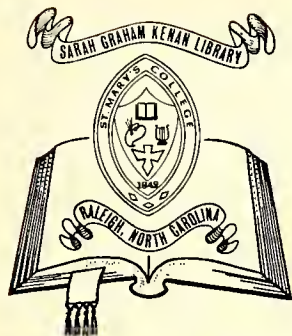


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1904





PRESENTED BY

LILIAN CLARK HOOK KUHLE

and

BEVERLY H. FRIERSON



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PHI DELTA

Founded 1901

Chartered 1904

THE MUSE

OF

SAINT MARY'S SCHOOL

VOLUME VI.

CLASS OF 1904

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE SENIOR CLASS

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

1904







BISHOP THEODORE DU BOSE BRATTON.

RIGHT REVEREND T. D. BRATTON, D.D.

Bishop of Mississippi, was born at Winnsboro, South Carolina, November 11, 1862, and was graduated at the University of the South in the Theological Department in 1887, and received from that institution the degree of B.D. in 1889, and D.D. in 1901. He was ordained Deacon by the late Bishop Howe, of South Carolina, in 1887, and Priest by the same Bishop in the year following. He was engaged in work in South Carolina first as missionary at York, and then as rector of the Church of the Advent, Spartanburg, until 1899, when he became rector at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, North Carolina, which position he held until his advancement to the episcopate. He was elected Bishop of Mississippi on Thursday, April 29, 1903, and was consecrated in St. Andrews' Church, Jackson, on St. Michael and All Angel's day in the same year. The candidate was presented by the Bishops of Georgia, Western Texas, and Alabama to the designated consecrators, the Bishops of Kentucky, Florida and North Carolina, while the Bishop of Tennessee was preacher.

However deep may have been our grief at parting with him, we, at St. Mary's, have taken a loving pride in the elevation of Bishop Bratton to the highest office the Church has to bestow, and we count it among the good things of life that it was given to us to know him as he moved among us as man and rector. His magnetic personality, his unswerving determination not to be ruled by prejudice, his never-failing tact, made him a head to be respected and loved; his kindness, tenderness and wisdom, a friend from whom to seek advice and sympathy; the purity, charity and unselfishness of his character, a priest whose life is an incentive and inspiration to all who know him. To him we dedicate this book in loving gratitude for all he has done for us and for our Alma Mater.

CALENDAR 1903-'04

September 17—Advent Term begins.	March 27—Palm Sunday ; Bishop's visitation.
November 1—All Saints' ; Founders' Day ; a holiday.	April 1—Good Friday ; a holiday.
November 26—Thanksgiving Day ; a holiday.	April 3—Easter Day.
December 22—Christmas holidays begins.	May 12—Ascension Day ; a holiday.
January 5—Classes resumed at 8 : 45 A. M.	May 22—Commencement Sermon.
January 19—Lee's birthday ; half holiday.	May 23—Concert.
January 28—Easter Term begins.	May 24—Class Day.
February 17—Ash Wednesday ; a holiday.	May 24—Meeting of the Alumnae Association.
February 22—Washington's birthday ; half holiday.	May 25—Meeting of the Board of Trustees.
May 26—Graduation Exercises.	



The Greeting.

Amid the blossoms of spring time,

To the friends it may claim

The Muse extends its greeting.

CALENDAR 1903-204

Sept. 1 - First Day of School

Sept. 2 - Second Day of School

Sept. 3 - Third Day of School

Sept. 4 - Fourth Day of School

Sept. 5 - Fifth Day of School

Sept. 6 - Sixth Day of School

Sept. 7 - Seventh Day of School

Sept. 8 - Eighth Day of School

Sept. 9 - Ninth Day of School

Sept. 10 - Tenth Day of School

Sept. 27 - First Day of School - Bishop's Visitation

Sept. 28 - Second Day of School - Holiday

Sept. 29 - Third Day of School

Sept. 30 - Fourth Day of School - a holiday.

Oct. 1 - Fifth Day of School - A. W. C. Sermon.

Oct. 2 - Sixth Day of School

Oct. 3 - Seventh Day of School

Oct. 4 - Eighth Day of School - Meeting of the Alumni Association

Oct. 5 - Ninth Day of School - Meeting of the Board of Trustees.

Oct. 6 - Tenth Day of School



The Greeting.

Amid the blossoms of spring time,

To the friends it may claim,

The Muse extends its Greeting.

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Our Rector,
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MISS ANNE SAUNDERS, *Rector's Assistant.*

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WINNIFRED R. MASSEY, *Assistant Librarian.*

MRS. GEORGE W. SEAY, *Housekeeper.*

St. Mary's Alumnæ

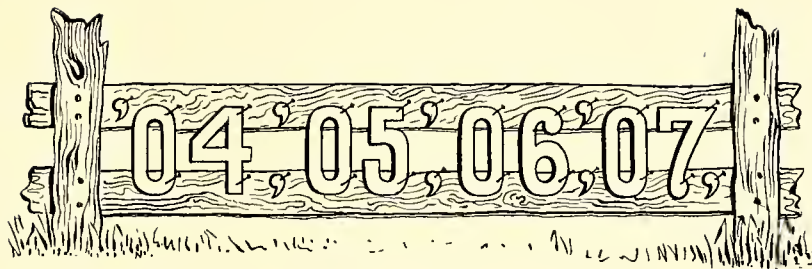
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MRS. BESSE LEAK, *First Vice-President.*

MRS. R. S. TUCKER, *Second Vice-President.*

MISS KATE MCKIMMON, *Secretary and Treasurer.*





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ISABEL ASHBY BRUMBY, *Treasurer.*

MARGARET GRAY STEDMAN, *Vice-President.*

ELIZA RICHARDS BROWN, *Historian.*

MINNIE GREENOUGH BURGWIN, *Secretary.*

ANN KIMBERLY GIFFORD, *Prophet.*

ESTHER BARNWELL MEANS, *Poet.*

MOTTO: *Vita vocat.*

COLORS: Black and gold.

FLOWER: Marechal Neil Rose.

MISS MARGARET MORDELL JONES Oxford, North Carolina

*"Her eyes were deeper than the depths of
waters stilled at even."*

OUR HONORARY MEMBER.





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ISAAC BROWN, *Treasurer*.

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ELIZABETH RICHARDS BROWN, *Historian*.

MELANIE GREENOUGH BURGWIN, *Secretary*.

ANN KEMPERLY GILFORD, *Prophet*.

ESTHER BROWN MEANS, *Editor*.

MOTTO: With vocal.

COLOR: Black and gold.

FLOWER: Marigold and Rose.

MISS MARGARET MORDECAI JONES, . . . Oxford, North Carolina

*"Her eyes were deeper than the depths of
waters stilled at even."*

OUR HONORARY MEMBER.



ROSALIE BERNHARDT, F. B. Σ., . . . Salisbury, North Carolina.

"Her manners are so pleasing and kindly that she makes friends of all who come in contact with her."—Mark Twain.

"Rosalie, the Prairie Flower."

JUNIOR YEAR.

Σ. A. Literary Society.
T. Δ. German Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

Associate Senior.
Corresponding Secretary of Σ. A. '04.
T. Δ. German Club.
Altar Guild.
Tennis Club.
Basket Ball, Beta.
Vice-President of St. Elizabeth's Chapter.



JOSEPHINE BOWEN A. K. A.

Jackson, North Carolina.

"Pretending to be a country girl" - *Pennyroyal*.

"Joseph" — "I seem to be getting old, that's all, and long for rest."

T. A. Germaine, Esq.
Σ. A. Litere, Esq.
Secretary Skating Club.

T. A. Germaine, Esq.
Σ. A. Litere, Esq.
Secretary Skating Club.
Secretary St. Elizabeth's Chapter.
Tennis Club.



ROSALIE BERNHART, F. B. S.

Salisbury, North Carolina.

*"Her personality so pleasing and kindly that
she is loved by all who come in contact
with her. Work Twin."*

"Rosalie, the Flower."

JUNIOR YEAR.

Σ. A. Literary Society.

T. A. German Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

Associate Senior.

Corresponding Secretary of Σ. A. 1911.

T. A. German Club.

Altar Guild.

Tennis Club.

Basket Ball, Beta.

Vice President of St. Elizabeth's Chapter.



JOSEPHINE BOWEN, A. K. Ψ Jackson, North Carolina.

"Pretty enough—very pretty."—Tenryson.

"Joseph"—"I seem to be a little tired, that's all, and long for rest."

JUNIOR YEAR.

T. Δ. German Club.

Σ. Α. Literary Society.

Secretary Sketching Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

T. Δ. German Club.

Σ. Α. Literary Society.

Secretary Sketching Club.

Secretary St. Elizabeth's Chapter.

Tennis Club.



ELIZA RICHARDS BROWN.....Raleigh, North Carolina.

"A progeny of learning."—"The Rivals."

JUNIOR YEAR.

Σ. A. Literary Society.

SENIOR YEAR.

Critic of Σ. A. Society, '03.

Class Historian.

Assistant Editor on Advertisements of Muse.



ISABEL ASHBY BRIDGES, U. B. S., Marietta, Georgia.

*"Head shown in allegory on the banks
of the Nile in 'The Rivals.'"*

"Busy bell, the Bumblebee."

HERICE L. PIERCE

Treasurer of T. A. German Club.
Vice-President St. Elizabeth's Chapter.
Critic of S. A. Literary Society '03.
Tennis Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

President S. A. Literary Society.
Business Manager of Muse.
Vice-President of T. A. German Club.
Treasurer of Class '01.
S. A. Editor-in-Chief of St. Mary's Peals.
Basket Ball, Beta Team.
Tennis Club.
Altar Guild.



ELIZA RICHMOND PIERCE

1811, Raleigh, North Carolina



For every Volume — "The Review"

JUNIOR YEAR

Classical Society,

JUNIOR YEAR

Classical Society '03.

Classical Society,

Advertisement on Advertisements of Mr.

ISABEL ASHBY BRUMBY, Γ. Β. Σ. Marietta, Georgia.

*"Head strong as an allegory on the banks
of the Nile."—"The Rivals."*

"Busy bell, the Bumblebee "

JUNIOR CLASS.

Treasurer of T. Δ. German Club.
Vice-President St. Elizabeth's Chapter.
Critic of Σ. Α. Literary Society '03.
Tennis Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

President Σ. Α. Literary Society.
Business Manager of Muse.
Vice-President of T. Δ. German Club.
Treasurer of Class '04.
Σ. Α. Editor-in-Chief of St. Mary's Peals.
Basket Ball, Beta Team.
Tennis Club.
Altar Guild.



MINNIE GREENOUGH BURGWIN, A. K. Ψ., Jackson, North Carolina.

*"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."—Goldsmith.*

"Min."



JUNIOR YEAR.

Vice-President Σ. A. Literary Society.
L'Etoile German Club,
Dramatic Club,
Tennis Club,
Altar Guild.

SENIOR YEAR.

Treasurer of Σ. A. Literary Society.
President St. Elizabeth's Chapter.
Dramatic Club,
L'Etoile German Club,
Secretary of Class of '04.
Assistant Business Manager of Muse,
Tennis Club,
Basket Ball, Beta,
Altar Guild.

CORNELIA COLLEMAN, A. B. B. Marion, Georgia.

"I am a woman on earth."

"Kate Corny-Squaw."

President of the Class.
Vice-President of the E. A. H.
Secretary of the Gamma Chapter.
L'Etoile of the Gamma Chapter.
Altar Guild.
Tennis Club.
Captain of Basketball.
E. A. H. Manager.

Secretary of E. A. H. Literary Society.
Treasurer of the Gamma Chapter Club.
Basket Ball, Captain of the Beta Team.
Tennis Club.
Altar Guild.
Inter-Society Debater.
E. A. H. Editor of Pearls from St. Mary's.
Literary Editor of the Muse.
President of the Class.



ALFRED GRIFFITH, JR., BIRMINGHAM, A. K. A., JACKSON, NORTH CAROLINA

*"Rare companion, at a merry, frolic and fun,
Who relish a pun, and rejoiced in a pun,"—Goldsmith.*

“Min.”

SENIOR YEAR.

Vice-President Σ. A. Literary Society,
L. E. G. German Club,
Dramatic Club,
Tennis Club,
Aster Guild.

SENIOR YEAR.

Treasurer of Σ A. Literary Society.
President St. Elizabeth's Chapter.
Dramatic Club.
F. Etiele German Club.
Secretary of Class of '04.
Assistant Business Manager of Muse.
Tennis Club.
Basket Ball, Beta.
Aber Guild.

CORNELIA COLEMAN, A. K. Ψ.....Macon, Georgia.

"I am afraid of nothing on earth."

"Kate Corny-Squaw."

JUNIOR YEAR.

President of the Class.
Vice-President of the E. A. II.
Secretary of St. Elizabeth's Chapter.
L'Etoile German Club.
Altar Guild.
Tennis Club.
Captain of Beta Team.
E. A. II. Marshal.

SENIOR YEAR.

Secretary of E. A. II. Literary Society.
Treasurer of L'Etoile German Club.
Basket Ball, Captain of Beta Team.
Tennis Club.
Altar Guild.
Inter-Society Debater.
E. A. II. Editor of Peals from St. Mary's.
Literary Editor of the Muse.
President of the Class.



VIRGINIA ALBRIGHT ELDRIDGE Raleigh, North Carolina.

*"I have scarce ever met with any one who knows more
and says less."*

"Virgie."

JUNIOR YEAR.

Σ. Α. Literary Society.

SENIOR YEAR.

Σ. Α. Literary Society.



MARGARET ELMER GILBERT, I. B. S., New Bern, North Carolina.

"A merry heart is the best of her countenance."

"Sunny."

1900-1901.

President of S. C. Chapter.
E. A. H. Literary Society.
Tau Delta Gamma Club.
Tennis Club.

1901-1902.

Associate Senior.
Historian of E. A. H. Club.
Secretary of T. D. Gamma Club.
Vice-President of S. C. Chapter.
Tennis Club.
Basket Ball Club Team.
Altar Guild.
Inter-Society Debater.



VIRGINIA ABBOTT LEITCH Raleigh, North Carolina.

*I have never met with any one who knows me
so well as you.*

Yours,

FOR YOUR YEAR.

Yours, Literary Society.

FOR YOUR YEAR.

Yours, Literary Society.



MARGARET ELMER GEORGE, Γ. B. Σ New Bern, North Carolina.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

"Sunny."

JUNIOR YEAR.

President of St. Etheldreda's Chapter.
E. A. II. Literary Society.
Tan Delta German Club.
Tennis Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

Associate Senior.
Historian of E. A. II., '04.
Secretary of T. Δ. German Club.
Vice-President of St. Catherine's Chapter.
Tennis Club.
Basket Ball, Alpha Team.
Altar Guild.
Inter-Society Debater.





ANN KIMBERLY GIFFORD, *Phi. Delta*. National Soldiers' Home, Virginia.

"I leave thy praises unexpressed."—Virginia.

JUNIOR YEAR.

Secretary of E. A. H. Literary Society, '02.

Critic of E. A. H. Literary Society, '03.

Secretary and Treasurer of Dramatic Club.

Treasurer of L'Etoile German Club.

Historian of Class '04.

Inter-Society Debater.

Tennis Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

Basket Ball, Alpha.

Altar Guild.

E. A. H. Editor-in-Chief of "St. Mary's Peals."

Secretary of L'Etoile German Club.

Treasurer of Basket Ball Association.

Tennis Club.

Dramatic Club.

Prophet of Class.

President of E. A. H. Literary Society.

Editor-in-Chief of Muse.

DAISY WATSON GREEN.

Raleigh, North Carolina.

*"Fair tresses man's virtuous passions ensnare,
And beauty smites in a single hair."—Pope.*

FOR YEAR.

E. A. H. Literary Society.

SENIOR YEAR.

E. A. H. Literary Society.



Charm, expressed."—Virginia.

YOUNG YEAR,

S. A. H. Literary Society, '02.
C. H. Literary Society, '03.
Sec. of Dramatic Club,
Treasurer of Etiole German Club,
Hist. Class '04.
Info. Officer,
Treasurer.

YOUNG YEAR,

Basket Ball Assoc.,
V. G. Club,
V. H. Editor-in-Chief of "St. Mary's"
Treasurer of Etiole German Club, &
President of Basket Ball Association
V. G. Club,
Treasurer,
President of "St. Mary's"
President of E. A. H. Literary Society
Editor-in-Chief of Muse.

DAISY WATSON GREEN.....Raleigh, North Carolina.

*"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws in with a single hair."—Pope.*

"Pig."

JUNIOR YEAR.

E. A. II. Literary Society.

SENIOR YEAR.

E. A. II. Literary Society.





MARGARET HERBERT Buck Roe Beach, Virginia.

"A girl of few words, who spends half her time minding her own business and the other half in letting other people's alone."

"Peggy."

SENIOR YEAR.

E. A. H. Literary Society.
L'Etoile German Club.
Secretary and Treasurer of St. Margaret's Chapter.
Captain Senior Tennis Club.
Basket Ball, Alpha.

MARJORIE HUGHSON, P. Δ Orange, New Jersey.

*"There's a bird of prey. There's a man of pluck!
A man who's not to be scared by his say,
Though a white bird should start him."*

"Midge,"

MEMBER AT LARGE.

Σ. Δ. Literary Society.
Altar Guild.
Tennis Club.
Treasurer of St. Monica's Chapter.

SENIOR DEBATER.

Σ. Δ. Literary Society.
Altar Guild.
Tennis Club.
Vice-President of St. Monica's Chapter.
Assistant Literary Editor of Muse.
Inter-Society Debater.





MARGARET HERLIHY Buck Run, Belle Virginia

"A girl is two souls, who spends half her time reading & the other half in the other half's alone."

Pegg.

SENIOR YEAR.

E. A. H. Library Society,
 L'Etoile German Club,
 Secretary and Treasurer of St. Margaret's Chapter,
 Captain Senior Tennis Club,
 Basket Ball Club.

MARJORIE HUGHSON, P. Δ. Orange, New Jersey.

*"There's a brave fellow! There's a man of pluck!
A man who's not afraid to say his say,
Though a whole town's against him."*

"Midge."

JUNIOR YEAR.

Σ. Δ. Literary Society.
Altar Guild.
Tennis Club.
Treasurer of St. Monica's Chapter.

SENIOR YEAR.

Σ. Δ. Literary Society.
Altar Guild.
Tennis Club.
Vice-President of St. Monica's Chapter.
Assistant Literary Editor of Muse.
Inter-Society Debater.



SUSIE FRANKS IDEN.....Raleigh, North Carolina.

"Silence is wisdom. I am silent then."

"If silence were golden, thou shouldst be a millionaire."



ELIZABETH WILLIAMS M. S. L. A. Raleigh, North Carolina

"Nods and smiles and beaming smiles."

"Bessie."

SENIOR YEAR.

Σ A. Literary Society.

SENIOR YEAR.

Σ A. Literary Society.



850 Fifth St. Raleigh, North Carol



the second time

the second time

ELIZABETH WILLING MASSEY Raleigh, North Carolina.

"Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

" Bessie."

JUNIOR YEAR.

Σ. Α. Literary Society.

SENIOR YEAR.

Σ. Α. Literary Society.



ESTHER BARNWELL MEANS, A. K. Ψ ., Charleston, South Carolina.



*"Remain in you isolation.
So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done."*

JUNIOR YEAR.

L'Etoile German Club.
Secretary St. Catherine's Chapter.
Altar Guild.
Tennis Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

Treasurer St. Catherine's Chapter.
Altar Guild.
Secretary Tennis Club.
Poet of Class '04.

MARY LEE MONTAGUE

Raleigh, North Carolina

"Some of the most beautiful poems."

May."

President, English
Σ. A. Literary Society

Secretary
Associate Secretary
Σ. A. Literary Society



ESTHER BARNARD MEANS, A. K. Ψ., Charleston, South Carolina.



"Remains in isolation."

*"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little time."*

SENIOR YEAR.

Member, Glee Club.
Secretary, St. Catherine's Chapter
Y. W. Guild.
Glee Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

Member, St. Catherine's Chapter.
Y. W. Guild.
Secretary, Tennis Club.
Debate Class '04.

MARY LEE MONTAGUE.....Raleigh, North Carolina.

"Song is the tone of feeling."

"May."

JUNIOR YEAR.

Σ. Α. Literary Society.

SENIOR YEAR.

Associate Senior.

Σ. Α. Literary Society.





CARRIE HELEN MOORE, A. K. Ψ Littleton, North Carolina.

"It's guid to be honest and true."—Robert Burns.

"Ca Helen."

JUNIOR YEAR.

Corresponding Secretary E. A. II. Literary Society.
L'Etoile German Club.
Altar GUILD.
Tennis Club.
Treasurer St. Ethelreda's Chapter.

SENIOR YEAR.

Corresponding Secretary E. A. II. Literary Society.
L'Etoile German Club.
President Altar Guild.
Basket Ball, Beta.
Tennis Club.

LUCY TAYLOR REDWOOD, A. K. Ψ. Asheville, North Carolina.

*" 'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love."—Shakespeare.*

"Lou."

UNIOR YEAR.

Corresponding Secretary of Σ A Literary Society, '02.
Vice-President of Class '04.
Treasurer of Altar Guild.
Treasurer of St. Catherine's Chapter.
Secretary of L'Etoile German Club.
Captain of Alpha Team.
Tennis Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

President of Tennis Club.
Secretary Σ. A. Literary Society.
Secretary of Basket Ball Association, Beta.
Vice President of L'Etoile German Club.
Secretary of St. Catherine's Chapter.
Σ A. Editor of St. Mary's Pearly.
Editor on Advertisements of Music.





CARRIE HARRIS — Member A. K. M. L. — Littleton, South Carolina.

"To be true to the 'truest and truest'—Rosa L. Burns

Ch. Helms.

JUNIOR YEAR

Corresponding Secretary E. A. H. Literary Society

L. T. G. G. G. Club.

Altar Guild.

Ten.

Treasurer — Ethelreda's Chapter.

SENIOR YEAR.

Corresponding Secretary E. A. H. Literary Society.

L. T. G. G. G. Club.

President Altar Guild.

Basket Ball, Beta.

Tennis Club.

LUCY TAYLOR REDWOOD, A. K. Ψ. Asheville, North Carolina.

*"'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love."*—Shakespeare.

"Lou."

JUNIOR YEAR.

Corresponding Secretary of Σ. A. Literary Society, '02.
Vice-President of Class '04.
Treasurer of Altar Guild.
Treasurer of St. Catherine's Chapter.
Secretary of L'Etoile German Club.
Captain of Alpha Team.
Tennis Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

President of Tennis Club.
Secretary Σ. A. Literary Society.
Secretary of Basket Ball Association, Beta.
Vice President of L'Etoile German Club.
Secretary of St. Catherine's Chapter.
Σ. A. Editor of St. Mary's Peals.
Editor on Advertisements of Muse.



ELIZABETH PIEDMONT SKINNER.....Raleigh, North Carolina.

*"Wearing all that weight
Of learning like a flower."*

5

"Lillian."

JUNIOR YEAR.

Σ. A. Literary Society.
Class Poet.

SENIOR YEAR.

Σ. A. Literary Society.



MARGARET GRAY STEEDMAN, A. R. W. Winston, North Carolina.

*"Music, when it soars, ascends,
Vibrates in the soul."—Shelley.*

Mag.

President of L'Etoile Glee Club.
Secretary of the Class.
Σ. A. Literary Society.
Altar Guild.
Captain Ball, Beta Team.
Tennis Club.

SENIOR CLASS.

President of L'Etoile Glee Club.
Corresponding Secretary of Σ. A. Literary Society, '03.
Critic of Σ. A. Literary Society '04.
Altar Guild.
Vice-President of Tennis Club.
Vice-President of Class.
President of Basket Ball Association.
Beta Team.



ELIZABETH PARDON SKINNER. Raleigh, North Carolina.

*"Wearing all that weight
Of carrying like a flower."*

LIBRARY

SENIOR YEAR.

Σ A Literary Society
Σ A Poet.

SENIOR YEAR.

Σ A Literary Society.



MARGARET GRAY STEDMAN, A. K. Ψ. . . Winston, North Carolina.

*"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory."—Shelley.*

"Mag."

JUNIOR YEAR.

President of L'Etoile German Club.
Secretary of the Class.
Σ. A. Literary Society.
Altar Guild.
Captain Ball, Beta Team.
Tennis Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

President of L'Etoile German Club.
Corresponding Secretary of Σ. A. Literary Society, '03.
Critic of Σ. A. Literary Society, '04.
Altar Guild.
Vice-President of Tennis Club.
Vice-President of Class.
President of Basket Ball Association.
Beta Team.





MARY SUMTER THOMAS, *Phi. Delta*. Columbia, South Carolina.

*"There's many a black, black eye they say,
But none so bright as mine."*

"Sump."

JUNIOR YEAR.

L'Etoile German Club.
Treasurer of E. A. H. Literary Society.
Tennis Club.
Dramatic Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

Associate Senior.
Leader L'Etoile German Club.
Treasurer of E. A. H. Literary Society.
Vice-President of St. Etheldreda's Chapter.
Vice-President Dramatic Club.
Secretary Alpha Basket Ball Team.
Altar Guild.

Senior History

Misses Berthoud	Burgwyn,	Gifford,	Massey	Redwood
Bowen	Coleman,	Green,	Means,	Skinner,
Brown	Edridge,	Herbert,	Montague,	Stedman,
Brunt	George,	Hughson,	Moore,	Thomas,
		Iden,		

The class roll of nineteen hundred and four has been called for the last time and the Seniors have left the class room forever. The excitement of routine of school life is over and we stand at the cross-roads looking back over the past years with loving remembrance and gazing towards the future with varied hopes and fears. Four years ago from this place we came hither. Homesick, yet determined, we knocked at the door of St. Mary's and begged leave to enter a school which had sheltered our mothers and friends before us. Having been classified we at once entered upon our duties of school life. That first year was a terrible one. How we told our woes and troubles to every sympathetic listener, and they were no joke either. Not Catiline himself trembled more at the thunders of Cicero than we poor Freshmen. Then we grumbled so over "Genung" exercises that it has been only recently that one of these rather innocent books has been at all dissipated. But with all these drawbacks we pushed forward and, except being exempt from our examinations, we were ready to begin work in the fall of nineteen and one, as full-blown scholars. We racked our brains for ideas to put into those daily themes. But, on the other hand, how smooth and easy were the intricate passages of Virgil and how easily we solved all our originals until each of us felt as wise as Socrates could possibly feel.

By the time we were Juniors we had gained the reputation of "being conceited and of even thinking our class the voice and master-spirit of its age." This may have been true to a certain extent for we felt we had just cause for pride. It was a year, however, of mingled joy and sorrow, while our brains were less heavily taxed, our hearts were deeply stirred, for we learned, with the most sincere regret that we must give up our beloved rector. He had been called to a larger field of work and felt it his duty to respond.



MARY SUMNER THOMAS *Phi Delta* Columbia, South Carolina.

*"There's many a black, black rose they say,
But none so bright as mine."*

210

SENIOR YEAR.

Chief, German Club.
Treasurer of E. A. H. Literary Society.
Form. Club.
Dramatic Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

Associate Senior.
Leader E. Etoile German Club.
Treasurer of E. A. H. Literary Society.
Vice President of St. Etheldreda's Chapter.
Vice President Dramatic Club.
Secretary Alpha Basket Ball Team.
Altar Guild.

Senior History

Misses Bernhardt,	Burgwyn,	Gifford,	Massey,	Redwood,
Bowen,	Coleman,	Green,	Means,	Skinner,
Brown,	Eldridge,	Herbert,	Montague,	Stedman,
Brumby,	George,	Hughson,	Moore,	Thomas.
	Iden,			

The class roll of nineteen hundred and four has been called for the last time and the Seniors have left the class room forever. The quiet peaceful routine of school life is over and we stand at the cross-roads looking back over the past years with hearts full of loving remembrance and gazing towards the future with varied hopes and fears. Four years ago from many places we came hither. Homesick, yet determined, we knocked at the door of St. Mary's and begged leave to enter the school which had sheltered our mothers and friends before us. Having been classified we at once entered upon the many duties of school life. That first year was a terrible one. How we told our woes and troubles to every sympathetic listener, and they were no joke either. Not Catiline himself trembled more at the thunders of Cicero than did we poor Freshmen. Then we grumbled so over "Genung" exercises that it has been only recently that fear of that rather innocent book has been at all dissipated. But with all these drawbacks we pushed forward and most of us being exempt from our examinations, we were ready to begin work in the fall of nineteen and one, as full-fledged. How we racked our brains for ideas to put into those daily themes. But, on the other hand, how smoothly we sailed over the intricate passages of Virgil and how easily we solved all our originals until each of us felt as wise as Sophomores could possibly feel.

By the time we were Juniors we had gained the reputation of being conceited and of even thinking our class "the choicest and master-spirit of its age." This may have been true to a certain extent for we felt we had just cause to be so. It was a year, however, of mingled joy and sorrow, while our brains were less heavily taxed, our hearts were deeply afflicted, for we learned, with the most sincere regret that we must give up our beloved rector. He had been called to another field of work and felt it his duty to respond.

Then we came back for our Senior year; of course we ever missed Dr. Bratton, but we daily grew fonder of his successor, as he, with his quiet dignity, worked with us, showing the great interest and love he entertained for St. Mary's and all connected with it.

Those were busy days, it is true, but there was always a time for hearty fun and amusement. It is a boast of ours that none of our predecessors were privileged to enjoy so many "At Homes," Dinings, "Library Parties," and even "Evening Parties." Some few of us had entered as young, simple "Preps" who were considered fit subjects for practical, humiliating jokes, and during the years our class was added to and taken from until only fifteen regulars remained, one of these having joined us in our Senior year.

And now our happy school days are over, although we looked forward with joyful anticipation to the time of our graduation. After all we are not so glad to leave dear St. Mary's which seems like a second home to us.

In conclusion let us hope that the bonds of friendship formed during the time of our probation may be strong and enduring, for while we were together we endeavored with earnest prayer and patient toil to gain that knowledge which alone can make us ready to meet the obligations embodied in our motto—" *Vita Vocat.*"



Class Prophecy

The rain and the sleet were beating against the window panes, the wind was moaning around the corners of the house and shrieking down the chimney, and it was Hallowe'en—the very night for witches, ghosts, and all the other inhabitants of graveyards to be abroad. I sat shivering over the large fire, my open book neglected on my lap, and my thoughts busy with my school days at St. Mary's.

"I wonder what has become of the girls of '04?" I mused. "If I could only see them all to-night!"

"You may if you like," said a voice at my elbow; "that is, to a certain extent." I turned with a start and saw standing beside me a tall, white figure—a real ghost.

"Will you come with me?" it asked.

My curiosity was stronger than my fear, so after a little hesitation I said yes. Putting on my wraps, as the Figure bade me, I followed it out into the stormy night. We walked for hours; neither of us spoke; and several times I was on the point of turning back. But at last, about day-break, we came to a high walled enclosure. My guide unlocked the huge iron doors and to my horror silently ushered me into a graveyard. In the cold gray light of the dawn the tombstones had a most ghastly effect.

"Ah-h! so some of us are dead!" I murmured.

"Here," said the Figure, pointing to a grave near her.

I bent so as to see the inscription, and read—

C. COLEMAN,
DROWNED.

"Drowned! oh, horrible!" I cried.

"Yes," said my guide. "Her's was a sad death. She went abroad and had earls, dukes and princes at her feet, but one unlucky day she went fishing on one of the lakes and was drowned—without catching any fish, too, except one—a cat-fish."

I saw that my guide was weeping, so I hurried on.

"What's this?" I exclaimed, stopping at another grave. "Eliza Brown!"

"Yes," was the sorrowful answer. "You see that it was too great a strain for her to remember all she knew, or to know all she could remember—either way you want to put it—so she gave it up, poor girl!" With sighs and tears we passed on.

"Elizabeth Massey," I read next. "Tell me what happened to her."

"She died of an acute attack of hysteria," answered the Figure. "She got to laughing and couldn't stop."

"This is too sad!" I moaned. "Are there any more?"

"A few. Come," said the Figure.

"Lucy," I read. "Ah— not Lucy Redwood?"

"Even so," said my guide, "and a tragic end, too. She died in the interest of science—she was blown up doing a chemistry experiment."

"She was always fond of chemistry," I observed with feeling.

We passed on.

The next tombstone I saw had on it—

DAISY GREENE,

APPENDICITIS.

While I paused to shed a tear, my guide explained.

"Her malady had a Latin name. It was a great satisfaction to her."

"Minnie Burgwyn," I read. "Is she gone, too? Always so bright and jolly—ah, me!"

"After she left school," said the Figure, "she was a busy woman. Every club and organization in the United States wanted her for Treasurer. Soon her fame spread to Europe. She died of overwork."

With tears running down my cheeks, I pushed forward.

"We are coming to the two geniuses of your class," explained my guide, gently laying two laurel wreaths on the graves at our feet.

I looked and read—

ESTHER MEANS, THE POET.

M. HUGHSON.

"Yes," I sighed, "they were exceedingly clever, even at school."

"Lily Skinner," I read. "What killed her?"

"Too much society," said my guide. "She made her debut in Raleigh, and the social whirl she was plunged into brought on nervous prostration. Oh! these society belles!"

The next tombstone was queer—very white, with odd-looking black letters on it:

V. ELDRIDGE.

II. Δ. Φ. Σ.

"What is this?" I asked. "Virgie Eldridge—but what's the rest of it?"

"It is in black and white before you," said the Figure. "I can't say any more." I did my best to guess, but in vain.

"Come," said the Figure, "it's getting late."

"Margaret Herbert!—so young and so bright," I sighed. "Is her death a mystery, too?"

"She died very quietly," answered my guide. "She never mentioned it to a soul."

"What's this?" I asked. "Mrs. ———, who?"

"She was Margaret Stedman. Soon after she left St. Mary's she married a very nice young Doctor, and had the happiest kind of married life."

"I always thought she'd be a great singer," I reflected.

"Isabel Brumby! What?" I began.

"She died of exhaustion over the 'Muse.' It was the saddest case," explained the Figure, as we approached the last grave, on which I read—

CARRIE HELEN

IS NO MOORE.

"A pun," I murmured, "is the lowest—" but tears checked my further utterance. "And so," I mused, "they are all dead; oh! the pity of it."

"Yes," said the Figure softly; "but after all, you know, the Class of '04 was too good for this earth!"

Class Poem

Life calls! and the voice of its calling
Is ringing o'er land and o'er sea—
With its echoes of striving and toiling
It is speaking to you and to me.

While the unshadowed sky of youth's morning
Spreads over us, bright with youth's sun,
We are stirred by a soul vision dawning
Of a race and a goal to be won.

At noon, when Life's billows are surging
With the rush and the roar of the strife,
In one voice the earth sounds will be merging,
The voice of the calling of Life!

And at last when Life's shadows are falling,
And we rest—and the battle is o'er,
Triumphant still comes Life's clear calling,
For the Life that *is* Life lies before.

Toasts

To the class we love! to the end of our striving,
Through the years we have worked for her more and more,
Let us now at the goal of hopes arriving
Cry, "Here's to the Class of Naughty-four!"

In the year to come will no one regret us?
Will no trace of our memory yet survive?
To the reason that every one must forget us—
"A health to the Class of Naughty-five!"

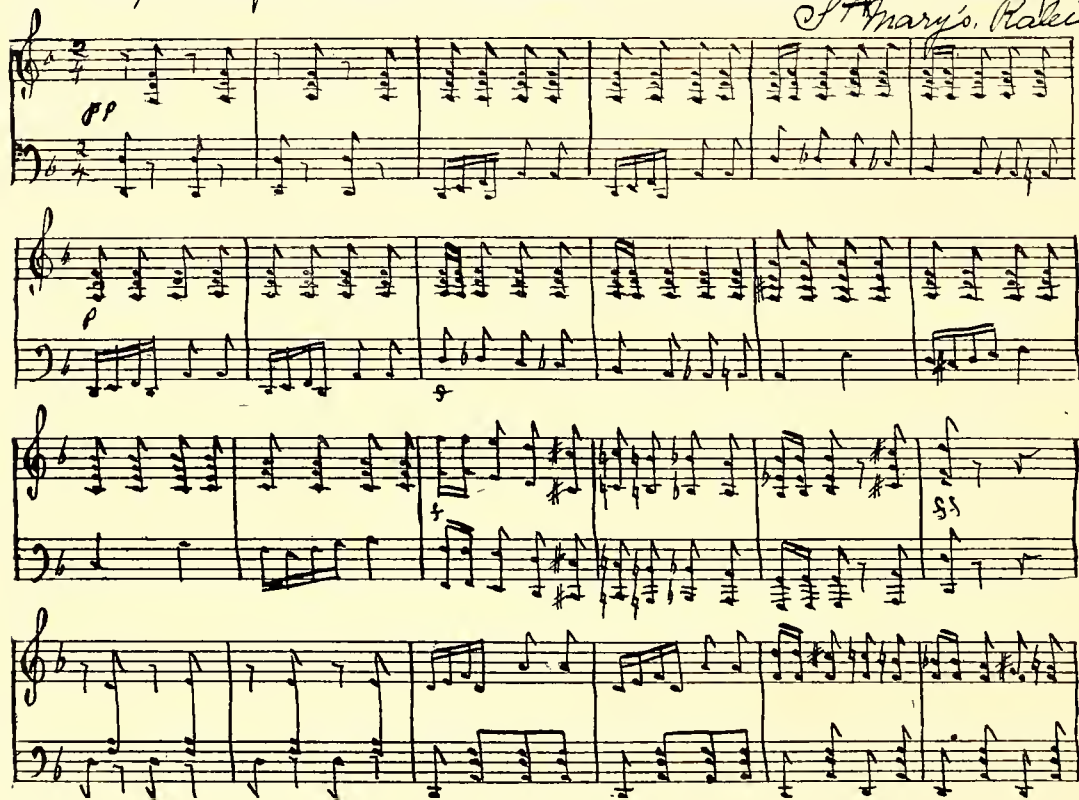
As lower, lower the lights are burning,
As swifter, swifter the moments pass,
Let us give a toast when our hearts are yearning,
Let us drink to St. Mary's and break the glass!

Class March

With head brim full of classic lore,
With facts and fancies running o'er,

What living creature could know more
Than the sweet 'Girl Grad' of naughty four,
—Hodgson.

March of the Graduates
Composed for and dedicated to the members of the class of 1904
H. E. Hodgson
St. Mary's, Raleigh N.C.



Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of four systems of staves. The notation is in treble and bass clefs, with various musical symbols including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

The first system shows a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. A dynamic marking *f* is present in the bass staff.

The second system continues the melody in the treble staff, with a dynamic marking *f* in the bass staff.

The third system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. A dynamic marking *P legg* is present in the bass staff.

The fourth system continues the melody in the treble staff, with a dynamic marking *P* in the bass staff.

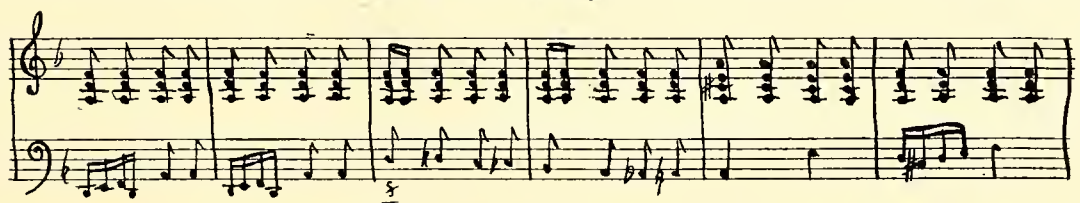
Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of four systems of staves. The notation is in treble and bass clefs, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

System 1: Treble clef staff begins with a treble rest. Bass clef staff starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system concludes with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

System 2: Treble clef staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

System 3: Treble clef staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

System 4: Treble clef staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.





JUNIOR CLASS.

Junior Class

MOTTO: *Fac et spera.*

FLOWER: Red Rose.

COLORS: Maroon and grey.

MARGARET ROSALIE DUBOSE, *President.*

SADIE MARCELLINE JENKINS, *Vice-President.*

RENA HOYT CLARK, *Secretary.*

JEAN MOORE CARSON, *Treasurer.*

ANNA BARROW CLARK, *Historian.*

Obba Brown.
Jean Carson.
Anna Clark.
Rena Clark.
Mary Dixon.
Margaret DuBose.

Ida Evans.
Effie Fairley.
Ellen Gibson.
Florence Grant.
Elsie Gudger.

Dorothy Hughson.
Sadie Jenkins.
Bessie Poe Law.
Mossie Long.
Mamie Rossell.

Isabel Ruff.
Marguerite Springs.
Rosa Thomas.
Linda Tillinghast.
Evelyn Weeks.



JUNIOR CLUB

Junior Class

MOTTO: Fac et spera.

FLOWER: Red Rose.

COLORS: Maroon and grey.

MARGARET ROSALIE DuBOSE, *President*.

SADIE MARCELLINE JENKINS, *Vice-President*.

RENA HOYT CLARK, *Secretary*.

JEAN MOORE CARSON, *Treasurer*.

ANNA BARROW CLARK, *Historian*.

Ohla Brown.
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Rena Clark.
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Margaret DuBose.

Ida Evans.
Effie Fairley.
Ellen Gibson.
Florence Grant.
Elsie Gudger.

Dorothy Hughson.
Sadie Jenkins.
Bessie Poe Law.
Mossie Long.
Mamie Rossell.

Isabel Ruff.
Marguerite Springs.
Rosa Thomas.
Linda Tillinghast.
Evelyn Weeks.



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Sophomore Class.

FLOWER: Pansy.

MOTTO: *Milites dormiunt, sed litant.*

COLORS: Dark blue and old gold.

OFFICERS

ANNIE GRAY NASH, *President.*

JENNIE A. MURCHISON, *Vice-President.*

NANNIE E. SMITH, *Secretary.*

AMY FITZ SIMONS, *Treasurer.*

ROLL

Josephine Boylan.
Susan Bynum.
Helen Crenshaw.
Myrtle Disoway.
Amy Fitz-Simons.
Catherine Foster.
Nellie Frost.
Elizabeth Gaither.
Emily Higgs.

Georgette Holmes.
M. Stuart Jones.
Annie Lamb.
Mary Lassiter.
Nell Lewis.
Lily Lynch.
Harriet Meares.
Olive Morrill.
Jennie A. Murchison.

Annie Gray Nash.
Christine Richards.
Mary Leigh Robinson.
Florence Ruff.
Henrietta Ruff.
Janet Slade.
Kate Slade.
Annie Sloan.
Margaret Smith.

Nannie E. Smith.
Alice W. Spruill.
Lucy Sweet.
Dorothy Slocum.
Elizabeth Temple.
Isabel Turpin.
Augusta Watts.
Kate Winslow.
Frances Woolf.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class.

FLOWER : Pansy.

MOTTO : Milites bonam militam.

COLORS : Dark blue and old gold.

OFFICERS

ANNIE GRAY NASH, *President*.

JENNIE A. MURCHISON, *Vice-President*.

NANNIE E. SMITH, *Secretary*.

AMY FITZ SIMONS, *Treasurer*.

ROLL

Josephine Boylan.
Susan Bynum.
Helen Crenshaw.
Myrtle Disoway.
Amy Fitz-Simons.
Catherine Foster.
Nellie Frost.
Elizabeth Gaither.
Emily Higgs.

Georgette Holmes.
M. Stuart Jones.
Annie Lamb.
Mary Lassiter.
Nell Lewis.
Lily Lynah.
Harriet Meares.
Olive Morrill.
Jennie A. Murchison.

Annie Gray Nash.
Christine Richards.
Mary Leigh Robinson.
Florence Ruff.
Henrietta Ruff.
Janet Slade.
Kate Slade.
Annie Sloan.
Margaret Smith.

Nannie E. Smith.
Alice W. Spruill.
Luey Sweet.
Dorothy Sloan.
Elizabeth Temple.
Isabel Turpin.
Augusta Watts.
Kate Winslow.
Frances Woolf.



FRESHMAN CLASS.



A. Cherry

Freshman Roll

Flower: *Daisy.*

Colors: Yellow and White.

SENNA CRITZ, *President.*

MARGARET CONNOR, *Vice-President.*

GRACE WHITAKER, *Secretary.*

EMILY HODGES, *Treasurer.*

Bailey, Serena.
Barnes, Gretchen.
Bowen, Bland.
Carrison, Emily.

Davis, Ella.
Glazebrook, Virgilia.
Jones, Sarah.
Horner, Kate.

Haywood, Lucy.
Hill, Frances.
Norfleet, Annie.
Savage, Lilly.

Slocumb, Mary Hinsdale.
Sullivan, Gertrude.
Short, Marguerite.
Villepigue, Mary.



FRESHMAN CLASS



A. Cherry

Freshman Roll

FLOWER: *Daisy.*

COLORS: Yellow and White.

SENAH CRITZ, *President.*

MARGARET CONNOR, *Vice-President.*

GRACE WHITAKER, *Secretary.*

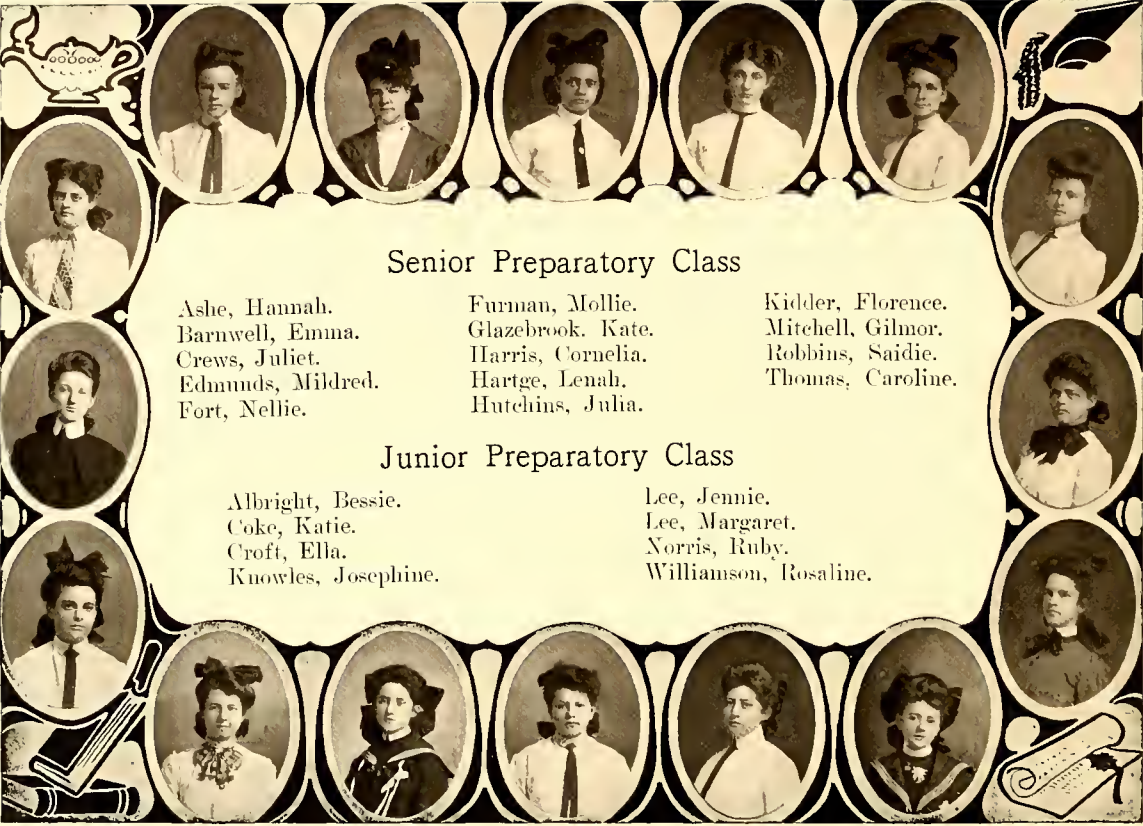
EMILY HODGES, *Treasurer.*

Bailey, Serena.
Barnes, Gretchen.
Bowen, Bland.
Carrison, Emily.

Davis, Ella.
Glazebrook, Virgilia.
Jones, Sarah.
Horner, Kate.

Haywood, Lucy.
Hill, Frances.
Northfleet, Annie.
Savage, Lilly.

Slocumb, Mary Hinsdale.
Sullivan, Gertrude.
Short, Marguerite.
Villepigue, Mary.



Senior Preparatory Class

Ashe, Hannah.
Barnwell, Emma.
Crews, Juliet.
Edmunds, Mildred.
Fort, Nellie.

Furman, Mollie.
Glazebrook, Kate.
Harris, Cornelia.
Hartge, Lenah.
Hutchins, Julia.

Kidder, Florence.
Mitchell, Gilmor.
Robbins, Saidie.
Thomas, Caroline.

Junior Preparatory Class

Albright, Bessie.
Coke, Katie.
Croft, Ella.
Knowles, Josephine.

Lee, Jennie.
Lee, Margaret.
Norris, Ruby.
Williamson, Rosaline.

Business Department

Mary Andrews.

Nelle Bernard.

Ella Davis.

Myrtle Disoway.

Ellen Dortch.

Annie Duelli.

Mildred Edmunds.

Louise Evans.

Sophie Grimes.

Lillian Haigh.

Mattie Jones.

Daisy King.

Lillie Long.

Lucy Miller.

Hallie Robertson.

Katie Smith.

Mary Sturgeon.

Lucy Taylor.

Mary Thompson.

Placide Underwood.

Leize Weaver.



Senior Preparatory Class

Ashe, Hannah.
Barnwell, Emma.
Crews, Juliet.
Edmunds, Mildred.
Fort, Nellie.

Freeman, Mollie.
Glazebrook, Kate.
Harris, Cornelia.
Hartge, Lenah.
Hutchins, Julia.

Kidler, Florence.
Mitchell, Gilmor.
Robbins, Saidie.
Thomas, Caroline.

Junior Preparatory Class

Albright, Bessie.
Coke, Katie.
Croft, Ella.
Knowles, Josephine.

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Business Department

Marv Andrews.

Nelle Bernard.

Ella Davis.

Myrtle Disosway.

Ellen Dortch.

Annie Duohi.

Mildred Edmunds.

Louise Evans.

Sophie Grimes.

Lillian Haigh.

Mattie Jones.

Daisy King.

Lillie Long.

Lucy Miller.

Hallie Robertson.

Katie Smith.

Mary Sturgeon.

Lucy Tayloe.

Mary Thompson.

Placide Underwood.

Leize Weaver.

PEALS FROM ST. MARY'S.

RALEIGH, N. C. THANKSGIVING NUMBER. NOVEMBER 22.

THE GREAT STATE FAIR.

THE FAIR OF 1903.

Of course, as is always the case, it was predicted that the Fair of 1903 would be a great success, and truly it was if we judge from the number of people that attended it. The managers promised to do their part if the weather-man would do his, so with these two forces working harmoniously together, what could have been expected but a week of pure fun?

At the time appointed, interesting-looking fakirs with their more interesting paraphernalia began to arrive, while car-loads of goods for the different exhibits were being shipped daily. By Tuesday all was in readiness and the grounds which for a year had appeared lonesome and desolate became the scene of great activity.

An entrance into Floral Hall was effected with difficulty because of the crowd, but the sights within fully recompensed for the shoving and crowding and pushing. The exhibits were artistically decorated and displayed, every variety from the pumpkins and the patch-work

quilts to the automobiles and the latest farming implements. What crowds lingered around the lunch-counters, what appetites the hungry pleasure-seekers had!

And then the Midway! Surely this was the crowning glory of it all. Here were all kinds of shows and people. The Crystal Maze, the House Upside-Down, the Animal Shows, Lunette the Flying Lady, the Ferris Wheels, the Merry-go-rounds—all were in evidence and raked in the dimes to the tune of "watha." There were the "rappers, who implore"

"aut," the man v'
"double-rubb'
firming that
maids and
who was
essary e
whistle
Oh'
ot
a"

TOPICS OF INTEREST.

On Monday evening, October the nineteenth, Shakespeare's great play "Twelfth Night," was presented at the Academy of Music, by Miss Marie right, very ably assisted by her A large number of St. Mary's tended.

"When Johnny Comes"
one of the greatest
season, appeared
day, November
Mary's
"Tri-
b"

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF:

S. A.

E. A. II.

ISABEL ASHBY BRUMBY.

ANN KIMBERLY GIFFORD.

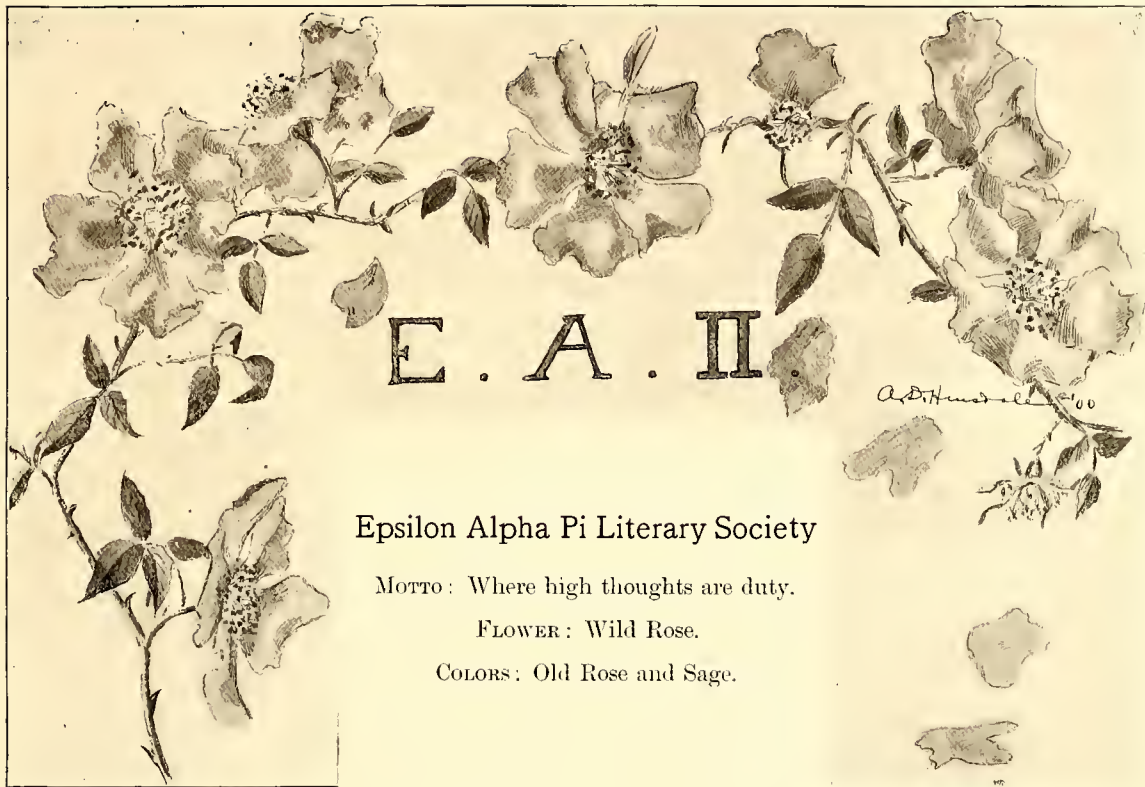
EDITORS:

LUCY TAYLOR REDWOOD.

CORNELIA COLEMAN.

MARGARET ROSALIE DuBOSE.

RENA HOYT CLARK.





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Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society

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 EVELYN WEEKS,
 RENA CLARK,
 MINNA HAMPTON,
 CLIFFORD HEYWARD,

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Corresponding Secretary
Treasurer
Critic
Historian
Teller
Teller

Easter Term.
 ANN KIMBERLY GIFFORD.
 RENA CLARK,
 CORNELIA COLEMAN,
 CARRIE HELEN MOORE,
 MARY SUMTER THOMAS,
 EVELYN WEEKS,
 MARGARET ELMER GEORGE,
 MINNA HAMPTON,
 CLIFFORD HEYWARD.

ROLL

Gretchen Barnes,
 Heloise Beebe,
 Rena Clark,
 Cornelia Coleman,
 Ellen Dortch,
 Elmer George,
 Ann Gifford,
 Daisy Green,

Minna Hampton,
 Margaret Herbert,
 Clifford Heyward,
 Clifford Heyward,
 Clifford Heywood,
 Elmer Johnson,
 Elmer Poe Law,
 Minnie Long,
 Lillian Lynah

Althea McGeehee,
 Carrie Moore,
 Annie G. Nash,
 Christine Richards,
 Isabel Ruff,
 Kate Slade,
 Janet Slade,
 Annie Slade,
 Mary Shedd

Mary Sturgeon,
 Gertrude Sullivan,
 Lucy Taylor,
 Elizabeth Temple,
 Susan Tyler,
 Sumner Thomas,
 Leiza Weaver,
 Evelyn Weeks,

HONORARY MEMBERS

Bishop T. D. Bratton.

Miss Kate McKinnon.
 Miss Lee
 Mr. Gerber.
 Miss Hull.

Miss Schenck
 Mr. Wagoner
 Miss Trapham

In order to be eligible to this Society, it is necessary to make an average of 90 per cent in her studies.



THE F. A. LITERARY SOCIETY

Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society

OFFICERS

Advent Term.

ANN KIMBERLY GIFFORD,	<i>President</i>
LEIZE WEAVER,	<i>Vice-President</i>
CORNELIA COLEMAN,	<i>Secretary</i>
CARRIE HELEN MOORE,	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
MARY SUMTER THOMAS,	<i>Treasurer</i>
EVELYN WEEKS,	<i>Critic</i>
RENA CLARK,	<i>Historian</i>
MINNA HAMPTON,	<i>Teller</i>
CLIFFORD HEYWARD,	<i>Teller</i>

Easter Term.

ANN KIMBERLY GIFFORD.
RENA CLARK.
CORNELIA COLEMAN.
CARRIE HELEN MOORE.
MARY SUMTER THOMAS.
EVELYN WEEKS.
MARGARET ELMER GEORGE.
MINNA HAMPTON.
CLIFFORD HEYWARD.

ROLL

Gretchen Barnes.	Minna Hampton.	Althea McGeehee.	Mary Sturgeon.
Heloise Beebe.	Margaret Herbert.	Carrie Moore.	Gertrude Sullivan.
Rena Clark.	Clifford Heyward.	Annie G. Nash.	Lucy Tayloe.
Cornelia Coleman.	Lucy Haywood.	Christine Richards.	Elizabeth Temple.
Ellen Dortch.	Fanny Johnson.	Isabel Ruff.	Sarah Tyler.
Elmer George.	Bessie Poe Law.	Kate Slade.	Sunter Thomas.
Ann Gifford.	Mossie Long.	Janet Slade.	Leize Weaver.
Daisy Green.	Lily Lynah.	Annie Sloane.	Evelyn Weeks.
		Mary Slocomb.	

HONORARY MEMBERS

Bishop T. D. Bratton.

Miss Kate McKimmon.
Miss Lee.
Mlle. Gerber.
Miss Hull.

Miss Schutt.
Miss Walton.
Miss Trapier.

For a pupil to be eligible to this Society, it is necessary to make an average of 90 per cent on her studies.



Sigma Lambda Literary Society

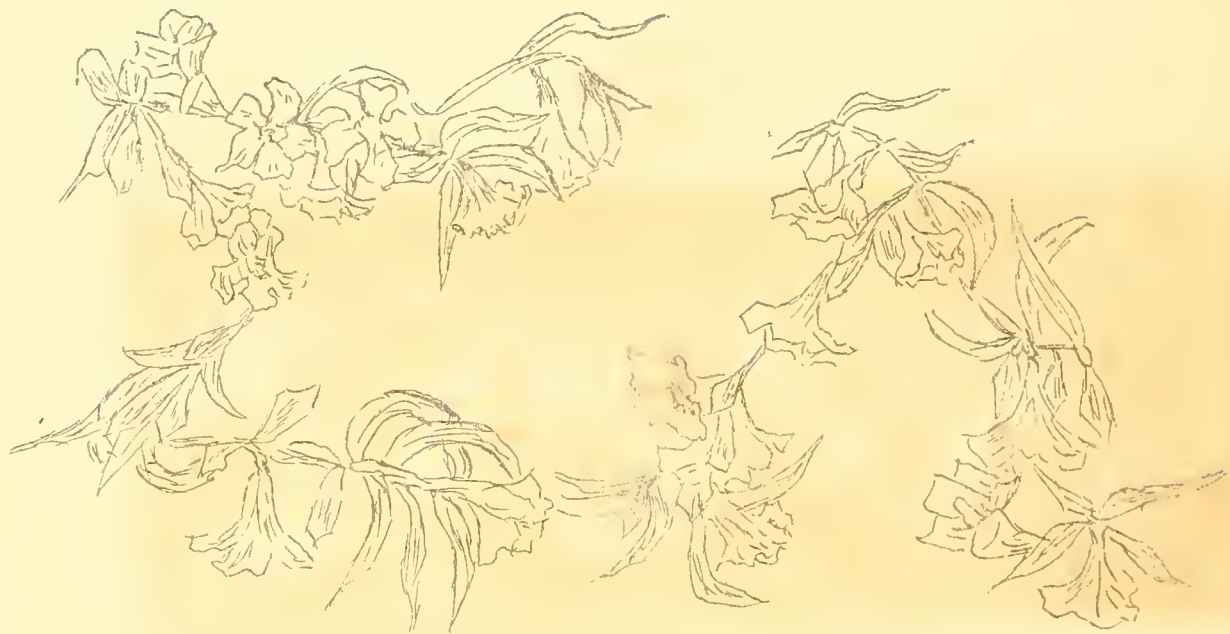
MOTTO: Lit with the sun.

FLOWER: Yellow Jessamine.

COLORS: Purple and Gray.



SIGMA LAMBDA LITERARY SOCIETY.



Sigma Lambda Literary Society

Motto: Lit with the sun.

Flower: Yellow Jessamine.

Colors: Purple and Gray.



SIGMA LAMBDA LITERARY SOCIETY.

Sigma Lambda Literary Society

OFFICERS

Advent Term.

ISABEL ASHBY BRUMBY *President.*
 MARGARET ROSALIE DuBOSE *Vice-President.*
 LUCY TAYLOR REDWOOD *Secretary.*
 MARGARET GRAY STEDMAN *Cor. Secretary.*
 MINNIE GREENOUGH BURGWIN *Treasurer.*
 ELIZA RICHARDS BROWN *Critic.*
 JENNIE ATKINSON MURCHISON *Sr. Teller.*
 IDA POLLARD EVANS *Jr. Teller.*

Easter Term.

ISABEL ASHBY BRUMBY.
 ANNA BARROW CLARK.
 LUCY TAYLOR REDWOOD.
 ROSALIE BERNHARDT.
 MINNIE GREENOUGH BURGWIN.
 MARGARET GRAY STEDMAN.
 IDA POLLARD EVANS.
 JENNIE ATKINSON MURCHISON.

ROLL

Bailey, Serena.
 Battle, Susie.
 Benedict, Nancy.
 Bernhardt, Rosalie.
 Bowen, Josephine.
 Boylan, Josephine.
 Broadfoot, Frances.
 Brown, Eliza.
 Brown, Ohla.
 Brumby, Isabel.
 Burgwyn, Minnie.
 Bynum, Susan.
 Carrison, Emily.
 Carson, Jean.
 Clark, Anna.

Crenshaw, Helen.
 Critz, Senah.
 Cushman, Rebecca.
 Disosway, Myrtle.
 Dixon, Mary.
 DuBose, Margaret.
 Eldridge, Virgie.
 Evans, Ida.
 Evans, Louise.
 Fairley, Effie.
 Fitz-Simons, Amy.
 Frost, Nellie.
 Glazebrook, Virgilia.
 Gibson, Ellen.
 Grant, Florrie.

Gudger, Elsie.
 Higgs, Emily.
 Holmes, Georgette.
 Horner, Kate.
 Hughson, Dorothy.
 Hughson, Marjorie.
 Hunter, Mattie.
 Jenkins, Sadie.
 Jennings, Sarah.
 Jones, Mattie.
 Jones, Stuart.
 Lassiter, Mary.
 Lewis, Nell.
 Mackay, Margaret.
 Massey, Bessie.

Meares, Rita.
 Montague, May.
 Murchison, Jennie.
 Prince, Sue.
 Redwood, Lucy.
 Robertson, Hallie.
 Robinson, Mary.
 Rossell, Mamie.
 Short, Marguerite.
 Shuford, Rosa.
 Skinner, Lily.
 Skinner, Rosa.
 Stocum, Dorothy.
 Smith, Nannie.
 Springs, Marguerite.

Spruill, Alice.
 Stedman, Margaret.
 Sweet, Lucy.
 Tillinghast, Linda.
 Tilton, Mildred.
 Thomas, Mary R.
 Thomas, Rosa.
 Turpin, Isabel.
 Venable, Cantey.
 Villepigue, Mary.
 Welles, Mary.
 Whitaker, Grace.
 Wilson, Margaret.
 Winslow, Kate.
 Winston, Gertrude.

HONORARY MEMBERS

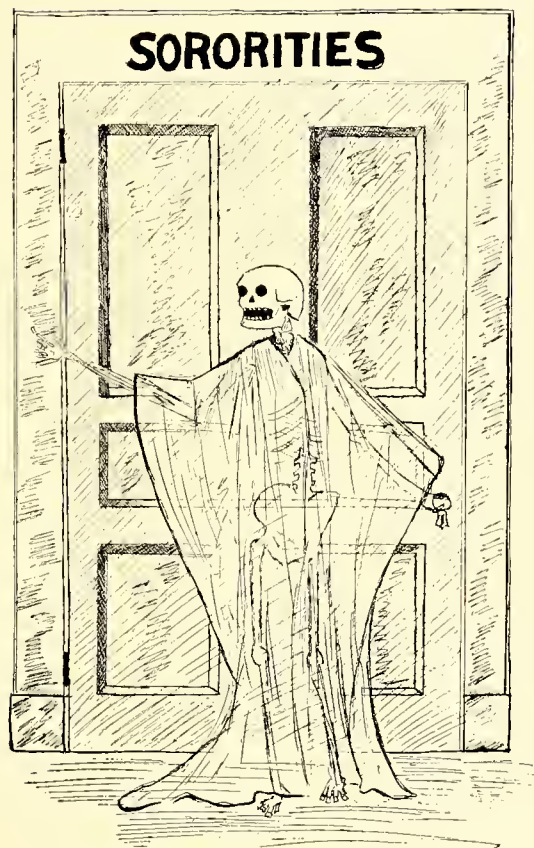
Miss Bell.
 Miss Bowen.
 Miss Busbee.
 Miss Checkley.

Miss Dowd.
 Mrs. DuBose.
 Mr. DuBose.
 Miss Fenner.

Miss Margaret Jones.
 Mrs. Jenkins.
 Miss Pixley
 Mrs. Sanborn.

Miss Saunders.
 Mr. Stone.
 Miss Sutton.

Miss Thomas.
 Dr. Anderson.
 Mrs. Anderson.





ALPHA KAPPA PSI.

Alpha Kappa Psi

Alpha Chapter

FOUNDED AT ST. MARY'S 1900.

CHARTERED FEBRUARY 1904



ALPHA CHAPTER, ST. MARY'S, RALEIGH, N. C.

BETA CHAPTER, VA. FEMALE INST., STAUNTON, VA.

Colors: Blue and Gold.

Flower: Forget-me-not.



CHAPTER ROLL

Brown, Josephine.	Critz, Senah Anne.	Hunter, Mattie Caroline.	Roberts on, Hallie Bremond.
Brayn, Minnie Greenough.	DuBose, Margaret Rosalie.	Means, Esther Burawell.	Smith, Nannie Elizabeth.
Clark, Anna Barrow.	Fitz-Simons, Amy Perry.	Meares, Harriet Woodward.	Stedman, Margaret Gray.
Cushman, Cornelia.	Glazebrook, Virgilia Argyle.	Moore, Carrie Helen.	Whitaker, Grace Buxton.
Farwood, Lucy Taylor.			

SORORES IN FACULTATE

Miss Cheekery

Miss Thomas.



ALPHA KAPPA PSI

Alpha Kappa Psi

Alpha Chapter

FOUNDED AT ST. MARY'S, 1900.

CHARTERED FEBRUARY, 1904.



ALPHA CHAPTER, ST. MARY'S, RALEIGH, N. C.

BETA CHAPTER, VA. FEMALE INST., STAUNTON, VA.

COLORS: Blue and Gold.

FLOWER: Forget-me-not.



CHAPTER ROLL

Bowen, Josephine.	Critz, Senah Anne.	Hunter, Mattie Caroline.	Robertson, Hallie Bremond.
Burgwyn, Minnie Greenough.	DuBose, Margaret Rosalie.	Means, Esther Barnwell.	Smith, Nannie Elizabeth.
Clark, Anna Barrow.	Fitz-Simons, Amy Perry.	Meares, Harriet Woodward.	Stedman, Margaret Gray.
Coleman, Cornelia.	Glazebrook, Virgilia Argyle.	Moore, Carrie Helen.	Whitaker, Grace Buxton.
Redwood, Lucy Taylor.			

SORORES IN FACULTATE

Miss Checkley.

Miss Thomas.



GAMMA BETA SIGMA.

Gamma Beta Sigma

FOUNDED 1901. CHARTERED FEBRUAR,

Alpha Chapter, St. Mary's
Beta Chapter, Edgewood S
Gamma Chapter, Columbia J.
Delta Chapter, Miss Stuart's, Wa

Alpha Chapter

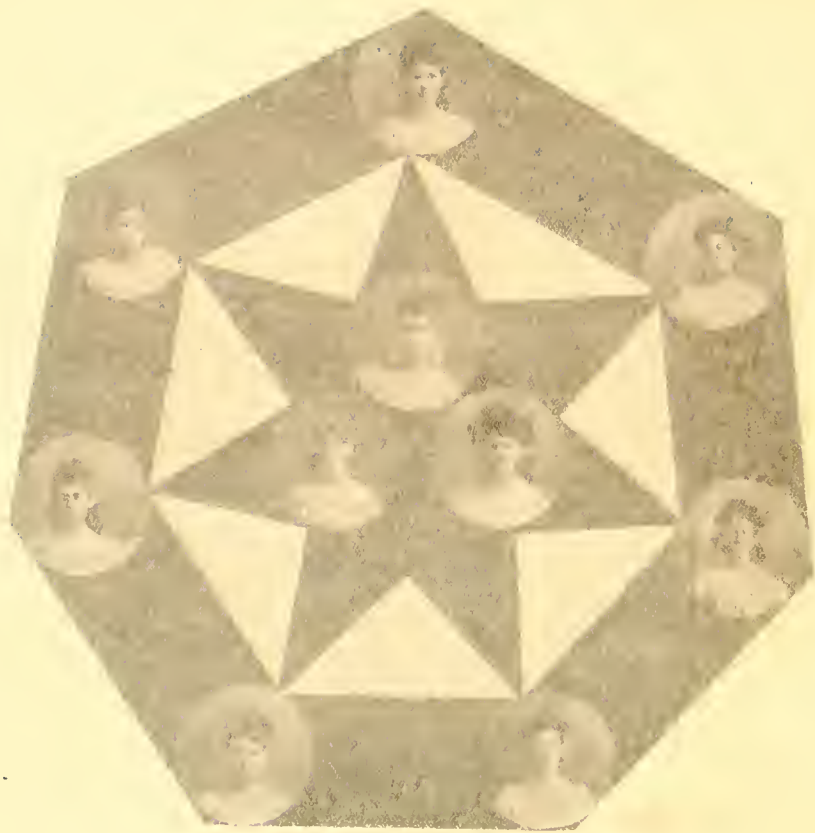
FLOWER: Violet

COLORS: Purple

ROLL

Rosalie Bernhardt.	Annie Gray Nash.
Isabel Ashby Brunby.	Mary Leigh Robinson.
Rena Hoyt Clark.	Mamie Rossell.
Jean Carson.	Gertrude Sullivan.
Nellie Best Frost.	Lucy Horton Sweet.
Margaret Elmer Green.	Mary Sabra Wells.
Sara Hicks Jennings.	Carrie McDowell Venable
	Miss Lee.





GAMMA BETA SIGMA

Gamma Beta Sigma

FOUNDED 1901. CHARTERED FEBRUARY 5, 1904.



Alpha Chapter, St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C.
Beta Chapter, Edgewood School, Baltimore, Md.
Gamma Chapter, Columbia Institute, Columbia, Tenn.
Delta Chapter, Miss Stuart's, Washington, D. C.

Alpha Chapter

FLOWER: Violet.

COLORS: Purple and Gold.

ROLL

Rosalie Bernhardt.	Annie Gray Nash.
Isabel Ashby Brumby.	Mary Leigh Robinson.
Rena Hoyt Clark.	Mamie Rossell.
Jean Carson.	Gertrude Sullivan.
Nellie Best Frost.	Lucy Horton Sweet.
Margaret Elmer George.	Mary Sabra Wells.
Sara Hicks Jennings.	Cantey McDowell Venable
	Miss Lee.



ADELINE CLIFFORD HEYWARD
-GEORGIA-



MARJORIE HUGHSON
-NEW JERSEY-



REBECCA WADDELL CUSHMAN
NORTH CAROLINA



SADIE MARCELLINE JENKINS
-SOUTH CAROLINA-



EMMA ELLIOT BARNWELL
SOUTH CAROLINA



LILLIE HEYWARD LYNAH
-GEORGIA-



GEORGETTE RELPH HOLMES
SOUTH CAROLINA



DOROTHY MAY HUGHSON
-NEW JERSEY-

UPSILON DELTA

·FOUNDED 1902·

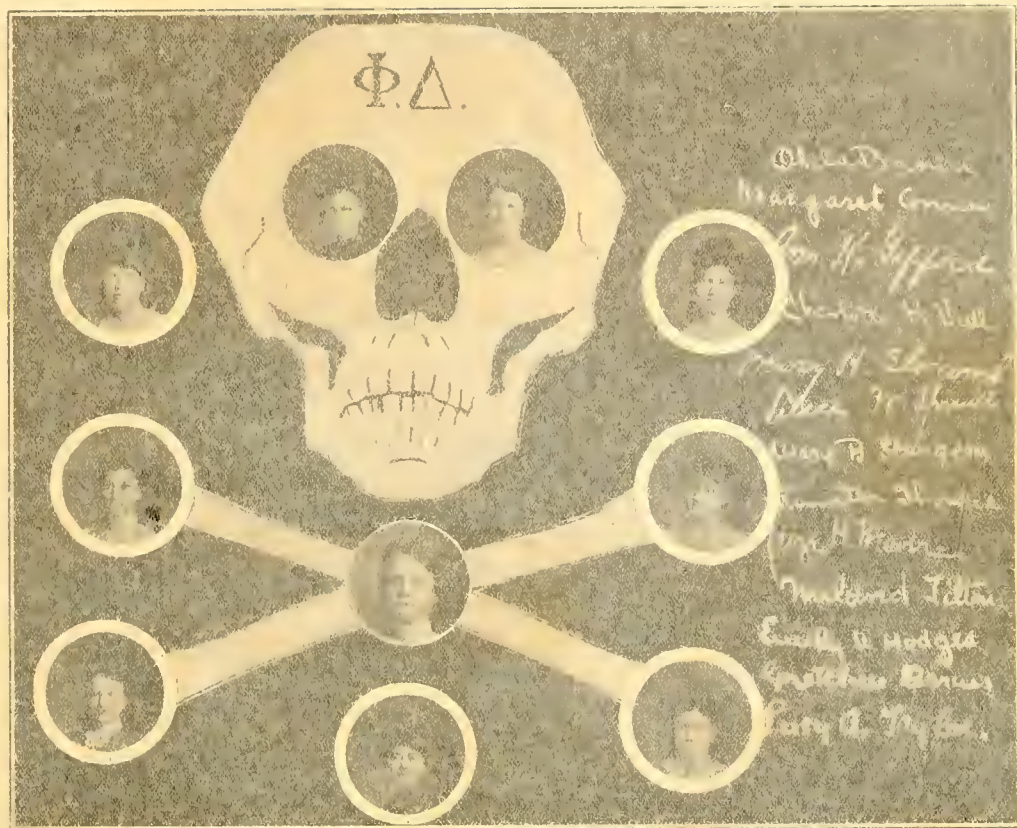
Honorary Member.

Day.

Miss M^cKimmon.

St. John the Evangelist's ~

COLORS-RED^{and} GOLD.





CAROLINE EL FORD HELMAN
GEORGIA



MARGARET MENDEN
FLORIDA



REBECCA NELL JOHNSON
MISSISSIPPI



SADIE MARGARET JENKINS
MISSISSIPPI



EMMA ELLIOT HARLOW
FLORIDA



LILLIAN HESTER LOOMIS
GEORGIA



REBECCA FEY JONES
SOUTH CAROLINA

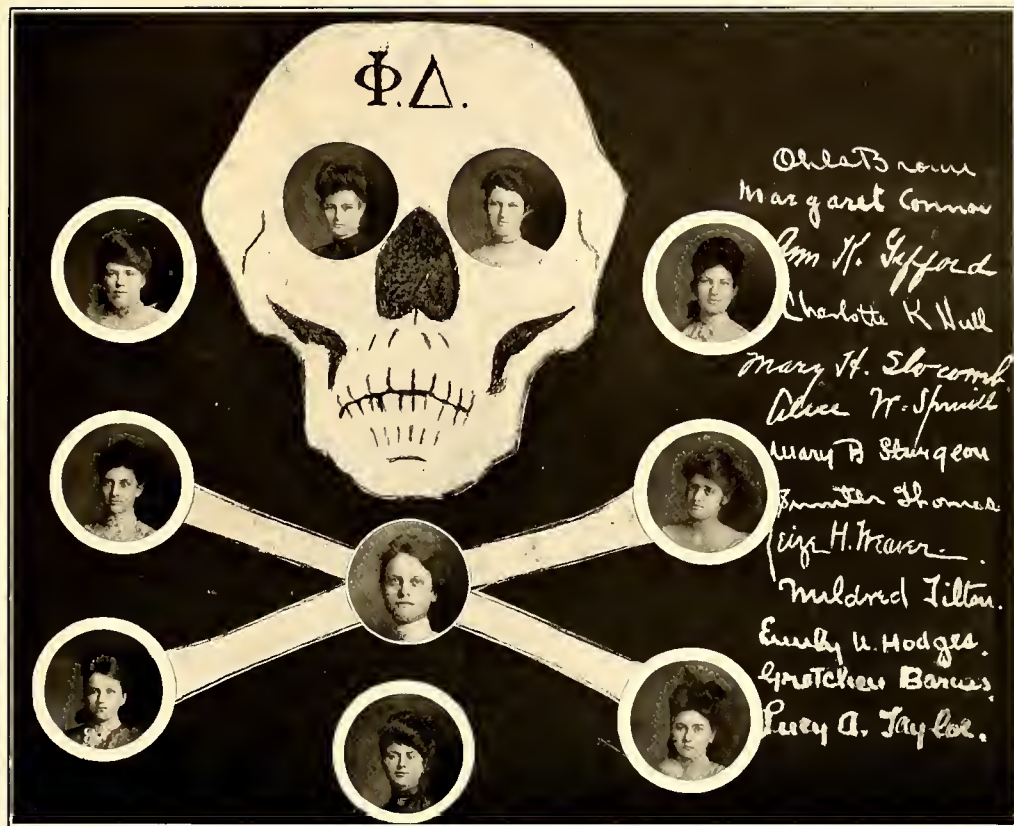


DOROTHY MAY LEE
MISSISSIPPI

UPSILON DELTA

FOUNDED 1902

Honorary Member: Lay
Miss McKimmon St. John the Evangelist's
COLORES - RED and GOLD



A Disillusion

My very dearest Daddy—You'll be surprised, I know—
I am hoping most sincerely that you won't be angry,
though—
In short, I want some money—no very startling news,—
But I really must pay up my debts for photos in the
“ Muse.”

My pictures for the Seniors are really very fine,
Three-quarter length—the dress is sweet (I wish that it
were mine).
We find they're too expensive for us each to give away,
So I had some others taken, too,—the bill, of course, *you'll*
pay.

My Literary Society—you know I'm E. A. P.—
Costs each one fifty cents, I'm told—that's very cheap,
you see;
The German Club will be the same (this last is most
select);
My Sorority will cost much more—two dollars, I expect.

Of course I'll need some money the Tennis Club to pay,
As well as the Dramatic Club (en costume for our play).
In the school statistics I also have my place
(Just a small-sized photo—nothing but my face).

And lastly comes my picture as Editor of the “ Muse ”—
I hear the bell. Can write no more. My cheek you
can't refuse.

Write soon—I'm simply starving. I don't know what
I'll do

Unless I get a box from home. Your loving daughter—
Sue.

The father read this missive, then he sighed and shook his
head:

“ I used to think the ‘ Muse ’ a book of stories bright,” he
said;

“ But I see I'm much mistaken—from the first page
right on through

It is only different photos of my little daughter Sue.”



GERMAN CLUBS.

A Disillusion

My very dearest Dad,—You'll be surprised, I know—
I am hoping most sincerely that you won't be angry,
though—

In short, I want some money—no very startling news,—
But I really must pay up my debts for photos in the
"Muse."

My pictures for the Seniors are really very fine,
Three-quarter length—the dress is sweet (I wish that it
were mine).

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So I had some others taken, too,—the bill, of course, *you'll*
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My Literary Society—you know I'm E. A. P.—
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My Sorority will cost much more—two dollars, I expect.

Of course I'll need some money the Tennis Club to pay,
As well as the Dramatic Club (en costume for our play).
In the school statistics I also have my place
where a small-sized photo—nothing but my face).

And *just* comes my picture as Editor of the "Muse"—
I hear the bell. Can write no more. My check you
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Write soon—I'm simply starving. I don't know what
I'll do.

Unless I get a box from home. Your loving daughter—
Sue.

'The father read this missive, then he sighed and shook his
head:

'I used to think the "Muse" a book of "stories bright," he
said:

"But I see I'm much mistaken—from the first page
right on through

It is only different photos of my little daughter Sue."



GERMAN CLUBS.



L'ETOILE GERMAN CLUB.

L'Etoile German Club Roll

COLORS: Black and Gold.

OFFICERS

MARGARET GRAY, STEWART, *President*

LUCY EDITH REDWOOD, *Vice-President*.

ANN KIMBERLY GIFFORD, *Secretary*.

CORNELIA COLEMAN, *Treasurer*.

MARY SUMTER THOMAS, *Leader*.

ROLL

Gretchen Barnes.
Maudie Burgwyn.
Emma Clarke.
Cornelia Coleman.
Helen Crenshaw.
Senah Critz.
Margaret DuBose.

Amy Fitz-Simons.
Nellie Frost.
Ann Gifford.
Margaret Herbert.
Kate Herner.
Mattie Hunter.
Sara Jennings.
Rita Meares.

Carrie Helen Moore.
Annie Gray Nash.
Lucy Redwood.
Hallie Robertson.
Nannie Smith.
Alice Spruill.
Margaret Stedman.
Gertrude Sullivan.

Lucy Sweet.
Lucy Tayloe.
Mary Sumter Thomas.
Corliss Thomas.
Label Turpin.
Mary Welles.
Alice Winslow.



LEHIGH GERMAN CLUB

L'Etoile German Club Roll

COLORS : Black and Gold.

OFFICERS

MARGARET GRAY, STEDMAN, *President*,

LUCY TAYLOR REDWOOD, *Vice-President*,

ANN KIMBERLY GIFFORD, *Secretary*,

CORNELIA COLEMAN, *Treasurer*,

MARY SUMTER THOMAS, *Leader*.

ROLL

Gretchen Barnes.
Minnie Burgwyn.
Rena Clarke.
Cornelia Coleman.
Helen Crenshaw.
Senah Critz.
Margaret DuBose.

Amy Fitz-Simons.
Nellie Frost.
Ann Gifford.
Margaret Herbert.
Kate Homer.
Mattie Hunter.
Sara Jennings.
Rita Meares.

Carrie Helen Moore.
Annie Gray Nash.
Lucy Redwood.
Hallie Robertson.
Nannie Smith.
Alice Spruill.
Margaret Stedman.
Gertrude Sullivan.

Lucy Sweet.
Lucy Tayloe.
Mary Sumter Thomas.
Caroline Thomas.
Isabel Turpin.
Mary Welles.
Kate Winslow.



TAU DELTA GERMAN CLUB.

Tau Delta German Club

COLORS: Gray and Gold.

OFFICERS

MARY BOLLING STURGEON, *President*.

ISABEL MANN BRUMBY, *Vice-President*.

ABIGAIL ARGYLE GLAZEBROOK, *Leader*.

MARGARET ELMER GEORGE, *Secretary*.

JENNIE ATKINSON MURCHISON, *Treasurer*.

ROLL

Minnie Beebe.
Nancy Benedict.
Rosalie Bernhardt.
Josephine Bowen.
Josephine Boylan.
Edna Brown.
Kate Brumby.

Susan Bynum.
Margaret Connor.
Mae Dixon.
Alice George.
Emily Gibson.
Edith Glazebrook.
Abigail Glazebrook.

Lucy Heyward.
Lizzie Hill.
Emily Hodges.
Jennie Murchison.
Mary Robinson.
Dorothy Sheum.
Mary Slocumb.

Legnerite Springs.
Mary Sturgeon.
Mildred Tilton.
Cantey Venable.
Leize Weaver.
Evelyn Weeks.
Fanny Williams.



TAU DELTA CLUB

Tau Delta German Club

COLORS: Gray and Gold.

OFFICERS

MARY BOLLING STURGEON, *President.*

ISABEL ASHBY BRUMBY, *Vice-President.*

VIRGILIA ARGYLE GLAZEBROOK, *Leader.*

MARGARET ELMER GEORGE, *Secretary.*

JENNIE ATKINSON MURCHISON, *Treasurer.*

ROLL

Minnie Beebe.	Susan Bynum.	Lucy Heyward.	Margnerite Springs.
Nancy Benedict.	Margaret Connor.	Lizzie Hill.	Mary Sturgeon.
Rosalie Bernhardt.	Mary Dixon.	Emily Hodges.	Mildred Tilton.
Josephine Bowen.	Elmer George.	Jennie Murchison.	Cantey Venable.
Josephine Boylan.	Ellen Gibson.	Mary Robinson.	Leize Weaver.
Ohla Brown.	Kate Glazebrook.	Dorothy Slocum.	Evelyn Weeks.
Isabel Brumby.	Virgilia Glazebrook.	Mary Slocumb.	Fanny Williams.



DRAMATIC CLUB.



Dramatic Club

L. TILTON, *President.*

THOMAS, *Vice-President.*

L. DEWEAVER, *Sec. and Treas.*

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

ANN GREENOUGH

MILDRED BERGWYN.

MARY STURGEON.

ROLL

ANN, Minnie Greenough.

OLD, Olga.

MARGARET, Margaret.

A. KIMBERLY, A. Kimberly.

MAMA, Mamma.

NASH, Annie Gray.

ROBINSON, Mary Leigh.

RICHARDS, Christine.

SULLIVAN, Gertrude.

STURGEON, Mary.

TEMPLE, Elizabeth.

TILTON, Mildred Dransfield.

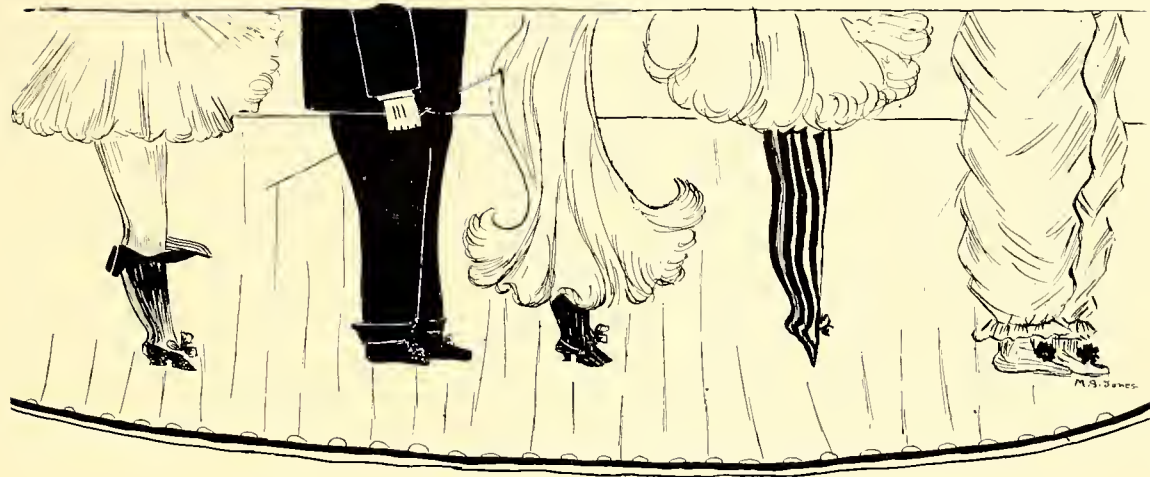
THOMAS, Mary Sinter.

WEAVER, Leiza Holmes.

WELLES, Mae Sabre.



DRAMATIC CLUB.



Dramatic Club

MILDRED TILTON, *President.*

SUMTER THOMAS, *Vice-President.*

LEIZE WEAVER, *Sec. and Treas.*

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

ANN GIFFORD.

MINNIE BURGWYN.

MARY STURGEON.

ROLL

Burgwyn, Minnie Greenough.
Brown, Ohla.
Connor, Margaret.
Gifford, Ann Kimberly.
Hampton, Minna.

Nash, Annie Gray.
Robinson, Mary Leigh.
Richards, Christine.
Sullivan, Gertrude.
Sturgeon, Mary.

Temple, Elizabeth.
Tilton, Mildred Dransfield.
Thomas, Mary Sumter.
Weaver, Leize Holmes.
Welles, Mary Sabre.



Sketch Club

OFFICERS

MISS FENNER, *President.*

& JOSEPHINE BOWEN, *Secretary.*

MARY L. ROBINSON, *Treasurer.*

ROLL

Heloise Beebe.
Nancy Benedict.
Josephine Bowen.

Mary B. Dixon.
Ellen Dortch.
Emmie Drewry.
M. Stuart Jones.

Mary L. Robinson.
Dorothy Slocum.
Nannie E. Smith.
Mary R. Thomas.

Mildred Tilton.
Courtney Watts.
Leize Weaver.

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Fenner.

Miss M. M. Jones.





TENNIS CLUB.

The Tennis Club

OFFICERS

LUCY TAYLOR, *President.*

GRACE GRAY STEDMAN, *Vice-President.*

ESTHER BARNWELL MEANS, *Secretary.*

MARY BOLLING STURGEON, *Treasurer.*

ROLL

SENIOR.	JUNIOR.	SOPHOMORE.	FRESHMAN.
Captain, Margaret Herbert.	Captain, Margaret DuBose.	Captain, Mary Welles.	Captain, Minnie Beebe.
Bramby.	Barrett.	H. Crenshaw.	M. Beebe.
Burgwyn.	B. Barrett.	M. Jones.	S. Critz.
Colman.	B. Barrett.	O. Morrill.	R. Cushman.
George.	B. Barrett.	M. Russell.	E. Davis.
Gifford.	B. Barrett.	L. Sweet.	V. Glazebrook.
Hampton.	B. Barrett.	M. Welles.	S. Jones.
Hockett.	B. Barrett.		S. Prince.
Hopson.	B. Barrett.		D. Shearn.
Moore.	B. Barrett.		M. Slocomb.
Moore.	B. Barrett.		St. John.
Moore.	B. Barrett.		G. Sullivan.
Moore.	B. Barrett.		G. Whitaker.
Moore.	B. Barrett.		F. Williams.
Moore.	B. Barrett.		K. Glazebrook.
Moore.	B. Barrett.		F. Kidder.
Moore.	B. Barrett.		J. Knowles.
Moore.	B. Barrett.		M. Short.



TENNIS CLUB

The Tennis Club

OFFICERS

LUCY TAYLOR REDWOOD, *President.*

MARGARET GRAY STEDMAN, *Vice-President.*

ESTHER BARNWELL MEANS, *Secretary.*

MARY BOLLING STURGEON, *Treasurer.*

ROLL

SENIOR.

Captain, Margaret Herbert

I. Brunby.
M. Burgwyn.
K. Coleman.
E. George.
A. Gifford.
M. Hampton.
M. Herbert.
M. Hughson.
E. Means.
C. Moore.
L. Redwood.
H. Robertson.
M. Stelman.
M. Sturgeon.

JUNIOR.

Captain, Margaret DuBose

S. Battle.
N. Benedict.
J. Carson.
A. Clark.
M. DuBose.
E. Gibson.
E. Gudger.
D. Hughson.
S. Jenkins.
L. Weaver.
E. Weeks.

SOPHOMORE.

Captain, Mary Welles.

H. Crenshaw.
M. Jones.
O. Morrill.
M. Rossell.
L. Sweet.
M. Welles.

FRESHMAN.

Captain, Minnie Beebe.

M. Beebe.
S. Critz.
R. Cushman.
E. Davis.
V. Glazebrook.
S. Jones.
S. Prince.
D. Sloeum.
M. Slocomb.
M. St. John.
G. Sullivan.
G. Whitaker.
F. Williams.
K. Glazebrook.
F. Kidder.
J. Knowles.
M. Short.



MARGARET GRAY STEDMAN, *President.*

LUCY TAYLOR REDWOOD, *Secretary.*

ANN KIMBERLY GIFFORD, *Treasurer.*

ALPHA ROLL.

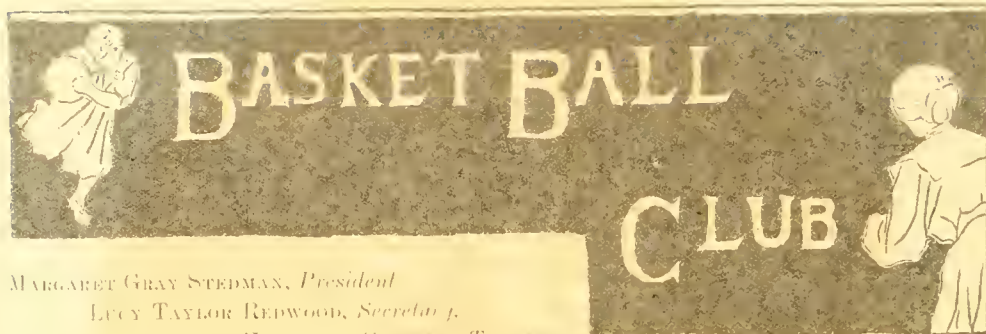
Boylan.	Jones, M.
Brown.	Jones, M. S.
Carrison.	Prince.
Carson.	Robinson.
Croft.	Spruill.
Davis.	Slocumb.
Frost.	Sturgeon.
George.	Short.
Gibson.	Thomas, M. S.
Gifford.	Thomas, C.
Glazebrook.	Turpin.
Hardy.	Weaver.
Heyward.	Welles.
Herbert.	Winston.

BETA ROLL.

Burgwyn.	Knowles.
Brunby.	Redwood.
Bernhardt.	Rossell.
Beebe.	Thomas, M. R.
Battle.	Smith.
Coleman.	Sweet.
Clark.	Slade.
Crenshaw.	Stedman.
Evans.	St. John.
Edmunds.	Villipigue.
Jones, S. P.	Weeks.
Kidder.	



BETA TEAM



MARGARET GRAY STEDMAN, *President*

LUCY TAYLOR REDWOOD, *Secretary*

ANN KIMBERLY GIFFORD, *Treasurer*

ALPHA ROLL

Boylan.	Jones, M.
Brown.	Jones, M. S.
Carrison.	Prince.
Carson.	Robinson.
Croft.	Spruill.
Davis.	Slocomb.
Frost.	Sturgeon.
George.	Short.
Gibson.	Thomas, M. S.
Gifford.	Thomas, C.
Glazebrook.	Turpin.
Hardy.	Weaver.
Heyward.	Welles.
Herbert.	Winston.

BETA ROLL

McGowan.	Knowles
Brady.	Redwood
Brenhardt.	Rosell.
Beebe.	Thomas, M. R.
Battle.	Smith.
Coleman.	Sweet.
Clark.	Slade.
Crenshaw.	Stedman.
Evans.	St. John.
Edmonds.	Villipigne.
Jones, S. P.	Weeks.
Kidder.	



BETA TEAM.



ALPHA TEAM.

Beta Team Roll

COLORS: Red and Green.

OFFICERS

CORNELIA COLEMAN, *Captain.*

MARGARET STEDMAN, *Secretary and Treasure.*

YELL

Yackety yack! Yackety yack!
Here's three cheers for the red and green!
Sis boom bah! Sis boom bah!
Beta! Beta! Rah! Rah! Rah!

TEAM

Battle, Susie,

Beebe, Heloise,

Boone, Isabel,

Boone, Cornelia,

Ross, Mary

Stinson, Margaret,

Sweet, Lila

Villepigue, Mary

Alpha Team Roll

COLOR: White.

OFFICERS

MARY BOLLEGG STURGEON, *Captain.*

MARY SLATER THOMAS, *Secretary.*

ALICE WINSTON SPRUELL, *Treasurer.*

YELL

Kemo, kimo, karo, ware!
Tiny I Tiny O with A
Run strum flummy diddle,
Nip cat penny winkle sing
Song Kitty won't you kimeo.
Alpha, Alpha, Rih!!!!

TEAM

Elmer, George

Lucy, Heyward

Virilia, Glazebrook,

Josephine, Boylan,

Mary, Sturgeon,

Isabel, Turpin,

Leize, Weaver,

Mary, Welles,



ALPHA TEAM

Beta Team Roll

COLORS: Red and Black.

OFFICERS

CORNELIA COLEMAN, *Captain.*

MARGARET STEUDMAN, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

YELL

Yackety yack! Yackety yack!

Here's three cheers for the red and black!

Sis boom bah! Sis boom bah!

Beta! Beta! Rah! Rah! Rah!

TEAM

Battle, Susie.

Beebe, Heloise.

Brunby, Isabel.

Coleman, Cornelia.

Rossell, Mary.

Stedman, Margaret.

Sweet, Lucy.

Villepigne, Mary.

Alpha Team Roll

COLOR: White.

OFFICERS

MARY BOLLING STURGEON, *Captain.*

MARY SUMTER THOMAS, *Secretary.*

ALICE WINSTON SPRULL, *Treasurer.*

YELL

Kemo, kimo, karo, ware!

Tiny I Tiny O with A

Run strum flummy diddle,

Nip eat penny winkle sing

Song kitty won't you kimco.

Alpha, Alpha, Rah!!!!

TEAM

Elmer George.

Lucy Heyward.

Virroilia Glazebrook.

Josephine Boylan.

Mary Sturgeon.

Isabel Turpin.

Leize Weaver.

Mary Welles.



INSIDE OF CHAPEL.



CHAPEL.

Missionary Chapters

ST. MARY'S BRANCH OF THE CATHOLIC AUXILIARY

Mrs. WALTON	<i>President.</i>
Mrs. SUTTON	<i>Vice-President.</i>
Mrs. McKIMMON	<i>Treasurer.</i>

ALTAR GUILD

Miss McMINN	<i>Superintendent.</i>
CARRIE HILL	<i>President.</i>
RENA CLARK	<i>Treasurer.</i>

ST. CATHERINE'S CHAPTER

Mrs. THOMAS	<i>Directress.</i>
Mrs. ROSE ROSALIE DuBOSE	<i>President.</i>
Mrs. GRIFF ELMER GEORGE	<i>Vice-President.</i>
Miss FLETCHER REDWOOD	<i>Secretary.</i>
Miss BARNWELL MEANS	<i>Treasurer.</i>

ST. ETHELDREDA'S CHAPTER

Mrs. DuBOSE	<i>Directress.</i>
MILDRED TILTON	<i>President.</i>
SUMTER THOMAS	<i>Vice-President.</i>
ALICE SPENCE	<i>Secretary.</i>
SUSIE BATTLE	<i>Treasurer.</i>



INSIDE OF CHAPEL.



CHAPEL

Missionary Chapters

ST. MARY'S BRANCH OF THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

MISS WALTON	<i>President.</i>
MISS SUTTON	<i>Vice-President.</i>
MISS MCKIMMON	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>

ALTAR GUILD

MISS MCKIMMON	<i>Superintendent.</i>
CARRIE HELEN MOORE	<i>President.</i>
RENA CLARK	<i>Treasurer.</i>

ST. CATHERINE'S CHAPTER

MISS THOMAS	<i>Directress.</i>
MARGARET ROSALIE DUBOSE	<i>President.</i>
MARGARET ELMER GEORGE	<i>Vice-President.</i>
LUCY TAYLOR REDWOOD	<i>Secretary.</i>
ESTHER BARNWELL MEANS	<i>Treasurer.</i>

ST. ETHELDREDA'S CHAPTER

MRS. DUBOSE	<i>Directress.</i>
MILDRED TILTON	<i>President.</i>
SUMTER THOMAS	<i>Vice-President.</i>
ALICE SPRUILL	<i>Secretary.</i>
SUSIE BATTLE	<i>Treasurer.</i>

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VIRGLIA GLAZEBOOK	<i>Treasurer.</i>

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KATE GLAZEBOOK	<i>Treasurer.</i>

To Miss Thomas.

In grateful appreciation of her untiring patience, of her interest and ready help—not only to us editors, but to every St. Mary's girl—we lovingly dedicate the literary part of this "Muse."



ST. ELIZABETH'S CHAPTER

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Colonial Literature---A Sketch



THE LITERATURE of the New World began when Captain John Smith—soldier, sailor and scholar—sent back to England in 1608, his account of early Virginian life. It was much later, and in England that he wrote his “Historie” of Virginia, but we claim this likewise as a stepping-stone from English literature to its new branch in America.

His writings being autobiographical, it was easy for him to become at times very egotistical, but even when this is too obtrusive, we pass it over and forget it under the spell of his naïvete and the freedom and ease of expression through which shines, in spite of quaint wording and original spelling, his travel-worn but unconquerable spirit.

In a very different style from Smith's are the few records left us of John Rolfe's letters, written like Smith's stories back to the old country. The “Coppie” of this “Gentle-man's” formal epistles, with their evenly balanced phrases, long words and anxious sentiments, give as good an insight into his character as Smith's writing did into his, and these two men may be taken as the first types of the two classes which were formed later, the Cavaliers and the Puritans, as their dissimilar manner and matter in writing may stand as examples of the style of the literature written by those two classes.

The Cavalier, broad-minded enough to love this world and the next too, wrote according to his lights—the Puritans thought it darkness—and to this division belong not only those who lived south of a certain parallel of latitude, but those also of the northern colonies who ventured to write what they thought in spite of the Puritanical atmosphere surrounding them.

Sir William Byrd, in one of his plain-spoken letters, voices Cavalier views when he speaks of the hypocritical dealings of certain “*Saints* of New England.”

Among the New Englanders who wrote in un-Puritanical style were Thomas Morton who viewed the events he recorded from a story teller's and not from a historian's standpoint, and Judge Sewall, whose laborious diary shows

quite a lively interest in the affairs of this world, and affords us many faithful, though unconscious pictures of the life of his day.

The Puritan, earnestly intent on developing his soul, became so engrossed in that occupation that he usually forgot he had a heart, and wrote either introspective analyzings of an overworked conscience or bitter denunciations of sect against sect, in which no whip could lash as scathingly as these men lashed each other with words.

Also, strangely discordant with their deep and strong, though narrow-minded, faith in God, there was a superstitious line of thought which at first affected only slightly their literature as shown in such writings as Increase Mather's devout accounts of what seemed to him powerful and direct interpositions of Providence, and what were really only the commonplace details of every-day life, but which grew afterwards into the ugly records of that distortion of spirituality, witchcraft.

Cotton Mather is the most important of that family of diffuse writers, the Mathers, but even his works are of little value and less interest to-day.

Of poetry, either Cavalier or Puritan, there was very little that was not utterly insignificant, and that little was usually concerned with subjects so insipid or so gruesome that it is worth nothing for itself, and is regarded only in the consideration of the development of the literature.

Of the many plodding historians of the early life of the colonics who wrote down from day to day indiscriminately, happenings good, bad and indifferent, there was but one who rose above the dead-level, and William Steachey, at least, was able to give as graphic pictures in strong and expressive language.

Finally, we come to Jonathan Edwards, half Cavalier, half Puritan, in his ideas, who wrote with such exquisite gentleness of his "sweet sense of divine things" and who pictured on the other hand with such power the terrors and misery of eternal punishment and spoke of angels who rejoiced in Heaven "to see the sufferings of the damned." Besides being a theologian, Edwards was also a philosopher, and though his theories are disproved to-day, yet they were argued in such powerful and convincing style, that his is the one name of real importance that has come down to us from all Colonial Literature.

E. B. M. '04.

“Pin Tap,” a Living Remnant of the Old South

For a long time Edisto, one of the Sea Islands of South Carolina, has been known as “Pin Tap.” This is a translation of the English words “Upon Top” into the peculiar dialect of the negroes of that vicinity. But its name is only one of the unusual or interesting things that might be told about this island, a place attractive for its living beauty and for its relics of a time now past. Its plantations, many of which are owned by descendants of the original grantees, recall the days when the Lords Proprietors attempted to establish in the Carolinas an ideal government by aristocrats, and the names of certain landgraves are not yet forgotten by those “native and to the manner born.”

If you visit “Pin Tap” and wish to see some of its most attractive places, you must first drive down the main road. This long “public road,” extending from one end of the island to the other, is bordered on each side by mammoth old live-oaks, whose branches, meeting overhead form a low, continuous archway. Long, soft gray moss hangs from each tree, and every now and then, on the sides of the road, may be seen little swamps, shadowy, mysterious swamps, with vines crossing and recrossing from bush to bush, and all losing their ends in the cool, dark water beneath them. The avenues, turning into this larger one, wind through acres and acres of cotton, for here grows the best long-staple cotton of the world. Its blossoms are in all different stages of development—some a bright, rich yellow, others, two or three hours older, a soft red; and still others in the shape of little green pods, which can scarcely be distinguished from the dark olive luxuriance of leaves; and last of all, the open bolls with the silky fluffy, pure-white fibres falling from their every crevice.

One of these avenues leads you for a mile through pines and oaks, and then suddenly emerges on a wide expanse of sand bounded on the left by a broad river. Soon the road runs through more fertile soil and you find acres of cotton on one hand and a field of watermelon vines on the other. You can not help noticing a large sign on the outskirts of the melon patch; it is a huge death's head, and beneath it are printed the words, “Some of these melons are poisoned.” This poisoning of melons is the planter's only means of keeping the darkies from ravaging the crop. And even then some of the harmless watermelons go, and the poisoned ones, if taken, seem to have no ill effect on the health of these marvellously constituted, dusky-skinned thieves.

The road finally turns into an avenue formed by fifty or so tremendous, warrior-like live-oaks, venerable trees that have withstood the attacks of storm, earthquake and war for three hundred years. On both sides, through the gnarled branches and drooping foliage of the oaks, may be seen the spike-like green leaves of the palmettoes growing on the water-side, for this avenue leads you over a neck of the island to a peninsula about a quarter of a mile square, at whose point the rivers flowing on both sides converge. Here, where the peninsula begins, through the gray moss that you push aside from before your face, you see parts of a large brick house, with a slanting-roofed piazza extending almost across its whole front. Two or three smiling little darkies hold the gate open for you, and you enter the estate of “Brick House.” The house, of which you had caught glimpses through the moss, stands in

the middle of the peninsula. On nearer view, it looks old, and your companion tells you that its "looks do not belie it." For three hundred years it, like the trees, has stood here. The materials for its construction were all brought from across the ocean, and the architect also. But the only visible relic of the latter is a marble face built into the middle of the eastern side of the house, and even this is a rather indefinite remembrance, for the boys of every generation of the family that has for so long a time lived here, have each tried to see which could do the most in effacing its features by means of rocks and other destructive missiles.

An old gentleman comes forward to meet you, his age seen not at all in his erect, soldierly carriage, but only in his gray hair and white beard. There is a certain old-time chivalry in his manner, which, together with the colonial aspect of the house makes you wonder if you have not been transported a hundred years back. He takes you into the parlor and explains with pride how old are those queer, graceful creatures painted above and around the marble mantel-piece; and in which places the different family portraits had hung; and how between those two windows a long mirror used to stand beneath a brass eagle of Revolutionary days, holding in his beak a scroll inscribed with the Declaration of Independence. But portraits, mirror and eagle had all been taken during the war between the States. Of course you have chosen one of the deep window seats as your resting-place, and you are somewhat surprised to hear a tap outside under the open window.

"Sense me, ma'm, 'sense me—Massa dey yeh?"

"I—maybe—let me see," and you rush bewildered to your host—

"Some one is under the window, sir, trying to say something."

The old gentleman goes to the window.

"Massa, got any pain-killer?"

"Yes, Leander; who's sick?"

"Well, suh, you see, me wife, she done hab a headache, suh, an' me little gyul done eat too much watermelon, 'sussin' me son, suh, who hab run a fish-hook een 'e han', an' I ain' feel more'n so-an'-so, meself, suh."

You are astounded. "Will one medicine cure all these things?" you ask.

"Oh, yes, and more than these," the "Massa-doctor" laughingly replies.

Then, as the sun begins to go down, the person who brought you to this old plantation drives a buggy up under a monster live-oak before the house, as a gentle suggestion that you have very little time to drive to his plantation before dark. As you sit in the buggy ready to start off, the old gentleman calls out,

"You had better take care; you are on dangerous ground."

But you know what he means, for you have been told that the daughters of this family for many generations have been courted under this very tree, and that even outsiders are not safe here.

By the time you have passed the overseer's house and through the negro "quarters," in front of every cabin of which were small fires burning to keep away mosquitoes, it is twilight, and there floats across the cotton to you

only the croaking of frogs, and the solitary song of some darkey on the river cutting marsh, or perhaps the melodious sound of negroes singing in chorus, blending with the creaking of the old ox-cart piled with corn-stalks, lazily making its way through the corn-field. And thus you drive on and on, past the road leading to old Governor Aiken's plantation, "Jehossee," and past the plantation of the two Governors Seabrook, "Gunbluff," while your companion tells you of the other old estates whose names are not the least attractive part of them—"Cypress Trees," "Old Dominion," "Shell House," "Swallow Bluff," "Ravenswood." As he mentions this last one, the Presbyterian graveyard comes into view, and these two things, your companion remarks as he begins to tell you a story, make one tale of the many that float around this mystic place stand out in his mind.

You turn into your friend's avenue and the narration begins.

"Although 'Uncle Ephraim' had inherited the beautiful and extensive estate of 'Ravenswood,' one would have taken him for the poorest man in the land, on account of his extreme stinginess. He was cowardly, also, and both of these traits may be observed in the following incident.

"One summer day, 'Uncle Ephraim' went to the city to do his wife's shopping; he was afraid that she would spend too much money if she went for herself. He got back to the Edisto wharf late in the afternoon, and after tying many bundles to his saddle, he started for home, with just a little trembling in his knees, and with a posture not as upright as if he were ready to do battle with the ghosts he expected to meet before the end of his journey. Slowly he went all the length of the landing-road, for he knew he was safe until he reached the public highway. But try as hard as he could to keep it far off, this latter seemed to run to meet him. As he turned into it, his knees began to tremble violently, for there was the Presbyterian graveyard almost in sight. Soon he reached the nearest end of the fence enclosing it.

"The horse begins to tremble, then dashes forward. 'Uncle Ephraim' looks behind and sees something broad and white fluttering on the back of the animal. 'Go on,' he shouts, and gives an extra hard jab with his spurs. Faster and faster rushes the horse, frenzied by fear and the pain from his lashings. The whiteness, for it can not be called a substance, grows longer at each pace, sometimes flapping gently against the old man's back. Every time this happens he fairly doubles up with terror. These three—the man, the horse, the whiteness—seem to leave everything they pass, white; for when 'Uncle Ephraim' looks back again, as far as he can see down the road there is a white streak, whiter than the moonlight. But here is his avenue! Surely this awful fabrication will keep to the straight way when he turns! But no; as the horse whirls around, gracefully the being curves its filmy self to follow it. Home at last! and in the house! But terror-stricken eyes look to see if the ghostly spirit will float through the closed door and twist itself around their owner. Indeed, it must have been the shades of all his ancestors put together, it was so long.

"The next morning the coachman found a winded horse lying at the front door, and from the saddle-bag it bore stretched peacefully twenty yards of white linen."

S. M. J. '05.

To You

'Tis morning, and the grey night mist
Is changing into golden day;
The radiance of the sun hath kissed
The flowers' tears away.

*(I love you in the dawn, love,
When all the east is streaked with light;
The sunbeams weave a gown of gold—
For you 'tis not too bright.)*

The day hath waned, groves apart
Are soft with shadows of the trees;
A fragrance, once a flower's heart,
Is drifting on the sunset breeze.

*(I love you in the even, love,
As sweeter, paler grow the skies;
Your lips are roses half asleep,
More soft than twilight are your eyes.)*

The moon is mirrored in a lake,
Where water-lilies float and dream;
Bright ripples on the far shores break,
The very waves as star worlds seem.

*(Low voices call you, call you, love,
And will you stay so far, so far?
Lo, while I breathe my heart to you,
The night wind whispers to a star.)*

—M. H. '04.

The Rushing of Betty

One May afternoon when all the apple and cherry trees were in blossom, when the grass was rich and green, when the orioles and humming-birds were running a race from flower to flower with the butterflies, and the warm afternoon sunshine was pouring down over everything, two little figures could be seen walking slowly up the country road on their way home from school. The boy was about ten years old, with red hair and a round, jolly freckled face. He was shuffling his bare feet along delightedly in the warm dust, his books and the girl's strapped together were thrown over his shoulder, and his whole air was one of blissful content. The little girl was two or three years younger. Her gingham sunbonnet hung back on her shoulders, and her black hair escaping from her two tight braids curled all around her face.

"Ralph," she inquired suddenly, glancing at him through her eyelashes, "do you love me?"

"Sure," answered the boy. "Why?"

"I don't see how you expect me to know it," the girl explained in a grieved tone. Ralph looked up in astonishment.

"Golly gee! don't I always choose you on my side in prisoner's base? Ain't I walking home and carrying your books, now? What do you want me to do?"

"I don't know, 'zaetly," admitted the girl; "but when people love Sister they send her things. There's one now, who told me he was 'rushing' her, and he gives her more candy and flowers and things! Why don't you rush me?"

"I don't know how. But I will do anything you say,

Betty," answered Ralph, obligingly. Accordingly, Betty promised to talk it over with sister and find out just how the thing was done.

Betty's first instructions were that Ralph should call. "Call?" said Ralph, a puzzled look stealing into his eyes. "Call what?"

"Oh, don't you know?" Bettie was rather vexed at this ignorance of the part of her lover. "When grown folks go to see people, they call. You must call at night."

"Really, Betty, I'd like to awful, but Ma won't let me go out after dark."

Then a bright thought struck him. "If you like, though, I'd just as lief run away and come call. What time do you go to bed?"

"Right early," confessed Betty. "Don't you suppose it would be all right if you called in the afternoon?"

"Every afternoon?" inquired Ralph, anxiously, as visions of baseball floated through his brain. But the visions disappeared when Betty smiled.

* * * * *

"Ralph"—Betty's tone was plaintively patient—"Sister's rusher don't come to see her all the time." Ralph had interrupted a most exciting doll tea-party.

"I thought 'twas rushin'," explained Ralph.

"Oh, dear, no! Just callin' ain't rushin'. Sister's rusher sends her candy."

"All right." Ralph was game to the backbone.

The next day at school Betty found a bag of gum-drops

on her desk. This kept up until one day after an especially big bag, Betty did not come to school.

"Oh, Betty," said Ralph, running to meet her as she came down the road next morning. "Why ever didn't you come to school yestiddy? Miss Hines caught Sissy Bailey chewing gum in class and stood her right out in the floor? Why did you stay away?"

"Oh, Ralph," said Betty, paling a little at the remembrance, "please don't send me any more gum-drops or candy. I was so sick."

* * * * *

"Ralph," asked Betty, several days later, as they walked home together up the lane, "you haven't stopped courtin', have you?"

"Well, the gum-drops—" began Ralph.

"Oh, no," hastily interrupted Betty, "I don't want any more candy. But Sister gets flowers."

"What kind?" Ralph was going to play his part or die.

"Roses, beauties, all red and sweet." Betty sniffed with delight. The few days following Betty brought back small bunches of roses from the school—little yellow bush roses they were, but to Betty they were American Beauties.

"Ralph," asked Betty, "why were you late to school to-day?"

"Pa kept me." Ralph did not seem to want to dwell on the subject. But Betty had her share of curiosity.

"Why?" she persisted.

"Licked me." Ralph's tone, like his answer, was short.

"Oh, Ralph!" Betty's eyes were big with horror.

"Did it hurt? Why?"

"Not much. He said I stole." Ralph began whistling to show how little he cared.

"How perfectly awful. Oh, Ralph, what did he say you stole?" Betty's tone was awestruck.

Silence.

"Ralph."

Silence.

"Ain't you going to tell me what you stole?"

Silence.

Then suddenly a great light broke over Betty.

"Ralph," she asked, "who gave you those roses?"

"Nobody."

"Ralph," Betty faced him, her sunbonnet was hanging on her shoulders as usual, her hair was very black, her cheeks were very red, and her eyes were very blue, "did you get licked for stealing my roses? Oh, Ralph, I think you are the grandest thing! I love you!"

"Ralph," said Betty a few minutes later after she had rubbed her cheeks as hard as she could trying to wipe off what Ralph had put there. "don't let's court any more. I tell you what let's do now. Let's pretend we are little boy and girl."

A. K. G. '04.

A Valentine

Stolen! by a maiden fair,
With smiling eyes and sunny hair,
My heart! the only one I had—
Was ever there a case so sad?

And baby Cupid was not blind;
When he saw you, my Valentine,
His arm was strong, his aim was true;
He pierced my poor heart through and through.

I would not, could not have it back,
Yet every day I mourn my lack.
You've stolen my heart without ado,
So Valentine dear, please take me too!
M. R. DUB '05.

The Silent Valley

In a certain country, there is a narrow valley where the trees grow straight and tall, seemingly trying to look over the tops of the enclosing hillsides into the valleys beyond—hillsides so steep that it is a very wonder the trees keep their balance at all, and do not go rolling down like some fragment of rock that, loosened from its moss bed high up on the slope, hurries to hide among the leaves at the foot of the hill.

Of all the trees growing there the most beautiful is a gleaming beech which stands at the head of the valley, for this beech was once the dwelling place of the nymph whose slightest wish was the law for the valley and all it contained. Now, every year, on the last day of April it was the custom of the nymph to listen to all of her subjects who chose to claim her favor, and a request then made had never been known to remain ungranted.

One year, just at the dawn of this magic day, came the first petition—a little stray breeze that told how, many days since, it had been chasing some fluffy white cloudlets over the ocean and reaching land, had lost its way among the puzzling lines of rivers and hills. And it begged the nymph to send it back safe to the sea. Before its story was finished the leaves of the beech tree stirred softly, and a cool wind came down and catching up the breeze in its arms was off so quickly that its last words floated back like a sigh through the trees. And then a tiny violet, dimmed by a tear-drop of dew, sobbed out its loneliness and fear from where it lived all by itself behind a big rock. So the nymph gave it a home at the foot of her own beech, and for companions surrounded it with ferns as graceful and delicate as the violet itself.

While the shadows grew short and black and then slowly lengthened and paled again, the nymph listened to many a petition, until finally, just as the last sunbeam touched a moss-covered rock near the beech tree and lingered there, a sparkling spring bubbled out from beneath the rock and spoke in rippling appeal.

“Oh, Nymph!” it said, “I am the voice of a stream which flows deep down below your valley—a prisoner bound in darkness and unceasing silence, with only this short moment of release which comes once each year while the daylight is fading. Each year have I arisen at the call of the last sunbeam, but never have I claimed this day’s blessing from you. For the snow from the mountains has for the first time told me, as it melted and came down through the paths of the earth to join my waters, of you who lived in the valley above me. Grant my prayer and give me a path through the wildflowers, that I may be free—free to mirror their nodding heads, to answer the call of the birds, to run races with the breeze, and, when the sun has set, to carpet the valley with twin stars to those that look down through the tree tops.”

"Poor Stream," answered the nymph, "I will indeed try to help you. If, for a hundred years longer you wait without once uttering a sound, giving up even this yearly day of release, your freedom will be won."

The last sunbeam slid from the rock and climbing the opposite slope of the valley, disappeared into the twilight, and at the same instant the spring sank murmuring out of sight.

Almost a hundred years passed away, and the stream flowed on below the valley, hollowing out for itself wonderful arched halls, and waiting patiently for the day to come that would bring it up from darkness to the light and freedom it craved.

While the stream was so busy, however, its existence had been almost forgotten by the nymph in the new interest she had found in a mortal maiden. One radiant afternoon, early in the year, when the valley had just awakened to its first soft blossoming in the new warmth of the sunlight, she saw the mortals entering her valley. One was a man who broke with intruding footsteps upon the quiet of her realm, and the other, a girl so sweet and fair that she seemed almost a part of the woodland life through which she moved. The sunshine lost its way in her hair and grew content to dwell there. Her eyes were the shadowy reflection of the tender depths of the skies, and her soul was the imprisoned spirit of a wild rose.

As she came down the valley, the nymph forgot her resentment at the intrusion—forgot everything but the presence of the girl herself, and when the two had reached the nymph's own beech tree and stopped to rest there, the leaves above them whispered in murmurous ecstasy an echo to their words.

In the glorifying sunset light they went away again, but slowly, so slowly that long before they left the valley, the nymph lost sight of them in the deepening twilight. The next evening they returned when the shadows began to grow slant, leaving only as the sunshine left, and so for many evenings, until once when a storm kept them away for a whole long week the nymph missed them sorely and rejoiced that the first sunny afternoon brought them back as usual. And so intent was she on watching for them that she let pass unnoticed an unusual restlessness which had wandered up and down the valley all day.

The trees were aquiver with the knowledge of the secret that made the ferns and flowers huddle together in little frightened groups, and the birds to settle into rest only to rise again and fly round and round in aimless circles above their nests. The rocks alone remained passive and indifferent, for they at least were secure, but beneath the valley the hidden stream knew it best of all and pulsed responsive to the earth thrill that would soon pass into sound and be shared by the listening air.

For the stream knew how the storm had torn and broken the snow on the mountains above and had sent down through the mountain ways a hastening torrent that drew nearer each instant to overwhelm the lovers in the valley of the nymph.

If only this once they would not wait for the sunset! If only they could be warned! But there was no way

to warn them—except—and the stream thought of the long years of its waiting and the short space of days now that divided it from its reward.

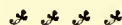
And still the lovers loitered in unshadowed happiness until just as they reached the middle of the valley the nymph saw them stand and look round as if suddenly listening. Then she listened, too, and ceased watching them as she caught sight of a tiny brooklet that was hurrying towards them from beneath a moss-covered rock near the beech, trying with inarticulate ripples to urge them to flee.

The stir in the valley was hushed into breathless silence as the voice of the stream was echoed in growing thunder by the first rush of the coming snow stream that roared nearer and nearer—and then suddenly died away as it chose a far off valley for its course and left this valley untouched. The lovers were saved—and the stream was lost, for had it not broken its vow?

Reluctantly, sadly the nymph sent it to glide yet deeper among the foundations of the earth.

The valley lies still in that same breathless silence, broken only at the end of every hundred years, when the shadow of a nymph's pity hovers over it, and the wind, with a sound like the voice of waters, moans through the trees in the silent valley.

E. B. M. '04.



The Fir Tree and the Palm

In the silence stands a fir tree

Where the sea is frozen deep;
And the wind has rocked him roughly,
Savagely to sleep.

He is dreaming of a palm tree

In the golden morning-land,
Grieving in her unloved beauty,
Lonely on the burning sand.

—M. H. '04.

Translated from the German of Heine.

Dolly Martha

"Dolly Martha—oh you Dolly Martha, why don't you answer your mother when she calls you? If I have called you once I have called you most as many times as you have tried to put my ears out slamming that door. Will you please tell me why you didn't answer the telephone a while ago?" This dreadful question was asked of a very little girl in a very big blue pinafore who came slowly into the room and looked straight at her mother in a most surprised manner. The sharp little face had a frown and a strained expression on it which was pitiful in such a little girl.

"Why, mother, I didn't know the telephone rang! I—"

"No, don't say another word. I should think you would be ashamed to talk anyhow, after you'd been so naughty. You used to be a real well-behaved child but now there's no managing of you. And at one time you were so fond of school, but I just wish you'd read that note."

MY DEAR MRS. D.—

It has become my painful duty to write you in regard to your little daughter's behavior at school. She used to be one of my best scholars, but of late she pays less and less attention to what is said in school, and yesterday she deliberately walked off without saying a word when I called her. I can not find out what is the cause of this change so have resorted to your help. Hoping that it will not cause you any trouble,

I remain as ever,

JANE T.

When Dolly Martha had finished her mother began again.

"Now, Dolly Martha if any more of this thing happens, I'll either tell Santa Claus not to bring you that doll, or I'll show father this note. Christmas 'll be here next month you know, and so will father."

Now if there were too things in this world that Dolly Martha loved they were her father and a doll that could talk, and the proudest moment of her life was to be on next Christmas day when she could tell him that she had been so good that Santa had brought her that long desired talking doll.

"And if mother showed him!" it was too dreadful to think about.

Dolly Martha's father worked hard on a train very far off, and only came home once in a great while. But when he did, oh my, what good times they did have!

That night when Dolly Martha went to bed, this is the prayer that the Lord heard:

"Oh Lord, please send one of your good angels to tell me what makes me so naughty because really and truly I don't know. And—and please let the angel show me how to be good. Amen."

After this Dolly Martha tried very hard to be good but somehow time went by so fast and before she knew it Christmas had come and she had not been able to do a bit better. Her father came that night but she did not enjoy him as much as usual because her poor little heart was too sore to enjoy anything much then. "Had mother told Santa Claus, or was she going to tell father? If she told father, what would he think?" These were the thoughts which kept worrying her little brain.

At last Christmas morning dawned bright and early and the first thing that Dolly Martha saw was a beautiful doll!

"Oh——oh," she cried, picking it up and hugging it tight. "But," and the little face fell, "why don't she talk?"

Although the doll was talking the usual doll-talk, Dolly Martha's face had such a look of disappointment as was pitiful to see.

Outside the door stood someone watching, and as he watched an expression of the utmost sadness came over his face.

"Little doll, why don't you talk?" Dolly Martha was saying. "Don't be afraid to, 'cause I know you've been a good little doll. When you lived with Santa you always answered the telephone and the door bell, and you never were rude to your teacher, were you? If I were you, I wouldn't be a bit afraid to talk." Just then Dolly Martha looked up and saw her father standing in the door. The tears were in his eyes and his face was, oh so solemn!

"O—o—oh!" thought Dolly Martha "mother's told him." Then the little head was buried in a pillow.

"Why what can a body be crying about on Christmas morning?" said the kindest voice in the world.

"'Cause," came from the depths of the pillow, "m-m-mother's told you!"

"Told me what? That I've got to take my little girl off to a big city and have her dolly's voice treated?"

"But she hasn't got any voice." The face emerged from the pillow.

"Oh, yes she has, you put her right next to your ear and see."

"Ye-es, she has, but," and the little face lost some of its delighted expression, "didn't mother tell you anything else?"

"I believe she did tell me I must get a big doctor to make my little girl hear better."

That night the Lord heard a second prayer and it was this:

"Oh, Lord! your angel forgot to tell me what made me bad, but mother says I am good now, so its all right. Please give all the good little girls dolls like mine, and don't let me get bad any more. Amen."

L. T. '05.

Life Light

In the hush of the shadowy twilight
The day has fallen asleep,
And the silver sun of a summer night
Is rising her vigil to keep.

The weary world, lying dark below,
She touches with tender caress,
And each deep scar of grief or woe
She wraps in a moonlight tress.

She kisses away the tear stains of day,
She exiles each shadow unfurled,
And with outspread arms of white moon-ray
She blesses the whole wide world.

As the moonbeams are to this poor old earth,
So is thy love to me.
My days on earth were nothing worth
Till my Heart's Light, I found thee.

—E. B. M. '04.

The Hourly World

May 3404, A. D.

I feel that in laying before the public this little work I am unearthing a fact more interesting than the latest discoveries of science or history. In short I have come into the possession of some scraps of manuscript written far back in the dark ages of the early nineteen hundreds. They are written in the manner of the ancients on a substance known as "paper" with an oddly shaped instrument dipped into a black fluid. Of course these partly civilized people were ignorant of the autographic machine as we have it now.

Unfortunately we do not know the author of these papers which seem to be a "diary" of a girl who, having left her home, with about a hundred others of her kind, took up her abode in some buildings situated in what she calls a "grove," (this word has since disappeared from our language). As far as I can ascertain this establishment seemed to be for the pleasure and amusement of its inhabitants, who were at times strangely subject to an epidemic of some sickness when they had a strange desire to see their families. Why they didn't put on their wings and fly wherever they wanted to go I can not discern, but of course they knew nothing of wings in that unenlightened age. Indeed history tells us that their only means of locomotion was by using wooden cars on wheels and these clumsy trains were often as much as fifteen minutes late. What would happen to-day if our world-belt flying ship should come in half a second behind time?

In this "diary" so much has been torn out and so much faded by time that only a few complete sentences are legible but these are fraught with interest. The first entry is dated "January 1904. I have been studying awfully hard for exams. and as for practise—why I fairly dream of scales at one hundred." It would appear that "scales at one hundred" must have been some beautiful composition for an ancient instrument called the pianoforte. People used to spend life time learning to make this play with their own fingers instead of our much simpler up-to-date method of letting every instrument play itself.

The diary continues: "Went down town with some of the girls and bought some little cakes to keep us from starving." This passage is especially full of interest to those interested in Ancient Geography. I can find no spot by the name of "Down Town" but with the aid of the world's most learned professors on the Ancients I have decided it must have been situated in the part of the universe then known as France. Now with their slow modes of locomotion, it must have taken them at least two weeks to reach this "Down Town" from America, yet from the casual mention it receives we judge that it was in no wise out of the ordinary. Then too we have evidence of a great and terrible famine, curiously enough unmentioned in history. Imagine for yourself the terrific state of the world, when after a journey of two weeks, all these girls could procure to prevent death from hunger was a few small cakes. It would draw tears to our eyes—if we had not discovered that crying is very unscientific and unhealthy.

This wonderful paper continues: "We are all wildly excited about the Muse. The Editors say it is going to be better this year than it ever has been before." This Muse was evidently a yearly published by all America or at least that part of it known then as the "United States." The writer has great admiration for the forementioned Editors for on the next line the only legible words are, "Wish----I----smart----Editors----grand!" And I must acknowledge that this work has not a style which in our enlightened age would be considered charming or flowing, but at least it has the virtues of simplicity and conciseness.

"Had a German—" (here a word is evidently left out)—the author does not say whether it was a German man, woman, or what—"last night. The grandest two-step." We find in the dictionary that a two-step was a wild sort of war dance very popular among the ancients, when two people put their arms around each other and gave sundrey hops and skips in time to the pianoforte. It must have been an interesting and imposing sight when as many as six couples at a time would be hopping and running around to the great peril of their toes and sometimes of their lives.

The next entry is only a fragment on the last page dated "May 29th. School is really over and how I hate to tell the girls good bye. It nearly breaks my heart to leave my room-mate." This last word is the only one in the manuscript whose meaning has been absolutely forgotten. Of course we know what *room* is but *mate*! After due consideration it has been decided that *mate* is derived from the same root as *mat* and must mean the same. We have door mat, so later in the gradual change of language room mate dropped the final "e" and became room mat—or a covering to be spread over the floor. It seems very strange that this girl should have been so devoted to her room mat, but perhaps it was a particuilar costly or handsome one.

And this is all that is extant of the wonderful manuscript which throws so much light on that primitive age of phonographs and electric lights.

M. R. D. B. '05.



Vineta

(There is a legend that the ancient city of Vineta lies buried in the Baltic Sea, between the island of Rugen and the mainland.)

Evening bells are strangely, softly sounding
 'Neath the cool green surging of the sea,
Singing of that ancient wonder-city,
 Whispering an untold mystery.

Far below the bosom of the waters
 Still her straight and stately towers rise,
Which reflect the radiant sunset's glory—
 Lo! the sight is seen of mortal eyes.

And a fisher, who has seen the glory,
 Seen it when the evening clouds are red,
O'er *Vineta* he must fish forever,
 Fish, though tempests gather over head.

In my heart of hearts there sounds a music
 Like the haunting story of the bells—
Sweet, ah! sweet the purport of its singing—
 Of the love that dwelleth there it tells.

And my heart, it is a heavenly city;
 Strange and lovely towers deck its ways.
In the mirror of my dreams I see them,
 Golden in the glory of love's rays.

Ah, city of my dreams, like old Vineta,
 Bind me, hold me in thy charmed spell,
For never angels sang a sweeter story
 Than the tales thy harmonies foretell.

Translated from the German of Muller; by M. H., '04.

A Warm Welcome

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MIRIAM RIVERS	An old girl who has come back late in the term.
GRACE BROWN	Her room-mate
ISABEL EVANS	A friend.
MARION KEYS	Another friend

OTHER SCHOOL GIRLS.

SCENE—A room in S—r H—l.

Miriam, who has just arrived, is sitting on the bed with her wraps and furs on. Around her are seated her friends, who are lovingly watching her and the box of Huyler's she is opening.

Miriam—Oh, girls, I came up on the train with the cutest thing you ever saw. She's a new girl who's coming here.

Isabel—Then she must be going to stay in the vacant room on our hall.

Grace (skillfully extracting Miriam's lunch from her suit case)—What's her name?

Miriam—I forgot to ask her. How utterly stupid I am. But any way, she's perfectly darling. (Looking out of the window.) There she goes now.

Grace—She certainly is pretty from a back view.

Miriam—Let's go and get acquainted with her.

Miriam—No, you'd better not; she's awfully reserved and proper.

Isabel (inspired)—Then let's haze her!

All—Grand!

(Two girls rush over to the vacant room, the others get a large piece of paper and print on it.)

Isabel—There—these rules for her benefit are something handsome. (Reads from the paper.)

RULES.

When a member of the faculty speaks to you, curtsy immediately. Invariably address a Senior by the title Miss. During meditation hour on Sunday, think over your sins of the past week; if repentant, answer "rep" at evening roll-call; if not, answer "non-rep." To take more than one

biscuit at breakfast is considered a breach of etiquette, punishable by five disorders. (The girls laugh.) There! that ought to impress her. (She goes out to hang the placard in the vacant room. The three girls come back.)

Marion—We've made her a pie bed, and hidden her bureau keys, and the rules look stunning.

Grace—I'll attend to sewing up her coat sleeves as soon as I can get hold of the garment.

Miriam (looking through the door)—Hush! There she comes with Miss Andrews and Miss Halsey.

Grace—Pretty thick with the faculty already.

(Miss Andrew's voice from the hall: "Miss Halsey, let me introduce Miss Stone, our new Greek teacher, you know, who was detained by her mother's illness.")

(Miss Halsey is seen shaking the "new girl's" hand. They walk into the vacant room.)

(Isabel collapses into a chair like a jack knife, Grace leans limply against the wall and tears her hair, Miriam rolls on the bed in hysterical giggles.)

Curtain.

M. H. '04.

Kitty C. (studying for English examination).—Was Christianity introduced into England in 500 A. D. or B. C.?

Dorothy S.—Mildred, you are a regular Puck.

Mildred E.—I am sorry, Dot, but I don't consider you any Judge.

At the Thanksgiving Banquet—

Minnie B. and Ann G. (indignantly).—Why, *we* didn't order chicken soup—we ordered cream of chicken.

Mary Ruth T. (during a discussion of different school fires).—Fire bugs? What sort of spiders are they?

Mr. Stone (trying to explain the meaning of "swain").—Now, if a milkmaid were on one side of the fence, what would be on the other?

Emma B. (excitedly).—The cow.

One of the girls (looking out of window at burning shanty a mile or so away).—Come quick, you can see the Baltimore fire from our window.

Marguerite S. (earnestly).—Do you really think it's Baltimore?

AMONG
OURSELVES



The Calendar

SEPTEMBER



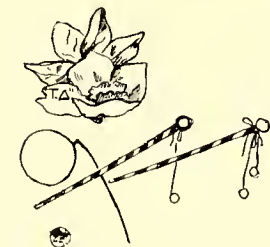
On the 17th of September, St. Mary's re-opened and on the whole we all returned very promptly. There is no month in the school year busier than September. There were all the new teachers to be met—to say nothing of the crowd of the more or less homesick "new girls," whom we had to be nice to, remembering the time when we too were strangers. Then also there were our desolate looking rooms or alcoves waiting to be transformed into comfortable little dens. At this time a casual passerby might have thought a house was being built, for St. Mary's echoed and re-echoed with the sound of hammering. It was on the 26th of this month that the old girls of the Σ . A. welcomed the new members with a delightful reception in the Far Country.

In those first days of school the Seniors tried hard to be dignified and imposing; the Juniors made a brave effort not to appear too elated over being Juniors; the Soph's struggled not to show their contempt for the Fresh, and the poor little Freshmen—well, they just did their best not to get too homesick. After awhile, however, the rooms were arranged, new friendships were formed, the studies we had been looking forward to with such dread all summer were commenced and found not to be so dreadful after all, and before we realized it, it was

OCTOBER

October was full of events—some of them, like the Tau Delta German on the 10th, quite society affairs. This first german of the year was a decided success. Of course the prettiest sort of figures were led and the little Japanese maids who passed around refreshments were most attractive.

On the 12th the Masonic Fair opened down town and every evening during the rest of that week, obliging chaperons took down enthusiastic crowds of girls. The next week the Great State Fair came, and on the



22nd we were given a holiday so that we might all go to see the sights. We'll never forget how tired we were that night, or what a good time we had during the day.



But October reached its climax on the very last night of all—Hallowe'en. Of course we had our usual fancy dress dance, and never have the costumes been better, the Sybils' jokes and local hits funnier, or the fortunes predicted for us by all sorts of ingenious methods brighter. In short, thanks to Miss Cheekley, Mr. DuBose, Mrs. Jenkins and all the other teachers who entered so heartily into our fun, the whole evening could not have been more delightful, and it formed a fitting close to this happy month.

NOVEMBER

opened with a holiday—"All Saint's" and our "Founder's Day," when our little chapel was fairly ablaze with chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. When one says November, one naturally thinks of Thanksgiving. To be sure we had only Thanksgiving Day, itself, for a holiday, in spite of our wild hopes that Friday also would be given us, but to the Seniors at least, the 26th was a red letter night, for then Eliza Brown started our series of Senior entertainments with a regular Thanksgiving dinner at the Yarborough House.

While we were down town the girls at school had not been idle for on our return we found the old parlor turned into a regular "Midway" and crowded with teachers, girls and visitors—St. Etheldreda's Chapter was giving a fair.

St. Etheldreda was not the only chapter active in November; the St. Monica girls on the 7th gave a Dutch evening and on the 21st the St. Elizabeth girls invited us, and our money, to the Old Maid's Convention.

On the 10th the Basket Ball Association was organized. The Etoiles gave another delightful german on the 14th, and on the 24th the Literary Societies, to show that they were not extinct, gave to the school world the first number of "St. Mary's Peals." Crude and full of faults it certainly was, but please remember it was the first attempt. During the last days of November, big boxes and little boxes of all shapes and sizes were piled up before the front door and poor Miss Ann was nearly driven crazy by inquisitive girls. I think everybody must have gotten at least one box from the number the expressman delivered. And so with our hearts full of Thanksgiving we welcomed



DECEMBER



The first event in December was on the 5th, when "An Open Secret," a little college play, was presented by the girls of St. Catherine's Chapter.

Margaret Stedman and Lucy Redwood gave the Seniors their second treat on the 7th, and on the 12th its new members who had patiently waited and who had made the required average in their studies were informally entertained by the E. A. II. And on the 11th Miss Glenn Priest gave a recital at St. Mary's which we thoroughly enjoyed.

But the night in December that stands out most vividly is the 17th when the Faculty demonstrated that in histrionic talent we girls would have to yield the palm to them. "Alice in Wonderland" could not have been improved upon. If we were to tell St. Mary's girls

of a year or two ago that dignified Miss Thomas was nothing more nor less than a "White Rabbit" and that Miss Cheekley actually danced a elog dancee, they would think we had gone crazy, and yet it did happen! On the 18th, the morning after the play, joyfully bidding each other Merry Christmas, we separated for the Christmas holidays.

JANUARY

JANUARY



We had an unusually long holiday this year as school did not re-open until the 5th. January is always a little bit dreary, for everybody *did* have such a good time Christmas and once back at school, there seems nothing to look forward to but the Mid Year Exams. Yet even in January some pleasant things happen. On the 16th the Juniors entertained the Seniors delightfully. And no later than the very next Monday, the Seniors were given another good time, when Isabel Brumby, Kitty Coleman and Minnie Burgwyn

gave their enjoyable little At Home. The missionary spirit flared up again among us when St. Margaret's Chapter gave its Japanese tea on the 16th. On the 21st the dreaded examinations began. There were no exemptions at all this year and for several days every girl you saw had her arms loaded with books and a hunted expression on her face. Fortunately we all pulled through that trying time and on the whole we think we did very creditably.

One of the nicest things that happened in January was Edward Baxter Perry on the 25th. Every year Mr. Perry finds at St. Mary's a most enthusiastic audience. He was followed on the 30th by Miss Benedict, who gave us another lecture recital. It was by accident that Miss Benedict visited us having arranged at first to go to Oxford, but although we are sorry for the Oxford people we are sure that they could not have enjoyed having her any more than we did.

FEBRUARY

The first part of this month will always be remembered by the Seniors, at least. The very first night of February, Bessie Massey invited both the Seniors of the A. & M. and St. Mary's to a Progressive Sniff Party. None of us knew what to expect, but after all Sniff turned out to be very little different from dominoes, which, of course we knew.

Margaret Herbert's "Library Party" followed on the 6th when we all went as books. "The Cavalier" was seen to flirt desperately "With Edged Tools," and "Lavender and Old Lace" made a pretty contrast with "In Black and White." On the 8th Lily Skinner entertained us and as a souvenir of the occasion we each received a dainty little collarette worked in our class colors. On the 13th the Senior French class gave the little farce "Les Cuisinières" which was thoroughly enjoyed even though—perhaps—not thoroughly understood. Ann Gifford's Valentine Party was on the 15th, and on the 17th Lent commenced, Ash Wednesday being a holiday as usual.

Of course after Lent began no more social events happened in February and our studies went on in the even tenor of their way until at last we came to

MARCH

The entire month of March was in the Lenten season, so naturally everything at St. Mary's was very quiet. But filled as it was with hard studying and our Lenten charitable work March passed quite quickly enough and in the end came Easter.

APRIL

The first days of April were given up to Easter rejoicing and we entered on the last term of school with light hearts. After their Lenten sleep the different clubs and organizations sprang into new life. The Dramatic Club presented its long looked forward to play and the Literary Societies met and grappled with each other in their Inter-Society debate.

The Sororities, too, became prominent. On the evening of the 5th the Phi Delta's gave a dinner at Giersch's followed by a theatre party and in the middle of April came the Alpha Kappa Psi banquet.

The Seniors meanwhile continued their entertainments with unabated zeal. And after Easter, how we did dance! We were never too tired or too hot for it in the evening—and I must not forget the Subscription Dance the St. Mary's "men" gave—when the "girls" were all rushed to their hearts content.

FEBRUARY



But April finally ended and we turned to welcome



MAY—AT LAST

Commencement month! Every one knows what that means to a school girl! Just before school closes we know we *ought* to study harder than ever, but I am afraid we don't often do it. In May the grove is so beautiful that the impulse just to sit out of doors and dream about what we'll do when we really finish school is irresistible.

Baccalaureate Sunday came on the 22nd this year and to our great joy Bishop Bratton preached our Baccalaureate sermon. Monday and Wednesday evenings of the following week were given over to the music pupils who proved conclusively that all the weary practicing on commencement solos, duets, trios and quartets had not been in vain. On Tuesday evening the Seniors made their very first bow to society at their class reception. In our very prettiest evening dresses we stood beside Mrs. DuBose in the big parlor and gravely shook hands with every one presented to us from the Trustees down to our own room-mates, who did their best to look as if they were in awe of us. During the commencement week the Gamma Beta Sigmas gave their annual banquet.

School formally ended and the Senior Class was graduated on Thursday, May 26th. What a day it was to be sure! St. Mary's grove was filled to overflowing with visitors and girls in dainty white dresses. And such a wealth of flowers! Can we ever forget the excitement of that morning, how proud we felt when we were given our diplomas, and how very, very hard we tried not to cry during the valedictory. And then the afternoon when every hall is filled with trunks strapped and ready to go, when your voice echoes in your room whose walls are bare now of all but tack holes, when every minute another carriage load of girls rolls off—girls you never will see again—but why dwell on it?

The school year with its work and its play, its joy and its sorrow, is over now, so with smiles on our lips but with tears in our eyes we bid good-bye to St. Mary's.

The Lavender Maid

Two girls paid a visit to St. Mary's the other day, and one of them was striking enough to attract attention. She wore a dress of quaint, flowered muslin, her hair was drawn back smoothly over her ears, and there was a faint odor of lavender about her as she walked. She was the spirit of a St. Mary's girl of fifty years ago, come back to visit her old haunts. Her companion was distinctly modern; the sleeves of her shirt waist were rolled up to her elbows, and she wore what appeared, at a rough estimate, to be about fifteen society pins. I am sure you recognize her as a St. Mary's girl of to-day.

The two went first to the West Rock House, and choosing the better part, remained on the first floor. Sounds of wrangling were heard to issue from the Hughsons' room. "Sisters, merely," said the modern girl, in answer to her companion's look of pained inquiry.

They went into the long room filled with little white beds which is known as Miss Katie's Dorn. "This," said the modern girl impressively, "is called the Flower Garden of St. Mary's." From the alcove nearest the door a small, short-skirted figure bounded forth. "Speaking of ghosts, wi-erd," she said, as she saw the lavender maid. "Rather forward for so young a child," murmured the shade.

"Sa-ad!" drawled Sue Prince, superciliously,

(Turn off that water down stairs.)

The rather tense silence which followed this remark was broken by the strains of a lively ditty coming from Minnie Beebe's alcove, the only distinguishable words being, "Let the women do the work, do the work, do the work—"

"A surprising, but praiseworthy sentiment," approved the lavender maid.

The pretty ghost laid her hand on the head of a flaxen-haired, meek-eyed girl who was standing near her. "You, dear," she said, "remind me of *my* school-mates. I hope you cultivate the old-fashioned virtues of—"

Fannie Williams looked up in surprise. "Oh, shut your mouth, won't you?" she chuckled.

The lavender maid drew back her hand in dismay. "Is *everything* changed?" she cried.

(Will you turn the water off down there?)

Bland Bowen was curled up in the dormitory rocking chair in such a way that only her legs and black head were visible. The modern girl pointed her out. "There," she said, "is the Great Child Student of North America."

Bland looked up. "Don't interrupt me" she muttered, "I have eighteen lessons to study for to-morrow."

The modern girl drew back the curtain of a pretty alcove. "This is where Josie Knowles stays" she said. "She is absolutely unique, the only one of her kind."

Josie looked out, smiling, "Compliments, whe-ew!" she whistled.

"Miss Katie," Serena Bailey called. "I got into bed two and two-thirds seconds after the bell rang last night. Shall I give in a punctuality?" Even the lavender maid looks surprised. At this moment a tall fair-haired girl rushed madly by, passing right through the lavender maid in her haste.

"Is she having fits?" inquired the ghost, collecting herself with an effort. "Oh, no, it's only Rebecca Cushman, and she has heard that her Ladies' Home Journal has come," explained the modern girl.

They had finished their visit, and as they went out, the same strange wail sounded.

"*Will you please turn off the water.*"

"What can that noise be?" inquired the lavender maid. "I believe," her escort explained, "that some people live upstairs, and they spend their time bathing in large pools of water collected at the expense of an entire drought down here."

The nerves of the lavender maid had been considerably jarred, and it was in rather a bitter tone of voice that she remarked as they went out, "Well, if this is the Flower garden of St. Mary's, I must say I pity the back yard!"

UPSILON DELTA.

Miss Thomas (after having explained how to get at meaning of words from their derivation).—What is rebeck?
Bright Scholar.—To call again.

Mlle.—Now, Nan, what would you call a man who believes everything he hears? [Answer, a credulous man.]
Nan S. (innocently).—A goose.

Miss Checkley (in history).—Tell me something of Constantinople in the ninth century.
Courtney W.—Well, it had paved streets and—electric lights.

Nancy B.—They don't serenade here like they do in Georgia. A fine quartette used to serenade me: John Hill and—oh! lots of other fellows.

Why do Ohla, Dot, Virgilia and Lucy refuse to speak about the night of the "blacking"?

Aunt Louisa (after a violin recital).—Did the young lady play in French, Ma'am?

The Midnight Adventure of Two Roof-Walkers

Picture last night,
Two Seniors slim and slight,
In kimonas, gowns and slippers—nothing more:
On the tin roof as they stepped,
Such a clatter as they kept,
As was never at St. Mary's heard before.

Down the slate roof they did slide,
On the tin roof they did stride—
What a racket all the listeners' ears did greet!
Soon o'er the peak they sped,
Up the fire-escape they fled,
To receive congratulations for the feat.

So pieture to-day
Two girls forlorn, I pray,
And never on a tin roof dare to climb;
For your honor you will lose,
And you're sure to have the blues,
As the lectures you will get are not sublime.

But the moon was shining bright,
And displayed to all the sight,
Teachers being no exception to the case,
To the office they were called,
Over the fire and coals were hauled,
Till of former courage there was left no trace.

They had their fun that night,
But their honor they did blight,
And they never can be trusted any more.
Though pathetic 'tis to say,
In this grove they'll have to stay
'Till a month of deep repentance passes o'er.

A Night in the West Rock

The seven-thirty bell had rung and the girls were getting settled for the evening study-hour. The West Rock girls, who were so fortunate as to "skip" study-hall successfully, returned to their respective rooms, headed by Ida, singing "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand." For an entire hour the floor was quiet and the girls were apparently hard at work. The stillness was broken by Mattie Jones, who always had something very important to tell. In the meantime the commotion in the hall caused Nell to think that there was a feast going on, and in order that she might not be left out, she strolled into Jennie's room; after looking at the clock for five minutes, she asked in her usual calm manner, "Do you care if I see what time it is?" It is well that "faithful Jenny M." didn't object, for Nell had already seen the time.

In a minute a loud crash was heard, followed by the splash of water, and a familiar voice yelling out, "Will you kindly be so pleasant as to turn off the water downstairs?" Rushing out to discover the trouble, we saw Susan standing by the spout gripping her pitcher handle tightly, while the bits of pitcher lay scattered on the floor in front of her. One by one the girls gathered in the hall for their usual "rough-house," which always took place when Miss Jones went down town. This was opened by a heated discussion between Ida and Susan as to the courtesy of Ida's leaving the practice-room door open in Miss Massey's face and the justice of being reported for it. After a dispute of some length, Mattie Jones closed the argument in Susan's favor, and Ida, exhausted from the discussion and her usual hunger, piped meekly: "I always did feel strange here—now I know where I belong. Heaven is my home." Her feeble(?) voice died away amid the notes of a guitar, for 'twas time for the West Rock glee club to meet. After several favorite coon songs, Mary St. John amused the crowd with a "cake-walk," while Mattie Hunter and Mamie Russell were engaged in a sleight-of-hand performance, which consisted in letting a broom down through the transom on sleeping Elizabeth's head.

At this point the ten-o'clock bell rang, and the lights in the upper end of the hall were out and "the dots"

went to sleep. Not so with the "five West Rockers" who alone deemed themselves worthy of the appellation; for they were huddled together in one room, and by the dim light of a candle were continuing their usual occupations. Mildred, inspired by "a certain photograph" on the table in front of her, was completing her nightly epistle, while Sumter was completing her's also. Evelyn and Minna were hanging eagerly over a smoking sauce-pan, but not even the excitement of fudge caused Christine to put aside her hem-stitching. The stillness was first broken by Evelyn—"I know it is not done—I've made it loads of times before, and it's entirely too thin." "Well, I guess I've made it, too, and as good as you ever dared do," said Minna. A foot-fall was heard on the stairs, the light was quickly extinguished, and each girl stole quietly back to her bed.

Lucy R. (at rehearsal of play).—I can't speak that side remark so loud, Esther; the other girls on the stage will hear me.

Mr. DuBose (at roll call).—Heyward, L.

Present.

Mr. DuBose.—Heyward, C.

No answer.

(Again) Heyward, C.

(Surprised) Is Miss Heyward, C., sick?

Marguerite S.—I should think it would be a regular cinch to be on the Altar Guild. Why, you can go to the woods whenever you want to.



KITTY COLEMAN,
Most Popular.



MARGARET HERBERT,
Most Studious.



MILDRED DRANSFIELD TILTON,
Most Accomplished.



MARY BEVERLY DIXON,
Best Dancer.



LILLIAN HAIGH,
Cutest.



MARJORIE HUGHSON
Cleverest.



JENNIE ATKINSON MURCHISON.
Most Energetic.



MARGARET CONNOR.
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LEIZE HOLMES WEAVER.
Prettiest.



ANN KIMBERLY GIFFORD.
Most Courteous.



MARY BOLLING STURGEON.
Most Athletic.



SARAH JONES.
Most Attractive.

Monday Morning Echoes from the "Last Resort."

Scene: Miss Bowen's Dormitory.

Stude J.—Do you reckon anybody will care if I hang my hair out the window to dry it?

Fraunce Broadfoot—No, not unless you drop it.

Mary Ruth Thomas—Margaret Frber, what time is it now? I want to go to school.

Margaret Herbert—One is about as becoming as another, Mary Ruth.

Ruth Foster (interrupting)—Kitsie, pin it and me a clip.

Kitsie Foster—I can't, Ruth; if I do I shall have my hair curling to wear myself!

Eliza B. (explaining the difference between a plurality and a plurality of votes)—"Those who get a two-thirds vote get a majority, and those that just get the more get the victory."

(A bell rings loudly downstairs.)

Al—Why, that's lunch!

Mildred Edmunds—Sarah, are you going to get there?

Sarah Jones (from alcove)—No, love, I don't think so. I have just got to fix my hair.

Margaret Herbert (catching Margaret Smith before she leaves the dormitory)—Margaret Smith, can you give me the money for your chapter dues?

Margaret Smith—Good gracious, child! what does money look like?

Ella Croft—I hope Miss Bowen doesn't inspect on Mondays—as usual, my shelf fell down this morning.

Mary Dixon's voice (floating back from the hall)—I really think my neck is fatter than it was last night.

(By degrees the dormitory is emptied. The footsteps and voices grow fainter and fainter and at last the echoes die completely away.)



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Most Athletic.



SARAH JONES.
Most Attractive.

Monday Morning Echoes from the "Last Resort."

Scene: Miss Bowen's Dormitory.

Slade J.—Do you reckon anybody will care if I hang my hair out the window to dry it?

Frances Broadfoot—No, not unless you drop it.

Mary Ruth Thomas—Margaret Herbert, w'at must I wear?

Margaret Herbert—One is about as becoming as another, Mary Ruth.

Ruth Foster (interrupting)—Kitsie, please lend me a hat-pin.

Kitsie Foster—I can't, Ruth: if I do I won't have anything to wear myself!

Eliza B. (explaining the difference between a majority and a plurality of votes)—"Those who get a two-thirds vote get a majority, and those that just get the most get the pleurisy."

(A bell rings loudly downstairs.)

Al!—Why, that's hunch!

Mildred Edmunds—Sarah, are you going to get there?

Sarah Jones (from aloof)—No, love, I don't think so. I have just got to fix my hair.

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A True Episode

Responsive to the ringing of the eleven-o'clock bell, one morning in February, a small troop of Sophomores went down the covered way towards the Latin room. Many a time had this same procession passed, gay and giggling, but this morning—what cruel decree of an adverse Fate has plunged a dozen girls, with one fell stroke, into mourning and woe?

In solemn single file they move slowly along, with bowed heads and clothed in somber black. They go meekly through the door of the recitation-room and take their places in sorrowing silence, broken only by an occasional sharp indrawn breath which sounds dangerously like a sob.

The Virgils are opened at the Fourth Book, and as the lesson proceeds an overpowering wave of woe seems to rush over the class, apparent in the shaking shoulders and drooping heads which bend lower and lower over the open pages to hide a too-visible emotion, and one or two of these miserable victims of blighting sorrow even bury their distorted faces in handkerchiefs so large that the folds fall far down towards the floor.

Strangely, this common woe is unshared by the stern preceptor, who listens relentlessly as one recitation after another is wrung from the girls' trembling lips.

O, sympathetic reader! would you know the cause of this great grief, so bravely and so painfully repressed? Alas! *Dido* is dead!

All Hallowe'en

On the evening of the thirty-first of October, long before half-past seven, those who had come to be onlookers at the Hallowe'en festivities were gathered in the parlor. The faculty was there and many of St. Mary's down-town friends, while a few stray boarders and day scholars lined the walls between them and the stage.



Outside the hall was crowded with confusion, a mixture of things, some strange, some weird, some beautiful, but at the sound of the piano, the mass formed slowly into a steady procession; the parlor doors were thrown open, and the Grand March had begun.

At the head of the long double line—in immaculate collar and vest—well aware of his own importance—came Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, and with him his friend, Robert T. Washington, whom his Excellency, Mr. Roosevelt, introduced to the assembled company, which he surveyed critically, meanwhile, through his gold-rimmed eye-glasses. Second in order of march came a Greek girl and a pious nun, then two toddling little Japs, and they were followed by that well known pair—Alphonse and Gaston—who progressed but slowly on account of their stopping at every few steps to bow and gesticulate to each other. The rest of the procession was made up of ghosts and children, colonial dames and Twentieth Century girls, his Majesty of the Infernal Regions, the Latest Gold Dust Twins, the Pipp family, and so many others that when the march broke up, the bright throng that filled the room made a scene which those who were present will not easily forget.



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In the second number of the All Hallowe'en programme, before advantage was taken of this propitious evening to attempt lifting the veil of the future, the Present was given its place, and during the reading of the Sybil's scroll by that dread personage herself, there were many who caught, for once, just a glimpse of themselves as others see them.



"Before" and "After," two scenes in the life of a St. Mary's girl, followed, showing the would-be "Saint" as she learns a thing or two Senior," and as she appears later—the victim



Next, it was announced that the Hallowe'en Midway was open to all who Future had in store was faint-hearted Midway — otherwise soon filled with bold who did not hesitate tent to the scarlet and from there to the burning altars, and gypsy, stopping only ally on the strange various and varied of their fates.



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Mirabile Dictu!!

September 19 (the day after school opened, and at short intervals all during the year).—There was an important meeting of the Senior Class.

October 12.—Eliza Brown missed a fourth of a question in English.

November 17.—Rosalie Bernhardt shut the door.

December 14.—Society pins arrived from Desio, and there was no mistake in shape or lettering.

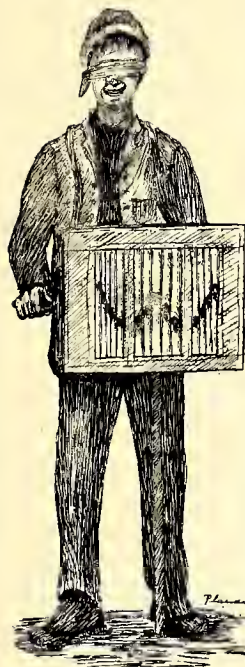
January 5.—Marjorie Hughson was on time for class.

March 11.—8:45 to 9, strike of the music pupils.

March 17.—Charge of the Cornstalk Brigade.

April 9.—Mary S. received a letter from Chapel Hill with the postage prepaid.

May 28.—V. Glazebrook was seen neither laughing nor singing.



A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at herself.—*S. Bailey.*

I loathe that low vice, curiosity.—*R. Bernhardt.*

We keep the day with festal cheer(?)
With books and music.—*St. Mary's Girls.*

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber.—*S. Critz.*

I am sure care's an enemy to life.—*M. Herbert.*

The bed has become a place of luxury to me!
I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world.
—*M. Smith.*

Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!—*A. Spruill.*

I never with important air
In conversation overbear.—*M. Villepigue.*
There is nothing original in us,
Except original sin.—*Senior History Class.*
These are the times that try men's souls.
—*Examination Week.*

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.
—*Josephine Bowen and Gertrude Stickney.*

Neat, not gaudy.—*Emmie Drewry.*
Half canonized by all that looked on her,
So gracious was her tact and tenderness.—*Mrs. DuBose.*
I know my words are wild.—*Evelyn Weeks.*

Does not rest, does not tire.—*The Bell*.
With just enough of learning to misquote.
—*I. Brumby and K. Coleman.*

My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain.—*F. Broadfoot.*
At the approach of a debate, they did neigh like horses.
—*Members of the Literary Societies.*

In love we are all fools alike.—*M. Tilton.*
 Her hair,
 A golden mesh to ensnare the hearts of men.—*Senah Critz.*
 I never was no singin' book, and never meant to be.
 —*M. E. George.*

My mind is my kingdom.—*A. Clark.*
Songs that draw the iron tears from Pluto's cheeks.
—*F. Williams.*

Thou hast
 The fatal gift of beauty.—*L. H. Weaver.*
 A skirmish of wit between them.
 —*The Inter-Society Debates.*

Certainly this is a duty, not a sin.
 "Cleanliness is indeed after godliness."
 —*Girls on Second Floor.*

Flattery, formerly a vice, has now become a fashion.
 —*M. Hughson.*

She delighteth in multiplying worlds.—*I. Evans.*
 Cheerful at morn she wakes from short repose,
 Breathes the keen air and carols as she goes.
 —*V. Glazebrook.*

When shall we three meet again?
 —*F. Williams, K. Glazebrook, M. Beebe.*

But O, she dances such a way!
 No sun upon an Easter day
 Is half so fine a sight.—*M. Dixon.*

Like breaking home ties to part from a mirror.—*A. Lamb.*
 We grumble a little now and then,
 To be sure.—*F. Ruff, A. Sloane, H. Ruff.*

Like mice beneath her petticoat,
 Her little feet stole in and out.—*Georgette Holmes.*

Kisses—
 Love's great artillery.—*C. Thomas.*

She was in logie a great critie.—*E. Gibson.*
 Never less alone than when alone.—*E. Means.*
 Wretched un-idea'd girls.—*The Editors.*

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Isabel Ashby Brumby.

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Minnie Greenough Burgwyn.

Saint Mary's.

When you hear of this School, as you surely will do,
Of its feasts and its fun—and, of course, lessons, too—
When you study the catalogue through and through—
That's when you dream of St. Mary's.

When you've told all your friends and relations "Good-
bye,"
When you've been on the train till you're ready to die,
When you're tired and dusty and wanting to cry—
That's when you dread St. Mary's.

With a rattle and clatter and dust in whirls,
You find yourself in an ocean of girls,
With long hair or short hair, in plaits or curls,
That's when you reach St. Mary's.

Everyone studies in quiet nooks,
All around you see nothing but books:
It's "exam. week," you can tell by the looks—
That's when you fear St. Mary's.

But the day that is dearest to every heart,
When you don't know why, but your eyes will smart,
And the best of friends are forced to part—
That's when you leave St. Mary's.

From early youth to snowy years,
In your daily round of laughter and tears,
Through a whole lifetime of joys and cares—
That's when you love St. Mary's.

—M. R. DUB. '05



FINIS



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particulars
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within.*

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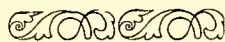
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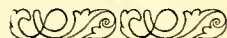
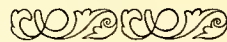
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Stationery of all Kinds,
Books of all Kinds,
Office Supplies,
Gold Pens,
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Etc.

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*Pictures, Frames,
Artist Materials,
Pyrography
Outfits
and
Supplies*

ARTISTIC FRAMING A SPECIALTY

Wall Papers and Window Shades,
Embroidery Silks, Wools and Zephyrs

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Silversmith

Manufacturer of

Fine 14K. Jewelry

Artistic Diamond Jewelry a Specialty

Phone Main 1394 Y.



Opposite Boston House

MY SPECIALTY:

Class and Society Pins, Medals and Badges

Ten to twenty-five per cent cheaper than
any other house in the country. Hav-
ing made quite a number of the above
for the Young Ladies at the college,
which have proven satisfactory. :: ::

We would respectfully solicit the patronage of all the differ-
ent classes desiring work of any description

Designs cheerfully furnished and Correspondence solicited

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.....Architert

OFFICE:
Carolina Trust Building
Rooms 409 and 410

Supervising Architect,
Good Shepherd Church,
Raleigh, N. C.

RALEIGH, N. C.

FINE ROSES, CARNATIONS

And other cut flowers for all occasions always on hand. Floral Designs at short notice. Palms, Ferns and all kinds of pot and out-of-door bedding plants, Roses, Geraniums, Scarlet Sage, Chrysanthemums, Vines, etc.

H. STEINMETZ, FLORIST

Phone 113

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COAL,
WOOD
AND
ICE

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J. G. BALL....



WHOLESALE.. GROCER

HARGETT STREET,

RALEIGH, N. C.

FIRE!  *FIRE!*

DO YOU FEEL SAFE FROM FIRE?

HAVE ANYTHING YOU WANT INSURED

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Lowest Rates

And Best Companies Guaranteed

*Insure Your Life and Property
with*

JOHN C. DREWRY

220 FAYETTEVILLE STREET, ❁❁ RALEIGH, N. C.

Young & Hughes

*Fine
Sanitary
Plumbing
in all
Branches
Promptly
Done*

Estimates furnished on Steam and Hot Water
Heating anywhere in the State. A full stock
of up-to-date fixtures and supplies con-
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❁❁ Raleigh Telephone No. 267 ❁❁

122 Fayetteville Street ❁ Raleigh, North Carolina

W. H. KING

**Our Soda Water is
Famous**



Everything used in the making is
First Quality, Pure, and we
serve it right



Cor. Fayetteville and Hargett Sts.
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

DRUG CO.

**E. M. UZZELL
& COMPANY**

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AND
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RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

Corner Wilmington and Martin Streets

The **CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK**

RALEIGH, N. C.

Capital,	-	-	-	-	-	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Profits,	-	-	-	-	-	95,000.00
Deposits,	-	-	-	-	-	825,000.00

**Prompt and Careful Attention given to all Matters
Entrusted to Us**

Correspondence and Personal Calls Invited

HENRY E. LITCHFORD, Cashier
JOS. G. BROWN, President

RICHARD A. McCURDY, Pres. HARRIS R. WILLCOX, Mgr.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

MORE THAN 401 MILLION DOLLARS

The Mutual Life Insurance Co. *of NEW YORK*

has the gratification of announcing to its policy holders with the close of the sixty-first year of its corporate existence its assets exceed the sum of **Four Hundred and One Million Dollars** ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ¶ The magnitude and the importance of this great fiduciary fund, held exclusively for the protection of its beneficiaries, mainly the future widows and orphans of its members, call for employment of every safeguard possible under human contingencies :: :: :: ¶ Under the oversight of the trustees and administration of the officials and their predecessors, the name of this Company has become a synonym for probity and strength, its assets has grown to be many millions greater than the assets of any other life insurance company in existence, and it has returned to its policy holders over 620 million dollars, accumulated for their benefit, being over one hundred and ninety million of dollars more than any other company of its kind has ever similarly disbursed :: :: ¶ It is believed that these unparalleled results afford ample guarantee of the future :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

401 Million Dollars Belong to

The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York

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A Toilet Department that is Complete

In the whole south you can not find a nicer
or better selected stock of Toilet Articles
and preparations than ours

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THE DRUG STORE BY DAY, BY NIGHT

A Fine Line of

Ladies'

**Patent Kid
Oxford Ties**

"The Shiny Kid" Only \$2.00 a Pair

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W. W. VASS

GRIMES & VASS

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Phone 415

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For the Money or Same Goods
for less Money than Elsewhere

KING'S GROCERY

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California Fruit Store

Dealer in

Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts,
Candies, Cigars and Tobacco.....

Manufacturer of Pure Ice Cream



GUS VURNAKES & CO., Prop.

Three Phones   

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 Groceries, Produce and Fruit 

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14 Exchange Place

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The Wonderful
Headache Cure

25 and 50 Cents at
all Druggists

RALEIGH, N. C.

Manufactured by

JAMES I. JOHNSON

J. L. O'QUINN & COMPANY

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Carnations a Specialty

POT AND BEDDING PLANTS OF ALL KINDS

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THE VALUE OF REPUTATION

A reputation based on half a century's experience, dealing directly with the women of the family all over the world, is unique, and stimulates a worthy pride. The Singer Manufacturing Company aims to maintain its well-earned reputation for fair dealing during all time. It is permanent, its stores are in every city of the world, and parts and supplies for its machines can always be easily obtained. Sold on installments. Old machines taken in exchange

A. VAUGHN, Manager

Over a Million Sold Last Year

RALEIGH, N. C.

JOLLY & WYNNE JEWELRY CO.

SILVER NOVELTIES

HOLIDAY GOODS

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles
and Eyeglasses. Repairing Fine Watches,
Jewelry and Silverware a Specialty

128 FAYETTEVILLE ST. RALEIGH, N. C.

R. F. GLERSCH 

Restaurant



FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

216 FAYETTEVILLE ST.

M. ROSENTHAL & COMPANY

M. ROSENTHAL
D. ELIAS

Family Groceries

Foreign and Domestic Wines, Liquors
and Cordials for family Use. Imported
and Domestic Cigars :: :: :: :: ::

We Solicit your patronage and perfect
satisfaction is guaranteed

Cor. Fayetteville and Hargett Sts. RALEIGH, N. C.

T. W. BLAKE 

Jeweler



FINE WATCH AND SILVER REPAIRING
A SPECIALTY

EAST SIDE FAYETTEVILLE STREET

RALEIGH, & & & NORTH CAROLINA

Fine Millinery...

High-Class Goods and Very
Latest Novelties at all times

WALTER WOOLLCOTT

14 East Martin Street, Raleigh, North Carolina

ROBERT SIMPSON


Druggist

Corner Hillsboro and Salisbury Streets

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...Photograph Gallery

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CROSS & LINEHAN CO.

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Dr. JOEL WHITAKER

Dentist

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J. A. JONES

Dealer in....

Successor to Jones & Powell

**Grain Feed, Shingles, Laths
and Lumber**

Warehouse and Yard, West Union Depot

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THE J. D. RIGGAN CO.



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D. T. JOHNSON & SON

Dealers in High-Grade

Staple and Fancy

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GROCERIES

Everything the Best of its Kind

Fruits, Vegetables and Country
Produce at Wholesale

16 Hargett Street

United States Depository

The First National Bank

of Weldon, North Carolina

Capital,	\$ 25,000.00
Surplus,	4,000.00
Deposits,	220,000.00

The First National Bank of Weldon

is the FIRST and ONLY Depository of United
States Funds in this Section of Eastern North
Carolina

Officers :

WM. H. S. BURGWYN, Pres. S. F. PATTERSON, Vice-Pres.
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The Operator and Manager
at the

Watson & Co's Gallery

Does Work that Pleases the
People

===== TRY HIM =====

H. SILVERTHORN CO.

Manufacturing
Jewelers

School Medals, Class Pins and
Emblem Goods of All Kinds ❁

DIAMONDS, WATCHES
AND SILVERWARE

At Lowest Cash Prices

917 Main Street

LYNCHBURG,

❁❁ VIRGINIA



*Royster's
Candy*

*Is the product
of Good Work-
manship and
the best Ma-
terials....*





Madam Martin

Swell...

HATS

**and Exclusive
Styles...**

STURGIS & MARTIN

Millinery Parlors

121 Fayetteville Street

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

**We Carry the Largest and
Best Selected Stock of**

FURNITURE

Mattings, Rugs, Stoves, Etc.

**Prepared to Furnish Your House from Parlor to
Kitchen**

Terms to Suit Customers

G. S. TUCKER & CO.

STORES:

RALEIGH, WILSON AND ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

WEATHERS & UTLEY

Dealers in

**Picture Frames, Artists' Materials, Window
Shades and Wall Paper**

Curtain Poles, Pictures, Etc.

JOHN T. PULLEN, President

J. O. LITCHFORD, Cashier

**Report of the Condition of The Raleigh Savings Bank, at the
Close of Business March 28, 1904**

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts.....	\$450,805.82
Overdrafts.....	25.93
Demand loans.....	5,748.17
Bonds at par.....	65,550.00
Stocks at par.....	4,000.00
Bank's house and furn.....	12,800.00
Other real estate.....	3,800.00
Cash and due from Banks	100,007.42
Cash items.....	2,881.24

\$645,798.58

LIABILITIES

Capital stock.....	\$ 15,000.00
Surplus fund.....	15,000.00
Accrued interest for depo.	10,000.00
Undivided profits less ex..	6,639.37
Deposits.....	599,159.21

\$645,798.58

I, J. O. Litchford, Cashier of the Raleigh Savings Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
J. O. LITCHFORD, Cashier.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA—Wake County.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2d day of April, 1904.

F. H. BRIGGS, Notary Public.

Correct Attest:—John T. Pullen, J. F. Ferrall, N. W. West, T. B. Womack,
Directors.

THE STANDARD GAS & ELECTRIC CO.



Invites you to call at their office and
inspect their line of Gas Stoves

✿Get your Gas Stove now and be happy✿

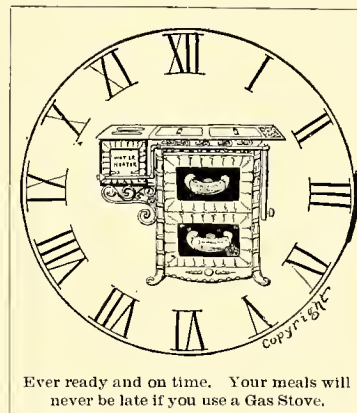
THE STANDARD GAS & ELECTRIC
COMPANY

124 Fayetteville Street



LIGHT!

The Welsbach Light is the nearest
approach to natural light yet discovered.
Therefore it is best for you to use. :: ::



LIGHT!

Best of light is gas light. It is the light-
est light. Lightest on your nerves, light-
est on your eyesight, lightest on your
pocket-book, lightest in the sense of giv-
ing the most light. :: :: :: :: ::

IF YOU WOULD SAVE YOUR EYES AND HELP YOUR BANK ACCOUNT, USE THE

Welsbach Light

T. C. POWELL

COAL
AND
WOOD

107 FAYETTEVILLE STREET

FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY JONES & POWELL

RALEIGH, N. C.

CALUMET TEA

AND

COFFEE CO.



51 AND 53 FRANKLIN STREET
CHICAGO

WM. P. ROSE

Architect

RALEIGH, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA

THE NATIONAL SURETY CO. OF NEW YORK

**General Agency, 309 Tucker Building,
Raleigh, North Carolina**

**Executes Bonds of Guardians, Executors, Administrators and all
other Court and Contract Bonds**

JOHN S. PESCUDE **No. 12 West Hargett St.**

Prescription Druggist

Terms Cash **Prescriptions a Specialty**

Dr. V. E. TURNER

...Dentist...

RALEIGH, N. C. **NORTH CAROLINA**

W. B. MANN

**Wholesale and
...Retail Grocer**

Phone 101 **No. 5 E. Hargett St.**

Mail Orders Promptly Filled at

**B. W. UPCHURCH'S
CASH GROCERY**

Nothing but the best goods sold at prices that have no equal

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Attorneys at Law

Carolina Trust Building

Raleigh, North Carolina

LEE & BROUGHTON

Clothiers and Gents' Furnishers

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MISSSES REESE & COMPANY

**The Place to buy
...Your MILLINERY**

10 West Hargett Street, Raleigh, North Carolina

OAK CITY STEAM LAUNDRY

Domestic or Gloss Finish

Phone 87 as Desired 216 Fayetteville St.

J. K. MARSHALL, Prop. RALEIGH, N. C.

**Terms Cash. Inter- Stall 14, City Market
state and Bell RALEIGH, N. C.
Phones Nos. 255**

C. D. ARTHUR

Commission Merchant

and Dealer in Fresh Fish, Oysters and Game

JNO. P. HAYES,

**124 1/2 Fayetteville Street,
RALEIGH, N. C.**


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**Up-to-date in style and
finish, at 20th century
prices. Photographs of all styles and prices from
24 for 25c. to \$6.00 per 1/2 doz.**

Sherwood Higgs & Co.

Sherwood Higgs & Co.

Raleigh's Only Department Store

St. Mary's Steel Die Stationery 

St. Mary's School Souvenir Postal Cards

**Largest Millinery and Ladies
Ready-to-Wear Department in the State**

**Modern Store
Service and
Equipment**



Trust-worthy goods only, at uniformly right prices
All articles guaranteed as represented
One price to all and that the lowest
Money refunded to all dissatisfied buyers
Courteous treatment to all
Experienced salespeople in every Department
Buying in large quantities and direct, saves for you the middleman's profit

YOU'LL FIND THE STORE AS GOOD AS ADVERTISED

Sherwood Higgs & Co.

J. J. THOMAS, President
B. S. JERMAN, Cashier

A. A. THOMPSON, Vice-President
H. W. JACKSON, Ass't Cashier

REPORT TO THE NORTH CAROLINA CORPORATION
COMMISSION SHOWING THE CONDITION OF

The Commercial and Farmers Bank
OF RALEIGH, N. C.

At the Close of Business January 22, 1904

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$ 400,754.21
Overdrafts.....	3,681.14
Bonds owned.....	30,085.06
Banking house and furniture.....	18,702.48
Other real estate owned.....	13,358.31
Demand loans on cotton.....	\$ 113,675.42
Cash due from banks.....	167,650.73
Currency, gold and silver.....	75,930.88
	357,257.03
Total resources.....	\$ 824,448.23

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in September 30, 1891.....	\$ 100,000.00
Surplus and profits earned.....	57,197.83

DEPOSITS

Individual deposits.....	\$ 639,571.92
Bank deposits.....	25,388.22
Cashier's Checks.....	1,878.26
Certified Checks.....	412.00
	667,250.40
Total liabilities.....	\$ 824,448.23

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA—COUNTY OF WAKE

I, B. S. JERMAN, Cashier of the Commercial and Farmers Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
B. S. JERMAN, *Cashier*.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 22d day of January, A. D. 1904.
E. B. CROW, *Notary Public*.

Correct—Attest:

Directors:

J. J. THOMAS
THOMAS H. BRIGGS
R. B. RANEY
JOSHUA B. HILL
CAREY J. HUNTER

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

No Interest Paid on Deposits

Saint Mary's School

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

For Girls and Young Women

THE DIOCESAN SCHOOL FOR
THE CAROLINAS

63rd Annual Session Opens September 15, 1904

ST. MARY'S OFFERS INSTRUCTIONS
—IN—

1. The College
2. The Music School
3. The Business School
4. The Art School
5. The Preparatory School

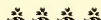
IN 1903-'04, 245 STUDENTS FROM 17 DIOCESES
25 IN THE FACULTY

Special Attention to the Social and Christian side of Education without slight to Scholastic Training

For Catalogue Address

Rev. McNEELY DuBOSE, B.S., B.D., Rector

J. A. MILLS, President LEO. D. HEARTT, Vice-President
WILLIAM HAYES, Cashier



Carolina Trust Co.

TRANSACTS A GENERAL
BANKING BUSINESS

CAPITAL - - - - \$100,000

Acts as Executor, Administrator, Guardian,
Trustee, Assignee, Receiver, Broker,
Agent

Financial Agent for the Floating of Stocks and
Bonds of Municipal, Railroad, Cotton
Mills and other Corporations

PAYS INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS

RALEIGH, ::: ::: NORTH CAROLINA

FUQUAY SPRINGS

— ON —

Raleigh & Cape Fear Railroad

Is a Most Delightful Place for those seeking
health and rest

ONLY ONE HOUR'S RIDE FROM RALEIGH

The Water is famous for its cures of Dyspepsia
and Rheumatism

CHAS. H. BELVIN, President

F. H. BRIGGS, Cashier

THE NATIONAL BANK

OF RALEIGH

Capital, = = = = = = = = = \$225,000
Surplus and Profits, = = = = = = = = = 100,000

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent in
Fire and Burglar-Proof Vault

RALEIGH, ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

NORTH CAROLINA



Just Enough Pepsin to Tone Up the Stomach
Just Enough Celery to Tone Up the Nerves

At All Soda Fountains 5 Cents



J. R. HOLDER

Livery



Board and Exchange Stables

Carriages, Horses and Buggies for hire
at all hours of the day and night. :: ::

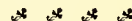
Salisbury Street, rear Post-Office.

All 'Phones No. 81.

A. B. STRONACH CO.



*DRY GOODS, READY-TO-WEAR GAR-
MENTS and HATS, SHOES
and NOTIONS.*



The best selections at the lowest possible
margin of profit. ¶ Polite and prompt
attention and service. ¶ To allow no
misrepresentation and where there is just
cause for dissatisfaction to refund the
money. .'. .'. .'. .'. .'. .'



A. B. STRONACH COMPANY,

Fayetteville to Wilmington Sts.

RALEIGH, N. C.

CROWELL'S DRUG STORE



..Hard to Beat..

We have heard our customers say they never drank better soda than ours, and we are proud of this appreciation, because we take special pains to make the best that can be made. We use only pure fruit flavors, and we study up new novelties, such as our Peach Punch, Cerise Frappe, Zero Freeze. :: :: :: ::

...AGENTS FOR...

WHITMAN'S CANDIES

80 CENTS PER POUND

...THE...

W. W. MILLS COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE

LUMBER DEALERS

Offices: CAROLINA TRUST BUILDING



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CAPITAL \$100,000.00

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REAL ESTATE
INSURANCE
AND....
LOAN COMPANY

*GENERAL REAL ESTATE AND
INSURANCE AGENTS*

City and Farm Property in all sections of Virginia for Sale and Exchange.

▪ Several old Colonial homes for sale. ▪ Special attention given to placing money on First Mortgages. Over \$700,000.00 placed in the last ten (10) years.

▪ Fire, Life and Accident Insurance written. Rents collected. ▪ Each department is under the personal supervision of a capable manager. :: ::

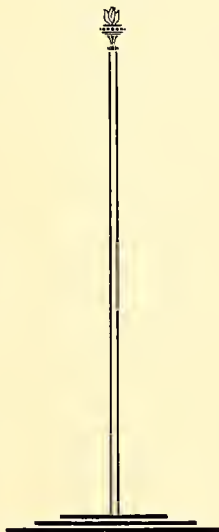
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BOYLAN, PEARCE & COMPANY

Dress Goods, Millinery

Wraps, Trimmings,
✻✻ Gloves, Hosiery,
✻✻✻ Handkerchiefs

Mail Orders Filled Intelligently and
Promptly



✻ Tailored Costumes

Underwear, ✻ ✻ ✻
Notions and ✻ ✻
Fancy Goods

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203-5 Salisbury Street
RALEIGH, N. C.

E. B. BARBEE

C. B. BARBEE


MEMBERS NEW YORK
COTTON EXCHANGE

BARBEE & COMPANY

*Commission
Merchants*

Cotton, Stocks, Grain, Provisions

Private Wire to New York Orders for Future Delivery
and Chicago Promptly Executed

RALEIGH, 

NORTH CAROLINA

Robbins Livery Stable

Carriages of Every Kind at
Every Hour for Everything

Drive in
a

Rubber-Tired Carriage


Phone 79

From the Right
Place

LOW PRICES
FINE TURNOUTS

Promptness and Courtesy Paid to all Orders

JAS. H. ROBBINS

RALEIGH, 

NORTH CAROLINA

DOBBIN & FERRALL

Sellers of the Best

123 and 125 Fayetteville St.
RALEIGH, N. C.

Dry Goods

of All
Kinds

carpets,
Curtains

SHOES

Our Special Free Delivery Mail Order System is at your service. We prepay express or freight charges anywhere in North Carolina on all cash mail orders of \$5.00 or more. We will gladly mail samples of Dress Goods, Silks, White Goods or anything that may be sampled.

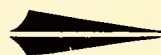
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DOBBIN & FERRALL

A Graceful Carriage



Distinguishes every Lady who wears Hunter Bros. & Brewer's



SHOES

Because they fit, Are well made, Nicely finished inside, and are so gracefully and elegantly shaped it excites a sense of pride in their wearer

HUNTER BROTHERS & BREWER

210 Fayetteville St. - Raleigh, N. C.



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COMPANY

GROCCRS.....

215 Fayetteville Street
RALEIGH, N. C.

Thos. H. Briggs & Sons

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

HARDWARE

Of Any Description

Cutlery,
Bicycles,
House Furnishing
Goods

Ranges, Cooking and Heating
Stoves

R. H. BATTLE, President ALEXANDER WEBB, Vice-President
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The North Carolina Home Insurance Company

Established 1868..

OF RALEIGH, N. C.

Insure your property against fire and lightning in this Company. It is a home institution seeking home patronage. It has been successful in business for more than thirty-four years. It is safe, solid, reliable and worthy of confidence. In patronizing it you help build up North Carolina

Gives Protection against Loss by Fire and Lightning
Over \$1,000,000 Losses Paid in North Carolina

Agents Wanted in Unoccupied Territory

H. MAHLER'S SONS

WATCHES AND
JEWELRY

STERLING SILVERWARE

CLOCKS
DIAMONDS

228 FAYETTEVILLE ST.,

RALEIGH, N. C.

DUGHI'S RESTAURANT

FRUIT AND
CONFECTIONERY

OYSTER AND ICE CREAM PARLOR

CATERER FOR WEDDINGS, PARTIES, ETC.
FURNISH CHINA, SILVERWARE,
LINEN, ETC.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

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RICHMOND MEAT MARKET

J. SCHWARTZ

Dealer in



SAUSAGE A SPECIALTY

P. O. Box 342

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RALEIGH, N. C.

A. C. HINTON

*Merchant
Tailoring*

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RALEIGH, N. C.

JOSHUA B. HILL

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TELEPHONE 88

J. R. FERRALL & COMPANY

Grocers 

All the Nice Cakes, Crackers, Pickles, Etc.

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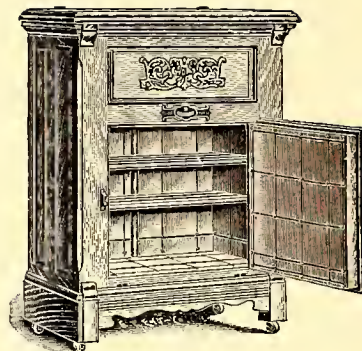
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