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THE REVEREND THEODORE DUBOSE BRATTON.

To
The Reverend Theodore DuBose Bratton,
Our Dearly Beloved Rector and Honored President,
This Volume is Affectionately Dedicated
By the
Class of Nineteen Hundred.

*Simple, grave, sincere ;
In doctrine, incorrupt ; in language, plain,
And plain in manner : decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture : much impressed
Himself as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feed
May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.*



BOARD OF EDITORS.

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NANNIE BELVIN.
CAROLINE MEANS.



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THE EDITORS wish to express their hearty thanks to the following young ladies for their work in illustrating this book :

MISS WILKINS,	MISS BRIDGERS,
MISS MACRAE,	MISS GREY,
MISS HINSDALE,	MISS ASHE,
MISS SMITH,	MISS PARSLEY,
MISS MEANS.	



GREETING!

IN the hope that this little volume may faithfully portray the life—its work and play—of St. Mary's, we offer *The Muse of Nineteen Hundred*, trusting that it will appeal to all at St. Mary's and of St. Mary's.

THE EDITORS.

A. D. Huskole 00

The School Calendar.

1899

September 21. Advent Term.
October 31. All Halloween.
November 1. All Saints Day.
November 28. Thanksgiving Day.
December 22. Christmas Holidays.

January 3. Resumption of School.
January 14. Miss McKimmon's Birthday.
January 21-24. Examinations.

1900

January 25. Easter Term.
April 15. Easter.
April 16. Easter Monday.
Final Examinations.
May 30. Class Day.
May 31. Graduation Exercises.

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ORGANIZED MAY, 1879.

Alumnae Directory :

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'00.





PEARL PRATT. LOUISE PITTENGER. ELLEN BOWEN. MARY ANDREWS. CAROLINE MEANS. MARY THOMPSON.
MILDRED CUNNINGHAM. NANNIE BELVIN. ANNIE LOVE. MARY RENN.
ALICE LOVE. REBA BRIDGERS.



CLASS OF '00.....

MOTTO—*καλῶς ζυεῖν* (*kalos poiein*)

FLOWER—Crowfoot Violet..

COLORS—Green and Violet.



YELL.

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
Sis boom bun,
Here's to the century just begun—
Hippety Hus,
Hippety Ha,
Noughty Nought, Kappa Pi, sis boom bah!

...Roll...

MARY HAYWOOD ANDREWS, N. C.

ΣA Literary Society.
Associate Editor of *Muse*.
Corresponding Secretary of ΣA Literary Society.

NANNIE BELVIN, N. C.

ΣA Literary Society.
Associate Editor of *Muse*.
President of ΣA Literary Society.

ELLEN BRITTON BOWEN, N. C.

$\Sigma, \Sigma A$ Literary Society.
Class Prophet '00.
Music.

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$\Sigma, E A II$ Literary Society.
Editor in-Chief of *Muse*.
Vice-President Athletic Association.
Member of Varsity.
Science.
Secretary St. Monica's Chapter.

MILDRED LAURA CUNNINGHAM, N. C.

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Treasurer of St. Monica's Chapter.

ALICE LEONORA LOVE, N. C.

ΣA Literary Society.
Class Historian '00.
Science.

Roll--Continued.

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Class Poet '00.
Science.

CAROLINE MITCHELL MEANS, S. C.

$\Sigma, E A II$ Literary Society.
Toast-Master Class '00.
Assistant Editor of *Muse*.
Captain of Σ Basket-Ball Club.
Member of Varsity.
Music, Art, Science.
Historian of *E A II* Literary Society.
Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association.
Critic of Sketch Club.

ANNA LOUISE PITTINGER, N. C.

E A II Literary Society.
Business Manager of *Muse*.
Music.
Ivy Girl '00.
Vice-President of Music Association.

ANNIE PEARL PRATT, N. C.

E A II Literary Society.
Class Secretary '00.
Music.

MARY MACALISTER RENN, N. C.

$\Sigma, \Sigma A$ Literary Society.
Vice-President of Class '00.
Treasurer of ΣA Literary Society.
Vice-President of Tennis Club.
Science.

MARY CORNELIA THOMPSON, N. C.

President of Class '00.
Music.
 ΣA Literary Society.

Class History.

The historian who could possibly arrange any grouping of principal events that have occurred during our school years, would indeed be a marvel of genius. Every trifling incident bears especial importance to some member of this class. We as class-mates, have real word pictures of beautiful scenery, have gazed upon the glorious sun-sets placed on canvass before us by noble, aspiring artists, have viewed fair and strong structures in both stone and marble, but alas! they will all fade away from our memory in time. But time to the graduate is a gentle dealer. New images are constantly reflected on the retina, and while each in its turn vanishes, yet as a few lines best tell:

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain,
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads arise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies."

History, as learned men proclaim, repeats itself, but we all know that no on-coming class in future can boast of a more exceptional year than ours. First, we have been fortunate in being the Seniors during our new Rector's first term. How kindly considerate he has been to each of us. The Faculty, too—for can we ever forget how charmingly we were entertained on that February afternoon, although had it not been for the dog-tooth violet and green, our conduct might have been suspected by the souvenirs which we so proudly bore away.

But ah! school life is a strange mixture of pleasure and sorrow. We have been with poor Aeneas as he dragged forth mighty groans from the depths of his heart, and with Dido as she drank in long draughts of love, and although Venus glistened as to her rosy neck, and breathed forth sweet fragrance from her ambrosed hair, yet we have not always realized the pleasure that we might have realized from her discourses.

But how delightful has been our Chemistry, although several of us have barely escaped with our lives, yet we have discovered vast chemical combinations, not omitting that of Royster's candy.

Dolly Winthrop has inspired us with the beauty of a simple life, and we have spent many pleasant hours around the fire-side of the Vicar of Wakefield, with his precocious sons, fair daughters and ever-mindful wife.

What trials have befallen the average graduate, we can thoroughly appreciate, for did any class ever have their class-flower so ignored as we, or did any class ever have a flower class-pin sent them, absolutely devoid of a center, or worst of all, did any class ever have their knowledge of frosted gold so doubted as we?

But our year has not been filled with trials only, as, for instance, the afternoon when class pictures were taken—for girls do love cold drinks.

But at last we have finished—from camp to democracy, from the western continent through the eastern, and have vainly striven to digest both the centrifugal and centripetal forces, being convinced that our equilibrium depended thereon. And now that our year has closed, we can appreciate the commendation that is showered upon us, and while with Napoleon we agree that our past history will soon be converted into a fable, yet may we each resolve that what we now are to each other in the school room, so we will remain; and as time advances be just as loyal to our college girls as we expect to be to our Alma Mater.

Class Prophecy.

As the misty vapours rise from the shrine,
The Prophet the future will clearly define ;
The fate of these maidens twelve she sees
Steadily shining in written decrees.

Mary Andrews will, in society shine,
(She believes in having a good old time);
At home she will not very long tarry ;
We give her two years in which to marry.

Nannie Belvin will go next fall to college
With a head chock full of St. Mary's knowledge ;
Afterwards she will teach the minds of youth
In the ways of lessons and the paths of truth.

Lastly, before many years have elapsed,
Letters will come from Alaska, perhaps,
Of a missionary, teaching, preaching and sowing ;
The name of the saint is E. B. Bowen.

Ere long at Vassar or Cornell
Reba will be making—well,
Chemical compounds—and maybe matches,
(For there are few flames but what she catches).

Mildred Cunningham will be a sweet old maid,
Live in a green cottage, wear dresses staid ;
She will know from experience what many have guessed
'Tis only in loving that we are blessed.

Alice Leonora will not always be Love,
(Tho' this doesn't mean she is not sweet as a dove).
The hearts of her lovers will line all her way,
But the one she chooses will begin with a "J."

Our Annie Love a lawyer will be
And startle the jury by the strength of her plea ;
And after years of toil are past
She 'll wear the Judge's gown at last.

An artist destined immortal to be
For Caroline Means the fates decree,
Sketching with equally careless grace
A landscape, a flower, or some fair face.

Louise Pittenger will follow her calling,
The rich and poor alike enthraling ;
And "Gay Paree" will do her honor,
For there she 'll sing as Prima Donna

Das Worterbuch of fame and beauty,
(Was ist das Deutsch to rhyme—like duty),
With tables and notes and all like that,
Edited by die Professorin Pratt.

On June the third in nineteen-three
Our Mary Renn a bride will be ;
A handsome young lawyer just starting in life
On that fateful day will make her his wife.

Studying music in Stuttgart town
Mary Thompson will win renown ;
A Russian Count will appear on the scene
And music no more will be her theme.

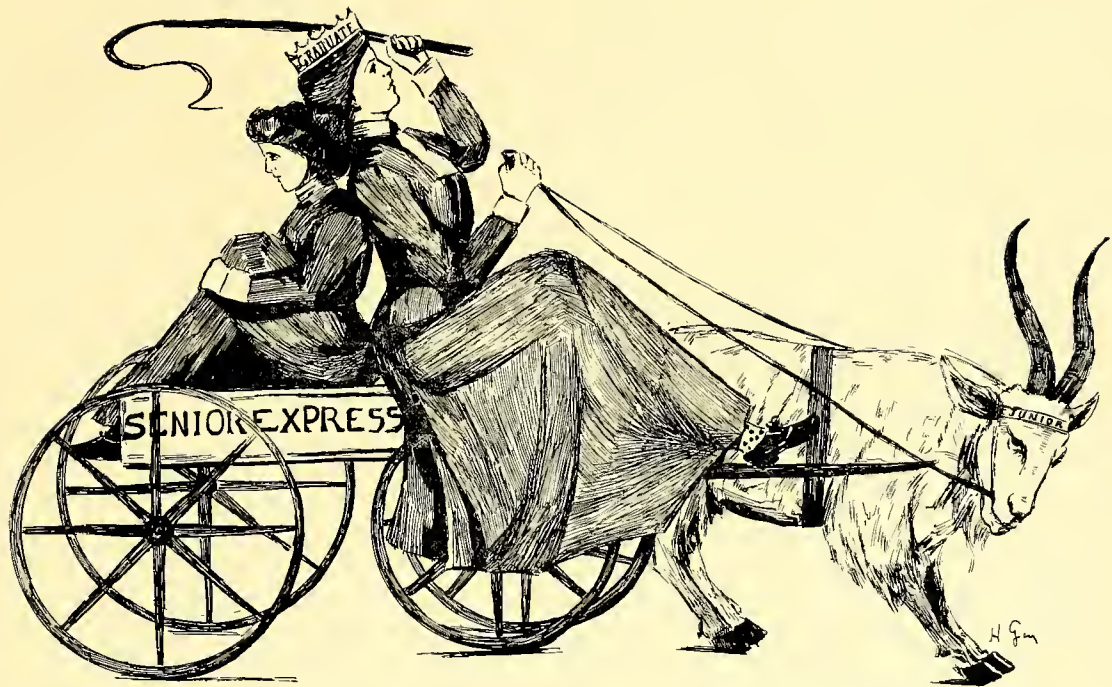
Class Poem.



WE GREET you, coming years,
With sorrow and joy,
As you stand with your future untold,
A welcome for you
Our tongues shall employ
As we turn from the death of the old.

The future 's before us ;
Oh, how shall we take it !
'Tis with us to curse or to bless.
The future like the past
Is just what we make it,
Loaded with failure or fraught with success.

Let us press on,
Let nothing distress us.
Though in the past many times we have blundered,
Our Alma Mater
Will always bless us,
The class of Nineteen Hundred.



Junior Class

FLOWER—White Brier Rose.

MOTTO—En Avant.

COLORS—Old Gold and White.



President, ELIZA HARWOOD DRANE.

Vice-President, DEAS MANNING BOYKIN.

Secretary and Treasurer, ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY.



Roll.

JEANNETTE BIGGS,
DEAS BOYKIN,
CLYDE DAWSON,

LENA DAWSON,
ELIZA DRANE,
ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY,

MARGARET MURDOCK,
MARY PHILIPS,
ALLIE WELSH.



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BUSBEE, SOPHIA D.
CRAIG, CYCE.
DAVIS, EULA R.
DUGHI, ROSE.
DUNCAN, ANNIE B.
DUNN, WILLIE P.
DYE, LELIA.
ELLENGER, MARY.
GEDDES, ANNIE.
HAMPTON, MARGARET.
HEARTT, NELIA.

HORTON, MARY HINES.
JONES, FRANCES.
MASSEY, MABEL P.
MacRAE, FRANCES W.
McKESSON, MARGARE M.
PRUDEN, MARGARET.
RAYMOND, FLORENCE.
ROGERS, NARCISSUS.
SKINNER, ELIZABETH I.
SMITH, OLIVIA.
TIMBERLAKE, SUSIE.



ART BUILDING.

Thursday Afternoon Sketch Club.

MOTTO : " If at first you don't succeed—rub it out."

COLORS : Cobalt.

OBJECT : Refreshments.

Officers :

FRANCES W. MACRAE,	<i>President.</i>
GEORGIA M. WILKINS,	<i>Treasurer and Secretary.</i>
CAROLINE MEANS,	<i>Critic.</i>

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HELEN GRAY,

OLIVIA SMITH,

JULIA N. PARSLEY,

LAURA PLACIDIA BRIDGERS,

AGNES MAKELY,

CAMPBELL JONES,

JOSEPHINE G. ASHE,

NELL BIGBY,

ANNIE PESCOD,

TEMPE HILL,

MAY JENKINS,

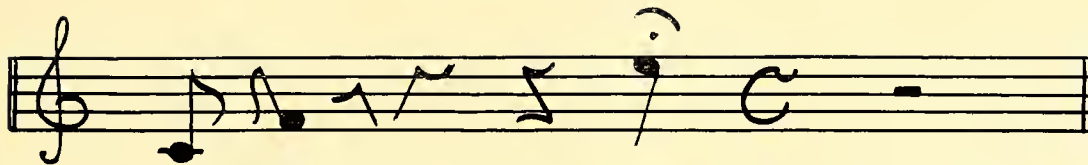
HENRIETTA GLOVER,

ELIZABETH SKINNER,



LIFE CLASS.





MOTTO—"Practice Makes Perfect."

COLORS—Black and White.

Officers :

President—ELIZA DRANE.

Vice-President—LOUISE PITTENGER.

Secretary and Treasurer—ANNIE HINSDALE.

...Roll...

Piano.

ARRINGTON.
ASHE.
BIGBY.
BIGGS.
BOWEN.
BOYKIN.
BOYLAN.
BURGWYN.
CAPEHART.
CHESHIRE.
COLEMAN
CUNNINGHAM.
DAWSON, C.
DAWSON, L.
DORSEY.
DORTCH.

DRANE.
FLORA.
GLOVER.
GREENE.
HARDIN.
HARRIS.
HAUGHTON.
HAWKINS.
HAYES.
HEDGEPEETH.
HILL.
HINSDALE.
JONES.
LAMB.
MAKELY.
MONTAGUE.

MONTGOMERY.
MOORE.
NASH.
PARSLEY.
PRATT.
RAYMOND.
ROOT.
SIMMONS.
SMEDES, M.
TAYLOR, L.
TAYLOR, E.
THOMPSON.
TRAPIER.
WOODARD.

Violin.

BOYLAN.
FLEMING.

CHADBOURNE.
JOHNSON.
SMEDES.

COTTON.
LEACH.

Vocal.

PITTENGER.

WELSH.

SMEDES.

WOOD.

WALKER.

THE ———
LITERARY
SOCIETIES.



E . A . II

A. D. H. H. H. H. 1900

MOTTO: Where high thoughts are duty.
COLORS: Old Rose and Sage.

Officers:

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- MARGARET BOYLAN, *Critic.*

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CLYDE DAWSON,
LENA DAWSON,
OLIVIA SMITH,
LOUISA EMMA NORWOOD,
LOUISE PITTENGER,
REBECCA ROUTHE BRIDGERS.

Honorary Members.

MRS. MACK,
MISS STONE,

MISS HALE,
MISS SLATER.



SIDNEY LANIER.

MOTTO—"Lit With the Sun."

FLOWER—Yellow Jessamine.

COLORS—Purple and Gold.

Officers.

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- Vice-President*, KATE MEARES.
- Treasurer*, MARY RENN.
- Secretary*, MARGARET PRUDEN.
- Corresponding Secretary*, MARY ANDREWS.
- Critic*, JULIA PARSLEY.
- Teller*, CLARA CAPEHART.

Roll.

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BOWEN, ELLEN.

BATTLE, MARY.

BELVIN, NANNIE.

BIGGS, JANETTE.

BAGWELL, MINNIE.

CAPEHART, CLARA.

FAISON, ELLEN.

GULLEY, REPSIE.

GAYLE, EMILY.

LEACH, SALLIE.

LOVE, ALICE.

LOVE, ANNIE.

MEARES, KATE.

PARSLEY, JULIA.

PHILIPS, MARY.

PRUDEN, MARGARET.

RENN, MARY.

SMEDES, MARY.

SMEDES, HELEN.

STEDMAN, MARGARET.

WELSH, ALLIE.

WILKINS, GEORGIA.

WOOD, IRENE.

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MISS JONES.

MISS DOWD.

MISS MCVEA.



THE CHAPEL.

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St. Monica's Chapter.

MISS MCKIMMON, DIRECTRESS.

MISS WILKINS, PRESIDENT.

MISS BRIDGERS, SECRETARY.

MISS CUNNINGHAM, TREASURER.

St. Margaret's Chapter.

MISS BLANCHARD, DIRECTRESS.

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MISS McVEA, DIRECTRESS.

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MISS MEARES, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

St. Elizabeth's Chapter.

MISS JONES, DIRECTRESS.

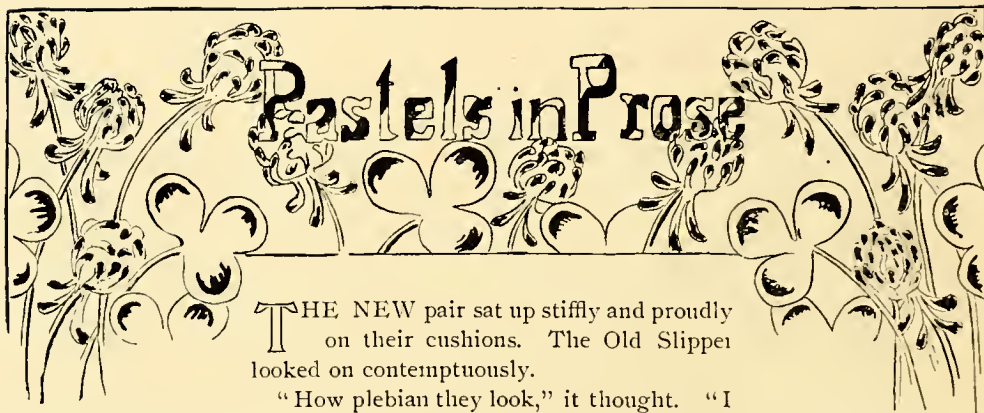
MISS BOYKIN, PRESIDENT.

MISS GAYLORD, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.



WEST ROCK HOUSE.





THE NEW pair sat up stiffly and proudly on their cushions. The Old Slipper looked on contemptuously.

"How plebian they look," it thought. "I wonder if they notice my high heel and the aristocratic point to my toe. How will my mistress ever dance on such flat, blunt things as they! How lightly I floated her about the waxed floors! My heel was very high, but I kept my toe well turned out and sped along firmly and lightly. I was much admired by the gentleman, and Lord Blount said:"

"What is the matter with that old yellow slipper in the corner?" fretfully inquired the Walking Boots.

But the Old Slipper said nothing. One can concede some things if one has a high heel and a toe with an aristocratic point.



OH, DEAR! We thermometers have queer experiences! How warm I am! I have just been taken out of that girl's mouth and her temperature is one hundred and three. I am washed and put back into my case to stay until I am needed again. My doctor never leaves me at home, and I get very weary of being waked up all during the night to take somebody's temperature. To-night I thought my end had surely come. I was dropped by my dear doctor on the road, and my spirits fell below zero, as you can imagine, lying all alone in the dusty road with that forward Man in the Moon winking at me. I lay there shuddering, when suddenly I heard steps approaching and soon saw my doctor bending over me. My spirits went up with a leap, and though they did not reach $98\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ for some time, I was distinctly more comfortable. After being put into the doctor's pocket I was as happy as ever. On and on we drove until at last a light could be seen gleaming

from a distant window. We soon reached the house, and here we have been for a good many hours, for this little girl is pretty sick and this is the time that her fever gets to behaving so very inconsiderately. So the doctor and I have come to mark all his pranks and lower his pride

Now they are going to take the little girl's temperature again, and the doctor is unscrewing the top of my little silver case. Poor, pretty little curly-head! I hope you have not much fever! Mercy! I wish this girl would not keep wabbling me about in her mouth! Just listen to her horrid teeth! Oh, dear, dear! She had better be careful! Does she think I am hard, unfeeling guttapercha? Oh, my back, my back! She has bitten me half in two!

* * *

CAREFUL hands had arranged the bouquet and only three violets had fallen away. They lay now behind the sofa, in the dark and quite forgotten.

"I am sure," began the big white double violet, "That this is very boring after all the brightness of my past life. For a whole week I stood up in a large pot in the green-house. A number of my friends, too, were there, and every day people would come and admire us. That was certainly more pleasant than lying here utterly neglected."

"It seems to me that I have quite as much to regret," spoke up the sweet violet. "I grew out there in the border with my brothers and sisters. The pretty young lady was always coming by and stooping to take delightful sniffs at us. You had admiration, perhaps, but I think that I had love."

The other little violet, who was quite the smallest of all, lay only half hearing this conversation. It was thinking of all the friends far away in the green woods. Of the little bird who sang so blithely 'way up in the oak tree, of the anemones and heart-leaves that clung so closely to the earth, and of the long grasses that were always whispering to each other about some great secret. The little violet thought how it used to lean over the spring with the moss and ferns and chat with the drops of water. What wonderful stories the water-drops would make up of the things they expected to see when they should float away from the spring! The violet and her friends had listened enviously, wishing that they too might slip away out into the broad green meadow.

"I hope," murmured the little violet, "That the water-drops have found the world more pleasant than I have."

"Jane has left some trash over there under the sofa—three withered violets. Please pick them up and throw them into the fire, Annie dear."

* * *

THE LIMIT is placed at twenty-one points, each side has scored twenty, and spades are trumps. Now, this is extremely exasperating to Dr. Jim. Hearts make him glow with enthusiasm, diamonds lead him to make bright play, clubs make him eager and energetic—but spades! It is as if a sudden chill has made his blood run cold, and a mist has gathered over his spectacles. And then that miserable black cat keeps worrying him.

But as the round advances it appears that spades are not fulfilling their ominous predictions, for Dr. Jim has played a poor hand so well that he has succeeded in taking five tricks, and there are only two more rounds. It is his lead. He moves his cards restlessly, then hesitatingly places one on the table. It scores its point, and is greeted by cries of "good!" "Six to six!" "Now for the odd!"

The doctor is confident now, for he would swear that his partner has the ace, so he fearlessly places his last little deuce. But just then the cat sticks his cold nose against his hand, his opponent comes down with the ace, and Dr. Jim's game is lost.



HERE HE sits on that old log with his legs dangling down and his toes in the water. He has on a wide brimmed straw hat lined with green, and peeping from beneath is a pair of mischievous brown eyes. The front of his once white linen blouse is covered with mud and the stains of grass and rushes. The little brown chubby hands are clasped tightly around a huge fishing rod, much too big for a boy of his size, but he is playing grown up to-day, so that doesn't matter.

A frown crosses his face and he is impatiently jerking at the old line that will not catch any fish. He is bending over now, a smile, a look of triumph over-spreads his face, for the cork has gone out of sight! He has commenced to pull. It is taking all his strength, for the fish seems to be something more than a mere minnow. Ah! do look at his frightened expression! and no wonder, for dangling from his hook, wiggling and squirming in the air is an eel. Poor little fellow, how frightened he is! He has dropped the rod and is running off as fast as his stout little legs can carry him.



THREE CHEERS for the 'Varsity! Hip, hip, hurrah! Come on, let's take a trolley ride in honor of the occasion. The 'Varsity has just been elected. Wilma Stone is our mascot, and every thing is excitement.

Wear our hats? No! the idea of the 'Varsity going to ride with big hats on! Get your caps and come on or we'll miss this car.

Finally we are all seated and are trying to decide where to go; at last, with the help of our coach and the temperature of the car—it is a closed one—we decide to go and get something cool.

No, don't get off here; too many people. Let's go on further. So on we go down Fayetteville. At last we stop. Out we troop. The shop-keeper looks at us with surprise, but seeing that we are *not* crazy, he commences to bow and smile.

No ice-cream soda? What a pity! Oh, well, give us pine-apple ice. Don't drink yet; wait 'till we are all helped. All ready! Somebody make up a yell for our coach, quick.

'Varsity, 'Varsity,
Sigma, Mu!
Alma Mater,
White and Blue!
Miss Stone!

Why, you forgot to give our coach a spoon. Won't have one? Prefer not to spoon? All right! Come on; let's try for this car; here it is!

Out we rush, and in fifteen minutes we are back at school. Everything goes on as before.



NOW THAT I have got away from Mother Moon and the rest of the moon-beams I will plan a little for myself. Into the woods I go—down, down, deeper and deeper! At last I come to a place where the violets and blue-bells, smilax and foxgloves are thickest. The place is lighted by crowds of lightning-bugs and glow-worms, with an occasional bright gleam from a will-o-the-wisp. I find myself in the midst of fairies. They are preparing for a dance. I look around for some place on which to rest, and at last spy a wild-rose bush—just the thing! As I settle I glance around the dell. On one side are the little men in their green suits and caps and pointed shoes. From their caps hung little silver bells. On the opposite side sit the little ladies in their bright-colored dresses. From their belts dangle little gold bells. At one end sit the king and queen, dressed in richest court robes. At the other end is the orchestra, made up of tinkling blue-bells, flute-voiced mocking-birds, tender-throated nightingales, and pompous, loud-swelling locusts. The King and Queen rise to open the dance, and away they go. The ball is in full swing. On and on they dance. Now I have time to look around the ball-room. Draped from the columbine bushes at the corners of the grassy floor, are lengths of silver-gray bunting, spun by the spiders for the occasion, with here and there and everywhere amidst this floating drapery, gleaming circles of silver web, jeweled by the dew. By each side are arranged seats of toad-stools. Beyond these are tiny walks for the promenaders, and beyond these is a pavilion of heart-leaves from which the busy ants are serving refreshments. The dawn is just beginning to break, when—suddenly—a hunter's horn is heard! Everything vanishes in an instant. And back I go—up, up into the sky—to find my brothers and sisters and tell them what I have seen.

DEAR LITTLE head! It does not bob around like a nodding mandarin, but it is hardly still a minute, and the sun-beams dance all over it. The delicate gold-brown hair seems to invite the sun to play with it. Marion looks at everything with inquiry in her large round hazel eyes, which are not too dark, for sunny brown lashes light them. Her face is sun-beams, playing peek-a-boo. Sometimes the light is a smile, sometimes a look. Marion doesn't care to eat everything she sees, but sometimes she will put a little dimpled, studded hand on a pretty thing and try, ever so sweetly, to say, "Mine?" Her little mouth is always quite gentle. Dear, dainty little Marion does not scream. When she has simply got to cry she only does it to make her wants known to those stupid grown-up folks. She coos when she is happy, and crows with delight at the wiggles of her dear little curled up bare toes, and holds out a tiny pink-soled foot for admiration. Marion's nose is the only thing—it *will not* be kept down in perfect obedience to Lady Marion's rule, and when it sees anything funny, it wrinkles with delight. Marion does not get angry, she is too gentle to slap as some other babies do, and when she gets sleepy she expects mother to put her to sleep the first time that she rubs her eyes.



SHE IS quite tall and dark. Her features are not as finely cut as an ideal demands, yet there is about her face a sweetness which quite atones for any lack of perfection in mould. A heavy suit of fine dark hair is turned softly away from her low, broad forehead, and the short, curly locks, which cannot reach the loose knot low on her neck, are constantly in a delicious state of confusion. Two large brown eyes, naturally soft, but frequently firm, look me steadily in the face from the shadow of thick dark brows and lashes. My teacher's nose is straight, and of good size; her mouth broad, with full, well shaped lips, full of fun, too, when she wishes it. As I see her, she stands against her desk, her head slightly inclined towards a speaker, as she enumerates the answers to her question. One slender, brown hand, the left, is outstretched, palm upwards, as the forefinger of the right touches each outstretched finger in turn. In her belt she has fastened a red rose, which by its brilliancy of color deepens the blackness of her entire dress. The contrast is softened by the sweetness of her eyes and the half smile which parts her full, red lips in expectation.

Certain It Is.

He wandered in and out among the booths,
And wondered why in creation it behooves
Womankind always to have a "bazaar"
When in need of money they seriously are.

He was just pronouncing it "a great bore,"
When a friend—"Come and meet my sister, Gore.
She is more entertaining than baby sacques,
And of a girl's charms she nothing lacks."

So dazzled was he by her queenly beauties
That he almost forgot his polite duties,
But awkwardly bowed as she said, "I am
So happy to meet you!—Certainly am!"

He realized her eyes were a deep, dark brown,
And a glory of hair her beauties did crown.
Inanely he murmured, "What a day this is."
—A bewitching assent.—"Certainly is!"

By the charm of her smiles his courage did rise;
He swept the bazaar with a connoisseur's eyes.
"These-eh-*things* are the best in the State of Tar!"
—A bewildering glance.—"Certainly are!"

Tables of edibles stood near by
And busy servers to and fro did fly.
"Shall we have something?" forgetful of bill,
—A cream-melting smile—"Certainly will!"

He was having a thoroughly charming time,
When he saw Fred approach with an air of "sister mine."
Courage rose quickly. "May I call?" he dared say.
—An intoxicating blush.—"Certainly may!"

So she left him to dreams of rainbow hue
(Later the bill developed the blue.)
But just then his mind was left no choice
But to dwell upon the sweet tilt of her voice

Cool winds restored some calm to his brow;
Cooler Reason began to question him now.
"After all," he asked, "What did she say
That was faintly entertaining, brilliant or gay?"

His brows were bent in a troubled frown
Where *have* I heard it?—that word, that sound!"
Enlightenment, triumph seem to rise from the dust,
"She must be a St. Mary's girl! Certainly must!"

Moonbeans.

(TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.)

“ I SAW A little maiden weeping,” said the moon, “ She wept over the wickedness of the world. She had received a beautiful doll as a present, and such a doll, so delicate and tender, it was not formed for the suffering of this world. The brothers of the little girl, the great naughty youngsters, had set the doll high up in a big tree in the garden and then had run away.

The little maiden could not reach the doll, could not help it down, and this was the cause of her tears; the doll plainly cried with her, it stretched its arms down between the green boughs and looked quite unhappy. Yes, this is the suffering of the world of which mamma has so often spoken.

Ah, the poor doll! It already began to be dark and what now if the night would set in! Should she leave it sitting alone on the tree the whole night? No, the little maiden could not bring her heart to this. I will stay with you, she said, though I haven't much courage for it. It seemed to her as though she saw quite clearly little goblins in their high pointed caps, crouching in the bushes, and long spectres dancing farther back in the dark paths; they came nearer and nearer and stretched their hands toward the tree where the doll sat; they laughed scornfully, with their fingers pointing to it. Oh, how frightened the child was! But if one has done no sin she thought, the Evil One can do no harm. I wonder if I have done any sin? and she reflected, “ Oh, yes; I laughed at the poor duck with the red string on her leg she limped so funny that I had to laugh, but it is wrong to laugh at animals ” And she looked up at the doll, “ Have you laughed at animals?” she asked. And it looked as though the doll shook its head.

N. B.



HEAR WHAT the moon told me! “ I have seen the cadet, on being raised to the rank of an officer, don for the first time his splendid uniform. I have seen the young maiden in her bridal dress, and the prince's young bride in her wedding robes, but I have never looked down upon any happiness equal to that of a little four-year-old girl whom I watched this evening. She had received a new dress and a new rose colored hat; the finery had just been put on, and all called for light, for the moon-beams, which pierced through the window, were not bright enough. Still ano'her light must be brought. There stood the little girl, stiff as a doll, her arms stretched anxiously away from the dress and her fingers spread wide apart. O, what happiness beamed from her eyes, from her whole face!

“ To-morrow you shall go out in your dress,” said her mother, and the little one looked up at her hat and down again at her dress and smiled happily. “ Mother,” cried she, “ I wonder what the little dogs will think when they see me in these pretty clothes?”

N. H.

“ I LOVE children,” said the moon, ‘The little ones are especially comical. I often look between the curtain and the window-sill into the room, when they are not thinking about me. It gives me much pleasure to watch them when they are obliged to undress themselves without assistance. First the little, round, white shoulder creeps out of the dress, then the arm, or I see how the stocking is pulled off and a little, fat, white leg appears and a little foot for kisses, and I kiss it !

This is what I wish to tell you : Yesterday evening I looked through a window of which the curtain was drawn back, for no one lived oppo-ite. I saw quite a number of little ones, all brothers and sisters ; among them was a tiny little sister, she is only four years old, but she can say the Lord’s prayer as well as any one. Her mother sits every evening by her bed and hears her pray, then she kisses her, and the mother remains by her bed until the little one is asleep, and that happens just as soon as she can close her eyes.

Yesterday evening the two oldest children were somewhat wild, one hopped around on one leg in his long white gown, the other stood on a stool, surrounded by the clothes of the other children ; they said they were living pictures. The third and the fourth laid their clothes very orderly in their little chairs, but the mother sat by the bed of the smallest and told them they must be quiet while their little sister said her prayers.

I looked down over the lamp into the bed of the little one, when she lay on the fine white spread, the little hands folded and her face very grave and devout, she prayed aloud the Lord’s prayer. “ But what is that ? ” interrupted her mother in the middle of the prayer, “ When you said, give us our daily bread, you said something which I did not understand ; you must tell me what it was.” The little one was silent and looked anxiously at her mother. “ What did you say after ‘ Give us our daily bread ? ’ ” Please don’t be angry, dear mother, I prayed, “ And lots of butter on it.” S. M. W.

“ YESTERDAY,” thus the moon told me, “ I looked down into a narrow court-yard, surrounded by high houses. There lay a clucking hen with eleven little chickens ; a dainty little maid was jumping around them ; the hen clucked and spread out her wings over the little chickens. Then came the little girl’s father ; he scolded her and I glided away, thinking no more of it. But this evening, only a few minutes ago, I looked again into the same yard.

“ All was still there ; but soon I saw the little girl, she crept quite softly to the chicken house, raised the bo’t and slipped in with the hen and chickens ; they began to cry out in terror and to flutter about ; the little one ran after them. I saw that quite clearly, for I looked through a hole in the wall. I was angry with the cruel child and was glad when her father caught her by the arm and scolded her more severely than on the day before ; she bent back her head and the blue eyes were filled with great tears. “ What are you doing here ? ” he said. She wept. “ I wanted to kiss the hen and beg her pardon for what I did yesterday, but I did not dare tell you ”

“ And the father kissed the little innocent on the forehead, but I kissed her eyes and mouth.”

R. R. B.

An Incident.

WE HAD NOT been speaking, Jack Reynolds and I, for a week ; and, irony of fate, here we were, standing face to face in a crowded car ! His was the next strap to mine and every sway of the car brought us shoulder to shoulder. I first looked out into the street— we were just leaving Blount and I was going up to Hillsboro—and then I glanced at my watch. Fifteen minutes to stand here unless he gets off—joy ! And yet there was not so much joy in the thought ; I was carrying on the quarrel from sheer waywardness. As I glanced at Jack, for he also was looking out of the window, I felt a very disagreeable tugging at my—heart, I suppose. I glanced impatiently at my watch again, fourteen minutes, how the time crept ! Then I considered, if he should address me first I should never speak to him again ; and yet—studying the face of my watch, I struggled with myself. Perhaps he did not care at all ! He looked indifferent enough But *ought* I to allow the quarrel to stand ? I determined to speak here and at once. Many things could be explained in thirteen minutes. I mentally cleared my throat and—

“ Why, hello, Reynolds ! Glad to see you, old fellow ! And—why, is it possible—Miss Rolfe ! How do you do, Miss Rolfe ! Have you, too, been doing New York again ? Old fellow, I envy you ; here I have been imploring on bended knees for a drive and Miss Rolfe always insists that she has not time ; Reynolds, you must not—”

“ Mr. Barnes,” I interposed, “ When do you propose to launch your new yacht ? ”

“ Why, what in the world, Reynolds, have you been about, not to tell Miss Rolfe about our yacht ? ”
Heavens, would the stupid man never stop ?

“ No, Barnes, both Miss Rolfe and I have been too busy to speak,” he hesitated, “ About such things.”

“ Busy ? What nonsense, I have seen you more at the club for the last week than ever before.”

I smiled. Jack frowned. “ And Miss Rolfe too, society has missed her terribly, we—”

“ Is that so ? ” smiled Jack as he looked at me straight in the eyes. I frowned.

Ten minutes gone and this crazy bore of a man still talking, talking I never liked Mr. Barnes and now I hated him. I tapped the floor impatiently. We stopped at the Capitol.

“ Well, here I am, good-by Miss Rolfe, good-day Reynolds.”

Gone at last, and once more face to face with Jack If that crazy man had only waited five minutes ! I remembered my determination and glanced up at Jack. Cold-hearted ! Yes, stony-hearted ! I grew angry with him and looked ahead for my corner. The car stopped and I turned, but before I could move forward Jack had passed me and was helping me down before I realized it. As I looked up into his face I saw there the dear old expression that I used to like so much before things had got into such a snarl between us. Then remembering all, something seemed to come all into my eyes and I turned away to hide my confusion.

“ Never mind,” he said, “ I am coming in to tea with you.”

And I could not refuse.

C. M. M.

Raising the Standard.

“ We the stately company who have assembled here,
To speak with indignation, or to shed indignant tear,
Vow eternal vengeance on those who do us wrong ;
We will fulfill our vows and sing triumphant song.
We have come together, injustice to redress,
And this is our deep bitterness, this is our distress.

For years the highest places at St. Mary’s we did grace,
But now they’d raise the standard, and throw us from our place.
Now let the injured come, from this or distant land,
To make your sorrows known, for vengeance is at hand.

The darksome Rector of St. Mary’s School,
As over that fair body he first begins to rule,
Thinks to push us ruthlessly down from our high estate,
But let’s stop this atrocity before it is too late

Long have I reigned the highest, the highest, head, supreme,
All, all read my eloquence as they drink from living stream,
Now to this base conspiracy, thus tamely shall I submit,
I, who am fittest of all to rule, shall Tacitus over me sit ?
Then do but follow me my friends, and on to victory
I’ll overthrow this direful plot, I’ll conquer or we’ll die.”

Then arose King Henry, the eighth of that line of kings,
“ You’ve a pretty way, Lord Cicero,” then he said, “ Of fixing things.
But I, with my faithful Wolsey, and Dido, my latest love,
Aided by my good Cromwell, could a few obstacles move.
Just lend to us your aid, and put in us your trust,
And we’ll overthrow this hated gang, we’ll drag them in the dust.
I’ll meet their boasted Rector, squarely, face to face,
I’ll overthrow his logic, to which he lends small grace.
He’ll quail when I look fixedly, straight between his eyes ;
Theology shall be my theme, for there my safety lies.”

Dante then arose as from a lethargy :
“ Methought last night I wandered far into a chasm of blackest dark,
Lightened by not one single star ;
I saw nine circles where wretches were consigned,
And in my power it was to put men there,
Such power is mine, my friends, and if that standard’s raised,
That whole assembly I’ll will consign to dark despair.”

“ With you I heartily agree, Mr. Dante, on my life,
You’ve hit the nail upon the head,” said Wakefield’s Vicar’s wife.
She understood but little that greatest Dante said,
But Dante loved her offspring, (Olivia was the maid),
But here the Vicar did break in, “ My dearest love,” said he,
“ Go home and make your berry wine, and leave discourse to me.”

Here Dido, Henry’s love, arose with eyes of flashing fire,
And high uplifted head and voice, expressing dreadful ire,
Fiercely broke forth, “ Long have I stood in the eyes of those who inhabit
there,

As one who excited pity or merited a prayer ;
Painful this humiliation, galling to my pride,
But for their good I stood it, as for love I died.
But never can I endure it, when the change is brought about,
And others are put above me ; but heggivered if I pout
I’ll keep aloof my bearing, keep a high erected head,
And as I treated Aeneas in Hades, when I meet ‘em, I’ll cut ‘em dead.”

Speaking thus with eloquence, she groaned and then retired
But being greeted with applause, again she was inspired,
(Ah, how much humiliation we’d never have to face,
If by happy inspiration we could stop at the proper place.)
For in this august body there was another fair,
And when Dido arose again she was jerked back to her chair.
“ Dido,” screamed angry Elizabeth, “ Have the goodness to keep seat
And hush your silly jabbering.” And she pounded with her feet.
“ Women have ever been such fools, and it just takes me to teach
A few of you silly ones there are others on this beach.”

Then in this direful moment arose bold Robin Hood,
He called her "Bess the Gentle," and "Elizabeth the Good."
But good Queen Bess, not knowing him, and caring less, may hap,
Sent the poor gallant across the room with a timie well-aimed slap.
He cast to Heaven a frightened look as he landed 'neath the chair,
A look of injured innocence, and then he settled there.

Fear now o'er came the assembly, though soon it was changed to a laugh
When the person who was trying to escape was found to be John Falstaff,
"Twit me not, Oh gentlemen, nor say it was for fear,
From this vile body that I took, or tried to take, my flight,
But feud agrees not with my honor and angry females! loathsome to my
sight.

Never have I quailed before the field of danger,
Twenty with a single stroke I crush,
But face not I, a crowd of angry females,
For when has woman e'er been known to hush."

Then up-rose Queen Marie Antoinette,
"I've little now to say," she very humbly said,
"Tis rarely that I ever speak in public,
I'm pretty sure always to lose my head,
But now," continued she, but stopped off short
As some unruly member yelled, "Hark,
I am pretty sure that now we'll have a jolly brawl,
For there comes Joan of Arc."

"Ah me, my friends," said the maid of Orleans,
Casting a mournful glance toward the sky,
"I once decided ne'er again to meddle,
But I just have to finger in this pie."
Boccaccio did then at once arise, and as she continued to speak
Slipped his arm around her waist and kissed her rosy cheek.
Petrarch then in majesty arose, stalked up and faced about
Declared the pair were out of order, and promptly ruled them out.

Amid all this another one began to sound his woes,
Of course smart Elic Tricity must come stick in his nose.—
"There are only women in this school, and I'd just like to know
Why all these bold females must any higher go
You know they haven't sense enough, they'd kill themselves e'er long.
Why, in taking a streak of lightning you know they'd take it wrong.

But there were others. Green Erin's member, a silence had maintained
till now,
"Erin go braw," he slowly said, and promptly made his bow.
"My name is Trig O'Nometry and they are doing me dirt," he said,
"D'ye think the spalpeen A. Stronemy can come figerin o'er me head?
I'll break every bone in his ugly jaw, sure I'll lay him dead."
Finished he then what he had to say, few heeding what he said.

And gentle Swift did then arise; there was silence in the hall,
"Too bad," he said, "He speaks so well, yet was scarcely heard at all.
Why trouble thus your tiny selves, my children small," said he,
"If they would make a little change, why, why not let them be?
They cannot be the same for long, they are not to blame,
They seek but to amuse themselves, you know you'd do the same.
They will change it all, and music too, so do the best you can.
Jump on the stool, give us a tune, now do your best, Chopin."

Chopin then wandered through that assembly grand,
And his most grandiloquent style at once did then command,
A mighty gust of wind then blew his music to the ground,
As Eppie ran to pick it up, at once was heard a sound,
All looks were bent intently in ghastly silent awe,
They looked toward the opening, and this is what they saw:
There Silas Marner standing, his teeth did gnash and grit,
"The standard's raised," he shrieked aloud, and fell down in a fit.

A Certain Mass-Meeting.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CICERO,	JOHN RICHARD GREENE.
LIVY,	WILHELM TELL.
ÆNEAS,	SIR LAUNFAL.
POLLY TRIG,	MR. GENUING.
LOPE DE VEGA,	MISS SAUNDERS.
DIDO.	
LITERARY SOCIETY.	

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

SCENE, SCHOOLROOM AT ST. MARY'S.

CICERO IN THE CHAIR.

CICERO—Conscripti Patres, ye have heard with mingled joy and mirth
The grand new schemes to which the faculty has given birth.
They seem to mock at us as of ancient times the slaves,
And would with grand new standards lay us deep within our graves.
They think with Horace, Pliny, Juvenal, to place us on the shelf ;
But ah no, Mistress Faculty, you vie with masters greater than yourself.
Have I not through all these years with my consuls and my guards

Upheld the Latin standard with the sternest iron rods?
Have you not, O brother Livy, with your Alps and Appenine
Made the Latin pupils tremble at that very name of thine?
And yea, Miss Polly Trig, I bear witness that you hath
Made your vigilant pursuers sigh for times of after-math.
So while they sleep and dream we gather to protest ;
We will not sink our treasures at their very least behest.

LIVY (*rising coolly*)—Ah, I think it will not take much protesting on my part—I will simply inform the faculty that I will not be downed, and who indeed has ever conquered me and my constructions. Place Tacitus above me indeed—bah! What can he do? Have I not lead an army across the Alps, have I not assisted in a part, at least, at the conquest of the world, have I not crossed rivers, besieged towns, fought battles, and at the same time managed a whole herd of white elephants? Dear me! how many times those elephants did fall off the Alps to be sure, but I patiently rescued them all and carried seven of them even through the battle of Trebia. No indeed, no one ever fought with me with impunity—why I can—

CAESAR (*rising impatiently*)—Go to Livy, you are worse than Cicero with your “I, my, me and mine.” Stop long enough to look at Caesar and his achievements, miles, dux, imperator, victor, tribune—Veni, vidi, vici—who can beat that, I challenge you O Sallust! Aye, with my tenth legion I can trample you and your musty volumes to dust, to say nothing of your faculty. So let it be, my comrades, league yourselves in battle array, and Caesar at your head will lead you safely across the bridge that leads to eternal standardship. (*Sits down amid a thunder of applause and Æneas rises pale and groaning from the depths of his heart.*)

LIVY (*aside*)—Pardon the unsteady appearance of my worthy sire ; it's merely a little habit of his of letting his voice stick in his throat and his hair stand on end.

ÆNEAS—For what have the gods warned me, for what has the image of my father Anchises appeared in sleep if after all my adventures and struggles I am at length to be plunged into this darkest despair? Is my gray and reverend beard to be pul ed by these insolent barbarians, are my sage discourses to be ridden over and trampled upon by the follies of the newly-wise? Ah me, if things are to be thus why did the gods deem it necessary for me to tear myself, heart and soul, from my Dido? We might now be sitting within the walls of Carthage clasped in a sweet embrace.

DIDO—O Æneas!

ÆNEAS (*ending with a wail*)—And what one of these new faddies was ever called "Nate dea?"

SIR LAUNFAL—My friends

"At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold."

And what is to be the cost of this marvellous new change, and which will be the first to break, the new standards, the old school, or the students?

CICERO (*impatiently*)—If you keep on after such a paltry thing as a penny, Sir Launfal, you will never find your Holy Grail, and besides, we are not assembled to discuss the money question, but to make a comparison of our worth and that of the new standards. (*Sir Launfal retires crest-fallen, and Polly Trig shrieking and shaking her Medusa-like locks rears her angular visage from a table of logarithms which a careless student has left on the desk*)

POLLY TRIG—In vain have I hung out my sines and my cosines to attract the wonder of the passer-by; in vain have I worked and drudged to establish my table of logarithms; in vain have I enjoyed the reputation of being the sternest and most Gorgon-like creature in the school. It must not, it shall not be! I defy Calculus; let him once gaze upon me and I will turn his very soul to stone. Oh come, ye profoundest intricacies, rage about their heads, freeze their blood, let the brilliancy and radiancy of your learning lay to light the darkest spears of their brains and reveal to the scorn of the world their pitiful blankness! Oh ye—

GREENE—Oh come, Polly Trig, you're striking off at an entirely wrong tangent. We came here to protest and to form a plan to prevent this foolhardy venture, not to go into a rage and overturn the old school from its very foundations. Why, you've actually made Falstaff skip, and he, the very foundation of valor, too! Now, since in my Short History of the English people I have given this English people not only a history but a new standard for the word *short*; there is no telling what wonders I may do. So with my aid suppose we summon Henry VIII Wolsey, Richelieu and a few other old schemers and decide upon a plan. And don't you think, Mr. Chairman, that we had better put a Pope on the committee, for Henry could hardly get his schemes to go in proper order if he didn't have a Pope to work against, and then the Pope would have such influence with Dante and the other Italian members.

CICERO—Oh no Greene, don't make such wild suggestions. Henry would either get ex-communicated or chop off the Pope's head before they had schemed five minutes, and then there would be an end of everything. If you've got any suggestions to make, make them, and if you haven't, sit down, and we wont waste any time.

LOPE DE VEGA (*rising pompously*)—Why waste any time at all making grand and elaborate plans, Mr. Cicero. Just let me and my gracioso receive the new standards, and in conducting them to their assigned places we will lead them all over a trap door, they will all go down together, and there'll be an end, and no trouble to anybody. (*This proposition is greeted with mingled cries of applause and disapproval, and during the disturbance Wilhelm Tell appears in the doorway.*)

CICERO—Goodness, there comes Wilhelm Tell, tritt-ing auf mit seinem Armbrust! I suppose I must stop and explain the proceedings to him. (*He does so, and as the explanation proceeds, Wilhelm Tell turns pale, lightens his clasp upon his Armbrust, and at last breaks forth with wrath and indignation.*)

WILHELM TELL—Am I to be routed just after I have established myself in the terrors of the German pupils, after I have shot the apple off my son's head—that masterly piece of archery—after I made that daring speech to the Landvogt, after I so miraculously escaped from his power—and who but Tell could have done that—Ah, me alas! But why do I grieve? I cannot be routed, there is nothing in German literature to equal me, much less surpass me, all the text books of literature say that, therefore I will speak no longer; I am a man of deeds not words anyway, I—

LITERARY SOCIETY (*pertly*)—There, don't. You said you were going to stop, and goodness knows I've had enough of your old fogie's dissertations. For my part I'm heartily glad that the faculty has at last arrived at its senses and is going to raise the standard, for then perhaps I'll have companions worthy of my charms. Come, Mr. Genung, you've been teaching us to conjugate our future tenses correctly, will you not join me?

(The members rise with one wild shout of derision and vote to expell Miss Literary Society immediately, and during the hubbub Mr. Genung is seen to be patting Literary's shoulder and whispering in her ear, "No, no, little girl, I must be true to my colors, but remember if ever you get into trouble with your haughty associates, just let your old friend know and he will come to help you out, for with all his new rivals Mr. Genung is still omnipotent.") After Cicero has again called the meeting to order, Miss Saunders' stealthy step is heard in the sick room above.)

MISS SAUNDERS—"What in the world is that racket down in the school-room? It must be the rats. I'll set my trap down there to-morrow night." Horror-stricken each one gets his hat and passes out, leaving the school-room in stillness and peace once more. As the last one steals out the wild, weird refrain of next year's would-be graduates breaks over the solitude :

"No change, no pause, no hope yet we endure;
We ask thee, school-room—have not these old desks felt,
We ask you, sun, that lights us to our labors has it not seen—
We ask the sounds that day or night e'er flit thro' this old school-room,
The scene of many a weary struggle—have their deaf waves not heard our agony?
Ah, for us alas! toil, toil, ever, forever.

Ah, the wingless, crawling hours we have endured here
Are gone for naught; and now new standards pierce us with the thoughts
Of their life-freezing contests; the bright chains of knowledge
Eat with their burning cold into our bones,
And memories of what easy times the old girls had, tear up
Our hearts, and shapeless sights come wandering by,
The ghostly people of the world of dreams, mocking us—
Ah, for us, alas! toil, toil, ever, forever."



When the Sun Was Shining Hot.

MAY WAS nearly ready to come home and Mother August was at her wits' end. June and July had been in most contrary moods, the one refusing to paint a single decent sky and the other undecided whether to scorch the world or to be drizzling and disagreeable.

Mother August scolded and threatened. "There is May, as pretty a behaved child as one could wish to have, and June, I wonder that you are not ashamed to show yourself right after her."

"May needs to be behaved after April's visit," retorted Miss June. She knew that April was a sore spot. Practical Mother August could never see shy, tearful, smiling April's attractions.

"Never mind April," responded Mother August, wandering, as June intended, from the subject. "She can't help it,

besides she really isn't as bad as reputation would have it. Reputation is everything," she added, severely, returning to the charge.

"Pooh! Haven't I the reputation for the prettiest skies in the whole Year family? I can't let them become too cheap."

Next week Mother August, with many misgivings, saw June depart. "There! I hope the child won't disgrace me. I must go right away and begin on July.

"Take a rest, August," interposed Father January, "I suspect he is at fever heat now. In my day people didn't want a red hot furnace."

"I'm not so sure about that." Mother August was in a bad temper, and it was not improved by the after tussle with July. She gave up and retired to take a much-needed rest.

June came back, smiling and demure. "Did you conduct yourself as a lady should, June?" inquired her anxious mother.

"Yes, ma'am," said June, with a saucy little courtesy, "I have broken my record for poetic skies, have smiled on endless pic-nics, have had the most ideal roses to bloom in the softest of moon-lights, and crickets have chirped most divinely in the clover. Am I not a most dutiful daughter?"

"Tut, child, don't be foolish," said her mother, smiling a little in spite of herself. "Run and tell July good-bye."

"I have decided," July was announcing, grandiloquently. "I shall have it to rain on the Fourth."

"Oh! Don't you. People have been planning for it for ages," cried June, who was really kind-hearted. Mother August gave a despairing sigh, but it was too late to say anything.

After July's departure, Mother August retired to rest up. But she was a busy woman and was soon up to have her household in order, and, incidentally, to lecture September.

July came back in a bad temper. "Yes," he said, "I began with three gloriously hot days and cooled off things by a delightful shower on the afternoon of the Fourth, but the ungrateful people only fussed and fumed the more. So, to make amends, I put myself on my good behavior, but was repaid by such remarks as, 'Why do we have to melt all the time except on the Fourth when every patriotic person wants a roasting day?' The world is a depraved place anyway." And with this philosophic remark July retired.

Mother August was worn out and the more she tried to please the more people grumbled. She was glad to come home and let September have her turn.

"Well, chi'dren, how are you? October, my son, I'm afraid you'll have to do your best without any help from me. Come, May, I think I'll be down for a while. September, just don't be too unhealthy."

A Spring Song.

AN eddying gust of wind on the lawn,
The piping treble of a bird in the morn,
The timid unfolding of a daffodil,
And March is peering in at the sill.

A patter of rain on the window's pane,
A glamour of green from down the lane,
A twitter of birds in the balmy air,
And April in her beauty is here.

A ripple of wind in the leafy trees,
A chorusing melody of spring-time glees,
A burst of blossom on hill and dell,
And May in her pride comes forth to dwell.

X.



"IN DIXIE LAN' WHER' I WUZ BORN IN."

Making Batter=Cakes.

I ain' gwine beat dese cakes no mo,
Dey seems ter tryin to beat up slo,
It pears lak ter me dey needs some flour,
Or mebbe de milk 's done gone turn sour.

Nemmine ; ez fer dat I 'll put um on,
—But dar's my pan done up 'an gone ;
Hit nebber am in de proper place,
—Lor', here it is right 'fo my face.

Dis lard 's de spittines stuff I seed,
—But dats de kine de batter-cakes need,
Hit makes um all putty en brown en cris,
En dats de sort what suit ole Miss.

Dey's done now, en ef I do say so,
Dey's jes dat good you 'll want some mo',
—So handsome en brown en putty en nice,
—Dey's mighty few niggers kin beat Aunt Dice.

Now aint yer 'shamed er yerself, Miss Katherine;—tumblyin' down in de dirt lak dat! I 'lowed you'd dat ting if yer went out in dat yard. An' jes as soon as I take my eyes offen you,—dere yer goes! Yer Ma 'll sholy git after you wid a mighty long switch ef yer keeps on er-doin' tings what I tells yer not ter. An' here I done dressed yer up to go ridin' wid yer Pa ter see yer grandpa, an' you done gone got yer right clean dress all dirty! An' I 'll have ter stop rockin' dis here baby to go en change yer cloes. Neumine, I 'in gwyne tell ole mister Sandy Claws not ter put na'er thing in yo' stockin' when he come Christmas ef yer keeps er doin' what I tells yer not ter. Come on now an' lemme hurry up and dress yer, cause I ain' got no time ter be foolin'.



Dressing The Baby.

Hoop-ee doodle, hyer yer is,
 Mammy done wipe yer nice en dry,
 Now, dese little duds goes on—
 Who yer mammy's sugar-pie?

Fus' hyer come yer little socks,
 So hol' dem wigglin' footses still,
 I 'll be er time er dressin' you,
 En yer kin 'have ef yer will.

Dar, yer precious honey chile,
 Stop yer scrunching up yer toes,
 How yer specks I 'll git yer drest
 Ef yer kicks erway yer clo'es?

I never seed a chile lak yer,
 Sometimes yer jes ez good ez gol',
 'Cep' when mammy 's dressin' you,
 Den yer kicks up, bress yer soul.

Hyer yer putty little dress,
 Wid its trimmin' en its lace
 Ef yer ma don' think yer 's sweet,
 'Fo de Lawd, she got no tase.

A Visit to the Washer-Woman.

Lor', dere Miss Etta an' de chillun at de gate! Lemme take my han's outen dese suds an' see what she want. Yas'm, I'm er-comin'! Dat hoss sho don' lak to stan still. Howdy, Miss Etta. Yas'm, I'm tollerble. Yer say yer bring me some-mo' clo'es? Lor', Miss Etta, how maury mo clo'es yer gwyne er bring me? I jes' so full now it seem lak ter me I can't do no mo. I fe'rd I can't do dem shirt wais'es by ter-morrer, 'cause yer see it's been sech bad weather. Wait er minute an' I'll go to de house an' git dem collars you wanted t'other day. ——Rosabell? Oh, she well! Come here, honey, and speak ter de ladies. Say, "How-dye-do, Miss Mary an' Helen." Das right! Now tell um 'bout de pretty doll dey sent you. When yer want dem things yer brought dis evenin', Miss Etta? I speck I can't git um done fo' Chuesday evenin'. Rosa git from under dat hoss's hoofs! Don' yer know he'll mash yer flatter 'n a pancake? Goin'? Well, good-evenin'. Rosa, wave yer han' ter de ladies an' say good-by.



Helping Mammy Churn.

La honey-chile, doan you know you aint got no business foolin roun dis ole churn? Fus' thing you know a gret big-splash o' milk 's gwine ter fly right in yo' little blue eye, an den you 'll cry so hard ole mammy 'll ha ter stop, an de butter neber will come.

Come here, you lazy Calline, you! Aint I tole you ter take dis chile an muse her till I git thu? Well, honey, ef yer doan wanter go wid dat no-count nigger you needn't; you jest stay right here wid yo mammy an hep her ter git de butter. Dare now, put yo little han' right ober mammy's an make de milk go "Splash, Splash." Aint mammy neber sing you dat song bout

"Come butter come,
Come butter come,
Peter's watin at de gate
Fer de little butter bake."

La, sugar, you is made it come, sho nough! See dem little yaller specks? Well, now, run an git mammy de paddle.

Jim Ploughing.

GEE along, mule! Wer! Git up dar!
Tain't no use ter be er prankin' hyar.
You know I tole yer long ergo
We got dis patch ter finish, sho.
Tain't no use ter hawk an' kick ;
I dun got me er mighty big stick.

Yer yers is long, yer hoofs is big,
But dat ain't nuttin to dis nig.
Yer can't git ter heben on sich things ;
We 's er-gwine dar on gol'en wings.
Gee up! Haw! Why don' you go?
I know de debbil 's in yer, sho!

Yer walkin' lak yer got all day,
An' yon'er come massa long dis way.
Yassir, de sun 's er-gittin' low ;
But, massa, dis ole mule so slow.
What I doin' dis stick, yer say?
Oh, I jes th'owin' it outen de way.



Athletic Association.

PRESIDENT, I. STONE.
VICE-PRESIDENT, R. BRIDGERS.
SECRETARY AND TREASURER, . . . C. MEANS.

Executive Committee :

I. STONE, *Chairman.*
M. JONES.
F. SLATER.
P. BRIDGERS.
M. SMEDES.
M. PHILIPS.

Advisory Committee :

Mr. BRATTON. Miss McVEA.



COLORS—Light Blue and White.

Officers :

MARY PHILIPS, PRESIDENT.
ELIZA DRANE, VICE-PRESIDENT.
IRENE WOOD, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.



VARSIITY.

G. JONES.

C. MEANS
J. HARDIN.
I. WOOD.

MISS STONE

M. PHILIPS.
A. GAYLORD.
R. BRIDGERS
W. STONE.

M. BATTLE.

Varsity.

YELL.

We are strong and bold,
For we wear the gold
And play for the honor of Saints!
Rah, rah, rah!
Rah, rah, rah!
And play for the honor of Saints!

COLOR—Gold.

JONES, A., *Center.*

BRIDGERS, R., *Side.*

PHILIPS, M., *Forward 1.*

WOOD, I., *Forward 2.*

BATTLE, M., *Guard 1.*

HARDIN, J., *Guard.*

MEANS, C., *Sub.*

GAYLORD, A., *Sub.*

STONE, W., *Mascot.*

STONE, MISS I., *Coach.*

WOOD, I., *Captain.*



Sigma Basket Ball Club.

COLOR—White.

CAPTAIN, . . . CAROLINE MEANS.

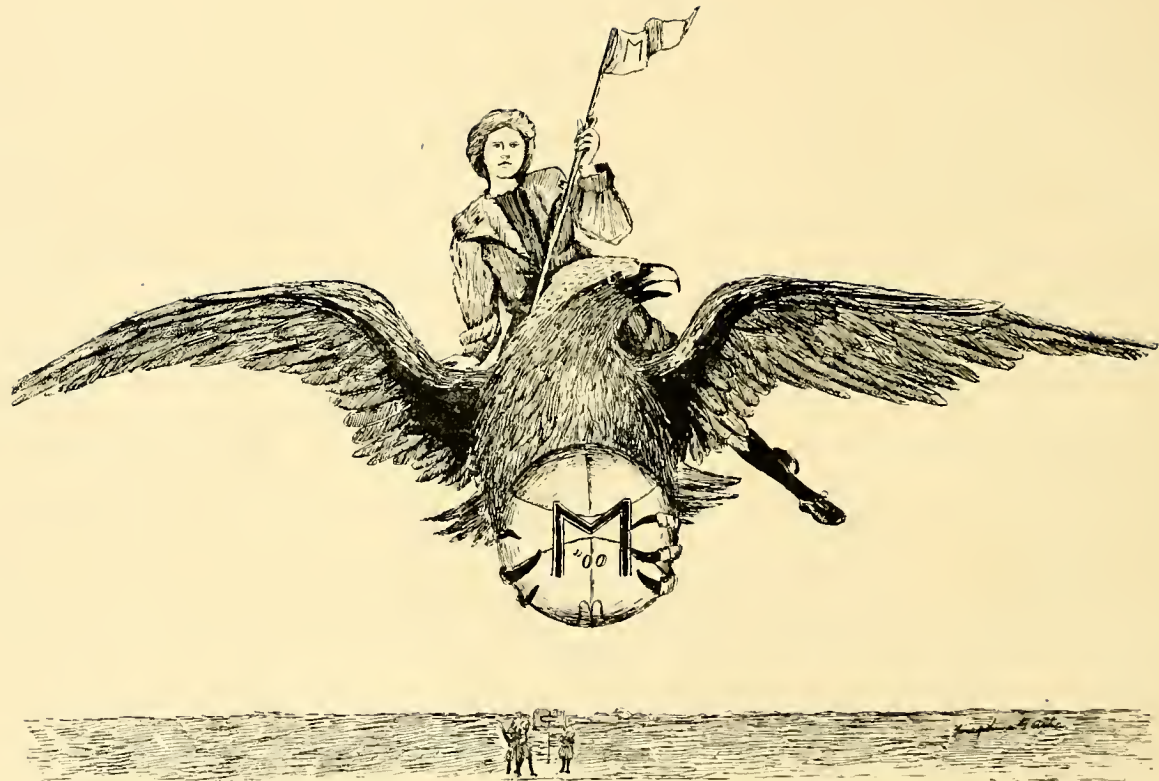
YELL.

Hurrah for the White!
Hurrah for the White!
In basket ball we're out of sight.
Sis-boom-ah! sis-boom-ah!
Sigma, Sigma,
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Roll.

PLACIDE BRIDGERS.	CAROLINE MEANS.
REBA BRIDGERS.	FRANCES MacRAE.
NELL BIGBY.	Mrs. MACK.
LUCY BRIDGERS.	ARABEL NASH.
ELLEN BOWEN.	MARY RENN.
CLYDE DAWSON.	ISABEL ROUNTREE.
ELIZA DRANE.	EDNA ROLFE.
SELENE DORTCH.	MARY ROLFE.
HELEN GRAY.	Miss SLATER.
JENNIE HARDIN.	SOPHIE WOOD.
GUSSIE JONES.	GEORGIA WILKINS.

MISS JONES.



Mu Basket Ball Club.

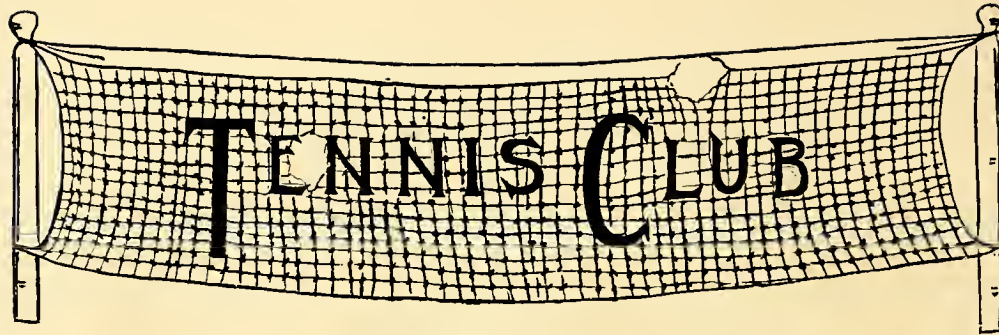
COLOR—Light Blue.

YELL :

Rah for the Mu !
Rah for the Mu !
We are the girls that swear by the blue !
Rah, Rah, Rah !
M - - - - - u !

I. WOOD, CAPTAIN.

Mrs. MACK,	K. MEARES,
Miss BLANCHARD,	M. STEADMAN,
Miss HALE,	A. GAYLORD,
Miss STONE,	E. GAYLE,
M. PHILIPS,	M. BATTLE,
D. BOYKIN,	J. PARSLEY,
C. CAPEHART,	E. LAMB,
J. HAWKINS,	A. MAKELY,
C. PEMBERTON,	H. GLOVER,
L. HILL,	M. PRUDEN,
K. COLEMAN,	W. STONE.



COLORS—Grass Green and White.

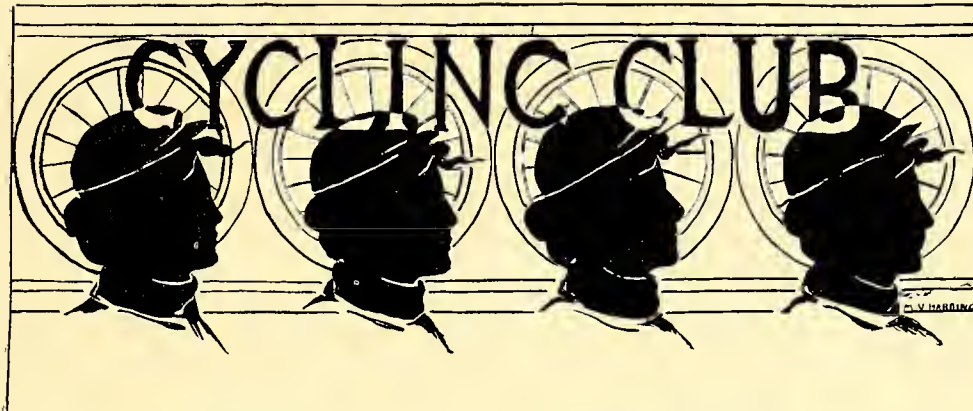
YELL :

Rackety Ree, Rackety Riss!
Tennis Rah! Rah! Tennis!!

PLACIDE BRIDGERS,	.	PRESIDENT.
MARY RENN,	.	VICE-PRESIDENT.
KATE HEDGEPEETH,	.	SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Roll.

REV. T. D. BRATTON,	SALLIE LEACH,
Miss MABEL HALE,	CAROLINE MEANS,
Miss FLORENCE SLATER,	FRANCIS MACRAE,
PLACIDE BRIDGERS,	MARGARET MURDOCK,
ADDIE GAYLORD,	PEARL PRATT,
HENRIETTA GLOVER,	MARY RENN,
SUE HAYES,	OLIVIA SMITH,
KATE HEDGEPEETH,	IRENE WOOD.
EMILY GREEN,	



PRESIDENT, Miss SLATER.
 SECRETARY AND TREASURER, . . . Miss STEDMAN.

Members.

Mr. BRATTON.	Miss HARDIN.
Mrs. BRATTON.	Miss JONES.
Mr. BRATTON, WILLIAM.	Mr. MACK.
Miss BRIDGERS.	Mrs. MACK.
Miss BRIDGERS, LUCY.	Miss MEARES.
Miss COLEMAN.	Miss SLATER.
Miss DOWD.	Miss STEDMAN.



PRIZE PICTURE KODAK KLUB.

Kodak Klub.

MOTTO:

“Oh wad some power the giftee gie us,
To see ourselv’s as ithers see us.”

COLORS—Gold and Black.

EMBLEM—The Guinea.

YELL:

I used to say
Potrack, potrack,
But now I say
Ko-dak, kodak.

Officers:

PRESIDENT, ANNIE ROOT.
VICE-PRESIDENT, JENNIE HARDIN.
SECRETARY AND TREASURER, ANNIE CHESHIRE.

Roll.

BIGBY, NELL.
BOYLAN, MARGARET.
CHADBOURN, BLANCHE.
PARSLEY, JULIA.
PHILIPS, MARY.
PRUDEN, MARGARET.
STONE, MISS.

Honorary Members.

STEDMAN, MARGARET. WOOD, IRENE.



PRESIDENT, . . . Miss M. JONES.

Members.

ELLEN BOWEN.
DAES BOYKIN.
REBA BRIDGERS.
FANNY BRODIE.
BLANCHE CHADBORNE.
MILDRED CUNINGHAM.

ALTONA COPENING.
LENA DAWSON.
CLYDE DAWSON.
ADDIE GAYLORD.
HENERRITA GLOVER.
SUE HAYES.

AGUSTA JONES.
SALLIE LEACH.
CAROLINE MEANS.
KATE MEARS.
MARGARET MURDOCK.
FRANCIS MACRAE.

AGNES MAKELY.
MARY PHILIPS.
PEARL PRATT.
MARGARET STEDMAN.
LIZZIE TAYLOR.
LENA TAYLOR.

Sunny South.

COLORS—Red and Green.
CAPTAIN, I. WOOD.

I. WOOD, *Catcher.*
P. BRIDGERS, *Pitcher.*
G. JONES, *1st Base.*
M. PHILIPS, *2d Base.*
J. HARDIN, *3d Base.*
M. BATTLE, *Short Stop.*
A. MAKELY, *Right Field.*
H. GLOVER, *Left Field.*
W. COLMAN, *Center Field.*

Score: 12 to 2 for "Sunny South."

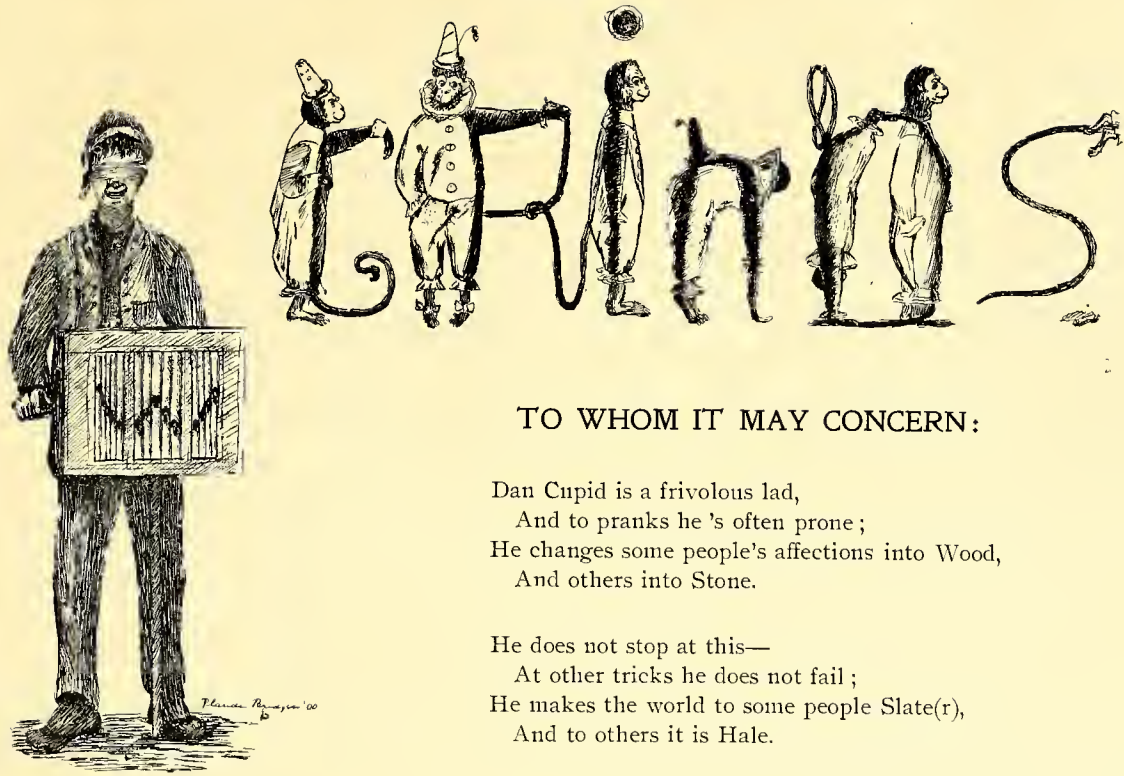
Base Ball.

COLORS—Red and Light Blue.
CAPTAIN, M. SMEDES.

H. SMEDES, *Catcher.*
M. SMEDES, *Pitcher.*
M. BAGWELL, *1st Base.*
E. COTTEN, *2d Base.*
J. BIGGS, *3d Base.*
E. KNOX, *Short Stop.*
A. ROOT, *Right Field.*
A. CHESHIRE, *Left Field.*
A. HINSDALE, *Center Field.*

Score: 10 to 5 for "Dixie."

"Dixie."



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Dan Cupid is a frivolous lad,
And to pranks he 's often prone ;
He changes some people's affections into Wood,
And others into Stone.

He does not stop at this—
At other tricks he does not fail ;
He makes the world to some people Slate(r),
And to others it is Hale.

Miscellaneous.

There are an hundred faults in this thing, and a hundred things might be said to prove them beauties; but it is needless. A look may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity.—“*The Muse.*”

NOTICE! FOR SALE! An unlimited supply of molasses—*Chemistry Class.*

Teacher—Miss Murdock, tell us all you know on the subject.

Miss Murdock—I don't know but papa does. Papa—He —

Teacher—Next.

“None know her but to love her; none name her but to praise.”—*Miss Stoue.*

“Divinely fair and most divinely tall.”—*O. Smith.*

“A little noiseless noise.”—*Lilie Dodd.*

What vegetable at S. M. S., do we know that is not green?—*Parsley.*

“The long and the short of it.”—*M. Philips and C. Capchart.*

“Two hearts with but a single thought; Two hearts that beat as one.”—“*The Brers.*”

“Variety of Varieties.”—“*The Varsity.*”

Miss S. (to Mary R.)—What acid do you suppose Hannibal used in dissolving the rock?

Mary R. (thinking over the Livy she read that morning)—“It didn't say.”

A curious noise is heard after the light is out. Nell (anxiously)—“Miss Jones, do you think a rat could jump up on a bed.”

Who is there at St. Mary's that every one says Is-a-belle?

Wanted!

A picture of the Faculty.—*The Editors.*

A roll.—*E. Norwood.*

Some tulips.—*R. Bridgers.*

Another cup of chocolate.—*E. Hill and L. Pimberton.*

Some one to listen to me on Physiology.—*G. Jones.*

12 frogs, 12 dozen grasshoppers, 3 dozen katydid, 2 dozen earth worms and 6 cats.—*Zoo. and Phys. Class.*

Stern realities, not imagination.—*Miss Katie's Table.*

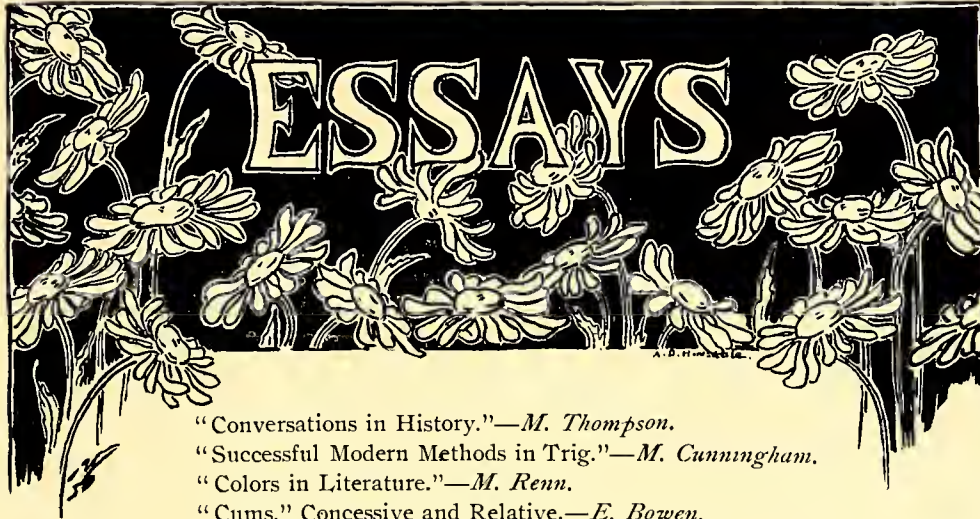
Some Anti-Fat.—*M. Philips and M. Pruden.*

Some Anti-Lean.—*F. Brodie.*

Some wood.—*N. Bigby.*

Some one to play “Checkers.”—*P. Bridgers.*

A collar button.—*Nell Hinsdale.*



- "Conversations in History."—*M. Thompson.*
"Successful Modern Methods in Trig."—*M. Cunningham.*
"Colors in Literature."—*M. Renn.*
"Cums," Concessive and Relative.—*E. Bowen.*
"Effects of High Temperatures."—*Alice Love.*
"Macchiavellianism."—*N. Belvin.*
"The Value of Our Stone and Slate Quarries."—*R. Bridgers.*
"Famous Old Maids."—*M. Andrews.*
"The Beauties of Class (ical) Poetry."—*Annie Love.*
"Modern Interpretation of Gray's Elegy."—*C. Means.*
"Deutsche Figuren."—*P. Pratt.*
"Le Teure Larmoyant de Literature Francaise."—*L. Pittenger.*

?

Smiles.

IF YOU WANT TO SMILE, ASK

Mary Philips the meaning of "edel."
Julia Harris if she lost a silver bracelet.
Betsy Montgomery what a "drag" is.
Emily Green what her Lenten sacrifice was.
Nell Bigby why she tore the sleeves out of her new silk waist.
Hattie Fleming why she talks so much.
Addie Gaylord the best time of night to wash one's hair.
Minnie Burgwyn where she receives visitors when "they" call on her in her alcove.
Lizzie Taylor who Mr. Doog-il-ly is.
Miss Jones dormitory the proper treatment of an alarm clock.
Katie Blanche what time the night train from the South arrives.
Nell Hinsdale who is post-master for the L. G. Railroad.
Louise Linton the meaning of "Osmossis."
Mary R., who she means by "frisky."

Why—

Doesn't Dae's finish ice cream sodas?
Does M. Pruden like to practice for Easter music?
Don't Miss Sutton's girls like to change places at table?
Didn't Annie Hinsdale go to Chapel Hill?
Is Lucy Bridgers so fond of her blue waist?
Does Reba B, insist that *everybody* has gone out to dinner, when only one chair in
the dining-room is vacant?
Don't Chapel Hill boy's pay express on candy?

A School Girl Jingle.

Beneath a sturdy Ashe
In yon Wood on the Hill
I saw a Hale and hearty man,
His locks by March Gayle tossed about.
He Pratt-led ever and anon.
Now to a Knox he spoke, and thus :
" This Boy-kin plough I give you that !
I 'll plant my Parsley this day week ;
The field is Green with Young oats now ;
Per-Simmons are a blooming out,
And that Means summer 's here.
Now I don't Love hot Weather,
It's the Bain of my existence !
Too many fields to Drane.
There 's Rice to plough What's Moore,
The grove's West fence is broke.
Now Howell I do all this
And Wynne a medal too ?
The black-Smith got my tools ;
He 's got a Faison him
To dig Graves with my spade
And me here Hardin debt !
I 'll worry like a Leach—
I 'll turn his hair right Gray—
I 'll Battle him with words
Till he 'Pearson the way.

And all his Bridgers burned,
To bring 'em Wright to me !
(But I won't be im-Pruden') ;
Then I can spade this Gully,
And I 'll dig me a Pitt
And cover it with Bunting
To grow some fox Glove in.
Laws a Massey, I 'll be rich.
No fields to plough, Norwood to chop,
I 'll read mon ouch et Moncure ;
I 'll live on Welsh, rabbit and cheese ;
A Jenny Renn will sing to me ;
A Cheshire cat lie on my hearth ;
I 'll have Albright and home-like then.
No pig 'll Root my garden up,
No jack Dawson my trees can perch.
I 'll raise my Bratton all fine deeds ;
I 'll Boylan egg for him myself.
All this I Imagen I 'll do
With Murdock's Floral Medal !
Bless my little boy—Thompson,
He 's ever Bigby me !
But Gee here steer, you Walker long,
You and Tom Jones can't work this way.

L. P.

A Song of a Dorm.

When nine o'clock bell is rung,
And when all work is done,
Miss Sutton's girls watch out for fun
And care not for all they risks run.
And now Katie-Blanche begin to cut in slices
All the dorm's girl's virtues and vices.
Margaret Rice goes immediately to bed,
That's all about her necessary to be said.
Altie Corpening begins to knit, knit, knit,
And on the bed does nothing but sit, sit, sit.
Loulie Walks comes in with a new silk waist,
And Allie Welch jumps up in haste
And cries without hesitating a trice
"It's the prettiest I ever saw in my life!"
Somebody cries, "Miss Slater's about,"
And Jessamine comes a running out,
And her eternal, "how, when, where?"
At last ends in a prolonged stare.
Emily for her drawings all beauty dost claim
(They are nothing but pictures of an uninteresting Drain)
Who in our dorm deserves the noisy medal?
There's old Mary and that is settled.
Miss Saunders comes up, "Is Ida here?"
And Miss Flora follows at her, "Come, my dear."

Here comes our Lucy, so stately and grave,
Who silently bids us all to behave.
Miss C. Dawson, in life's long race,
Please remember not to value too much your face."
And our dorm is not without its tender romance,
For Cupid has been at his work as of yore.
Addie will tell you there 's real much in a glance,
Eut if that 's not enough just call for Moore.
A step is heard on the stair step's brink
And Eliza goes out to get a drink.
Oh! Miss Lena—have you ever seen her?
She 's a dreamer and a screamer.
Then there is Aunt Sallie Leach—
But there 's nothing to say except screech.
So we 'll leave her out, which is sad,
Since it will surely make her mad.
"Little" M. Stedman's, "Good-night, Aunty,"
Makes us all long for our own home shanty.
Now comes the warning, "Out with the light!"
So merely saying to Kesson, "Good night,"
And hoping to-morrow *will* be bright,
We 'll take our much-desired flight.

Faculty.

Miss S, (to Chemistry class)—Why, young ladies, the heat produced when the H_2O unites with the $Na_2B_4O_7 + 10 H_2O$ is the result of a *comical chembination*.

Miss McV.—Now, young ladies, I want no novels or magazines read on school days." (Reba, you may read "Tommy.")

Mr. Bratton (in American History) to Mary Thompson—"Now, Miss Simmons, give the English Kings from William the conqueror to Henry the eighth."

The grove is full of birds and even Mr. Bratton has ducks and chickens but to Mr. M— alone belongs the distinction of possessing an Ostrich.

Latest Books Just Out.

"A Summer at Chapel Hill."—*M. Pruden*.

"The Art of Being 'Mashed.'" (With Glossary and Notes.)—*E. Lamb*.

"A Romance of the Dark Stairs."

"All About Horses." (As seen from the front walk.)—*P. Bridgers*.

"The Beauties of an Artistic Temperament."—*C. Means*.

"Complete Biography of Swift."—*A. Moore*.

"On Matrimony."—*Miss Jones' Dormitory*.

"Dairy of a Bad Little Girl."—*N. Belvin*.

"The Life of a Great Society (Literary?) Leader."—*E. Norwood*.

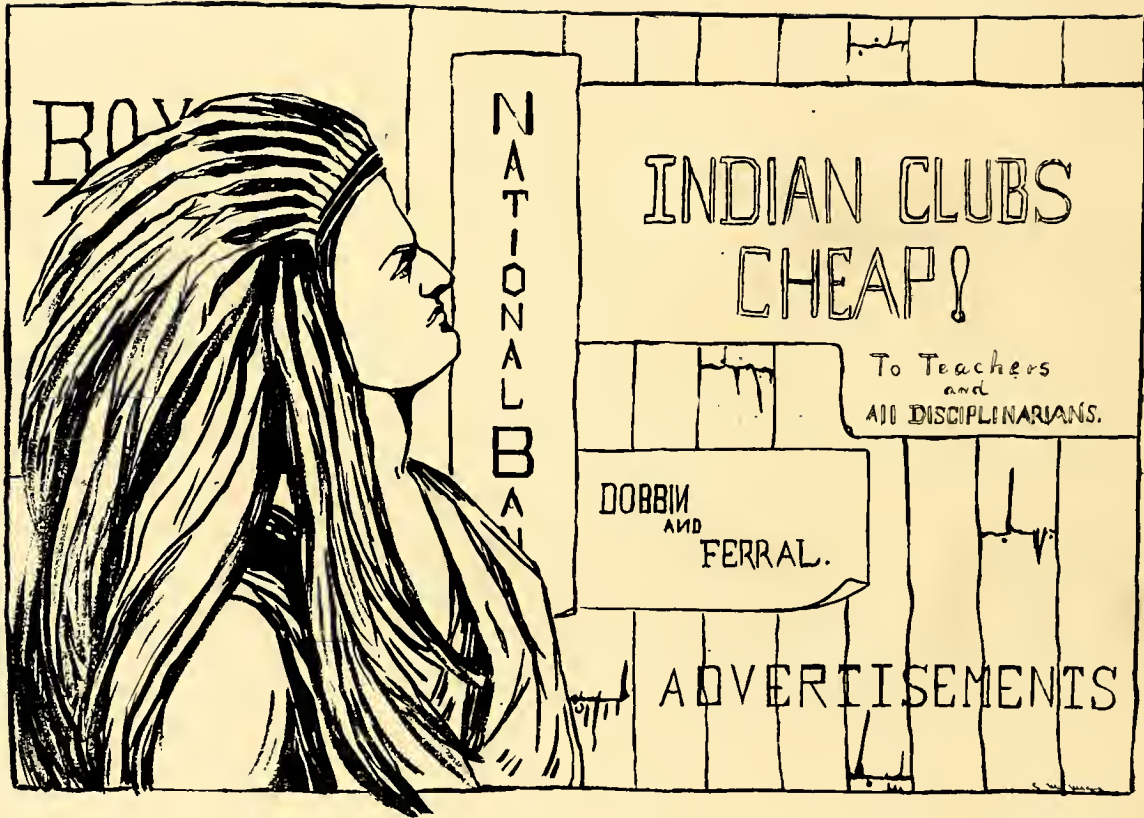
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DO NOT KNOCK.

Miss S— did not knock, walked in and found French Verbs to be fruit cake and coffee.



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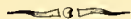
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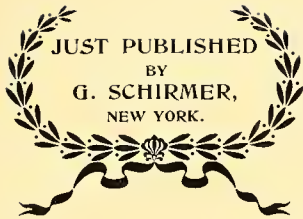
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