

THE MUSE

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The Class of 1905

VOLUME
VII



CLASS OF
1905

THE MUSE

of Saint Mary's
School



PUBLISHED ANNUALLY By THE SENIOR CLASS
Raleigh, North Carolina
1905

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1905

Mrs. Theodore DuBose Bratton

1862-1905

WE DEDICATE THIS VOLUME TO THE MEMORY OF OUR LATE
"SCHOOL MOTHER," IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF HER LIFE
AMONG US, AND IN GRATITUDE FOR HER INFLUENCE.

HERS WAS THE PRECIOUS GIFT OF SYMPATHY—NOT ALONE IN
JOYS AND SORROWS—BUT IN TRIFLES. THOSE SO-CALLED "LITTLE
THINGS," THE PETTY PLEASURES AND WORRIES THAT RETURN
EACH DAY, AND ARE STRONG TO MAKE OR MAKE LIFE'S HAPPINESS



MRS. THEODORE DuBOISE BRATTON

13249

CALENDAR 1904-1905

September 15—	Advent Term began.	April 16—	Palm Sunday; Bishop's visitation.
November 1—	All Saints'; Founder's Day; a holiday.	April 21—	Good Friday; a holy day.
November 24—	Thanksgiving Day; a holiday.	April 23—	Easter Day.
December 22—	Christmas holidays begin.	May 21—	Commencement Sermon.
January 5—	Classes resumed at 8:45 A. M.	May 22—	Concert.
January 19—	Lee's birthday; half-holiday.	May 23—	Class Day.
January 26—	Easter Term begins.	May 23—	Meeting of Alumnæ Association.
February 22—	Washington's birthday; half-holiday.	May 24—	Meeting of Board of Trustees.
March 9—	Ash Wednesday; a holy day.	May 25—	Graduation Exercises.



GREETING—

Here's

Hoping to find a welcome

From friends both old and new,

Thy "Muse" extends its greeting

To you, and you, and you.

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SANBORN



MR.
SANBORN



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MISS CHECKLEY



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MISS MCKIMMOM



MISS CHITTENDEN

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J. L. H. W.





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SADIE MARCELLINE JENKINS, *Historian*

ELLEN PHIFER GIBSON, *Prophet*

MARGARET ROSALIE DuBOSE, *Poet*

Motto

Fac et Spera

Colors

Maroon and Gray

Flower

Red Rose



MISS KATE MCKIMMON, V. J. Raleigh, North Carolina

*"A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving and more loyal, never beat,
Within a human breast."*

OUR HONORARY MEMBER



ANNA BARROW CLARK, *A K T* Scotland Neck, North Carolina

"The hand that follows intellect can achieve."

JUNIOR YEAR

Altar Guild
St. Anne's Chapter
Basket-ball, Beta
Tennis Club
Historian of Class '05
Vice-President $\Sigma \Lambda$
Inter-Society Debater

SENIOR YEAR

Altar Guild
St. Catherine's Chapter
Corinthian Athletic Association
Basket-ball
Track Team
Treasurer L'Etoile German Club
Secretary of Class
Secretary of $\Sigma \Lambda$
Inter-Society Debater
Editor-in-Chief Monthly and Annual MUSE



RENA HOYT CLARK, / B 2' Tarboro, North Carolina

*"She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay,
She's aye sae blithe and cheerie."*

JUNIOR YEAR

L'Etoile German Club
Historian E A II, '03
Vice President E A II, '04
E A II Editor of *Pearls*
Treasurer of Altar Guild
Secretary of Class, '05
St. Elizabeth's Chapter



SENIOR YEAR

President E A II
Exchange Editor of Monthly *Muse*
Assistant Business Manager of Annual MUSE
L'Etoile German Club
St. Catherine's Chapter
Altar Guild
Corinthian Athletic Association
Inter-Society Debater





MARGARET ROSALIE DUBOSE, *A K T.* Asheville, North Carolina.

"Quick to learn and wise to know."

JUNIOR YEAR

President of Class, '05
 President of St. Catherine's Chapter
 Vice-President of $\Sigma \Lambda$ '03
 Captain of Tennis Club, '05
 Junior $\Sigma \Lambda$ Editor of *Pearlys*
 Altar Guild
 L'Etoile German Club

SENIOR YEAR

President of Class, '05
 Cor. Secretary of $\Sigma \Lambda$
 St. Catherine's Chapter
 Corinthian Athletic Association
 Tennis Club
 Literary Editor of Monthly and Annual MUSE
 Treasurer of Altar Guild
 L'Etoile German Club
 President of South Carolina Club



IDA POLLARD EVANS, *A K P* Wilmington, North Carolina

"Words are given us, half to conceal, half to reveal our thoughts."

JUNIOR YEAR

Teller of $\Sigma \Lambda$ Literary Society
Tennis Club
St. Etheldreda's Chapter

SENIOR YEAR

Historian of $\Sigma \Lambda$
 $T \Delta$ German Club
Secretary of St. Catherine's Chapter
Secretary and Treasurer of Olympian Athletic Association
Altar Guild
Associate Editor of Annual *MUSE*
Social Editor of Monthly *Muse*
President Wilmington Club





EFFIE CHRISTIAN FAIRLEY Monroe, North Carolina

"Mindful not of herself."

JUNIOR YEAR

Σ Λ Literary Society
St. Margaret's Chapter
Altar Guild

SENIOR YEAR

Treasurer of St. Catherine's Chapter
Corinthian Athletic Association
Altar Guild
Σ Λ Literary Society
Associate Editor of Monthly and Annual MUSE



ELLEN PHIFER GIBSON, K J Concord, North Carolina

*"Happy am I, from care I am free,
Why ain't they all contented like me?"*

JUNIOR YEAR

Σ Δ Literary Society
Altar Guild
St. Anne's Chapter
Tennis Tournament Contestant, '05
Basket-ball, Alpha
T Δ German Club

SENIOR YEAR

Σ Δ Literary Society
Altar Guild
St. Catherine's Chapter
Captain Corinthian Athletic Association
Art Editor of Annual MUSE
Dramatic Club
Tennis Club
Track Team
Vice-President of T Δ ; German Club
Class Prophet
Inter-Society Debater
Advertisement Editor of Monthly and Annual MUSE





FLORENCE LAWTON GRANT Wilmington, North Carolina

"O Jupiter! how cheerful are my spirits."

JUNIOR YEAR

Σ Δ Literary Society
Altar Guild
St. Etheldreda's Chapter

SENIOR YEAR

Σ Δ Literary Society
T Δ German Club
President of St. Catherine's Chapter
Altar Guild
Treasurer of Wilmington Club
Corinthian Athletic Association
Associate Editor of Monthly and Annual MUSE.



DOROTHY MAY HUGHSON, 1' J East Orange, New Jersey

"Courage is the chief component of character."

JUNIOR YEAR

St. Monica's Chapter
Altar Guild
Tennis Club
Σ Λ Literary Society

SENIOR YEAR

St. Catherine's Chapter
Altar Guild
Corinthian Athletic Association
Assistant Manager of Track Team
Tennis Club
Critic of Σ Λ
Dramatic Club.
Tau Delta German Club
Advertisement Editor of Monthly and Annual MUSE
Art Editor of MUSE
Vice-President of Class





SADIE MARCELLINE JENKINS, 'J' . . . Edisto Island, South Carolina

*" Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman."*

JUNIOR YEAR

President of St. Monica's Chapter
Vice-President of Class '05
Σ Λ Literary Society
Altar Guild
Tennis Club
Basket-ball, Alpha

SENIOR YEAR

President of Altar Guild
Historian of Class
Treasurer of Σ Λ
Secretary of South Carolina Club
St. Catherine's Chapter
Secretary and Treasurer of Corinthian Athletic Association
Literary Editor of Monthly and Annual Muse



BESSIE POE LAW Raleigh, North Carolina

"My heart is as true as steel."



JUNIOR YEAR

E A II, Literary Society

SENIOR YEAR

E A II, Literary Society
City Editor of *Muse*





MOSSIE ELIZABETH LONG Rockingham, North Carolina

*"Laugh and be fat, sir, your penance is known;
They that love mirth, let them heartily drink,
'Tis the only receipt to make sorrow sink."*

JUNIOR YEAR

E A II, Literary Society
St. Etheldreda's Chapter
Altar Guild

SENIOR YEAR

Treasurer of Class
Corresponding Secretary of E A II
Altar Guild
St. Catherine's Chapter
Olympian Athletic Association
Tennis Team
Associate Editor of Monthly and Annual MUSE



MARY ELLIS ROSSELL, *f B Σ* Staten Island, New York

*"A spirit pure as hers,
Is pure, even while it errs."*

JUNIOR YEAR

Σ A Literary Society
Basket-ball; Beta
Tennis Club
St. Etheldreda's Chapter

SENIOR YEAR

President of Σ A
Secretary of L'Etoile German Club
Corinthian Athletic Association
Captain of Track Team
St. Catherine's Chapter
Altar Guild
Business Manager of Monthly and Annual MUSE.
Basket-ball
Tennis Club





MALINDA RAY TILLINGHAST Morganton, North Carolina

"She attracts me daily with her gentle virtues."

JUNIOR YEAR

Σ Λ Literary Society

SENIOR YEAR

Σ Λ Literary Society

Vice-President of Altar Guild

St. Catherine's Chapter

Associate Editor of MUSE

Corinthian Athletic Association



Class History

IF it is true that "life is made up of ever so many partings welded together," our Class of '05 has had an ample foretaste of what is to come. Starting out as Freshmen, numbering thirty members, we entered with almost all the old girls and fifteen or so new ones into our Sophomore year: but here came the first, though trivial changes, that of the colors from red and grey to maroon and grey, and of the flower from morning-glory to red rose. Our Sophomore Class was the last to study Vergil under Miss Alice Jones, and the first and only one to undergo the brain-racking trials of Minto, and worst of all, we, as Sophomores, left St. Mary's with the sad realization that the Brattons would not be there when we returned.

The Junior year opened with twenty-one girls in Class, chiefly new, with several new teachers, and our new rector, whom, in our humble way, we tried to help, and for whom we soon felt a deep admiration and affection. We viewed with open-eyed astonishment all that the "bright Class" of '04 was doing, and wondered if we could possibly make ourselves worthy successors of it. Towards the last of the year we became

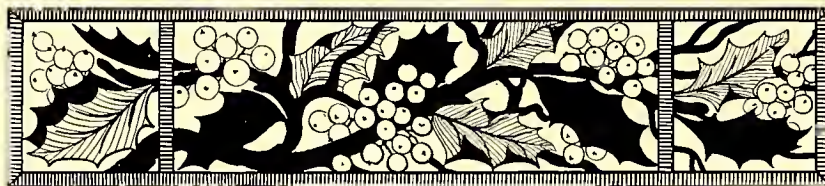
courageous, and decided to revive the monthly edition of the *Muse*, and publish it during our Senior year. On commencement day, we parted half-gladly, half-sadly with the irresponsibility of being under-classmen, and wholly sad was our parting with the Class of '04, with Miss Thomas, and with the old chapel.

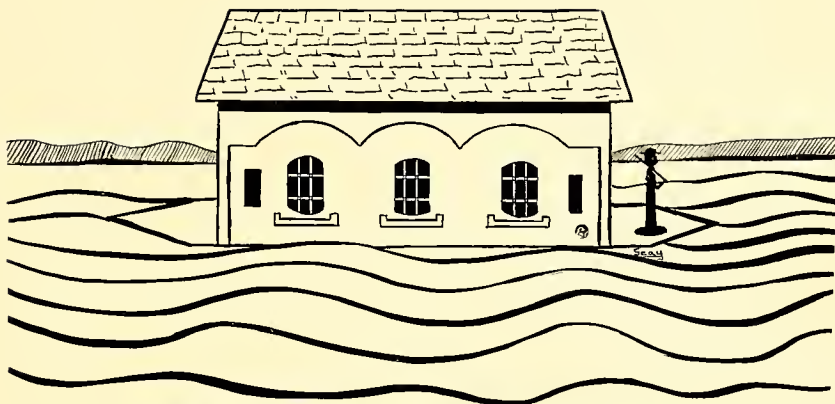
Truly the fates seemed against us when, in September, 1904, we returned to find our Class numbering thirteen. Only two of us had been here as Freshmen. Up to this time the Class had been composed of new girls almost every year, and there had been little or no Class feeling, and the members of '05 had been, comparatively speaking, strangers to each other. But, one of our girls being a day-scholar, the remaining twelve of us exactly fitted into Senior Hall, and this being all on the same floor, has given us a pleasant, friendly intercourse, which we could not have had two or three years back when the Seniors stayed in different buildings. Then every month, anxiety over the "little MUSE" has given us a common bond of sympathy, and now there is no lack of Class feeling, and unity, and friendship.

The spring of our graduation has come—we can not say “at last” because so few of us have been here over two years; we are the first Class to graduate in the enlarged chapel, and somehow we are glad that the dear little altar is still in the chancel though it does look a trifle lonely. All our partings with old, and makings

of new friends, have made it hard for us to be all that a Senior Class at St. Mary's should be, but we have had two constant friends to help us through the four years—two friends, steadfast and unchanged, and those are our honorary member, “Miss Katie,” and our motto—“*Fac et Spera.*”

HISTORIAN.





The Class Prophecy

FEMININE curiosity, alas, is immortal! It dares manifest itself even in that dim home of the shades where the fearful Styx flows.

A certain, distinguished-looking shade lately descended from the land of the living to a small settlement along the banks of that far-famed river, caused quite a flutter of indignation among its inhabitants because of her apparent desire to hold herself aloof from them. When she issued invitations to a reception to which the fatal number of thirteen were bidden, her

name not being given, society was in despair of finding out the cause of this mysterious gathering.

When the day of the momentous event arrived, it was with many a curious glance that the assembled guests viewed each other, and great was their surprise when no one was introduced, as nearly all were strangers. However, greater surprise was to come. When the hostess, who had been delayed, appeared, a placid shade in the back of the room suddenly arose, and casting her eyes earthward, exclaimed in a most

sentimental tone of voice, "Oh, Margaret, can it be you?" Immediately the whole room echoed and re-echoed with exclamation upon exclamation. "Why, Mossie, what on earth did you do to yourself?" "Dorothy, my love," "Oh, Ellen," and the Damon and Pythias of the Class were in each other's arms. "Anna and Mamie, too." "Oh, dear!" etc.

Finally the hostess rapped sharply on her desk for order, and when everything was sufficiently quiet, began to speak, "By this time I suppose, you have all recognized each other, and know that this is a reunion of the Class of '05. Now, first, of course, we must call the roll and as I do, please each one give an account of her career on earth since we parted at dear old St. Mary's."

After a few tears had been shed and order again restored, the President began, "Anna Clark." At this name a portly, dignified shade, attired in men's clothes arose and said, "I am, indeed, sure that it is unnecessary to acquaint you with the facts of my famous career, but, nevertheless I shall do so, for you know, as Mr. Stone used to say, 'The only way to learn a thing well is to go over it again and again.' Well, after leaving school, finding that love was a mere mockery, I became interested in politics, and when, in 1920, the law of Woman's Rights was passed, I went to the United States Senate, and for many years distinguished myself and my State in that august body, and died in 1940, a much loved and lamented citizen."

She sat down, followed by the admiring eyes of the whole assembly, and "Miss Rena Clark" was called. "Well, as for meh," she began, "I was a famous essayist, and though please do not mention that I said so, to that illustrious shade, if you should see him, I made Macaulay himself totter on his pedestal. A bust of meh rests in Westminster Abbey."

The President herself then arose, "Well, girls—I beg your pardon, for alas! we are girls no longer—at the height of my fame and success as a violinist I gave it all up and went as a missionary to the far heathen, who, ungrateful creatures, not being able to appreciate my greatness, ate me up." Being overcome with grief she ceased.

"Miss Ida Evans," "Now all I mean to say"—and being told by the President to be as brief as possible she began again, "I came out in society, moved in the best circles, was a belle in New York and Washington, and finally, after rejecting numerous proposals, married, alas! not one of the best families, but a self-made man, for whose death the cruel, unfeeling world blamed me, saying I talked him to death. Isn't that perfectly outrageous?" No one seemed to disagree with the world and the roll-call continued, "Miss Effie Fairley." At this a tall shade arose, and some one remarked, "She looks like herself." "I had a very happy and prosperous life. I married early, a young Englishman who owned a chewing-gum factory, and was quite noted throughout my life for my generosity in giving that delightful

article to my friends." This recalled so vividly the old days that all forgot their surroundings and were back at St. Mary's, and so when "Miss Gibson" was called, from force of habit, she answering "late," no one noticed and the roll-call went on without pause to the next name. "Miss Florence Grant." Ah, my fate was indeed a sad one, but you know the good always die young. I died a few weeks after leaving school, from the effects of nervous prostration, brought on by my arduous studying in my Senior year." So numerous were the exclamations of astonishment and horror occasioned by this mournful recital that the "Miss Hughson" of the President could scarcely be heard. A tall, intense-looking shade arose, and with chin extended began in a high, strained voice, "I went on the stage, and one night when at the zenith of my career and when the adoring world lay at my feet, I appeared in my famous death-scene of 'Romeo and Juliet.' Being absolutely lost in my acting, at the critical moment—I just forgot and really died." All were dissolved in tears when "Miss Jenkins" was called. She began, "Oh, girls, I had *such* a happy life. I fell deeply in love after leaving school and married a widower—such a dear good man, and our life was one long, happy, rose-strewn path." This simple story of a peaceful life restored the assembly to its former serenity. "Miss Law." "For several years after my departure from St. Mary's, I was the reigning belle of Raleigh and

certain parts of Virginia, but becoming bored by the world's admiration and flattery, I cast it all aside to become a nun. In a few years I became Mother Superior at my dear old Alma Mater, now, as you know, a convent. I think I can truthfully say that I brought many erring young hearts back to the fold."

If she had not mentioned her name I fear no one would have recognized our Bessie in the sad, sanctified-looking shade who spoke thus.

"Miss Long." When she arose there was a distinct gasp of surprise. Could that tall, slender shade really be the same Mossie of the days of yore? "I should be very happy, I suppose, for I have become what I so longed to be, but alas! I am not. Such is human nature! I took a post-graduate course in chemistry at St. Mary's and spent my whole life long (too true) in service to suffering humanity by discovering and perfecting a medicine to reduce flesh. But, ah! I did my work so well, that one day, taking an overdose, I vanished in midair and am now the pitiful figure you behold before you."

Many indeed were the heart-breaking sighs that followed this shade's sad story, for all recollected the happy ever-laughing Mossie of years gone by.

"Miss Rossell." All heaved a sigh of relief. Here at least was one upon whom time had made no impression. She was the same Mamie of '05 except perhaps a little stouter. "I married an army officer and

brought undying fame to myself and to him by successfully managing to make him head of the United States Army."

"Miss Tillinghast," being called, a meek sweet-faced aged shade stood up and with her knitting still in her hand, began to speak. "I had the misfortune to be the last, the thirteenth of the Class and so, sad to relate never married, but spent my life knitting and visiting the poor and needy, a useful, if not a brilliant

career. I am sure my lover, who died in his youth, and left me to solitary old maidenhood would have had it so." With a sweet smile of resignation she resumed her seat and knitting.

The President arose to say something, but a bell rang violently and Charon's relentless voice was heard to call out, "The last trip down the Styx this evening," and all rushed pell-mell to the landing as if they had never been the dignified Seniors of '05.



Class Poem

While we count the swift-flying moments,
So brimful of duties and joys,
And of all the hurry of school life,
Come these words thro' the unceasing noise :
 "Do and hope."

When we gaze on all the dear faces,
And our very hearts grow sore
With the sorrow of life's first partings,
We hear the same words once more :
 "Do and hope."

Then since there is work for the present,
Let us do it with all our will,
And while bright life calls us onward,
Let us trust and hope until—
With the world's short day behind us,
We come to the light above,
And loosed from the ties that bind us,
Find fulfilled in the one word, love,
Our motto : "Do and hope."

Junior Class

Flower
Pansy

Colors
Dark Blue and Old Gold

Motto
Milites bonam militam

Officers

FRANCES ELIZABETH WOOLF *President*
RUTH FOSTER *Sec'y and Treasurer*
GERTRUDE SULLIVAN *Historian*

VIRGINIA BAILEY

JOSEPHINE BOYLAN

RUTH FOSTER

JANE IREDELL GREEN

AMY PERRY FITZ-SIMONS

ANNIE KOONCE

MARY LASSITER

MARGARET MACKAY

OLIVE MORRILL

HARRIET RUFF

ANNIE SLOAN

GERTRUDE SULLIVAN

FRANCES E. WOOLF



JUNIOR CLASS

Sophomore Class

Flower
Cornflower

Colors
Dark Blue and White

Officers

GRACE BUXTON WHITAKER *President*
EMILY J. CARRISON *Vice-President*
SUE BRENT PRINCE *Secretary*

Roll

HELEN BALL	KATIE BARBEE
HEBER BIRDSONG	BLAND BOWEN
EMILY CARRISON	BEATRICE COHEN
LILIAN FARMER	EULA GREGORY
JESSIE HARRIS	ALICE McCULLERS
MARY PERRY	SUE PRINCE
ELLA SIMMONS	BLANCHE THOMSON
GRACE WHITAKER	



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Freshman Class

Flower

Black-eyed Susan

Motto

Step by step we gain the height

Colors

Black and Gold

Officers

EMMA BARNWELL, *President*

HELEN STRANGE, *Vice-President*

ALICE DAVIS, *Secretary*

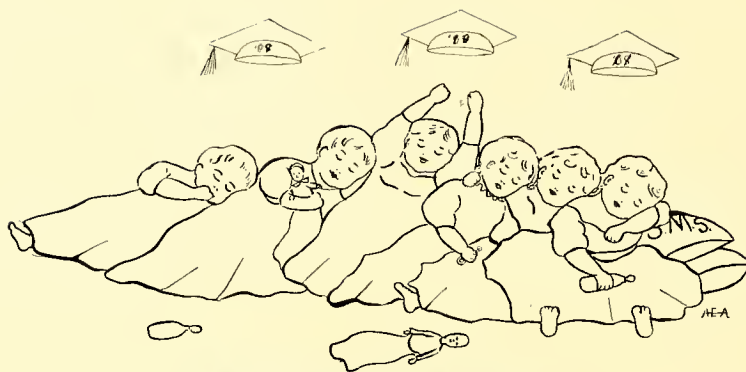
Roll

MARY ALEXANDER
HANNAH ASHE
EMMA BARNWELL
KATIE COKE
GENEVIEVE COOPER
JULIET CREWS
BESSIE IVEY

ALICE DAVIS
CORNIE FAIRLEY
NELLIE FORT
IDA FOSTER
CORINNA GANT
KATIE GARY
LOTTIE SHARPE
MISS CHECKLEY, *Honorary Member*

FLORENCE KIDDER
FRANCES LEE
MATTIE LUMSDEN
GILMER MITCHELL
ADA PURCELLE
FRANKIE SELF
MISS CHECKLEY, *Honorary Member*

MARGUERITE SHORT
BLANDINA SPRINGS
ALICE STACK
HELEN STRANGE
PEARL WASHINGTON
ELIZABETH WATTS
MARIA WEBB



Preparatory School

ALBRIGHT, ELIZABETH

ALLEN, MARGARET

BAINBRIDGE, CONSTANCE

BLEDSON, ELIZABETH

CABANISS, MARY

CHAPMAN, JESSIE

CLARK, ISABEL

COKE, KATIE

CROFT, ELLA

DAVIS, RUBIE

EMERSON, ELISE

GLAZEBROOK, KATE

GRAY, BESSIE

HANE, MAY

HARTGE, LEATA

HAY, NANNIE

HUDSON, CECIL

HUTCHINGS, JULIA

JONES, JESSIE

JOYNER, LULA LEE

LEE, JENNIE

LOANE, KATIE

MARRIOT, MARY

NORRIS, RUBY

PEARSON, NANCY

PETERSON, MARY

ROBBINS, SAIDEE

SIMMONS, ISABEL

SIMPSON, EVELYN

WELLS, ANNIE

WHITAKER, AMELIA

WIGGINS, ELIZABETH

WOODWARD, CECIL

Literary Societies





EPSILON ALPHA PI LITERARY SOCIETY

Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society

Officers

Advent Term

RENA HOYT CLARK	President	RENA HOYT CLARK
BETTIE WOOLF	Vice-President	GERTRUDE SULLIVAN
MARGARET ELMER GEORGE	Secretary	MARGARET ELMER GEORGE
MOSSIE ELIZABETH LONG	Corresponding Secretary	MOSSIE ELIZABETH LONG
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MINNA HAMPTON	Critic	BETTIE WOOLF
MARY HINSDALE SLOCOMB	Historian	BLANCHE THOMSON
ISABEL MEANS RUFF	Teller	HARRIET WEBSTER
ANNIE SLOAN	Teller	PATTIE BARDEN

Easter Term

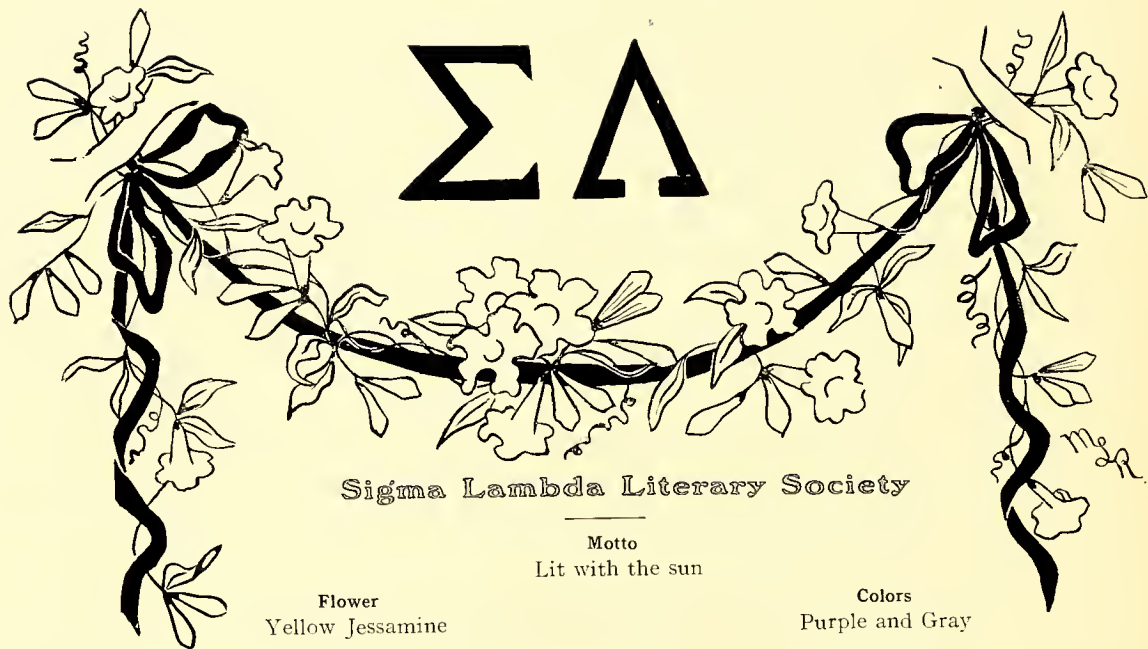
Roll

BARDEN, PATTIE	GEORGE, ELMER	LONG, MOSSIE	SLOCOMB, MARY
BARNWELL, EMMA	HAMPTON, MINNA	McCULLERS, ALICE	SLOAN, ANNIE
CALLUM, ALICE	HAMPTON CATHERINE	McGEEHEE, ALEATHIA	SULLIVAN, GERTRUDE
CLARK, RENA	JOHNSON, FANNY	MORRILL, OLIVE	THOMSON, BLANCHE
FARMER, LILIAN	KOONCE, ANNIE	RICHARDS, CHRISTINE	THOMSON, CATHERINE
FOSTER, RUTH	KYSER, VIRGINIA	RUFF, ISABEL	WEBSTER, HARRIET
EDMUNSTON, NORA	LAW, BESSIE POE	SAVAGE, LILY	WILCOX, MAMIE
GRAY, CARO	SHARPE, LOTTIE		WOOLF, BETTIE

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MISS LEE	MISS GERBER	BISHOP T. D. BRATTON	MISS BALFOUR	MISS WALTON
MISS HULL		MISS KATE McKIMMON	MISS CHITTENDEN	

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





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Sigma Lambda Literary Society

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IDA POLLARD EVANS	<i>Historian</i>	IDA POLLARD EVANS
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GRACE BUXTON WHITAKER	<i>Junior Teller</i>	GERTRUDE WINSTON

Easter Term

Roll

ASHE, HANNAH	CARSON, JEAN	DURHAM, NELLIE	GRAY, BESSIE
BAILEY, SERENA	CLARK, ANNA	ELDREDGE, MARGARET	GRANT, FLORENCE
BAILEY, VIRGINIA	CLARK, HELEN	EVANS, IDA	GREEN, JANE IREDELL
BOWEN, BLAND	CREWS, JULIET	FAIRLEY, EFFIE	GREGORY, EULA
BROADFOOT, FRANCES	CRITZ, SENAH	FITZ-SIMONS, AMY	HARDIE, KATE
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BYNUM, SUSAN	DAVIS, ALICE	GARY, KATE	HUGHSON, DOROTHY
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JENKINS, SADIE
KIDDER, FLORENCE
LEE, FRANCES
MACKAY, MARGARET
MILLER, VIRGINIA
MOORE, MARY ELLA

MURCHISON, JENNIE
PRINCE, SUE
ROBINSON, MARY
ROSSELL, MARY
SEAY, LEONORE
SIMMONS, ELLA

SHORT, MARGUERITE
SLOCUM, DOROTHY
SPRINGS, BLANDINA
SPRINGS, MARGUERITE
SPRUILL, ALICE WINSTON
STEDMAN, MARGARET

STRANGE, HELEN
TILLINGHAST, LINDA
VILLEPIGUE, MARY
WALKER, MARGUERITE
WEBB, MARIA
WHITAKER, GRACE

WINSLOW, KATE

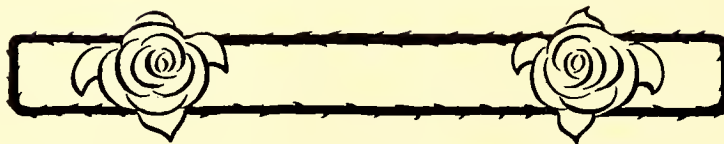
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MISS COWLES
MISS CHECKLEY
MISS DOWD
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ALPHA KAPPA PSI

Alpha Kappa Psi

Alpha Chapter

Founded and Chartered at St. Mary's, 1900
Nationalized, 1904

Alpha Chapter, St. Mary's, Raleigh, N. C.
Beta Chapter, Virginia Female Institute, Staunton, Va.

Colors

Blue and Gold

Flower

Forget-me-not

Chapter Roll

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CORNELIA COLEMAN	HARRIET MEARES	HALLIE ROBERTSON	MARIE BRUNSON WILCOX
LEWIS COFFIN	MARTHA MOFFET	MARY ALLAN SHORT	SUSAN WOOD
BOLLING HUBARD			

Chapter Roll, 1904-1905

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SORORES IN FACULTATE

MISS CHECKLEY
MISS BOWEN

SORORES IN URBE

MARGARET STEDMAN
JENNIE TRAPIER





GAMMA BETA SIGMA

Gamma Beta Sigma

FOUNDED 1901. CHARTERED 1904.



Flower

Violet

Colors

Purple and Gold

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HELEN HAYWOOD CLARK

RENA HOYT CLARK

MARGARET ELMER GEORGE

JANE IREDELL GREEN

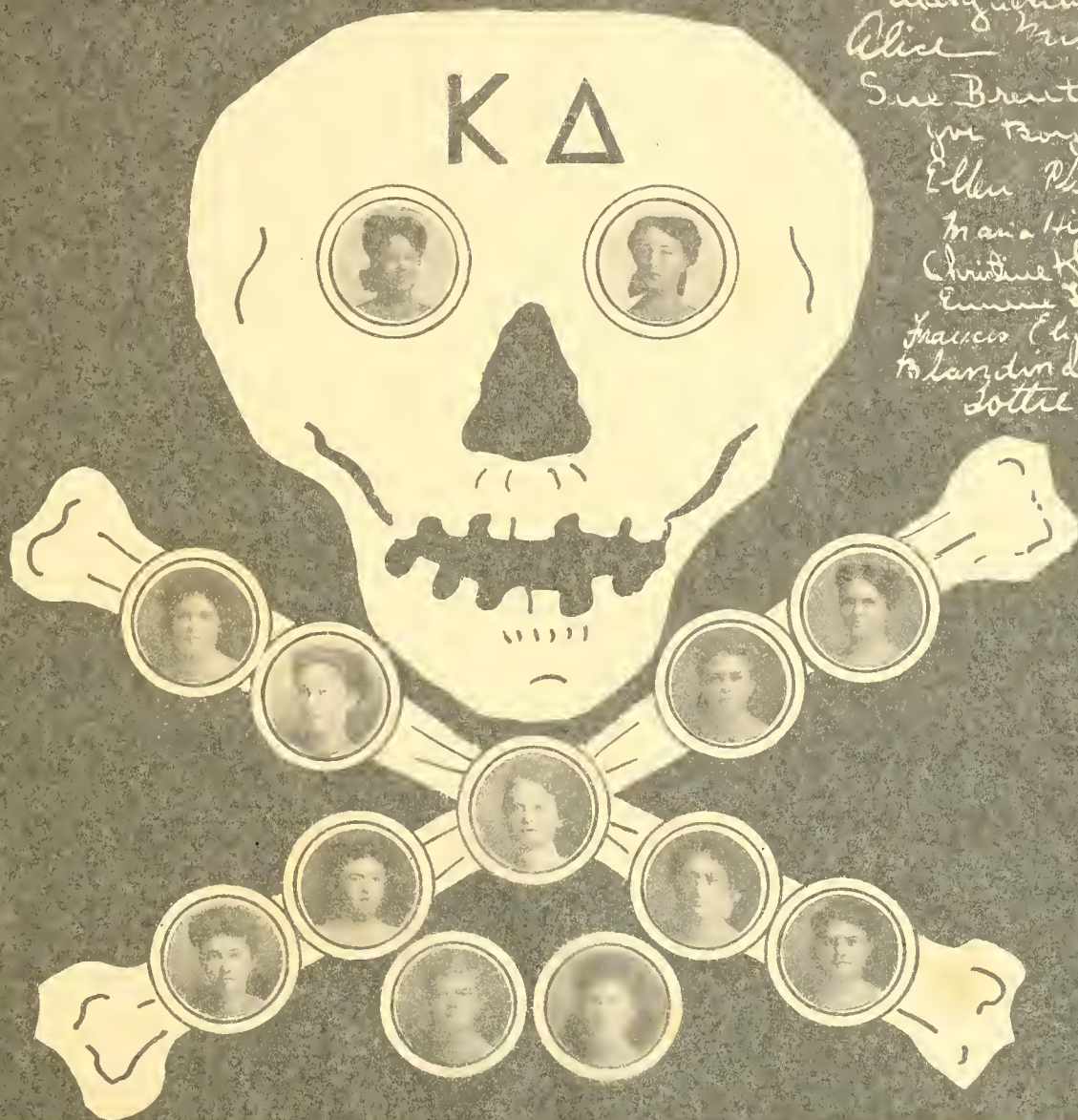
MARY LEIGH ROBINSON

MARY ELLIS ROSSELL

SARA GERTRUDE SULLIVAN

MISS L. H. LEE





Charlotte Newall Hull
 Gertrude Winston
 Margaret Spring
 Alice Houston Pratt
 Sue Brent Druce
 Joe Bayliss
 Ellen Piper Ellison
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 Emma Don Druce
 Francis Elizabeth Pratt
 Roland Baxter Spring
 Lottie Sharp.

Kappa Delta

FOUNDED . . . 1897

CHARTERED . . . 1902

Roll of Chapters

ALPHA	Virginia State Normal, Farmville, Va.
BETA	Chatham Institute, Chatham, Va.
GAMMA	Hollins Institute, Hollins, Va.
DELTA	College for Women, Columbia, S. C.
THETA	Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va.
SIGMA	Gunston Institute, Washington, D. C.
PHI PHI	Fairmont Seminary, Washington, D. C.
ZETA	University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
PHI DELTA	St. Mary's, Raleigh, N. C.
KAPPA ALPHA	Florida State College, Tallahassee, Fla.
RHO OMEGA PHI	Judson College, Marion, Ala.

Phi Delta Chapter

SOROR IN FACULTATE

CHARLOTTE KENDALL HULL

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EMMA LOUISE DREWRY	LOTTIE SHARPE	FRANCES ELIZABETH WOOLF
ELLEN PHIFER GIBSON	ALICE WINSTON SPRUILL	MARIA HILL WEBB
MARY CHRISTINE KLINGENSMITH	MARGUERITE CLARKSON SPRINGS	GERTRUDE HORNER WINSTON



Upsilon Delta

Founded 1902. Chartered 1904.

EMMA ELLIOT BARNWELL	Sumter, S. C.
SUSAN FORNEY BYNUM	Lincolnton, N. C.
EMILY JORDAN CARRISON	Camden, S. C.
SUSANNAH EMERSON CARTER	Asheville, N. C.
FLORENCE ELLA CROFT	Aiken, S. C.
MISS MARTHA ARRINGTON DOWD	Raleigh, N. C.
NORA LAWTON EDMONASTON	Savannah, Ga.
LILIAN HAUSER FARMER	Florence, S. C.
DOROTHY MAY HUGHSON	East Orange, N. J.
SADIE MARCELLINE JENKINS	Edisto Island, S. C.
MARY THORNTON LASSITER	Hertford, N. C.
MISS KATE MCKIMMON	Raleigh, N. C.



UPSILON DELTA



GERMAN

CLUB 5

Germans 1904-1905

Tau Delta	Fall German	November 5
L'Etoile	Christmas German	December 10
Tau Delta	Colonial Ball	March 6
L'Etoile	Morning German	May 24

L'Etoile German Club Roll

COLORS : Black and Gold

Officers

SENAH CRITZ	<i>President</i>
ALICE WINSTON SPRUILL	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY ELLIS ROSSELL	<i>Secretary</i>
ANNA BARROW CLARK	<i>Treasurer</i>
MARY ELLA MOORE	<i>Leader</i>

Roll

SUSIE CARTER	MARGARET DUBOSE	MATTIE HUNTER	ALICE SPRUILL
JEAN CARSON	EMMIE DREWRY	JESSIE HARRIS	LEONORE SEAY
ANNA CLARK	ELISE EMERSON	MARY ELLA MOORE	MARGUERITE SHORT
HELEN CLARK	NORA EDMONDSTON	MARY ROSSELL	GERTRUDE SULLIVAN
RENA CLARK	MARGARET ELDREDGE	ISABEL RUFF	GRACE WHITAKER
SENAH CRITZ	AMY FITZ-SIMONS	MARGARET STEDMAN	KATE WINSLOW
EDA CUNNINGHAM	JANE IREDELL GREEN		



Tau Delta German Club

Colors

Gray and Gold

Officers

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ELLEN PHIFER GIBSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY ROBINSON	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGUERITE SPRINGS	<i>Treasurer</i>
VIRGILIA ARGYLE GLAZEBROOK	<i>Leader</i>

Roll

MISS HULL	DAVIS, ALICE	HUGHSON, DOROTHY	SPRINGS, MARGUERITE
ALBRIGHT, BESSIE	EVANS, IDA	KLINGENSMITH, CHRISTINE	THORN, DOROTHY
BAILEY, VIRGINIA	GEORGE, ELMER	MURCHISON, JENNIE	STRANGE, HELEN
BARNWELL, EMMA	GIBSON, ELLEN	PRINCE, SUE	VILLEPIGUE, MARY
BOYLAN, JOSEPHINE	GRANT, FLORENCE	ROBINSON, MARY	WALKER, MARGUERITE
BYNUM, SUSAN	GLAZEBROOK, KATE	SLOCOMB, MARY	WINSTON, GERTRUDE
CROFT, ELLA	GLAZEBROOK, VIRGILIA	SLOCUM, DOROTHY	WOOLF, BETTIE
	KIDDER, FLORENCE	SPRINGS, BLANDINA	



TAU DELTA GERMAN CLUB

DRAMATIC CLUB



Officers

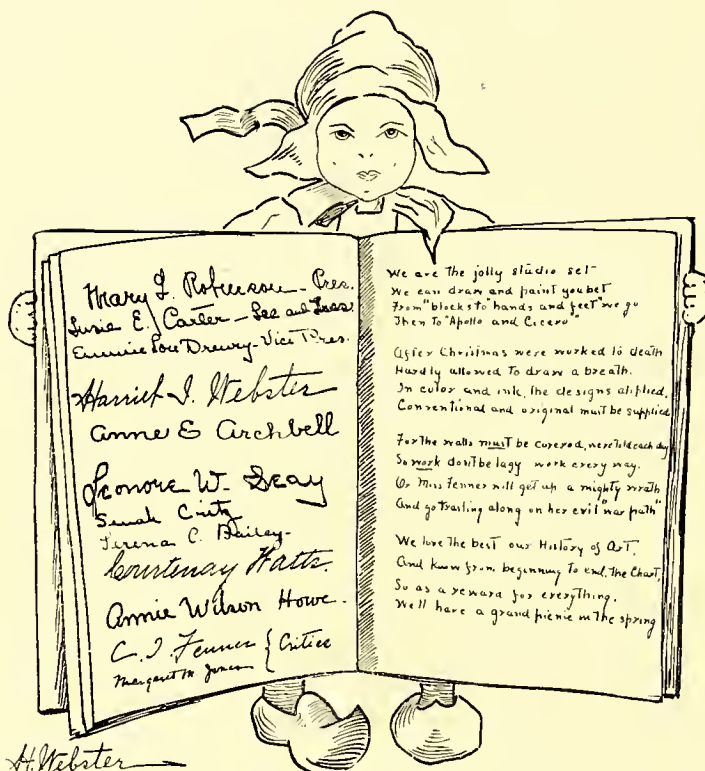
MARY ROBINSON *President*
 GERTRUDE SULLIVAN *Vice-President*
 CHRISTINE RICHARDS *Secretary and Treasurer*

Roll

JEAN CARSON	DOROTHY HUGHSON
SUSIE CARTER	MARY ELLA MOORE
JOSEPHINE BOYLAN	MARY ROBINSON
ELLEN GIBSON	CHRISTINE RICHARDS
MINNA HAMPTON	GERTRUDE SULLIVAN



DRAMATIC CLUB



SKETCH CLUB



Corinthian Roll

ELLEN GIBSON, *President*

ARCHBELL, ANNE
BAINBRIDGE, CONSTANCE
BARDEN, PATTIE
BOYLAN, JOSEPHINE
CABANISS, MARY
CARTER, SUSIE
CHAPMAN, JESSIE
CLARK, ANNA
CLARK, RENA
CLARK, ISABEL
COOPER, GENEVIEVE
CUNNINGHAM, EDA
DURHAM, NELLIE
DU BOSE, MARGARET
ELDRIDGE, MARGARET
ELLENWOOD, ETHEL
FAIRLEY, EFFIE
FAIRLEY, CORNIE
FOSTER, RUTH
GANT, CORINNA
GARY, KATE

GEORGE, ELMER
GIBSON, ELLEN
GRANT, FLORENCE
GRAY, BESSIE
GREEN, JANE I.
GREGORY, EULA
HAMPTON, MINNA
HANE, MAY
HARDIE, KATE
HUGHSON, DOROTHY
JENKINS, SADIE
KIDDER, FLORENCE
LEE, FRANCES
LASSITER, MARY
LONG, MOSSIE
LIDDELL, HELEN
MCCULLERS, ALICE
MILLER, VIRGINIA
MORRILL, OLIVE
MURCHISON, JENNIE
MCCRAW, MADGE

SADIE JENKINS, *Secretary and Treasurer*

PEARSON, NANCY
PRINCE, SUE
PERRY, MARY
ROSSELL, MARY
RUFF, HARRIET
SANBORN, MARGARET
SEAY, LEONORE
SELF, FRANKIE
SLOAN, ANNIE
SPRINGS, MARGUERITE
SPRINGS, BLANDINA
STRANGE, HELEN
SHARPE, LOTTIE
TILLINGHAST, LINDA
THORN, SELMA
WALKER, MARGUERITE
WASHINGTON, PEARL
WATTS, COURTNEY
WATTS, ELIZABETH
WIGGINS, ELIZABETH
WINSTON, GERTRUDE

St. Mary's.

BASKET BALL



Corinthian.

TENNIS



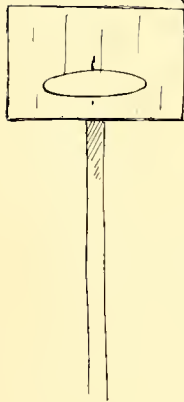
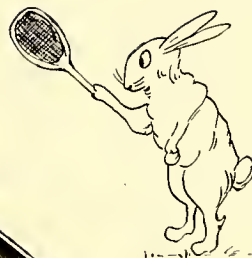
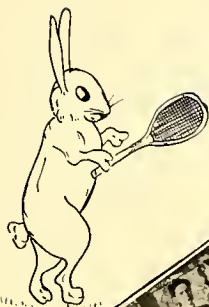
TRACK TEAM



Olympic Roll

JEAN CARSON, *President* IDA EVANS, *Secretary and Treasurer*

ALBRIGHT, BESSIE	EMERSON, ELISE	LONG, MOSSIE	STACK, ALICE
ALEXANDER, MARY	EVANS, IDA	LEE, ROWENA	SIMMONS, ELLA
MISS BALFOUR	FAIRLEY, NANCY	LAMB, ANNIE	THOMSON, BLANCHE
BAKNWELL, EMMA	FARMER, LILIAN	LOANE, KATIE	THOMSON, CATHERINE
BAINBRIDGE, CONSTANCE	CARRISON, EMILY	HAMPTON, CATHERINE	VILLEPIGUE, MARY
BAILEY, SERENA	FOSTER, IDA	MOORE, MARY ELLA	WOOLF, BETTIE
BAILEY, VIRGINIA	GLAZEBROOK, VIRGILIA	MARRIOTT, MARY	WINSLOW, KATE
BOWEN, BLAND	GLAZEBROOK, KATE	MILLER, ANNE	WHITAKER, GRACE
BRIGMAN, MATTIE	GAITHER, ELIZABETH	PEARSON, ADA	WEBB, MARIA
CROFT, ELLA	HARRIS, JESSIE	RUFF, ISABEL	WASHINGTON, PEARL
COHEN, BEATRICE	HUNTER, MATTIE	ROBINSON, MARY	WELLS, ANNIE
CLARK, HELEN	MISS JONES	SHORT, MARGUERITE	BYNUM, SUSAN
CRITZ, SENAH	JOYNER, LULA LEE	SULLIVAN, GERTRUDE	EDMUNSTON, NORA
DREWRY, EMMIE	KLINGENSMITH, CHRISTINE	SPRUILL, ALICE WINSTON	SIMMONS, ISABEL
DAVIS, ALICE	KYSER, VIRGINIA	SAVAGE, LILY	WEBSTER, HARRIET



OLYMPIC

DREWY

Corinthian Teams

Basket-ball

ELMER GEORGE, Captain
MARGUERITE WALKER
JOSEPHINE BOYLAN
GERTRUDE WINSTON
SUE PRINCE
MARY ROSSELL
ANNA CLARK
MARGARET ELDREDGE

Tennis

GERTRUDE WINSTON, Capt.
MARGUERITE WALKER
FLORENCE KIDDER
SUE PRINCE
NANCY PEARSON
MARGARET DuBOSE
ELLEN GIBSON

Track

MARY ROSSELL, Captain
ANNA CLARK
ELLEN GIBSON
SUE PRINCE
FLORENCE KIDDER
BESSIE GRAY
GERTRUDE WINSTON
JOSEPHINE BOYLAN
SUSIE CARTER
DOROTHY HUGHSON

Olympic Teams

Basket-ball

VIRGILIA GLAZEBROOK, Captain
KATE GLAZEBROOK
MARY VILLEPIGUE
CHRISTINE KLINGENSMITH
ALICE WINSTON SPRUILL
JEAN CARSON
BETTIE WOOLF
MARGUERITE SHORT

Tennis

MARY ELLA MOORE, Capt.
KATE GLAZEBROOK
MARGUERITE SHORT
MOSSIE LONG
BESSIE ALBRIGHT
ELISE EMERSON
ALICE WINSTON SPRUILL

Track

ALICE WINSTON SPRUILL, Captain
KATE GLAZEBROOK
ELLA CROFT
BLAND BOWEN
LILY SAVAGE
EMMA BARNWELL
ELISE EMERSON
GERTRUDE SULLIVAN
VIRGINIA KYSER
LULA LEE JOYNER

Missionary Chapters

St. Mary's Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary

MISS WALTON	<i>President</i>
MISS SUTTON	<i>Vice-President</i>
MISS SHIPP	<i>Secretary</i>
MISS McKIMMON	<i>Treasurer</i>

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MISS McKIMMON	<i>Superintendent</i>
SADIE JENKINS	<i>President</i>
LINDA TILLINGHAST	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGARET DuBOSE	<i>Treasurer</i>

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FLORENCE GRANT	<i>President</i>
IDA EVANS	<i>Secretary</i>
EFFIE FAIRLEY	<i>Treasurer</i>

St. Etheldreda's Chapter

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St. Elizabeth's Chapter

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ELMER GEORGE	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY ROBINSON	<i>Secretary</i>
LILIAN FARMER	<i>Treasurer</i>

St. Monica's Chapter

MISS MCKIMMON	<i>Directress</i>
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HELEN CLARK	<i>Vice-President</i>
BLAND BOWEN	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGUERITE WALKER	<i>Treasurer</i>

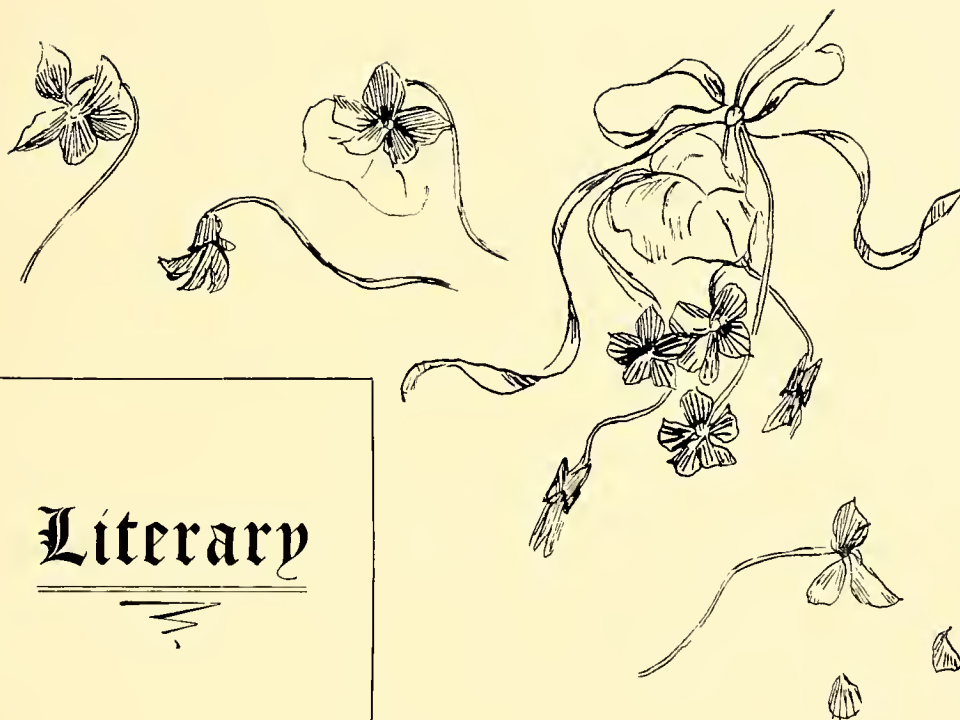
St. Margaret's Chapter

MISS BOWEN	<i>Directress</i>
SUSIE CARTER	<i>President</i>
VIRGINIA MILLER	<i>Vice-President</i>
EULA GREGORY	<i>Secretary</i>
HARRIET WEBSTER	<i>Treasurer</i>

St. Anne's Chapter

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PATTIE BARDEN	<i>Vice-President</i>
JANE I. GREEN	<i>Secretary</i>
LOTTIE SHARPE	<i>Treasurer</i>

Literary



The Norns

(Norns are the three sisters—Past, Present, and Future—of Norse mythology. Mimir's well is their dwelling-place.)

I sat on the steps of St. Mary's,
When the glow of the setting sun
Blended with night's gray shadows,
And the winter's day was done.
When sudden, a thrill went through me,
For there confronting me
Were they whom the dark and the storm call forth,
The silent sisters, three.

The eldest with eyes clear gleaming
Like the water in Mimir's well,
Waved her pale hand o'er the door-step
And runes from her fingers fell
Where the stone had been worn by the foot-steps
Of three-score years and more,
And I saw the girls of other days
Pass through St. Mary's door.

The good, the pure, and the faithful,
Whose influence broad and great
Is felt throughout the country,
And remembered in the State.
Then I turned and faced the Present,
And saw in her eyes again,
Reflected the flickering lights and shades
That come with joy and pain.

She, drawing nearer to me,
Reached out and took my hands,
Urging me forward, forward
To where her sister stands.
And beckons me on and onward,
A veiled mysterious will;
And I pray, and hope, and tremble and fear,
But I follow, follow still. A. C. A.

Where the Sun Sets

LATE one afternoon a little girl about six years old, stood watching the sun set, and wondering where that great big ball of light went. She had often thought about this before, and had even asked her big sister over and over again to tell her where the sun went, but she had never yet found out, for her sister *always* said, "Little girls should be seen and not heard," and would never tell her. Perhaps it was because sister herself did not know. Well, she was going to watch it to-day and see if she could see the hole open. The sun sank lower, her eyes began to hurt, and she saw all sorts of queer colored things dancing about, but her mind had been made up, and she was not going to let a little matter like that baffle her.

Across the river there was a vessel, where all day long men had been taking boards from a lighter and putting them into the two great, big holes in the vessel. She knew this, for had she not stood by the up-stairs

window that very afternoon and watched them. Yes, and the sun was surely going into one of those same holes; she could see that just as plainly as anything. But how on earth could it find room in there with all of those boards. She thought a minute. Oh, of course, she knew now; those boards were to cover up the holes and keep the sun in there all night, then in the morning the men would take the boards off in time for the sun to come out.

"There, it is in." The men are putting the covers over the holes. She breathed a sigh. "Well, I'm mighty glad I've found out at last."

"Found out what, little girl?" Her father had come up behind her and had been watching her for some time.

"Found where the sun goes, papa. I watched it go into that hole in the vessel, and now I am going to tell sister, 'cause I know she doesn't know."

R. F., '06.

That Dog

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 10, 1905.

My Darling Jack: The precious dog has at last arrived, and I just can not tell you how perfectly charmed I am with him. He is a dream of beauty, and has such cunning little ways. I think you are the dearest, sweetest boy in the world to have taken so much trouble to get him for me, even though you did not approve. In spite of all your prophecies to the contrary, I am perfectly positive that I shall not get tired of him, or think him a nuisance. Every time I look at him I think of you, and you do not know how much company he is for me. Do run down soon, and let me thank you myself for him, and do not forget to bring the collar for him.

Yours devotedly,

EDITH.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 17, 1905.

Dear Jack: I have been so busy washing the dog and apologizing for the mischief that he does that I have not had time to write often.

As you said he would, Fido takes a great deal of

attention, but you know I can not watch him all the time. Yesterday he got out and chewed up Mrs. Brown's muff, and though I ate "humble pie" for nearly an hour about it, she has not forgiven me yet, though I do not see how she can hold me responsible.

I should have thought that would have satisfied him for one day, but last night he got Mr. Courtney's new beaver, and carried it out into the street, which, to say the least, was not very good for it. Mr. Courtney did not say much, but he looked volumes, and I thought like the Bishop, that it was a very profane silence.

Every day Fido reminds me more and more of you, and he actually has a little nervous habit of walking around the room just exactly as you do. I think he is going to wake up now, so I must close.

Yours,

EDITH.

MARCH 30, 1905.

Dear Jack: I have at last gotten rid of that detestable dog. He has made my life a burden, and I am nearly a nervous wreck from running after him all

day, and rocking him all night to keep him from howling and arousing the whole house. I am hardly on speaking terms with any one here, except the cook, and all on account of him. His last crime was carrying my best slippers and gloves into the coal cellar. I gave him to a peddler yesterday, and hope you will not mind.

I think I will take a holiday and go home for a week or two to rest. Do not try to see me before I go, for I don't think I could stand the sight of you just yet. You would remind me too much of that dog.

EDITH.
M. M., '06



The Message of the Violets

SILENTLY, gently the warm wind of spring-time scattered the apple blossoms like a miniature snow-storm through the sunny air; from the garden came the scent of violets; a robin called joyously from the wood-lot, while the soft droning sound of the busy honey-bee, brought to us the realization that our Southland had once more blossomed into life.

In the door of the comfortable log farmhouse, a gaunt mountain woman stood, gazing at all Nature's loveliness about her, with unseeing eyes. Her hands were knotted and worn by years of hard labor and there were severe lines of care about the dull eyes and firmly-closed mouth. Shading her eyes with one rough hand, she rebelliously watched a boy of not more than sixteen years, who came slowly up the narrow mountain highway, drinking in the fresh beauty about him and pausing now and then to listen to the countless legends of the forest, sung now softly, now louder and louder by the voices of the sighing pine trees. Tenderly clasping a small bunch of wood violets, the boy shrinkingly approached his mother, "See

mammy," he said, "don't they jest talk to yer when ye look in ther leetle faces?"

"Wal, now, John King," she exclaimed, rudely tearing the spring blossoms from his protecting hand, "ye may think its smart to go on like that. ye plumb idjit, ye never went on so silly till that thar high-falutin', dudish, young college perfesser put all them fool notions into yer head. Not another word 'bout them weeds; thar now, go git to yer day's plowin'; if ye'd talk 'bout pertaters and corn thar'd be a leetle good in yer. Git outter my way and don't ye waste no more time on sich nonsense."

With the wounded look of some trusting but hunted wild creature in his great blue eyes, the boy almost stumbled past his mother, and a few moments later he slowly plodded his way to the field, with the air of one just convicted of some great crime. All through the long, hot, May afternoon he dejectedly followed the plow, though his slender hands, his intelligent and pale face, and frail body showed only too plainly his unfitness for such labor.

Toward sunset Martha King paused several times

in her supper-getting to gaze up at the fast-darkening lane. John was usually home with the cows long before this time, and she muttered crossly to herself, "He's jest gone chasin' arter weeds agin, the good-fur-nothin', leavin' me all the chores 'o do."

Timothy King came wearily in from the wood-lot. "Supper ready, ma?" he asked, "Wal, whar's the boy? It's gittin' late and the cows ain't in yit; p'rhaps I'd better go look 'em up." With slow, plodding, steps, the big boots clumped heavily out into the fast-falling dusk.

Eight o'clock came, and Mrs. King still peevishly kept up the fire in the stove, almost unwillingly keeping the supper hot, for her husband and son. Presently a heavy step sounded on the piazza outside. "Marthy," called a frightened voice, "p'rhaps yer had better come out here a minute; Johnnie's had another faintin' spell."

All through the long night hours the father and mother anxiously watched the doctor, who had come from the cross-roads, steadily but with difficulty keeping up the spark of life remaining in the frail body. Once in the delirious frenzy of his fever the boy

murmured feebly, "See, mammy, don't they jest talk to yer, when ye look in ther leetle faces?" Like some stricken, voiceless creature, wounded too deeply for expression, the mother turned from the bedside, and left the room. As she entered the little kitchen, her rough, nerveless fingers clutched pitifully a handful of wood violets, withering on the table; kneeling there in the dim light of the smoky kerosene lamp, she cried out in the anguish of her mother's heart, "O God, I knowed he wan't strong like other boys, I knowed he had sense a plenty, and was a long sight ahead of his old pa and ma. Have mercy on me, the wicked, ign'ant woman I am, and give me back my boy."

The old clock wearily ticked away the hours, until the gray light, which comes before the dawn, silhouetted the objects in the neat kitchen, against the whitewashed walls. Still the mother knelt silently in the shadowy darkness, pressing the violets to her cold, dry lips, like one in a daze, till the door behind her opened softly. "Marthy, Marthy," whispered the awed voice of her husband, "Doc says the worst is over now and our boy will live."

H. I. W.

What the Watermelon Told

NO one could find out what became of the pieces of watermelon sent daily to the kitchen for Mum Di. Naturally, at first, we thought that she ate them herself, but one day Aunt Mattie saw her carefully putting her melon, wrapped in newspaper, on the kitchen table.

"Why don't you eat it now, Mum Di?" Aunt Mattie asked.

"Wha foh do you ask me dat, Missus? Ain't you know dat watymillion eber mek me sick, sence de wah? No, Missus, I ain't neber tech million sence de wah."

Mum Di seemed so hurt at being asked one question, that Aunt Mattie decided to ask no more until later, and for a week or so the subject of who ate the watermelon was a matter of amused discussion in the "Big House." Finally, one day while we were at dinner, through the open window floated this long, protracted call, "Buh Prince, o-o-oh, Buh Prince!"

Then we heard the thump of the rake handle as the old gardener balanced it against the house, and I went out on the back piazza to watch for further developments.

There was Mum Di peering anxiously from the kitchen window, and in a minute or so Daddy Prince hobbled slowly around the corner of the house. As he walked across to the kitchen, I wondered how much over a hundred years old he must be. At last he reached his destination, and with many grunts, he half-straightened his old bent body, and extended his arms for something that Mum Di was passing down to him. Then with a large sigh of relief he slowly sat down on a bench under the window, and raised to his lips a piece of watermelon.

This incident suggested a romance, so the next morning I got up early and went out into the garden to see if anything interesting was happening. Yes, I could hear, soft yet distinct in the summer morning, the sound of voices from behind the house.

"Mawnin', Miss Di."

"Ain'ty now, Buh Prince, wha you de do yah now?"

"Miss Di, is you ebber see a donkey? I done see one yistiddy."

"Eh, wha 'e de look like? Wha 'pearance hab 'e?"

"Miss Di, he look jist like a mule, on'y mo' so."

This was the conversation, not very romantic in outward sentiment, truly, but it meant soft words and galling speeches to these two old black people.

Late one afternoon, about a week after this, my aunt and I, walking on the bluff in front of the house, saw a dark, bent old figure rowing away "into the glory of the sunset." The sound of the rhythmic strokes of the oars drifted across the water to us, and every now and then we thought we heard a feeble note of a song. That evening we saw Daddy Prince return in the moonlight, land, and carefully carry a bag of shells to the kitchen. The next morning Mum Di told us how "splaindid and putty," the graves of her two husbands looked, all covered over with shells.

But in this case, as in all others the course of true love did not run smooth, for Daddy Prince was "tuk sick." We did all we could for the old man, but he was too feeble to fight his disease, and he died. We hated to see him go, for he had been in the family all

his life, but what a "fine old sittin'-up" the negroes had over his body, and what unearthly shrieks did we hear issuing from the quarters all night long.

The evening after the funeral, Mum Di appeared at the foot of the front piazza steps—a thing unprecedented for her—and we were preparing to sympathize with her, when in a most cheerful and gay tone of voice she began: "Oh, Missus, I tell you wat, dat been one fine funeral. I been chief mourner, and dey been six cyart and t'ree buggy dere."

Then ensued a detailed account of the affair, all told in a joyous manner.

The next day, after much discussion as to whether it would make Mum Di feel badly or not to have the watermelon sent out, we sent it, and at dinner, when we saw her feeding it piece by piece to her ducks, we wondered if there was not some real sorrow way down in the bottom of that old black heart.

S. M. L., '05



Legends of the Old North State

A Visit to Miss Taylor, Who Set "The Old North State" to Music

IN all ages, song has roused people to brave or patriotic deeds, and even in our own day our national songs kindle enthusiasm and love of country in us.

The authors and composers who have made such gifts to the world indeed deserve our admiration and love. It is seldom, however, that we meet such people, and when we do, we can not help feeling that we are honored by contact with them.

A short time ago, a friend took me to see Miss Louisa Taylor, the charming woman that set "The Old North State" to music.

When we reached her home, in the central part of Raleigh, we found it to be a typical old Southern house—a rambling wooden building with an upper and a lower piazza. In one corner of the front yard is a tiny house which was once Judge Gaston's office.

After asking to see Miss Taylor, we were shown to her room. There, on account of ill-health, she has been confined for about twenty-five years.

But her invalidism has not made her less cheerful. Any one would be attracted by her sweet, intellectual face and her gracious manners.

In a few minutes, the conversation turned to the subject of Judge Gaston, and Miss Taylor told us how he happened to write the State song of North Carolina.

"I think it was in the year 1840 that one night I went to hear a company of bell-ringers," said Miss Taylor. "Between the pieces, there were songs sung in the Tyrolese language. I have always had a good ear for music, and the next morning, I played on the piano one of these pieces. Mother said to Judge Gaston, 'Uncle, what a stirring air that would be for a national song!' 'I believe I'll try one,' he answered. He went to his office, and in a little while returned with the first verse of 'The Old North State.' It suited the music exactly. I think he wrote the other verses the same day."

We asked Miss Taylor if the song is still set to the music as she remembered it. She answered that a

friend afterwards gave her a copy of the notes used by the Tyrolese, and she found she had played it by ear without a mistake.

"But," she said, "it is not sung quite correctly now; the end of the refrain should go down instead of up." Then she showed us the difference, singing in her sweet voice,

Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her.
Though the scorner may sneer at, and witlings defame her,
Yet our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.
Hurrah! Hurrah! The Old North State forever!
Hurrah! Hurrah! The good Old North State!

Perhaps my story should end here, but I think it would hardly be complete without allowing my readers a glimpse of Miss Taylor's room. It is like a bit of the past. The old-fashioned furniture, the ornaments, and the little pictures suggest the days "before the war." There are rare flowers everywhere. In all the years spent in that room, Miss Taylor says that she has never been a day without flowers.

She told us that Judge Gaston had once lived with her family in that very house, which, by the way, was built in 1780.

She spoke of her mother, who, after her husband's death, taught a preparatory school, long celebrated in Raleigh. Many of those who received their early edu-

cation from her, are living in Raleigh to-day, our best-known and most highly honored men and women.

Miss Taylor herself is cultured and brilliant. She keeps pace with modern ideas, and talks most delightfully on all the topics of the day. Although her talents and her distinguished ancestry entitle her to membership in any of the literary and patriotic associations of the State, she has never joined any woman's club or society. Surrounded by her books and her beautiful flowers, she finds her greatest pleasure in her home, and in the company of her friends.

Miss Taylor should, and does, hold a warm place in the hearts of North Carolinians. If you, who sing "The Old North State" so heartily, could know her, for you the song would be a greater inspiration than ever before.

S. C. B., '07.

An Unknown Heroine

In the spring of 1771, Colonel Graham, the leader of the body of men known in North Carolina as the Regulators, kissed his little daughter good-bye, and with his followers, went away to meet Governor Tryon at Alamance.

Betty, although only fourteen years of age, was as true to her country as her father, and inherited his brave spirit. All the afternoon she heard the distant

roar of the guns, and when night was falling, she ran out to watch for her father's return.

Hidden behind a large tree, she saw Tryon and his soldiers march by, triumphantly carrying with them as prisoners many of those who had gone forth in the morning to make the stand against oppression.

Betty's heart leaped with joy when she saw her father among the living; but stood still with fear, when she heard some one say, "They will hang at sunrise on Tryon's tree."

She listened attentively to all that was said, and learned that the prisoners that night were to be concealed in an old deserted cabin on Indian Rock.

Betty had been often to this spot, by the usual way; but she knew there was a narrow path leading to the rock, making a short cut, seldom used on account of its steepness and roughness.

She determined to go to the cabin and release her father from his prison.

In the darkness, she slipped out, and slowly climbed the rocky hillside. At last, nearly worn out, her clothes in rags, and her feet bleeding, she fell against the little log-house.

She remembered having seen her dog, one day, emerge from a hole under the hut; and she began to

search for the place. She worked quietly and quickly, for she knew that the place was well guarded. At last she found the hole; and creeping in, she saw there Colonel Graham and three of his neighbors.

It was short work to point out to them the way of escape. Following the little girl, they were descending the steep hillside, when the sound of a falling stone attracted the attention of the guard.

Shots were fired and the three men darted away at full speed. Colonel Graham, turning to protect his child, saw her fall to the ground. Seizing her in his arms, he also ran until he reached the cover of the woods. There he lay, as long as darkness protected him, beside the body of the little maid who had given her life for his. Then he was forced to leave her there, and flee for his life. We all know of the brave service he did his country during the war which followed.

Betty's body was found the next day and buried; but for years, no one knew why she was there, nor how she met her death. On the site of the battle-ground, a monument now stands, erected to the memory of the dead Regulators; but Betty still remains one of the unknown heroines.

C. H. G., 'o8.

Running the Blockade

Being asked to write for St. Mary's Muse,
As a title, a history fact I'll use.
To some 'twill be new, to others 'tis old —
'Tis the blockade-runner, Don, so bold.

With cargo of cotton we left the quay,
And were cheered by those who had come to see
The trip begin, which we all knew
Meant prison for us if we went not through.

We waited for darkness, and just at ten
The moon set We soon crossed the bar, and then
Our good ship's trouble was all afloat,
We came near fouling the enemy's boat.

When our ship turned westward, we passed them by;
As we did so, a rocket lit the sky.
It was answered then by a signal-gun,
Which meant that a lookout had begun.

We saw the swift stream from the gulf ahead,
And straight for the ripple we quickly sped.
But when in the stream the cruiser did turn,
We had left them about six miles astern.

Daylight came at last. We went sailing on,
With only the thoughts of our last long morn.
There were many runs that this good ship made,
But these other wild voyages we'll leave unsaid.

— E. E., '09.

A neat little craft, was this tiny ship;
It gave the blockaders many a slip.
As it steered its course to Bermuda Isles,
The cruisers chased it for many long miles.

We stopped at Ft. Fisher, and landed there,
To look at the sea-line, and find just where
The Yankee blockaders at anchor lay,
For we were to pass them 'fore break of day.

The cruisers were using a rowing barge—
It was like a bloodhound just set at large.
We could really have split it half in two,
But 'twas that very thing we did not do.

When the dull, foggy morning came quite clear,
We saw a cruiser, not far—but near.
As soon as she saw us she gave us chase,
But she, bad luck, went a much better pace.

Night came. We stopped. 'Twas the dark of the moon.
The cruiser gained on us, and passed us soon.
There we stayed, where we'd given them the slip,
And prayers of thanks were on every lip.

MAY

In the beautiful month of May,
When all the flowers spring,
There awakens in my heart
A love for everything.

In the beautiful month of May,
When all the birds do sing,
I have found you out my heart,
The desire of my yearning.

D. M. H. '05

Translated from the German of Heine.

His Captain's Voice

DURING the commencement week of one of our Southern colleges, long after midnight, a tired Senior was pacing up and down the hard board floor of his little room. He could not sleep, there was no use trying, so after reading over his farewell address—he was valedictorian—for the twentieth time he flung away his pen in despair and began crossing the room in long impatient strides. Before long his eye was caught by a little battered graphophone, lying near the student's lamp on the rickety old table.

Now, in the college every Senior had a "rat," or an underclassman who waited on him as his slave, and when the Seniors left they gave their respective "rats" some little thing for a parting gift. The Senior had not been able to get the graphophone in his trunks, so he decided to give it to his rat.

Stopping now before it he wound it up and let it play "Taps." 'T was the last time he'd hear it perhaps. How he hated to leave the old place, anyway, and all the fellows—hang it, and why did they choose him to say good-bye! And then there came another thought, last but perhaps not least, there was somebody he hated to leave worse than the fellows—the little girl on the hill.

He stood there musing thus until a tap came at the door, as if some one wanted to come in, but was afraid to. "Come in," the Senior growled, then resumed his walk.

After having kept the intruder patiently waiting on the door-sill for ten minutes he faced about. "Oh! it's you, is it, rat? And what are you doing up here this time of night? Don't you know I'll report you for —," but the sentence was never finished, for the Senior's reporting days were over.

"I just came to say good-bye, Capt'n," the boy said, his eyes growing misty.

"Ah, good-bye?—take a chair, rat," Pointing him to a chair opposite his own by the little table, he began to pour something from a brown jug into a glass. "Have a dope, rat?" he said, passing it across to him; "'t will cheer you up."

"No, thanks, Capt'n. I never drink." This last was in an undertone, for he feared the consequences.

The Senior glanced up in surprise, and there was a strange, almost wistful look in his soft brown eyes as he said, "Good, keep it up."

There was a brief silence. The Senior was thinking, and every now and then he gave his meerschaum a soft

pull, thinking, perhaps, of when he, too, was a rat—who knows?

At length, looking hard at the graphophone, he said, "Rat, you've been a good rat, and I want you to take care of the little 'phone for me; 't isn't much, but I loved it. And—and—," reddening a little, "you can take care of the little girl on the hill, too, rat, if you want to."

"I will, Capt'n," the boy answered, taking up the big brass toy as tenderly as if it were a child. "I will, good-bye, Capt'n, and God bless you." It seemed that

he wanted to say more, but suddenly grasping the Senior's hand in a last farewell, he turned and left the room.

* * * * *

One night several weeks later, the little rat's household were very much surprised to be waked up about midnight by the sound of a squeaky graphophone playing "Taps." The rat's mother on going to investigate found the boy with his head buried in the pillows and crying as if his heart would break. "I can't help it, mother, it's my Capt'n's voice."

A. W. S.



The Day of His Success

IN a cheap room on the fifth floor of a New York boarding-house there stood a fragile little woman. Her beautiful auburn hair seemed almost too heavy for her small well-shaped head, and her glorious dark eyes accentuated the paleness of her face.

She stood at the window, looking out over the sea of roofs and chimneys with unseeing eyes, for snuggled under her chin was a beautiful old violin—a Cremona—and its deep, rich tones filled the bare little room with great heart-throbs.

Suddenly the music ceased. Burning tears welled up in her eyes, and rolled down her cheeks unheeded.

"I can't give you up—I love you so! Love? Yes, but I love him, too."

She thought of her husband, pale from overwork, his broad shoulders bent under the burden of care and debt. If his last manuscript should be returned what would they do, friendless in New York?

"I can't think with you in my arms, my violin," she whispered, laying it within its silken wrappings. "If there were only some other way! But I saw the hurt in his eyes when I begged him to let me work and help until success comes. Surely it must come some day—but the waiting is so long!"

She closed the violin case with decisive snap.

"This is the only way," she said, her quivering lips settling themselves in a stern straight line.

* * * * *

It was twilight, and she stood again by the window, a roll of money clasped tightly in her hand. He was coming. She stepped forward eagerly to meet him. He rushed boyishly into the room, and took her into his arms.

"I have a great piece of news for you, little woman! Can't you guess what it is?" he cried joyfully. "Why you haven't congratulated the successful author!"

"Get the fiddle, little girl, and play the jolliest tune you know, and—are you ill, Margaret? What has happened?"

Her face was drawn and white, and her eyes dull with pain. Tremblingly she stretched out her hand and gave him the money—her useless sacrifice.

Understanding flashed over him, and the infinite tenderness and sympathy which leaped into his eyes opened the flood-gates of her grief. She buried her face in her hands, her tender frame shaking with passionate sobs.

"My violin—my lost violin."

F. H. J.

Communicating with Stars

PROFESSOR HAYES had been living in Bladen only since the spring of 1905, and he had been so wrapped up in his scientific experiments that the people of the little village hardly knew him at all, and generally ridiculed him.

"He's nothing but a conceited, stuck-up old crank," said one young feminine critic of the village. "He stays up there on top of his house gazing at the stars through that ridiculous machine of his until his eyes are so dazed I suppose, that he can't see us, his fellow-creatures. I think it's a pity he couldn't turn his machine downward towards earth and humanity so we would appear a little larger in his sight. But why was the stick made so handsome? He *is* so good-looking!"

Had she only known it the professor was not "old," and neither was he a "stick," but this fact was yet to be discovered.

One day the professor was out star-gazing when Elizabeth came into his path and—well, the professor didn't star-gaze any more, at least he began gazing at what, in his estimation was only another kind of a star. After this the professor began to think his new discovery a very important subject of investigation and

finally even went to the extent of watching it for several hours every day. He loved to see the changes which it underwent from twinkling merriment to thoughtful seriousness, and to make observations upon the causes and effects of these changes. As for the discovery—strange to say *she* did not seem to mind being watched but even appeared to enjoy it, and one day when the professor asked her a question she said "Yes!"

It was a very curious question for a scientist to make of his discovery but the professor was an original man in science anyway.

After they had talked it over for a long time, for it was a question which seemed to need a great deal of discussion, the professor told her that he had decided to take a trip to Mars. She, of course, greeted this declaration with derision, but after he had given her a learned explanation of the state of Mars as compared with this world and of how he could take a treatment that would adapt him to the condition of that far-away world she was almost convinced.

"But how are you going to get there?" she questioned.

"Oh, that will be easily done," was the reply, "the flying machines of this day and time can travel, you know, countless miles without any difficulty, so that objection is not to be thought of."

But there was one thing he could not deny and that was the danger of it. This was sufficient for "the discovery," and she became violently opposed to it. But the professor was equally determined, and as matters ended he was left to understand that he must choose between Mars and — "the discovery." Poor professor! No one ever was more in love with a discovery than was he. But no one ever had a more important mission to fulfil. Being the foremost man of his country in science, he was best fitted for the work he wanted to undertake. For days he was torn between the conflicting emotions, his love for science and his love for "the discovery."

Months passed, and the professor, who had at last decided to take the trip, was growing thin and emaciated under his self-treatment. But he prided himself on being able to live in what was almost vacuum and to go for days without water. This was necessary, he said, for on Mars there is very little air and at times no water. He had also not been able to see "the discovery" since his decision, but this of course had nothing to do with his bad looks.

At last one night the professor found himself on the way to the longed-for planet. His trip had been very

successful so far, and had been no rougher than he had expected. Inside his well-built airship he was perfectly protected from outside changes and storms, and, as he neared the planet, his emotions were indescribable. Strange to say, what he seemed to fear most was the inhabitants. That there were such on the planet, there was now no doubt to him, for he could see clear signs of them. What if they were barbarians and would be afraid of him? The probable consequences of this he was trying to decide when suddenly he heard what seemed to him a great explosion and then he lost consciousness. After what seemed ages he seemed to hear voices far off. Presently an instrument of some kind was put to his ear and then he heard distinctly a voice saying, "Parlez-vous francais?"

Although he knew that language he did not feel that he could speak it at such a time so he tried to shake his head. Somehow it wouldn't shake, but his questioner seemed to understand.

"Then you speak English?" said the voice.

This time he managed to say yes, but it was with an effort. His curiosity was almost overcoming him but try as he might, it seemed he could not get his eyes open. While he was struggling the voice began again.

"We the inhabitants of Mars wish to congratulate you on your safe arrival and to welcome you to this our planet. We have watched your journey from beginning to end with widespread interest."

" But how could you see me, how do you know my language? I thought I was on the planet of Mars!" was the professor's rather dazed reply.

" And so you are, but you must understand that we are not quite as far behind in science and civilization as the people of your world. Our knowledge of your history begins with the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden, for then it was our instruments were invented."

" Why then," gasped the horrified professor, " if you were so superhumanly wise, have you not made yourself known to us? "

" Because " replied the voice " we understand that it is not intended for worlds to communicate with each other. It is against our belief, and ought to be against yours."

Just then the professor's eyes opened and he saw—not Mars, but his own fire.

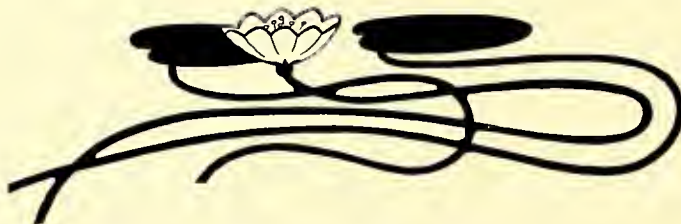
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Some time after this, one gossip of the village was heard to ask another this question, " Say, do you know why Professor Hayes gave up his trip to Mars? " " Oh, he says he had a dream that made him see it was wrong to attempt it."

" Bosh," said the other, " more likely he dreamed he fell down and broke his crown."

Whatever reason the villagers gave or whatever reason the professor gave himself for his strange action, there was one person who thought she knew, and it wasn't long before the professor found himself, really this time, communicating with another star!

L. R. T., '05.



A Winter Romance

*Once a little snow-man
Lived beneath a tree;
A single little, solemn little,
Silent man was he.*

*He'd never seen the sunshine,
Nor felt the kindly dew;
Yet just beside him in the cold
A dainty snowdrop grew.*

*She did not seem to fear him;
Grew nearer every day;
Her purity and beauty sweet
Just stole his heart away.*

*But she had heard from mother earth
Of butterflies and spring,
And when the snow-man told his love,
She answered not a thing.*

*And then he bent to whisper low,
But she did say him nay,
And the little love-sick snow-man
Melted quite away.*

M. DuB. '05.



Milady looked so beautiful
He had to tell her so;
He also told her something else,
Ye very gallant Beau.

Milady and Ye Beau

Milady's voice was very sweet,
Milady's voice was low,
Milady never sang alone
But always with her Beau.

They sang together in ye dusk,
After ye sunset's glow,
And both their hearts were full of love,
Milady and her Beau.



Milady did not answer yes,
Nor did she tell him no,
For Milady was a violin
And he—was just a bow.

M. Du B., '05.





September



On the 15th of September, 1904, the sixty-second year of St. Mary's School was formally begun. Every girl who has ever experienced boarding-school life knows what these first few weeks mean—for the old girls, meeting old friends, missing absent friends, and making new friends; for the new ones a feeling of homesickness and loneliness mixed with a thrilling sense of novelty. And, too, so much real work has to be done. There are the rooms to be gotten in order, pictures hung, cosy corners made, trunks unpacked, and all arrangements completed for

settling down to a long winter's work. Perhaps getting satisfactory schedules is the most difficult work for both teachers and pupils.



The first Saturday night the school welcomed the students, both old and new, at an informal reception, thus beginning along with the school work that pleasant social life which is so interwoven with our less appreciated duties.

This year has been much like other years, only, as in every thing, in some respects, "the old order is changing, giving way unto the new."

October

The most enjoyable musical given during the year was the Teachers' Recital in October. We already knew how to appreciate the music of most of the teachers, and were glad to find in the new ones the same talent and ability.



This was practically the beginning of the musical year and has been followed

by many creditable performances by the pupils.

On the 8th the *S. A.* Literary Society gave a reception in honor of its new members.

From the 17th to the 21st the annual State Fair was in full swing, and how we did enjoy watch-

ing the crowds pass, and also the Fair itself! Of course, there were only the Ferris-wheels, flying ladies, fat men, races, confetti, and come-back balls, etc., attendant upon every fair, but nothing makes very much difference to school girls out



on a frolic. One of the best things about the Fair is that it

brings so many friends and relatives of the girls to Raleigh.



We closed the month with a Halloween party, which in the variety of fancy costumes and of amusements was more pleasant than that of any preceding year.



November



November began with the Tau Delta german which, with its chrysanthemum decorations, score-cards, and quaintly-dressed chrysanthemum waitresses, was truly typical of the season.

November was the beginning of both the chapter entertainments and the senior receptions. St. Catherine's Chapter presented "Scenes from Dickens," and the farce, "Six to One." and St. Etheldreda's Chapter reproduced the great State Fair in miniature.

Margaret Du Bose gave the first senior reception on the 19th, and taxed our brains

to write poems, and while we are not aspiring to be poetesses, we feel quite proud of the results of our efforts.

An exciting time in November was when the circus "came to town." Even

if we were not allowed to go, it was great fun to watch the processions, and to see as far as possible what was taking place on Cameron Field.

Then Thanksgiving—box after box, and feast after feast—a holiday—and, we hope, with these, some real sense of the meaning of the day.



December

December naturally suggests Christmas, but before the holidays began, we managed to accomplish a great deal of work of every kind.



On the night of the 10th the L'Etoile German Club gave its first dance—a real Christmas dance with a Santa Claus to take the favors from a big Christmas tree, and give them to the Christmas fairies to pass

on to the girls.

The Chapters were active also. St. Anne's very charmingly presented "The Quintette" from "Florodora," and "The Ruggles' Dinner-party" from "The Birds' Christmas Carol," while St. Margaret's

played "A Case of Suspension," both Chapters showing ability and training.

No one can estimate the amount of sewing done during those December weeks. Every minute that could be spared from school-work was spent in making Christmas presents, and gift after gift, the work of loving fingers, was

prepared for friends at school and home.

On the evening of the 22d and the morning of the 23d the girls, full of happiness and unsuppressed excitement, left for their homes, bidding the unfortunates left at St. Mary's, a very Merry Christmas.



January



Alas! January was a month made up chiefly of sighs and tears. Naturally, after the gay Christmas holidays the contrast with the first few school-days made one homesick. And then the mid-winter examinations —“ay, those are the times

that try men's souls.”

But why not, instead of dwelling on these gloomy days, let us tell about the social events which manage to exist in spite of everything? Perhaps the Seniors were working unusually hard and needed recreation, for Bessie Poe Law entertained the Class on the 17th, and required of us the almost impossible task of guessing the wiles and

methods of Cupid. Again, on the 28th, the Juniors entertained the Seniors, and made us quite forget how ancient and dignified we were getting in our efforts to illustrate nursery rhymes. On the 26th Emmie Drewry gave a dinner party at her home in the city to the Kappa Delta Sorority.



In January we had one quite unusual treat, that of going to the theatre to see “The Girl from Kay's,” the only entertainment of its kind we went to during the year.



February



A snow-storm greeted the first of February, and gave the girls a chance for a great deal of out-door fun.

Indoors we had a very delightful time also. On the 1st the school enter-

tained the members of the Legislature and the Governor and his Staff at a musical and reception. On the 11th, Anna and Rena Clark, Ida Evans and Mary Rossell entertained the Senior Class at a Millinery Party, in their private sitting-room, "Poverty Inn." And the Seniors were again in society on the 18th when Sadie Jenkins and Effie Fairley gave a delightful "trip to the sea," or, at least, they made you think

you were at the sea.

Two important numbers of the musical programme took place in February when Mattie Hunter gave her recital and when Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, the well-known pianist visited St. Mary's.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee was another noted guest at St. Mary's during February, and was enthusiastically welcomed by all these loyal-hearted Southerners.

On the 13th the Alpha Kappa Psi Sorority gave its annual banquet, which, in every way, proved itself a great success.

Just one more event of importance—the visit of Cupid on St. Valentine's day with his great number of heart-shaped greetings.



March



lightful Bal Poudré. As the days were beginning to get warmer, great interest in athletics, especially basket-ball, was aroused, and every day the field was the scene of a contest between the Olympics and Corinthians, practising for the match game, which was played the first of April.



The lecture course, which had been begun in February, by Prof. Mims, of Trinity College, in a lecture on "Browning," was further developed during March by Dr. Royster on "Physical Life;" Dr. Smith, of Davidson, on "The Life and Death of a World;"

Dr. Smith, of Chapel Hill, on "Southern Literature;" and by Prof. Sledd, of Wake Forest, on "The South as a Field for the Poet."

The 8th was Ash Wednesday, and with little diversion the Lenten days slipped quietly into April.



April

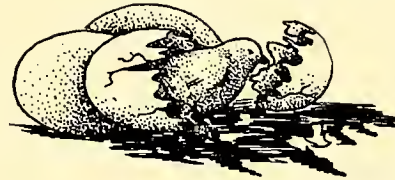


Until Easter, the 23d, was almost a repetition of March. Except that every day as the spring advanced, the grove at St. Mary's grew more beautiful, and, even if it was Lent, the weather just made one think of picnics and all kinds of outdoor amusements.

There was no real social life before Easter, of course, but all during Lent the music pupils tried to muster courage for public performances for Commencement by giving numerous "social evenings" and public recitals. The Certificate Recital given the last of March

was one of the chief musical events of the year.

The Sigma Lambda and Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Societies claimed the night of the twenty-sixth for their annual "war of words," which covered both sides with glory. On the twenty-ninth Florence Grant and Mossie Long gave a reception in honor of the Seniors, and proved themselves delightful hostesses.



Commencement excitement was already beginning to disturb the atmosphere, and looking forward with pleasure to that important week, we left April and welcomed May.

May



May really belongs to the Seniors, so what better way for them to have begun it than by Dorothy Hughson and Ellen Gibson's May-day party? Events followed so rapidly that it is almost im-

possible to mention them all.

The Sororities were especially prominent. On the 13th the Kappa Deltas gave their annual banquet, that of the Upsilon Deltas followed soon after, and the Gamma Beta



Signas entertained during Commencement week, as is their custom. Also during Commencement week the L'Etoile German

Club gave a morning german—the last time that many of us will ever dance as men.

Excitement and pleasure and the sorrow of parting always make up Commencement week. We feel

that we may never see many of our friends again, and that we leave a place at St. Mary's so easily filled. But we realize that it has been so every year, and will always be so, and when on May 25th we heard the multitude cry:

"The Seniors are dead! Longlive the Seniors!" the class of 1905 took its place among the post-graduates and greeted the class of 1906.



The Ivy Knows A Few Things About the "East Rockers"

FOR nearly fifty years I have stuck to East Rock through rain and sunshine—summer and winter. In spite of all of these winters, I still look and feel just as young and fresh as ever—this close intimacy with the girls who come and go each year must keep me so. They always leave me much to think about during the long summer days, when they have gone, but the marvelous things which I have heard this year, will furnish material for meditation for years to come. The happening at Windsor, the dividing of one beaten biscuit among fifteen, the wonderful music that can be laboriously extracted from a mandolin, are but minor details. How such—but what's the excitement in that room?

Gertrude W. (excitedly): "Oh! Alice, I've lost another 'frat' pin."

Alice (indifferently): "Well, Trudie it's just your luck." {Whistles "'T is not the first time—nor yet the last time."}

Olive (piously): "Get your candle and search diligently till you find it." "What are you looking so blue about, Eldridge?"

Eldridge (sadly): "Well, I got letters from Mama, Papa, Mary, Lucie, Tom, Dick, and Harry, but I wanted another."

Chris.: That's not anything to be sad about, why think about me. My brother won't even give me

a Sigma Lambda pin, when he hasn't sent me a thing but a watch and seven pounds of Alligretti's this week! Say, Bets, come on in here with us."

Bettie (from next room): "I'll be there in a few minutes, but must straighten up first."

Alice (emphatically): "Joe, I ask you as a personal favor not to drink out of my pitcher again."

Joe (with head still in the pitcher): "That's not anything new."

Susie (disgusted): "Joe, that's most as bad as chewing gum."

Mary V. (poking her head in the door): "Alice, should the tion hook in stenography be on the right-hand or on the left-hand side of the consonant?"

Blandina: "Oh, I've got the——"

Nell D. (rushing madly up the hall, crying): "No you haven't, for I bid for it last night."

Olive: "Blessed are the peacemakers."

Emily C. (reprovingly): "Why, Olive! You are so sarcastic."

Marguerite: "Oh, I forgot to tell you girls, when I got to Washington——"

If the sentence was finished it was to a vacant room for the only sound I hear is of footsteps hurrying down the hall. I could tell you lots of things but as I am the ivy on the wall, I don't think it would be quite fair.

A Fable

THERE was once a Farmer who had A. Lamb. He was afraid that it would be eaten up by a Gray Woolf that came very often to drink from the Springs and Wells on the place.

He also had two daughters, Mattie and Marguerite. Now, Marguerite was a good Walker, but she got lost in the Ellen-wood one day, so the Farmer said to his

other daughter, "Mattie, Hunter." She took so Long to go that he said, "Oh, I can wait no Moore. Let me get my ploughs, for the Tillinghast to be done. When I send my Corn(ey) to A. Miller's, I will tell my Carter to look for her."

No Prince could be Serena than that Farmer.

A_(ny) B_(ody) C?

Some say we're not so big as we think,
Even if we do use so much paper and ink,
No two years will find us exactly the same—
I'm sure you will tremble with fear at our name!
Others may scoff, but of course you will see
Right away, how very important are we.
St. Mary's never without us may be.

Why is Helen Strange?

Why is Lillian Savage?

Why does Mossie Long for home?

Why is Lottie Sharpe?

Why is Marguerite Short?

When does Florrie Grant you grace?

When does Spruill make you ill?

When you take away the first three letters.

What comes with winter? Cowles. C?

What did Katie Loane?

What did Rena C?

What dance do the Wilmington girls like best?

J. I. G.

What is the synonym for Isabel?

Isabel Means Ruff.

What does the rising bell say to Sadie?

"Up Jenkins."

Who can Fairley C?

She was walking in the grove. Why didn't Lula Joyner?

Be your own Frank Self.

Don't be blue, B. Gray.

St. Mary's must be a very large place, it contains two Seays.

How does the Main Building differ from other houses?

It has two Ruffs.

What is the proverbial hiding-place for a needle?

A. Stack.

What teacher could best give "the Stone-y Stare"?

What member of the Faculty can best sail into you?

KNOCKS



I am reckless what I do to spite the world.—*B. Gray.*
Solemn and silent everywhere.—*A. Stack.*

He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and
a hand to execute any mischief.—*I. Clark and Helen*
Strange.

Actresses will happen in the best-regulated families.
—*J. Carson.*

Heard melodies are sweet,
But those unheard are sweeter.

—*D. Hughson's guitar.*

This is the very ecstasy of love.—*V. Glazebrook and*
F. Kidder.

And on a sudden, fainting with surprise.—*N. Ed-*
munston.

A little more sleep, and a little more slumber.—*R.*
Clark.

I would not spend another such night,
Though 't were to bring a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time.

—*Public Recitals.*

Speak freely what you think.—*S. Bynum.*

In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well-read.—*Mr. Stone.*

The sun upon a mountain's head,
A freshening luster mellow.—*M. E. George.*

Two friends, though diversely inclined.—*I. Evans*
and M. Rossell.

A six-year's darling, of a pigmy size.—*S. Carter.*

Oh! for a draught of vintage.—*R. Clark and E. Gibson.*

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink my heart?—*Goat-night.*

She did really bristle with moral excellencies.—*S. Bailey.*

Good dressing, quiet ways, low tones of voice, lips
that can wait.—*St. Mary's Girls.*

Every one has a romance in his own heart.—*K. Glazebrook and S. Thorn.*

For gossip lives upon succession,
Forever housed when it gets possession.

West Rock.

Pleasant company always accepted.—“*Poverty Inn.*”

We never fail, there is no such word in our dictionary.—*D. Science Class.*

“Give me a theme,” the weary senior cried,
I’ll do my part.

“You’d need no theme,” the world replied,
“If you were smart.”

And give us stones for bread.—*Monday Morning Biscuit.*

Then methought the air grew denser,
Perfumed from an unseen censer.

—*Onion Feast.*

Dream-like, in fitful murmurous sighs.—*M. Springs Auditors.*

His laugh that set the chandelier drops ringing over
head.—*A. Spruill.*

Oh, how this discord doth afflict my soul.—*Practice Rooms.*

A fine little fellow, honest, intelligent and kind.—*E. Gibson.*

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The glass of fashion and the mould of form.
O! she sits high in all the people's hearts.

S. CRITZ.



On the stage she was
natural, simple, affect-
ing.

D. HUGHSON.



When you do dance, I
wish you a wave o' the
sea, that you might ever
do nothing but that.

J. BOYLAN.



None know her but to
love her,
None name her but to
praise. M. ELDRIDGE.



On every point, in earnest
or in jest,
Her judgment, and her
prudence and her wit
Were deem'd the very
touchstone and the
test,
Of what was proper,
graceful, just and best.

E. GIBSON.



There's nothing but
death our affection can
sever. E. CROFT and E.
BARNWELL.



He is as jolly a good fel-
low as ever I met.

A. SPRUILLE.



Conscience is harder
than our enemies,
Knows more, accuses
with more nicety.

S. BAILEY.



Life's not so short, but
that there is always time
for courtesy.

S. JENKINS.



'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the full force and joint effect of all.

C. KLINGENSMITH.



That unmatched form and
feature
V. BAILEY



Night after night
she sat and bleared her
eyes with books
B. BOWEN



So much one man
can do
That does both act
and know
J. MURCHISON



She is gifted with genius
who knows much by natu-
ral talents
She's a bonnie wee thing
She's a winsome wee thing
S. CARTER



Here's the whole school, for fear some poor damsel will be
offended



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We like to go to King's,
We like to go 'most everywhere
And buy all sorts of things.*

*But the place you get the best,
And for the less get more,
Is not away off down the street,
But at the "little store."*

*Royster's candy's hard to beat,
And Giersch's is a dream,
And we have yet another joy
In Dughi's "best ice-cream."*

*But the dearest and the cheapest
Is at our very door,
And it isn't running away to go
Just down to the "little store."*

*Rosenthal is another friend,
And Stronach just below,
And then there's Bretsch's, too,
Where we always love to go.*

*But wherever we may wander
We can never, nevermore
Find quite just such another place
As our own dear "little store."
J. E. B., '06.*



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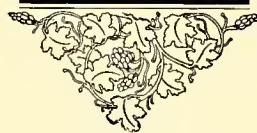
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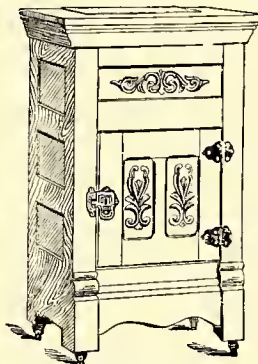
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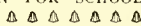
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