

Fourth Year Class Prophecy.

Many years have passed since that memorable day, June 17, 1916. Yes, years have passed and brought changes to the lives and positions of my former school companions.

It is a bright June evening, just twelve years ago this very night, twenty-^{one}~~two~~ of our Loretto girls, young and happy, had left us amid tears of joy and sorrow, and gone out into the world to taste the sweet and bitter drops that must come into every life. For some of the girls, their school days were over, yet some had planned finishing their education at college: but all had great air castles for the future.

This evening, as I review in memory the pages of the past, and think of the many, many happy times at school, I remember one which I think no "1916" Loretto girl has ever forgotten...the last time the girls were with us...the one to which each Loretto girl looks forward, almost as eagerly, as she does to the day of her graduation... it is the day of our reception: our farewell party for our Seniors.

Now we all planned and worked for this little annual gala day, and what a great success it had been! How sweet and pretty each looked in her quaint party frock: surely each one was a real "Sweet Girl Graduate".

What a pleasant afternoon was spent, yet at the end of the happy, happy day, did we not see many a little tear drop from our grave Seniors, and many a reluctant goodbye, as they from many of us, for perhaps the last time.

Tonight, as I think of that day that has passed so long ago, a feeling of loneliness and longing creeps over me...and as I see each girl as she looked that day, I wonder if she still has the same sweet smile, and is she as happy.

And then another question comes to me: Have their castles become real, their dreams come true, or have they been shattered by time's naught winds, and fallen to the ground?

Oh, that these were the days of fairy godmothers, and maybe my curious longing could satisfied, was my wish as I looked into the starlit sky. Suddenly, one of the brightest stars began to fall. Soon, it had touched the ground right at my feet. It was no longer a star, for it seemed to take some shape while falling, and now a tiny little creature, in sparkling golden robes, stood before me. She spoke in a soft sweet voice: "I have heard your wish, and have come from the land of "Longing" to grant it. Close your eyes, take hold of my hand, and soon you will be happy."

I did as I was told, In a few minutes I opened my eyes, and found myself in the street of a crowded city. In front of me was walking a smart looking young woman. I was admiring her neat, tailored costume, when suddenly she turned her face around, and to my great surprise, she smiled....I was so taken back! Why it was Margaret McMullen, whom I had not seen in years.! She was coming from her place of business. Having become an expert typest, she had established a business college, assisted by Miss Marjorie Sheehan, who was noted as being the best and ^{most rapid} ~~swiftest~~ typest in the country. Margaret was to meet a friend of hers at luncheon, and then was to go to an opera. She asked me to accompany her, and I accepted her invitation, not knowing the many surprises that awaited me.

As we reached the place where Margaret was to meet her friend, a young woman stepped out of a beautiful automobile. She walked up to us, and I, at once recognized my dear old friend, Miss Mildred O'Brien. After her graduation, we had become separated, as she had married ^{the president} of a large banking concern, and I had left the city. Yes, Her married life, like her young school life, was full of bliss. Well

Well, we started for the lunch room, but when passing a curio shop, a large Loretto penant took our eyes. I insisted upon going into the store and purchasing it. Here in the midst of old coins, manuscripts, and everything imaginable, stood a real live pretty, women. Why, who was it, but Marion Hogan! Just as sweet and pretty as ever. She explained to us that ^{her} treasure store took up a great deal of her time. She said that she sold nothing, but just kept it to amuse passers-by., and this was ever her motto at school. After a little chat, we finally left Marion, walked a few blocks, reached a quaint little tea room. While we were taking our time drinking our tea, the proprietor came in. Though she had grown exceedingly stout, I at once recognized, our dear friend Helen Scanlan. She explained how she had established this little shop, so dainty and neat, in the heart of this great city, to keep in touch with most of the girls, who knowing, Helen's ways and tastes, always stopped there for refreshments, when in the city. Of course, pickles and carrots, constituted a part of the menu.

Time was rapidly flying, so we left Helen, and started for the opera. We soon arrived at one of the most beautiful opera houses in the city. Here a play was to be given by a number of the eminent people of the country. We entered a box, and just after we were seated, a woman entered with notebooks and pencils. She spoke to the girls, and then in great surprise, looked at me. Good gracious! it was Mary Pepin who had become "Society Editor," of a great weekly paper. Soon the play started, and Mary began to take notes. On the stage, there were two handsome women, who introduced the opera by a duet. Never had I heard such beautiful voices. Yet they seemed to bring me back to the days at school. Why really it was Viola's wonderful alto voice, and Florene's suprano, that I was almost in ecstasy over. But one surprise follows another. Two ladies

glided out across the stage as lightly as fairies. They were Loretto Hanlon and Amy Casey, who had continued dancing after they left school, and were still on the charm of Terpsichore ^{their friends} *Muse*

Then a strain of music came to me. Where had I heard such music before? From who's fingers could it come?...only Anna's? Yet a still more beautiful than it had been that last wonderful night that I had heard it. The opera ended with a recitation from the greatest known elocutionist in stageland, Miss Mary Small ...Certainly it had been wonderful. Who was the composer? of such a master piece as this opera had been. Certainly it was very modern. In the box opposite us, sat a woman, who during the recital seemed very nervous. When the last players left the stage, they had bowed to this woman. Now there were several people speaking to her, as if congratulating her. I asked the girls who she might be, but at that moment, she looked over at us and smiled. Well, above all people, our dear AMANDA! The composer of an opera which had made such a success. Well, we all knew, when at school, that this dear girl would one day make herself famous.

It was now late in the afternoon, but Mildred had ordered a new hat and suit at Milady's Dress Shop, and so we accompanied her. When we entered the shop, a beautiful suite of rooms on the Avenue, a young woman met us. She seemed to know all the girls so well, but it was some time before she recognized me. ^{Mme.} Miss Louise Hanley, the last one whom I would have thought to enter into such a business. But she was not alone in her undertaking, for just then Mme. Mary Fallahy walked out, arrayed in the latest of gowns, which had designed herself, for she was well known, as a designer of the latest fashions.

After Mildred received her suit, which indeed proved to be very satisfactory, we started for Margaret's apartments. It had grown so late that she persuaded me to spend the night with her. The following morning we started out to Mass, and Margaret informed me that we would go to the

Chapel of the newly erected Loretto Convent which stood in the place of the old St. Bernard's; Just before Mass was started, the nuns began to file in, just they had in our school days, But ah! how strange and lonely I felt in this new place, for all new faces appeared; yet at the end of a long procession, I saw two strangely familiar faces. But both so sweet. Why could it be Loretto Fitzgerald and Marcella! Surely it was! Loretto's same sweet smile, had not changed, but the mischievous look in those big eyes of our dear old Marce had been taken by a more grave one.

After Mass, we spoke to the girls for a while and they asked us to spend the morning visiting the school, as they were to have a half holiday, for a very distinguished visitor was to come during the forenoon. We explored the grounds.....how beautiful everything was...yet so changed. While we were admiring the beautiful new science room, and apparatus, we were summoned to the reception parlor. Here in a somber ^{black} cap and gown, stood the distinguished guest, Professor Margaret Gormaly, with about a dozen titles appended to her name.

To think that our dear Peggy should be so changed....so sober and stately.. I hardly believed it until she started to tell a pitiful tale about a thief and finally ended with a joke. Well, under the dark cap and gown, still beat the same dear old heart. Just a few minutes talk, and then she had to go, for this busy woman had to attend a presidential convention that evening, and she must have some time during the day to prepare her speech. She invited us to come that evening and attend the assembly.

In the afternoon, we decided to visit the art institute where there was an exhibit of American artists to be held that day. When we went into the building, we visited the students quarters. Here we were met by the president of the institute, who proved to be, no less than Miss Elizabeth

Farrell, whose drawings had been the envy to. of every of every girls at school. We talked for a while, and I enquired ^{from} where her old friend Mildred McNally and was informed that she had established an orphanage for poor Catholic childred, and she, assisted by Miss Veronica Farrell, a well trained nurse, and Miss Evelyn Bray, an instructor in elementary school work, constituted the faculty. She made me promise that I would visit the institute some day during my leisure hours.

Time was rapidly flying, and to keep my promise to Margaret, to spend the evening at the convention, I had to leave Elizabeth. I did not know that it had grown so late, but upon looking at my watch, found I had just an hour befor the lecture. My hair was quite dishevelled, and I would have little or no time to go back to the apartment, so I decided to go to a fashionable beauty parlor, near by.

When I enteren, a sweet little blond women came up to me, saying: "Madam, what may I do for you.... why Gladys!" "Oh, Marie!" So this was what Marie Gareapy had found to do. Well, Marie had one of her maids wash my head, but oh, the first dash of cold water awakened me. A sudden rain storm (Brain storm) had appeared... My memory book and pictures of all the girls had been ruined, and it was all a dream. But what a wonderful dream.... to know that one all of these girls had benefited by their educations and still remained true daughters of Loretto. Well, may every gitl who leaves Loretto, leave behind her, the sweet memory and hte beautiful record that these girls had left for us the renound etoricans.....thier juniors to follow.