic system of education, by sending their own children to Catholic Schools.

Why? It cannot be said that it is because they have either found the type of education there imparted inadequate to the demands made on them in after years, by the exigencies of life, nor that their Catholic College or Academy diploma failed to secure for them an equal opportunity with public-school graduates for advancement. It is a well-known fact that the graduates of our schools hold perhaps rather more than their proportionate share of positions of honor and trust.

That by means of public funds other Colleges and schools are as a rule better equipped for work cannot be denied; but the claim that the devotion of the Catholic School teachers is frequently an offset to this is generally admitted. And then, it is in the power of Catholics to so interest themselves in helping to equip our Church institutions as to wholly remove that condition.

May the realization soon be brought about, throughout the length and breadth of our land, of the motto which is the watch-cry of the Church, anxious for the religion and moral welfare of her children:—Every Catholic Boy and Girl in a Catholic School.

The Prodigal

High over the sleeping city
He'd seen it, night after night,
Circling, illum'ning, the heavens,—
The glowing electric light.

In fancy he'd mounted the tower,
In fancy he'd "kept" that light,
Until he was living his fancy
Up there on that dizzy height.

Battered and blown by the tempest,
Kissed by the morn's first glow,
Watching the life-teeming city,
Guarding its sleep below.

Eyes wandering out o'er the landscape,—
Far to the suburbs reached they;
Where lights glimmered out in the shadows
When died in the west the day.

Lost there midst God's great creation,
Night after night in the tower,
Tending the light that went circling
Steadily, hour after hour.

The Vision

"Right near, as my eyes wandered eastward,
Shot up, as by magic, a cross,—
Flaming bright 'gainst the sky's dark concave
Flamed near—then as quickly 'twas lost.

"A Cross! had I been a-dreaming?
Next morn would be Easter, I knew:
Long years since, my mother had taught me
That tale—all so wondrous, yet true.

"Of the Savior—now risen—triumphant!
Christ, living!—no more to die;
Of the stone rolled back from the grave's mouth—
Alleluia to God on high!

"He'd died on a Cross—to save me,
He'd carried it, too, for me;
And I'd turned away, and left Him
On His way to Calvary.

"A flash—it had flamed in the darkness
Again 'gainst the vault of the sky;
And again it was gone,—but my heart-beats
Seemed to tell me that God was nigh.

"I'd never seen it before, Sir,
It had never flashed out before,
And I knew it was God a-calling—
And it pierced my poor soul to its core.

"That voice, so tender and pleading
That said He had yearned for me;
Had watched, each day, from the hill-top,—
Watched, the Prodigal's form to see.

"I got on my knees right then, Sir;
I knew that He wanted me to;
I didn't know how very well, though,
'Twas so long, but then—He knew!

"I asked Him as best I could, Sir,
For I'd got out of practice, you know;
Then I knew He'd put that best robe on
My soul, and 'twas white as the snow.

"I poured out my heart to my Savior,—
Then the dawn came—I'd not wished it to,
But 'twas God's way of telling His creature
He'd work waiting for him to do.

"After that, I got up off my knees, Sir,
And saw of my vision the key;
'Twas the Cross of that Blessed Cathedral
Had flashed Easter blessings on me."

Josephine Coyle, '26.



Educational

The mind is spiritual, therefore invisible; therefore it cannot generate.
The Brain is the Instrument of the mind.

The Mind is the intelligent ability of the Soul.

The living body of man is one incomplete substance; the soul is the other. Each can stand of itself, but neither is in a natural state without the other.

The whole self is the complete union of the two.

That is the solution of the problem of mind and matter.

—Jottings on Evolution—The Monitor.

"The Little Flower"

Saint Theresa of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face

Canonized May 17, 1925

Theresa Martin was born in the midst of wealth, but not of luxury. Her parents, who were devout Catholics, considered themselves but the stewards of the wealth God had blessed them with.

The social standing of the family was excellent, the opportunities offered for the enjoyment of worldly pleasures exceptional, yet four daughters renounced all these in their young maidenhood to enter one of the most austere orders in the Church,—that of Carmel; two other daughters and two sons had been called to heaven in their infancy. Theresa was the baby of the family, the pride and joy of the home.

The Life of this wonder-working little Carmelite-Saint is as entertaining as a novel. She frankly tells, in this history of her soul, written for the eye of her sister Pauline alone, (and written under obedience when that Sister was her Superior in Carmel),—all about her childish faults, her likes and dislikes, her little vanities and outbreaks of self-will. Of her passionate love for her father, her mother, her sisters, and her home. Of the whisperings of the Voice of the Divine Child, Jesus, in her heart, which won her irresistibly to His love. And here she declares, quite simply, that she believes that Jesus would work in other "little souls" as great, or even greater marvels than those He had wrought in hers, if He could but find souls willing to surrender themselves to His will. She describes the sweet Catholic life of their home, where the dearest wish of the parents was that all of their children be consecrated to God. She describes the strange sadness that succeeded to her gayety of disposition when God called her Mother away, Theresa then being but three years old, and of her passionate clinging to her sister Pauline who became her "Little Mother". She makes us see her heart-breaking grief when her "Little Mother" entered the Carmel, and the devotedness of her father to his "Little Queen"; his heroic spirit of sacrifice in assisting her to conquer the obstacles which prevented her entering Carmel at an earlier age than that usually permitted, even taking her to Rome to ask permission of the Pope. We see the venerable old man conducting the darling of his heart to her chosen home, blessing her and leaving her there. We witness her heart-broken disappointment when that beloved father was too ill to be present at her "clothing". We see her childlike delight when she found that her Beloved Jesus had sent a fall of snow to gratify the wish of His little Spouse on that occasion, and we sympathize with her exulting over the fact that the most exalted and powerful earthly spouse **could not** cause the **tiniest flake** to fall to please his beloved. We sense the exaltation of spirit that makes her declare "Never shall it be said that the most loving bride showed greater devotion to her beloved than Theresa of the Child Jesus for her Heavenly Spouse." Again we read of the agony of grief of herself and her Sisters, when her loved father was stricken with paralysis, and later with insanity—and she could not go to his bedside. Yet she exhorts her sisters to see in this heavy cross a means of

meriting, in union with the sufferings of Jesus, graces for the saving of souls.

She refers, quite simply, to the daily trials and crosses in the life she had chosen for love of the Crucified Christ who had so loved her, and of the persistent converting of her daily "little crosses" into purchase money for souls. Of her thirst to love Jesus as He had never yet been loved, and to win love for Him while she lived, and during all the years of her Heaven until the end of time. We read of her certainty that this was her "vocation"—to love Jesus and to make Him much loved; to teach her "little way"—the way of spiritual childhood, to other "little souls" like her own. Of her daring love,—her truthful humility—she was but as a little bowl into which Jesus might put milk for other souls to drink,—but a little child whom He could carry in His arms and through whose tiny hand He could pass on graces to other souls. She speaks of her agonizing bodily sufferings, of her still more terribly mental and soul sufferings, borne with the heroism of a martyr—of one who longed for the martyr's crown, and must needs be martyred by the spear of love if not by that of the executioner.

She tells of her certainty that she was to become a great saint, though never to appear so in this world, but rather to win from Jesus in Heaven whatever she asked, and hence to send down showers of roses (graces) on those who asked her intercession.

Then one reads of her terrible sufferings before the end came, and of the halo of heavenly peace that rested upon her brow after death. Of the countless miracles, first in behalf of her Sisters of the Carmelite Order, then, when her autobiography was published, attested by all manner of persons who had recourse to her intercession,—the great as well as the lowly, learned churchmen and simple, devout souls, the saintly and the erring; and the tales are still being told.

Canonized a year since, though only some thirteen years had elapsed since her saintly death, she is surely a suitable patron for us who feel ourselves incapable of aspiring to any but her "little way" of love and self-surrender, in our endeavors to win our way into our heavenly home.

Gertrude Estell, '26.



Our lives are songs, God writes the words,
And we set them to music at leisure;
And the song is sad, or the song is glad
As we choose to fashion the measure.
We must sing the song, whatever the words,
Whatever the rhyme or meter;
And if it is sad, we must make it glad,
And if sweet, we must make it sweeter.

Sacramento

Once a fort, on the breast of a valley,
To keep the "Red-terror" away;
No longer the scene of a "rally"
But the heart of a city to-day.

A city with its share of treasures
As famed Roman city of old:
E'en holds the same sorrows and pleasures
And hearts as courageous and bold.

Its River flows broader than Tiber—
Flows hundreds of miles to the sea,
Bearing riches untold on its bosom,
To Power and Wealth lo! the Key.

On all sides opportunity beckoning,
Cheery calls for skilled labor of hands,
While the wheels of her factories turning
Scatter useful supplies o'er the land.

Fruitful orchards and vineyards and grain fields
And gardens that groan with their store
Stretch mile after mile through the Valley,
And climb o'er the hills, bare of yore.

The city of trees and of flowers,
Of skies riv'ling Italy's boasts;
Of glorious sunsets,—the dowers
Of fair California's coasts.

Lo! "Crescit eundo"—yea "going
It grows" as neath wand of a fay;
Fair Homes, here simple, there stately,
In her suburbs spring up day by day.

Hail! City beloved—Sacramento,
Fair dwelling of Home-life and love,
Named for that **Love-Feast SACRAMENTO**
The **BREAD** that came down from above.

Ah Lord, may, in fair Sacramento,
Our Lives' Christlike service afford
That Thy gifts, as good servants, in barter
Increased, we return to Thee Lord.

Agnes Hanna, '27.

Buttons

The room was quiet; only the steady fall of rain outside and my occasional outbreak of wrath at Cicero for having made his oration against poor Catiline, broke the silence.

Grandmother, the only other occupant of the room, was putting the finishing touches to a dainty dress for my niece. She was lifting up strings of buttons from an antique box, when I looked up.

"What adorable buttons!" and, dropping Cicero on the couch, without ceremony, I drew near; "and talk about variety—where did you get them all, grandmother dear?"

"Ah, I've been saving them for years, dearie." Grandmother was pleased at my display of interest, as she always was when I liked anything she had.

"You must have been!—Ah, these are just what I've been looking for for my black satin. If only you have enough—how many are there?"

"Let me see,—there ought to be about fourteen. My mother had kept those for years before I discovered them among her things—that was after she died. They had been on my school uniform. I remember it so well—black, with silver buttons, and stiff white collar and cuffs."

"Oh, did you have to wear uniforms, too?—Aren't these darling!" I picked up a tiny pearl affair.

"Those?" answered grandmother, "They surely have been through a lot. They were on a dress of your mother's, when she was about three years old—she was the dearest little thing, with big blue eyes, and her head one mass of golden-yellow curls. How I used to love to dress her! Then I used them,—the buttons, I mean—on a dress of your Aunt Agatha's—I guess she was about nineteen—it was her first dance, and—"

"Grandmother! Nineteen and her first dance! How dreadful!"

"Ah, but the girls were different then—more modest and retiring than they are now. And we mothers of the long ago were in no hurry to launch our girls on the open sea of life; we were glad to keep them girls as long as we could;—womanhood, with its grave problems, we knew would come soon enough. But to get back to those buttons. You had the daintiest dress when you were about six—I had only eight left by that time, although I am not much of a hand at losing buttons,—but they gave such a pretty finishing touch to that lovely dress."

"Have these larger pearl ones a history, too, grandmother?"

"Those? No. I used them only once—it was on my wedding gown."

"How romantic! What was it made of grandmother dear,—and how?"

"It was white organdie, child, with rows and rows of ruffles and shirred ribbon—these buttons were down the back, under a lapel."

"You must have looked darling, grandmother dear, just like some of those old-fashioned family pictures! But these? What are they off? I picked up a bit of blue glass with a rose set in the center."

"That?—Let me see—Oh, yes, those were on a dress I made for your mother several years ago. Everyone admired the dress." "And this?" as I started examining a dark, odd-looking object. "That, dear, belonged to your grandfather's suit during the Civil War. He fought under

Robert E. Lee, you know. Yes, they're tarnished—but they're dearer than any of the others. He was brave, your grandfather was—only a boy when he joined the army. There's one—" she fumbled around in the box for awhile. "Here it is. It was on his cuff—the bullet barely missed his arm. See, it hit the button; see how it pierced it—part of it is gone. He was a brave man." She quietly wiped a tear away. "Well—take any of them you want, dear. It's almost five," (looking at the clock). "Your father will be home soon. I must help mother with dinner."

—Marion Van Velzer, '26.



The Old Familiar Places!

(with apologies to Charles Lamb)

The old familiar places!
The old familiar places!
Soon will be vanished from my sight
The old familiar places.

Dear old Saint Joseph's venerable walls,
The well-known class-rooms, and the oft-trod halls,
The convent garden where the sunshine falls
As nowhere else in old familiar places.

The ball-court with its call to life and fun,
Its shouting bleachers when the game's begun,
Its merry, chaffing teams when one has won,
And shouts ring loud, in old familiar places.

The elms so stately towering to the skies,
Broad-branching, shading sward that 'neath them lies;
Their glory soon no more shall meet mine eyes
That love so well the old familiar places.

The grotto, with its call to higher things,
Where Mary's gracious presence seems to cling,
Where child-like hearts come with their offerings;
Well-loved, among the old familiar places.

The Sisters dear, with habits sombre black,
But faces bright as in a sunbeam's track;
Full oft will memory bring their dear forms back
In settings loved—the old familiar places.

—Dorothy Burke, '26.

A Few Thoughts

I was sitting alone by the fireside tonight, wondering what subject to use for a theme I am required to write, when my mother entered the room and I asked her to suggest a subject. She said, "Why don't you write about some famous character in whom you are interested?"

As I was perusing the pages of "Biographies of Famous Men," (by way of following out her suggestion), I heard my mother's cheery call of "Goodnight, dear; don't stay up too late," and it occurred to me to write a little theme on the one who, to my mind, stands above the most celebrated of characters, the greatest, the best, the most unselfish person I have ever known, "My Mother!"

I am afraid very few of us ever fully appreciate the lifelong devotedness of that best and truest of friends—Our Mother. Have you ever stopped to realize all that those years of service include,—the absorbing devotedness when you were a tiny baby. Through the busy day she worked for you with a mother's hands, watched over you with a mother's heart. She rocked you to sleep when the daylight waned, and it is she who called you to the first cheery tasks of the morning. Uncomplaining through the weary years, in sickness and in health, in success and failure, your wish has been her desire, your well-being has been her thought; your growth in goodness and truth has been her aim, your attainment of nobler womanhood her goal.

For the tears and yearning that have come from her heart, for the days' toil that her hands have given, she asks no material reward.

She tells others, and she dreams over your every kind word and deed; she never seems to forget one of them. All the reward she asks for her years of devotion is your love and remembrance. Oh! join with me, friends of mine, in saying "As long as life is spared to me I will always love and never for one single instant forget all that I owe to my precious little mother."

—Margaret Harris, '26.

Spring

(With apologies to H. Butterworth)

I stood in an archway of roses,
Whose odor perfumed the air;
Before me, a scent-laden meadow,
Made gold by the poppies there.

And the lattice of flow'rs about me,
The rays of the sun filtered through,
While across the blue sky above me,
A wee chirping sparrow flew.

Aware of the spirit of angels, I felt,—
All around me, all a-wing,
And I thought I e'en heard a whisper—
But 'twas only a voice of the Spring.

Marion Van Velzer, '26.



Light and Heavy -
Comedy



Chums



Who supports
Margaret?



High-hatting it!



Every cloud
has a
silver
lining.



Hope the
Speed Cop
won't come.

Shattered but
Brave.



Our General



One little pig
went to market



Raven curls
and
Sunny Smile.



Hungry?
Help
Yourself.



Josephine -
The dignified
?????



Our Regiment



Josephine
The undignified.
?????



Before



After

The Memorare

It was indeed with a heavy heart and streaming eyes that poor Mrs. O'Keafe left the land of her birth, the home of all she held most dear and the scene of her most treasured memories.

"Farewell, Glin and my loved ones," was her heart-broken cry as she and Pat, with crushed hearts set out in their trap, toward the station where they were to take the train for Cork. Every sound of the pony's hoof-beats seemed to tear the strings of her heart. Thus it was that one Molly O'Keafe left the lovely little town of Glin on the Shannon shore, near the Northwest corner of County Dublin.

Sorrow after sorrow had been her portion. She had tried hard to bury it all out of sight in her motherly bosom, for the sake of those who loved her. "They're not so great as those of His Mother who suffered all," she said to herself. Now Pat and herself were hoping for better times in the great country beyond the sea. Little did she dream of the sorrows that awaited her.

'Twas a hard trip on poor Molly, for scarcely had she looked her last on Queenstown, so it seemed to her, than her beloved husband was snatched from her by death. An epidemic of fever broke out among the passengers, and poor Pat was one of the many victims.

"Ah, dear Lord, was it not hard for me," said Molly O'Keafe to me as she told me her story. "All my hopes of forgetting my previous sorrows were gone. God had taken my little Jimmie, but He had left Pat. Now Pat was gone. At first I couldn't see how I could bear it, but God is good and His Blessed Mother forgets no one that loves her." I murmured some words of sympathy and Molly continued.

"My cousin Kate kept a boarding house in New York. I could stay with her, and welcome, but I wanted to find work, for I couldn't be dependent, and the few pounds I had would not last long. Sunday came and I went to Mass to Saint Joseph's Church. In the house of God I felt peace come into my poor heart again. I prayed to the Blessed Mother of God to help me find work. I searched for days; then I got a position with Mrs. Hayden. My duties consisted of almost anything from ordering groceries to playing governess. But as to being a governess, I knew nothing about that, but I loved the little Camille, and it was through her, God bless her bonny little heart, that joy came back into my own."

Molly had been, indeed, a second mother to little Camille Hayden, whom she loved and reared as tenderly as if she were her own. Many times little Camille was the means to scald poor Molly's heart, for in her childish innocence and love for Molly she often brought back fond memories of Molly's own little son whom she had lost many years before. This part of the story was as follows: Jimmie O'Keafe, a little tot of three years, while playing one day on the sea shore at Glin, had suddenly disappeared. His mother had let him go with a neighbor who was taking her own little ones for a romp on the sands. The children ran out of sight from time to time, but always came running back laughing and breathless after a race, so that Mrs. O'Donovan became less watchful. To her consternation when she went to gather her flock to lead them home, little Jimmie was missing. There had been a thorough search made, which lasted many days and nights, but Jimmie was not found. He must

have been carried out to sea by a wave; it was thought. At first his mother, poor soul, was tempted to rebel against God, for letting her darling be taken from her; but faith rose triumphant when her poor shocked mind grew calm once more, and she repented and tried her best to be resigned in the hope of his being hers once more in heaven. Her greatest comfort was in saying the "Memorare." Her confidence in the dear Mother of Christ as a comforter of the afflicted strengthened her. But as has been said, she longed to leave the scenes of her great sorrow, and so had set out for America with her husband.

It was in these moments when Camille caressed and, in her childlike way, openly professed her love for "My Molly," that Molly would almost lose her mind, as she thought of Jimmie's dear little strong arms once encircling her neck. And it was at these moments, too, that Molly would run to the little shrine of Our Lady, in her own room, and call upon the Mother of mothers to help her, a poor sinner, in her heart breaking sorrow.

Thus the years went on until Camille had reached womanhood. Long since she had made her debut in their select circle, and was now preparing for her marriage.

Although a lady of leisure, much made of in society, and all the rest of it, she did not forget her love for her little Irish nurse. Many a time when she was in some doubt, or a shade of sorrow had crossed her path, she stole to the servants' quarters to seek poor Molly's advice. And many a time Molly told over and over her own sad story to Camille, and took comfort in the gentle girl's sympathy.

One evening Molly was called to the big parlor, much to her surprise, where, she was told, Mr. and Mrs. Hayden wanted her. Would they send her away after all her years of faithful services? thought Molly. But the aristocratic Mrs. Hayden was soon telling her, with genuine tears in her eyes, that her little boy Jimmie had not been drowned, but had been picked up by a passing yacht. That the captain's wife was then at the point of death, in the cabin, from grieving over the death of her own little boy. She had lost her mind. And when little Jimmie was found to be about the same age, and not unlike in appearance to the dead child, it was decided to palm off the poor little waif on the distracted mother as her own child. "The child's future will be a much happier one than it could be as son of some poor dweller on Glin shore," said they. And so poor little Jimmie had been legally adopted by the captain, whose joy at his wife's recovery blinded him to the injustice of what he had done.

The captain had died a year previous to this point in my story. His wife had passed away some years before. At his death, the captain had left with the guardian to whom he had entrusted his son, a sealed letter addressed to that son, and not to be opened until he should be about to marry. So it had come to pass that young Mr. Thomas Ahearn, on opening the letter left by his dead father, (in which he thought to find the expression of some wish of the latter to be carried out), learned that he was a child picked up on Glin shore twenty years before.

Like the honorable man he was, he immediately showed the letter to his fiancée, and Camille at once knew that he was Molly's son Jimmie. Her parents, who, for all their aristocratic ways were neither snobbish

nor dishonorable, on learning the facts, approved of Camille's determination to marry her "Jimmie" and win a new mother,—her beloved Molly, at the same time. All this Molly heard while she whispered over and over again, "Ah, Blessed Mother of God, you didn't fail me."

In a few moments she felt her darling Jimmie's arms about her. Camille had been busy telling him the joyful news that his mother was a beloved inmate of her own home. A warm hug and kiss from her future daughter, and Molly was left to become acquainted with the tall young man who was sobbingly repeating "My mother—my own mother."

"Come, my son," she soon said to him, "Come with me to my little shrine of the Blessed Mother of God where I've gone for comfort during these long, weary years." And mother and son joined in the sweet "Memorare: Never was it known that any one who fled to thy protection or sought Thy intercession was left unaided."

—Mary Mitchell, '27.



The Mirror

If a sweet pretty girlie should pick up her glass,
And turn to the black side to gaze at her face,
She'd behold there a blackness, a dark ugly mass,
Which would make her dispose of her mirror in haste.

But if she should take it, and look at it right,
She would see some deep dimples and a mass of soft hair;
And she'd probably linger quite long at the sight,
Deciding, at last, that it looked very fair.

Now, this big world right here is a mirror at heart:
There's a wrong side, but a right you'll find too,
And if at the wrong side you gaze at the start,
A black ugly mass will stare right back at you.

But if you should pick up this mirror of ours,
And into its bright side, you'd look with great care,
You'd find that its brightness all darkness o'erpowers,
And nothing but gladness and goodness is there.

—Margaret Harris, '26.



Taken off Guard



*Oh Clare!
She takes the
Murphy!!!*



OPEN-MOUTHED WONDER (?)



Back to second childhood



They're a CROWD?



Ore they bashful?



*Follies of S. J. A.
1928*



Taste good, Mary C?



*I just know
I'm in
Dutch*

Phyllis?



A TENSE MOMENT



Hands Off!!!

The Soliloquy of a Mouse

(Hidden in a Corner of the Math. Room)

Ho, ho, these young humans are surely going to have an exam this morning,—that bell has such an ominous sound to it. Yes, here they all come with their little "Blue Books," and each one seems to be more scared than the other. (How thankful I am that I'm a mouse and don't have to study!) What groans are heard as each one gets her paper! Just the questions she hasn't looked over lately! This room certainly is quiet now. All you can hear is the scratching of pens as each one hurries to fill out what few questions she knows. Some seem to know very few.

They are looking at the ceiling as if they expect to see it all written out there for them. Others are gazing out of the windows, held spell-bound by the wonders of nature. (A half-hour before they didn't realize that there was such a thing as nature.) Still others are watching the doors, hoping against hope that they will be called out for a music lesson, or a 'phone call, or anything else that will give them a few minutes from this hateful room. It's no use. No one knocks, the square roots are not found on the ceiling, nor do birds or trees suggest why angle B equals angle C.

Someone is looking towards the clock. "Oh," cries one with a start, "only fifteen minutes left." Nearly all glance at the clock now, and begin writing as if their whole life depended upon it. Ha! The fifteen minutes have passed; the papers are being taken up, and the room is far from being quiet. "Did you get the fourth?"—"Wasn't it terrible!"—"Think you've passed?" "What a snap that was!"—"I certainly flunked in that Ex."—These are only some of the remarks that I hear. These poor mortals! I wonder how many will get an A for this examination. It would be a terrible shame if any of them were flunked! Oh! If I could only talk! What I wouldn't have to say would not be worth writing. There would be no flunks, for the girls wouldn't have to take any ex's if I had my way. Why! Oh, why can't I express my opinion and use a little authority in this school business! —Margaret Williams, '27.



French Scholars

Of S. J. A. girls, ten and five
Decided to learn French.
They liked the sound of "Oui, ma soeur."
And thought they'd have a "cinch."

A week of playful banter passed,
Then they were hard at work;
Alas, for those maids ten and five,
It was too late to shirk.

Now ten long months have come and gone,
And wrestling still with French,
And oft rebuked for "Non, ma soeur,"
They know they've had no "cinch."—Eleanor Flint, '28.

A Shakespearean Romance

Who were the lovers?
 Romeo and Juliet.
 What was their courtship like?
 Midsummer Night's Dream.
 What was her answer to his proposal?
 As you Like It.
 About what time of the month were they married?
 Twelfth Night.
 Of whom did he buy the ring?
 The Merchant of Venice.
 Who were the best man and the maid of honor?
 Anthony and Cleopatra.
 Who were the ushers?
 Two Gentlemen of Verona.
 Who gave the reception?
 The Merry Wives of Windsor.
 In what kind of a place did they live?
 Hamlet.
 What was her disposition like?
 The Tempest.
 What was his chief occupation after marriage?
 Taming the Shrew.
 What caused their first quarrel?
 Much Ado About Nothing.
 What did their courtship prove to be?
 Love's Labor Lost.
 What did their married life resemble?
 A Comedy of Errors.
 What did they give each other?
 Measure for Measure.
 What Roman emperor brought about a reconciliation?
 Julius Caesar.
 What did their friends say?
 All's Well That Ends Well.

—Margaret Phillips, '26.



Latin Pointeth Skyward

O dreaded 1:40 class period!
 Most dreaded of all in the day.
 'Tis well for the Latin brilliants,—alas!
 We're not all builded that way.

RED showeth the binding of "Caesar,"
 Rules and Cases come covered in GREEN;
 Ere midsummer time, when our skies bluely shine
 I'll have wended me thither, I ween.

—Lorraine McLain, '28.

A Souvenir

Looking over some precious treasures,
Which I've cherished for many a year,
Sorting over the notes and papers,—
Tokens of school days past and dear,

There I found it, all worn and faded,—
Scant its words and but six its lines,—
Just a fragment—a bit of nonsense,
Writ for "penance"—a funny little rhyme.

"Sister, Sister, don't you know it—
That I'm not a brilliant poet?
All my efforts are in vain.
My results give me a pain.
Good-bye rhyming,—guess I'll quit—
Cannot write another bit."

Once again I'm in the dear old classroom—
"S. J. A." "Oh, yes, that's my A. M. (Alma Mater)
"After school supply appointed home work"—
Clear-cut order—no use shirking then.

Gazing idly out the class-room window,
Waiting for the clock the hour to chime,
Crisply Sister's voice broke on my dreaming—
"Frances, do your theme—
And hand it in on time."

"Write a poem!" How'm I going to do it!
Writing poems was not in my line.
Followed a long time of doing nothing,
While the clock ticked on our penance time.

Sternly Sister, busy "checking papers",
Eyed us culprits, meanwhile marking time.
Swiftly pencil traveled over paper,
Soon was writ this funny little rhyme:

"Sister, Sister, don't you know it—
That I'm not a brilliant poet?
All my efforts are in vain.
My results give me a pain.
Good-bye rhyming,—guess I'll quit—
Cannot write another bit."

Frances Morrisroe, '27.



Social Affairs

I. FRESHMEN RECEPTION

On the evening of September 11, forty-nine weary Freshmen wended their way homeward, devoutly thankful that their day of fiery ordeal was over. On the same night, a class of hilarious Sophs were congratulated for having managed the affair so successfully. Throughout the day their fertile brains had been busied with endless pranks and persecutions in which the poor Freshies were the helpless victims. The crowning event of the day had been a feast to which the entire Student Body was invited, and at which the baby Freshmen were solicitously "mothered" by their erstwhile tormentors.

II. BOARDERS' DANCE (NUMBER ONE)

The boarders' unwritten slogan is: "If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well." They seem to be gifted with the ability to "run" things. One night last October, Elks' Hall was the setting for an informal dance given by their V. V. V. Club. It was, without the shadow of a doubt, a splendid success, so said everybody—and what everybody says must be true.

III. HALLOWE'EN

Besides various other merry-makings given by the Boarding Students of the Academy, on Hallowe'en they had a wonderful frolic. All the customary accessories were in evidence, and, after a great deal of fun and a most tempting goblins' feast, everyone was willing to "turn in."

IV. THANKSGIVING VACATION

Even to the most school-loving student, a holiday is never amiss, and, although we S. J. A.'s enjoy our studies, our kind Sisters know well that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy", and so, for four delightful days in Thanksgiving season, we enjoyed ourselves just "foolin' around." During this time the Convent was a quiet spot, for even the resident students were spending their holiday at home.

V. CHRISTMAS VACATION

The students were given two wonderful weeks in which both to prepare themselves for, and to endure the after effects of their turkey dinners, and to be ready, on the coming of the New Year, to resume their studies with even more enthusiasm than that which had carried them through the initial quarter and Quarterly Exams plus the stress of the closing weeks of the old year.

VI. BOARDERS' DANCE (NUMBER TWO)

A second dance, given by the V. V. V.'s at the Tuesday Club House on January 6, added to the Boarders' laurels as successful entertainers. On this occasion, Mr. and Mrs. Arata, Mr. and Mrs. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Morebeck, and Mrs. Skedd added the grace of their chaperonage of their youthful friends, thus securing the altogether delightful evening that ensued.

VII. SENIOR CARD PARTY

If the proceeds decide the success of an undertaking, the Seniors' card party on January 22 was a most decided success. The hall at the Travelers' Hotel was well filled, and a Junior "Home Made Candy Sale" swelled our funds. Many attractive prizes were given, and both the conductors of the enterprise and their guests pronounced the affair delightfully successful.

VIII. VALENTINE'S DAY

On Valentine's day the Boarders gave a party which was surpassed by no other entertainment of the year. All had a glorious time. The chief refreshments were tamales, and they required no side dishes to provide a satisfying confection.

IX. ST. PATRICK'S DAY

It is the custom at St. Joseph's that the students attend Holy Mass in a body on the morning of St. Patrick's Day, after which the entire school has a holiday. The fact that our Right Reverend Bishop's patron saint is Saint Patrick is an added motive for both the early-morning religious celebration of the day and the afternoon Holiday. This year the High School Choral Class was given the honor of singing the Missa de Angelis at the nine o'clock Mass at the Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament. They also enjoyed the able sermon on the life of St. Patrick, delivered by our Right Reverend Bishop. In the afternoon the boarders gave their annual St. Patrick's Day party. Many are their resources in entertaining and they made use of a goodly number to pass the afternoon and early evening of a very pleasant day.

X. EASTER VACATION

Our Easter Vacation was somewhat shortened this year,—just four whole days for ourselves, (Thursday and Friday being given over chiefly to attendance at the Solemn Services of the Church). However, we perhaps enjoyed the vacation the more, because of its brevity.

XI. THE SODALITY ENTERTAINS

Among the post-Lenten gayeties enjoyed by the younger set was a dance given at the Senator Hotel by the Cathedral Parish Children of Mary. The Seniors of the Sodality were the gracious chaperons of the affair. Members of the Knights of Columbus acted as floor managers. Music was furnished by Anson Weeks' Orchestra, and the menu by the chef of the Hotel Senator. What more need be said?

XII. THE BOARDERS' PICNIC

On the first Saturday in May of each year, the Boarding Students have a picnic. This Spring Del Paso Park was the spot chosen for the outing and everyone had a jolly time.

XIII. "KID" DAY

The "Kid" day spent by the Senior Class recently suggested the "Backward, turn backward, O Time in Thy Flight" poem of their early childhood. This May day they donned short dresses, half-socks, and perky hair bows, and various juvenile games emphasized the youthful spirit of the day.

XIV. HIGH SCHOOL PICNIC

The annual High School picnic was given this year on May 27, at Olympia Park. This park is an ideal spot for picnicking. Facilities for bathing, swimming, hiking, lunching in comfort, ball playing, etc., leave nothing to be desired on the grounds, and the wonderful auto-bus drives, going and returning, prelude and finish an ideal day. Our picnic is always doubly enjoyed because of the presence of our Sisters; and the fact that our Priests, too, like to add the pleasure afforded us by their gracious presence, makes us quite proud.

XV. JUNIOR FAREWELL DANCE

A merry throng was entertained at the Tuesday Club House, the last Friday evening in May, when the Juniors gave their farewell dance to the Class of '26. The class colors were carried out in the attractive decorations, and the dance programs further emphasized this color scheme.

XVI. ALUMNAE FESTIVAL

The Alumnae Association now has the established custom of holding, each year, a May Festival in the Convent garden. Attractive booths are set up and presided over by ladies of various Catholic organizations in the city, who cordially unite with the Alumnae and the Senior Class of the year in making the festival a success, and incidentally, as the result of their endeavors, providing a modest sum to present to the good Sisters as a contribution toward their vacation expenses. The entire Student Body patronize the booths. Friends of all interested in the undertaking, as well as a goodly number of the friends of the Academy, in and out of town, come to contribute their mite, and so the May Festival is a fore-ordained success. This year's event will, if we see our hopes fulfilled, surpass those of previous years.

XVII. JUNIOR FAREWELL PARTY TO THE SENIORS

The garden at S. J. A. is a pleasant spot for the lawn party, given each year by the Juniors, in honor of their Senior Sisters. A delicious feast was spread under the trees, while favors suggestive of Class prophecies afforded a great deal of amusement. Everyone had a delightful time. We know naught yet as to the fulfillment of what the Seers tell us of our future; one thing we are assured of, the cordial, loving God-speed given us by those loyal friends of our school life.

XVIII. ALUMNAE RECEPTION

On June 16, the Class of '26 will be received into the Alumnae Association. It is quite a milestone in a student's life, marking, as it does, her first formal recognition as a grown-up. As our Junior Sisters bid us God-speed, these, our elder Sisters hold out welcoming hands to clasp ours in hearty assurance of cordial fellowship in our new phase of life.

Tenderly the dear Sisters, having provided our last little feast on graduation night, now invite us to a dainty little repast as full-fledged members of their Alumnae, whom it is their pleasure to entertain on this occasion—the end of the old, the beginning of the new School of Life.

Marion Van Velzer, '26.

*Sophomore Athletic Club*

"Athletics"

Every girl should take up some form of athletics in her high school days, just for the sake of diversion, if for nothing else, for as the saying goes, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

But it must be remembered that when we train for athletics, we are working for a sound mind in a sound body. Athletic exercises, systematically followed, will lay a foundation for physical strength beyond what would be looked for in many a boy or girl of slight physique. Moreover, the absolute control of muscles such as one derives from such exercises becomes a potent factor in the development of skill in musical work, for instance, in piano playing.

Many athletes in High Schools work harder at athletics than at their studies. That surely is a mistake; but the total neglect of athletics may prove scarcely less harmful. Athletic work trains us to work united, and unselfishly, for the interests of our school in other ways, too.

It trains us in self-control. While we record with pride a victory, it trains us to befitting modesty in our pride; when we meet with defeat, to acknowledge it gracefully and to cordially congratulate our opponents on their success. These are two fundamental principles of good sportsmanship.

Then it is recreation, and a change from our set duties. In learning "to play" we form, too, a valuable habit that will accompany us through

our entire life. The man or woman who has never learned the value of play is always old, and has a sad time in life.

Baseball, "America's National Game," holds a prominent place in athletics at S. J. A. Basketball, tennis, and other minor sports rank accordingly. A great deal of credit is due to boarders of S. J. A. for their perseverance in sports. A great many competing games are played each year by their rival teams, and there is a permanent challenge to the day-scholars' teams for a try-out game.

Our Sophomores have adopted the game "Keep Away," and are showing an ever-increasing interest in the game. The Seniors have taken to tennis, thinking it perhaps, a more fitting game for **Dignified Seniors**. The Juniors, soon to receive our mantle of rank, have taken up the same game. We must admit that we Seniors have fallen somewhat behind in practice, owing in part, at least, to the time and consideration we have had to give to the publication of our Year Book.

The Freshmen will, of course, show their ability in the field when we are "gone and forgotten." They are scarcely over their babyish ways yet. Next year they will, doubtless, leave their dollies long enough to enter into sports with proper spirit. It will pay them.

Take advice from a grave Senior, girls; cultivate a love of play; then you will grow old more gracefully. When you shall have to count yourself old in years, in spirit you will always remain young and happy.

Margaret Phillips, '26.



Boarders' Athletic Club

Boarding School

Every small girl has her dream of high school. When I was a small girl, dreaming about my high school days, I pictured myself at St. Joseph's, for I had heard many things about the Convent School in Sacramento, where you go to high school in the day, but where you stay all night, too. That kind of place would be all right, I thought, because by the time I was grown up enough to be in High School, I surely would be too big to be homesick.

Well, the time came when I graduated from grammar school, and my mother began to talk of high school,—of St. Joseph Academy High School. Some of my school-chums hearing talk of my going to boarding school began to prophesy homesickness—"worse than sea-sickness," they said. Then the day before leaving home came, and I began to say farewell to intimate friends, and feelings of a kind never experienced before took possession of me. I didn't sleep much that night, and the disturbing elements were quite unlike those preceding a picnic or trip. Next day when the time for leaving home came, and I knew that I would not be back until Thanksgiving, a numb feeling of unreality came over me. But if that was bad, it could not compare with my feelings when my mother bade me good-bye in the little parlor at Saint Joseph's, and Sister took me up to the dormitory and showed me my compartment, and told me I might begin to unpack my things and arrange them in the drawers in my little bureau; then to prepare for dinner. By the time I was ready for dinner, I had made up my mind to make the best of things. I knew that in a few moments I should meet my future companions, and it would not do to show a sad face. I decided that since I was here, there was no use in beginning by pining for home,—there was no way of getting there until mother should send for me.

The girls, when I met them at dinner, appeared friendly. Many of those at my table had the air of feeling at home, which suggested that they were "old boarders." The atmosphere was "homey"; they might have been a number of well-bred girls met at a party in the home of a companion, and bent on having a pleasant time. It was a comfortable feeling. Later, when we passed out to the playgrounds, the girls at my table, to whom Sister had introduced me, introduced me to some Seniors who approached our group. I regarded them with some awe. They seemed quite dignified, compared to the younger group, who were a merry set, all about my own age.

After a few days my bump of location had begun to function. It had registered for a certainty that the dining room was not on the third floor and that we did not sleep on the first. I found out that while the hallways seemed very numerous, and lead to many "wheres," one could really avoid getting lost more than half-a-dozen times a day by observing certain landmarks. Things weren't so bad. Soon I was making my way about the big rambling quarters without difficulty.

Experiences in the Freshmen class were doubtless similar to those of the majority of girls. Study and play alternated quite regularly. Walks

and outings, social activities, picnics, dramatics, etc., etc., as chronicled elsewhere in "Echoes," by some other members of our Class of '26, are now delightful memories.

The first year really went rather quickly, and after the first vacation I found that I was not so unwilling to come back. Yet there is always something unique about that first day on returning to school—no matter how often it is repeated. It is a strange day in one's school life. The transition from the home-life of the family circle to the discipline of boarding school is abrupt, and consequently unpleasant.

I now found myself one of the "old boarders" with a feeling of sympathy for the new comers that made me quite willing to play hostess to such as had just entered.

Now the social activities among the boarders loomed quite important on my horizon. I took part, as a matter of course, in all sorts of affairs, quite as anxious that all should pass off well as if they were affairs in my own home. I'm thinking that this may be a peculiar trait among Convent boarders. I believe it will be a very useful one to take home.

So passed my Sophomore and Junior years. I presume all girls experience the sense of feeling very grown up, very mature, in the Senior year. Over and over comes the thought that each season's occurrence will be "the last"—"next year I shall not be here." Now after four **short** years,—as they seem in looking back, I hate to think that in a few more weeks I shall have to say good-bye, never to return as a "Boarder of S. J. A." Here's to the good old times! and may the boarding-school days of all girls of the future years be as pleasant and profitable as were mine.

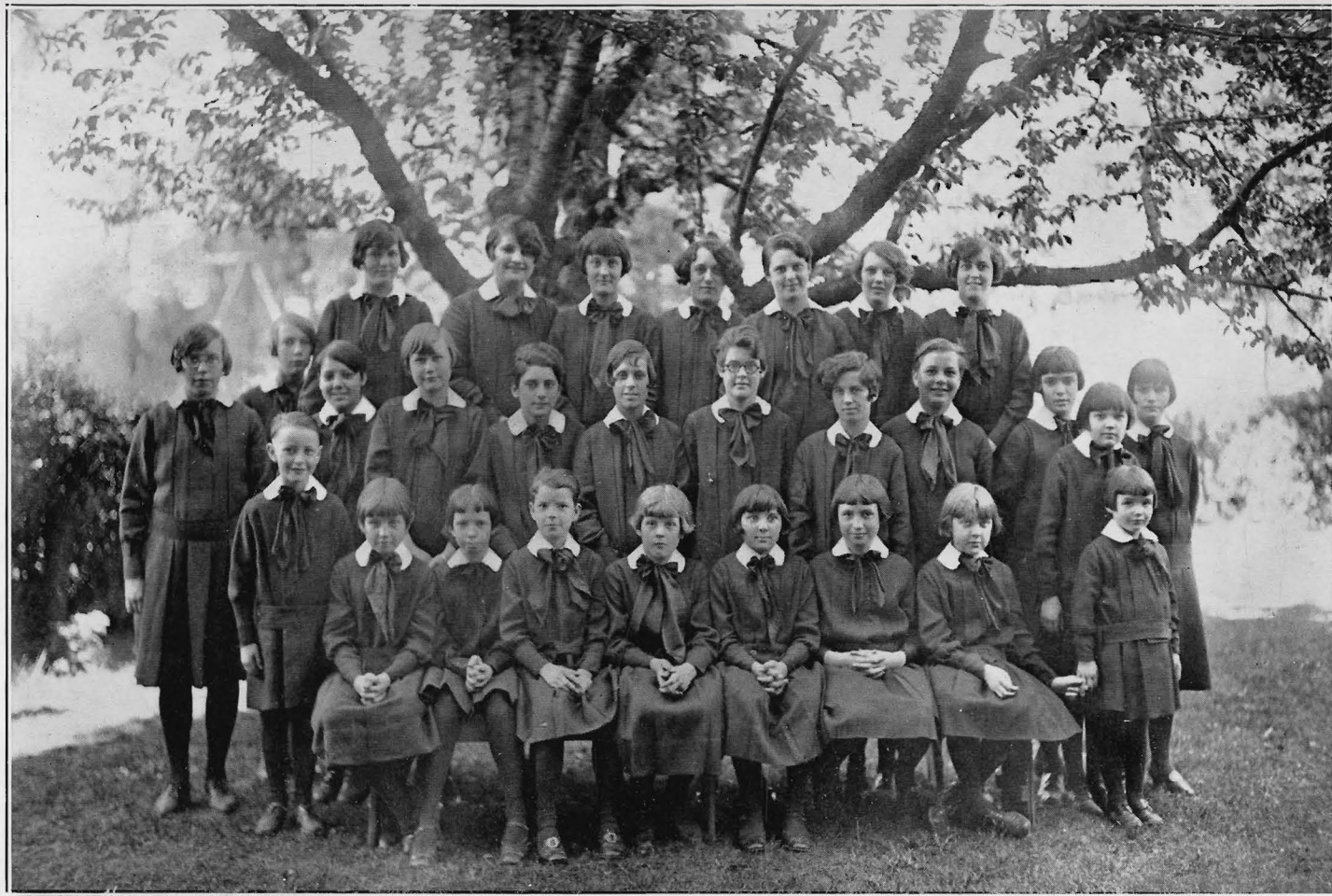
—Alice Gallagher, '26.



Boarders' Dorm Rules

1. If there is no bell to wake the girls up in the morning, ring the towel.
2. Girls will please refrain from kicking the ceiling when doing the Charleston.
3. If you want light, lift your pillows; they are light enough.
4. If you are troubled with a nightmare, tie her with a halter.
5. If the Dorm gets too warm, open the window and see the fire-escape.
6. Ball players desiring a little practice will find a pitcher on the stand.
7. No girls received after 7:00 P. M. as it might disturb the night-watcher's slumber.
8. Small children will be welcomed with delight, and are requested to (a) bring plenty of sticks to bang the furniture expressly provided for that purpose; (b) to improve the opportunity to make themselves as disagreeable as the fondest mother could desire.
9. When there is no water in the room, turn up the mattress and find the spring.
10. Girls wishing to rise early will be provided with self-rising powder.
11. Girls will please scratch their names on the wall so we will all know they have been here.

Frances Cleary, '26.



Boarders 1926

Social News—Boarders' Department

Many social events marked the calendar of the Boarding Department during the past year. We led the way by giving a dansant in the Elk's Hall on October 17. It was chaperoned by the Messrs. and Mesdames Ed. Ryan, T. Miller, J. McEnerney, J. Coyle, and Mesdames Borebeck and Skeddd. It was a great success.

The Tuesday Club House was the setting for our second dansant on January 8th. Special music and distinctive entertaining was provided during the evening.

On February 14, we were entertained at home by the Junior Boarders. At the conclusion of the entertainment we enjoyed a tamale party. The color scheme of the Dining Room was in keeping with Valentine Day.

We couldn't possibly let St. Patrick's Day go by without a celebration, so in the evening we entertained the Sisters with a short program. The Dining Room was decorated in green, white, and gold for the dainty luncheon that followed; even the ice-cream carried out the color scheme of the day.

Early in May we enjoyed a delightful outing at Del Paso. Some of us had a few exciting adventures; many of us enjoyed the opportunity offered to hike, stroll, dance, or play ball. We all returned home tired, but happy.

Helen Culbertson, '26.



Imagine

Bessie Pitts not playing the "uke."

Mary Dunn without her "sax."

Rose Benettini not wishing she had the evening "wasp."

Helen Miller in the right place at the right time.

Alice Gallagher arriving late for Spanish first period.

Marie Gallagher not doing her home work.

May Shubert without her "school-girl complexion."

Catherine Martin not playing "Come Back to Erin" on the Victrola.

Maxine Collins not wanting to play tennis.

Adele Snyder not looking sweet, smiling, and sunny.

Florence Cleary not patronizing the "Lodge."

Francis Cleary not combing her hair at frequent intervals.

Helen Culbertson a perfect observer of Dorm rules.

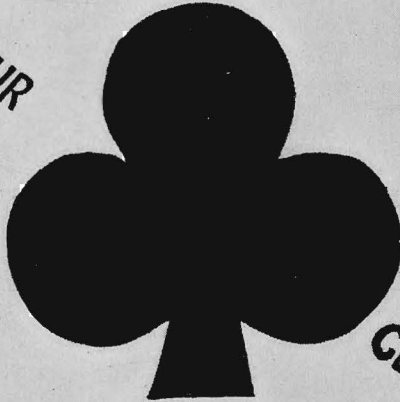
The "Boarders" not winning all the Basket ball games of the season.

—Helen Culbertson, '26.

A



OUR



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WE WISH to express our gratitude to those who have helped us in the publication of the 1926 edition of *ECHOES FROM S. J. A.*—our advertisers, who helped us financially. We ask our friendly readers to patronize these other good friends of ours.

*A UNIFORM'S A UNIFORM FOR A' THAT*

(With apologies to Robert Burns)

Is there for a uniform
With tie, an' collar, an' a' that?
A gown we'd prize so dearly,
With a nobby little hat?
For a' that, and a' that;
Our dress demure, an' a' that;
The style is but the outward show,
A uniform's a uniform, for a' that.

What tho' our ties have "fringy" grown,
Our collars worn an' rough;
Let others wear their chic new suits,
A uniform's enough,
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that—
The S. J. A. girl, tho' she's so staid,
Is queen o' girls for a' that.

A fair-sized check can make a silken lass,
A velvet gown, an' a' that;
But a Convent girl's above its pow'r,
Good faith, we all know that.
In our somber black, and a' that,
Our collars white, an' a' that
A sight 't may be—but a uniform
We love it still for a' that.

—A. L. J., '26.



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If, gentle reader, you've heard these jokes before
If from their lack of fun they seem to bore,
Don't groan, don't quit, but patient be and stick to it;—
Here and there a spicy one may move to gentle roar.

—Irene McGuire.

* * *

Helen N.: "Six times I have advertised that a lonely maiden seeks light and warmth in her life, and at last I have received a reply—from the gas company!"

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Mathematics Teacher: "Now, Josephine, if a man can do one-fourth of a piece of work in two days, how long will it take him to finish it?"

Josephine W.: "Is it a contract job, Sister, or is he working by the day?"

* * *

Sister (trying to illustrate perseverance): "What is it that carries a man along the rough roads and the smooth roads, up hills and down, through jungles of doubt, and the swamps of despair?"

Mary M.: "A Ford, Sister."

* * *

Eleanor McE.: "Please lend me your pencil."

Helen F.: "I will not; that's how I got it."

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Every season has its lure
And each its little reason;
But there really is more kick
In the football season.

* * *

O, chemists skilled, investigate,
Answer this quiz of mine;
I think I know what carbon-ate,
But where did io-dine?

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Rita: "Something is preying on Amy's mind."

Freda: "Don't worry; it will die of starvation."

* * *

English Teacher: "What is an antecedent?"

Josephine B.: "An antecedent is a species of ant."

* * *

Sister: "The examination questions have been entirely arranged and are in the printer's hands. Is there any other question?"

Eleanor McE.: "Who's the printer?"

* * *

"Do you like Kipling?" said the English student to her friend.

"Oh, yes, indeed. Why, only yesterday I kipped for over an hour," answered her sport-loving chum.

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Latin scholars there are few
In our class of pupils ten.
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There's Caesar's Wars—such themes for girls,—
And Cicero's speeches—orations fine;
But who that lives in these, our days,
Cares just one rap for aught in that line!
—Catherine Lynn, '28.

* * *

English Teacher: "What is an encyclopedia?"
Josephine C.: "A bicycle that has three wheels."

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Soph.: "A Bib?"

Senior: "No, a bid, stupid; what would I do with a 'bib' at a dance?"

Soph: "Well, I dunno; thought it might be a dinner dance."

* * *

Science Teacher: "Can any girl tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?"

Evelyn N.: "Yes, Sister, breakfast, dinner, and supper."

* * *

English Teacher: "Give me a good example of coincidence."

Katherine S.: "My father and mother were married on the same day."

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English Teacher: "Why do we put a hyphen in bird-cage?"

Bright Freshman: "For the bird to sit on."

* * *

History Teacher: "How was Pompeii destroyed?"

Agnes N.: "Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption from the Vatican."

* * *

Phil.: "Do you know who is in the Hospital, Ena?"

Ena: "No, Phil, I don't."

Phil: "Sick people."

* * *

Science Teacher: "What is the insect that carries brain fever?"

Marion H.: "Algebra."

* * *

Chemistry Teacher: "What can you tell me about nitrates?"

Francis M.: "Well—er—they're a lot cheaper than day rates."

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History Teacher: "Mary followed Edward VII, didn't she?"

Katherine Jane M.: "Yes, Sister."

Teacher: "And now, who followed Mary?"

Elsie C.: "Her little lamb, Sister."

* * *

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What country beheaded, is most unpleasant? S-pain.

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What fish, beheaded, is a girl's name? S-kate.

What bird, beheaded, is still a bird? F-owl.

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All the shops are busy—
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Shingle belles, Shingle belles,
Right close to your dome.
Oh! what fun it is to know
There's that much less to comb.

E. Davey.

* * *

History Teacher: "What do you know of the Mongolian race?"

Maria B.: "I wasn't there, Sister, I went to the show instead."

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Josephine H.: "Good gracious, Virg! You don't know that? Go and read your Shakespeare."

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Definitions from Monthly Quiz Paper

A blizzard is one of the vital organs of a chicken.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.

A mountain range is a large cook stove.

The way germs enter our bodies is by traveling on street cars.

To prevent absorbing germs, stand alone in a crowd.

* * *

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There was a man named Elijah. He had some bears and lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said, "If you keep on throwing stones at me, I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up." And they did and he did and the bears did.



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Experience taught me this wisdom—
And so I assure you it right is—
If you wish to get real French accent,
Acquire——acute tonsilitis.

—Eleanor Flint.

* * *

Civics Teacher: "What is inheritance tax?"
Marion V.: "A tax we inherit."

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History Teacher: "Who fiddled while Rome burned?"

Catherine S: "Hector."

Teacher: "No, not Hector. Try again."

Catherine: "Towser."

Teacher: "Towser? What do you mean, child?"

Catherine: "Well, if it wasn't Hector, or Towser, it must have been Nero. I know it was somebody with a dog's name."

* * *

"Those sky-writers have nothing on me," chuckled the journalist, as she wrote an-essay on the moon.

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F-is for the failures that we make
E-for erudition we forsake
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Alice G.: "Because he belonged to the show, I guess."

* * *

Sister: "What is the meaning of the word 'adage'?"

Dorothy B.: "A place to put cats into."

Sister: "What put such an idea as that into your head?"

Dorothy B.: "Well, doesn't it say in Shakespeare 'Like the poor cat in the adage?'"

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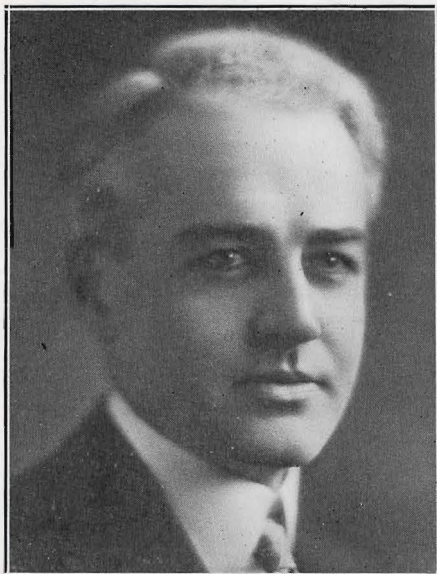
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Barbara: "In come a cat."

* * *

A secret is what you tell somebody not to tell because you promised not to tell it yourself.

* * *

English Teacher: "Who were the Gorgons?"

Elaine S.: "The Gorgons were three sisters that looked like women, only more horrible."

* * *

Rouge is like romance - it rubs off on close acquaintance.

* * *

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* * *

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Ethel: "I always thought they were on your nose."

* * *

Sister: "Why, Helen, have you forgotten your pencils again?"

Helen: "Yes, Sister."

Sister: "What would you think of a soldier going to war without his gun?"

Helen: "I'd think he was an officer, Sister."

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Marion V.: "Can you explain the difference between 'the quick' and 'the dead', Eleanor?"

Eleanor McE.: "'The quick' are those that get out of the way of automobiles and 'the dead' are those that don't."

* * *

Mathematics Teacher: "How old would a person be who was born in 1888?"

Katherine S.: "Is it a man or a woman, Sister?"

* * *

History Teacher: "When was Rome built?"

Josephine W.: "At night, Sister; I remember you told us that Rome was not built in a day."

* * *

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History Teacher: "What are the chief sea-ports on the Atlantic Coast?"

Bright Freshman: "Imports and Exports, Sister."

* * *

Jane K: "I've been trying to think of a word for two weeks."

Dorothy: "Well, will fortnight do?"

* * *

Mathematics Teacher: "What is a problem?"

Eunice: "A problem is a figure which you do things with, which are absurd, and then you prove it."

* * *

Science Teacher: "What is the use of the nose?"

Mona F. "The nose is to put powder on."

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My First Poem

After many hours of labor,
And many sighs and moans,
And many exclamations,
I finished my first poem.

After reading it all over
It sounded so good to me,
I thought everyone would be glad to know
That a poet soon I'd be.

Oh! how glad I was that morning
When English period came;
I wasn't very nervous,—
I was sure that I'd win fame.

As I rose to my feet to read it,
I saw in huge letters of flame
My name—"Elsie Carmody, Poet,
A new aspirant for fame."

But when I'd completed the reading
A long breath I tremblingly drew.
Fell silence; then horrors! All groaned out,
"Thank goodness! At last she's got through!"

Elsie Carmody, '27.

