

The Muse

1906



Mary M Perry



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THE MUSE

THE YEAR-BOOK OF THE STUDENTS
OF ST. MARY'S SCHOOL,
RALEIGH, N. C.



Volume VIII.

1905-06.

Published by the Senior Class.

Edwards & Broughton
Printers and Binders
Raleigh, North Carolina



To our Rector

. . . the . . .

Reverend McNeely DuRose

the Class of 1906

affectionately dedicates this volume of

The Muse



To our Rector

. . . the . . .

Reverend McNeely DuBose

the Class of 1906

affectionately dedicates this volume of

The Muse





Alma Mater.

Tune: "Believe me if all those endearing young charms."

St. Mary's! wherever thy daughters may be,
They love thy high praises to sing,
And tell of thy beauties of campus and tree,
Around which sweet memories cling.
They may wander afar, out of reach of thy name;
Afar, out of sight of thy grove,
But the thought of St. Mary's aye kindles a flame
Of sweet recollections and love.

May the future unite all the good of thy past
With the best that new knowledge can bring.
Ever onward and upward thy course! To the last
Be thou steadfast in every good thing.
Generations to come may thy fair daughters still
Fondly think on thy halls and thy grove,
And carry thy teachings—o'er woodland and hill—
Of earnestness, wisdom, and love.

“Most potent, grave and reverend seigniors.”

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Secretary and Treasurer.

DR. K. P. BATTLE, JR.

The Officers of Administration and Instruction, 1905-'06.

REV. McNEELY DuBOSE, Rector.

*What great ones do, the less will prattle of.
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.*

MRS. McNEELY DuBOSE, School Mother.

*There's nought in this bad world like sympathy;
'Tis so becoming to the soul and face.*

ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, Secretary.

How various his employments.

The Academic Faculty.

The choice and master-spirits of this age.

REV. McNEELY DuBOSE, B.S., B.D., Bible and Ethics.

His preaching much, hut more his practice wrought.

ELEANOR W. THOMAS, A. M., English and Literature.

Whence is thy so great learning?

WILLIAM E. STONE, A. B. (Harvard), History and English.

Reading maketh a full man, writing an exact man.

ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, A. M., Latin and Science.

docendo discimus.

KATE C. SHIPP (Teachers' Dipl. Camb.), Mathematics.

Now she by geometric scale could take the size of pots of ale.

ANNA M. MASCH, French and German.

Abondance de bien ne nuit pas.

YANITA CRIBBS (Univ. Ala.), Elocution and Physical Culture.

*And when she spake, sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed.
She does allot for every exercise a several hour.*

KATE McKIMMON (St. Mary's), Primary School and Study Hall.

Thou knowest how fearless is our trust in thee.

LOUISE PITTENGER (St. Mary's), Preparatory Work.

And gladly wolde she learn and gladly teche.

KATE deR. MEARES (St. Mary's; U. N. C.), Preparatory Work.

The languages—especially the dead; the arts—at least all such as could he said.





The School of Music.

- W. H. SANBORN (Leipzig), Director, Piano, Organ, Theory.
Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work;
Claiming each slave of the sound at a touch, armies of angels.
- MARTHA A. DOWD (St. Mary's), Piano, Elementary Theory.
Untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony.
- CHELIAN AGNES PIXLEY, Piano.
Her music vibrates in the memory.
- MRS. JESSAMINE HARRISON-IRVINE, Piano.
She could discourse most eloquent music.
- CHARLOTTE KENDALL HULL (Chicago), Violin.
As sweet and musical as bright Apollo's lute.
- MRS. W. H. SANBORN (Leipzig), Vocal Training.
She knew herself to sing and huld the lofty rhyme.
- GERTRUDE E. SANBORN, Assistant in Vocal Training.
Her voice was like the warbling of a bird.

The School of Art.

- CLARA FENNER (Maryland Institute), Director.
I can do with my pencil what I know, what I see, what at bottom of my heart I wish for.

The School of Business.

- LIZZIE H. LEE, Principal.
Business dispatched is business well-done, but business hurried is business ill-done.
- JULIET B. SUTTON, Assistant.
No where so busy a one as she there was.
- MRS. MARY L. SEAY, Housekeeper.
The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find, lies thro' their mouths.
- LOLA E. WALTON, Matron of Infirmary.
When pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou!
- ANNE SAUNDERS, Chaperon.
To undertake her duties, pray, where could we find her equal?
- LIZZIE H. LEE, Bookkeeper.
Of keeping many hooks there is no end.
- JULIET B. SUTTON, Stenographer.
I have tamed that savage stenographic mystery.

The Class of 1906.

COLORS: Dark Blue and Old Gold.

FLOWER: Pansy.

MOTTO: Boni milites bonam militiam.



The Class Officers.

President and Historian, FRANCES E. WOOLF.

Vice-President, JANE IREDELL GREEN.

Secretary and Poet, MARGARET MACKAY.

Treasurer and Prophet, ANNIE W. SLOAN.



THE HONORARY MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF 1906,
MISS ELEANOR W. THOMAS.

"They are true friends who will neither flatter nor dissemble."

RUTH FOSTER,

St. Simon's Mills, Ga.

*Without or with offense to friends or foes
I sketch the world exactly as it goes.*



JUNIOR YEAR.

Secretary-Treasurer Class.
Altar Guild.
St. Etheldreda's Chapter.
Choral Society.
E A II Literary Society.
Olympic Athletic Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

Teller E A II Literary Society.
Altar Guild.
St. Catharine's Chapter.
Choral Society.
Muse Club.
Editor-in-Chief *Monthly Muse*.
Editor-in-Chief *Annual Muse*.

JANE IREDELL GREEN, Γ Β Σ,

Wilmington.

*But when you see in one combined charms such as
do in you exist,
And a well-cultivated mind—her magic power who
can resist?*

JUNIOR YEAR.

Secretary St. Anne's Chapter.
Σ A Literary Society.
Altar Guild.
Corinthian Athletic Club.
L'Etoile German Club.
Wilmington Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

Vice-President Class.
Secretary Σ A Literary Society.
St. Catharine's Chapter.
Altar Guild.
Dramatic Club.
Athletic Association.
Muse Club.
Chapel Usher.
Inter-Society Debater.
Business Manager *Monthly Muse*.
Business Manager *Annual Muse*.
W. M. T. E.
Walking Club.





ANNIE ELIZA KOONCE, Richlands.
The chief of all perfections to be plain and brief.

JUNIOR YEAR.

E A II Literary Society.

SENIOR YEAR.

E A II Literary Society.
Social Editor *Monthly Muse*.
Literary Editor *Annual Muse*.

MARY THORNTON LASSITER, T Δ, Hertford.
The deepest rivers flow with the least sound.

JUNIOR YEAR.

St. Etheldreda's Chapter.
Altar Guild.
Tennis Club.
Corinthian Athletic Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

President Altar Guild.
President St. Catharine's Chapter.
Walking Club.
Tennis Club.
Muse Club.
Literary Editor *Monthly Muse*.
Literary Editor *Annual Muse*.





MARGARET DEVEREUX MACKAY,

Raleigh.

*There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark and downcast eye.*

JUNIOR YEAR.

Σ A Literary Society.
Secretary Class.

SENIOR YEAR.

Secretary Class.
Class Poet.
Inter-Society Debater.
Σ A Literary Society.
Associate Editor *Monthly Muse*.
Literary Editor *Annual Muse*.

HARRIETTE ELIZABETH RUFF, Ridgeway, S. C.

*Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about
thee,
There is no living with thee or without thee.*

JUNIOR YEAR.

St. Elizabeth's Chapter.
Altar Guild.
Choral Class.
South Carolina Club.
Corinthian Athletic Club.
Tennis Club.

SENIOR YEAR.

St. Catharine's Chapter.
Altar Guild.
E. A. P. Literary Society.
South Carolina Club.
Tennis Club.
Walking Club.
Choral Class.
Muse Club.
Light Editor *Monthly Muse*.
Art Editor *Annual Muse*.



ANNIE WHITNER SLOAN, Columbia, S. C.

*Then rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invoked, sits down to write.*



JUNIOR YEAR.

St. Elizabeth's Chapter.
Altar Guild.
Choral Class.
Tennis Club.
Corinthian Athletic Club.
South Carolina Club.
Teller E A II Literary Society.

SENIOR YEAR.

Altar Guild.
Secretary-Treasurer South Carolina Club.
Treasurer of Class.
St. Catharine's Chapter.
Historian E A II Society.
Choral Class.
Walking Club.
Tennis Club.
Class Prophet.
Muse Club.
Exchange Editor Monthly *Muse*.
Art Editor Annual *Muse*.

SARA GERTRUDE SULLIVAN, Γ Β Σ, Savannah, Ga.

*She is pretty to walk with, witty to talk with,
and pleasant to be with.*

JUNIOR YEAR.

Treasurer E A II, '04.
Vice-President E A II, '05.
Altar Guild.
Vice-President Dramatic Club.
Olympic Athletic Club.
St. Etheldreda's Chapter.
Tennis Club.
L'Etoile German Club.
Junior Marshal.

SENIOR YEAR.

President E A II Literary Society.
Secretary-Treasurer Dramatic Club.
St. Catharine's Chapter.
Altar Guild.
Athletic Association.
W. M. T. E.
Tennis Club.
Literary Editor Monthly *Muse*.
Literary Editor Annual *Muse*.



FRANCES ELIZABETH WOOLF, K Δ,
Demopolis, Ala.

Every winning grace that love demands.

JUNIOR YEAR.

President of Class.
Vice-President E A II Literary Society, 1904.
Critic E A II Society, 1905.
Secretary St. Etheldreda's Chapter.
Altar Guild.
Tau Delta German Club.
Olympic Athletic Club.
Chief Marshal.

SENIOR YEAR.

President of Class.
Sec. E A II Literary Society.
Inter-Society Debater.
St. Catharine's Chapter.
Altar Guild.
Chapel Usher.
Dramatic Club.
W. M. T. E.
Muse Club.
Athletic Association.
Associate Editor Monthly *Muse*.
Art Editor Annual *Muse*.

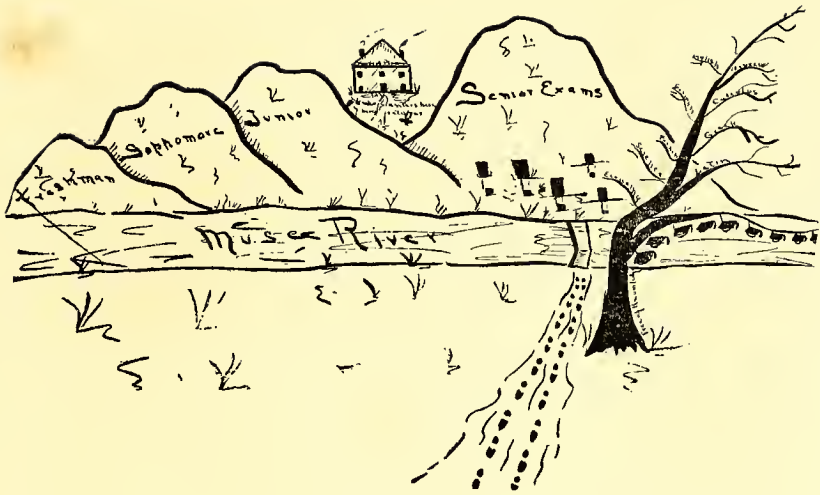


Sad History of the Class.

The Story of the Naughty-Six Girls.

ACROSS the way is a Picture. It tells about the Naughty-Six Girls. The Tree is the Tree of Knowledge. See the Nine Hats on the Tree and the Nine Foot-prints in the Sand. These are Their Hats and Their Foot-prints. Most of the branches are broken off the Tree. They broke them off and took them with Them.

They were Forty little "Greenies" when they stepped over Freshman Bump. See it in the picture. They were Thirty, sick with Big Head, when they passed over Sophomore Hillock. You can see that in the Picture too. Only Twenty got well enough to stroll over Junior Hill. Six of these were lost in the Valley of Pleasure. That house in the Picture. That is the House of Pleasure. Many went in there and never came back. See those black things on Senior Mountain. They are the Graves of those who were killed by the Monster, Exam. Only Nine got away, but They went on. They had many a fall climbing Senior Mountain. At last they got to the foot. Then they passed over Muse River. (The Picture doesn't show what a bad river it is). They hung up their Caps for the Juniors and then went away into the world. (This place is not in the Picture). They made those foot-prints when they were going. That is the end of the Story.



CLASS PROPHECY



AS I WAS glancing over my latest manuscript one bright May morning, I received a note. It was from Margaret Mackay, saying the class of nineteen-six were to have a reunion at the St. Mary's Commencement, 1956. Getting into my airship, I told my conductor to take me to North Carolina immediately; as we were twenty minutes on the way, I was almost wearied out when we arrived. At first sight of the old grove I hardly recognized it, so changed was it. There were three new dormitories, a beautiful new stone chapel, and so many improvements that I haven't space enough to give them honorable mention. As it was Saturday night, Margaret suggested our having a "Muse" meeting, saying that for once we could all have something to say in relating what had happened to us in the intervening years.

Ret Ruff got in on an electric car, just in time for roll-call, but I hardly recognized her so long and thick was the mass of white hair she had piled up on top of her head. Of course you understand we were all old ladies, and I wish you to understand too that we had never lost the dignity we acquired when Seniors. The library was so large and impressive that we of the class of nineteen-six started back in awe and decided to have the meeting in the kindergarten adjoining it. After twenty minutes' wait, Mr. Cruikshank appeared with the roll book, but you would hardly have recognized him in the tottering old man with the long white beard. "Miss Foster," he said in a feeble voice. For a long time no answer, then a child in the back of the room said: "Auntie told me to tell you she couldn't come because she loved the dear old state of Georgia and had a will of her own." We all smiled and then the venerable sage went on. "Miss Lassiter—is she here?" A white haired little lady at the far end of the table arose. "Yes," she said, "here at last, but I must hurry, as I am going to speak to the girls in the chapel at 8:30 o'clock. After my St. Mary's years I went to the Mission School in New York

and am still there where I fill Miss Jarvis' place. Oh, girls! it is such a nice work." "Miss Green." No answer, a long time a silence, and then Margaret told in a choking voice that Jane Iredell had married a widower with two children. They all spoke in Latin, and the smartest girl in our class had at last succumbed to her fate, her last words being "*O, me afflictum—O, me perditum!*" After this, we all shed a silent tear and then the roll went on. "Miss Ruff." "Oh!" that lady said rising, "would you believe it, girls? I married a hair doctor—he is the nicest thing, and my marrying was so funny because I never cared for men." "Miss Sloan." I arose with dignity and told them that I was so pleased with myself as Miss Pole when we had our Senior play, "Cranford," in that memorable year, nineteen hundred and six, that I never married. "But," I added in an excited voice, "'The Pathfinder' has accepted two of my stories and I am so happy." "Beg pardon, Miss Koonce," Mr. Cruikshank said, "but my eyes are growing so dim I can hardly see—may we hear from you now?" Annie rose timidly and said blushing, "I was married last year to a wealthy farmer; before then I taught in the public schools of Raleigh—I am now blissfully happy." We did not deny this and Mr. Cruikshank went on. "Miss Woolf." The President of our class arose; she was a very handsome old lady, but who that knew her in her youth would have thought it? "I am keeping a kindergarten," she said, adjusting her glasses, and peeping over them to see if we approved. "My love for children is still increasing. I have adopted three, and am now thinking of adopting a pair of twins. They are very bad sometimes, but then almost all of the time, they are little dears." "Miss Sullivan, my glasses are so dim." Mr. Cruikshank was becoming very tired. When he had revived, Gertrude told her story. "After St. Mary's days," she said, "I went to Smith College, and took a higher course in history. I married a professor, but as I never could converse on American presidents and that kind of thing, we couldn't agree." Margaret Mackay then got up. "My story is such a sad one, girls, that I told Mr. Cruikshank to call my name last." The old gentleman referred to bowed his acquiescence and sighed deeply. "I went into a whirl of society and after rejecting many offers of marriage finally accepted a sailor. He was drowned at sea shortly afterward." The poor lady broke down. Just then a little colored girl filled our glasses and we all responded heartily to Betty Woolf's toast—"Here's to the class of 1906."

Class Poem.



Through sun and shade and stormy weather,
We've worked and played, dear friends, together,
And wisdom's paths we've sought—
And now when comes the parting hour,
To you I bring this little flower,
A pansy, 'tis for thought.

In mingled hues of dark and gold
Does this our chosen flower unfold,
And thus our life shall run—

But come there cloud or come there shower,
This lesson we have from our pansy flower,
"Look upward for the sun."







The Certificate Pupils of 1905-06.



LAURA BAKER,

Piano.

SERENA COBIA BAILEY,

Palatka, Fla.

Piano.



Brunswick, Ga.



MARTHA BRIGMAN,
English.

JOSEPHINE ENGLEHARD BOYLAN, K Δ Raleigh.
English Diploma.



Rockingham.



VIRGINIA EMPIE BAILEY, A K Ψ Wilmington.
English.
Piano.

CAROLINE NELSON DE ROSSET,
Business Course.
Piano.

Wilmington.



MYRTLE LOUISE DISOSWAY,
English Diploma.
Piano.

New Berne.

NANCY FAIRLEY,
English Diploma.
Mathematics.

Rockingham.





KATHARINE TALBOTT GARY, Henderson.
Business Course.



EULA HITE GREGORY, Henderson.
English Diploma.



MARY CHRISTINE KLINGENSMITH, K Δ Blairsville, Pa.
Typewriting.

ROWENA LEE,

Elocution.

Clinton.



LEONORE WHEAT SEAY,

Art.
English Diploma.

MARY MEMUCAN PERRY,

English Diploma.

Henderson.



Raleigh.



Juniors '08



W.S. - 1907

The Class of 1907.

COLORS: White and Gold.

FLOWER: Daisy.

MOTTO: Tenax propositi.

LILLIAN FARMER, President.

EMILY CARRISON, Vice-President.

LEONORE SEAY, Sec'y-Treasurer.

HELEN BALL.

HEBER BIRDSONG.

KATIE BARBEE.

EMILY CARRISON.

BLAND BOWEN.

LILLIAN FARMER.

BEATRICE COHEN.

JESSIE HARRIS.

EULA GREGORY.

MARY PERRY.

ALICE McCULLERS.

GRACE WHITAKER.

LEONORE SEAY.







The Class of 1908

COLORS: Black and Gold.

FLOWER: Sweet-pea.

MOTTO: Step by step we gain the height.

ELIZABETH WADDILL, President.

LOUISE HILL, Vice-President.

SARA JONES, Secretary.

Sophomore Roll.

JULIET CREWS.

NELLIE FORT.

BERTHA HOLMAN.

BESSIE IVEY.

SADIEBELLE McGWIGAN.

LOTTIE SHARP.

MARY GRIMES COWPER.

ELLEN DUVALL.

LOUISE HILL.

LILLIAN HUGHES.

SARA JONES.

FRANKIE SELF.

MARGUERITE SHORT.

ELIZABETH WADDILL.



The Class of 1909.

COLORS : Green and Gold.

FLOWER : Golden Rod

MOTTO : Esse quam videri.

ELLA CROFT, President.

NANNIE MOORE, Vice-President.

JULIA McINTYRE, Secretary.

GENEVIEVE COOPER, Treasurer.

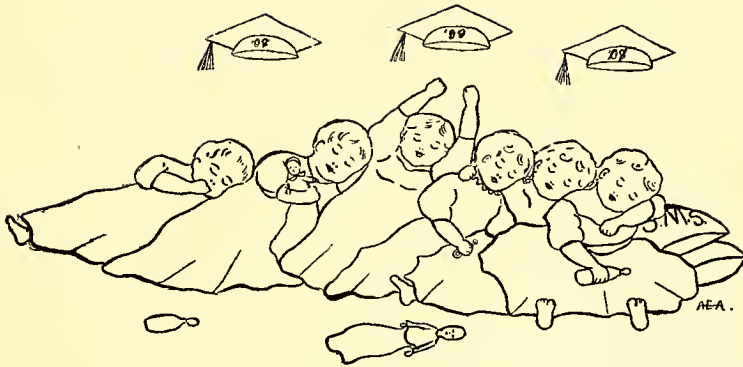
Freshman Roll.

SALLIE HAYWOOD BATTLE.	GEORGIA HALES.	MARY PETERSON.
HELEN BREEDEN.	GLADYS HUFF.	ELOISE ROBINSON.
KATIE COKE.	KATHARINE HENDERSON.	EVA ROGERSON.
ELLA CROFT.	JESSIE JENNINGS.	VIRGINIA SAUNDERS.
GENEVIEVE COOPER.	HELEN LIDDELL. ¹	EVELYN SIMPSON.
EMILY CLARKSON.	KATIE LOANE.	MARION SLOCOMB.
ALICE CORBETT.	FRANCES LEE.	MARIA TUCKER.
DEE DUNCAN.	FRANCES McREE.	MYRTLE TROUTMAN.
GRACE DEATON.	JULIA McINTYRE.	GRACE WARD.
NATHALIE DOTTERER.	CARLOTTA MEWBORN.	ELIZABETH WATTS.
CORINNA GANT.	ANNE MILLER.	ANNIE WELLS.
GLADYS HARRIS.	HAZLE MIDDLETON.	ELNORA WILLIAMS.
ANNIE HUTCHISON.	NANNIE MOORE.	ROSALIND WILLIAMSON
	JENNIE MORRIS.	





A GROUP OF "PREPS."



Preparatory Roll.

B. ADICKES.	J. GILMER.	M. POOL.
B. ALBRIGHT.	C. HARRIS.	I. PRICE.
C. BAINBRIDGE.	A. HARRIS.	K. ROGERS.
C. BENEDICT.	E. JACKSON.	I. ROGERSON.
K. BLACKNALL.	J. JONES.	G. SHAW.
M. CATES.	L. JOYNER.	L. M. SABISTON.
M. M. CHAMBERLAIN.	M. KOINER.	M. SHUFORD.
J. CHAPMAN.	R. MANN.	M. SMITH.
M. COOPER.	E. MANN.	A. STOKES.
R. DAVIS.	D. MEARES.	M. WELLS.
M. FEREBEE.	I. MORGAN.	J. WEST.
M. EBERHARDT.	K. OVERMAN.	A. WHITAKER.
M. GWYNN.	M. POWELL.	M. WILDER.
P. GRIFFITH.		A. WOOD.

(From the German of Goethe.)

The Brooklet.

“O little brook so bright and clear,
Why always haste you so?”
I stand upon the brink and ask,
“Whence come, and whither go?”

“I spring from out the rock’s cool depth,
Through greenest moss and flowers I wind,
And mirrored on my shimmering breast
The fleecy clouds of heaven you find.”

“With childlike faith I ripple on
And care not whither, far or wide;
’Tis God who called me from the stone,
And He, I trust, will be my guide.”

M. MACKAY.

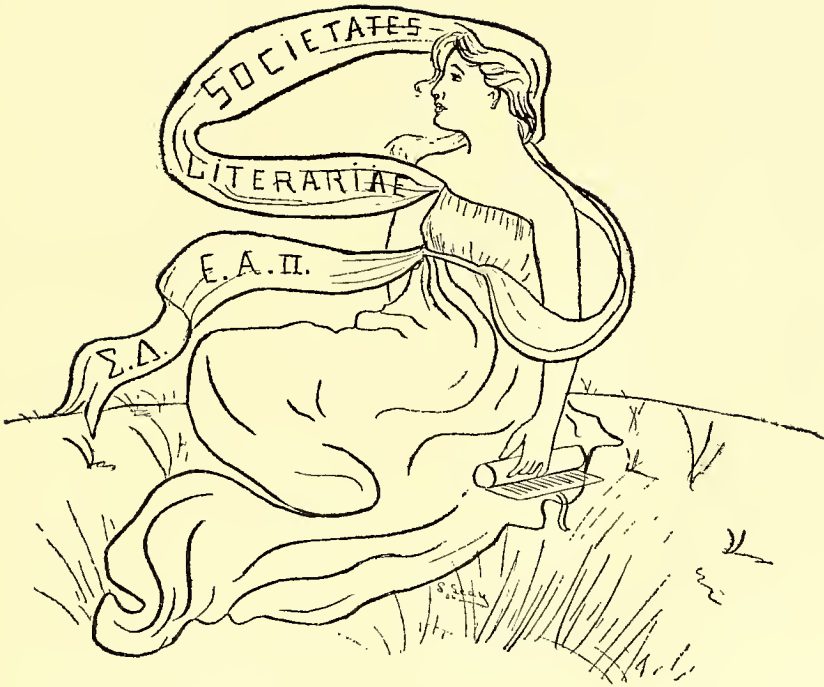
The Straight Road.

Keep in de straight road day by day,
A-singin’ of yo’ song;
Wen de harricane hits yo, tank de Lawd
De earf-quake didn’ come ’long!

Keep in de straight road’s what I say,
Wen de sky is frownin’ black;
Wen de lightnin’ come wid de thunder-drum,
Keep out ub de lightnin’ track.

Keep in de straight road—young en gray,
’Twell you say ter de yuther side—
Wen de curtin drop, en de chariot stop—
“I ready ter take dat ride.”

I. CLARK.



Sigma Lambda Literary Society.

MOTTO : Lit with the sun.

FLOWER : Yellow Jessamine.

COLORS : Purple and Gray.

Officers, 1905-06.

President, . . . VIRGINIA BAILEY.

Vice-President, SUE PRINCE.

Secretary, JANE IREDELL GREEN.

Cor. Secretary, . . LEONORE SEAY.

Treasurer, EMILY CARRISON.

Critic, JOSEPHINE BOYLAN.

Historian, SERENA BAILEY.

Tellers, A. CORBETT, M. ELDRIDGE,

B. SPRINGS, H. STRANGE.

Roll.

ALBRIGHT.	DuBOSE, M.	McGWIGAN.
ASHE.	ELDRIDGE.	MILLER, V.
ATKINSON.	EMERSON.	PRINCE.
BAILEY, S.	GARY.	ROBINSON.
BAILEY, V.	GREEN.	ROSSER.
BOWEN.	GREGORY.	SEAY.
BOYLAN.	HALES.	SHELBURN.
CARRISON.	HENDERSON.	SHORT.
CARTER.	HUTCHISON.	SIMMONS.
CHAPMAN.	JENNINGS.	SPRINGS.
COOPER, G.	JONES.	SPRULL.
CORBETT.	KLINGENSMITH.	STRANGE.
CREWS.	KOINER.	WHITAKER, G.
CROSSWELL.	LEE, F.	WEBB.
DAVIS, A.	LIDDELL.	WILLIAMS.
DEROSSETT.	LONDON.	WILSON.
DISOSWAY.	MACKAY.	WINSTON.

Honorary Members.

Mr. DuBOSE.	Mr. SANBORN.
Mrs. DuBOSE.	Mrs. SEAY.
Miss DOWD.	Miss SHIPP.
Miss FENNER.	Mr. STONE.
Miss MEARES.	Miss SUTTON.
Miss PIXLEY.	Miss THOMAS.
Mrs. SANBORN.	Mrs. ANDERSON.
Miss SAUNDERS.	





The Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society.

MOTTO: Where high thoughts are duty.

FLOWER: Wild Rose.

COLORS: Old Rose and Sage.

Officers, 1905-06.

President, SARA GERTRUDE SULLIVAN.

Vice-President, JESSIE PAGE HARRIS.

Recording Sec'y, FRANCES ELIZABETH WOOLF.

Corresponding Sec'y, EMMA ELLIOTTE BARNWELL.

Treasurer, LOTTIE SHARPE.

Critic, LILLIAN HAUSER FARMER.

Historian, ANNIE WHITNER SLOAN.

Tellers, LUCY PRIDE HEYWARD,

RUTH FOSTER.

RUTH BATCHELDER.

HELEN BALL.

LAURA BAKER.

EMMA BARNWELL.

HEBER BIRDSONG.

MATTIE BRIGMAN.

ELIZABETH BRYAN.

MARY BRYAN.

KATIE BARBEE.

MARY GRIMES COWPER.

ELLA CROFT.

ELEN DUVALL.

NANCY FAIRLEY.

LILLIAN FARMER.

RUTH FOSTER.

LOUISE GADSDEN.

LALLA HAMLET.

JESSIE HARRIS.

LUCY HEYWARD.

LOUISE HILL.

FANNIE JOHNSON.

ANNIE KOONCE.

ROWENA LEE.

HAZLE MIDDLETON.

JENNIE MORRIS.

NANNIE MOORE.

MARY PERRY.

VIRGINIA SAUNDERS.

FRANKIE SELF.

LOTTIE SHARPE.

ANNIE SLOAN.

GERTRUDE SULLIVAN.

MARJORIE ROBERTSON.

EVA ROGERSON.

HARRIET RUFF.

ELIZABETH WADDILL.

GRACE WARD.

ANNA WAUGH.

BETTIE WOOLF.

Honorary.

Miss LEE.

Miss MCKIMMON.

Miss HULL.

Mrs. IRVINE.

BISHOP BRATTON.

Miss WALTON.

Miss CRIBBS.

Miss MASCH.

Miss SANBORN.

For a pupil to be eligible to this Society it is necessary to make an average of 90 per cent in scholarship.

To a Young Girl.

From your window, dear,
You can watch the river,
Blessing with its gentle voice
The Almighty giver.

May he keep your soul
As calm and free from care
As the brightest sparkling waive
Dancing over there.

S. C. B.

A Serenade.

The dreamy rose-huds grow most sweet
Under Milady's casement wide,
And their pure petals hlush as though,
With the sun's last heams they're dyed;
Yet what can the sweetest of roses be
Compared, sweetheart, with my love for thee.

The night winds sigh and whisper low,
As loath most loath to part
With the tender vines that cling to the wall
As love must cling to the heart.
And even the smallest hreeze from the sea
Is laden with love, dear one, for thee.

The stars above look wondering down,
And shine ah! far more bright,
As they keep a tender watch o'er you
Through all the long, long night—
But darker than starless night would be
My life, if parted, dear heart from thee

M. DUB.

SORORITIES



Sororities.

Alpha Kappa Psi.

Gamma Beta Sigma.

Kappa Delta.

Upsilon Delta.



ΔΑΚΨ

Sororities.

Alpha Kappa Psi.

Gamma Beta Sigma.

Kappa Delta.

Upsilon Delta.







Alpha Kappa Psi.

*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.

TAU CHAPTER, Fairmont School, Monteagle, Tenn.

ALPHA CHAPTER.

Colors: Blue and Gold.

Flower: Forget-me-not.

Soror in Facultate.

Eleanor W. Thomas.

Sorores in Academia.

Virginia Empie Bailey.

Alice Witherspoon Corbett.

Jessie deCottes Croswell.

Margaret Rosalie DuBose.

Margaret Eldredge.

Elise Emerson.

Virginia Miller.

Louise Hill.

Marjorie Robertson.

Sara Haigh Jones.

Marguerite Ashley Short.

Margaret Gray Stedman.

Helen Strange.

Elizabeth Turner Waddill.

Grace Buxton Whitaker.









Gamma Beta Sigma.

Founded 1901.

Chartered 1904.

ALPHA CHAPTER, St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C.

BETA CHAPTER, Baltimore, Md.

GAMMA CHAPTER, Columbia Institute, Columbia, Tenn.

ALPHA CHAPTER.

Flower: Violet.

Colors: Purple and Gold.

Roll.

Isabel Hamilton Clark.

Sara Gertrude Sullivan.

Jane Iredell Green.

Grace Martin Ward.

Frances Johnson McRee.

Miss L. H. Lee.

Eloise Robinson.







Kappa Delta.

Founded 1897.

Chartered 1902.

Roll of Chapters.

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

PHI DELTA CHAPTER.

Soror in Facultate.

Charlotte Kendall Hull.

Sorores in Academia.

Josephine Engelhard Boylan.

Katharine Boylan.

Mary Christine Klingensmith.

Jennie VanHoose Morris.

Sue Brent Prince.

Julia Conally Rosser.

Lottie Sharp.

Marion Winslow Slocomb.

Blandina Baxter Springs.

Maria Hill Webb.

Annie Cordelle Wells.

Julia Primrose Winston.

Frances Elizabeth Woolf.





Upsilon Delta.

Founded 1902.

Chartered 1904.

Colors: Red and Gold.

Flower: Poppy.

- EMMA ELLIOT BARNWELL, Sumter, S. C.*
EMILY JORDAN CARRISON, Camden, S. C.
AGNES MORGAN CARTER, Asheville, N. C.
EMILY HEYWARD CLARKSON, Columbia, S. C.
FLORENCE ELLA CROFT, Aiken, S. C.
Miss MARTHA AUSTIN DOWD, Raleigh, N. C.
LILLIAN HAUSER FARMER, Florence, S. C.
LOUISE THOMPSON GADSDEN, Summerville, S. C.
MARY KATHARINE HENDERSON, . . . Asheville, N. C.
MARY THORNTON LASSITER, . . . Hertford, N. C.
Miss KATE McKIMMON, Raleigh, N. C.
MARGARET WILSON, Rock Hill, S. C.



ATHLETICS



The Athletic Organization.

"The object of the Association is to foster interest in out-door life, and to that end to encourage all desirable forms of out-door games and exercise."

"An Athletic Committee of seven will manage the affairs of the Association. This committee is composed of the President and Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, the Directors of the several Clubs, and two members from the Faculty."

The Athletic Committee.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| MARGARET ELDREDGE, | President of Association. |
| CHRISTINE KLINGENSMITH, | Secretary-Treasurer of the Association. |
| LUCY HEYWARD, | Director of the Basket Ball Club. |
| EMMA BARNWELL, | Director of the Walking Club. |
| JOSEPHINE BOYLAN, | Director of the Tennis Club. |
| MISS CRIBBS. | MR. CRUIKSHANK. |



THE BASKET BALL TEAM.

Forwards.

M. COOPER.
 E. CLARKSON.
 L. HEYWARD (Captain).
 C. KLINGENSMITH.

Centres.

J. CROSWELL.
 L. HANLET.
 J. HARRIS.
 V. SAUNDERS.

Guards.

S. PRINCE.
 K. GARY.
 M. ELDRIDGE.
 A. CORBETT.

Side-Centres.

M. SLOCOMB.
 E. CROFT.
 M. WILDER.



Basket Ball Club.

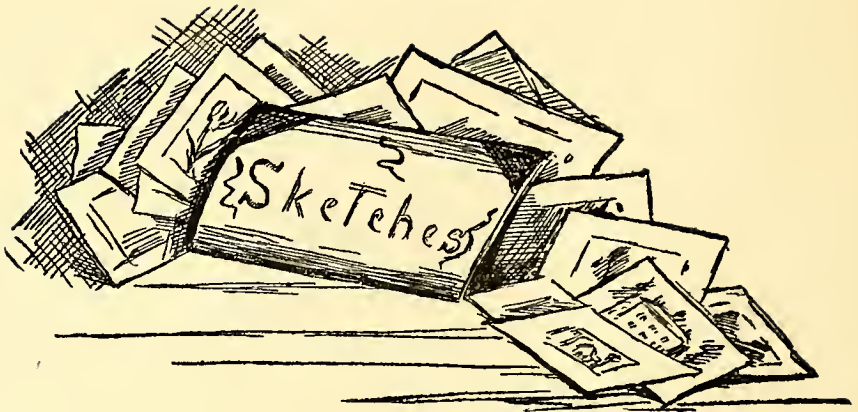
ALSTON.	DAVIS.	LONDON.	SAUNDERS.
BREEDEN.	ELDREDGE.	MILLER, V.	SEAY.
BENEDICT.	FEREBEE.	MORRIS.	SMITH, M.
BARNWELL.	FISHER.	PERRY, B.	SULLIVAN.
BAINBRIDGE.	GANT.	PERRY, M.	SPRUILL.
BATTLE.	GARY.	POWELL.	STOKES.
CROFT.	GREGORY.	PRINCE.	WELLS, A.
CLARKSON.	HAMLET.	ROBINSON.	WINSTON.
COOPER, M.	HEYWARD (Capt.).	ROBERTSON, O.	WILLIAMS.
CORBETT.	JONES, S.	SHELBURN.	
DEROSSET.	KLINGENSMITH.		

Walking Club.

ALSTON.	FEREBEE.	LONDON.	SLOCOMB.
BARNWELL (Capt.).	FISHER.	McCULLERS.	SAUNDERS.
BAINBRIDGE.	GARY.	MILLER, V.	SHELBURN.
BREEDEN.	GREEN.	MORRIS.	SEAY.
BENEDICT.	GREGORY.	PERRY, B.	STOKES.
BATTLE.	HAMLET.	PERRY, M.	SULLIVAN.
CLARKSON.	HEYWARD.	POWELL.	SPRUILL.
COOPER, M.	HUTCHISON.	PRINCE.	WELLS, A.
CORBETT.	JONES, S.	ROBERTSON, O.	WELLS, M.
CROFT.	KLINGENSMITH.	ROBINSON.	LIDDELL.
DAVIS.	LASSITER.	SHARP.	SMITH, M.
DEROSSET.			

Tennis Club.

ATKINSON.	DEROSSET.	KLINGENSMITH.	ROBINSON.
BAKER.	DISOSWAY.	KOINER.	RUFF.
BAINBRIDGE.	DuBOSE, M.	LONDON.	STRANGE (Capt.).
BAILEY, S.	ELDREDGE.	McGWIGAN	SMITH.
BAILEY, V.	FARMER.	MEWBORN.	SPRINGS.
BATTLE.	FEREBEE.	MILLER, V.	SLOAN.
BENEDICT.	GARY.	MOORE.	SPRUILL.
BRYAN, M.	GREGORY.	OVERMAN.	SHUFORD.
CLARK.	HALES.	PERRY, M.	SMITH.
COHEN.	HARRIS, J.	PERRY, B.	WARD.
CORBETT.	HAMLET.	POWELL.	WINSTON.
CROFT.	HEYWARD.	PRINCE.	WEBB.
CARRISON.	HENDERSON.	ROBERTSON.	WELLS.



The Sketch Club.

Miss FENNER, Critic.

LEONORE SEAY, President.

JENNIE MORRIS, Vice-President.

SERENA BAILEY, Secretary-Treasurer.

Colors: Yellow and White.

Flower: Daisy.

Motto: Art is Power.

HELEN ALSTON.

JENNIE MORRIS.

NELL ATKINSON.

BLISS PERRY.

SERENA BAILEY.

OLIVE ROBERTSON.

HELEN BREEDEN.

ELOISE ROBINSON.

MARY COOPER.

LEONORE SEAY.

ELISE EMERSON.

MILDRED SMITH.

ESTELLE FARRIOR.

HELEN STRANGE.

LALLA HAMLET.

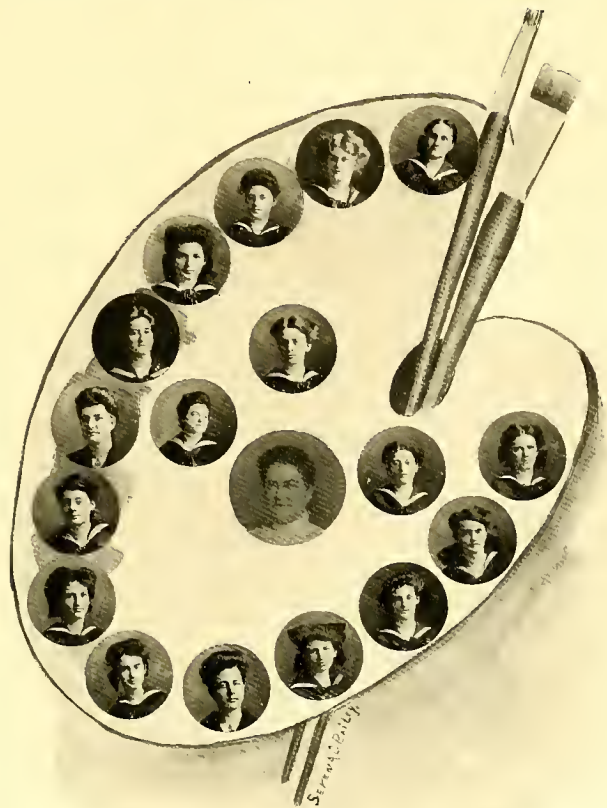
MARION SLOCOMB.

JESSIE HARRIS.

MARGARET WILSON.

IRVING MORGAN.

Sketch Club.





The St. Mary's Glee Club.



1st Mandolin.

KLINGENSMITH.
EMERSON.

2nd Mandolin.

PRINCE.
MEARES.
SPRINGS.

1st Violin.

WILSON.
LEE.
DuBOSE.

2nd Violin.

MILLER.
WINSTON.
SLOCOMB.

Guitar.

TAYLOR.
HULL (DIRECTOR).



The Altar Guild.

Director, Miss McKIMMON.
President, MARY T. LASSITER.
Treasurer, LILLIAN H. FARMER.

SERENA C. BAILEY.	JANE IREDELL GREEN.
MARY S. C. BRYAN.	HARRIETTE E. RUFF.
EMILY J. CARRISON.	ANNIE W. SLOAN.
LILLIAN H. FARMER.	MARY J. SPRUILL.
RUTH FOSTER.	GERTRUDE SULLIVAN.
ALICE McCULLERS.	FRANCES E. WOOLF.

The Auxiliary at St. Mary's.

WOMAN'S BRANCH.

MISS WALTON, President.

MISS SUTTON, Vice-President.

MISS McKIMMON, Secretary.

MISS SHIPP, Treasurer.

JUNIOR BRANCH.

St. Catharine's Chapter.

MISS THOMAS, Directress.

MARY LASSITER. President.

MARY BRYAN. Vice-President.

VIRGINIA BAILEY. Secretary.

LOUISE HILL. Treasurer.

St. Elizabeth's Chapter.

MISS MEARES, Directress.

EMMA BARNWELL.

MARGARET WILSON.

MYRTLE DISOSWAY.

MYRTLE DISOSWAY.

St. Etheldreda's Chapter.

MRS. DUBOSE, Directress.

EMILY CARRISON. President.

MARGARET ELDREDGE. Vice-President.

EULA GREGORY. Secretary.

VIRGINIA MILLER. Treasurer.

St. Monica's Chapter.

MISS McKIMMON, Directress.

NANCY FAIRLEY.

ELIZABETH WATTS.

JESSIE CROSWELL.

CORINNA GANT.

St. Anne's Chapter.

MISS SUTTON, Directress.

LOTTIE SHARP. President.

ALICE DAVIS. Vice-President.

LINA DEROSSET. Secretary.

FRANCES LEE. Treasurer.

St. Margaret's Chapter.

MISS CRIBBS, Directress.

JENNIE MORRIS.

LOUISE GADSDEN.

JULIA McINTYRE.

JULIA McINTYRE.



A Rhyme of the Seniors.

A is for Annie, who isn't very bright ;
B is for Birds—a Snipe, maybe, at night ;
C is for Chapel—we're there most all the time ;
D is for Diploma (that'll ruin any rhyme) ;
E is for "Ears open" at a lecture or so ;
F is for Foster, Muse editor, you know ;
G is for Green (true in only one sense) ;
H is for History, so hard to condense ;
I is for Infirmary—where hard days we go ;
J is for June—when our school days will be o'er ;
K is for Koonce, a quiet Senior lass ;
L is for Lassiter, laziest of the class ;
M is for Mackay, and our Motto as well ;
N is for Nothing—(or nothing I can spell) ;
O is for Order, which we try so hard to keep ;
P is for the Pleasure that from learning we shall reap ;
Q is for Qualms and Quizzes—Oh dear !
R is for Ruff, with a suitor minus hair.
S is for Sullivan who loves Hist'ry 'tis said ;
T is for Tears at parting we shall shed ;
U is for Us, the Class of Naughty Six ;
V is for the Volumes I could tell you of our tricks ;
W is for Woolf ; as X and Y and Z
Rhymesters find difficult, such rhymesters as we,
She, with our compliments, as they run in so fast,
Presents them very kindly to the Junior Class.

A. W. S.

To South Carolina and Her Sister.

Here's to the state of palmettoes ;
Here's to the state which vanquished foes ;
Here's to the state of valiant sons,
Here's to her women, the noblest ones ;
Here's to the grandest state on earth—
Carolina !

Here's to the battles she has won ;
Here's to the duty she's ever done ;
Here's to her rights she's ever claimed,
Here's to her honor she's ever maintained.
Here's to the grandest state on earth—
Carolina !

Here's to the flag for which she fought ;
Here's to her bravest who victory wrought ;
Here's to her love for one, her mate ;
Here's to her sister, the Old North State,
Here's to the grandest state on earth—
Carolina !

H. BREEDEN, '09.

The South Carolina Club.

COLORS : Garnet and Black.

EMBLEM : Palmetto.

MOTTO : Dum Spiro Spero.

President..... EMMA ELLIOTT BARNWELL.

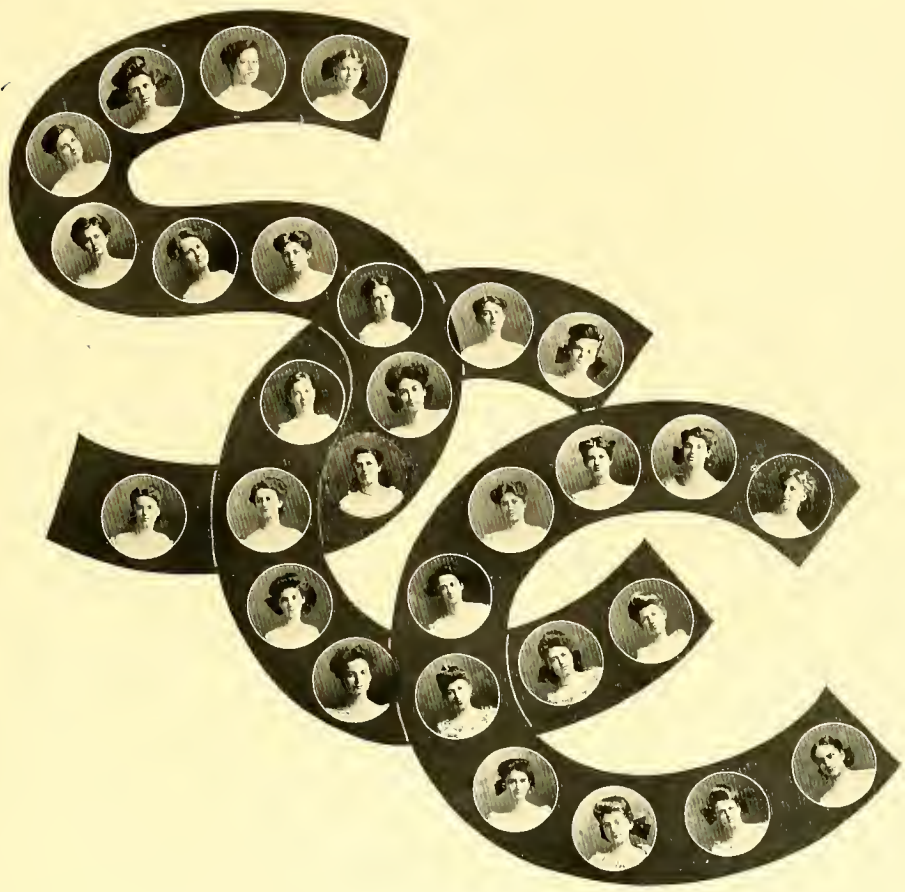
Vice-President.....MARGARET ELDREDGE.

Corresponding Secretary, LUCY PRIDE HEYWARD.

TreasurerANNIE WHITNER SLOAN.

Members.

HELEN ALSTON, JR.	EMILY HEYWARD CLARKSON.
EMMA ELLIOTT BARNWELL.	BEATRICE BOLLMAN COHEN.
RUTH BATCHELDER.	ALICE WITHERSPOON CORBETT.
HELEN FERGUSSON BREEDEN.	FLORENCE ELLA CROFT.
ELIZABETH SHERROD BRYAN.	ELLEN KOLLOCK DUVALL.
EMILY JORDAN CARRISON.	NATHALIE DOTTERER.
MARGARET ELDREDGE.	ANNA PEYRE MOORE.
LILLIAN HAUSER FARMER.	MAY IRVING MORGAN.
LOUISE THOMPSON GADSDEN.	MARJORIE ROBERTSON.
LUCY PRIDE HEYWARD.	OLIVE ROBERTSON.
ETHEL HUNNICUT.	HARRIETTE ELIZABETH RUFF.
GLADYS EDNA HUFF.	VIRGINIA SAUNDERS.
LILLIAN SHINGLER HUGHES.	ANNIE WHITNER SLOAN.
JESSIE BULLOCK JENNINGS.	ELIZABETH TURNER WADDILL.
FRANCES HAYS LEE.	ELIZABETH WATTS.
JULIA LOUISE MCINTYRE.	ANNIE CORDELLE WELLS.
DOROTHY KIRK MEARES.	MARY ALICE WELLS.
LOIS HAZLEHURST MIDDLETON.	MARGARET B. WILSON.





The Dramatic Club.

President, JOSEPHINE BOYLAN.

MARGARET ELDRIDGE. CHRISTINE KLINGENSMITH.
JANE IREDELL GREEN. SARA GERTRUDE SULLIVAN.
JENNIE VANHOOSE MORRIS. FRANCES ELIZABETH WOOLF.

The Spectator on Mashcs.

Having often received an invitation from my friend, the Rev. McNeely DuBose, to pass away a month with him at St. Mary's, I last week accompanied him thither and am settled with him for some time at his suburban school, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. This agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks which are struck out of the grove, in the midst of which the school stands, that one can never be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. I will be more particular on this matter in a future paper, for the first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for such a life, are upon the different manners of the people.

So here, in the first place, I must observe the conduct of that class which is so prominent among the maids of the old institution—the "mashes." The unique name and the manners of the various types of the class cannot but be of some interest to you at the Club, and most especially to my friend, Will Honeycomb, who, though he may rally me upon my "country diversions," will not fail to listen eagerly to anything concerning the "fair sex."

When first I came here the meaning of this word mash puzzled me considerably—the classics threw no light upon the subject—and so I found I must work out the meaning for myself as best I could. An opportunity was soon given. While strolling in the leafy grove the other day listening to the warbling of the innumerable birds, I heard of a sudden a rustling noise of petticoats fleeing as if pursued, and turned, expecting to see one of the gentle maidens chased by a mad bull or some animal equally as fierce, but I saw only two very comely older girls walking along chatting gaily. I continued my walk, having decided that the little creature I had seen must be suffering from some mental infirmity, when I heard one of the girls say, "I tell you, your mash has it bad. Why she nearly broke her neck getting away from you just now." Then the meaning seemed clear—a mash was one who fled as if pursued when another came near.

To be such a timorous creature seemed to me most distressing, and I lay awake long that night pitying the little maid and wondering if some of our famous doctors of medicine could not cure her. Indeed I was so much disturbed over the little girl's state of mind that, contrary to my custom, I next morning enquired of my old friend concerning her state of health and found that she was most happy and sane when not near her "Mash."

My mind had been fully made up as to what characterizes one mash when another type was presented to me. I was walking alone in the moonlight thinking how our good friend, Sir Roger, if he had been here, would have been discoursing on his perverse widow, for the moonlight like the grove is settled upon her, when I suddenly heard the sound of voices near by. As I came nearer I caught words of the deepest feeling and most passionate love, and thinking it to be some country pair who had been attracted there by the beauty of the place continued my walk. Soon I heard in the sweetest of maiden voices, "You most adorable of girls—you precious angel! my loved one! my mash!" I understood all then

and crept away for fear of disturbing such deep devotion, but not before the sound of many and ardent kisses came to my ears. My definition for the Mash then could not be true, for here was a "Mash" who did not flee from the object—nay, she held the loved one in the closest of embraces and imprinted the most fervent of kisses upon her brow.

The next day, still other forms were developed! First, the serving type: this Mash is the most competent of domestics, and I advise my lady of Fashion to get a Mash and then hire her for her maid if she would have the best and most willing of service—for the Mash cheerfully performs the every wish and then asks if she may not do more. Then, there is the weeping type: this is the most pathetic and the most depressing of the types, for everywhere you turn is heard the bitter wail of some poor victim who is in such great tribulation because the morning kiss has not been bestowed or for some similar grievous reason.

I have shown you the great types—the fleeing type, the fervent kissing type, the serving type and the weeping type, which all differ very materially each from the other, but which in one respect are the same—that of perpetual giving. It would take a dozen speculations to enumerate the number and variety of the gifts which are joyfully bestowed by the starving Mash.

I have been more particular on this account, because I hear that there is scarce a school in the country in which this peculiar malady does not prevail in all its various forms, and it is my opinion that the poor maids must be suffering from some serious mental irregularity which the parents should not fail to take note of.

"A SENIOR."

Arranged Under Difficulties.

Girl at telephone talking to A. & M. hoy. Mr. DuBose walking in, the girl has to pretend to be talking to her brother, but can't let the hoy know it.

Girl—"Hello."

A. & M.—"This is Bill."

Girl—"Why, Jack! when did you get here? How's mother?"

A. & M.—"Beg pardon. There must be some mistake. This is William Smith and I want to speak to——"

Girl—"This is me, Jack."

A. & M. (stiffly)—"You misunderstand. Is that St. Mary's?"

Girl—"Yes. What are you doing here?"

A. & M. (agitatedly)—"This is A. & M. and I wish you'd call Miss ——"

Girl—"Well, go ahead, Jack. I'm listening."

A. & M. (exasperatedly)—"If you'll tell me who you are and what that fellow Jack's name is, maybe I can find him for you."

Girl—"Grand! Go on."

A. & M. (gruffly)—"Aw! cut all that out. Who *are* you and who do you think you are talking to?"

Girl—"Brother, you haven't really got to go so soon?"

A. & M. (dumfoundedly)—"Holy Moses! This is the first I ever heard of having a sister." (Impatiently) "I'll let you have the 'phone all day if you'll only let me speak to Miss——"

Girl—"Mr. DuBose is right here in the office. I'll ask him."

(To Mr. DuBose)—"Can brother come over to see me to-night?"

Mr. DuBose—"Yes, daughter, if you weren't absent from that Saturday lecture."

A. & M. (growing enlightened)—"Oh—h—b!! I see. You carried it off fine" (laughing)—"So it's you, Sister Nan. Is it?"

Girl—"I'm mighty glad we've got the connection right at last. I've had an awful time making you understand me."

A. & M. (chuckling)—"I reckon you have. How about that dance Monday night?"

Girl—"I'm afraid I couldn't get permission to be out so late. We have to be in by half-past five, you know."

A. & M.—"Hang permission! Come ou and go. Mother's going to chaperone. It won't be a thing."

Girl (enthusiastically)—"Is mother really coming up?"

A. & M. (roaring)—"Sure." (Convincingly): "It'll be perfectly all right for you to do it."

Girl (in excited uncertainty)—“How could I?”

A. & M.—“Listen here! Mother’s carriage can wait on the edge of the grove, and I’ll come up and meet you. You see that’ll be still more proper.”

Girl (with anxious interest)—“But how about mother?”

A. & M.—“Oh, that’s easy. You know she’d love to chaperone you.”

Girl—“Fine. But—er—”

A. & M. (urgently)—“Oh, come on, Nan. It’ll be first rate sport and you know I wouldn’t ask you to do anything that wasn’t all right.”

Girl—“Of course—but—(decidedly), All right! (Remembering Mr. DuBose.) What time did you say you’d be up, Jack?”

A. & M. (delightedly)—“Good for you. I’ll be up about nine-thirty, if that suits you.”

Mr. DuBose—“Haven’t you all talked long enough?”

Girl—“All right, sir. Good-bye, Jack.”

A. & M.—“Good-bye; don’t forget.”

Girl—“I won’t; good-bye.”

H. S. & S. B. P.

The Attempt.

Ah! the sorrow in my heart that day,
As I walked heside the brook,
To write a poem was my task,
Without the help of hook.

“As the dreary rain came pouring down,”
Ah! a thought has come at last;
Now for at least another line
To help me with my task.

But the brook flowed on with jingling sound,
So I could not think a bit,
“The girl was sweet and good and fair,
Her face with joy was lit.”

At last I had begun my poem,
To finish was the trouble.
Oh I could only watch the brook,
And hear that bubble, bubble!

Then into the brook I threw my pen;
My attempt had come to naught;
Now when you write a poem, friend,
Avoid the brook you ought.

H. BALL, '07.

Extracts from a St. Mary's Girl's Diary.

Sunday, October 1.—*I got back here a week ago Thursday, and every thing looks about the same. There have been some improvements and the Grove is very pretty. I was feeling awfully homesick to-night after roll-call, and to make things worse, everywhere I would turn there would be a new girl weeping; so a crowd of us decided that we had better try to make things livelier. About ten of us got together and took several out snipe hunting, and two of the victims were Seniors!*



October 20.—*We surely have had a fine time this week—Fair Week—that explains itself. We had school on Monday, giving us Wednesday and Thursday holiday. Wednesday we went out and took in all the sights, though Thursday was the big day on account of the President's being here. On that day we all stood out by the Summer House and gave the Harvard yell as the President passed, and how he did smile! To-morrow night the Sigma Lambda gave a reception to their new members.*



November 1.—*Night before last Mrs. Irvine and Miss Cribbs gave a Faculty Recital, which we all enjoyed very much. We are down to hard work now, but we had a little fun last week when we went to the U. N. C.-A. & M. football game. It was about the most exciting game I ever saw, and besides that, almost everybody in North Carolina seemed to me to be there. Last night was Hallowe'en. I wonder whether Miss Checkley was thinking of us. Miss Fenner did the honors this time and great was Jarley and Slum and Little Nell and the figures.*



November 30.—*Well, I have been to about a dozen feasts to-day and am invited to another to-night. This month has been very gay. First, Miss Katie's Dormitory gave a Japanese Tea—then there was "Maidens All Forlorn," and the "Grasshopper Cantata," and last night the E. A. P. Society gave its annual reception.*

December 19.—*Just think, I'm all packed up to go home. Never was so excited. There has been so much lately that time has just been flying. First, St. Etheldreda's Chapter gave "Up to Freddie," and on the 16th the Seniors gave "Cranford." Can't write any more, am so excited over going home. We have all given each other our presents, and so it really seems like Christmas is already here. Good-bye, old book, till after I come back. Hurrah!*



January 13.—*Just to think, that all the fun is over and nothing to look forward to but those awful exams which are coming in a few days. I know I am going to have nervous prostration and fail on every one.*



January 31.—*Well, all the exams are over, and much to my surprise I am still here, but must confess there's not much sense left. The night after the exams were over we went to hear Sousa, and I can't express how much I enjoyed it. The only thing that could have made it more enjoyable would have been permission to dance to "Stars and Stripes" forever. Last night we went to the A. & M. Glee Club.*



March 1.—*Lent is here, so of course we are not having any entertainments. On the 12th of last month we went to hear Bispham, whom after the concert we had the pleasure of meeting. The Seniors have been having a fine time lately. First, on the 14th, Miss Thomas gave them and the Certificate pupils a most delightful reception. On the 17th the Juniors entertained them at a "Heart Party." On the afternoon of the 22nd, Virginia Bailey, Gertrude Sullivan and Jane Iredell Green entertained them at a Washington Tea, and that night they went to a play at Peace Institute and the next night to a reception at B. U. W., given by Miss Abbott. We are all working now making clothes for some little child at an orphanage.*



April 20.—*Maybe its because this is my last year—I don't know—but I can never remember everything about here being so lovely in spring. The birds never sang so sweetly before, the grove never was so shady, the flowers never were so sweet or the girls so jolly; I feel as if I could just live here forever. After Easter, entertainment followed entertainment, baseball games, certificate recitals, the Dramatic Club play, and several informal receptions given to the Seniors.*



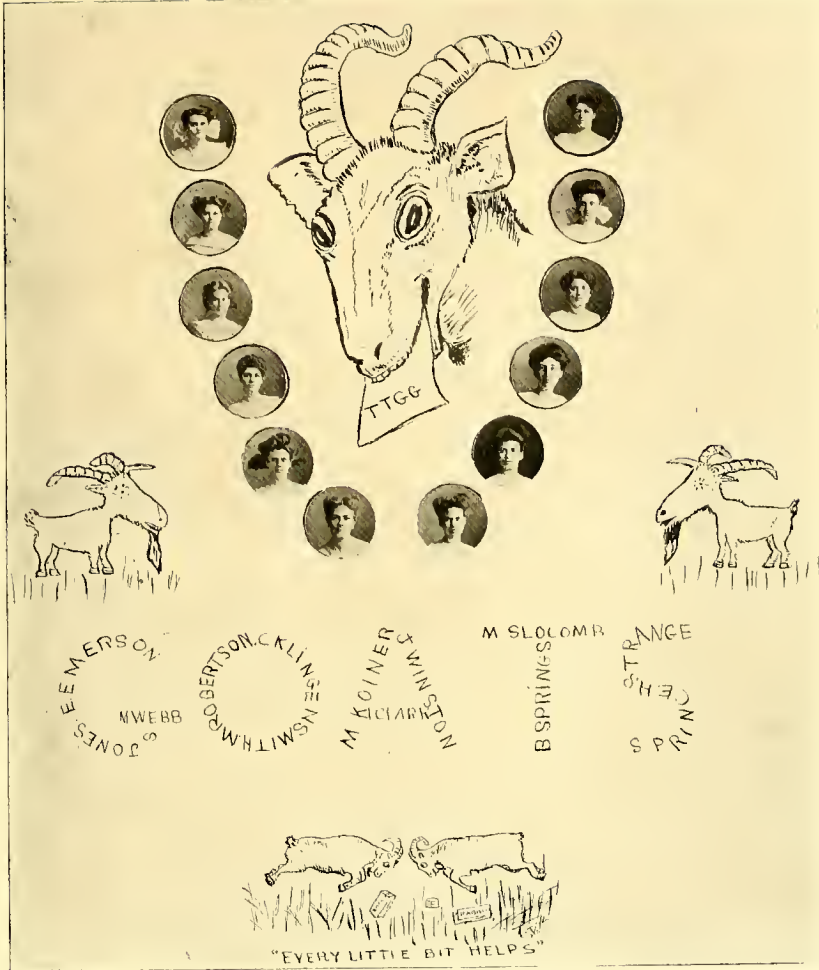


Home.—It is mighty good to be at home again, I tell you, but still there comes up a mighty big lump in my throat when I begin talking about all those good times we used to have—for everthing but the nice things are forgotten. Commencement was just the same dear, sad Commencement—and yet seemed so different. We were in such a rush that week that nobody had time to think—the recitals, the receptions, the class-day exercises and the Commencement Day, when the Valedictory had been read and we were flying homeward before we realized that it was all over. Awayback in January we had been counting the hours before Commencement, and here it had come and gone before I realized it. I moved over into a dark corner of my seat just to have one good, long cry about all those dear girls I was leaving—all those dear old trees in the— Oh! thank the goodness! Mama is calling me, for I really believe I would have been crying in two seconds.





CLUBS



EMERSON
WEBB
JONES

ROBERTSON
CLINE
SMITH
HARRIS

MCINER
WINN
NOLAN

M SLOLOMB
B SPRINGS

STRANGE
SPRINGS



"EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS"



W. M. T. E.

MOTTO: My name is Jimmy, I take all you gimme.

FLOWER: Celery.

COLORS: Turkey Red and Orange.

PASS WORD: Something Doing.

VIRGINIA BAILEY Water Carrier.

JOSEPHINE BOYLAN... Pitcher Drinker.

JANE IREDELL GREEN..... Stirrer.

LOUISE HILL..... Silent Member.

JULIA ROSSER..... Bottle Washer.

GERTRUDE SULLIVAN..... Chief Cook.

*GRACE WHITAKER.... Toast Mistress.

FRANCES E. WOOLF Taster.

Honorary Members.

BLACKBURN, L.

ADDERTON, J.

LYNCH, H.

JOHNSON, C.

CROW, W.

LANE, H.

NADING, W.

"UNCLE."

Time of Meeting.

When we are not all dead broke.

Place.

Where there are no BUTTERS-IN around.

* Expelled because she went home and would't send us anything.



Happy Hooligans.

OBJECT: A Good Time.

FLOWER: Jimson Weed.

DAY: April Fool.

"MONKEY" CROFT.

"RIX" WILSON.

"KIT" MOORE.

"JACK" HEYWARD.

"SLUM" BARNWELL.





U. Q. L.



Annie Wells
Virginia Miller
Sina de Rosset
Marjory Robertson

Honorary Member - Earl Rock Nets

Motto - Eat, drink, and be merry.
Chief diet - Cheese and crackers.

KNOCKS



Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.—*The Editors.*

Now good digestion wait on appetite and health on both.—*The W. M. T. E.*
The bed has become a place of luxury for me; I would not exchange it for all the
thrones in the world.—*Mary Lassiter.*

My tongue within my lips remain,
For who talks much, must talk in vain.—*L. Hill.*

All hope abandon ye who enter here.—*Study Hall in examination week.*
Rare is the union of beauty and purity.—*S. Bailey.*
A little nonsense now and then.—*Joe and Jane.*
The great theatre for virtue is conscience.—*S. Bailey.*
His bark is worse than his bite.—*Mr. Cruikshank.*
Never say "Fail" again.—*C. Latin class.*

Strange all this difference should be
"Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.—*M. and O. Robertson.*

Pray take them, sir. Enough's a feast,
Eat some, and pocket up the rest.—*Sunday night supper.*

My head is a dome for thought rather than a mattress for hair.—*A. Sloan.*
There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things.—*M. Disosway.*

Then he will talk—good gods! bow he will talk.—*H. Alston*.
Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.—*L. deRosset and S. Watkins*.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss.—*J. Chapman and M. Sanborn*.

In notes by distance made more sweet.—“*Skeet*” and *Sue (Mandolin)*.
By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not, an earthly paragon.—*Miss Thomas*.
God giveth quietness at last (?).—*G. Hales*.
A careless song with a little nonsense in it, now and then, does not misbecome a monarch.—*Ruff, Sloan and Foster*.

My only books
Were Betty's looks,
And love is all she taught us.—*The Seven*.

Young fellows will be young fellows.—*Wake Forest Seniors*.
Better late than never.—*Gertrude Sullivan*.
Though this may be play to you, it is death to us.—*Senior English*.
Charmed with the foolish whistling of a man.—*Page Shelburn and Nell Atkinson*.
Nothing is impossible to industry.—*Mamie Wilder*.

Yet will she blush, here he it said
To hear her secret so betrayed.—*Frankie Self*.

No rule without an exception.—“*Sparrow*” *Gwyn*.
With thee conversing I forget all time.—*Frances Lee and Lucy Heyward*.

The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a'gley.—*Betsey London*.

Fast asleep it is no matter. Enjoy the honey heavy dew of slumber.—*C. Klingensmith and B. Springs*.

We must laugh, because we are happy.—*Beatrice Cohen*.
Her hair is of a good color, an excellent color.—*Annie Wells*.

When night hath set her silver lamp on high,
Then is the time for study.—*To those who go to Evening Study-Hall*.

Their only labor was to kill time.—*Maria Webb and Rowena Lee*.
Speaks three or four languages, word for word, without book.—*Mademoiselle Masch*.
She was more than over-shoes in love.—*Nan Moore*.
If thou continuest to take delight in argumentation, thou mightest be qualified to combat with the sophists, but never know how to live with man.—*Eula Gregory*.
Could I love less I should be happier.—*Lina deRosset*.
Cheeks like the mountain pink.—*Nathalie Dotterer*.
Whatever one does or says I must be good.—*Leila May Sabiston*.
What is thine is mine, and all mine is thine.—*Annie Sloan and Ret Ruff*.
I never dare to write as funny as I can.—*Elnora Williams*.

Statistics (?)

- Best Student, Isabel Clark; Helen Strange, second.
Best Taught Class, . . . C Latin.
Most Energetic, Mary Lassiter; M. Webb and R. Lee, tie.
Worst Case of "Mash," Jessie Chapman and Margaret Sanborn.
Greatest Flirt, Serena Bailey; Jessie Jennings, second.
Laziest, Mary Bryan.
Greatest Talker, Louise Hill—unanimous.
Chief of Knockers, . . Serena Bailey.
Fattest Girl, Irving Morgan.
Most Optimistic, Bland Bowen.
Most Pessimistic, . . . Emma Barnwell.
Thinnest Girl, Katharine Henderson.
Most Welcome Mail, . . A Report Card.

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The Making of The Muse.

It happened once upon a time
That certain folks did choose
That we should write an annual,
By name "St. Mary's Muse."

They gave us pens and paper, too—
And everything but time—
And told us we must rack our brains,
And write both prose and rhyme.

They told us we must scurry 'round
And get a lot of news
Of every girl who's in the school,
So she would buy that "Muse."

They said that we were "dollars short,"
And if no "ads" were placed
That we would have no "Muse" at all,
And the class would be disgraced.

We've racked our brains; we've torn our hair;
We've worked both night and day—
But nothing very new or strange
Has come across our way—

Of old on Mount Parnassus high
There were Muses nine, 'tis said;
I'm not surprised they wore men out,
And that "great Pan is dead."

We envy not their golden lyres,
Their laurels we decline;
One "Muse" is now enough for us,
We do not ask for nine.

But still we've done our very best—
No more could angels do—
And how we have succeeded,
To judge, we leave with you.

L'Envoi.

They blow us up, they set us down,
And us do much abuse;
I tell you we've been "seein' sights"
In "The Making of the 'Muse.'"

M. D. M., '06.



