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Josephine Grange Ashe

Raleigh, N.C.



TO MISS STONE.

✻ ✻

BY THE CLASS OF '01.

✻ ✻

“AND GLADLY WOLDE SHE LERNE AND GLADLY TEACH.”

“A woman royal-hearted,
With all queenly graces her own—
A woman who uplifts and helps
Those, who learn by generous gift of self,
Her motto: “Honest work to-day,
Honest work to-morrow”—
Makes not with her the dullest pupil sorrow,
But the choice sunlight of her smile,
To the dullest learner is a wile,
With the loveliness of learning full—
Learned with sense; not venerably dull!”



BOARD OF EDITORS.



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*A New Century, a New Class,
a New Book—but a loving greeting
as of old to all our Friends.*



Calendar, 1900-1901.

September 20, . . .	Advent Term begins.	March 31,	Palm Sunday ; Bishop's Visitation.
November 1, . . .	All Saint's Day ; a holiday.	April 5,	Good Friday ; a holiday.
November 29, . . .	Thanksgiving Day ; a holiday.	April 6—8,	Recess at Easter.
December 20, . . .	Christmas Holidays begin.	April 9,	Classes resumed at 8:45 A. M.
January 3,	Classes resumed at 8:45 A. M.	May 26,	Commencement Sermon.
January 19,	Lee's Birthday ; a half holiday.	May 28,	Meeting of the Alumnae Association.
January 24,	Easter Term begins.	May 28,	Meeting of the Board of Trustees.
February 20, . . .	Ash Wednesday ; a holiday.	May 29,	Annual Concert, 8:30 P. M.
February 22, . . .	Washington's Birthday ; half holiday.	May 30,	Graduating Exercises.

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ORGANIZED MAY, 1879.

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Secretary, BETSEY MONTGOMERY.

Treasurer, ELLEN FAISON.

Historian, JANET BIGGS.

Poet, ALLIE WELSH.

Prophet, JULIA PARSLEY.

Ivy Girl, LENA DAWSON.

Toast Master, SOPHIE WOOD.

Roll.

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Ivy Girl Class '01.
Σ Basket Ball Club.
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Mu Basket Ball Club.
Dramatic Club.
Tennis Club.
L'Etoile German Club.
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Critic of ΣA Literary Society.
Editor in Chief of MUSE.
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Athletic Association.
Dramatic Club.
Kodac Club.
President L'Etoile German Club.

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President Choral Society.
Athletic Association.
 Σ Basket Ball Club.
Secretary and Treasurer of Dramatic Club.
L'Etoile German Club.
Tennis Club.

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ΣA Literary Society.
Treasurer of Class '01.

ROSA MAY GORDON, N. C.

President ΣA Literary Society.
Assistant Editor of MUSE.
Mu Basket Ball Club.
T Δ German Club.
Choral Society.
Dramatic Club.
Treasurer of St. Cecilia Chapter.

ALICE ELLIOTT WELSH, N. C.

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Poet of Class '01.
Choral Society.
Mu Basket Ball Club.

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ΣA Literary Society.
Vice-President Athletic Association.
Vice-President Dramatic Club.
Assistant Editor of MUSE.
Assistant Leader of L'Etoile German Club.
 Σ Basket Ball Club.
Toast Master of Class '01.
Tennis Club.

CLASS HISTORY.

HISTORY is the essence of innumerable Biographies, and this history is the essence of the class of 1901. When any man could write a history not merely fact, but a history interwoven with personal interest, with little indefinable turns of character, so relating one fact to another, well beloved would that man be. As Carlyle says: "In a certain sense all men are historians," so it sometimes falls to the lot of us poor mortals to have this greatness thrust upon us.

On an uneventful day in May, when all the world was at peace, this body of recruits were dutifully partaking of our mid-day meal, or pleasantly resting on divans in the great parlor when there came the awful summons: "Organize, advance, the time is short." Who shall lead? Who command? who is best? arose in wise disorder, but nothing daunted by the task before us, we obeyed the sovereign command, and with Drane at our head we were ready to move. Amidst a number of idle jests and sports at the expense of the "forward" Juniors, we launched our boat "forward" with the determination to battle bravely against all obstacles, fully assured that success would crown our efforts in the end, even though we numbered thirteen, a number surrounded with all the ill omens that the most superstitious can imagine.

And now as the the Senior Class of 1901, we stand ready to launch our frail rafts for the sterner realities of life which open before us in most inviting scenes of pleasure and happiness.

We have had many arduous labors to perform; we waited in vain many hours (?) for our Ethics Class; we crossed the frozen Alps with Hannibal in his toilsome journey; we stumbled over many "logs" and wandered through the terrors of the Inferno, till like the immortal Luther we felt like exclaiming: "We had worked and studied until we could see the Devil," but we at last rested in the peaceful quiet of the Sabine Farm.

But we have made a wonderful discovery—one that no man has ever yet conceived: not all our school life is work and worry. Though Geometry is hard Miss Thomas is a "complementary" drawing teacher. Then our secret feats and open friendships, drives, ball games, luncheons, musicals, and trips down town, the Hallowe'en party, the pic-nic Easter Monday, and above all being with each other and our favorite teachers.

Our class has been honored with the most important positions within the gift of the scholars, having held the following places:

President of both Literary Societies.

President of the L'Etoile German Club.

President and Vice-President of the Athletic Association.

President of the Choral.

Vice-President of the Dramatic Club, and numerous other honors.

The history of our class would be incomplete without an expression of grateful acknowledgement to Miss Stone, who has proven to us a friend indeed,

inspiring us with ambition and perseverance and helping us to overcome difficulties; charming in manners and gifted in intellect, a noble type of lovely womanhood, she has encouraged us to emulate only the beautiful, useful and good.

But life is earnest, life is real, and the days we have spent so pleasantly here are numbered with the past, and we must now go forth to meet the sterner

realities of life, but we shall ever remember the time spent at St. Mary's with the greatest pleasure:

“As in the shell is ever heard
The billows cresting foam,
Which though renowned will murmur still
In whispers of its home.

“So in our hearts will ever live
The schoolday scenes we love,
And memory keeps them pure and bright
Like those we seek above.”

J. B.

CLASS PROPHECY.

Although our number's the luckless thirteen,
This fact will not darken our futures, I ween.
As a matter of course, some lives must be bright,
While others in stonier paths must alight.

Some day, Jenneatte Biggs, a historian of note,
To annals so worthy, her life will devote.
Although she'll write histories, truthful and clever,
Long she'll remember this year's first endeavor.

As dignified school ma'am, Deas Boykin, forsooth,
Will wrestle and cope with intractable youth.
Though she wear herself out to a shadow so thin,
Her switch in the end shall the victory win.

Annie Lee Bunn to college will go,
And win much applause as she did of yore.
The honors which she in time will amass
Will make her the pride of her teachers and class.

As ages advance, criticism will grow,
Women critics, there'll be in the passing show.
The art will assume many phases indeed,
Lena Dawson in *one* of these phases will lead.

And Eliza Drane in music will shine,
Thrilling her pupils with longing divine.
But this occupation she'll soon lay aside,
And with a good husband in peace will abide.

An evangelist good, Ellen Faison will go
To regions of pestilence, famine and woe.
In a way philosophic she'll preach, preach and preach,
And convert all the heathen that come in her reach.

In society's realm Rosa Gordon will reign,
And by her sweet manner win many a swain.
In the course of three years she'll choose from the throng,
The one toward whom she'd been leaning so long.

Betsy Montgomery, a bachelor maid,
Quite independent and also quite staid,
When in search of a calling will take to the bar,
Following the steps of her honored papa.

For Isabel Norwood, a writer renowned,
The praise of the ages will ever resound.
Fine prose, and fine poem for her will win fame;
Ere long with the muses her name we'll acclaim.

No happy future, but an opposite fate,
Awaits Julia Parsley, oh! sad to relate!
This is for her my one prophecy,
That in future, as now, a failure she'll be.

Fair Isabel Rountree will be a trained nurse,
And by her sweet watchfulness sickness disperse.
She'll wear the Red Cross with a wonderful grace,
And snatch from grim Death full many "a case."

Allie Welsh as a famed prima donna will star,
Not alone in *this* country, but in lands afar.
We heartily hope that e'er many a day,
She'll be placed in the ranks with Fames and Calve.

Sophie Wood will not lack *many* chances to marry,
But for a long time still single she'll tarry.
After much forethought, she'll tell us her choice—
A Methodist preacher, with thundering voice.

J. N. P.

Class Poem.

I.

HERE 'S to the Class of '01.
The Seniors hrave and true,
For they their course did finish
Though trials were not few.
"En avant."

II.

They met and conquered Latin—French ;
Know all about the 'ologies.
Yet all they say as on they go
In the pursuit of knowledge, is,
"En avant."

III.

They ever made a goodly showing ;
That class of just thirteen.
St. Mary's halls for many years
Had not such workers seen.
"En avant."

IV.

The banner of pure white and gold,
Flung proudly overhead,
Was a fit emblem of their aims,
For to each heart it said,
"En avant."

V.

And when in the after years,
Those loyal-hearted daughters,
Oft with dreaming eyes look back
With love to their Alma Mater,
"En avant."



Class of '02.

MOTTO—Nulla corona sine pulvere.

COLORS—Crimson and White.

FLOWER—Rhododendron

Officers.

President, MARIE BRUNSON.
Vice-President, LOUISE VENABLE.
Secretary, GRAYSON WILLINGHAM.
Treasurer, MARY HOLMAN.
Historian, SALLIE LEACH.
Poet, MARY BATTLE.
Toast-Master, JESSAMINE GANTE.



Class of '05.

Sophomore Class.

COLORS—Green and White.

MOTTO—Loke uppe on hye.

President, K. MEARES.
Vice-President, A. CHESHIRE.
Treasurer, B. CHADBOURN.
Historian, A. BUXTON.
Poet, A. ROOT.
Secretary, J. HARRIS.

A. GAYLORD.

J. TRAPIER.

M. WEEKS.



Freshman Class '04.

MOTTO—Vita Vocal.

FLOWER—Marechal Niel Rose.

COLORS—Black and Gold.

Officers.

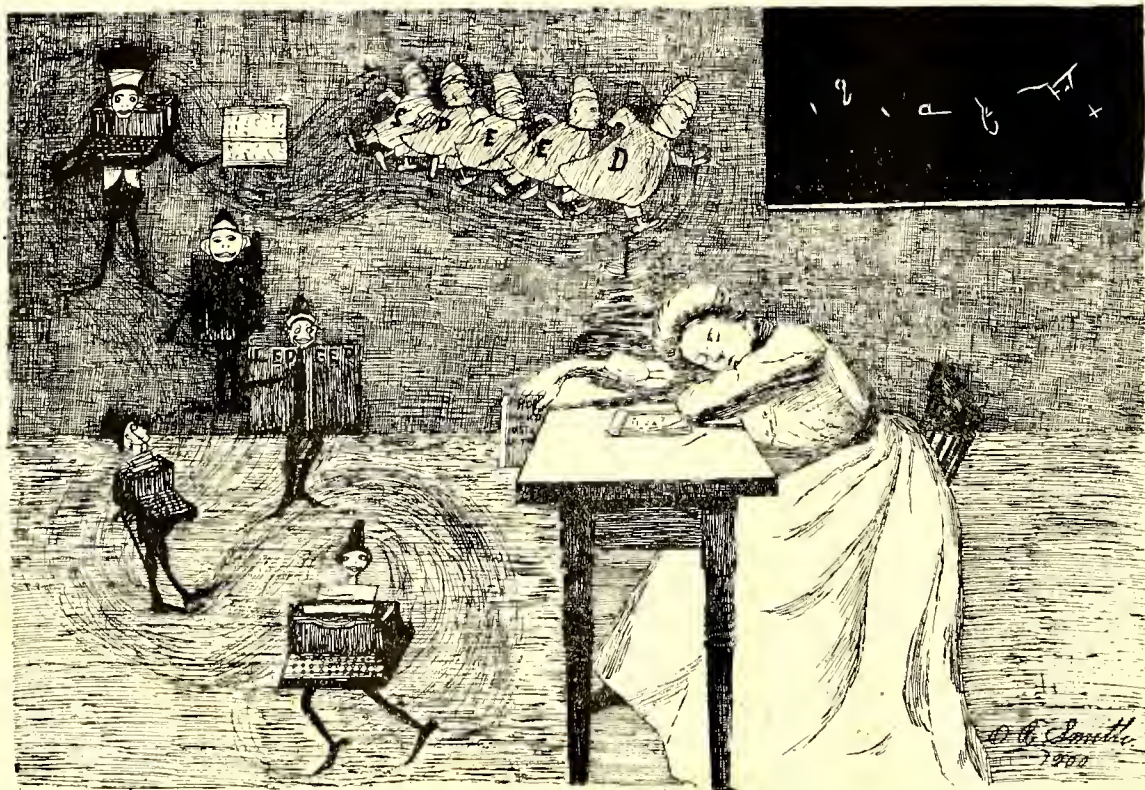
President, MARGARET STEDMAN.
Vice-President, CORNELIA COLEMAN.
Secretary and Treasurer, LUCY REDWOOD.
Historian, OCTAVIA HUGHES.
Poetess, ETHEL HUGHES.

Roll.

VIRGINIA BLAND,
MINNIE BURGWYN,
PATTIE CARROLL,
LILIAN CLARK,
OLZIE CLARK,
CORNELIA COLEMAN,
ETHEL DEAL,
LAURINE DAWSON,
MARY EVANS,

VIRGIE ELDRIDGE,
MARY FAISON,
SUSAN FOXHALL,
HENRIETTA GLOVER,
ALICE HAUGHTON,
JANIE HAUGHTON,
MAUD HOLT,
ETHEL HUGHES,
OCTAVIA HUGHES,
LOUISE LINTON,

MAGDALEN MARSHALL,
MARGARETTA PRINGLE,
LUCY REDWOOD,
MARY SHORT,
MARGARET SPEARS,
MARGARET STEDMAN,
BESSIE TRAPIER,
ALEXINA WILSON,
ELIZABETH WILSON.



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HINSDALE, ANNIE DEVERAUX
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JORDAN, GULIAELMA FAISON
KING, SADIE
MOFFETT, MATTIE HABERSHAM

PERRY, LEAH HILLIARD
PRUDEN, MARGARET HINES
PHILIPS, MAUDE
PHILIPS, MARY POWELL
SPENCER, ALICE EUGENE
STUNKLE, EMMA
TAYLOR, ANNIE MAUGER
TAYLOR, LIZZIE THORPE



ART BUILDING.

Collegiate Music Department.

SENIOR CLASS.

A	B	C
BUNN, A , DRANE, E. H., PIXLEY, I., SMEDES, H., THOMSON,	BOYKIN, D., BOYLAN, F., DURHAM, CLARK, O , HAY, SMEDES, M., TRAPIER, WOODARD, WELSH.	ARRINGTON, ATTMORE, COWLES, C , LEWIS, C., MONTGOMERY, NASH, MOORE, C., ROOT.

JUNIOR CLASS.

A	B	C
CAPEHART, C. C., CHESHIRE, A , CLARK, O. W., COWLES, F., FLORA, I., HARRIS, J., HAWKINS, JANET, HILL, E., JONES, A. P., LAMB, E., LEWIS, C., SPEARS, M , TAYLOR, L	ASHE, M. P., COTTON, E., JOHNSON, F., HUGHES, O., LANDIS, G., HAUGHTON, J., LEACH, S , PARSLEY, J., PHINIZY, M., RAYMOND, F., VENABLE, L , WEEKS, M., WILLIAMS, L., WILSON, X ,	ASHE, J. (voc) , BIGGS, BLAND, COTTON (viol.), CHESON, DORSEY, M. DUNN, GLOVER, HARDY, LAMB, MONTAGUE, PRINGLE, STEDMAN, SHORT, WEEKS, E., WILLIAMS, WOOD (voc.)

PUPILS NOT EXAMINED.

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A. W. CHEEK,	D. MORING (voc.),
R. GULLEY,	L. PITTENGER (voc.),
J. HOWELL (voc.),	E. SIMMONS (voc.),
L. JONES (voc.),	M. F. TUCKER.

Choral Society.

✻

President, ELIZA HARWOOD DRANE.
Vice-President, JULIA NORTON PARSLEY.
Director, J. W. JEUDWINE.
Secretary and Treasurer, OLZIE WHITEHEAD CLARK.

Sopranos.

CARRIE COWLES,
ALEXINA WILSON,
ALLIE WELCH,
MARJORIE PRINGLE,
ROSA GORDEN,
BEULAH ARMSTRONG,
SALLIE LEACH,
ANNIE TAYLOR.

Second Sopranos.

ETHEL HUGHES,
MARY WEEKS,
CARRIE H. MOORE,
ELIZA HARWOOD DRANE,
JULIA NORTON PARSLEY,
OLZIE WHITEHEAD CLARK

Altos.

MARGARET STEDMAN,
MAUDE PHILIPS,
MARY DUNN,
JULIA HAUGHTON,
SUSIE FOXHALL.

Honorary.

MISS BRATTON, MISS MARSDEN, MISS STONE, MISS JONES.

PI, PI, PI.

ALPHA CHAPTER.

(*FOUNDED 1901.*)



COLORS—Blue and White.



Members.

MARIA BRUNSON,
ALEXINA WILSON,
MATTIE MOFFATT,
MARGARETTA PRINGLE,
LUCY REDWOOD.

Associate Members.

LEWIS COFFIN,
MAGDALEN MARSHALL.

Honorary Members.

ELLENEEN CHECKLEY,
ELEANOR THOMAS.
MRS. JUEDWINE.

The German Clubs.



L'etoile German Club.

COLORS—Black and Gold.

Officers.

President, ISABEL ROUNTREE.
Secretary and Treasurer, JANET HAWKINS.
Leader in Chief, ARABEL NASH.
Assistant Leader, SOPHIE WOOD.

Roll.

DEAS BOYKIN,
LUCY BRIDGERS,
CLARA CAPEHART,
ELIZA DRANE,
IDA FLORA,
JULIA HAUGTON,
LIZZIE HILL.

JANET HAWKINS,
GUSSIE JONES,
SALLIE LEACH,
AGNES MAKELY,
ARABEL NASH,
LINA PEMBERTON,
JULIA PARSLEY,

MARY PHILIPS,
MARGARET PRUDEN,
ISABEL ROUNTREE,
MARGARET STEADMAN,
SOPHIE WOOD,
IRENE WOOD.



Tau Delta German Club.

COLORS—Grey and Gold.

Christmas Term.

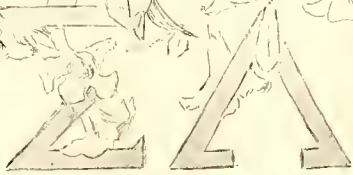
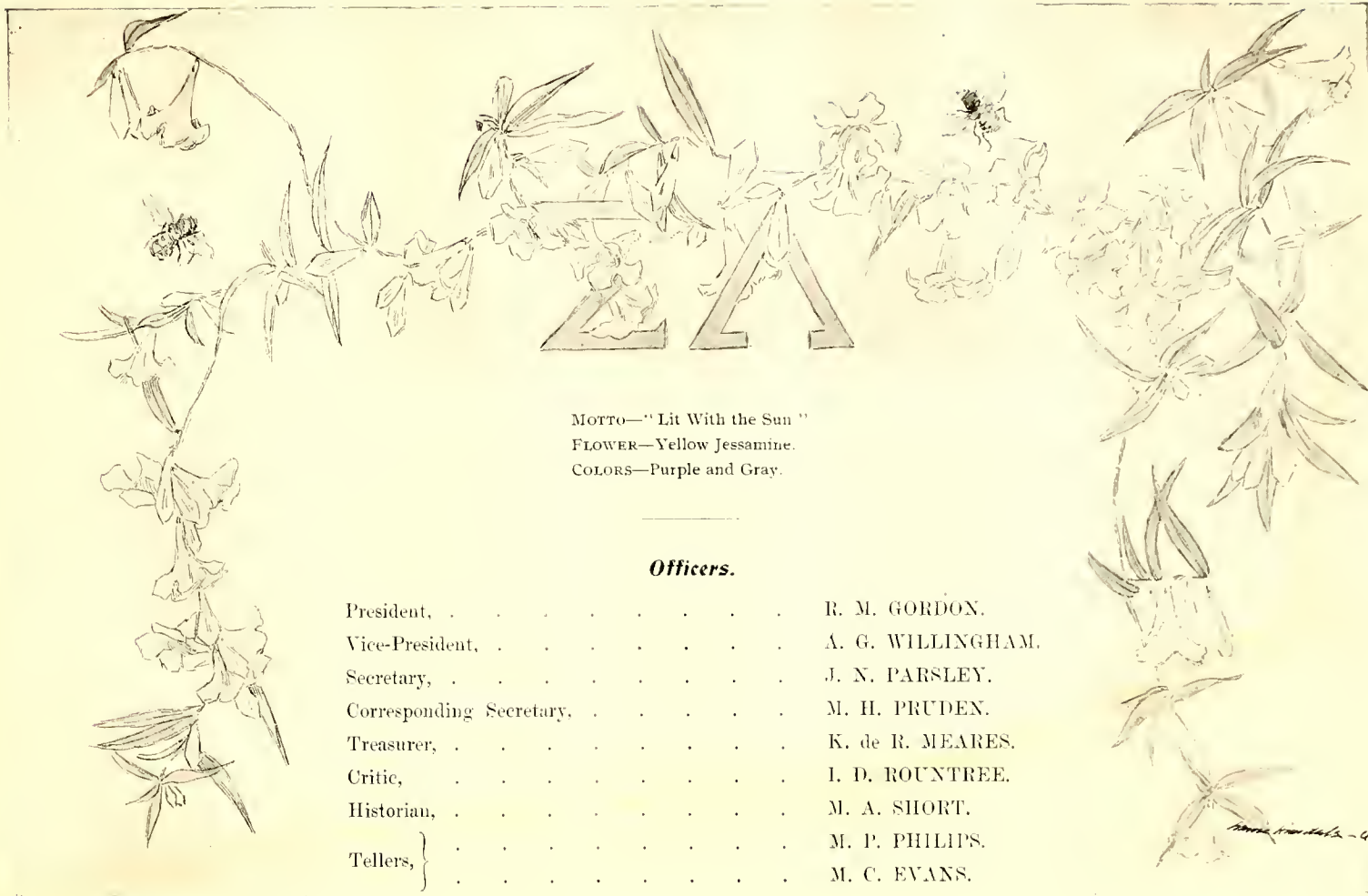
President, BEULAH ARMSTRONG.
Vice-President, ANNA BUXTON.
Secretary and Treasurer, ETHEL HUGHES.
Leader, MARY C. EVANS.
Assistant Leader, MARIE PHINIZY.

Easter Term.

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Vice-President, ANNA BUXTON.
Secretary and Treasurer, ETHEL HUGHES.
Leader, OCTAVIA HUGHES.
Assistant Leader, MARIE PHINIZY.

MARGARET BRIDGERS,
MAE LILLIAN CLARK,
OLZIE CLARK,
JENNY GIBSON,
VIRGILIA GLAZE BROOK,
ROSA GORDON,
ANNE MARTIN,
MAUDE PHILIPS,
ISABEL PIXLEY,
MARGIE PRINGLE,
ANNE TAYLOR,
LOUISE VENABLE,
EVELYN WEEKS,
MARY WEEKS,
LAURA WILLIAMS,
GRAYSON WILLINGHAM.

THE
LITERARY
SOCIETIES.



MOTTO—"Lit With the Sun"
 FLOWER—Yellow Jessamine.
 COLORS—Purple and Gray.

Officers.

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Vice-President,	A. G. WILLINGHAM.
Secretary,	J. N. PARSLEY.
Corresponding Secretary,	M. H. PRUDEN.
Treasurer,	K. de R. MEARES.
Critic,	I. D. ROUNTREE.
Historian,	M. A. SHORT.
Tellers, }	M. P. PHILIPS.
	M. C. EVANS.

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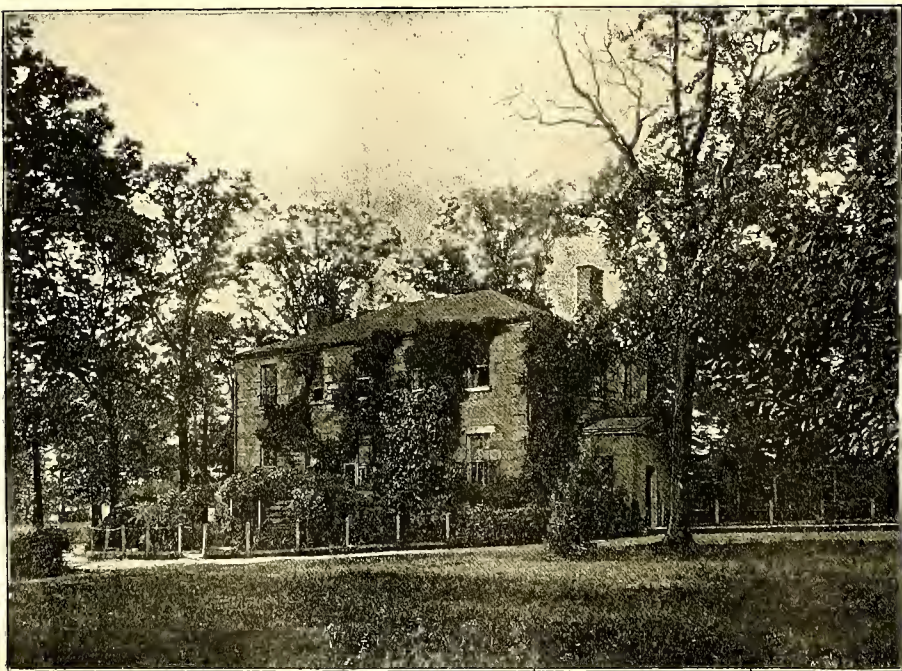


Honorary Members.

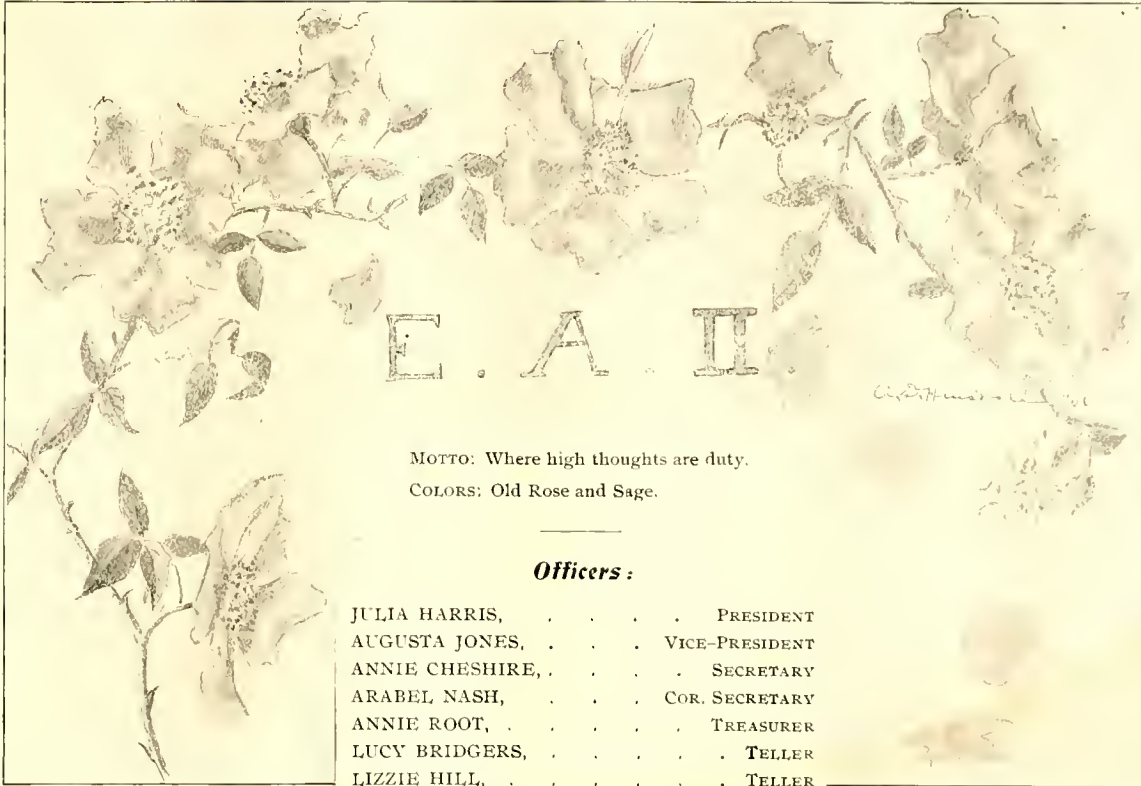
MISS BLANCHARD, MISS L. A. JONES,
MISS CHECKLEY, MISS MARSDEN,
MISS DOWD, MISS THOMAS,
MISS SUTTON.

Roll.

ARMSTRONG, B.	FAISON, E.	PHILIPS, M.
BATTLE, M. A.	GANTT, J.	PHILIPS, M. P.
BELVIN, N.	GLOVER, H.	PRUDEN, M.
BIGGS, J.	GORDON, R.	ROUNTREE, I.
BOWEN, E.	GREEN, E.	SHORT, M. A.
BUNN, A. L.	HOLT, M.	SMEDES, H.
BURGWYN, M.	LEACH, S.	SMEDES, M.
BUXTON, A.	LEWIS, C.	STEDMAN, M.
CAPEHART, C.	MASSEY, W.	TAYLOR, A.
CLARK, O.	MEARES, K.	VENABLE, L.
CLIFTON, K.	MOFFETT, M.	WELSIL, A.
DORSEY, L.	MONCURE, B.	WILLINGHAM, A. G.
DRANE, E.	MONTAGUE, M.	WOOD, I.
EVANS, M. C.	PARK, H.	WOOD, S.
	PARSLEY, J.	



WEST ROCK HOUSE.



E . A . II

MOTTO: Where high thoughts are duty.

COLORS: Old Rose and Sage.

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AUGUSTA JONES,	VICE-PRESIDENT
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DRAMATIC CLUB



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OCTAVIA HUGHES,
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MARIE PHINIZY,
MARGARET PRUDEN,
ISABEL ROUNTREE,
MARY STURGEON,
MARY WEEKS,
SOPHIE WOOD.



Kodac Club.

COLORS—Black and Gold.

YELL.

I used to say Potrack, Potrack!
But now I say Kodac, Kodac!

OFFICERS.

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Vice-President, JULIA PARSLEY.
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ROLL.

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M. BRONSON,	Z. WILSON,	I. WOOD,	J. PARSLEY,
A. BUXTON,	M. STURGEON,	M. PRUDEN,	L. BRIDGERS,
M. STEDMAN,	A. MARTIN,	M. PHILLIPS,	A. MAKELEY.
MISS STONE.		MISS BLANCHARD.	



THE CHAPEL.

Missionary Organizations.



St. Mary's Branch Woman's Auxiliary.

Officers.

REV. T. D. BRATTON, President.

MISS E. E. CHECKLEY, Vice-President.

MISS KATE McKIMMON, Secretary and Treasurer.

St. Mary's Branch Junior Auxiliary.

MISS KATE McKIMMON, Directress.

St. Elizabeth's Chapter.

Officers.

Directress, MISS BRATTON.
President, A. L. BUNN.
Vice-President, GRAYSON WILLINGHAM.
Secretary and Treasurer, CARRIE MOORE.

St. Hilda's Chapter.

Officers.

Directress, MISS MARSDEN.
President, CONNIE EVANS.
Vice-President, MARY A. SHORT.
Secretary and Treasurer, E. DEAL.

St. Monica's Chapter.

Directress, . . MISS McKIMMON.
President, . . KATE DE R. MEARES.
Vice-President, BEULAH ARMSTRONG.
Secretary, . . MARIE BRUNSON.
Treasurer, . . LEAH PERRY.

St. Margaret's Chapter.

Directress, . . MISS DOWD.
President, . . E. HUGHES.
Treasurer, . . ANNIE MARTIN.
Secretary, . . M. WEEKS.

St. Cecilia's Chapter.

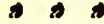
Directress, . . MISS CHECKLEY.
President, . . L. DAWSON
Treasurer, . . ROSA GORDON.
Secretary, . . ELLEN BOWEN.

Altar Guild.

MISS McKIMMON, Superintendent.
ELLEN BOWEN, President.



The Futility of Excessive Precaution.



HE had not spoken to Him for five days. To-night she has danced in the gayest, merriest fashion to show him that she can really dance with other men and enjoy it. She hopes he has seen her. She has not seen him, although as she came up she had glanced unobtrusively, yet searchingly, through the rooms of the first and second floors, reaching the ball-room on the third floor with an undefined sense of disappointment, for she had unconsciously expected to find him waiting to see her arrive at the Club House. She has come now to the fourth floor above, where the dressing-rooms are, to fix this wretched white slipper. A few moments later as she comes out and is about to descend the stairs to the ball-room, she hears a familiar step coming down the hall-way from the gentlemen's dressing-rooms. Looking over her shoulder she sees—Him! Hastily gathering up her dress, she begins to go down the stairs. She feels, rather than hears, his footsteps on the soft carpet of the stairs behind her. How fast he is coming! He will soon overtake her. A sort of panic seizes her. Will he overtake her? Is he trying to overtake her. She quickens her steps; she feels his are quicker. She sweeps past the landing that curves down to the ball-room floor. Her eyes have an uncertain, frightened look in them and her lips are a little parted. Suddenly she hears him call her name. At the sound her heart gives a great bound, a sharp giddiness seems to attack her, and everything within her seems to clamor in fright. Snatching a glance at the white, determined face behind her, she gives a

half cry, drops her skirts, sweeps down the remaining steps to the ball-room floor, and then without a moment's hesitation stretches out a fluttering hand, seizes the newel post, and with winged feet flies—*down the stairs!* Still she hears those dreadful footsteps behind her. But a way of escape lies open

before her, and with wide, unseeing eyes on she flies, past the next landing,—past the parlors on the second floor. In a dim sort of horror it comes over her that she has gone the wrong way,—that she ought to go back. Go back! At the very thought she speeds the more quickly, past the next landing, past the billiard-rooms on the first floor. The vista of green-covered tables taunts her mind with some sort of dreadful mistake. Where is she? Which way must she go? She is trembling and panting. What must she do? Where can she go? Where is her chaperone? Oh, why doesn't *somebody* come! On she goes down towards the restaurant in the basement. A terror of the strange, half-lighted place seizes her. Quick little moans are coming from her lips. Oh, won't somebody come? Won't somebody save her? And still those dreadful footsteps! She can hardly see now, for the tears are falling so from her lashes. Something rushes past her on the stairs. Full of new alarm she turns the last landing, and there she sees, standing at the foot of the stairs, his arms outstretched to her—Him. With a little cry of relief and love she holds out both hands to him, comes quickly down two steps, hesitates, wavers and then runs down straight into his arms.

S. M. L.

AN INCIDENT.

FRANK NEVILLE had worked hard all the year, and with great longing looked forward to his vacation at home. How he had longed for the shady lawn and the cool piazza! How happily he had planned fishing expeditions and boating excursions! Now when at last he reached the long-desired haven it was only to find that Amy's friend from Virginia, Phyllis Hargrove was coming to spend a month. To be sure it was very pleasant to see girls occasionally and to call upon them in their own homes, but to have one visiting in your home to be taken driving, boating, and everywhere—bah! it was abominable. Girls were such *bothers!* He felt at that moment as if he hated them every one. He had never seen Phyllis Hargrove, but in spite of Amy's enthusiastic description, he knew she must be disgustingly ugly and stupid. Of course it fell to his lot to go and meet her, so on the day she was to arrive, with pony and cart and very a bad humor he started to the station.

He arrived there just as the train pulled in, and, leaving his pony a safe distance away, he went to look for Phyllis. He was walking along the grimy platform under the car windows, when—slap!—something struck him softly on the face, and he heard from a window above a soft cry, half laughter, half distress: "Oh, I beg your pardon! I was throwing away those withered violets, and I fear I've almost put your eyes out. I *beg* your pardon!" The half embarrassed pleading of the sweet voice when it reached the word *beg*, started in Frank's heart all sorts of terms of forgiveness and reconciliation towards a certain class of "bothers." And as he looked up a pair of grey eyes looked down upon him with so much of fun and shyness in them that the vista of a long summer month seemed not interminable in their light.

"Are you Miss Phyllis," eagerly.

"Yes; are you Frank?" anxiously.

"Yes," emphatically.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" in a relieved tone.

"So am I," delightedly.

* * * * *

Frank Neville has recently had to make a slight change in his classification of the meanings of words—or more properly a transference of a word, and "girls" and "bothers" are no longer identified in class.

J. H. H.

♪ TO HER. ♪

|| ASK you if you love me dear ;
You scarce can frame reply ?
You doubt your heart ? your mind's not clear ?—
It may all be wrong ? Is that your fear ?—
Is that what makes you sigh ?

Ah ! if I thought you cared for me
Enough to question so,
How rosy all the world would be,
How soft the winds from off the sea,
How sweet the days, and slow !

The colors in the western sky,
Unlike my love, dear one,
Faint and fade and gently die :
Dearest, can you ask reply ?
Love fades not with the sun.

Alike all hours, or grave or gay,
I think of you and sigh,
And wonder if through all the day
One thought of me e'er comes your way
And deepens in your eye.

S. M. L.



A Dark Affair.



IT WAS a sultry day in July. The sun beat down unmercifully in the dusty road. I was parched with thirst and could scarcely urge my jaded horse along, when a bend in the road brought me in sight of a little negro cabin on a hillside. The spring was a short distance from the house, and there under a big oak a fat old negro woman was slowly and carefully washing clothes. I rode up and asked for a drink of water. "Law, yes sir," she said as she offered me the brimming gourd, "an won' you lite an' set er minnte; you looks plumb exhausted. Jim Henry come tak' dis hoss ter de creek an' water him slow like; you hear me?" The little negro led away my horse and I settled myself against the oak and asked: "Auntie, where is your old man?" "Out in de fiel," she answered. "Tank de Lord he works an' ain' one of dese lazy yaller dudes you see loafin' round de sto' an de Post Office. Why, he gits up 'fore day and hoes corn all dese long yaller days till I expect to see him sun struck. My old Mistis sez de niggers work harder uow 'en de did under de ole regiment, but I don' know about dat. Mebbe dey oughter, but lots of 'em ain' do it. Dere's dat no count Josh Bascom what my gal Sally married. No, sir, I ain' sorry for her," she said when I expressed my sympathy for Sally, "she made her bed an' she kin lay on it. Now, I'll jst tell you how 'twuz. Dere's er nice youug feller ober here on Col. Tom Dickson's place. Why he's ez black as dat wash pot, 'an mostwurks hissself ter death. He uster spark Sal, an' I was mighty willin', an' so was she, till dat no count town nigger got ter keepin' her com-

pany. Josh got to scorchin' her to meetin', and after it let out dey would come back an' set on de fence an' talk. My, eben old Lige wouldn't bite Josh, seem like he knowed dat punkin face Nigger never had no peth. I see how things wuz goin', so I kep' Sal at home, but dat yaller Nigger jist come roun' dat much mo'. One night three year ago come Sept. Sal went ter de spring—She got ter totting every drap er de water—but dat night she stayed till I war jist about gwine after her, when I seen her slip in de back do' an' git er pillow offin my bed. 'Here, you gal,' sez I, 'what yer gwine do wid dat pillow?' 'Wy, mammy,' sez she, 'Joshaway be gwine 'er perpose fashionable, an' he want er kneel down on dis piller so he won't git his white pants dirty.' I locked her up in de loft, en den stood down below an' I sez, 'I'll learn you ter have dat yaller Nigger posin' ter you on one er my pillows, au' him wearin' white pants; dey don' look decent ter me no way.' She ain' said nary word, but next mornin' she want da—done clumb down de stick chimibly an' run off an' married dat Nigger. Now she am libin' in Possom Valley, an' de twins is got measles, an' Josh am iu jail fur stealin' a pa'r shoes—but I ain't gwine ter help her; no, sir, not me." Jim Henry here appeared with my horse. As I rode away I heard the old Negro singing:

" Ez I wus walking up Zion's hill
My feet rattle like er charmin' bell.

" Here, you Jim Henry, ketch dem two game pullets an' tak' em tu yo' po' sister! Move, Nigger!"

I. N.

An Intercollegiate Episode.



HE SAT on the grass in the grove at old St. Mary's and leaned her rosy cheek against the rough bark of an old oak tree that had sympathized with hundreds of school girls before.

"I know I'll flunk on math," she moaned, and sitting up suddenly she seized the offending trig and flung it away, nearly striking her best friend, who was running towards her over the grass

"Oh, excuse me darling! I didn't see you, and it was all the fault of that horrid old trig, anyway."

"That's all right; and O, Mary! here's the most interesting looking letter; I hooked it out of the office.

Do open it. I am dying to know what he says."

"Chapel Hill! Why it must be from Henry! It is! An invitation to commencement! O, Ethel, do you suppose mama will let me go!"

"I don't see why she shouldn't."

"And he's made all my engagements—with nice boys, too—Joe Turner's one; you know Joe. Cousin Elsie lives right there, you know, and I can stay with her. Of course I am going to the german with Henry, and I'll see him all between times. Just listen to this (reading):

* * * * 'Now, Mary, you know I would be only too happy to take you to everything myself, but I know you would not permit that, so I made those engagements. 'If she comes,' was the condition, but I added to each boy, 'I'm sure she will.' Now, won't she?'"

"Ethel," she said, pausing abruptly, "I just know he has an engagement with Alice for one of those other nights, and if he has—"

"You little goose, don't be so silly. Go on and have a good time, and make him think you don't care if he goes with her all the time."

"Well, I suppose—yes, that's exactly what I'll do! And I'll write to mama to-night."

MY DEAREST MAMA :

January 4.

I had the loveliest letter from Henry Moorman to-day, and he wants me to come to Chapel Hill Commencement. Please say I may go. Cousin Elsie will take good care of me, and you know, mama, I'll be at home so long after I once get there. I know you will let me go, mama darling; you always do. Yet, truly, I cannot bear to think that it will keep me away from you nearly a week longer. It seems selfish in me to want to go when my mother is at home all alone waiting. Still I can't help wanting to go—unless you would really rather I wouldn't. Just think of the long days we'll have together this summer, and of the long cozy evenings in our sitting room next winter. There is the bell. Good night, and dream, as I shall, of days when bells shall be no more.

Your loving daughter,

MARY.

* * * * *

* * * * *

"Tell Miss Mary I've come, and it's a quarter past ten," said Henry to the housemaid at cousin Elsie's. The great night had come—the night of the final. Mary had been sick after her own commencement, overdose of exams, she said, so this was her only night at Chapel Hill.

"I wish she'd stop primping and come on," he thought, and, as if in answer to his wish, she stood in the doorway—a bewildering tangle of bright curls, laughing eyes and fluffy ruffles.

"I'm ready," she said, but he simply caught his breath and said nothing.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked, as they strolled slowly down the walk.

"Why—er—I was just thinking that if an angel should come down and rig up in one of Solomon's lilies, it might look something like you."

"You mean lilies of the field. Oh, what a beautiful night! Just see how many lovely stars are out."

"The moonlight spoils those up there," he answered, looking into her eyes.

"I don't think so. Isn't that the hall? How brightly it is lighted. It's almost as pretty indoors as it is out. See, they are dancing? Oh, isn't that Alice Carr going into the ball-room?"

"I don't know," indifferently.

"I just must speak to her. She is the sweetest thing in the world. I shan't be gone a minute," and she disappeared into the dressing-room, ruthlessly crushing the big chiffon bow at the neck of her cape in her efforts to get out of it quickly.

* * * * *

Time, 12:30.

"Well, it's our side out now; maybe I'll get you for a few minutes; but you look tired. Suppose we take a little walk around the grounds and cool off."

"All right; wait till I get my cape."

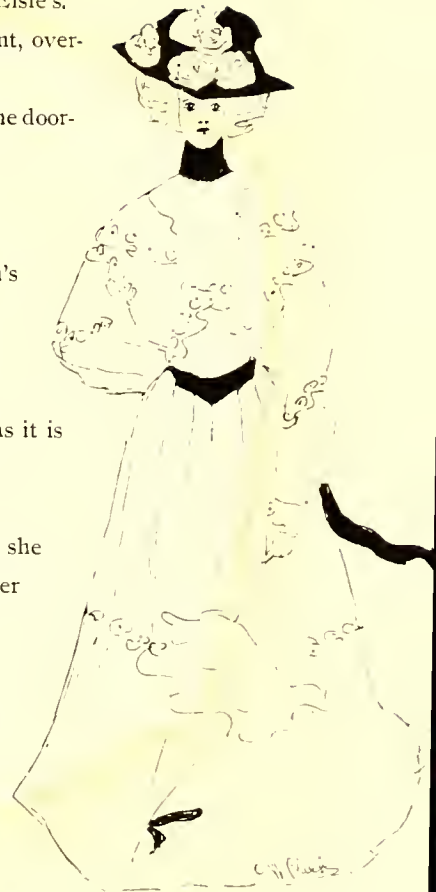
"You remember that tall, good-looking, dark man?" she asked, as they stepped out into the moonlight.

"Which one?" in a level tone.

"The best looking one—that dark one." (Henry is blond.)

"Can't say I recognize him. What about him?" coolly.

"Nothing, only I have an engagement with him next stag lead, and I want to be there."



“Oh, we’ll be back in plenty of time—I have the break with Miss Alice myself,” indifferently.

They walked on in silence. The trees threw weird shadows on the long, white driveway; the magic moonlight changed the campus into an enchanted garden, the plain brick buildings into fairy palaces. Little Cupid sulked along behind with a most disconsolate face at being neglected; the leaves sighed, and the grasses whispered as they passed, and yet they walk on unconscious of it all. She was thinking of “Miss Alice,” he of that “good-looking dark man.”

“Don’t you think its rather damp,” she asked stiffly.

“A trifle so after dancing,” he answered with equal stiffness.

“Suppose we go in.”

Then in an angry outburst: “You are unbearably stupid to-night, anyway! But,” scornfully, “I suppose your thoughts are wandering in pleasanter places.”

He stopped and faced her, and the moonlight showed his face pale with pain and his eyes bright with anger.

“How can you say such things to me? My thoughts in pleasanter places! You *know* they are all with you! They are where my heart is—all with you. You know this, and yet you can say such things to me! You can misinterpret and hurt me as you have been doing to-night! This is my last year at College—my Senior Commencement that I have been looking forward to so long, because it was to bring you, and this is what you have made of it! What do I care about degrees, or Gorgon’s Head, or germans, if it is all snarled up with trouble with you! What does it all mean to me if you are not in it? What do I care about it all if you are not glad? Finish college? Diploma?”

Then angrily striding away from her: “It can all go to thunder!”

Standing alone, a misty figure in white amidst the greenness of the moon-lit campus, she watches the retreating figure in silence. Then, with conscience stricken remorse in the tone, her voice sends a repentant wail toward the rapidly receding square shoulders.

“Oh, Henry, I *don’t* like dark men!”

* * * * *

As they disappeared around the corner of the Alumni Building, Cupid, beaming once more, followed after, dancing and cutting capers on the moonbeams.

* * * * *

“How do you like the new Alumni Building, Miss Mary?” asked the tall, good-looking dark man, who *happened* to be at the depot next morning.

“Not at all,” she answered, “I detest *brick* buildings, they are so gloomy looking.” She wondered why they laughed, but Henry only smiled to himself.

I. N.

...*A Fable*...

THE lines which I do now present,
I borrowed quite by accident.
A saddened maid one morning went,
Down on the beach by accident.
She watched the waves and seemed content,
Until she spied, by accident,
A saddened man on dreams intent,
Who sat quite near—by accident.
He'd asked the dance, had her consent,
But she forgot—by accident.
Sharp, cruel words they had then spent,
He'd ne'er forgive the accident.
Each hoped the other would repent,
'Twas such a simple accident.
Their glances met—each did relent,
And ended there their accident.
A pebble, by aimless hand though sent,
May reach the mark—by accident.

R. M. G., '01.

♪ EGGS. ♪

MAR'ET, ef yer wants ter git a chaust ter sell dem aigs jes' ez fas' ez yer kin, pile 'em up in de back part of de kyart an' I'll tek 'em along to town wid me. Yer tells me ter be kyerful an' do'u' bre'k 'em? Well, I reckon yer better be a-practyzin' of what yer preachin'; dat ain' no way to fix dem aigs! Yer reckon yer knows ez much 'bout paekin' aigs ez I does? Wall, den, I'se gwinter show yer dat yer don'. Yer ain' gwinter lemme fix 'em? Wall, I don' reckon' I'se gwinter tek 'em erlong ter town wid me. Dey'd be mightily in de way, anyway—dat dey would! Git up, mule! Hit de grit, yer long-yearred, stubbo'n critter! Wuh! wuh dere, mule! Oh, I kin fix 'em ter suit my hard-headed se'f, kin I? Dere now, did'n' I knowed yer wuz gwinter come 'roun'? Hit jes' lak' I say—*tek her right*, an' dere ain' no sweeter ole 'oman dan you is ter be found nowher. 'Fo' Gawd, what yer mad 'bout now? What dat yer sayin'? Yer ain nigh ez ole ez my white wool sez I is? Wall, who say yer is? No, 'oman, yer ain't ez ole ez what I is; yer ain' yit come ter de years er 'oner'ble 'spectability whar I is; yer ain' done pass de heat er de burden er de day lak I is; de good Lawd ain' done give yer a crown er whiteness an' er glory ter wear lak I does. No, nigger, yer ain' ez ole ez what I is. Yer don't wear no sich er crown er glory; an' I'se bleegee ter say, sister, dat when de time come fer yer ter hab one er dese hyer ornamints ter a pusson's ole age, de Lawd gwinter ax yer to 'sense him from givin' yer one. Dey ain' ter be wore by one er dese fractions, onruly niggers. Now, if yer wants dem aigs ter go, sesso, an' ef yer wants dem aigs ter stay sesso. Wall, yer ought ter er done dat long ergo, stid er stan'in' hyer er oratin'. Jes' let 'oman git ter gabbin' an' dere ain' no stoppin' her, aigs or no aigs. No, I ain' gwinter break 'em. Git up, mule; git erlong down dis hyer road!

O. G., '03.

PENANCE.

I.

SILENCE enwrapped the "Hall of Spooks,"
And dear Caesar, on earth so renowned,
With shame written plainly on his face
Was looking fixedly on the ground.

II.

If Robert E. Lee, instead of Nero,
Had only been judge that day
Caesar might have been forgiven,
And 'twould never have happened this way.

III.

But Caesar laughed at Priscilla and John
As they sat cooing there,
And Nero, being mashed on Priscilla,
Gave him a stony glare.

IV.

The shades all knew that Caesar must
Be doomed to some awful fate,
So with mouth and eyes opened wide,
They silently wondering sat.

V.

George Washington began jollying him,
Napoleon did plainly rejoice;
Poor Cleopatra his disgrace did lament,
So she wailed at the top of her voice.

VI.

"Julius," spoke Nero, in voice stern and harsh,
"You are guilty of such terrible crime
That back up among the sinners,
To earth you'll have to climb.

VII.

"There you'll abide in a place called Raleigh,"
At which Sir Walter blushed quite red,
But Elizabeth reassured him,
Giving him a pat upon the head.

VIII.

"You'll sit in a shop called 'Woman's Exchange,'"
As Nero said this Solomon giggled,
And gave a sly wink at Henry VIII,
Who twisted and turned and wriggled.

IX.

"You shall be done in a plaster cast,
With goggles on your nose,
And on your head a Priscilla bonnet,
Trimmed over with yellow bows."

A. L. B., '01.



...Churning...

I.

CUM, butter, cum, de sun's gittin' hi';
Cum, butter, cum, de time's flin' by.
I ain't got no time ter wase on you,
I'se got mo' wuck en dis ter do.
Dar's gwine be er ber'in' in de Low Grounds sho',
An dis ole nigger's bleged fer ter go.

II.

Slishety-slosh! jest look et de sun!
Slishety-slosh! I'se gittin' tired mun!
An' I got up hyer ni' bont foe da'
Ter git dis churmin' outen de way,
An' you ain't thinkin uf cummin' yet,
De mo'ners dey mone, but hyar I set.

III.

Slishety-slosh, cum, butter, cum!
Slishety-slosh, hurry long sum!
Don' be so sot in yer laid, I say,
Fer long is de paf, and narro's de way.
Dar'll be er race when de big horn blo',
An' dem what's behind will git lef' sho'.

IV.

Cum, butter, cum, yer's mi'ty slo'!
Cum, butter, cum, yer's mos' hyar, do,
Niggers was made fer ter wuck, Ise tole;
But dis hyar nigger's gittin' mighty ole,
And when I'se th'oo 'id dis churnin', sho',
I'se gwine ter injoy dat ber'in' so.

M. A. B., '02.

Two Freshmen.

I WAS sitting in my wrapper before my book-piled desk, up in my cosy little room at college, trying to write an English Composition for the next day. The subject was, "How My Friend and I Made up After a Misunderstanding," and I found it a very difficult one to write on, for my friend and I had not been so fortunate as to make up. We were both Freshmen, her room was right next to mine, and I could not help wondering if she found the composition as hard to write as I did. In fact, I simply could not keep my thoughts on it, they kept straying off to her and to our very complicated misunderstanding. How I longed to go to her and beg her to be friends again, but that was impossible, when she had shown so plainly how little she cared for me. It seemed centuries, and it really was three long dreary months since we had walked together arm in arm around the campus. Presently I heard her moving about in the next room. I listened, and heard her pacing restlessly up and down the floor. Nell always walked up and down when she was excited or thinking hard. Oh, to go and throw my arms around her neck and beg her to be good and let me love her! My head dropped on my arms on the desk before me and a low sob escaped me. I was so tired of trying not to show that I cared, and this gnawing heart-ache was wearing me out. In a moment there was a knock at the door, and without waiting for an answer some one entered. In another second a soft pair of arms were twined round my neck, and I heard dear old Nell saying in a chokey voice, "I can't stand it any longer, Helen. I'm sorry I was so horrid; please forgive me and let's be friends."

It was nearly mid-night before I remembered that my composition was still unwritten, so kissing Nellie good-night I set to work at it once more. This time I found the subject a very easy one.

C. M. P. '04.

What the Moon Saw.

SILENCE in dorm, silence in hall,
Sleep and oblivion reigned over all.
Outside the Moon ran the stars a race,
And then looked in at each sleeping face.
 Did I say all slept?
 No, six, each in her place,
 A late vigil kept.

All this she saw and more,
When one rose to the floor—
And the boards they creaked and creaked—
Another after her sneaked,
And still another followed—
The tell-tale boards did creak,
Outside the night owl holloored.

The Moon stood still, the stars did win,
To miss this sight could not have been.
Now there were six, on tip-toe crept
Along, while all the others slept,
So still they seemed, they dared not breathe,
And each hold of the other kept,
Lest some the foremost ones should leave.

The ghostly six approached the door,
As ghosts were wont to glide of yore,
And then the Moon cast off her frown
As each girl grabbed her neighbor's gown—
“A mouse! a mouse!” the foremost said,
“A mouse! a mouse! to bed! to bed!”
And the Moon did laugh and wag her head.

M. S. W., '03.

WHEN THE SHADES OF DARKNESS GATHER.

An Incident in Munchausen's Life in Hades. Forwarded to me by a member of the House Boat Club (with apologies to Mr. Bangs.)

WHITTIER rose from the dinner table and sighed, "These pumpkin pies be not fit for the pigs, and it Thanksgiving Day too! Friend Mandeville, thou dost not know what real pumpkin pies be."

"I ought right wel to knowen ye thing hight pumpkin"—began Sir John Mandeville. "Translate please"—interrupted Johnson. Whereupon Sir John began again, speaking modern English slowly and with much difficulty. "On my travels I visited a country where the fruit Mr. Whittier calls pumpkin grew in great profusion. One of the good farmers of this district determined to outdo his neighbors, and with a little extra care he raised a pumpkin so large that he was obliged to borrow horses from his neighbors to bring it home." (Munchausen fidgeted in his chair.) "While he was absent on this errand his own horse broke into the field where the huge pumpkin grew and began to nibble one of its smooth yellow sides. The farmer returned, saw the mischief his horse was doing and threw a stone at him. The horse in his fright jumped against the side of the pumpkin which was nibbled so thin that it gave way and he tumbled inside. At the same time the pumpkin broke loose from the vine, rolled down the gently sloping hill-side and

plunged into a small lake at the foot of the hill. The poor horse swam bravely inside the pumpkin, but became exhausted and was drowned before the owner could call in the neighbors and rescue him.”

“I once raised some pumpkins myself,” remarked Munchausen. “I was in America at the time and had a great deal of trouble at first, though I afterwards met with some success. In the first place the ground was so rich the vines grew with great rapidity and literally wore out the green fruit trailing after it over the ground. I made a little sled for each pumpkin, but it took so much labor to keep the sleds in repair that I at last decided to train my vine on an exceedingly high pole. The vine soon outgrew the pole, stuck straight up in the sky and finally the end of it disappeared from view. The vine bore only two pumpkins of any remarkable size. When they were ripe I cut the vine, whereupon the smaller of the two fell to the ground with such force that it passed directly through the earth and appeared, as I have since learned, in the back yard of a devout missionary in China. It had been thoroughly cooked in its passage, and in spite of a slight sulphurous taste it made excellent pies for the whole kingdom. The larger of my pumpkins was so far away by the time it was grown that it defied the laws of gravitation and still remains in the sky. Moderns call it the moon. Now Mandeville,” continued the Baron—but Sir John had disappeared.

I. N. '01.



SCRAPIN' COTTON.

DAR'S uncer Abe down in de fiel',
An' de chillun goue a-trottin',
But uncer Abe'll never know,
He so busy scrapin' cotton.

He sho' is one ole cross ole man,
Dat ain't ter be fergotten;
He fuss an scol's us right an' lef',
'Cep' when he's scrapin' cotton.

But dar's dat gal—dat Mandy Jane,
Wid dat hair she's allus knottin',
He thinks dat nigger's gole, and dat's
How come he's scrapin' cotton.

To edgucate dat nigger chile,
Dat's de way dat ole man's sot in,
An' dats how come dese summer days
Ver sees him scrapin' cotton.

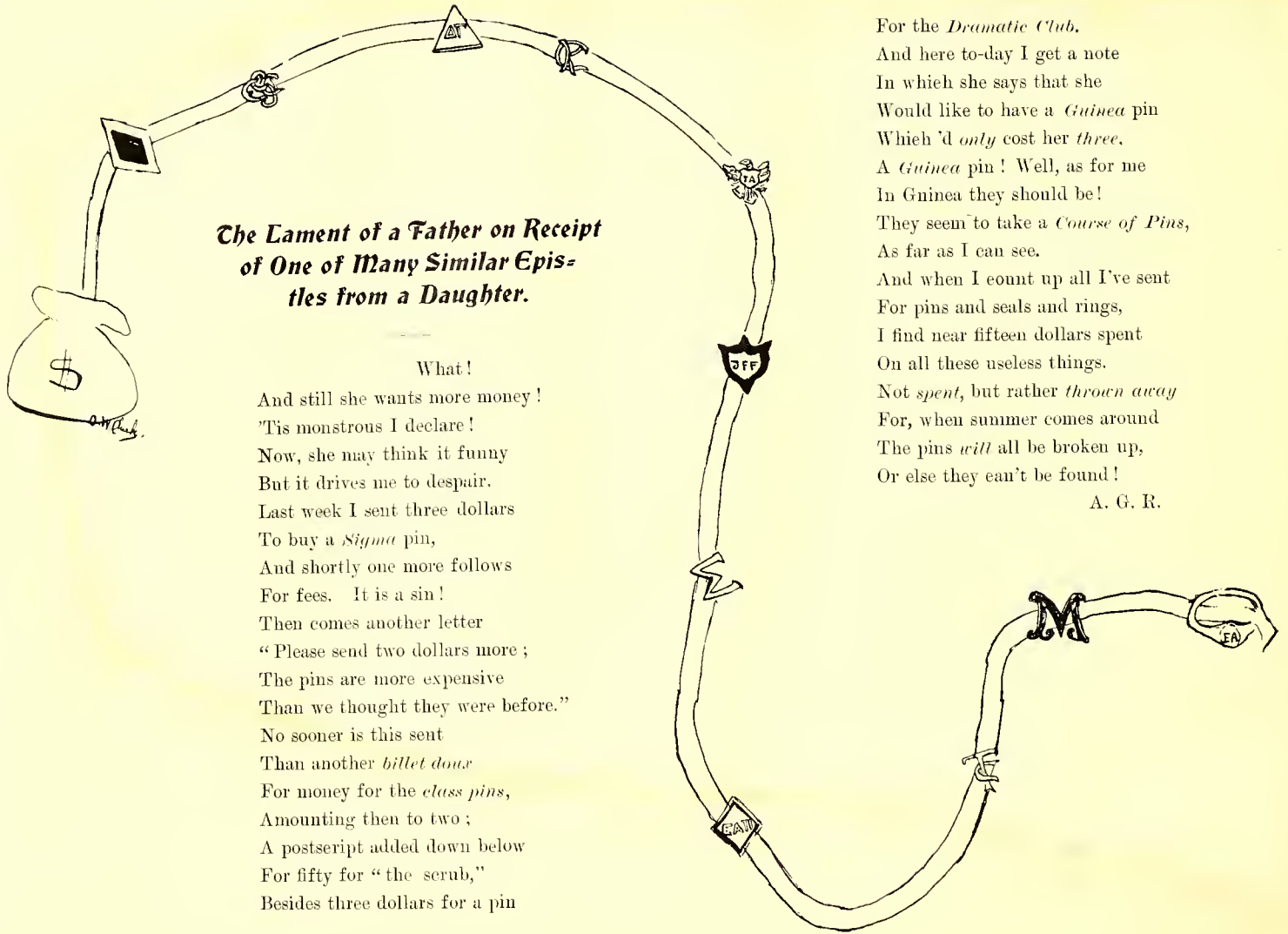
A N. B., 03.



THE EYES I LOVE.

THE EYES I love are very hard to describe. Sometimes I look and they seem as if they were black ; then sometimes they look as if they were of a very dark gray. Just so, as they are hard to describe, they are hard to fathom. They sometimes seem to be the calm surface of a deep well. Then again they seem to be bubbling over, as a spring, with life and mirth. Instead of saying, "Varium et mutabile semper femina," Virgil ought to have said, "Ever variable and changeable a woman's eyes." But the time when they are most tantalizing is when they look as if they knew a big joke and were keeping it all to themselves, away from me. Then again they look as if they had a little secret, and if I were good, "which is a condition contrary to fact," they would tell it to me. But these dear eyes are not always so happy, for sometimes they look very cold and stern and full of trouble.

B. C., '03.



**The Lament of a Father on Receipt
of One of Many Similar Epis-
tles from a Daughter.**

What!

And still she wants more money!
'Tis monstrous I declare!
Now, she may think it funny
But it drives me to despair.
Last week I sent three dollars
To buy a *Sigma* pin,
And shortly one more follows
For fees. It is a sin!
Then comes another letter
"Please send two dollars more;
The pins are more expensive
Than we thought they were before."
No sooner is this sent
Than another *billet doux*
For money for the *class pins*,
Amounting then to two;
A postscript added down below
For fifty for "the scrub,"
Besides three dollars for a pin

For the *Dramatic Club*.
And here to-day I get a note
In which she says that she
Would like to have a *Guinea* pin
Which 'd *only* cost her *three*.
A *Guinea* pin! Well, as for me
In *Guinea* they should be!
They seem to take a *Course of Pins*,
As far as I can see.
And when I count up all I've sent
For pins and seals and rings,
I find near fifteen dollars spent
On all these useless things.
Not *spent*, but rather *thrown away*
For, when summer comes around
The pins *will* all be broken up,
Or else they can't be found!

A. G. R.



THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

THE FLAG of the Confederacy is lovingly cherished in the memory of every true Southerner. In all Dixie it is thought to be the grandest flag that ever waved; and the whole world admires that flag and the brave men who fought under it. The flag is as red as the patriotic blood that flowed so freely to uphold it, and it has two stripes of the truest blue running diagonally across it. Where they cross in the middle shines a large white star of glory and smaller stars are on the blue stripes, showing that the ideals of the people over whom this flag waved were far from earthly. I can imagine no finer sight than that flag waving over an army of soldiers clad in uniforms of gray.

L. H. P., '03.



Above our mantle hangs the portrait of a man enveloped in the silken folds of a flag. In babyhood I tottered to the hearth and gazed with wondering baby eyes at the flag and the soldierly face framed beneath it. In boyhood I was inspired to do deeds of like bravery as I listened eagerly to the stories of a stainless flag and an unspotted gentleman. In manhood I have learned to feel some of the bitterness of that struggle and the sorrow of the man who led his soldiers through those four long dark years. The story of that struggle and the life of that soldier have stirred my soul.

K. d R. M. '03.

THE nineteenth of January, 1901, is far spent and the hour for dinner has come. The dining hall is filled with bright eyed, rosy cheeked girls, more than a hundred of them there are, and teachers are there too. There is a blundering sound of chairs being drawn out, after a moment of thanksgiving silence, and then, just listen how these school girls are chattering. Each one is trying to bear up her part of the conversation, and the result is almost deafening. Why are they more noisy than usual? They are all happy! Yes; uaturally talkative? Yes; but the cause of the unusually buoyant spirits is the memory of the man whom they had been honoring all day—it has been a holiday for them. But, look over there! How pretty those girls look in their white waists and crimson ribbons. There are just twelve of them, but here comes another to join them. The summer of her youth is past, but happiness, tenderness and joy is shown in her face. She is the central star of the thirteen, and she glances with pride and joy, first at the twelve red and white maids, then at the little flag, waving gently, which the girls have placed there on the table for her. Her eyes sparkle, her cheeks flush once more, she smiles, and the girls are satisfied. But was it the girls, or the flag that caused her bright and happy look?

R. G., '01.

ATHLETICS



Athletic Association.

Officers :

PRESIDENT,	MARY PHILIPS
VICE-PRESIDENT,	SOPHIE WOOD
SECRETARY,	DEAS BOYKIN
TREASURER,	BELLE NASH

COLORS—White and Blue.

Yell.

Saints, Saints,
Sigma Mu !
Alma Mater,
White and Blue !



BASKET BALL CLUB

Officers :

PRESIDENT,	MARY PHILIPS
VICE-PRESIDENT,	SOPHIE WOOD
SECRETARY,	DEAS BOYKIN
TREASURER,	BELLE NASH

COLORS—White and Blue.

Yell.

Saints, Saints,
Sigma, Mu !
Alma Mater,
White and Blue !



Varsity.

COLOR—Gold.

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!

CAPTAIN—AUGUSTA P. JONES.

MISS STONE—COACH.

MR. BRATTON—REFEREE.

MARY MEANS BRATTON (Mascot.)

JONES, A., Center.

STURGEON, M., Side Center.

WOOD, I., Forward 1.

HUGHES, E., Forward 2.

CHADBOURN, B., Guard 1.

BATTLE, M., Guard 2.

WEEKS, M., Sub.

PHILIPS, M., Sub.



Sigma Basket Ball Club.

COLOR—White.

CAPTAIN—AUGUSTA P. JONES.

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!!!

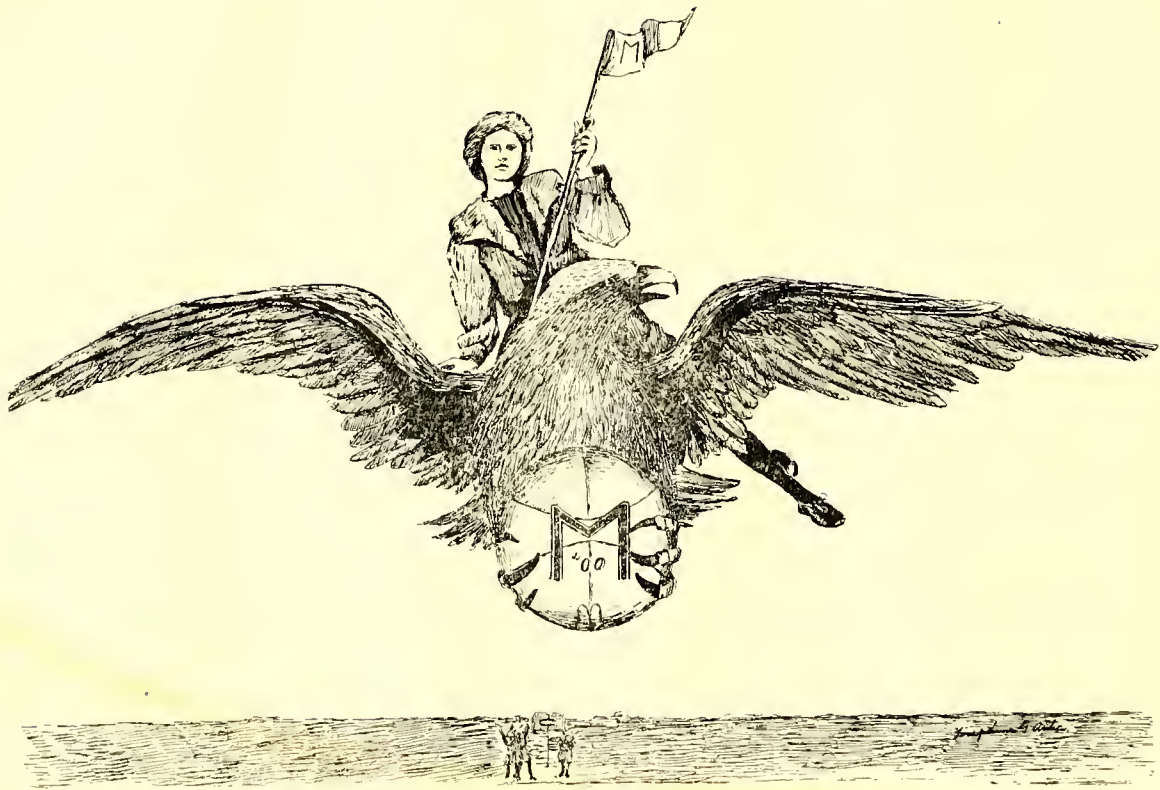
Roll.

MISS MARION BRATTON (Mascot.)

MARGARET APPLEWHITE,	HELEN CRENSHAW,	OCTAVIA HUGHES,	MARY ALLEAN SHORT,
BEULAH ARMSTRONG,	LENA DAWSON,	ETHEL HUGHES,	MARIAM STEELE,
HANNAH ATTMORE,	ELIZA DRANE,	ANNIE HAWKINS,	MARY STURGEON,
VIRGINIA BLAND,	ETHEL DEAL,	ANNIE MARTIN,	LIZZIE TAYLOR,
MUSE BLOUNT,	CONNIE EVANS,	MATTIE MOFFIT,	LENA TAYLOR,
ELLEN BOWEN,	ELLA FARANT,	LIZZIE MOORE,	MARY TILLERY,
LUCY BRIDGES,	FLOY FERRAL,	ARABEL NASII,	LOULIE WALKER,
MARGARET BRIDGES,	IDA FLORA,	HALLIE PARK,	MARY WEEKS,
MARIE BRUNSON,	SUSIE FOXHALL,	LEAH PERRY,	EVELYN WEEKS,
EVA CHESSON,	WELTHIA GEDDES,	MARIE PHINIZY,	LAURA WILLIAMS,
KATE CLIFTON,	VIRGILIA GLAZEBROOKE,	LUCY REDWOOD,	GRAYSON WILLINGHAM,
LEWIS COFFIN,	MARY HILL,	ISABEL ROUNTREE,	ZENA WILSON,
CARRIE COWLES,	NERTA HOLT,	CHRISTINE SCHUESLER,	SOPHIE WOOD,
FLORENCE COWLES,	KATE HORNER,		

Honorary Members.

MRS. RANDOLPH,	MISS BRATTON,	MISS DOWD,	MISS POTWIN,
MRS. BRATTON,	MISS THOMAS,	MISS SCHUTT,	MISS ROUX.



Mu Basket Ball Club.

Yell.

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

COLOR—Light Blue.

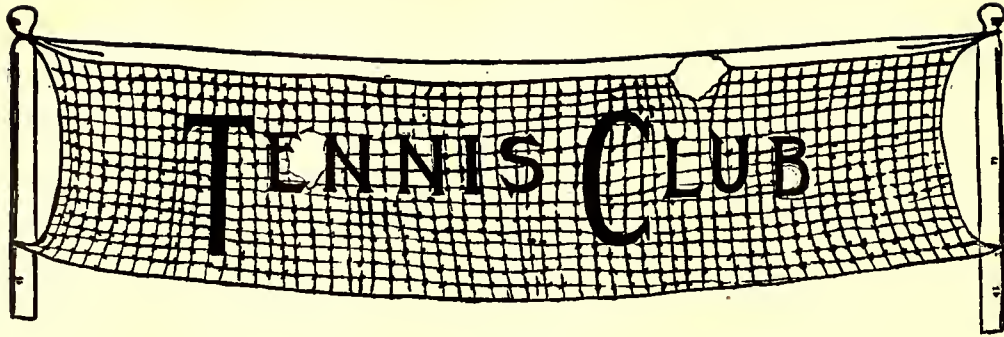
CAPTAIN—I. WOOD.

Roll.

BATTLE, MARY,	GAYLORD,	LAMB,	PINLEY,
BATTLE, MAUDE,	GLOVER,	LEACH,	PRUDEN,
BOYKIN,	GORDON,	MAKELY,	STEDMAN,
BUNN,	GRIMSLY,	MARSHALL,	SPENSER,
BURGWIN,	GREEN,	MEARES,	TAYLOR, A.,
BUNTON,	GIBSON,	MOORE, C,	VENABLE,
CAPEHART,	HAUGHTON, JULIA,	NORWOOD,	WELSH,
CHADBOURNE,	HAUGHTON. JANE,	PARSLEY,	MISS BLANCHARD,
CLARK, O.,	HAWKINS,	PEMBERTON,	MISS JONES, L. A.,
COLEMAN,	HAUGHTON, A.,	PHILIPS, MAUD,	MISS JONES, A. E.,
CLARK, L.,	HILL, L.,	PHILIPS, MARY,	MISS STONE,
GHANT,	HOLT, M.,	PRINGLE,	MISS MARSDEN.

Honorary Members.

MISS MCKIMMON, MISS SUTTON, MRS. QUINBY.



Officers.

ARABEL NASH,	PRESIDENT.
HALLIE PARK,	VICE-PRESIDENT.
CLARA CAPEHART,	SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Roll.

BOYKIN, DEAS,	PRINGLE, M.,
CLARK, OLZIE,	PIXLEY, ISABEL,
CAPEHART, CLARA,	HAWKINS, JANET,
DRANE, ELIZA,	WOOD, IRENE,
EVANS, CONNIE,	WOOD, SOPHIE,
GEDDIS, ALETA,	PARK, HALLIE,
GLOVER, H.,	SHORT, M. A.,
HUGHES, E.,	HOLT, MAUD,
JONES, GUSSIE,	CHRISTINE, S.,
NASH, ARABEL,	WILLINGHAM, GRAYSON,
PRUDEN, M.,	MISS BRATTON,
PARSLEY, JULIA,	MISS MARSDEN.
PHINIZY, M.,	

AMONG OURSELVES.



Ye Ethics Club.

MOTTO—A woman convinced against her will is of the *same* opinion still.

COLOR—Green.

“I don’t know Mr. Bratton.”

“I don’t understand this chapter, its too deep.”

YELL.

Hurrah, Hurrah, for the Ethics Class,
If they had an “exam” they’d never pass.

Image Smasher,	MR. BRATTON.
Chief Argurer,	ISABEL ROUNTREE.
Sub-Argurer,	ANNIE LEE BUNN.
Dissenter,	GRAYSON WILLINGHAM.
The Crushed One,	SOPHIE WOOD.
The Silent Member,	LENA DAWSON.
Conformist,	ROSA GORDON.
Reformer,	ALLIE WELSH.
Wit Master,	JEANNETTE BIGGS.
Revolutionizer,	MABEL NORWOOD.

KLUX KLUX KLAN.

COLOR—White.

FLOWER—Tulips.

YELLS.

Barricade, baricade!
Miss Sutton's babe,
The Klux Klan
Are on their raid!

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Klux Klan,
Hurrah! hurrah!
For the Serenading Band.

Musical Instruments—Horns and Tin Pans.

Hours—12:30 to 2 A. M.

Weapons: _____

Battles { April 1st, victory.
 { April 4th, "
 { April 5th, "
 { April 8th, "

Mascot—Alarm Clock.

MEMBERS.

Captain of Upper Door:

CAPT. JONES.

MEN.

WILLINGHAM,
L. BRIDGERS,
PRINGLE,
HAUGHTON,
LAMB,

Captain of Lower Door:

CAPT. PHINIZY.

MEN.

PARK,
COLEMAN,
M. BRIDGERS,
PRUDEN,
BURGWYN,
MAKELEY.

Liberty Hall.

President, LINA PEMBERTON.
Vice-President, LIZZIE HILL.
Secretary, ROSA GORDON.
Treasurer, JENNY GIBSON.
Poet, ANNA BUXTON.
Critic, HENRIETTA GLOVER.
Toast Master, ISABEL PINLEY.
Chief Cook and Bottle Washer, ISABEL NORWOOD.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

MISS SCHUTT,
MISS THOMAS,

MISS MARSDEN,
MISS POTWIN.

UNIFORM—Cap and gown.

MOTTO—Liberte, egalite, fraternite.

EMBLEM—Liberty Bell.

OBJECT—Amusement.

COLORS—Chocolate and *Cream*.

YELL.

Liberty Hall
Means freedom for all,
And now we'll yell
Three cheers for the bell.

'Tis a true and wise saying
That is seconded by all
That at St. Mary's there's no place
Like our dear Liberty Hall.
Lizzie and Lina room there,
And Rosa and Henrietta,
Who say for lounging and loafing
There's no place any better;
As for Jennie and Anna
And the two Isabels
They call it a Paradise—
Their conscience so compels.
There's music and laughter and song,
Teachers and teachers—galore,
We do not object to that,
They never are any bore.
That's our Liberty Hall
And we have a Liberty Bell
Which we will never suspend,
For we wish her with us to dwell.

On the Senior Floor.

COME, let us visit the Senior's abode,
And tarry at each house along the road,
The "picture gallery" is the first stopping place,
Whose poor inmates are ever in disgrace.

"Chaos" is the house we next enter in,
To attempt to describe it would surely be a sin,
A Hermit dwells in a "Hermitage" near by,
Who when chosen a Prophet began to cry.

"Pandemonium" is where all learning abides,
To judge from the shrieks the devil there hides.
Every night at ten thirty to "Helter Skelter" we go,
"May we take a bath?" is what we wish to know.

The occupant of "Bohemia" her art will forego
And we've heard there's a man in the case, you know,
At "Sleepy Hollow" they slept so late,
That five disorders was *their* sad fate

The dwellers of "Discord" live to fight,
And disturb their neighbors from morn till night.
The last on the road is "Poster Hall,"
The two living posters are the best of all.

If you come to our floor after ten at night,
You will find a gathering all robed in white,
Perched on trunks as happy as can be,
Laughing at jokes YOU'D never see.

Miss Katie's Prophecies for Her "Dorm," '01.

THIS for Beulah,
She'll ne'er be the ruler
O'er the dashing army-captain that I see.
But to Cuba he will take her
And a lonely home he'll make her
At the "Post" of the "Grand Armeec."

This for Maud Battle,
She'll make things "rattle"
For a year after she leaves school.
But then a man of law
Will bring her down "to taw,"
And teach her the meaning of rule.

This is for Blanch!
She'll live on a ranch
In Texas with her "Cow-boy" dear.

This for Lillian Clark,
Should she decide to marry
I'm sure she will not tarry
But will "be there" for *oucc* "on time!"

This is for Kate C.
She'll marry in the navee,
To the Philippines go perhaps,
Or per chance, Ha-wa-ii.

Addie G.,
The songstress I see
Emulating Adeline Pat-ti!

Dainty Floy
Will be the joy
Of some "dear boy"—I know not who.

This for Kate Meares—
Not long ere she wears
"A cap" much larger than "'03."

Here's for Mattie—
How nice, neat and "natty"
Her ward at "St. Luke's" will be.

This for Sallie Leach,
She'll live "on the beach."
In summer oyster-roasts,
In winter, chats and "toasts,"
A cosy home will hers be on the beach!

Leah Perry
Will ere be merry
What'er betide,
Whether she sew or knit
Or by her fire-side sit
With "the loved one" by her side.

I see that Xina
Will find one to wean her
From home and Marie B.
But Marie won't mind
And Xina will find
That Marie's in the same box as she!

This is for Laura,
Will she ere borrow
Caps, buckles and rings,
Belts, ribbons and things
To be sufficiently stylish and jaunty?

Gamma Sigma.

ALPHA CHAPTER.

FOUNDED APRIL 24. '01.

MOTTO—Fear and Trembling.

COLORS—Black and White.

OBJECT—To get out of Geometry.

PASSWORD—Why?

GRIP—On Chalk.

Members.

ISABEL ROUNTREE,

ARABEL NASH.

If at first you don't succeed, take your seat.

'T WAS EVER THUS.

SCENE: *A long room with two rows of narrow white beds. Six girls sitting on two of the beds. One girl sitting in a cosy corner reading. Another girl standing in front of a mirror fixing her hair.*

TIME: 5:30 to 6 P. M.

(Enter) Evelyn Weeks. "Oh, girls, I'm so hungry, haven't any of you got anything to eat?"

Girls (all frown and point to a certain alcove). "Sh! Sh!"

Evelyn W., (calling aloud). "Miss Dowd?"

No answer.

Evelyn W., (impatiently). "My goodness, you girls scared me to death! Miss Dowd's not up here. (With more emphasis.) Say, haven't any of you anything to eat, I'm starving?"

Hannah Atmore. "Well, Evelyn, its only a half hour before dinner, and I don't think you'll starve in that time."

Evelyn W., (ignoring Hannah's remark) "'Pete' Hill, I know you've something to eat. Be a good girl and give me some."

"Pete" Hill. "No, I haven't got a thing."

Annie Martin (whose alcove is next to "Pete's"). "Yes, she has, too, Evelyn, for the rats have just been coming in my alcove lately by mistake. (Holding up for the girls to see what looks like must once have been a pair of white kid gloves, but are now in perfect tatters.) Just look at this pair of gloves, I got them down town last week for commencement, and see how much the rats have left of them."

Annie Taylor. "Come on, Evelyn, let's inspect "Pete's" alcove and see what we cau find."

Annie T., and Evelyn W., make a rush to get to "Pete's" alcove, but "Pete" is ahead of them and shuts the door.

Annie Grimsley (at the top of her voice). "Hurrah for 'Pete!'"

"Pete" Hill (angrily). "Annie Grimsley, my name's not 'Pete.'"

Evelyn W. and Annie T., sit down on a bed near "Pete's" alcove waiting for her to come out.

Mary Tillery. "Evelyn, you and Annie Taylor get off my bed, you are messing it up."

Evelyn W. "Oh, don't get canary, Mary Tillery!"

Enter Annie Hawkins and goes into her alcove.

Annie Taylor. "Annie Hawkins, I haven't heard you talk about "Grand Paw" lately."

Annie Hawkins (laughing). "Haven't you?"

Margie Pringle (whose alcove is next to Annie H.) "That's because your alcove is at the other end of the dormitory, Annie Taylor."

(Enter Lewis Coffin, sighs and sits down on the cosy corner). "What are you girls doing?"

Girls. "Just talking."

Lewis C. "Well, its quarter of six and I think you had all better be getting ready for dinner." (Gets up and goes towards her

alcove, stops at the door and looks across at an empty alcove, sighs deeply). "Oh, how I wish Magdalen was here!" (Enters alcove and shuts the door).

Carrie Cowles (to girl standing in front of the mirror) "Florence, how much longer are you going to take to fix you hair? You've been fixing it for, at least, a half an hour and you don't seem any nearer getting done."

Florence Cowles (dimpling). "Why C-a-r-r-i-e!"

Mary Sturgeon. "The reason Florence takes so long to fix her hair is that its an excuse for standing before the mirror."

Girls all laugh, Florence blushes and goes in her alcove.

Laurine Dorsey (coming out of her alcove all dressed for dinner). "You girls had better hurry, its ten minntes of six."

Mary Weeks (gets up and walks down the dormitory to her alcove, stops at the door and turns round). "Say, Laurine, have you begun to pack your trunk to go home yet?"

Laurine D., (smiling stiffly). "No, not yet."

Mary W. "Well, I thought maybe you had, for you even packed your hand-satchel a week before you went home for the Easter holidays, and the night before you left I don't believe you ever went to bed, you were so afraid of getting left, and the train didn't leave until eleven o'clock in the morning." (Goes in alcove.)

All the girls get up and go in their alcoves, but continue talking only in louder tones.

Virginia Bland (to Margaret Bridges). "Margaret, I don't see how you sleep so late in the morning and yet get down in time for roll-call."

Annie Martin. "I can tell you why, Virginia, its because she never fixes her hair till afterwards."

Margaret Bridges. "You see, Virginia, my name comes in the B's, so during roll-call I sit in a dark corner and as soon as I answer present I slip out and up the back stairs into the dormitory. Then I fix my hair and am ready to go down when the breakfast bell rings."

Octavia Hughes. "Oh, Ethel, do lend me our clothes brush."

Ethel Hughes (aside). "*Our* clothes brush? I thought it was mine. (Aloud) Why, certainly, here it is."

A voice from the hall calls, "Is Mary Sturgeon in here?"

Annie Taylor. "Yes, Ethel Deal, come in. Your darling is trying to get dressed in time for dinner." (A bell is heard ringing violently. The girls shriek and groan.)

Girls (in chorns). "Oh! Oh! Gracious! Is that the dinner bell?"

Mary Weeks. "I'll never make it!"

Ethel Hughes (in despair). "And I can't get my hair fixed!"

Margaret Bridges. "Margie, will you get there?"

Margie Pringle. "Its very doubtful."

Annie Hawkins. "Won't somebody button my dress?"

Octavia Hughes. "Hasn't anybody got a pin?"

Exeunt all the girls. Some tying hair-ribbon, some pinning their skirts, some buttoning their dresses, etc.

Curtain.

Miss Sutton's Dorm.

SCENE—Miss Sutton's Dorm at Night.

A CROWD of Preps. gathered around the table in the upper end of the dorm. Enter Miriam Steele holding up her demi.—“I'll just tell you all now I'm not going to Physical Culture to-night. Helen, you can answer sick for me.”

Marie Thorn.—“Now Miriam, you know that's not right.”

Nerta looks sadly at Miriam and says nothing.

Christine Schuessler.—“Well, I guess I will go down and see Leta before Miss Sutton comes up.”

Helen comes out of her alcove eating candy.

Lizzie Taylor.—“Helen, please give me a bite, I'm so hungry. I'll be thankful when I get home where I can get something to eat. I think the dinners they give us are just awful.”

Muse Blount.—“If you will go down to the basement and look in a box under the safe you can have some potted ham and crackers. I don't think Gussie ate it all up.”

Lily Hayes, wiping her eyes.—“I wish I was home, I never 'tend to leave mama 'gain.”

Voices are heard on the stairs and in a few minutes in come Maud Holt and Mary Allen, with their arms around each other.—“Why! yes, Maud, it is very fascinating. I love books like that. I think the man might be better, but he is so cute.”

“Mary Allen, did you ever read that beautiful book—ah! well, no matter about the name, but it is a fine love story—Mama gave it to me my last birthday.” and Maud goes on to tell Mary “all about it.”

Æthel Deal, coming in from the back hall whistling, Oh! Promise me!—“Is Miss Sutton up here yet?”

Miss Sutton, coming in the door at that moment carrying one of Mickie's cast off mutton chops.—“Yes, I'm here. I'm going to set the trap to-night, the rats are getting so bad again I can't sleep.”

Mary Allen, coming out of her alcove.—“Miss Sutton, I think most of them are down here, and—.”

Maud Holt, chiming in.—“Yes, Miss Sutton, they are down at this end because I found another pair of gloves eaten up this morning.”

Lucy Redwood.—“Don't see how you found them if they were eaten up.”

Mary Allen.—“Miss Sutton, what have you got to set the trap with?”

Miss Sutton.—“Cheese and this old bone.”

Mary Allen goes in her alcove and no more is heard from her.

The trap is set and Miss Sutton says it is time to be quiet.

Susie Foxhall, armed with a broom, marches up and down the dorm between the beds punching every body in the sides.

Miss Sutton.—“Who is that making that noise? You girls keep quiet and go to bed.”

Susie.—“I was just shutting the back door, Miss Sutton.”

Ella Farant.—“Miss Sutton, what did I get on deportment.”

Miss Sutton.—“Ella, I don't know.”

Kate Horner.—“I got a letter from Father to-night and he said he had to whip about six boys yesterday.”

Margaret Stedman.—“Too bad! Hope it didn't hurt much.”

Miss Sutton.—“Lucy, put out the light. Maud, are you ready for bed?”

Maud.—“You needn't wait for me; I'll be ready in a minute.”

The lights go out and a chorus of “good night, Miss Sutton,” and the sound of pillows and shoes follow. Then Miss Sutton threatens with fifteen disorders each, so they float off into peaceful sleep to be disturbed by the rats chasing around, Helen snoring, and Lily talking to “Mama.”

13

ENTHRONED in our hearts for her sweetness and grace,
Little she asks that we laud her fair face.
In her duty and toil still all courtesy finds place.
Zealous and true in her kind gentle ways,
All still accord her affectionate praise.

EVER the same her duty fulfilling,
Loyal and faithful for good, ever willing.
Little she cares what the world may be saying,
Enough that her conscience she still is obeying ;
Naught but the right with her ever weighing.

RICH in real worth, many friendships she 'll gain,
Open in heart, and yet strong and so true.
Steadfastly ever our trust she 'll retain,
And our faith and our love are her well-won due.

JUST tall enough and short enough,
Unique, is charming Julia.
Lanated with a nice high puff
Invariably always tries to bluff,
And truly manages to fool you.

IN wit she excels, our troubles beguiling,
She 's ready with mirth to keep us all smiling,
And tender of heart with no barbed dart that stings,
But many and harmless her gay jests she flings.
Even of temper and gentle and strong,
Loyal and true—may she live long !

BEAUTIFUL in character is Betsey,
Eager to do what is right,
Troubling herself to please others,
Sedulous with all her might.
Earnest, conscientious and studious,
Yet cheerful and happy and bright.

JUDICIOUS certainly is Jeannette,
Enterprising and prospective, too ;
Aspiring to overcome trifles,
No matter what she has to do.
Nobody is more courageous
Engaging the good-will of all.
Truly this should be contagious
Together with both great and small.
Especially with the class-mates of Jeannette.

13

(CONTINUED.)

AFFECTIONATE, fearless and fair, Annie Lee ;
Ne'er was a senior dearer than she !
Never a truer on this fair earth,
In every emergency proving her worth.
Earnest and gentle ; candid yet kind,
Loyal her nature, and lofty her mind ;
Ever modest and still unassuming when praised,
E'en though the first 'neath a "standard that's raised."

LOVING and geutle with eyes of blue,
Ever studious, good-natured, tender and true,
Never weary of trying good works to do,
A graduate of St. Mary's through and through.

DOWNRIGHT decided and dignified Deas,
Ever striving in life's devious maze.
Affectionate, attracting all by her calm,
Strong, sturdy, sincere, with a most serene charm.

ALL over St. Mary's her sweet voice we hear ;
Lucid her tones like a nightingale singing,
Lulling and low, yet in quality rare,
Indispensible now as Commencement is near ;
E'er a month and her voice will be ringing (elsewhere),

INDEPENDENT and original,
She 's bright and sparkling, full of grace
And rare and deep expressiveness
Brings the last charm to her lovely face.
Energetic, dramatic, brimful of will,
Loved she a friend once, him she loves still.

SO we see her now
Over the tea cups bending
Pouring, from the tiny pot,
Happiness and Hyson hot,
Into the daiuty cups ; through life
Ever this portion blending

School Statistics.

The most energetic—Octavia Hughes.
The best looking—Gussie Jones.
The most studious—Eliza Drane.
The cutest girl—Marie Phinizy.
The best dancer—Sophie Wood.
The best talker—Isabel Rountree.
The most liberal—Lucy Bridgers.
The most picturesque—Ethel Hughes.
The best jollier—Deas Boykin.
The most indifferent—Hallie Park.

The best figure—Julia Parsley.
The most fortunate—Arabel Nash.
The funniest girl—Anna Buxton.
The most daring—Irene Wood.
The quietest—Lizzie Hill.
The most sentimental—C. C. Capehart.
The best collector of a good looking man's picture—Janet Hawkins.
The most popular teacher—Miss Stone.



Why

Does G. Willingham and H. Park stay in the next girl's room so much lately?
Does G. Jones always want a drink of water every night at 9:30?
Does Miss Checkley think there is no such thing as "luck"?
Is it that M. Holt thinks that "Platonic Friendship" can exist between women only?
Does M. Pruden pace the halls at night?
Do we think that M. Phinizy lives in a barn?
Does Miss Sutton think that she can catch the second floor girls, when there is plenty of room under the sofa?
Doesn't Virginia get mashed?
Can't Leta Geddes run?
Does Ethel Deal want to change her seat at the table?
Do Anna and Jennie ask "Who is it?" when any one knocks?
Does Lizzie Hill always want the florist to arrange her flowers?
Didn't Annie Taylor dance the break at the T Δ german?

Through the Looking Glass.

Never make known what you saw that night.—M. A. Short.

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.—A. Wilson and M. Brunson.

You did pocket up my letters.—A. Nash.

They fool me to the top of my bent.—M. Pringle.

Sickness is catching.—G. Willingham.

When you dance I wish you were a wave of the sea, that you might ever do nothing but that.—Sophie Wood.

A very ancient and fish-like smell the dining-room on Fri-nights. What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine.—G. Jones, M. Phinizy.

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.—M. Pruden and J. Hawkins.

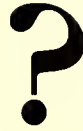
I was born under a rhyming planet.—A. Gaylord.

Let my lamps at midnight hour, be seen in some high lonely tower.—J. Haughton and K. Coleman.

A rhapsody of words.—Mary Tillery.

Joyous, jolly, jesting joker, flippant, pert and full of play.—L. Williams.

'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.—E. Weeks.



How is Lizzie Taylor like a surgeon?

Is it maidenly modesty that makes Margaret Applewhite hide her face in her pillow from 3:30 to 5 every Sunday afternoon?

For all information on spending a happy Easter shall one apply to Susie Foxhall?

Is it because she is in her alcove praying for her sins, that Eva Chesson is not seen in the dormitory during Meditation Hour?

Is it Mary Allan that attracts rats in her alcove?

What is Susie Foxhall's object in watching gym every night?

Is there any doubt about Lucy Redwood's receiving the spelling medal?

Was it the fashion of black picture-hats and demies that made Miriam Steel suddenly realize her old age?

When will another opportunity come to call forth the heroism of gentle Marie Thorn?

What is Nerta Holt's motto?

What is Maud Holt's idea of the most pitiful thing in the world?

Can any one compete with Ella Farant for the neatness medal?

Who would dream that the unobtrusive Lena Taylor is the future musician of America?

Is "Frank" the connecting link between Kate Horner and Florence Cowles?

Why has Margaret Stedman grown so pale and thin since the Thursday before "Easter?"

Between her Algebra and writing to Chapel Hill how *can* Margaret Stedman do her Genung?

What is Mr. Bratton's "P. G." to the Seniors?

Was Miss Stone's "P. G." becoming?

“A Puritan Revolution.”

“The Conquerors” began their raid upon “The Liars,” “On and Off” from the first of April to the “Twelfth Night.” “The Three Musketeers” walked up and down the “Bleak House,” and at “The Awakening” of “The Lady of Quality” (?) who called to “The Woman in White” that it was some “Runaway Girl(s)” from the second floor. “The Woman in White” arose from her downy couch and rushed off “Helter Skelter” in pursuit of the “Little Host(s)” who had disappeared “Under the Red Robe.” Arriving on the second floor she called to “A Contented Woman” and demanded of her who these “Three Dragoons” were. “A Contented Woman” replied that they had permission of “The Christian.” “The Woman in White” then said, “As You Like It,” but I will report it to “The Little Minister.”

“The Happy Days Gone Bye” had almost been “Forgotten,” when one of “The Three Musketeers” was wandering around gathering “All the Comforts of Home” for “Our Flat.” She appeared at the door of “Bleak House” as an “American Citizen” and was met by “The Pilot” who called to the “Little Corporal” and pulled her in as if she had been “A Spy” and kept her as “A Prisoner(s) of Hope” who they wished “To Have and to Hold,” but her “Comrade in Arms” the “Steady and Stroug” thrust the “Gates Ajar” and took their man, who was guarded by “A Chosen Few.” The following night the “Outbreak of the Rebellion” started afresh and the “White Conquerors” during this “Reign of Terror” thought they were among “Wild Men and Wild Beasts.” “The Fool(s) of Nature” with pitchers of water, showing that there was no “Common Sense in the Nursery” threw the water on “The Conquerors” who were “Handicapped” by the lack of weapons, but this “Stuff and Nonsense” was put to an end by “The Christian” (lady), during this “The One I Knew the Best of All” gave of the “Prisoners of Hope” a “Royal Box on the Ears” which infuriated “The Furnace of Earth” who said “This is a Final Reckoning,” “She Who Stoops to Conquer,” “The Traitor,” has almost committed homicide and you say it is “Because You Love Her So.” This proved to the “Bleak House” both, “Work and Play” for the many “Little Rivers” which flowed, flooded the floor. “No Surrender” on the “Conquerors” part.

“Sousa’s Band” having just returned from “A Trip to Chinatown” Stopped by “Bleak House” just as “The Cuckoo” clock was striking three there arose on the air a sound as sweet and as ghostly as the “Chimes of Normandy,” so sweet it was that “A Texas Steer” rolled down each cheek.” “The Serenade” was never repeated, but lingers in their memory as a “Midsummer Night’s Dream.” So ended “A Chapter of Adventures.”

As Told by the Dorm.

Was it lack of muscular strength that the hazing expedition was a failure? Surely no! It is the idea of the Dorm that it was only lack of moral courage, or, shall we put one of Pope's expressions, "sense."

Grayson Willingham.—A Furnace of Earth (late edition).

Innocence Abroad.—Whole second floor when going fourth at twelve against the Dorm.

Sweet Bells out of Tune.—"Sousa's Band."

To Have and to Hold.—Marie Phinizy.

Prisoners of Hope.—Hallie and Marie.

Eliza L. came to the feast unbidden but partook of the wine.



Easter week the young ladies of Miss Sutton's dormitory were pleasantly (?) surprised by Sousa's Band, who gave a very special number in their honor. The young ladies were so overcome that applause was impossible.



When Mary Allen and Maud Holt go to sit on the back steps after the lights are out, it would be advisable for them to have their beds protected, as "rats" (?) are apt to carry off bed clothes.

M. E. D.

St. Mary's
Will 
Close.....

When Hallie doesn't "skip."
When Irene doesn't go to the infirmary on English days.
When Lucy gets fat.
When Octavia and Janet stops being sentimental.
When Margaret stops talking.
When Maude isn't affectionate.
When Ethel stops fussing.
When Grayson thinks everything isn't "pitiful."
When Bell isn't "quarreling."
When Isabel does up her hair.
When Lina spends the night in her own room.
When Eliza ceases to be the only sensible American girl in Mr. J——'s estimation.
When Deas gets the first glass of milk.
When Marie can't "beat you by one."
When Gussie forgets Basket Ball.
When C. C. stops imitating.
When the Seniors cease getting disorders.
When Kittie Coleman is on time.
When *E A H* has another meeting.
When the Dramatic Club presents another play.
When Ellen ceases making candy with Annie.
When we can get water in the West Rock.

NUGGETS.

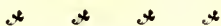
Louise: "Phyllis, what kind of cream will we have to-night?"

"Phyllis: "Ice cream, ma'am."



Mrs. B. "Gussie, were any of the players hurt?"

Gussie. "Yes, Mary Weeks got a black eye, and Blanche's nose was knocked off; you know it was her same nose that was hurt before."



Grandmother's letter. "I cannot imagine why you do not write—except, perhaps, that you are in no immediate need of money."



Ask Miss Dowd what adjectives describe chewing gum.

Ask Miss Jones who the Faculty think the prettiest girl in school.



Lucy. "To whom is the Muse going to be dedicated?"

Mary Allan. "To Miss Stone."

Lucy. "Why, she isn't dead yet."



Why does Pete Hill want the dormitory picture taken over again?

Ans. So she can be seen better.



Jenny, suddenly exclaiming. "Girls, let's have some fun, all the teachers are gone to Miss Jones' musical."

Lina. "Grand! let's do."

(A smothered laugh from Miss Dowd's music room.)



Ask Laura Williams what is her favorite word?



First recipe for making plum preserves found in the Aeneid.

Apply to A. Cheshire.



Kate. "Now, the Jack of Hearts will take this."

Florenc (a new player). "Well, what will the Jack of Ace take?"



Was Mars abroad Good Friday night?



Ask Julia Haughton whose father was an Indian squaw.

My Two Chums.

“Don’t you know my chum? Jim Johnson’s his name. He’s not so handsome nor such a dudish fellow—but smart! Well, I guess. But my, my, you just ought to see him play base-ball, though! He’s the finest pitcher you ever saw. Whew! don’t he get excited? You just ought to see how his big old blue eyes snap and jump. I’ll just tell you it makes a fellow feel good to see him. And the boys don’t feel like guying him about his freckles then. No, sir! And when Jim laughs, I declare EVERYTHING looks jolly. His teeth are so white and so pretty, you don’t think about his pug nose and tow hair then. But lemme tell you, Jim’s such a funny boy! He can go right in from a base-ball game and know his lessons better’n anybody, just like there wasn’t a base-ball in the world. Oh! there he goes now. Wait there, Jim.”



She is of medium height; a mixed type, with brown hair and blue eyes, and a rather fair complexion. While not exactly pretty, she has rather an attractive face, and with the exception of her nose, which is quite “retrousse,” her features are good. Her expression is roguish, and is a fair index of her character, for she has much of the fun-loving in her make-up. My chum is very impulsive, and exceedingly variable in her moods. She has a strong will and generally carries her point, but she will give in very good naturedly if she thinks that your plan is the better. She is rather an affectionate girl, though she dislikes demonstrativeness. She is quite fond of admiration and popularity, though her good common sense counterbalances this little weakness, and her lovable, sunny disposition wins for her as many friends as even she could desire.

S. M. L.

CONTEST.

Hurrah for Sturgeon! Wasn't that a beauty! Guard me, Sturgeon, guard me? What if Irene should put in a ball? Sturgeon would never get over it. Mu girls are working as they have never done before. Addie Gaylord thinks it is a matter of life and death; privately, I think so too. Suppose it is another tie, but it will have to be played out sooner or later any way. Oh, if the Mu's score! I shall die—die!! How can we be beaten with such a mascot? I really believe Marion knows each Sigma by instinct; she seems to understand it all. "Miss Lizzie," if Irene should put in that ball, if she "should"—oh! I can scarcely breathe—Time! Dr. Bratton is an angel. I can't look at the Mu's. They are screaming as though a ball had never gone in before. We have two more innings though. Gussie will put in one ball any way; may be, two. I think, I really think, that there is no sense in blinding oneself. How can the girls get rested in such a short time? They look as though they are only beginning. Eliza is worried to death. I would hate to be in her place. Miss Lizzie, did you ever see such luck? That's the fifth Sigma ball that has rolled around the basket and fallen off. Of course every one is obliged to see that the Sigma's are playing a beautiful game; its luck, horrible luck, that is against us. Good heavens, May Philips's ball has gone in without touching the sides! I can not stand it—I am choking—these glaring blue flags hurt my eyes. I don't see why the Mu's are yelling so. Miss Jones looks like she sees this awful lump in my throat. Oh, that I might live only to see the next game, and then die happy beneath the flag of the victorious Sigmas!

O. W. H.

To Rosa,

With Apologies to Professor Hall.

Lo! A Senior associate took a ride straightway,
On a bicycle destroyer of distance ;
Bore her abroad to the dwellings of Blue-coats ;
Ruthlessly rushing, swift wheels revolving,
Over rocks bumping roughest of roadways.
It burned in her spirit to reach the great college,
There to deliver the message entrusted :
“Greatest of lecturers by the well-loved mind prince,
Enlightens the longing minds of the listeners
Gathered together at good old St. Mary’s.
Ye wearers of blue coats invited are all.”
This was the message, softly repeated
On that dread journey, direful and dangerous.
Bravely then rode she, bold up the Broadway,
Saw without number march-stepping strangers,
Hatless and coatless batters of balls.
Then she dismounted calm at the entrance,
Just as though daily myraids faced she,
Sword brandishing marches, beaters of drums.
Daughtily did she seek the great dwelling (o’er spacious expanses)
Where dwelt the great teacher deed valliant boy ruler.
When searching she found him, sick was the baby.
Heartbiting sorrow bent not her brave strength,
Homeward directed in dire disappointment,
Swift as the breezes sailed she to schoolward.
Yet she accomplished all of her purpose,
Left he the baby and came to the lecture.
Heroes we hear of, great honors in war times ;
Rode Paul Revere with protection of darkness,
Yet full far greater the feat of our Senior.
Brave in exam. times. Went she by daylight
Openly *forward*, faced the full army, workers in shops.
Sunshiny smiles soon conquered the strangers.
Returned she home. * * * * *

I. N.

My Sophomore Class.

II AM annoyed, I must confess,
I hardly know what is just right,
My mind is troubled now with doubts,
Where can I go to get some light?
I'll ask my Sophomore class.

And then besides this matter now,
There is that English plan of mine;
I want it carried out as well
As it can be—made bright and fine.
I'll tell my Sophomore class.

And then this stuff I'm hearing of,
This nonsense going round the school,
I think it wrong and silly too,
They needn't expect me to keep cool!
I'll scold my Sophomore class.

Dear me! I must entertain the girls.
What shall I have? Now, let me see,
Virginia's chating dish I'll get,
Welsh rabbit, beer—Oh, the guests—
I'll have my Sophomore class.

L ENVOI.

RAINDROPS.

Seated alone in the gathering twilight is an old woman, her fingers endlessly knitting as she rocks gently back and forth. Her wrinkled face is softened by the white hair which is like drifted snow against the dark cushion of the big rocking chair.

It is in the early spring, but the weather is cold and a little fire is still flickering on the hearth. The ceaseless patter of rain on the roof is like a sad, low song. What a melancholy picture the old woman makes, the fast fading daylight, and the dying embers of the little fire alike typifying her own life now nearing its four score years and ten.

But she is not thinking of this, for she is back once more in the land of long ago. As she listens to the falling rain her knitting drops from her fingers, her hands lying idly in her lap and a faint smile lightens her features. She is no longer an old woman in the twilight hours of life, but a girl again with a bright, luring future to whom life seems one long, glad morning.

She is again at St. Mary's in the dormitory with a score of other girls, all as happy as herself. As she looks back on that time now all the petty cares of youth shrink away to nothing, and the mountainous troubles of those days turn out to be mole hills, after having experienced the real sorrows of life, and leaves the past a bright retrospect.

It is bed-time in the dormitory, but as Miss Dowd has gone out the girls are making the most of an opportunity to have a good time. At one end of the dormitory the lights have been turned out and a group of five are trying to shiver over a ghost story, but finding it impossible while so much fun is going on around them they finally give it up. Standing on one of the beds, a white robed elocutionist is calling forth much applause from a very appreciative though highly critical audience, but just as she comes to a very tragic passage her speech is cut short by a well aimed pillow, thrown by one of the disturbed ghost-story tellers. A wild chase follows with much hand clapping and cheers of encouragement from the lookers-on. Just as the culprit is captured and utters a shriek for aid the door opens and Miss Dowd walks in. How shame-faced and crest-fallen the girls look as she passes quietly into her alcove without a word of reproach, for her reproachful look reminds them of her warning about "adopting the sports of the barbarous ages" and of how she disapproves of "such unlady-like conduct." It is a very meek and quiet set that creep to their beds, for 'twas quite a damper to their spirits that Miss Dowd should have seen them enjoying such undignified amusements. As she turns out the light she says in the same sweet way, "Good night, girls." And with many a good resolution and self-reproach they are lulled to sleep by the rain on the roof.

The next day dawned dark and dreary. It was the last week of school and the rain had been falling steadily for several days, either in sympathy for the poor girls who were to stand examinations, or in sorrow at the departure which would soon leave St. Mary's silent and deserted. The day had started wrong. First, late to roll-call, then to breakfast, and a hard French lesson as a pleasant prospect. Life seemed devoid of all its joys, and when ten o'clock came the lesson was still unlearned. They go to class. Oh, how the hour drags by, will the bell never ring? With a sigh of relief they finally hear the welcome sound which means eleven o'clock and a pleasant hour with Miss Belvin.

With quick steps and light hearts they run through the covered way to the English room and the sun seems to shine again. Walden is read and discussed at great length by many enthusiasts and the youthful mind is enlightened on many subjects, among which platonic friendship is the favorite. Maud and Octavia have different views of life and rarely agree on any of the numerous discussions. Mary Allan gives her opinions on the modern novel and Rosa keeps quiet and doesn't have to read. Miss Belvin promises to write a story and dedicate it to her Freshmen, which promise is received with delight and every one is perfectly happy.

But how quickly time flies! Can that possibly be the bell? It cannot be, and this their last day together too! When will they all meet there again? Ah, life is not so bright after all! And just see how it is raining. Yes, there goes the five minutes' bell, but with heavy hearts they linger on to say good-bye. No one wishes to go first, for perhaps this will be the last time they'll have Miss Belvin with them, but—

"Why, Grandma, what have you been dreaming about? I came in to take tea with you and such a sad sigh as you greeted me with!" The old lady starts up and looks around her, bewildered. Surely this is not the English room, and where are the girls and Miss Belvin? She catches sight of her grand-daughter's laughing face, which recalls the present, and smoothing her rumpled white hair and picking up her knitting, she remarks with a smile and a sigh, "It is still raining." E. H.

WHAT THE BIRD SANG.



THERE she sat with pad and pen
Under the apple tree,
While the robin perched above
Sang T-wit, T-wit, T-wee.

“ Oh ! Dear robin,” she said,
“ What must my subject be ? ”
Yet the robin said ne'er a word
But T-wit, T-wit, T-wee.

“ Oh ! Little robin, if you only knew
What a help you could be.”
Still the robin knew nothing at all
But T-wit, T-wit, T-wee.

Then the robin flew near her
As if he had agreed,
And he sang her one melody
T-wit, T-wit, T-wee.

“ Oh ! Little bird,” she cried
“ I know what my subject shall be,
You will be the verse, and the chorus ”—
T-wit, T-wit, T-wee.

A. N. B., '03.



Finis.

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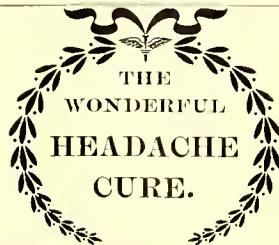


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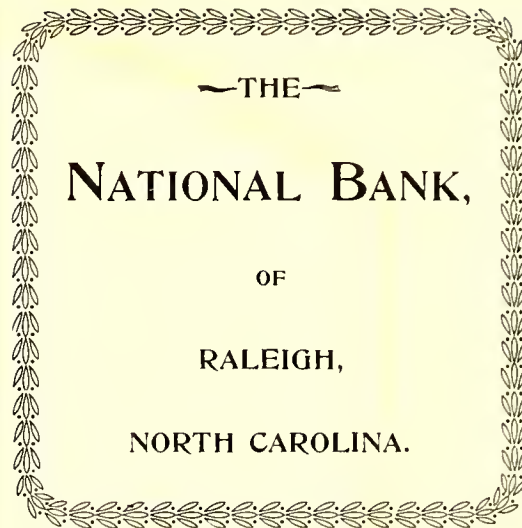
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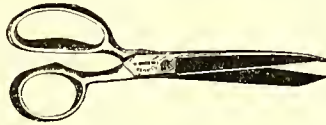
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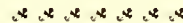


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