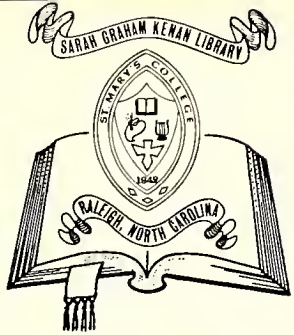

The Muse
'02
St. Mary's
Nulla Corona Sine Pulvere




THE
MUSE
1902


PRESS OF
HAUSAUER & SON
BUFFALO

To Miss McKimmon

BY THE CLASS OF '02

"FOY EN TOUT."

'To you it has been given to do a constant, silent work
For God and women; to teach to others truth
By your exceeding truthfulness;
To strengthen others' faith by your unswerving faithfulness
To work, to friends, to God."

BOARD OF EDITORS

Board of Editors

Marie Bacot Bronson,	Editor-in-Chief.
Louise Manning Venable,	Business Manager.
Jennie Graham Trapier,	Mary Spruill Weeks.
Katherine de Rosset Meares,	Annie Gales Root.

CALENDAR, 1901-1902

Sept. 19—Advent Term begins.

Nov. 1—All Saints'; Founders' day; holiday.

Nov. 28—Thanksgiving Day; a holiday.

Dec. 23—Christmas holidays begin.

Jan. 3—Classes resumed at 8.45 A. M.

Jan. 19—Lee's Birthday; half holiday.

Feb. 11—Ash Wednesday; holiday.

Feb. 22—Washington's Birthday; half holiday.

Mar. 23—Palm Sunday; Bishop's Visitation.

Mar. 28—Good Friday; holiday.

Mar. 29-31—Recess at Easter.

April 1—Classes resumed at 8.45 A. M.

May 8—Ascension Day; holiday.

May 25—Commencement Sermon.

May 27—Meeting of Alumnae Association.

May 28—Meeting of Board of Trustees.

May 28—Annual Concert, 8.30 P. M.

May 29—Graduating Exercises.

GREETING

The old Muse with tidings of an old school sends greeting to its old friends.

CONTENTS

Board of Trustees

THE BISHOPS

Rt. Rev. J. B. Cheshire, . . .	Raleigh, N. C.
Rt. Rev. A. A. Watson, D. D,. . .	Wilmington, N. C.
Rt. Rev. Ellison Capers, D. D., . .	Columbia, S. C.
Rt. Rev. Junius M. Horner, D. D., . .	Asheville, N. C.

CLERICAL AND LAY TRUSTEES

DIOCESE OF NORTH CAROLINA

Rev. F. J. Murdoch, D. D., . .	Dr. R. H. Lewis,
Rev. Julian E. Ingle, D. D., .	W. A. Irwin,
Rev. M. M. Marshall, D. D., .	Charles E. Johnson,
Richard H. Battle, L. L. D., .	David G. Cooper.

DIOCESE OF EAST CAROLINA

Rev. Robert Strange, D. D., .	Col. Wharton Green,
Rev. L. M. N. George, . . .	Col. Jno. W. Atkinson.

DIOCESE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Rev. E. N. Joyner, . . .	Dr. F. L. Frost.
Rev. R. W. Barnwell, . .	John R. London.

JURISDICTION OF ASHEVILLE

Rev. M. Neely Du Bose, B. D.,	Col. F. L. Davidson,
Rev. T. C. Wetmore, . .	O. M. Royster.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Rt. Rev. J. B. Cheshire, D. D.

Rev. F. J. Murdoch, D. D.,	Dr. R. H. Lewis,
Chas. E. Johnson, . .	W. A. Irwin.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Dr. R. P. Battle, Jr.

LECTURES AND RECITALS

Oct. 28—D. Becker Von Grabill.

Nov. 9—Prof. Collier Cobb.

Nov. 16—New York Quartette.

Feb. 20—Edward Baxter Perry.

Feb. 25—Dr. Thomas Hume.

Feb. 27—Dr. Louis C. Elson.

Mar. 25—Dr. H. F. Linscott.

April 3—Dr. F. Merrill Hopkinson.

1—DR. BRATTON
2—MISS DAVIS
3—MISS PIXLEY
4—MISS FENNER
5—MISS THOMAS
6—MISS PITTENGER
7—MISS WINSTON
8—MISS MOSES
9—MISS A. JONES
10—MISS WALTON
11—MRS. IREDELL
12—MISS CHECKLEY
13—MISS LEE
14—MISS M. M. JONES
15—MRS. BRATTON
16—MISS DOWD
17—MISS SUTTON
18—MR. JEUDWINE
19—MISS NEWEY
20—MISS SCHUTT
21—MRS. JEUDWINE

FACULTY

Rev. T. D. Bratton, B. D. Philosophy and Ethics.

Kate McKimmon. Writing.

Elleneen E. Checkley. History.

Alice Edwards Jones, Ph. B., (University of N. C.) Latin.

Eleanor W. Thomas, M. A., (Woman's College, S. C.) English.

Margaret M. Jones. Mathematics.

Susan W. Moses. French, German, Greek.

Addis M. Meade. A. B., (Bryn Mawr). Science.

Addis M. Meade. Physical Culture.

ART SCHOOL

Clara J. Fenner, (The Maryland Institute, School of Art and Design).

MUSIC SCHOOL

J. W. Jeudwine, Director. (Pupil of Ferdinand Praeger, Sir Joseph Barnby and Dr. Garrett).

Martha A. Dowd, (St. Mary's). Piano and Elementary Theory.

Gene C. Schutt (Cincinnati with Livanorski of St. Petersburg) (Cincinnati Music School, Virgil Piano School, N. Y.) Piano.

Chelian A. Pixley. Piano.

FACULTY (Continued)

(MUSIC SCHOOL Continued)

Minnie C. Dewey. Vocal.

Mary C. Davis, (Pupil of Hollaender in Berlin and Lichtenberg in New York.) Violin.

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

Lizzie Lee, Principal. Juliet Sutton, Assistant.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

E. E. Checkley, Principal.

Duncan Cameron Winston.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

Kate McKimmon, Principal.

KINDERGARDEN

Louise T. Busbee.

Matron of Infirmary. Lola E. Walton.

Rector's Assistant. Anne Saunders.

School Mother, Mrs. T. D. Bratton.

HOUSEKEEPER

Mrs. M. N. Quinby.

St. Mary's Alumnae

Organized, May, 1879

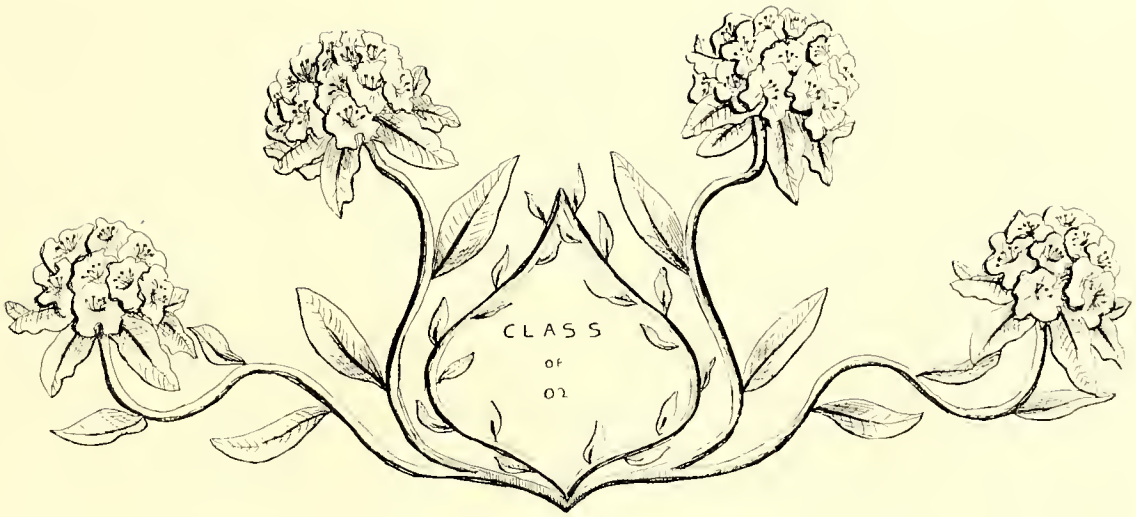
President, Mrs. Mary Iredell.

1st Vice-President, Mrs. Bessie Leak.

2nd Vice-President, Mrs. R. S. Tucker.

Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Kate McKimmon.

SENIORS



OFFICERS

President, Marie Bacot Brunson,

Secretary and Treasurer, Louise Manning Venable.

Historian, Jennie Trapier.

Poet and Prophet, Mary Spruill Weeks.

MOTTO

Nulla corona sine pulvere.

FLOWER

Rhododendron.

COLORS

Crimson and White.

STATISTICS

MARIE BACOT BRUNSON, ... Florence, S. C.
President ΣΑΠ Literary Society,
Editor-in-Chief of "Muse,"
President Senior Class,
President St. Elizabeth's Chapter,
Alpha Kappa Phi.

JENNIE GRAHAM BAKER TRAPIER, ... Raleigh, N. C.
ΣΑΠ Literary Society,
Editor of "Muse,"
Class Historian.

LOUISE MANNING VENABLE, ... Chapel Hill, N. C.
President ΣΑ Literary Society,
Business Manager of "Muse,"
Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class,
Tau Delta Gamma Club,
Tennis Club,
Gamma Beta Sigma.

MARY SPRUILL WEEKS, ... Weeksville, N. C.
Critic ΣΑΠ Literary Society,
Editor "Muse,"
President St. Theresa's Chapter,
Stage Manager Dramatic Club,
Poet and Prophet Senior Class,
Tau Delta German Club.

History of '02

In turning over the records of classes of by-gone years, we read with pleasure the history of those who passed on in their education side by side and hand in hand; from the kindergarten learning, amid childish tears and smiles, the alphabet of life, through the dismal swamps of arithmetic, the rough, hard road of grammar, the rugged hill of spelling, to those pleasanter plateaus where Milton and Wordsworth become loved companions. Friends, who have thus passed over the earliest days of girlhood's joys and sorrows, bearing the same burdens and having the same thoughts, become naturally so bound together that in the struggle of life bonds like those of kinship unite even their characters.

With the Class of 1902 it is different. Our school history is short—one little year—no ties of Prep., Freshy, and Soph. defeats and victories bind our memories with golden links. But this one short year which we have spent together suffices to unite our hearts by dearer and more lasting memories than any childhood dreams. The riper and more lasting emotions and conflicts of womanhood will bring us closer to each other than any trials of earlier years.

It is our privilege to be the first class since the new and higher standard was adopted by which the channel of the school life has been broadened. The "Four of 1902" make the foundation pillars of the college that will continue the noble work of the school in equipping women for the battle of life. Each one has done her part in moulding the course of the new life at St. Mary's, and each left an image for future generations to build upon. And from the very "corner stones" of their Alma Mater they may learn "Nulla corona sine pulvere."

Only four out of the greatly increased school aspired to mount the difficult but honorable hill of Seniorship; and that we four have reached this height for which we have been earnestly striving is one of the few points which we have attained with unanimity. Remembering the old maxim, "many men of many minds," it might be thought a class of four has but one mind,—but not so with the class of '02. Whatever our chosen motto may be, it might justly be "we agree to disagree." To paraphrase an old expression, one is a unit but four is none. With us no voice has been lost amidst numbers of others—no one a blind follower of the crowd. In every movement brought before us for decision, our peculiarities, our individual thoughts stand clearly out, and it is a matter of pride to feel that we all have some individuality to show, believing that prominent characteristics make distinguished lives.

Each member of our class has made her influence felt, and is no inane piece of wax to be moulded to suit others. An important question must be decided at once—a meeting of the class is called. One whose mind is bent on frugality decides that such a step is too expensive; a second "thinks it exceedingly good"; a third suggests a simpler plan, until at length the summons of the school bell leaves the decision to the remaining one and fate. Thus three-fourths of the school year has gone by and no class-pin yet selected. But we have at least learned to respect one another's opinions and to believe that in the great field of life, we will be no "tea-table" women; but will ever have the courage of our convictions, and some of us perhaps, that force of character that leaves its impress upon the world.

Class Prophecy

Down in a dell by a river side
A tiny fairy did reside,
With wand at rest upon her sleeve
The future of the class did weave.

"Though now the class is only four
I'd never such a task before"
The fairy moaned, then smiling bright
As at an inspiration's light:

"Sweet Marie Brunson e'er shall be
The joy of the community,
Then settle down, through all her life
To be a loving doctor's wife.

In society's realms shall Jen Trapier
With all her wit and grace appear,
A score of suitors at her shrine
Shall kneel to say 'not mine but thine.'

In cap and gown, then, Louise V.
The wonder of the age shall be;
They're proud to have her in their class,
They'll stand aside to let her pass."

A shadow passed before the light,
A sullen fairy robed in night
Over the other's scroll did peer
With fate of last to interfere.

A bony finger traced the words
"The fate of Mary Weeks shall be—"
A sudden move drew out the page
Our little fairy stamped with rage
Then cried while floating towards the wes
The fate of all shall be *success.*

—M. S. W.

Class Poem

No crown without dust!
No gain without work!
No work without vict'ry!
Thus our members sing.
Though small in body—numbers few
Through myriad trials, staunch and true,
A class emerges from the strife;
A class awakens to a life
Dim, faint, and shadowy.
An unknown future spreads beyond
By sun and shadow tended—
Then let our cry forever be
On ; On to victory!
But standing now upon the brink
Of life unknown, dim, vastly great,
In Kipling's echo let us sing
"Lord God of Hosts! be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

—M. S. W.

Class of '03

FLOWER:	MOTTO:	COLORS:
Four-leaf Clover:	Loke uppe on hye.	Grass-green and White.

OFFICERS

KATHARINE DE ROSSET MEARES, ... President.
BLANCHE KING CHADBOURNE, ... Vice-President.
MARY WOOD WINSLOW, ... Secretary.
ANNIE WEBB CHESHIRE, ... Treasurer.
ANNIE GALES ROOT, ... Poet.

REGULARS

A. Cheshire,
J. Harris,
B. Chadbourne,
F. Thomas,
M. Faison,
M. Henderson,
K. Meares,
M. Winslow,
M. Hunter,
A. Root.

ASSOCIATES

H. Attmore,
E. Gregory,
I. Flora,
A. Parrish,
A. Jones,
J. Tucker,
I. Gary,
K. Brock,
A. Haughton,
K. Herndon,
E. Roberts,
E. Wilson.
C. Brevard,
J. Haughton,
C. Hunter,
M. Pringle,
O. Lamb,

CLASS OF '04

MOTTO	FLOWER	COLORS
Vita Vocat.	Marechal Niel Rose.	Black and Gold.

OFFICERS

MARGARET GRAY STEDMAN, ... President.
CORNELIA COLEMAN, ... Vice-President
LUCY TAYLOR REDWOOD, ... Secretary and Treasurer.
ANN KIMBERLY GIFFORD, ... Historian.

ROLL

Virginia Bland, Cad Hervey, Josephine Bowen,
P. Bolling Hubard, Helen Brock, Annie Hobson,
Eliza Brown, Ione Jackson, Minnie Burgwyn,
Magdalen Marshall, Pattie Carroll Elsa McCandlish,
Lillian Clark Esther Means, Cornelia Coleman,
Lucy Redwood, Clyde Dawson, Mary Short,
Virgie Eldridge, Lily Skinner, Ann Gifford,
Margaret Stedman, Sumter Thomas.

A. Cherry

Class of '05

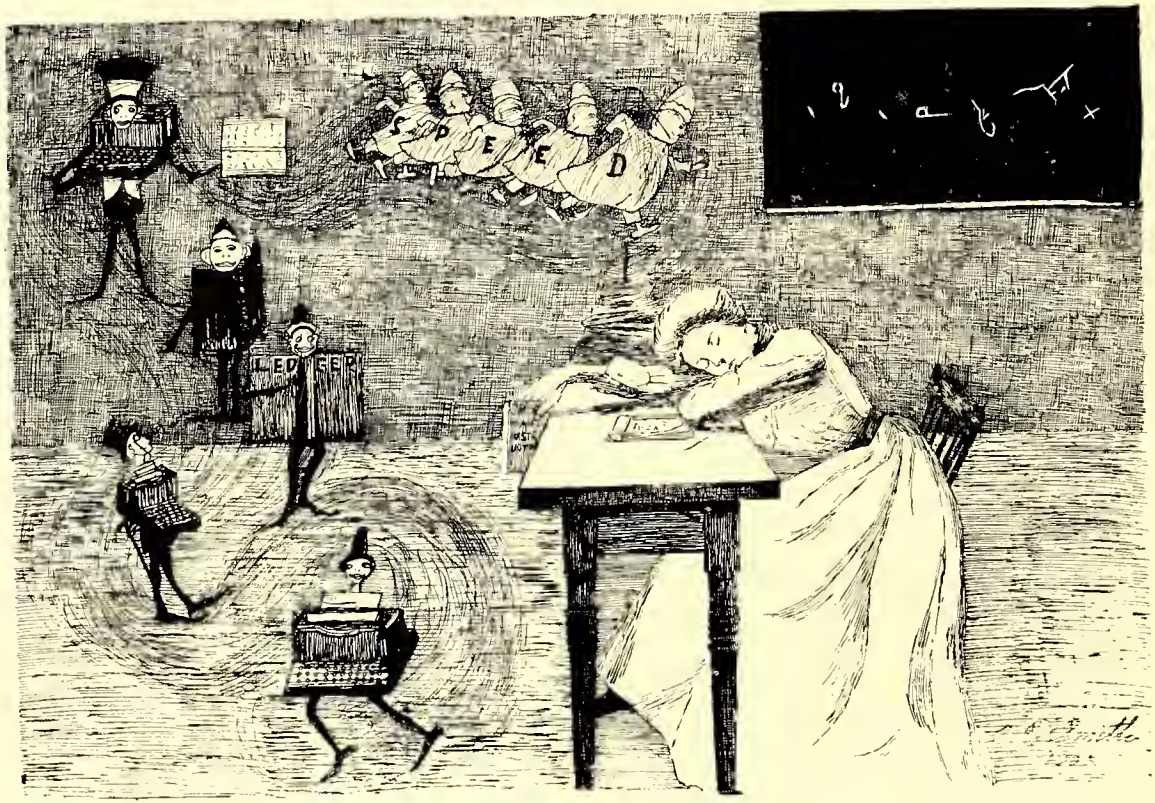
COLORS	FLOWER	MOTTO
Red and Gray.	Morning-glory.	Fac, et spera.

OFFICERS

MARY DE BERNIERE GRAVES,	President.
MARY BOLLING STURGEON,	Vice-President.
MARGARET ELMER GEORGE,	Secretary.
MARY HULL McKIMMON,	Treasurer.
LAURA PLACIDIA CLARK,	Poet.
ANNA PARSLEY,	Historian.

ROLL

Anderson, Kate,
Bridgers, Margaret,
Brumby, Isabel,
Cowles, Carrie,
Darden, Belle,
Geddes, Aleta,
Graves, Mary,
Harrison, Mary,
Hughson, Marjorie,
Lewis, Ellen,
Parsley, Anna,
Schuessler, Christine,
Sturgeon, Mary,
Ward, Pattie,
Hamlin, Eliza,
Beebe, Heloise,
Brown, Janie,
Clark, Laura
Cowles, Florence,
Dortch, Ellen,
George, Elmer,
Grimsley, Annie,
Weeks, Evelyn.
Haughton, Julia,
Jenkins, Sadie,
McNeely, Fan,
Payne, Mary,
Skinner, Nell,
Vick, Ernestine,
Weaver, Leize,


SPEED
LEDGER

Business Department

Miss Lizzie Hinton Lee, ... Principal.

Miss Juliet B. Sutton, ... Assistant.

Connor, Kate Bronson, Moffett, Mattie M., Bunn, Annie Lee,

Perry, Josephine Lois, Brown, Elise Bayard, Robertson, Lacy,

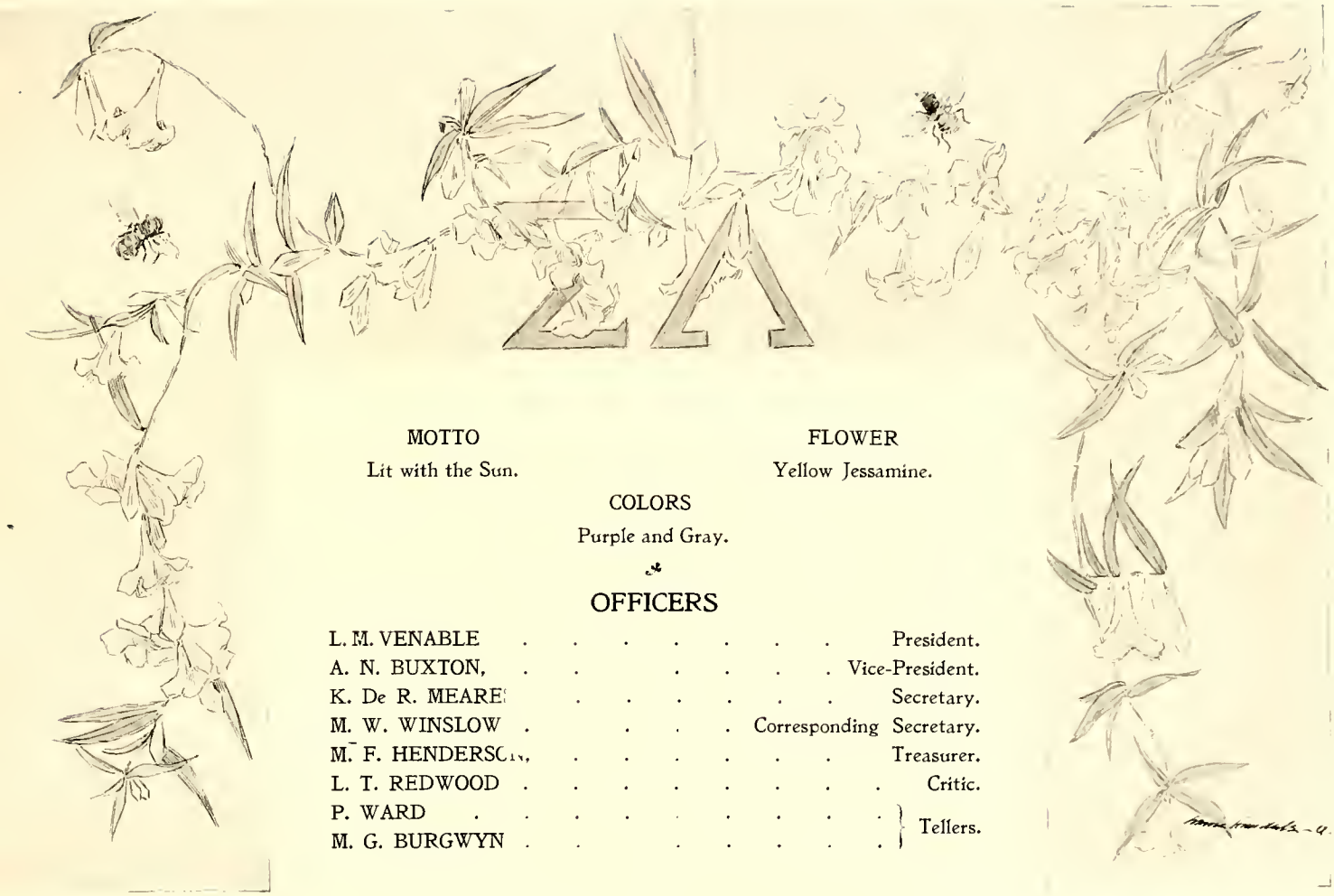
Ellison, Mamie, Skinner, Kate, Hamilton, Mae,

Strong, Sallie Hall, Hywood, Harriet, Taylor, Emily P.,

Hunter, Claudia Watkins, Winston, Duncan Cameron, Massey, Mabel Parker,

York, Della Mary, McGehee, Eliza S., Young, Alline.

Literary Societies



MOTTO

Lit with the Sun.

FLOWER

Yellow Jessamine.

COLORS

Purple and Gray.

OFFICERS

L. M. VENABLE	President.
A. N. BUXTON,	Vice-President.
K. De R. MEARES	Secretary.
M. W. WINSLOW	Corresponding Secretary.
M. F. HENDERSON,	Treasurer.
L. T. REDWOOD	Critic.
P. WARD	Tellers.
M. G. BURGWYN	Tellers.

Sigma Lambda Society

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Checkley,
Miss Newey,
Miss Fenner,
Miss Thomas.

Miss Meade,
Miss Dowd,
Miss Sutton,

Miss Davis,
Miss Pixley,
Miss M. Jones,

ROLL

Bridgers, M.,
Hughson, M.,
Brevard, C.,

Meares, K.,
Clark, O.,
Parsley, A.,

Haughton, J.,
Short, M.,
Hubard, P.,
Ward, P.

Hughes, O.,
Bowen, J.,
Lewis, N.,

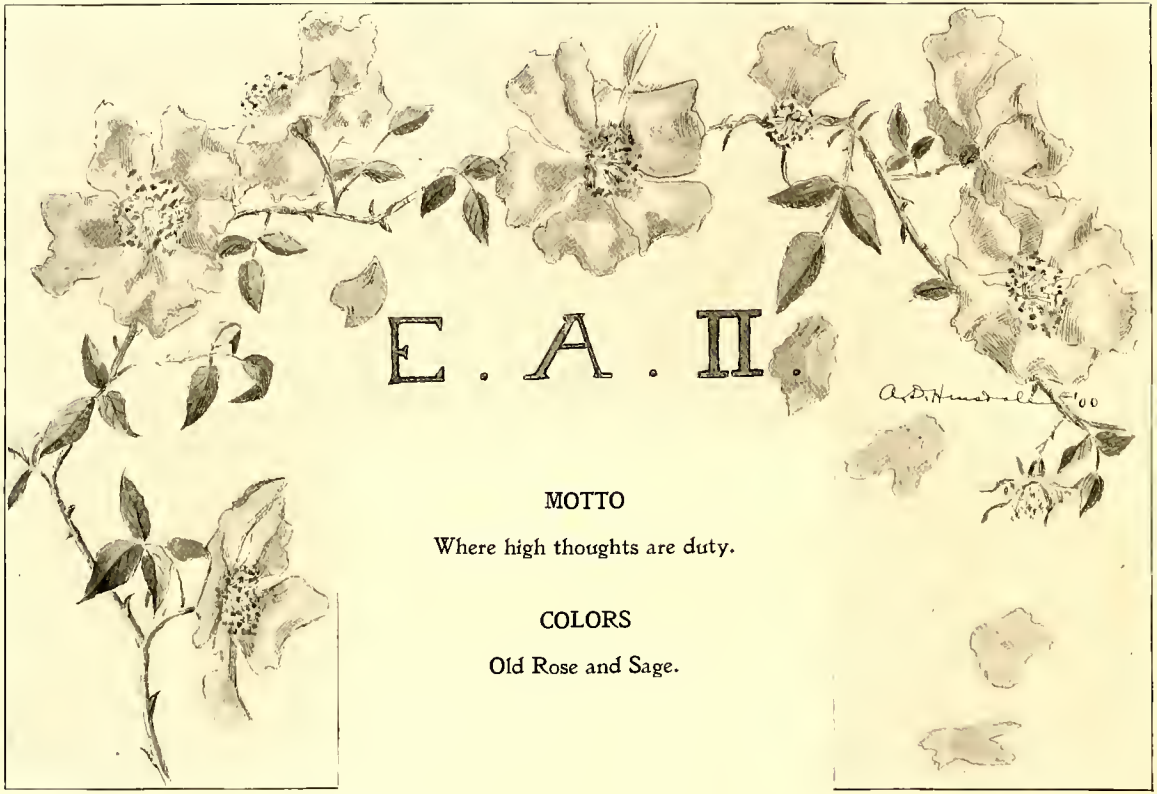
Clark, L.,
Marshall, M.,
Gibson, J.,

Stedman, M.,
Holt, M.,
Winslow, M.

Burgwyn, M.,
Hunter, M.,
Brock, K.,

Moffett, M.,
Cowles, C.,
Redwood, L.,

Haughton, A.,
Venable, L.,
Henderson, M.,



MOTTO

Where high thoughts are duty.

COLORS

Old Rose and Sage.

EPSILON ALPHA PI LITERARY SOCIETY

OFFICERS

MARIE BRUNSON,	President.
AUGUSTA JONES,	Vice-President.
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MARY WEEKS,	Critic.
CARRIE MOORE,	Corresponding Secretary.
ANN GIFFORD,	Treasurer.
MARGARETTA PRINGLE,	Historian.
ALETA GEDDES,	Teller.
JANIE BROWN,	Teller.

ROLL

Attmore, Hannah,
Hunnter, Claude,
Brunson, Marie,
Makeley, Agnes,
Coleman, Kitty,
Phinizy, Marie,
Flora, Ida,
Schuessler, Christine,
Gifford, Anne,
Trapier, Jennie.
Harris, Julia

Herndon, Kate,
Brown, Janie,
Lamb, Olivia,
Chesson, Eva,
Parker, Closs,
Davis, Marie,
Root, Annie,
Geddes, Aleta,
Thomas, Sumter,
Hamlin, Eliza,
Weeks, Mary,
Wood, Susie.

Beebe, Heloise,
Jones, Augusta,
Cheshire, Annie,
Moore, Carrie,
Dawson, Clyde,
Pringle, Margaretta,
Gary, Isabel,
Skinner, Nell,
Gregory, Elise,
Tucker, Julia,
Haughton, Julia,

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Dr. Bratton,
Miss McKimmon,
Mr. Jeudwine,

Miss Lee,
Mrs. Jeudwine,
Mrs. Quinby,
Miss Walton.

Mrs. Bratton,
Miss Pittenger,
Miss A. E. Jones,

Alpha Kappa Psi

FOUNDED 1900.

FLOWER
Forget-me-not.

COLORS
White and blue.

SORORES IN FACULTATE

Miss Checkley,

Miss Thomas,

Mrs. Jeudwine.

SORORES IN ACADEMIA

Brunson, Marie Bacot,
Coffin, Sarah Lewis,
Hubard, Pochahontas Bolling,
Marshall, Magdalen Chanler,
Means, Esther Barnwell,
Wilson, Alexina Wallace.

Moffet, Martha Matthews,
Pringle, Clara Margaretta,
Redwood, Lucy Taylor,
Stedman, Margaret Gray,
Wood, Susan,

GAMMA BETA SIGMA

COLORS—Purple and Gold.

MEMBERS

Brevard, Caroline Mays,
Clark, Laura Placide,
Graves, Mary de Berniesre,
Henderson, Mary Ferrand,
Hunter, Mary Holton,
McNeely, Fannie Miller,
Parsley, Anna,
Thomas, Florence Jackson,
Venable, Louise Manning.


ΦΔ.
FLIRTATIONS
BEAUTY
UNEEDA
UNEEDA
JAM
OLIVES
Marie S. Rhinig ... Governor
Mary V Wadsworth ... Chief Hawk
Fay Brown ... Big Ike
Mary B. Sturges
Mary S. Thomas
Anne H. Gifford
Lizzie H. Warren

German Clubs

Tau Delta German Club

COLORS

Gray and Gold.

JENNIE MARSHALL GIBSON, ... President.
MARY BOLLING STURGEON, ... Vice-President.
OCTAVIA WINDER HUGHES, ... Secretary and Treasurer.
MARIE STUART PHINIZY, ... Leader.

ROLL

Brown, Fay,
Brock, Katharine,
Brock, Helen,
Bridgers, Margaret,
Brumby, Isabel,
Cherry, Nina,
Clark, Lillian,
Clark, Olzie,
Fort, Pearl,
George, Elmer,
Glazebrook, Virgilia,
Graves, Mary,
Gregg, Annie,
Henderson, Mary,
Pringle, Margie,
Skinner, Nell,
Venable, Louise,
Wadsworth, Mary,
Weaver, Leize,
Weeks, Evelyn,
Weeks, Mary.

L'ETOILE GERMAN CLUB

COLORS

Black and Gold.

OFFICERS

MARGARET GRAY STEDMAN, ... President.
LUCY TAYLOR REDWOOD, ... Secretary and Treasurer.
AUGUSTA PORCHER JONES, ... Leader-in-Chief.
MARY SUMTER THOMAS, ... Assistant Leader.

ROLL.

Brevard, Caro,
Burgwyn, Minnie,
Chadbourne, Blanche,
Clark, Laura,
Coleman, Cornelia,
Cotton, Elba,
Cowles, Florence,
Flora, Ida,
Gifford, Ann,
Haughton, Julia,
Holt, Maude,
Hubard, Pocahontas,
Jones, Augusta,
Makely, Agnes,
Marshall, Magdalen,
Meares, Katharine,
Parsley, Anna,
Redwood, Lucy,
Short, Mary,
Stedman, Margaret,
Sullivan, Gertrude,
Thomas, Florence,
Thomas, Sumter,
Winslow, May,
Wood, Susie.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

OLZIE CLARK, ... President.

AUGUSTA JONES, ... Vice-President.

FAY BROWN, ... Secretary and Treasurer.

MARY WEEKS, ... Stage Manager.

MARIE PHINIZY. ANN GIFFORD.

ROLL

Buxton, Anna,
Sturgeon, Mary,
Jones, Augusta,
Henderson, Mary,
Gifford, Anne,

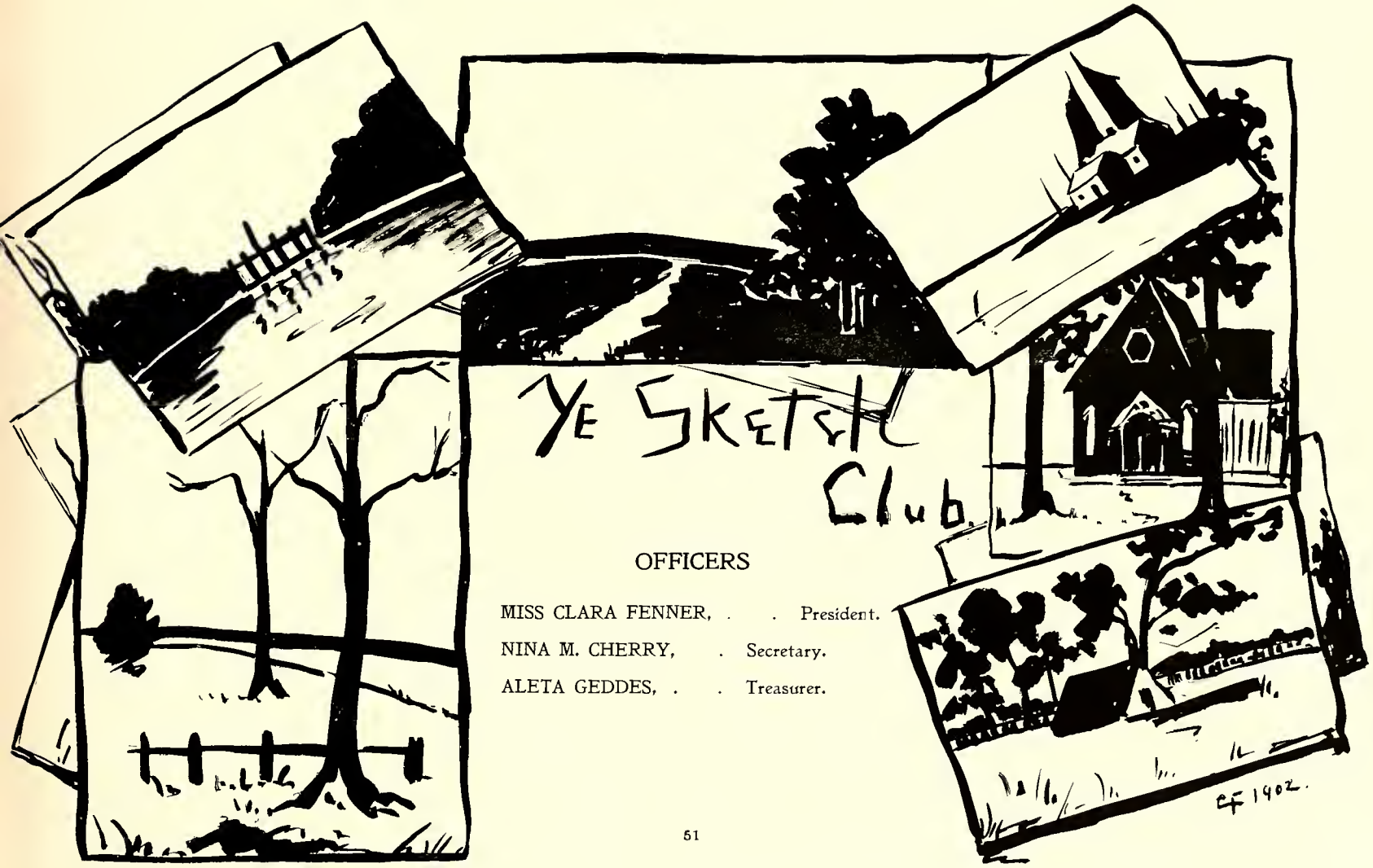
Phinizy, Marie,
Hughes, Octavia,
Brown, Fay,
Zimmerman, Eloise,
Weaver, Leize,
Parsley, Anna,

Clark, Olzie,
Weeks, Mary,
Haughton, Julia,
Gibson, Jenny,
Cherry, Nina,
Ruff, Isabel.

THE CHORAL SOCIETY

J. W. JEUDWINE, ... Director.

Anderson, K.,
Bratton, Dr. Theo. D.,
Bratton, Mrs. Theo. D.,
Clark, O. W.,
Cowles, C.,
Dunn, M.,
Gifford, A.,
Gregg, A. P.,
Harrison, M. W.,
Hobson, A.,
Hughes, O. W.,
Hughson, D.,
Hunter, M.,
Lamb, O.,
Newey, Miss M. C.,
Pixley, Miss Chilian,
Stuart, R.,
Vick, E.



OFFICERS

MISS CLARA FENNER, . . President.

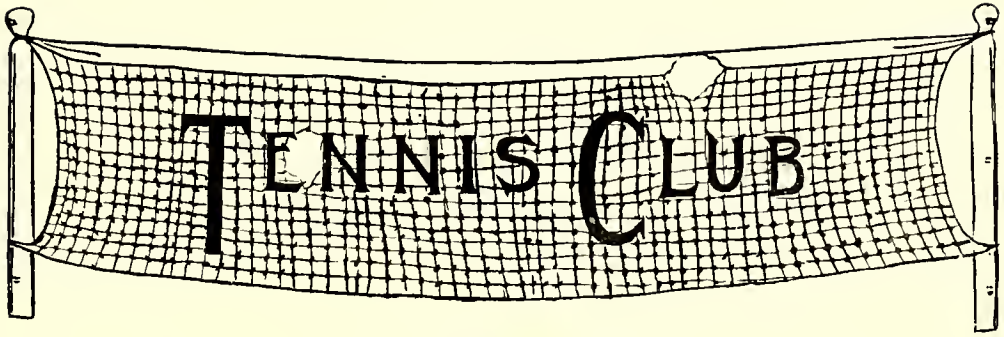
NINA M. CHERRY, . Secretary.

ALETA GEDDES, . . Treasurer.

Sketch Club

ROLL

Beebe, Heloise, Jones, Miss Margaret, Bland, Virginia,
Johnson, Fannie, Bowen, Josephine, Jones, Cammie,
Clark, Lillian, Makely, Agnes, Clark, Olzie,
Norris, Ruby, Dortch, Eller, Pescud, Annie,
Drewey, Emmie, Wadsworth, Mary Virginia, Gary, Isabelle,
Weaver, Leize, Gray, Caro, Wood, Susie,
Hunter, Claudia.



OFFICERS

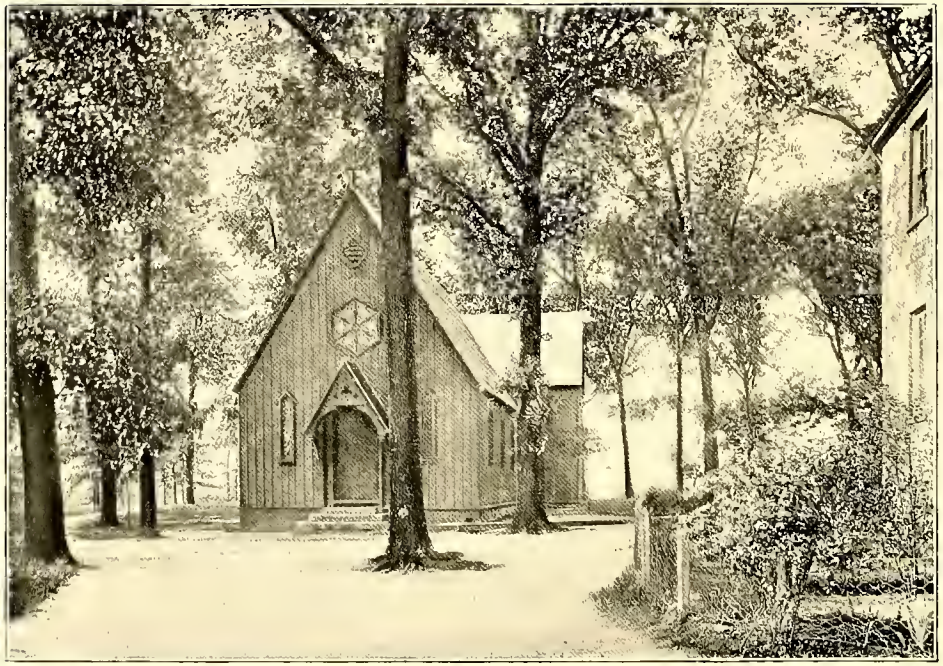
MARY ALLAN SHORT, ... President.
MARY BOLLING STURGEON, ... Vice-President.
CORNELIA COLEMAN, ... Secretary and Treasurer.

ROLL

Beebe, Heloise,
Lewis, Ellen,
Brock, Helen,
Meares, Katherine,
Clark, Olzie,
Phinizy, Marie,
Geddes, Aleta,
Schuessler, Christine,
Hobson, Annie,
Thomas, Florence,
Hunter, Claudia,
Weaver, Leize,

Jones, Mattie,
Brevard, Caro,
Means, Esther,
Burgwyn, Minnie,
Moffett, Mattie,
Councill, Lucy,
Redwood, Lucy,
Grimsley, Annie,
Sullivan, Gertrude,
Hubard, Bolling,
Venable, Louise,
Wood, Susie.

Bland, Virginia,
Marshall, Magdalen,
Brumby, Isabel,
McNeely, Fannie,
Clark, Laura,
Pringle, Margie,
Gifford, Ann,
Stedman, Margaret,
Holt, Maud,
Thomas, Sumter,
Jones, Augusta,



THE CHAPEL

MISSIONARY ORGANIZATIONS

St. Mary's Branch Woman's Auxiliary

OFFICERS

MRS. J. W. JEUDWINE, ... President.
MISS E. E. CHUCKLEY, ... Vice-President.
MISS KATE McKIMMON, ... Secretary and Treasurer.

St. Mary's Branch Junior Auxiliary

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MISS M. A. DOWD, ... Directress.
MARY B. STURGEON, ... President.
E. GEORGE, ... Secretary and Treasurer.

ST. THERESA'S CHAPTER

MISS M. DAVIS, ... Directress.
MARY WEEKS, ... President.
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ST. MONICA'S CHAPTER

MISS KATE McKIMMON, ... Directress.
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MISS M. JONES,	Directress.
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C. COLEMAN,	Treasurer.
K. MEANS,	Secretary.

ALTAR GUILD

MISS McKIMMON,	Superintendent.
MATTIE MOFFETT,	President.

In Memoriam

Blanche King Chadbourne

1903.

Died, November 14, 1901.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

In Memoriam

Entered into rest at her home in Raleigh, November 6, 1901, Mary Kinsey, relict of the late William M. Boylan

Entered into rest in Hillsboro, in June 1901, Annie Kirkland Roulhac.

Entered into rest at her home in Savannah, in January, 1902, Elizabeth Haywood, wife of Benjamin Finney.

Entered into rest at her home in Raleigh, N. C., in July, 1901, Loula Woodell.

LITERARY

CROATAN

FOR some time the Indians had been unfriendly, and in order to strengthen their power, the Roanoke Colony suggested that Governor White should return to England and bring out more people. Weeks passed and no news of him came. Months slipped by in the same way, until a year and a half had gone. From time to time some straggler had been killed by a stray arrow flying from behind a tree. Twelve of the men had gone in this way. Provisions were scarce; the maize crops produced little, and the hungry mouths of the children almost drove the fathers to despair. At length it was decided that they should move to Croatan, and, as this moving was a small matter, they would all be ready to leave by the next full moon. So the word "Croatan" was cut on a tree, and the settlement abandoned. Wagons were driven up before the doors of the huts, and the few possessions were bundled up and thrown in the bottom, making seats for the family. In many cases there was no room for the father, having given his seat to help provide for a family who had no wagon. Several of the younger members of the party were on horseback along the side of the slowly moving train of wagons. At the head of this cavalcade rode a girl and a young man. Apparently the girl was not more than eighteen. Her figure was slight and swayed gracefully with the movement of the horse. Her face might be called beautiful, and yet the features taken separately were scarcely pretty, except for the eyes which were of deep violet blue, but about the whole was a charm which could not be denied, due partly to a smile which broke like sunshine over a rather thoughtful face. The chestnut hair, slightly waving, was parted and done in a loose knot low on the neck, and a quaintly folded handkerchief around the throat added the final touch.

The man was perhaps twenty-seven—not more. He impressed one as having an immense amount of force; and the face, naturally inclined to be stern, lost some of the sternness when he looked at his riding companion. For some time they had not spoken. The girl broke the silence.

"I have a feeling that Governor White is coming back," she said, "Last night I dreamed that he had come to Roanoke, and could find no trace of us. I thought that he made inquiry of all the neighboring villages and could find out nothing. I tried to find out where we were but all was red and blurred before my eyes and I heard the war-whoops of the Indians. far off, but coming nearer

and nearer, I waked, trembling from head to foot. All day have I tried to throw off the impression it made upon me but I cannot."

The man at her side smiled when she had finished, and said in a soothing tone: "That was a queer dream, Bess, with no foundation, however, for the Indians have been unusually quiet for more than a month."

Edward Leigh was rather inclined to treat Elizabeth as a child, for he had known her since she was a mere tot, but at times he was surprised to find that she was not the Bess of six years ago, but Elizabeth, and a woman, prematurely developed by the hardships of pioneer life. After this both were quiet, each thinking of the strange silence of the Governor.

The wagons moved on slowly, creaking under their burden. An odd mixture of sound came from the long line. From one wagon came the sound of laughter, as of many young people discussing their last frolic, from another the harsh, cracked tones of old age; from one the whining of a fretful child; from another, a hot discussion among men. Occasionally some of the men in the wagons would join those on foot, in order to lighten the load over a bad piece of road. The foot path was narrow, obliging them to walk single file. Suddenly the one ahead stopped and stooped over, looking at something in the sand. A foot print—long and flat—not that of a white man! He turned to the next behind him: "That's odd", he said, pointing to the track. "I did not know an Indian had been this near the settlement since the last moon but one." They said nothing of this, however, fearing to give needless alarm. For a half hour more they traveled thus, when a low cry came from the woods—then another—and another. The men looked into the pale faces of their wives, and into the startled upturned faces of their children. They lashed their horses, but the load was heavy and the sand deep. For a moment they quickened their pace, then relaxed into the jog trot of before. Another low cry, and fifty arrows flew from the ticket. Some of the horses, pierced, plunged and reared, then fell to the earth, leaving their human load to the mercy of the enemy. Four women, pierced to the heart, fell heavily in the bottom of the wagon, uttering a few dying groans. As many men were killed, and more than twice as many wounded. The place became a scene of wild excitement, children sobbing for their mothers, who lay pale and still before them, the red blood staining their baby hands. The few fire-arms in the company were brought into service but the powder soon gave out. Seeing the line so scattered and thinned, the Indians burst from the woods and came on with horrible leaps and dancing, twirling their scalping knives above their heads—terrible with feathers and war paint.

In the front of the horsemen stood Edward Leigh, stern and pale, with Elizabeth beside him. Stunned by the suddenness of the thing, they had neither spoken nor moved, seemingly fascinated by the sickening spectacle. Suddenly Edward turned in his saddle and faced the girl: "We are ahead of the others," he said, "our horses are the best that there were in the village—we might escape, but I cannot fly—I cannot turn my back on such a scene—I must stay and do my part. Get quickly into this wagon here, and we men will do our best at the back."

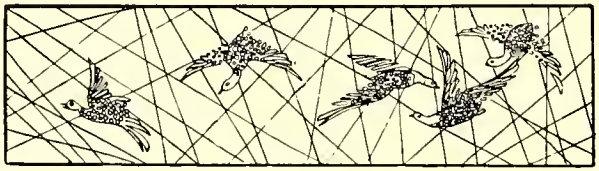
The girl looked at him with terrified eyes and caught at the bridle of his horse. "You will not go back there—you will not—!"

Her hand loosened its hold of the bridle, her body swayed from side to side—her face was deadly white. With a cry the man caught her as she fell, and held her as firmly as he might in front of him. The brown hair fell back in loose curls from the white fore-

head, the eyes were closed, and through the slightly parted lips the breath came at irregular intervals. Edward Leigh looked down for one moment into the innocent, helpless face, then, wheeling around, he put spurs to his horse, and started off at a breakneck pace. An arrow flew hissing by, barely grazing his body; then another, and another. His horse was swift; each bound put him farther out of their reach. Mile after mile flew by, separating them from the scene of carnage behind them. The girl quivered and drew a long breath. The eyes opened, then closed, then opened again. She looked up at the horseman with a tired questioning look, which grew more and more questioning as she became fully alive to the rapid motion of the horse. Then again the eyes closed wearily, and the girl lay quite still. The moon rose, shedding its pale, silver light over the drooping head. How tired it was, but how beautiful.

Edward Leigh turned aside to the woods, and throwing the reins on a stump, dismounted as carefully as he could, supporting the girl with his hands until he was firmly on the ground, then lifting her gently off, he laid her on the soft moss of the forest. Anxiously he bathed her lips with brandy, and watched and waited for the first sign of returning consciousness. Finally she looked up at him understandingly. "Where am I?" she asked. Leigh leaned over and whispered something in her ear. She looked at him with a happy smile, then slept again—this time not the sleep of unconsciousness, but the happy sleep of a child.

Ten miles away all was intensely still. No sound but the weird hoot of the owl broke the silence. All along the road were scattered wagons full of household goods, as though recently packed, but those who packed them—where were they? The earth was crimson in many places. Perhaps all fell at the mercy of the Indians, or perhaps some were taken away alive to mingle with the redmen, or perhaps—but no one knows, not even the moon, for she came too late.



SPRING

"Clothed in green, in rose, in blue,
On tip-toe, and with sparkling eyes,
Fresh as a rose that's wet with dew,
Sweeter than May in flowery guise;
In nature gentle, bright and gay,
With glorious strength that never dies,
I come to the world to laugh away
Three months of love and mirth.
I am God's messenger to earth,
Sent down a golden beam,
To give joy in nature a new birth
And wake the world from its sombre dream;
When Winter cried, I challenge thee!
I said, 'Give way, now I am king;
I come from Heaven by God's decree,
I am the gallant lord of Spring.'"

(From the French).

—M. H. '03
F. T. '03.

THE BLACK SHEEP

THE big house was hushed and still. In the nursery the children were huddled together in a tearful, frightened group. Upstairs in a darkened room, with two doctors bending over him, lay Teddy, the scapegrace of the family. His mother knelt by the bedside, his father stood by the window, but he was not looking out. The doctors were very grave, and after finishing their examination. one of them crossed the room and said in a low tone to the father. "He is fatally injured. He will not live to see another day."

The afternoon had dragged past slowly, and now the clock on the mantel chimed nine. Teddy opened his eyes and sighed wearily, "Mamma," he said. "Yes, dear," answered his mother,leaning over him." "I'm going to die, ain't I?" "Would you be afraid to die, darling?" asked his mother stroking back his rough red hair. Somehow she was just beginning to realize how very dear to her heart the mischievous boy was. Just as it was too late. Too late!

"Mamma, it would be a good thing if I did; for then there would be no one to make the other children naughty, no one to break all the china, no one to leave the doors open, or dirty up the matting with muddy shoes, or, or—" trying to remember the rest of his most frequent offences.

A great wave of anguish swept over the mother's heart, "Oh, Teddy, don't, don't say that!" she interrupted, in a broken voice.

"You aren't cryin', Mamma, are you?" asked Ted, in an awed tone. "'Cause, Mamma, I don't want you to cry. Oh' mamma!" his boyish heart stirred by her grief, "I'm sorry I've always been so bad. I didn't mean to be, but somehow I couldn't help it, maybe it was 'cause I had red hair. Mamma, do people have red hair in heaven? 'cause if they do I don't want to go there." There was a pause; he seemed to be dozing, but presently he stirred and said: "Mamma, what's that hymn you used to sing about 'Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow?' Won't you sing it for me please?" His mother sang it. When she finished he smiled. "Mamma, you know when ever I'm 'specially naughty, nurse tells me I'm a black sheep; so it will take a lot of washing to make me white, won't it?" "No, dear," answered his mother, "I don't think it will."

The clock struck ten. "Mamma, I'm so tired, so very tired!" he said. His thoughts began to wander. "Black sheep—so tired–snow–snow–wh–whiter than snow," he murmured, and with a sigh his eyes closed; and the Little Black Sheep had gone to be washed "whiter than snow."

—C. M. P.

A Little Girl's Castle In Spain

"I'm thinking, Dolly, what I'll be when I grow up. I guess I'll be a Mission'ry. Why, Dolly, you s'prise me, don't you know what a mission'ry is? It's a person who goes 'round and sings hymns to people, and is terrible sweet to e'vy body. My Sunday school teacher said they needed a lot of them out in the Cannon-ball Islands, so I guess I'll go there. Cannon-balls, Dolly, are people that eat you, just like we do the poor little chickens. When I get off the boat—I'm 'mos' sure you go there in a boat—they'll all come out, I s'pose with their knives and forks to eat me, but I'll be just as brave, and I'll say, "Dear Cannonballs, I am a Mission'ry, come to sing hymns to you," and then they'll be glad to see me. And every day I'll go 'round from house to house, dressed in a beautiful satin dress and a diamond necklace, and give the little girls dolls, and the little boys, tops, and they'll all love me lots. I'll be just lovely! Susie Jones says she's going to be an artist, but I'd a heap rather be a mission'ry; wouldn't you, Dolly?"

A. K. G.

So Has It Ever Been

Once upon a mid-day dreary, while I waited, weak and weary,
Under many a curious eye that burned into my bosom's core,—
While I stood there, nearly freezing, watching, shaking, hoping, sneezing,
I thought I heard a footstep coming—coming to St. Mary's door.
"'Tis the servant girl," I muttered, "coming now to ope the door."
'Twas a boarder, nothing more.

Oh, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each careless laughing member of the school that passed the door,
Only added to my horror; till I, filled with deepest sorrow,
From the music sought to borrow patience for an hour more;
But the music and the maids this mournful burden to me bore,
"You shall wait there ever more."

Hark! the gentle, busy bustling of some flimsy garments rustling
Thrilled me—filled me—with expectant longings never felt before,
So that now to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some lady sympathizing with me standing at the door,
Some kind lady sympathizing with me standing at the door.'
She simply smiled and nothing more.

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
"Miss," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I've been ringing, and tenaciously been clinging
To the bell and also rapping, rapping till my hands are sore"—
But the people coming, going, looked on coldly as before:—
Silence there and nothing more.

Deep into the broad hall peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, thinking words no mortal ever dared to think before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the only words there spoken
Were the whispers of the students as they looked me o'er and o'er,
"In a moment will I leave here, longer wait not by this door
Can not stand here ever more."

There I shivered, standing lonely, pulled the useless bell, did only
That one thing, as if my soul into the bell I did outpour.
But the sound had little meaning—little comfort to me bore.
Then I scarcely more than muttered—"Other men have come before,
On the morrow I will enter, as my friends have done before."
But the wind sighed "Wait no more."

—M. D. F. '03.

What The Nets Brought In

THE blue hills rose sheer and steep from the water's edge, and in the early morning light, seemed a wall inclosing the little bay. Behind this barrier was a world of iridescent lights, deepening moment by moment as dawn drew nearer. Then the sun rose from behind the wall, and the pink and blue tints flung themselves headlong into the dimpling waves.

On the beach across the bay the fishermen were bringing in the nets. They dragged them in hand over hand and as they walked down the beach, left little mounds of knotted cord in the wet sand. Here and there in the brown heaps, a shimmering flash of silver writhed for a moment and then was still.

The fishermen were strangely quiet; they neither quarreled nor jested, as was their wont; they made no eager speculations on the value of the catch, but silently, doggedly, pulled on the nets. All, that is, save Andrew. His voice rose high and clear above the dashing waves. The sweet notes of the love-song sounded curiously out of place along the quiet shore; but it was not the song that brought a frown to the rugged faces of the fishermen, it was the fact that the man could sing at all. For a tragedy had come to the sea-coast town. Elsa, old Virginia's granddaughter, had disappeared—Elsa, the gayest, sweetest girl in all the country round about; Elsa, much beloved by the whole village but betrothed to Andrew.

It was her custom to go with him at night to set his nets and over the waters floated back his beautiful voice, telling her of his love. Then came a quarrel with hot, angry words and for days Andrew dragged around the wharf, cursing everything that came near him. During these days Elsa was not to be seen, nor did she appear until she walked along the cliffs with her lover, flirting her short red skirts and twirling her fan. That night Andrew's voice had rung again, strong and clear across the sea. The next morning Elsa was gone. When, where, or why, nobody could tell. Old Virginia said that late that night she had heard Andrew's voice as he came along the wharf and up the winding street. Then the house door had closed softly and old Virginia, sure that her Elsa was safe, had gone to bed. That was all that anybody knew of the affair.

At first, inquiring glances were turned toward Andrew, but his grief was so intense and his search for the girl so eager, that suspicion could not fall upon him. As the days crept by, over him settled a sullen, morose spirit, which drove everybody from him.

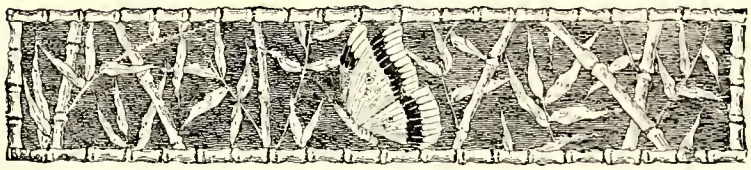
WHAT THE NETS BROUGHT IN (Continued)

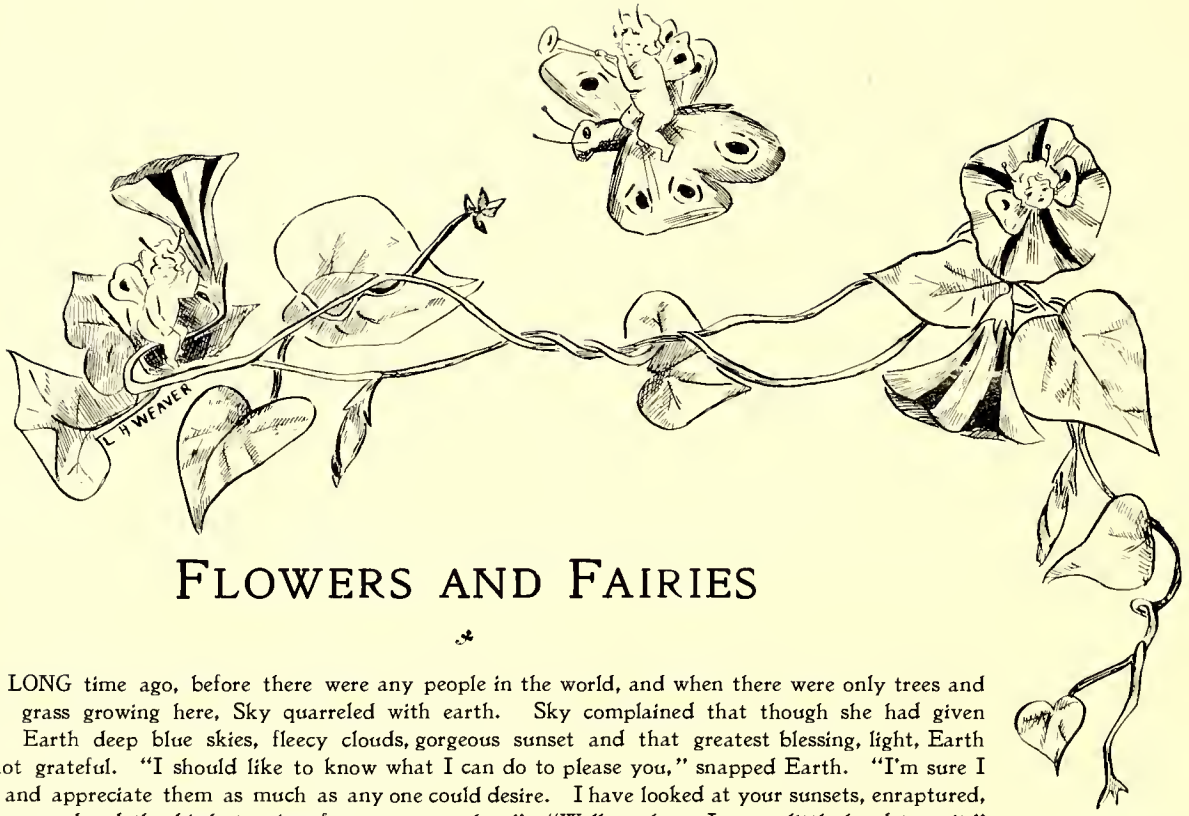
Only in his boat at night, and when the nets came in at morning, he sang. Now as the brawny, sunburned arms tugged at the nets, his voice rose higher and higher, sweeter and clearer. The nets were heavy with plunder from the sea. Beads of sweat poured from the fishermen's faces and their breath came short and quick. Already the silver freight shone on the surface of the sea. A long, long pull and the fish, imprisoned in the dark meshes were flopping on the yellow sand—but still the net dragged. Then, all at once they stopped, the words died on the singer's lips. In the brown net, surrounded by silver scales and shimmering green seaweed, there was something red, something white and ghastly. Eagerly and with all their might, the men again laid hold of the net, and in an instant the something red was at their feet. Another instant and the net was cut aside, and Elsa lay white and still in the morning sunlight; her red skirt clinging to her slender form; the tiny fan still clasped in her still, cold fingers. One of the men fell on his knees beside her and drew from her breast a thin blade of steel. "It is Andrew's!" they shouted as one man and turned to seize the murderer, but he had fled. When the first gleam of red was seen through the rising wave, Andrew knew instinctively what the net held, why it had seemed so strangely heavy. Loosing his hold of the cords, he had fled in headlong flight up the rocky pathway. High on the cliff above the beach, the men saw him stand for a moment. Then he disappeared.

After they had carreid the girl tenderly and gently to her home, they started in pursuit of her destroyer, but it was as though the earth had swallowed him—no slightest trace of him was ever found.

Now when the fishermen tell the tale, they solemnly cross themselves, and others affirm that on still moonlight nights, they can hear the pleading refrain—faint and far away it sounds, but sweet and clear as in the days when Andrew told his love to Elsa.

—Lily Skinner, '04.





Flowers and Fairies

A LONG time ago, before there were any people in the world, and when there were only trees and grass growing here, Sky quarreled with earth. Sky complained that though she had given Earth deep blue skies, fleecy clouds, gorgeous sunset and that greatest blessing, light, Earth was not grateful. "I should like to know what I can do to please you," snapped Earth. "I'm sure I enjoy and appreciate them as much as any one could desire. I have looked at your sunsets, enraptured, and have ordered the birds to sing for you every day." "Well, perhaps I am a little hard to suit," responded Sky, "I will say no more about it." "You needn't, for I don't care what you say," answered angry Earth. Just then Night, the peacemaker, came and threw a veil of darkness between Earth and Sky, so that thye could not see each other. But Earth could not rest. She knew that she had been a little too hard on Sky. "I know what I will do to please her," she said, "but I will tell no one, I will keep it a secret intil Morning wakes me up." And when Morning came and it grew light, what should Sky see but an Earth radiant with flowers; stars that would evermore greet the sunshine with a loveliness rivalling the beauty of the Sky.

—M. M. '04.

It was a warm August afternoon. Harry, stretched on the soft grass under an old oak tree, was reading, when a strange thing happened. He never knew how it came about but suddenly he heard the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, of a bell and looking around he saw a little man dressed in brown, ringing a blue-bell. "To court, to court," he kept crying in his shrill voice. Presently Harry saw a band of fairies coming "to court." First came the judge, the witnesses, and lawyers, then the twelve jurymen, and behind a forlorn-looking grass-hopper who wore heavy chains on his wrists and ankles. Bringing up the rear were numbers of inquisitive fairies who were much interested in the fate of the grasshopper. When all were seated on toad-stools the judge arose and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury. The prisoner, Mr. Grasshopper, is charged with having successfully wooed one princess and with having attempted to elope with her. If there are any present who witnessed Mr. Grasshopper's act they will please give their testimony." For a moment there was silence and then an elf stepped into the ring and said: "I saw the prisoner making love to the princess. They were in a morning-glory and she accepted him."

Then another sprite testified: "And I saw him pay Mr. Spider to make the rope down which the prisoner was to climb." "Enough," said the judge. "Now, jurymen, it is for you to decide. Shall the princess so degrade herself and marry a grasshopper? or shall she follow the example of her ancestors and wed a deserving fairy? is the prisoner guilty of aspiring too high or not?"

After several minutes one of the twelve stood up and said: "Please your Honor, after due consideration we, the jury, have decided that as all is fair in love or war we will not pronounce the prisoner guilty but will leave the decision to the princess." Two trusty messengers were sent to bring the princess to court. In a short time she arrived. She was a dainty little lady dressed in pink with a beautiful wild rose upon her forehead. When she saw the sad condition of her lover she began to scold the judge and all present for their cruelty. She ordered the chains to be removed and going toward the prisoner— — — — — — —. But then the whole scene vanished and Harry sat up to find that the sun had disappeared and that his mother was calling him to tea.

—E. R. B. '04.

A rose told me this; it is about a heartless little coquette.

"Call me frivolous, if you like, for it is my candid opinion that you were the greatest flirt living when you were young," said a lovely little rose bud, flushing with excitement. She was speaking to her mother, a large bush. "Mother," she continued, "you know I don't mean to make anybody unhappy, but I simply cannot resist smiling, just a tiny bit, at Jacqueminot. He is so handsome. Did you know he told me I was the sweetest and prettiest rose in the garden? And that is not all; he calls me 'The American Beauty' every time he sees me. Am I going to marry him? Of course not. Why, he hasn't one cent to support me on. Don't call me mercenary! It doesn't sound nice at all. I don't deserve to be called by such names when I just have an eye for the future. I will not always be a blushing bud. Now, dear Mamma, please don't look so shocked when I tell you this, I am going to marry Mareschal Niel. Yes, he is old, but just think of his money and family tree."

Two days after the wedding all the roses were in the depth of woe. Jacqueminot had committed suicide; no one could tell just how it happened. As for Madame Mareschal Niel, she blushed a deep crimson and is to this day the reddest of roses.— All the flowers say the blood of Jacqueminot is on her head.

—P. B. H. '04.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the violet, "The sun is gradually burning me up and my leaves are not large enough to protect me." Just above her hung a large and beautiful rose in all its glory. Looking down, she murmured "Poor Violet, I wish I could help you!"

"I cannot endure it much longer," cried the little violet, and drooping her head she said: "If I could only be shaded from that terrible sun."

"Courage one moment, little Violet," exclaimed the rose, "I must think of some way to aid you!" And in a second the helpless little flower felt a soft touch on her head. Opening her eyes she saw that the rose was gently dropping her prized and lovely petals on her to keep her until the scorching sun had sunk behind the hills. —L. J. '04.

Once upon a time, there lived a dazzlingly beautiful young princess, who was as haughty as she was lovely. Princes came from all over the world to woo her, but she would have nothing to do with any of them. At last the king, her father, becoming impatient, told her that he was tired of all the delay, and that she must choose a husband at once. So the princess decided to give a large ball, to which all her suitors would come, and she would choose the handsomest and bravest of them all. Of course, she, herself, wished to be as beautiful as possible that evening, so she ordered the fairies of her father's kingdom to make her the most gorgeous gown they could. Before that time the dresses had always been of a solid color, but the fairies decided to make something rather unusual for this occasion, so they wove a garment of seven different colors, and they did it so skilfully that it was impossible to tell where one shade stopped and another began. When the princess saw it, she was charmed, and dreamed of all the conquests she would make in it.

But alas! the night before the ball, a wicked fairy, who was intensely jealous of the princess, and who had determined to humiliate her, crept into the palace and finding the enviable gown, cut a long, narrow strip out of it, completely spoiling it. Then she hung the silken ribbon high up in the heavens, where no one could reach it without undergoing countless hardships. Nevertheless, when the princess, on discovering the trick, declared that she would marry no one but the prince who would bring her back the silk, hundreds of young knights started on the perilous journey. None of them succeeded and very few ever returned. And so the princess is still unmarried and even today sometimes after a shower, one can still see high up in the clouds that wondrous band of many colors, colors never fading in their lustre. —A. K. G. '04.

Two Little Violets

Down beneath the feathery storm,
  Nodding and blinking, snug and warm,
Two little violets, blooming there.

Now by the gentler breezes fanned,
  Now gathered by a young girl's hand,
Two little violets, smiling there.

In a soldier's pocket of army blue,
  By a golden curl—tokens true—
Two little violets, drooping there.

In a reign of death, on a battle field,
  With a wounded soldier's heart to shield,
Two little violets, weeping there.

On a soldier's bosom, stark and cold,
  A message of love, with a curl of gold,
Two little violets, dying there.

—M. S. W.

An Important Question

Are our school-days the happiest? I've asked you this question,
And each in succession, has answered me "No."
All said that they hoped that the future they longed for,
Held happier moments on us to bestow.

But they that are older and wiser than we are,
Say this time 's the happiest part of our life;
They say we are gayer, our lifes are now freer
From the sorrows and cares of this world, and its strife.

But then, our school-life has its own little troubles,
And very great troubles to us then they seem,
And they, who now think we're as care-free and happy,
Have long passed their school-days; now seeming a dream.

To us our each future, seems golden and glorious,
Just hurrying us on 'long the short, happy way;
And the lessons that now seem so dull and laborious,
We'll remember with sweetness, some far distant day.

Contentment makes happiness: that we should strive for;
And that lies within ourselves all of us say.
Not the time of our life, but the way that we live it,
And the glad, happy heart makes the glad, happy day.

Will we go through life's journey with bright, smiling faces,
Or with brows that are wrinkled with trouble and loss?
Will we cheerfully bear what the hand of God places;
Each trial and each triumph, each crown and each cross?

When the years have gone by; when they're past and have left us
What they were holding for you, and for me,
Could I ask this same question, of whom I have asked it,
I wonder, what then, all your answers would be.

—K. M. B. '03.

An Incident on the Beach

Restlessly moan the billows, sadly the earth replies. It is the one place on earth for the poet to give to the world his soul. This man with the deep-set eyes and overhanging brows is a poet of the rarest quality (in his own estimation), and having purchased innumerable pencils and tablets for running couplets and long sonorous verses has betaken himself to this soul-stirring spot for his first inspiration. His eyes flash back the brightness of the waters! His soul answers to that of the sea.

"Ye waves that break on the shore
Shall carry my great name to many more,"

he exults and begins:

"Roll on, old Ocean, roll on."

He looks to Heaven to catch its breath and to earth for the echo.

"Roll on, old Ocean, roll on."

The words 'roll' from his lips as majestically as the waves themselves. He ponders with a troubled look while his head sinks on his bosom.

"Roll on, old Ocean. Old Ocean, why in the thunder don't you roll on!" And the tablet furiously thrown into the water probably bears its owner's great name to many a shore.

—M. D. F. '03.

Why the Leaves Change

ONE afternoon, May and her sister went for a walk. "Sister," said May, after a short pause. "What makes the leaves all red and yellow now, when they used to be green? Tell me about it." Margaret knew nothing about botany. So she told the following story.

"Once upon a time, there lived a young girl, an artist, who painted the most exquisite pictures you ever saw. Every one praised her so, that finally she became boastful. "No one can paint a lovelier picture than I," she announced. "My scenes from nature cannot be improved upon. The rich colors I use and everything in my pictures are perfect." She was talking thus to some friends, one day, when from the midst of the group a stranger girl stepped forth. "I can paint a more beautiful picture than you, even," said the stranger proudly. "Who are you!" asked the girl, "I am called Autumn, and if you don't believe I am a better artist than you, let us each paint a picture, and let Jove, himself, decide which is the better." The girl was rather alarmed at the prospect of Jove's judging a picture of hers, but she accepted the challenge, notwithstanding. So both girls set to work, but neither would let anyone know what was to be the subject for their painting. On the appointed day, a great crowd collected in the town. The girl's picture was brought forward first. It was a little ravine in the woods, a short distance away, and was exactly like life. The green trees actually seemed to stand out from the canvas. Murmurs of admiration were heard on all sides. Autumn cast one glance at it, then she led the way to the top of a little hill from which one could see the same ravine, but oh! how different it was! Every tree was a glory of red and gold. No one had ever seen anything like it before and the people shouted with wonder and delight; Jove without a moment's hesitation, decided in Autumn's favor, and even the girl had to admit the justice of the decision. Autumn herself was so charmed with the result of her experiment that she has tried it every year since, and as soon as she comes to visit us she begins painting the trees."

—A. K. G. '04.

An Unfortunate Accident to a Maiden in Magnolia Cemetery

With solemn look and aspect meet,
In contemplation wrapped complete,
Among the lonely graves she strolled
And heeded not the bell that tolled;
The closing gates did loud resound
The darkness fast was gathering round;
She was so lost in solemn thought
That to it all she heeded naught.
But what her awe and consternation
On waking from her meditation
To find that every one was gone
And she was left there all alone.
She hastened on to reach the gate.
Alas! her efforts were too late.
She raised her voice and gave a call;
An echo answered—that was all.
As she was thinking how to 'scape
Her eyes descried a moving shape,
A creeping ghost in shroud of white,
That filled her very soul with fright.
She began to quake, her heart stopped short
She now was brought to the last resort.
With trembling hand she seized the rail
And the tall spiked gate began to scale
In her upward flight she glanced back
The shrouded ghost was on her track
She was aware that she must hurry
But in her fear and in her scurry,
Her trembling hands let go the gate
And she was doomed to an awful fate.
Instead of falling below in the thicket
Her crinoline dress caught on a picket
And there in mid-air she was hung
Like a bunch of clothes on a clothes-line strung.
At the sight, the sexton's old white cow
Ran home as fast as she could plough;
With a swish of her tail away she sped
And did not stop till she reached her shed.

—A. G. R. '03.

At Vespers

Dozens of tales had been told about who had first started the building of the church, and how long it had been there but no one ever felt quite certain, what was fact and what was fiction. Suffice it to say, that the church was there and looked as though it had been there for generations. Its old stone walls were overgrown with ivy in which little birds would disappear with bits of straw and come out again chirping with all their might,—the belfry had long been abandoned to them; from every little window hung straw and bits of twigs, and here they were safe from any intruders, as none but the old sexton ever climbed the rickety stairs. The bell swung on its creaking hinges but its warning voice, telling of the transitoriness of all things, fell unheeded on the ears of the joyful inmates of the belfry.

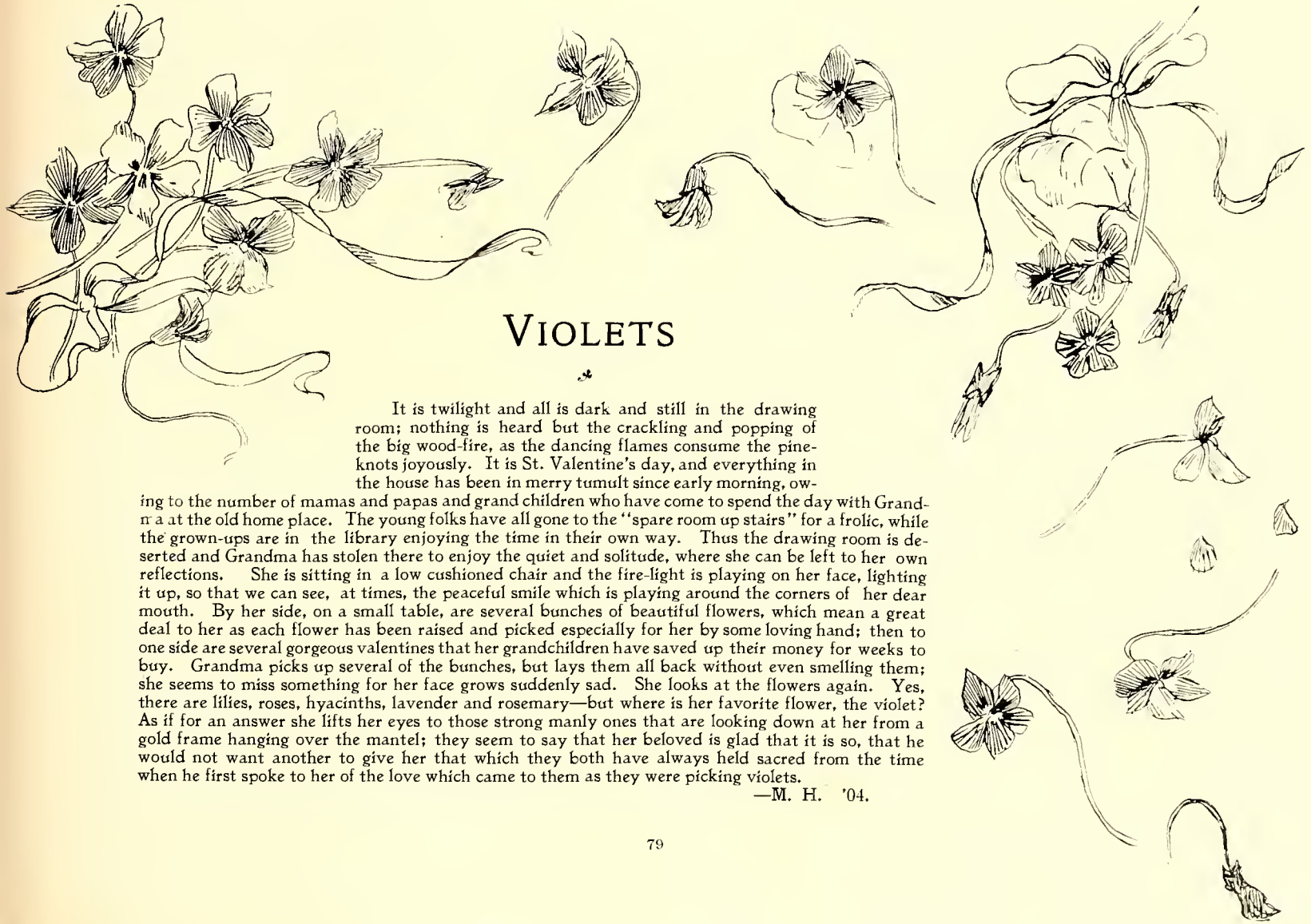
Even now the old bell sends its solemn tones for miles around. The shadows lengthen and at dusk it is dark in the churchyard. A faint light comes through the stained glass windows of the church, and the bell swings once more on its creaking hinges. A throng passes into the churchyard and up the stone steps. There is no whispering—no sound but that of foot-steps as they pass up the long aisle.

It was Maunday Thursday night and the church was dim and shadowy. In the faint light there hundreds of rapt faces could be seen. Those who perhaps had not been in a church for years, were there and knelt in the great and thoughtful silence.

On the altar was a burning cross, the only light in the church except a flickering one on the organ, which seemed to give to the choristers an uncertain, wavering appearance.

The last sobbing notes died away, and the multitude moved out slowly and reverently in the glimmering light of the Burning Cross.

—O. W. H.



VIOLETS

It is twilight and all is dark and still in the drawing room; nothing is heard but the crackling and popping of the big wood-fire, as the dancing flames consume the pine-knots joyously. It is St. Valentine's day, and everything in the house has been in merry tumult since early morning, owing to the number of mamas and papas and grand children who have come to spend the day with Grandma at the old home place. The young folks have all gone to the "spare room up stairs" for a frolic, while the grown-ups are in the library enjoying the time in their own way. Thus the drawing room is deserted and Grandma has stolen there to enjoy the quiet and solitude, where she can be left to her own reflections. She is sitting in a low cushioned chair and the fire-light is playing on her face, lighting it up, so that we can see, at times, the peaceful smile which is playing around the corners of her dear mouth. By her side, on a small table, are several bunches of beautiful flowers, which mean a great deal to her as each flower has been raised and picked especially for her by some loving hand; then to one side are several gorgeous valentines that her grandchildren have saved up their money for weeks to buy. Grandma picks up several of the bunches, but lays them all back without even smelling them; she seems to miss something for her face grows suddenly sad. She looks at the flowers again. Yes, there are lilies, roses, hyacinths, lavender and rosemary—but where is her favorite flower, the violet? As if for an answer she lifts her eyes to those strong manly ones that are looking down at her from a gold frame hanging over the mantel; they seem to say that her beloved is glad that it is so, that he would not want another to give her that which they both have always held sacred from the time when he first spoke to her of the love which came to them as they were picking violets.

—M. H. '04.

To Miss Katie

With loyal faith and heart of hope,
We'll pledge the coming years;
With present toil we bravely cope,
But give the past our love and tears.

To future good our wishes turn,
We'll speed it all we can today;
But o'er the Past our hearts still yearn,
'Tis "Auld Lang Syne" we love for aye!

And when in old St. Mary's halls
The Present, Past and Future meet,
'Tis she whom most "Lang Syne" recalls,
With reverence today we greet—

The classic "Muse" its tribute pays
To Christian graces higher yet,
And hopes Miss Katie many days,
May our altar still in order set!

—E. E. C.

A Tribute

The following will be fraught with memories, to many St. Mary's girls. All will be glad to be reminded again of the 19th of January, through this well known token, and will be more than anxious to give "honor to whom honor is due."

ROBERT E. LEE.

"He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without oppression, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, and a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy and a man without guile. He was a Caesar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life, modest and pure as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles."

—Ben Hill.

ASSEMBLY OF PHILOSOPHERS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MISS MOSES, ... Teacher.

MISS JONES, ... Court of Last Appeals.

MARIE BRUNSON,
KATE MEARES, } . . . . . Pupils.

[Scene. Greek-room. Time: 3:40 P. M.]

Miss Moses: Now, take ΛΕΘΑΥΟΤΑΙ—if you drop the iota, insert an upsilon, epsilon for the augment, suffix a On (pause) I—dont—know—where—that—On—comes—from, I'll look it up, change the Mu into a delta, drop the ending, and insert an epsilon for comparative lengthening, what will you have—, Marie?

Marie: The second person singular of the dual imperative liquid verb passive voice third person plural optative mood—all of which makes a condition contrary to fact.

Miss Moses: That's right. If you drop the stem, using the augment and the optative ΥΙ verb sign, what is that, Miss Jones?

Miss Jones: The Second Aorist.

Miss Moses (encouragingly) No—o—oo—o, it—is—not—that, you see—

Miss Jones: Well, then, I don't know.

Miss Moses (goes to board): Take ΛΑΓΒΑΥΩ—now, the stem is ΓΑΒ (writing) and we have ΑΠΜΓΑΥΙΑΣΣΑΝ (Kate giggles, Marie looks innocent, and Miss Jones gazes pensively into space) and what is it, Kate?

Kate: Supplementary Participle of the Potential Optative and genitive after a verb of striving for.

Miss Moses: That's exactly right. Now—wasn't that the four-oclock bell? For—the—next—day (impressive pause) take the next six lessons in the grammar and fifty pages in the reader and in this grammar I would like you to get up the next seventy-five verbs and don't forget the words I want you to take through the seven languages. That's all. That—will—do (looks up and smiles. Exeunt Kate and Marie. Mysterious Voices, from within): Alice, I—well, tennis—I think—but, Susan, you know at Chapel Hill—

In the Shadow of the Factory

THERE is a wretched cabin almost under the walls of a great factory, where the noise of the grinding, clicking machinery is always present, and where the smoke leaves daily its load of grime.

The sun is setting and the last rays pour in at the one window of the cabin. They make their way with difficulty through the dusk within and fall across the face of a woman, who lies in a corner, dying. She is not old, but years of poverty and care have worn her face into patient, drawn lines, and the hands crossed on her breast are transparently thin. As the sunlight strikes her, she moves her head painfully round till her eyes meet those of her husband, who kneels beside her, and she smiles—then, together, the smile and the sunbeams fade away, and the room and the woman are cold and dark

Two days pass by.

"He has spoken to no one," the neighbors say, "and he eats nothing. If he keeps on like this he will go mad." A woman ventures to the door of his house and hesitatingly offers to cook something for him. The man stares at her, not speaking, and his appearance is so strange with his burning eyes and haggard face, that the woman hurries back, terrified, to her own home.

And once more the man is left alone.

Another evening comes and he sits in his door-way gazing unseeingly at the crimson and gold in the western sky. The shadow from the factory grows longer and longer till it lies at his feet, then reaching him, passes over his head and up till only the roof is still in the sunlight. Suddenly a column of dense smoke curls upward across the sunset-colors, making the man rise hastily to his feet and glance at the bewildering rows of lights in the factory before him. Then he leaves his shadowed step and walks like a man asleep over to the low cellar door in the wall opposite, which admits him into his engine-room; for he is a fireman in the factory.

The room is cold and in the dim light he sees that everything is just as he left it. Was this one engine not needed then, among so many? He shakes his head and his lips move, but no sound comes forth. He feels around for material to build his fire, and soon the flames are rushing and roaring so loud as almost to drown the noise of the works overhead.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE FACTORY (Continued)

Three long days since the fire has dashed its flickering arms against the sides of the furnace! The fireman must build it higher than ever before to-night, to make up for those three lost days and to appease the wrath of the metal monster that is frowning threateningly down on him, alone, there.

Half the night drags wearily away, and the fire burns low and red, dark red, and the long flaring shadows hurl themselves over the brick walls of the engine-room and dance wildly on the rafters. Then, as if in answer the flames rise high, and the shadows go shuddering and huddling together in the dark corners and creep along the floor.

Is that a voice that calls harshly? Or is it the sound of his dead wife's moans as they rang in his ears all that last day? No, it is only the everlasting jar and whirr of the wheels above him. Why don't they stop for an instant? One instant would relieve the terrible strain.

Can it be possible that the noise is growing softer—so soft and faint that he can scarcely hear it! But the fire—

A face, distinct in the white glare, mocks and frowns at him by turns, then suddenly vanishing, leaves, in its place, thousands of faces all jeering or scowling like the other, and like the other, vanishing in a second, as though carried up out of sight by the flame and smoke that rushes up the huge chimney.

It is his wife's face now that looks out at him so tenderly with a smile hovering over her poor drawn features. With an effort the fireman turns away his eyes.

The shadows chase each other more wildly than ever, and the voices that babble around him, now far off, and now almost touching him, rise all at once to a wailing shriek. Ah!—he gasps, his brain reels and he pitches forward into the very heart of the glowing furnace!

—E. B. M. '04.

HORACE. BOOK I. ODE XI.

Ask not what future waits us, O Leucone
Nor strive by fates to know those things forbidden,
Alas! for gods to show to mortal man.
Far better 'tis t'endure whatever Jove
May send—if many years or only one,
Your last — which now is slipping fast away.
Be wise! Enjoy your Wine! Waste not the hours
In empty hope, for even as we talk
The time is fleeting, fleeting ever faster.
Enjoy today! Thou canst not trust the morrow.

—J. H. H. '03.

Horace, the Satirist, the Moralist, and the Poet

ITH Virgil's, Horace's name stands out as the most prominent of the Augustan age. While Virgil dealt with the past and produced the idealistic Roman poetry, Horace wrote of the life spiritual, intellectual and political of his own time, and is the ethical, moral and lyrical poet of his own age. He made a profound and interested study of himself—and through himself of human nature—and his ever-present personality is one of the chief charms of all his poetry.

The Satires are, perhaps from a practical standpoint, of most value to us of today for they give to us the best and truest picture of the life at Rome at that time, the historical, moral and intellectual side. We get much the same subject matter, it is true, in the poet's lyrical works, but treated in a more poetic and idealized manner with the refinement and the grace and the delicacy of touch of his real poetic genius. His satire is restrained and unexaggerated; hence its value. He never loses his humerous, philosophic tolerance of the weaknesses and crimes which he attacks, for his estimate of human nature was unerring. His attacks upon the vices and the follies are without bitterness and show a clear insight, half humerous, half serious, into his own liability to the very failings he assails. He realized that the source of one of the greatest dangers to the state was the artificiality and overluxuriousness of life to which the Romans were becoming accustomed. He deals with their love of high-living, the useless expense of their tables. He directs in this connection, his attacks chiefly against their love of wines; by the frequency of his allusions showing the Roman inclination to this form of indulgence and also his own realization of its menace to the purity of public morals. In other ways he deals with this menace to the strength and sturdiness of the state, which was begotten of the contact with the civilization of the East, by the wealth flowing into Rome, and by the self security and indulgence into which the capital city of the world was relaxing her self. Horace, with the instinct of the true satirist, does not hold himself aloof from the vices which he attacks, nor does he defeat his own end by violence or exaggeration, but he holds up his doctrine of the "aurea mediocritas", the simplicity existing between a luxurious and sordid manner of living. At the same time, with his keen self-intuition, he admits his own weakness to these common offenses, for it is this rare knowledge of self that keeps Horace to a true and tolerant criticism of the failings and vices of the day, restraining him, as it were, to the golden mean of the philosophic and practical critic of public morals.

The Epistles are much the same style of literature as are the satires and may roughly be said to have had the same design. The chief difference lies in their more purely moral intent. The satires were for the purpose of effecting a reformation of manners and customs by aiming directly at these themselves, but the Epistles, with practically the same intent, went deeper and based the further ance of their aims on a direct treatment of the inner life. Hence they are of a more purely ethical nature and are written more from the standpoint of the philosophic and interested observer, and yet, at the same time, by the adoption of the fortunate and

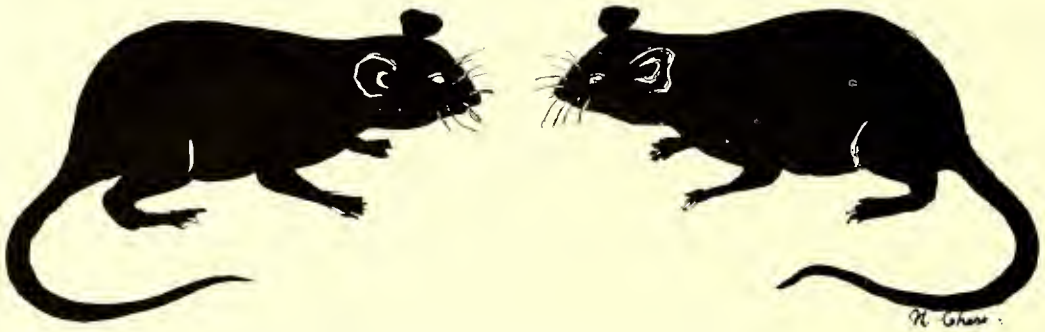
easy style of letter writing he avoids the stiffness of formal didactic treatises. This selection of the medium of letters was peculiarly fortunate for a man of Horace's tastes and style. The epistle making the nearest approach to a formal essay is the one concerned with the art of writing poetry, known as the "Ars Poetica." Indeed it is scarcely thought of ordinarily as classed under the epistles, for in this work of a pure didactic nature, he sets forth at great length and in detail his conception of the art of writing poetry.

Even in the Epistles, his writings of a more purely ethical nature, Horace enters into no laborious or elaborate treatment of the great problems of life. He is always the humerous philosopher, upholding his favorite maxim of the "aurea mediocretas" in all things, and dealing with his favorite topics—the fleetness of time, the pleasures of the day, the comparative uselessness of riches or power, and the value of an upright, rightly directed life. In some of the less personal of the epistles he enters into a more serious treat ment of his theories of philosophy and views of life, emphacizing his belief that true happiness comes only from within. In his letters of a more personal nature we get an idea of his relations and friendships with the men of the day prominent in literatry and political circles.

Horace himself realized that his fame as a poet would rest with his lyrics. And the verdict of posterity has not disappointed this expectation. They treat, it is true, practically the same subject matter—the life and interests of the day, for Horace is essentially the poet of his own time. Further, the strength of his own personality is too great not to make all of his writing more or less alike. They are firmly stamped with the impress of himself. But they are treated from a philosophic and reflective standpoint, not with the definite purpose of the satires and epistles, which he professed to regard as the serious work of his life, and, most important of all, are treated with the delicacy and grace and refinement of the genuine poetic inspiration. They show naturally a less keen interest in the affairs of the moment and of other men, and are of a more reflective and self-absorbed nature, for they were the works of the poet's later years when he was, comparatively speaking, tired of the pace of life at the capital and was finding his source of inspiration more from the standpoint of a contemplative and philosophic observer of life. Furthermore they are written for the sake of poetry alone and to a man of Horace's genius they must have been the most pleasant exercise of his poetic faculties. He treats no deep emotions—his love poems are graceful, or playful, or delicate, but not actuated by any great passion. He does deal more frequently and more seriously with patriotic subjects, but even in them playfully recalls his muse from her too-aspiring flights; thereby himself giving the impression that he intends to deal with no weighty subjects and that his poems are written for a pleasant exercise alone. But they are something more than this, for they are the best and most charming expression of the poet's philosophy of life. At first playful and humerous, they become of a sadder, almost of a melancholy tone. In spite of his ever-present interest in public affairs of the day, he shows the true poetic love of nature, not, however, of nature itself so much perhaps as particular natural scenes—chiefly concerned with his Sabine farm. He contrasts the luxuriousness of city life with the restfulness and contentment of his country home and holds up the desirability of moderation and leisure for self-culture.

Of all statements that can be made of Horace's writings, it may be said that his writings are Horace himself. All the characteristics which have been touched upon in this brief sketch were the characteristics of the man himself. It could scarcely be otherwise with a man of such rare and unerring powers of self-intuition. It may be said of him, negatively, that he is not the poet of extremes. This lack of exaggeration gave his satires their practical value and his epistles their philosophic and ethical value. In his poetry he does not rise to the highest themes of which poets have sung, yet he has left on them the impress of himself of a kindly, practical and upright nature. Chiefest of all, they are stamped with his rare powers of self-analyzation and his knowledge of human nature. His philosophy, as his writings, was the philosophy of moderation and temperance and contentment—the "aurea mediocritas" of life.

Among Ourselves



From the View-point of the Mice

THE other night I was not quite as sleepy as I generally am, and it was long after eleven. I was just a little drowsy; I was sure I was not asleep when I heard a little noise in the wall near me. I listened attentively and heard two little mice talking. Wonderful to say they were not talking in mouse language for I could under stand them perfectly. And if you would like to hear what I heard them say, here it is:

Said one little mouse to the other little mouse:

"Tommy, what do you think of this floor we are on anyway?"

"O Billy, I would think more of it if they would just keep loads of things to eat in their rooms. I am so hungry all the time. But this is really a very interesting floor," he added "and I've had many a good laugh over what these girls say and do. Now there's the one they call Lucy Red—Red—Red—something, I guess it must be Red-cheeks for she has such glorious cheeks—I peeped out of the wardrobe the other day and saw them.

"Yes," said Billy. "I think that must be her name, but let me tell you something funny on her: I saw her take off her shoes

one night and put them carefully side by side under the bed. They looked so soft and shiny. I made up my mind that I would chew the tops off them that night. I was so hungry! So when all was quiet I crept out and ran quickly to the shoes—you know we mice can see well at night. Well, I looked all around those shoes to find a good place to chew and what do you think I found out! They were both for the same foot! I hardly believed my eyes, but I heard her say the next morning! O, I never will get over these shoes being for the same foot! I laughed until my little thin sides hurt."

"Now," said the one whom I recognized as Tommy, "there is a girl in there with her named Margaret and she is always talking about something she calls 'Auntie.' I saw her point to something in a gold frame one day and say 'Isn't Auntie sweet?' "

"O Tommy," said Billy," If that's so, let's eat Auntie. Oh! I'm so hungry."

"Billy," pursued Tommy," "I was in Miss C's room one day and the girl in the next room said something; and Miss C. looked so shocked. I don't see why she should be shocked. 'Twas the one named Clyde that said it and what she said was: 'O ding it!' It must have been terrible, for Miss C. left the room and a few moments after I heard Clyde say, 'O Miss C., don't look at me like that!' "

"Yes, the one named Clyde is funny. She has a little black piece of card-board up on the wall and she thinks the most of it to be sure! She calls it 'Frank,' It's funny how much all these girls think of little pieces of card-board.

"Do you know," said Tommy, "I used to think she roomed with a rabbit. At least, they were always calling her 'Rabbit.' Well, one night when my foot was hurt, and I was so cold I thought I would get into her bed. You know Brer Rabbit and I have always been good friends. It was so nice and warm in there! The next morning they found me and they called loud for somebody named 'Katharine.' She came in and looked at me and said 'O, isn't he utter!' Then before they could do a thing to me she picked up the quilt and threw it out the window with me in it. But I like the Rabbit."

"Yes, every lady on the floor likes the Rabbit."

There was a little pause, then Tommy snickered, yes, he actually snickered, and said, :

"Billy, what is 'Charleston'?"

'O, I think it is a little place somewhere in South Carolina."

"Little! well, I should think not; for the way Margie, Esther, Magdalen, and Mattie talk about it, it must be a haven of refuge. An oasis in the desert. When Magdalen studies a lesson she calls 'Leglong,' she says 'O Charleston' at the end of every line. And I have actually heard Margie say 'Dear Charleston' in her sleep."

"Well, I know," said Tommy, "that it is different from any other place in the world for M. M. always says, 'O, it's not like that in Charleston' and I know M. M. ought to know."

"Isn't there a girl up here they call 'Poky?'"

"Yes, but there is nothing poky about her except her name. I know her well. I was wandering around on her bed one night looking for some crumbs and I stepped right on her soft, fat little face. She wasn't poky about knocking me off either. But I was glad I ran across her face. As I was leaving, I leaned back and patted her on the cheek and said: 'Good-bye, good-bye.'"

"The one named 'Sue' laughs so much she frightens me sometimes," said Tommy.

"Oh," said Billy, with a little ratty smile "I wish some of these Aiken young men would send her some candy so I could bite the nuts off. I am afraid they are very fickle. 'Aiken young men.' I am so hungry!"

You know the room called 'The Loafers Inn?'"

"Yes."

"Well, that's a grand place to get good things to eat. And to hear funny jokes, and to read French! I believe to my little ratty soul that the one named Isabel will certainly hear me laughing some day, when she gets to talking about how she hasn't any clothes. Oh! I sleep in a different dress of hers—each night."

"Tommy, do you ever go to 'Big Ann's' and 'Little Fan's' room?"

"Yes, sometimes," he said, with a squeaking shiver in his voice. But Little Fan is so 'scart' of me and I am so 'scart' of 'Big Ann' that it takes all the courage I possess to get there. And one time, O woe! O woe! when I was in there Big Ann began to practice the song she was to sing at a musicale, and you have never heard such a fuss. It set my teeth on edge.'

"Poor Tommy," said Billy.

There was another little pause then one of them said in an awe struck whisper.

"Did you know that there was a Senior on this floor?"

"A 'Senior'! What is that?"

"O, that is a girl that can do just as she pleases; she goes down town every day, and sasses all the other girls. She has to study Greek too, and that must be awful; for the Senior—her name is 'Little Brunson'—weeps over it, and calls it names. Then it seems easier to learn."

"Squeak! squeak!," giggled Tommy, "Ain't they silly? Oh! I'm so hungry!"

"There are two girls up here that I think must be sisters."

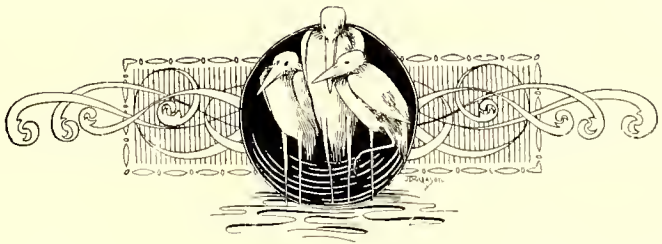
"Why?"

"O because they don't ever talk much and they don't laugh at each other's jokes unless they are extra good. I've heard one of them tell the other many a time that she might as well go right down stairs and get a pitcher of water because she had used up the last drop. The one that looks like she always has a little thought on her upper lip is 'Hellen', and the other is 'Kath',"

"O hush! Don't you know we are right near her room, and if she has heard us she'll tell it all. I heard her say one day that nobody need ever tell her a secret because she always told all she knew and more too. So if she should tell this on us we would not have a rag left to cover our reputations with."

"Silly Billy," said Tommy, impressively. "You have never had a reputation to cover. If you just had half the reputation that this East Rock has, you could speak of preserving it."

—Deep silence.—



A Caution

I write to teach the ignorant
To bid the young, be wise
To warn the unsuspecting maid
Who to St. Mary's hies.

Don't raise your voice at dinner
And laugh in noisy glee,
Or forced to eat in silence
You'll find that you will be.

Don't steal at midnight from the doem.
On missions all unknown
Or with tears and deep repentance
For this sin you shall atone.

And never down the dark back stairs
Tempestuously dash
And disturb a whispering couple—
It is probably a mash.

During evening study hour
Never linger in the hall,
Chattering loud and indiscreetly
Or you'll hear the teacher's call.

Don't skip your practice hour
Or stony-hearted fate,
In the shape of Mr. Jeudwine
Will meet you at the gate.

May be in your trunks there's hidden
Candy, cake or something more.
Follow well my wise injunction
Don't get grease-spots on the floor!

Last of all but most important,
Let me warn you from my soul,
Never, never, laugh or whisper
When Dr. Bratton calls the roll. —M. H. '05.

Overheard in Miss Dowd's Dormitory

Scene: A school dormitory with a number of girls in kimonas sitting around on different beds and in the cosy-corner.

Time: About 9:45 P. M. The scene opens with a great crash of crockery.

Anna Parsley—Gracious! What's that?

Alice Spruill (cheerfully)—Nothing. I just turned over my pitcher—for a change.

(A stream of water issues from her alcove.)

Florence Cowles (laughing)—I never saw such a girl as you are for turning over your pitcher.

Alice—We-ell, whose business is it?

Isabel Ruff (from alcove)—Well, Alice, that'll be all right.

Carrie Cowles—Evelyn, how fast have you gotten your arpeggios?

Evelyn Weeks—Oh me! I don't know. Leize, have you done your Genung?

Anne Gifford (looking up from her writing)—Please let's don't talk about lessons.

Leize Weaver—Yes, Evelyn, I have done all but the rules. Ann, where is my paste?

Eliza Hamlin—Don't disturb Anne, Leize, she's sawing wood.

Alice Spruill (coming majestically up the aisle)—Lucy, are you re-reading one of the standard works?

Anne Gifford (interrupting)—We have to read a standard work in the English class. I think I'll read one of George Eliot's.

Lucy Councill—George Eliot certainly was a nice man. Didn't he write "Vanity Fair"?

Annie Grimsley—Elmer, it's most ten o'clock. You'll have to give in a punctuality, in the morning.

Elmer George—I don't mind punctualities any more. I have gotten quite hardened.

Amy FitzSimons (calling from alcove)—Kitsy Foster—

Ruth Foster—Kitsy's been asleep for an hour.

Anna Parsley—Mary Payne, don't you want me to help you fix up your alcove?

Mary Tillery—You certainly do know how to fix them up, Anna. I think you have decidedly the cutest alcove in the dormitory.

Eliza Hamlin—Ernestine, are you writing in your diary? Please let me read it.

Ernestine Vick—No, Eliza, I can't. Did it rain on Monday?

A bell rings, and the girls all tumble into bed.

Rosa Thomas—Good-night, Leize.

Leize Weaver—Good-night, Rosa.

Alice Spruill—Good-night, gir-rls. Good-night, me!

Enter Miss Dowd, and silence reigns.

The Dialogue Between Swift-foot and His Cousin Bunny

Swift-foot and Bunny had their homes in a large oak grove near a "Rock"-house.

One day after his return from a visit to the lower floor of this Rock-house, Swift-foot and his cousin, Bunny, chattered long and loud. From this chattering a stroller in the grove gathered the following information:

Swift-foot—Should you ever visit the Rock-house, Bunny, don't go to Miss Katie's dormitory.

Bunny—Why not?

Swift-foot—Because, first, you will find nothing, not even a hickory nut, to eat; second, you will have such a hard time getting out.

Bunny—Have you been there recently?

Swift-foot—Yes, I spent a whole night there recently.

Bunny—Did anything happen?

Swift-foot—Great day, I should think so! As I moved about quietly in search of a supper I never found, no one heard me until accidentally, I ran against a tin water-carrier in the largest alcove. (I must tell you here, Bunny, that our cousins, the rats, and I always prefer this alcove, because the lady who stays in it loves us so!) In a moment there was such a commotion that in my terror, I jumped into the hood of a cloak near by. The next moment, I felt myself being carried out, by some one I heard called "Marjorie." Reaching the door, I decided to make another search for supper, so retreated to the other end of the room. From my hiding place, there, I heard cries of "Laura, here he is!" "Lillian, are you sure he is in my alcove?" "I think so, 'Joseph.'"

There were others in the room, but as I heard nothing from them, they must have been dreaming of home and mother. As I was carried, wrapped in a shawl from the room, I heard in tones of great relief: "Girls, I think we may rest awhile now!"

Bunny—After this, I hope you will be sensible and stay at home!

The Poem Which I Did Not Write

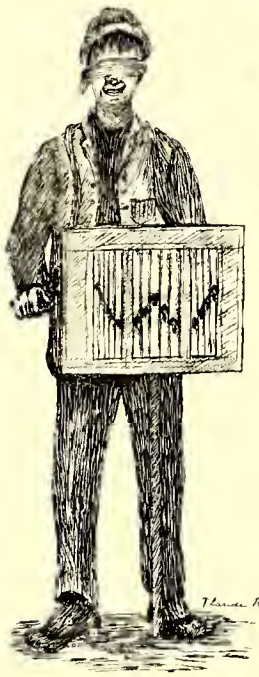
In English class 'twas announced one day,
That some poems for the "MUSE" we must write,
And to produce an acceptable "lay"
Must work with all our might.

And I was quite determined
A masterpiece I would make,
That would surely out-do Burns
And even the "Poet of the Lake."

'Twould be the wonder of the ages—
This poem which was to be,
Which would put to shame the sages
But bring glory and honor to me.

And where is the poem you ask,
Of such wonder and delight:
Oh! 'tis an unaccomplished task—
'Tis the poem which I did not write!

—J. H. H. '03.



GRINDS

All studies here I solemnly defy.—M. A. Short.

Early to bed, and early to rise
Makes one healthy, wealthy, and wise.
—M. Bridgers, M. Burgwyn, J. Haughton, K. Coleman.

'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.—Miss Sutton's Dorm.

A little learning is a dangerous thing.—M. Holt.

The best occupation is recreation.—M. Wadsworth and A. Hobson.

Up, up, my friend, and quit your books
Or surely you'll grow double,
Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks,
Why all this toil and trouble?—C. Brevard.

Richard and Robin, two pretty men,
Lay in bed until the clock struck ten.—O. Hughes and M. Weeks.

A little noiseless noise.—K. Meares.

Brevity is the soul of wit.—M. Holt.

The evil that men do lives after them.—Examination week for the girls who came back late after Christmas.

Speech is silver, but silence is golden.—E. Zimmerman and I. Ruff.

A slick, slim, slender sapling.—Mattie Jones.

And still they looked and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew.—Miss Moses.

She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought.—Sadie Jenkins.

Who pants for glory finds but short repose.—Ann Gifford.

At whose sight all the stars hide their diminished heads.—Eliza Brown.

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.—Miss Fenner.
A shelter in the time of storm.—The Sick Room.
And sheathed their words for lack of argument.—The Debaters.
They always talk who never think.—M. Beaman.
A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!—Misses Meade and Winston.
I charge thee, fling away ambition. By that sin fell the angels.—M. Hughson.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.—Miss Winston.

From seeming evil still educing good.—Miss Alice Jones.

A remnant of uneasy light.
The crack in Kate and Hannah's door.

There was a time———— —Junior English Class.

And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.—Miss Moses.
Comparisons are odious.—Miss M. Jones' table.
Yet a little sleep, a little slumber.—M. Marshall.
The fewer girls the greater share of honor.—Senior Class.
Nothing if not critical.—M. Weeks (during Society meeting.)
When boasting ends, dignity begins.—Junior class.
Consider the end.—J. Trapier.

When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.—Miss Walton.

All things are ready, if our minds be so.—The Debaters
The better the day, the better the deed.
Studying for Latin exams.—(The Sophs, "not" the Juniors.)
One ear it heard, at the other out it went.—The Juniors' Latin lectures.
I shape myself betimes to idleness.—N. Skinner.
The Niobe of Nations, there she stands.—E. Means.
When I was at home, I was at a better place.—The Student Body.

Alas! Regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond the day.—The Preps.

The name that dwells on every tongue no minstrel needs.—Miss M. M. Jones.

Contentment is a Pearl of great price.—Pearl Fort.
Meagre her looks, sharp misery had worn her to the bones.—M. Brunson.
'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.—Louise Venable.
Thy voice is a celestial melody.—Mrs. Bratton.
In friendship I early was taught to believe.—R. Stuart.
Heart in her lips and soul within her eyes.—Miss Thomas.
A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm.—Dr. Bratton.
With eyes flooded with laughter.—E. McCandlish.
Language was given to us that we might say pleasant things to each other.—A. Geddes and C. Schuessler.
Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.—Miss Thomas.
'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print.
A book's a book although there's nothing in it.—The Muse.

WANTED

All information concerning the Cropsey case.—Soph. History Class.
A maid to dress my hair in the latest style.—M. Moffett.
A way to get out of Junior English Exams.—M. Pringle.
More little collarettes for my mother.—S. Wood.
A refuge from Miss C's looks.—M. Brunson.
To make others as the "under thought" in "De Amicitia" as I see it.—H. Brock.
To hold my tongue during a debate.—M. Holt.
A remedy to keep my little curls short.—F. McNeely.
Something to do.—A. Hobson.
A letter from New York.—Katharine Brock.
The fish-bone out of my throat.—L. Redwood.
More classes!! Latin preferred!!!—M. Henderson.
No "checks" on Sophomore themes.—E. Means and M. Pringle.
Someone to take my job as curtain raiser Sunday night.—L. Venable.

WHY

Did M. Hunter ruin "Those girls' candy?"

Do Mary Graves and Laura Clark go over to the sick-room every Monday night?

Do the girls have their collars on at Monday morning roll-call?

Do we have ice cream every day for dinner?

Does Heloise Beebe visit the new building now?

The Reflections of a Mirror

"Yes," said the tall mirror in the parlor to itself, "I am tired of seeing the same thing take place six nights out of every week; of hearing the identical two-steps and waltzes played on the piano, and of seeing the girls dance night after night. At a certain time every night, the girls all stop dancing suddenly, and rush out of the room. Of course, I can't see what happens outside, but I hear the girls as they run say something about, 'Mail, Mail' whatever that is. Presently they come back and some of them pass me reading letters. It took me some time to learn that those little pieces of paper with black marks on them were called "letters," but I've known it now for many years. Another thing that takes place every night is what is known as "roll-call." It is a very curious proceeding. I can't understand why the girls "roll-call" every night for they don't seem to enjoy it half as much as they do dancing or "mail." The girls always dance before they "roll-call"—they really seem to dance before doing anything. Then they stop dances all at once and sit down on benches against the wall. Everything is quiet. The silence is broken by a man's voice calling a list of names. As he calls each name a voice from somewhere in the room answers "present." I used to think "roll-call" great fun at first, but I've heard it twice a day for such a long, long time now, that I am as weary of it as of the rest of my reflections."

—M. C. P. '03.

Familiar Phrases

Miss A. Jones: "If we go to Charleston, I suspect it will produce a grand effect."
Miss Thomas: "As far as that's concerned I think so too. We'll have a grand time all the way through."
Miss Meade: "I hardly think 'twould pay to go. It might indeed but I don't know."
Miss Moses: "Why heavens above you 'ought' to know its a new departure and the rates are low."
Miss Checkley: (with just a leaning toward digression) "Did you see Marie's deep expression."
Miss M. Jones: I don't see why we shouldn't go. I think it's grand. Don't you think so?"
Miss Fenner: "Indeed I think the place is choice,
And to it's praise I'll lend my voice."
All: "To stay and argue we'll not remain
But pack at once and catch the train."

JOKES

Mr. Jeudwine (while the school-photograph is being taken)"See how well Bos is behaving."
Mrs. Jeudwine: "Oh, how I wish poor little Micky had been in last year's picture!"
Miss Katie: "Is Minda in a good position?"
Then there is a pause and one near by heard Dr. Bratton's anxious whisper to Mrs. Bratton: "Is Dolly here?"

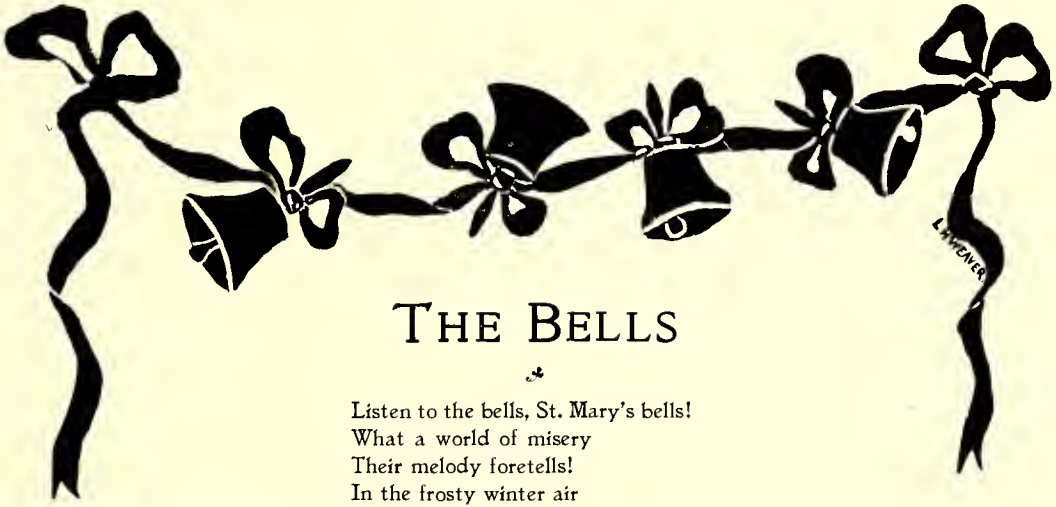
Miss T.: "Annie, give an account of the end of Southey's life."
Annie R.: "Miss T—Thomas, he—he died."

Question: "Name most popular poems of Burns."
Answer: "First, A Turned Over Rat's Nest."

Helen C. (telling the story of the tramp—tramp of the spectral horse catching the ear of Ichabod Crane): "Then a tramp came up behind him and grabbed him by the ear."

Genung sentence to be corrected: "His whole report was saturated with couleur de rose."
Sadie J.: "His whole report was soaked in rose water."

Scene: A dark covered way.
Time: 6:30 P. M.
Enter Mr. J. from one side—Mrs. J. from the other.
Mrs. J.—: "John, there is going to be a debate tonight, and you must surely go."
Mr. J—: "Yes; Leila."
Mrs. J—: "But John, do you know to what Society you belong?"
Mr. J.—: "No dear."
Mrs. J.—: (shaking her finger at him warningly) Remember, John, you are an "A—P—E."
Mr. J.—: "Very well, Leila, very well."
(Exit hastily.)



The Bells

Listen to the bells, St. Mary's bells!
What a world of misery
Their melody foretells!
In the frosty winter air
They ring out our despair.
Every hour, I declare
Sound these bells.

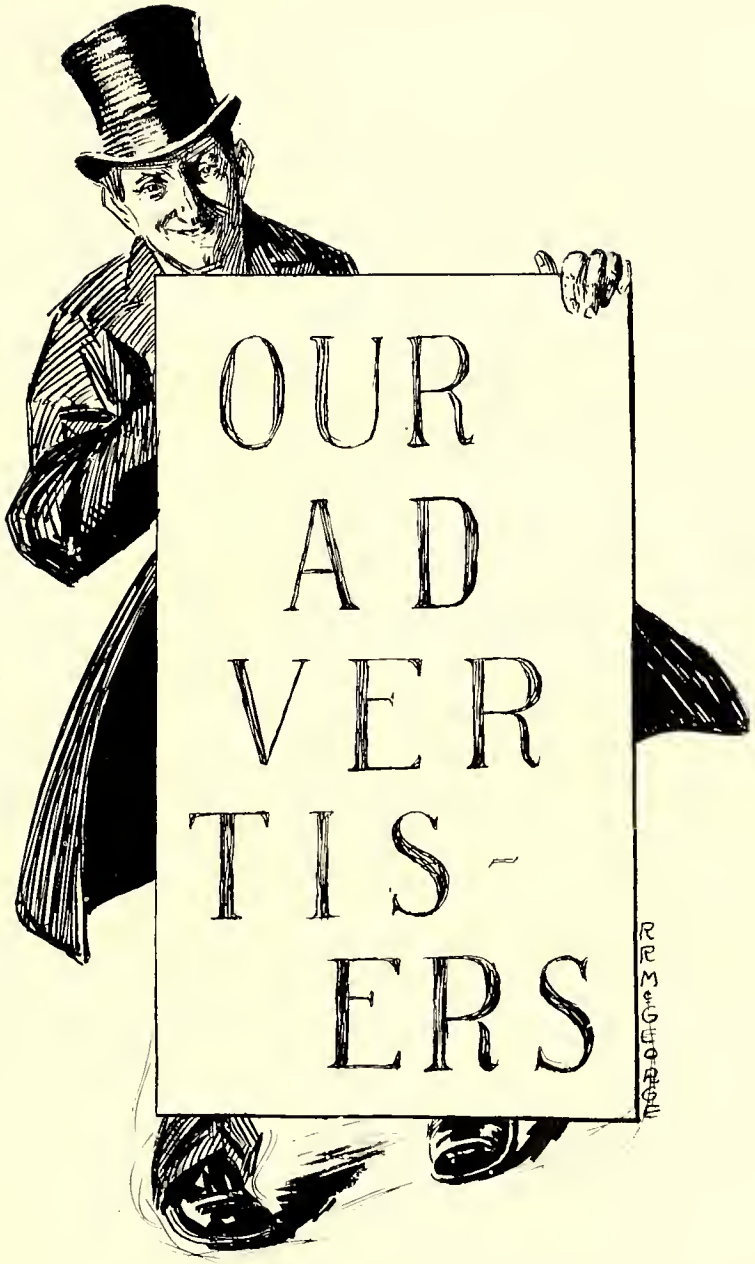
Just listen to those bells, morning bells!
What a depth of agony
In their horrid discords dwells!
For your blissful morning nap
They do not care a snap.
You rise at the first dread tap
Of those bells.

Oh, just listen to those bells, roll-call bells!
Oh, the awful anguish,
Their brazen summons tells!
They call you all the same.
To answer to your name
Or be overcome with shame,
Horrid bells.

Now just harken to those bells, lesson bells!
What miserable torture
Their clanging out impels!
Though you do not know your Dutch,
They will have you in their clutch
And make you suffer much
Cruel bells.

Oh those tiresome bells, "Lights out" bells!
What a scurry and a scrambling
Their sound to us compels
If you're anything but dead.
You must scramble in your bed
And in the darkness crack your head.
Awful bells! —F. T. '03.


FINIS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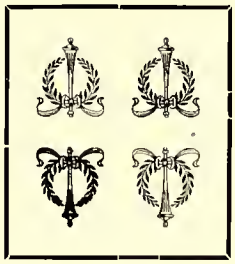

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