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THE GENTIAN

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EDITORIAL

What should a woman be?
Thoughtful and wise,
Gentle and diligent,
Sage in replies;
Brave and responsible
Noble and true,
When shall we see,
These virtues in you?

Just at this period of the world's history *reality* seems to be the great need, since we are surrounded by shams of every kind. That which is *real* implies labor and patience in its accomplishment, and there is nothing the present age dislikes so much as patient enduring toil. And therefore it is that the true woman, one worthy of the name, is a type becoming daily more rare. But this surely should not be the case with those who have been taught from babyhood to look on the august Mother of God, the "Valiant Woman", as their own dear Mother and Model.

"Thoughtful and wise" they will certainly become, but not with the wisdom of this world. Some girls affect to speak, act, and read exactly as their elders do, without actually understanding either what they are saying or doing. They would fain persuade us that they are "wiser than their teachers" and quite capable of putting them right in many ways. These are certainly not the maidens likely to develop into thoughtful and wise women. They who take Mary for their model will become like her "gentlest of the gentle", "wise as serpents, simple as doves"—not strong-minded females or gilded butterflies, but such a one as Steele describes when he says:

"To know her was a liberal education.
Men, at her side, grew nobler,
Girls, purer."

And that reminds me of another point. What about flirting? Some people declare there is no harm in it; that boys and girls must have some fun. Well, whatever may be "the harm of it", one thing is certain; it destroys earnestness and "rubs off the bloom." With deepest reverence we would ask—Can you imagine dear St. Catherine of Alexandria, patroness of girl students, flirting? Or the illustrious princess of Thuringia, gentle St. Elizabeth, who amidst the throng of courtiers amongst whom she moved, could scarcely have lacked opportunity had she been minded to accept it? Or can you fancy our brave soldier saints, Maurice and Sebastian, stooping to such a pastime? Yet these were human beings like ourselves, with the same weaknesses, the same temptations. They were real

girls and boys, real men and women, not "tin soldiers" and "dollies made of sawdust", who like the couple in the fairy story, "dance the midnight hour away". "But," I hear you say, "these Saints lived hundreds of years ago. Things are different now. One is expected to be 'up-to-date.'" Very true, and we must honestly confess that according to the popular understanding of that phrase, these youths and maidens would have been sadly wanting; and what is even worse, they may even now be *thanking God* for the loss of the *inestimable* privilege of being "up-to-date" according to the "modern" standard.

"Brave and responsible". Must a woman be brave? Surely courage is the monopoly of our fathers and brothers! That is a mistake. Look at our own brave little Queen at the foot of the Cross! And the other fearless Maries who were loyal to the Master when even the Apostles had forsaken Him in their terror! They did not shrink and tremble as we do, when troubles and trials were thickening around them. We do not think often enough of our Lady's courage. We forget that Judith and Esther, each in her own way one of the bravest women in history, have been set before us as types of Mary, by the Church. "But we have no need of such courage in these days". Well, how many of our Catholic girls would dare to say, if asked to read a book against which she had been warned, "No; I have been told it is not a book fit for a girl to read". How many have the courage to refuse a ticket for the theatre or a dance where they know they will hear and see things which will bring the crimson to their cheeks and make them ashamed to meet the eye of their brave chaste Mother? Is there no courage needed to refuse certain refreshments on an abstinence day with a party of non-Catholic friends? Surely we must acknowledge that brave women are sorely needed nowadays who will teach more by *deed and example* than by word.

"Noble and true". The noble and true are always kind and charitable. How lowering, apart from their sinfulness, are the needless criticisms and disparaging remarks heard so generally around us! It was said of St. Teresa that "the absent were always safe in her presence. It would be hard to exaggerate the influence for good, which the confidence she thus won must have given her. Her real nobility and loyalty of character felt the treachery which always dwells in detraction."

"Courage then, brave hearts, the way lies fair before us!" Labor and rest not till by persevering effort you have moulded yourselves into the genuine article, a *real* woman. Listen to what our own great poet tells us:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time".—PELIGRINA.

"HERE AND THERE"

In glancing over the pages of the old Records which reach back to the first year in which the school found shelter in the present building (1885-1886) the Halls of Memory have been reopened and peopled with the Ghosts of the past! Naturally, the thought uppermost is, "What has become of all our old pupils? Where are they now? Have they succeeded in fighting the battle of life bravely, courageously?"

The names of many are not found in our Alumnae list, but the causes are not far to seek. It was some years before the school course was completed, and though classes were opened in 1884 the first graduates received diplomas only in 1890. Within those years many withdrew from the city and others found their school life all too briefly terminated. Nevertheless, they are all held in loving remembrance by their Alma Mater and it is hoped that many of the names may soon be enrolled as Associate Alumnae.

The Editor will be grateful for information regarding any of the former pupils. In these days of travel and rapid transit it is not easy always to keep in touch with them. In our next issue of THE GENTIAN we hope to be able to give definite information regarding many of the Associates.

The thanks of the school are rendered to Mrs. Walter Phelan (Helen McDevitt), Helen Keefe and Ida Welsh, who have played in the school orchestra on several occasions, as also to Mrs. H. Coffman (Irene Keefe), Mrs. D. O'Connell (Mary Dunstan), Misses Rose Martin, Catherine McCabe and Ethel Warlaumont, who lent their voices to the beautifying of our Oratorio, and to Mrs. Fitz for the many times she has played the accompaniments to the hymns. We wonder whether she remembers playing those same accompaniments in the pro-Cathedral in the days when it was still St. John's!

During this second school term we have greatly missed Father Duffy, who by his kindness had endeared himself to all the school children. On our return to school after the Christmas holidays we were much grieved to learn that he had gone to Kemmerer, and we immediately searched the map to determine the exact location of the place in question. Imagine our disappointment when we found that the "width" of the State lies between the town in question and Cheyenne, for we had mentally decided that Kemmerer should be the objective point of our next school picnic!

We looked forward to Holy Week, thinking that then we would have an opportunity of seeing Father Duffy again, for many of the diocesan priests are present in the Cathedral on Holy Thursday—but though Holy Week arrived without "let or hindrance"—much to our disappointment, Father Duffy did not. We hope he will be able to be present at our Commencement, for our graduates have been known to him for many years.

In April we attended the Requiem for Father Kennedy, who died suddenly at Rock Springs. Though few of us remember ever having seen Father Kennedy, we have heard our elders say that he was for a short time pastor in Cheyenne; so, though we may not owe him a personal debt of gratitude, we do owe it on behalf of the Parish over which he once presided.

—R. I. P.

REMEMBER!

In the land of fragrant flowers,	Tho' its leaves may droop and
Sunny slopes and balmy airs,	wither,
'Tis its scent that gives the rosebud	Though its beauty may decline,
Half the glory that it wears.	Still its perfume lingers after,
	Like a something, half divine.

Tho' the glint may leave its petals,
 Tho' the pearl-dew drip away,
 Still the perfume of the rosebud
 Triumphs over death's decay.

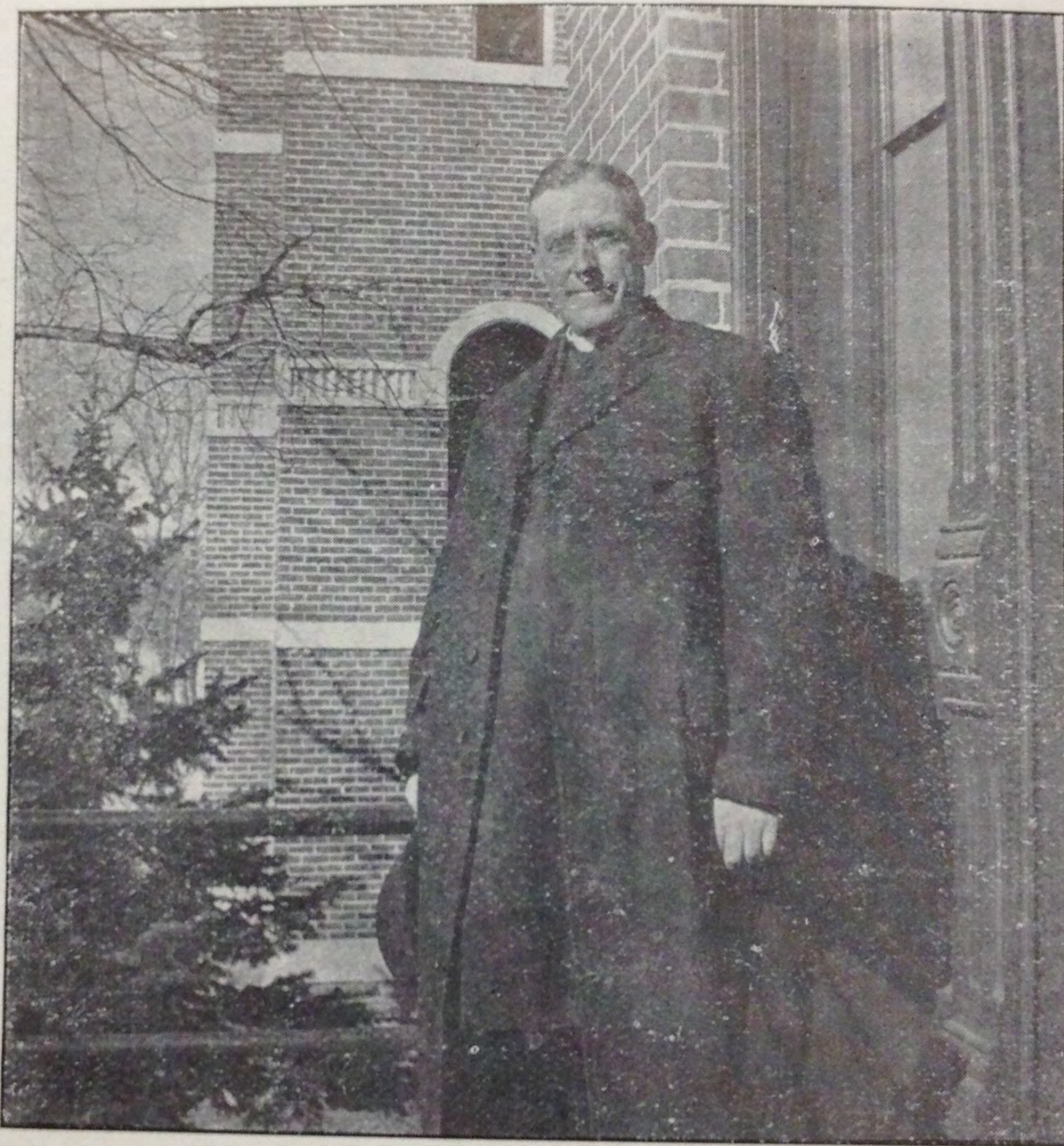
In the land of human sorrows,
 In the vale of bitter tears,
 'Tis the good, men do, that blossoms
 In the light of after years.

Tho' one's fame and worldly power,
 For which worldlings vainly
 crave,

Disappear and be forgotten
 In the silence of the grave;

Tho' one's wealth and classic learning,

Fade and sink with death away,
 All the good one has accomplished
 Triumphs over death's decay.



RT. REV. J. J. KEANE, D. D., BISHOP OF CHEYENNE, WYO.

THE BISHOP'S GIFT AND HIS LECTURE IN 1910.

The Academy is not lacking in amusements, for since the Bishop gave us the stereopticon at the beginning of 1910, there have been lectures nearly every week. We have seen many beautiful pictures representing scenes in the life of Christ, and have travelled in spirit and with our bodily eyes through the chief countries of the world. Three times have we been to Lourdes, and each "Spiritual visit" has increased our desire to visit Our Lady's Shrine in the flesh!

We were much interested in the set of pictures which showed the development of the idea of sacrifice. There were fifty pictures in the set—the first representing the sacrifice required of the Angels before the creation

of man, and the last, one of our modern sacrificial altars. One of the pictures represented human sacrifice in the Congo, and as it was removed from the screen, all breathed an inward prayer of thankfulness for not having been born in "Darkest Africa". The Joan of Arc set has made us quite familiar with the life of "La Pucelle"; would that we had her courage and her love for God! The views of the Yellowstone have made us all ambitious to see more of our beautiful Wyoming. We are contemplating a "class excursion" to the Park, and if our purses were longer it would not take long to arrange the trip.

In the fall we obtained a promise from the Bishop to give us a lecture. We thought, of course, that he would use the stereopticon, but he told us he could not possibly make use of pictures, as he intended to tell us about missionary life in our own State, and no pictures had been taken either of the missionaries or of their hardships. So, when at last the lecture day arrived, a very happy crowd of boys and girls gathered in the Auditorium to listen to all the wonderful anecdotes of Father Prando and the other missionaries, who still have much spiritual and actual pioneering to do throughout the 97,000 square miles included under the name Wyoming. As the Bishop spoke, we each felt that we, too, would like to do somewhat for the bettering of conditions throughout the vast areas of the semi-populated prairies; for, just as material things lose their heat when removed from contact with the fire, so does Faith grow lukewarm and cold when removed from the external practice of religion which fans within the soul the fire of the love of God. We would soon forget how to read were there not constant opportunity of exercising ourselves therein. And we all know how quickly penmanship deteriorates into scribbling unless the hand is kept in trim; and how rapidly we lose the knack of reading aloud intelligently, unless there is constant practice in so doing! How stiff the fingers of even the best musician become if not kept supple by daily coming in touch with the keys! If these things are all so true of the body—and we know they are—then it is time for us to begin to realize that "spiritual practice" is requisite to keep heart, mind and soul in touch with God and the things of God.

Our Bishop's lecture has impressed upon us the necessity of cultivating within ourselves the true missionary spirit. May God ever bless him for all the beautiful thoughts with which he has inspired us and which are fast becoming an intimate part of our lives! —A. A. F.

THE GRADUATES OF 1910.

Miss Agnes Coyne, the valedictorian of the class, has had a very successful year teaching in the vicinity of Sheridan. We hope she has succeeded in putting the "Theory" into "Practice" and in making clear the "45 combinations".

THE GENTIAN extends hearty congratulations to Miss Nellie R. Kinney, who is now Mrs. Richard Coyle of Newcastle, Wyo. We sincerely hope that Mr. and Mrs. Coyle hold the same political views, for we have vivid recollections of lively scenes in the Civil Government class, when the "yeas and nays" were taken in reference to questions of the day at issue between the Democrats and Republicans!

Miss Georgia Sullivan has spent the year at the State Normal School,