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The St. Mary's Muse.

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

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No. 1.

The Commencement of 1905: A Retrospect.

The Commencement season has been with us and left us. Our girls are scattered far and wide in many places, brightening many a home, gladdening many a summer gathering, enjoying thoroughly many an hour of well-earned rest. To those who were a part of the Commencement, to those who were able to be present and rejoice with those who were rejoicing then, even to those who at a distance saw the Commencement through the medium of the Raleigh press, there is little new for the MUSE to say, and yet it is the business of THE MUSE to go over these recent scenes, to write down for those who have not seen or read, to note down for the future when the scene shall have become more obscure in the minds of the participants than they are to-day, to round out the chronicle of the year at St. Mary's with an account of its final scenes. We ask the patience of the majority of our readers with this article. If it is but vain repetition then omit it and try to find enough in the rest of the MUSE to justify the June issue.

For much of the article following we are indebted to the descriptions of our kind friends of the *News and Observer*. They looked at the events from the outside, with kindly yet less prejudiced eyes than those within, and we thank them for an excellent account of all the events of the season. We begin our article by quoting from our big contemporary:

"Words of prayer, hymns of praise, reading from the Book and splendid words of advice to the young ladies who are about to graduate characterized the first events of the Commencement at St. Mary's on Sunday. This was on the occasion of the baccalaureate sermon, delivered by Rev. Chas. M. Niles, D.D., rector of Trinity Church, Columbia,

Saint Mary's School Library

S. C., who, despite a severe accident some ten days before, when he was thrown from his horse, came to fulfill his promise and preach to the young ladies.

Preceding the service in the Chapel, used for a commencement for the first time since its enlargement, the graduating class and the members of the school assembled in front of the Main Building, and from there passed in line to and into the Chapel in couples, singing the processional. The scene was one of rare beauty and solemnity. The young ladies were all attired in white and were under the direction of the student marshals, attired in the regalia of their position,—Miss Bettie Woolf, '06, of Demopolis, Ala., with the white sash of the chief marshal, and her assistants, Misses Jennie Murchison, of Wilmington, Senah Critz, of Winston, Elmer George, of New Bern, and Gertrude Sullivan, of Savannah, Ga., with sashes of blue. At the head of the Class of 1905 was the class president, Miss Margaret DuBose.

There were present many visitors in the congregation to witness the first events of Commencement week, and these joined earnestly in the religious exercises of the day. The regular morning service of the Episcopal Church was used, and the hymns were sung with great effectiveness by the pupils of the school. Aiding in the service of the day were Bishop Joseph Blount Cheshire, Rev. W. T. Picard, of Jackson, Rev. McNeely DuBose, rector of St. Mary's, and Dr. Niles. The graduating class occupied the front seats in the Chapel.

Dr. Niles is a strong looking man, of large build and florid complexion. He is clean shaven and with a full head of hair, a man of perhaps forty-five years. In his manner he is earnest, and while using no gestures he reaches the people by the very strength of his words, which seem to sweep up from his heart to find utterance. He chose for his text the words found in the 59th verse of the second chapter of St. Luke: "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." With this as a theme he preached a sermon that was in reality a heart to heart talk with the young women whom he was addressing.

Beginning his sermon, Dr. Niles explained that he had come to St. Mary's with a written discourse for the occasion, but that the meeting

and mingling with the students of the school had so impressed and touched him that he had decided to abandon all his prepared thoughts and to talk from the fulness of his heart upon things which they should impress upon their lives. In what was almost a personal talk addressed to each of his young hearers, Dr. Niles sought to impress upon his young hearers the fact that the true education is an intermingling of mental, moral and religious training, a training which should not alone benefit those who receive it, but should exert an influence upon all with whom those who have it come in contact. He dwelt upon the three points of excellence which Matthew Arnold claims for education in a church school, a school in which scholastic and religious training go hand in hand. That form of education makes first for a Christian life, one that sheds abroad its influence upon the world. The preacher paid tribute to Christianity and took occasion to declare that a Christian woman is the highest creation that God ever made and her influence can accomplish the greatest good of all earthly forces in making the world better and purer.

The second point was that education in a religious school makes a gentleman or a gentle-woman. The refining influence of such an education softens and ennobles life, smooths the rough places, and when trouble and sorrows come it is the lives imbued with these attributes of gentleness which help others to bear the storms.

The third point is that the school in which the education is properly religious is the school which produces the true scholar, for the knowledge and wisdom of the scholar is based on Christianity, which enriches all scholarship.

But the theme that ran through the whole discourse, the theme with the personal note, urged the girls of St. Mary's to take with them out into life a true religion and a true purpose, that in the days to come they might be a credit and not a discredit to the institution that nourished them, to the parents that cherished them and to the friends who support them, and that their influence on the generations to come, an influence to be determined largely by their acts, should bring praise to themselves, their loved ones, and their school training. The sermon in its entirety was a powerful plea for right living. It was a talk from the heart and could but leave an impress for good on all who heard.

We feel that written words do faint credit to Dr. Niles' sermon. The surest proof of its power will be seen in the impress it made on the memories of his congregation. Dr. Niles came to St. Mary's a stranger, though well known for the good work he had done in both North and South and for the good work he is doing in his parish at Columbia; he hoped to stay over the Commencement season at the school, but on account of sickness left for home on Tuesday. During his visit he took part in the Commencement at St. Augustine's and enthused thoroughly in all of the St. Mary's life. He professed great pleasure at every feature of his visit, but certainly nothing at St. Mary's could have made a deeper impression on him than the lasting impression he has made on the members of St. Mary's, and we shall look for his future visits with all the pleasant anticipation that attends the coming of a true friend.

The sweet Communion Service on Commencement Sunday in the early morning, at which the Rector was the celebrant, and the final celebration on Commencement morning had no part in the public program but found their place in the heart and their connection to the thoughts which Dr. Niles sought to impress was close.

MONDAY.

The dreaded examinations which mark the winding up of the regular school work were scheduled for the week preceding the closing and were finished off then, but the morning of Monday was given up to catching up the loose ends and straightening up the ordinary affairs of the relieved girls. Examinations did not seem so dreadful this spring as usual and almost everyone came off from them with flying colors, but it was a great comfort to lay aside the well-used books and to be able to draw a good, long free breath at St. Mary's without thought of the next bell.

Monday afternoon had been given over in the program to Field Day Exercises, an innovation for our Commencement season, but one which seemed appropriate to mark the greatly revived interest in outdoor sports which had characterized the spring. But the day was too full and the weather not conducive to exertion and so, despite the efforts of Jean Carson, whose tireless energy had accomplished much during the

spring for St. Mary's athletics, the Field Day fell through. We hope for more favorable conditions and greater success next year.

The Art Exhibit in the Studio was open to the public throughout the week, but the regular time assigned it on the program was Monday afternoon. Says the reporter of the exhibit:

"The art display at St. Mary's is an excellent one and shows that earnest work has been done and that there is much talent among the pupils. The teacher of this department is Miss Clara Fenner, of Baltimore, whose pupils in their work pay tribute to her ability.

The walls of the studio are covered with the work of the pupils. There is a collection of pencil and crayon drawings from blocks, still life, and casts, which is the basis of the work. The specimens of original conventional designs from flowers and plants is good, these being in Egyptian, Grecian, Renaissance and Saracenic forms.

The collection of wash drawings shows clever work, that of Miss Susie Carter, of Asheville, especially so, her work leading up to illustrations for magazines. The etchings of Miss Anne Archibell are cleverly done. In water colors there is some noticeable work, in still life, flowers, fruits, and so on. The work of Miss Emmie Drewry in water colors of bananas and oranges, and the pictures of various shoes by Misses Harriet Webster and Leonore Seay, are to be complimented, as is also the splendid work of Miss Serena Bailey, of Palatka, Fla., in a cosmos and an Arab's head.

The certificate pupils are Misses Emmie Drewry, of Raleigh, and Mary Lee Robinson, of Elizabeth City. Miss Drewry has some fine work in tulips, poppies and wistaria from nature, while Miss Robinson's unusual arrangement of geraniums is attractive.

A section is shown of original designs in water colors. These designs are for wall paper, stained glass windows, and mosaic tiling. All show originality and creative force.

A collection of landscapes by four young pupils is an attractive part of the exhibit. These are Patsie Smith, Anna Strong, Julia West and Rainsford Du Bose, and the work is a real credit to the little folks.

The entire exhibit is a worthy one, and it shows that this branch of education is ably taught at St. Mary's, and that the pupils engaging in it have much talent as well as an able instructress."

Monday night the Junior Concert of former years had been displaced as the attraction by an Elocution Evening, in which the pupils of the Expression Department, which had been during the year under the charge of Miss Balfour, appeared. Miss Balfour is an elocutionist of no mean ability and her pupils showed markedly the effects of her training. Though, as the dailies state, "the pupils who took part are practically beginners, yet the program was given in a way that held the interested attention of the large audience to its close." Mildred Goodwin's reading and Bessie Watts' acting were especially good.

This was the program:

Serenade, for Piano, - - - - - Stojowski
 Serena Bailey

COURTSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Snobbleton, - - - - - Bessie Watts
 Jones, - - - - - Emily Carrison
 Miss Angelina Winterbottom, - - - - - Nellie Durham

Reading, - - - - - Daisy's Faith
 Mildred Goodwin

Monologue, - - - - - The Silent System
 The Wife, - - - - - Ella Croft
 The Husband, - - - - - Bessie Watts

Reverie, Op. 85, for Violin, - - - - - Herrmann
 Robert Proctor

MY UNCLE'S WILL.

Mr. Barker, - - - - - Harriet Webster
 Chas. Cashmore, - - - - - Jean Carson
 Florence Marigold, - - - - - Rowena Lee

TUESDAY.

Tuesday morning the weather had become delightful and the Class of 1905 was able to hold its class day exercises under the most favorable conditions. This exercise was a revival at St. Mary's and altogether one of the most pleasant features of the season. Though a mistake in the hour caused the absence of many who would have been

present, in the throng that gathered in the Grove in front of the Main Building near the tree which the Class of '05 had adopted as their own, were practically all the pupils and many of the old girls, and they not only entered heartily into the exercises but united at their close in acclaim to the Class for its achievement.

Say the dailies: "The senior class day exercises of the sixty-third annual commencement of St. Mary's were observed yesterday on the campus and were enthusiastically performed. The thirteen graduates carried out the program with jolly spirit, and the class prophecy and speech of the giftorian were given amid loud cheers from the undergraduates and the audience of visitors."

The class assembled around a platform arranged for them surrounding the Class President and Secretary, who were seated in state upon it. At a little distance in a large semi-circle were the audience. After the meeting had been called to order by Margaret DuBose, class-president, "Carolina" was heartily sung.

Ellen Gibson, class prophet, then very effectively read the class prophecy, and through the discoveries of "Feminine curiosity, which is immortal," the future of the class members was shown forth as manifested in the dim home of the shades.

The Class Poem and History were left to the enjoyment of the readers of the annual MUSE, though it is interesting to note that '05 starting with thirty Freshmen had fifteen new members to take the place of those dropping out in its Sophomore year; numbered twenty-one in its Junior year and came to Commencement with lucky thirteen members.

After the prophecy, Dorothy Hughson, class "giftorian," took the stage and in her presentation of the gifts, appropriate to the presentees, was quite the star of the morning. The style of the presentation was excellent and the "hits" unusually good. Most of these lose their point away from the surroundings, but the doggerel of the following is taking:

"The Senior Class presents to you
This lovely phonograph.
Hoping it may perpetuate
Your all inspiring laugh."

or this

“Mamie is so good and pure
 We scarcely dare to hope
 There's anything so pure as she
 Except that purest soap 99-100% pure.

When the Gifforian had concluded the president of '05 in appropriate words presented to the class of '06, through its president, the keys to the Senior Hall, emblematic of the turning over of all the Senior privileges, and Bettie Woolf, president of '06, appropriately replied:

“One of the prettiest sights ever seen on the campus was next on the program.” The thirteen seniors, with their honorary members, Miss Katie, bound together by a dainty daisy chain, gathered around the tree they had adopted as the tree of '05, and, leading the audience, sang for the first time in public the new class song, Alma Mater, the recent production of Mr. Hodgson, the old and valued friend of St. Mary's. The song, printed in the May MUSE, goes well to the tune of “Fair Harvard,” and we trust will make a place for itself. After the school-song the class day ceremonies concluded with the singing of Dixie and Auld Lang Syne.

AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

“Following the exercises of class day there was a most delightful event that was not on the program for commencement.

This was the visit of four Bishops of the Episcopal Church. It was an unheralded event, but the young ladies of the school, leaving for various parts of the buildings were soon notified and gathered in the chapel.

The visitors, who were here to attend exercises at St. Augustine and look into the methods there, were: Dr. Frederick Burgess, Bishop of Long Island; Dr. Edwin Lines, Bishop of Newark; Dr. David H. Greer, Bishop Coadjutor of New York. With these were Bishop Joseph Blount Cheshire, of this diocese.

The four bishops were greeted by the young ladies standing as they entered and were introduced by Bishop Cheshire. Most happily each

of them addressed the students, telling them of the pleasure they had in meeting so splendid an assemblage of young women. Bishop Cheshire, having told of the progress of the school, the visitors extended congratulations and each pressing invited the young ladies to visit them at their homes."

ST. MARY'S ALUMNÆ.

Tuesday afternoon was given up to the annual meeting of the Alumnae Association. As this was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Association a special effort had been made to have a good attendance, and a goodly number of both local and visiting members were present.

The exercises were opened with a special service in the chapel at half-past four, at which the rector welcomed the alumnae to the Commencement, and gave an account of the work done by the alumnae for the school, especially in the past year in connection with the rebuilding of the Chapel. The service was intended especially to give the members of the alumnae an opportunity to worship as a body in the Chapel, the enlargement of which had been made possible by their efforts, and for the formal acceptance of certain memorials lately placed in the Chapel.

A short liturgical service followed the opening remarks of Mr. DuBose, after which Dr. Niles, the Commencement preacher, spoke briefly on the place church memorials have in the life of the church, and their importance, contrasting without disparagement to the latter, the memorials of the church edifice with those of the cemetery—the former at once a remembrance of the past and a service for the present and future.

At the conclusion of Dr. Niles' address, the rector in brief prayers blessed and accepted the memorial window of the Good Shepherd lately placed in the Chapel by Mrs. Nash, of New Bern, in memory of her daughter, Mrs. Janie Ellis Rossell; and the prayer desk and litany desk just given by friends in loving memory of Misses Eleanor Howard Haywood and Lula McKee Woodell, late of Raleigh.

After the service the business meeting of the alumnae was held in the studio. Mrs. Iredell, the president, presided. Miss McKimmon, who has been the secretary-treasurer of the Association since its beginning

a quarter of a century ago, was in her place. About seventy-five members were present. The President, in a brief speech, submitted her report, showing the organization to be in excellent condition. The report of the Secretary-Treasurer is printed elsewhere in the MUSE. The old officers, the president and secretary-treasurer and the vice-presidents, Mrs. I. McK. Pittenger and F. P. Tucker, of Raleigh, Mrs. Bessie Leak, of Durham, and Mrs. Kate De R. Meares, of Wilmington, were unanimously re-elected by a standing vote. The members of the class of '05 and a number of others were admitted to membership.

At the conclusion of the business an informal reception was held and light refreshments were served.

EVENING RECEPTION.

In the evening the Rector's reception, in honor of the senior class to the junior class, the trustees, the alumnæ and visitors, was held in the parlor.

Miss McKimmon and Mrs. Sauborn received the guests at the door, where they were ushered by the marshals to the receiving party—the Rector and Mrs. DuBose and the Bishop and Mrs. Cheshire and the young ladies of the senior class.

The parlor was prettily decorated with bamboo and daisies.

WEDNESDAY.

Wednesday was rather in the nature of Student Day, for while the annual meeting of the Trustees in the afternoon is of the greatest moment to the school, the activity among the girls and visitors centered around the private student assemblies, which were not Commencement but merely the finals in the series of such meetings that had been held through the year.

The L'Etoile German Club had transformed the parlor into a bower in the forenoon for their final Morning German given to the Tau Deltas. It was much as usual and as thoroughly enjoyed as usual, while the old girls present were especially rejoiced to again enjoy an exclusive school function, a function which loses its appropriateness and becomes out of place as soon as it becomes even semi-public. Levin's Orchestra furnished the music for the german.

Wednesday afternoon was the time set for the final meetings of the college classes and the reunions of the classes of by-gone years. We are unfortunately without a report from a part of these meetings, which should grow in importance and interest and become a prominent part of the Commencement exercises.

REUNION OF THE CLASS OF 1904.

The Class of 1904 was well represented at this Commencement, the first anniversary of their graduation. An informal reunion was held at 6:15 on Tuesday evening with the following members of the class present: Minnie Burgwyn, of Jackson; Kittie Coleman, of Macon, Ga.; Marjorie Hughson, of Morganton; Carrie Helen Moore, of Littleton; Margaret Stedman, Daisy Green and Virgie Eldridge, of Raleigh; Josephine Bowen, of Jackson; Susie Iden and May Montague, of Raleigh.

It was decided at the meeting to try to have a full reunion of the class at the Commencement in 1906, and every second year succeeding. It was also decided to have each member contribute a definite amount of money at these meetings to be applied to a fund for a gift to St. Mary's to permanently represent the class.

The Class of 1904 overflows with fraternal affection and with love for its alma mater. An interesting account of the Class Letter is printed elsewhere in this number of the MUSE.

At the meeting of the Class of 1906 Bettie Woolf was unanimously re-elected president. There are again thirteen prospective Seniors next year.

MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees was held as usual in the Library at half-past three on Wednesday afternoon. Important business engagements kept some of the members who are especially active in the affairs of the school away from this meeting, but there was a fair attendance and important business was transacted.

Since the last annual meeting Mr. John R. London, lay member from South Carolina, died, and Rev. E. N. Joyner, clerical trustee, resigned on account of removal from the diocese. To succeed them

there were elected by the recent South Carolina Council Mr. P. T. Hayne, of Greenville, and Rev. H. J. Mikell, of Charleston. We were very glad to have Mr. Hayne at the school during the Commencement; Mr. Mikell was unfortunately unable to attend. Rev. W. P. Witsell, of Columbia, whom we are always glad to welcome, and Mr. Hayne represented South Carolina at the meeting, as Bishop Capers could not be here.

Bishop Horner represented Asheville and Bishop Strange East Carolina, the other trustee not being able to be present. We were very sorry that neither of the Bishops could remain over Commencement Day, but each had to hurry on to other appointments. Bishop Cheshire, Dr. Marshall, Dr. Battle and Mr. Ingle were present from North Carolina.

The old officers and Executive Committee were re-elected, but the other business transacted has not been made public.

ANNUAL CONCERT.

One of the most brilliant features of Commencement Week was the Annual Concert of the Music Department given Wednesday evening, the 25th, under the direction of Mr. Sanborn. The crowd was so great that it filled the parlor, halls, and porch and front steps, and many guests were turned away unable to get a seat or even standing room.

Two of the most attractive numbers on the program were the Tannhauser March and the Good Night from Nevin's Day in Venice, given by the St. Mary's Orchestra, under the direction of Miss Hull. The program was a varied one, offering besides the orchestral numbers, selections for piano, violin and voice, well chosen and well rendered. It is given in full below:

PROGRAM.

PART I.

Tannhaeuser March	- - - - -	- -	Wagner
			St. Mary's Orchestra
Good Bye Sweet Day	- - - - -	- -	Vannah
			May Lee Montague
Prelude in A flat	- - - - -	- -	Chopin
			Cad Clopton Hervey
Here 'Neath the Trees	- - - - -	- -	Mendelssohn
			Winfred Ross Massey

Introduction et Polonaise, for Violin	- - - - -	Allen
	Magaret Rosalie DuBose	
Witches Dance	- - - - -	MacDowell
	Katharine Macy Hampton	
The Day is Done, Vocal Quartette	- - - - -	Carter
	Misses G. Sanborn, Durham, Cowles and Ellenwood	
Air Varie, No. 7, for Violin	- - - - -	deBeriot
	Fanny Hines Johnson	
Aufschwung	- - - - -	Schumann
	Katharine Leigh Winslow	
Polonaise, Op. No. 7	- - - - -	Wieniawski
	Nora Lawton Edmonston	

PART II.

Finale, from Concerto in G minor	- - - - -	Mendellssohn
	Sadie Marcelline Jenkins, accompanied by Serena Bailey	
Persian Sonnett	- - - - -	Hadley
	Margaret Longfellow Sanborn	
Waltz de Concert	- - - - -	Wieniawski
	Mary Thornton Lassiter	
Recitative and Aria, from Beatrix	- - - - -	Concone
	Mary Ellen Durham	
Andante and Scherzo, for Violin	- - - - -	David
	Gertrude Elaine Sanborn	
Scherzo, Op. 31	- - - - -	Chopin
	Caroline Mott Cowles	
Autumnal Gales	- - - - -	Grieg
	Mrs. Marion Armstrong Weihe	
Ballade, in A flat	- - - - -	Chopin
	Mattie Caroline Hunter	
She was but Seven, Vocal Quartette	- - - - -	Hawley
	Misses Durham, G. Sanborn, Cowles and Ellwood	
Good Night, from a Day in Venice	- - - - -	Nevin
	St. Mary's Orchestra	

THURSDAY.

THE COMMENCEMENT PROPER.

"The sixty-third Commencement of St. Mary's was one of the most successful, as well as one of the most joyous, in the history of the institution. Besides sending out thirteen young women prepared for life it seemed to foreshadow the approach of a new era in the history of the school. Bishop Joseph Blount Cheshire, in his address to the

graduates, announced that the debt of \$50,000 incurred in the purchase of the school property, had now been reduced to practically \$10,000; and that Miss Clement, friend and former pupil of the school, who died in the fall of 1904, had left St. Mary's in her will a \$5,000 fund for the establishment of a scholarship, and had further devised to the school without limitation a residuary interest in her estate, an interest more considerable than the other, though the amount of course is not known.

"The graduating exercises were held in the main auditorium of the school, and the farewell scenes were touching and pathetic. The young ladies composing the graduating class received scores of beautiful bouquets and the platform was handsomely decorated. Rev. McNeely DuBose, the Rector, presided, while with him on the platform, in addition to the graduates, were the members of the Board of Trustees."

The exercises were opened with a piano quartet, the Hungarian Dance of Brahms, played by Misses W. Norris, Ashe, V. Bailey and Kidder. Then Miss Anna Clark, the salutatorian, in a charming manner and with well-chosen words welcomed those present in the name of the Class of 1905. Next Miss Bessie Poe Law, the essayist, read an excellent composition on "Poe, the Poet," indicating conscientious, appreciative and sympathetic reading of the works of this great original master of verse, and showing clear conception in the interpretation of his poems.

A vocal quartet, Schneckner's Evening Bells, was well rendered by Misses G. Sanborn, Durham, Cowles and Ellenwood, and then the exercises in the parlors concluded with the words of the Valedictory by Miss Margaret DuBose. She bade farewell in glowing phrases to officers, faculty, trustees and fellow students and lastly to the audience. She declared that the loyalty of the members of the Class of 1905 would continue till death and that they would never forget the noble teachings of St. Mary's

The final exercises and address to the graduates were held in the Chapel at the conclusion of the first part of the program. Following the old custom, after allowing the audience to change their place, the academic procession marched from the Main Building in the usual order. Following the marshals came the students arranged by classes,

the graduating class coming last; then the faculty, trustees, clergy, and bishop. At the Chapel door the procession halted and the bishop passed between the ranks of the students and followed by the members of the school in reversed order passed up the aisle.

A large vocal and instrumental choir, formed of members of the alumnae and students of the school, furnished music and the Processional hymn, Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand was sung as the procession filed into the Chapel. Bishop Cheshire conducted the brief devotions, after which the Rector presented the Diplomas and Certificates and read the Honor Roll, a place on which is the highest distinction, which is open to every student of the school.

Diplomas were awarded as follows:

THE COLLEGE CLASS OF 1905.

Anna Barrow Clark	Scotland Neck
Rena Hoyt Clark	Tarboro
Margaret Rosalie DuBose	Raleigh
Ida Pollard Evans	Warrenton, Va.
Effie Christian Fairley	Monroe
Ellen Phifer Gibson	Concord
Florence Lawton Grant	Wilmington
Dorothy May Hughson	Morganton
Sadie Marcelline Jenkins	Edisto Island, S. C.
Bessie Poe Law	Raleigh
Mossie Elizabeth Long	Rockingham
Mary Ellis Rossell	Staten Island, N. Y.
Malinda Ray Tillinghast	Morganton

THE MUSIC SCHOOL.

Gertrude Elaine Sanborn, Buena Vista, Va.	Violin
Margaret Longfellow Sanborn, Buena Vista, Va.	Vocal
Miriam A. Weihe, Raleigh.	Vocal

THE BUSINESS SCHOOL.

Margaret Elmer George	New Bern
Lily Linwood Savage	Lawrence
Alice Winston Spruill	Louisburg
Mary Davis Villepigue	Camden, S. C.

Miss DuBose, with an average of 97.86, won the first honor and was Valedictorian; Miss Anna Clark, average 97.78, with second honor, was Salutatorian. The others, with averages of more than 95% were Miss Jenkins, with an average of 96.87, and Miss Russell, with 95.74. The general average of the class was 93.46, a very creditable one.

Certificates were awarded as follows:

THE COLLEGE.

Jean Moore Carson, Spartanburg, S. C. English, Literature and History
 Isabel Means Ruff, Ridgeway, S. C. English and Literature
 Marguerite Clarkson Springs, Charlotte. English and Literature

MUSIC SCHOOL.

Margaret Rosalie DuBose, Raleigh Violin
 Nora Lawson Edmondston, Savannah, Ga. Piano
 Catherine Macey Hampton, Gainesville, Fla. Piano
 Caroline Clopton Hervey, Raleigh. Piano
 Mattie Caroline Hunter, Warrenton. Organ
 Sadie Marcelline Jenkins, Edisto Island, S. C. Piano
 Mary Thornton Lassiter, Hertford. Piano
 Winifred Ross Massey, West Raleigh. Vocal
 Kate Leigh Winslow, Hertford. Piano

ART.

Emmie Louise Drewry, Raleigh Drawing and Water Color
 Mary Leigh Robinson, Elizabeth City. Drawing and Water Color

STENOGRAPHY AND TYPEWRITING.

Carrie Ellen Claytor Durham
 Sophy Manly Grimes Raleigh
 Minnie Gertrude Grissom Raleigh
 Eliza Washington Knox Raleigh
 Emma Street Roberts Raleigh
 Mary Sherwood Smedes Raleigh

The following students were on the Honor Roll, having successfully completed all their studies of the year with an average of at least 90% ; been "Excellent" in Department, and in faithful attendance throughout the year.

THE HONOR ROLL. 1905.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Mary Mitchell Chamberlain, West Raleigh. Eleanor Vass Mann.
 Maude Marshall Eberhardt. Henrietta Schwartz.

COLLEGE.

Serena Cobia Bailey. Lillian Howser Farmer.
 Virginia Empie Bailey. Nellie Fort.
 Katie Wayland Barbee. Jessie Page Harris.
 Heber Corinne Birdsong. Dorothy May Hughson.
 Emily Jordan Carrison. Sadie Marcelline Jenkins.
 Jean Moore Carson. Annie Eliza Koonce.
 Helen Clark. Bessie Poe Law.
 Anna Barrow Clark. Mossie Elizabeth Long.
 Rena Hoyt Clark. Margaret Mackay.
 Margaret Rosalie DuBose. Anne Elizabeth Miller.
 Ida Pollard Evans. Mary Ellis Rossell.
 Effie Christian Fairley. Malinda Ray Tillinghast.

THE BISHOP'S ANNUAL ADDRESS.

Bishop Cheshire then delivered his address to the graduating class. After regretting the absence of his fellow bishops and the consequent necessity of his bearing the speech making alone, he re-told the old story of the mother lark and her young ones, and continued as follows:

"I will venture to draw from this a lesson for the class of 1905, and for all the pupils of the school. We should not undervalue others, nor neglect the help they can be to us in many ways. But after all we must learn to depend upon ourselves. We are wonderfully helped and guided and protected and influenced for good by others, but there is in us an element of personal freedom, responsibility, duty and upon this personal element we build our lives. We, perhaps, underestimate the influences executed upon our lives and characters, and careers by providential causes beyond our control. We are largely unconscious of their operation and control, and shape our destiny more than we know—and yet in spite of all this, it is also true that we are what we determine for ourselves. We may not be able in our philosophy to reconcile these two things, our personal freedom and the controlling power of Providence, yet we know that both are true; and we feel in our hearts that we have within us the power of determining that at least our lives shall be pure and true and good, whether they are wordly successes or not.

"I heard Phillips Brooks once preach a beautiful sermon on the words of the prophet: 'He planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it.' There are the two elements in life: God's providence and man's responsibility. 'He planteth an ash.' If the man had not planted it, it would not have been there. 'The rain doth nourish it.' God supplies the rain and the great sunshine and all the other conditions of growth and development.

"So I say to you as the one lesson I have for you to-day—remember that you have within your own power the essential character of your life and work. Do your part and God will supply what is needed to make you grow up into what he would have you to be.

"I have one or two things to say, which I am sure will be of more interest to this audience than any reflections or ideas of mine. Eight years ago the Trustees of St. Mary's School purchased the school prop-

erty for the agreed price of \$50,000. We did not have the money to pay for it, and many wise and good men thought that we were assuming too great a burden by undertaking to pay such a price. I am happy to say that by a payment of \$2,000 made yesterday, at least the check was to have been mailed yesterday—the debt of \$50,000 has been reduced to \$11,000, and the treasurer lacks only \$110 of having another \$1,000 to pay up on the debt, and some may safely anticipate the reduction of the debt to \$10,000 within a few days. This is a result for which we are ourselves most grateful. We thank God and take courage. Besides, we have spent more than \$20,000 in the permanent improvements and enlargement of the buildings and appliances of the school. For the accomplishment of this great result all have co-operated—the Rector and teachers of the school, the masters and the alumnae. This beautiful chapel in which we are assembled, which so fittingly illustrates the growth and prosperity of St. Mary's, is the work of the alumnae. They became responsible for its cost, and they are still at work to complete their generous purpose.

“I have another thing to say: The Rev. Dr. Niles, of Trinity Church, Columbia, S. C., who preached the commencement sermon last Sunday, was so much pleased with what he saw, and feels such an interest in this girls' school of all the Carolinas, that he offers as a prize a gold medal to be given next year to that girl who shall attain the highest mark for scholarship throughout the year.

“Most of you doubtless have heard of the munificent gift of Miss Eleanor Clement, late of Germantown, Pa., an old pupil and a life long friend of St. Mary's. She leaves to us a specific bequest of \$5,000 for the establishment of a scholarship. This will probably be available after the middle of the coming school year. Miss Clement also, by her will, leaves to St. Mary's a certain residuary interest in her estate, the exact value of which can not now be stated, but which will probably be very much greater than the specific bequest above mentioned.

“I once heard Bishop Atkinson say that that was the best speech—or the most effective, which gave facts. I claim for this address that it has given you some most eloquent and encouraging facts. Would that I might always be able to make such a commencement address as this!”

The Bishop concluded with prayers and the benediction, and then with the violin accompaniment in singing as of old as the Recessional the beautiful "Jerusalem High Tower Thy Glorious Walls," the procession passed from the Chapel and the Commencement was a matter of history.

The Salutatory and the Valedictory of the Class of 1905.

THE SALUTATORY. . . . ANNA BARROW CLARK.

To-day the books are closed, the problems which confronted us during our senior year have been solved for us and we have assembled for our final class-meeting—the shortest, the saddest and the happiest—for just a word of greeting, a brief bit of representative work and a short farewell. But the sadness of parting does not at all lessen the warmth of the welcome with which we wish to greet you who are with us to-day.

First, we welcome our Father in God, the Bishop of the Diocese of North Carolina; then the clergy and trustees and our beloved Rector and the faculty who have made St. Mary's for us. Then the classes, especially that which is to follow us, not to take our places we hope, but to make one of its own. Also the Sophomore, Freshman and Preparatory classes who have moved a step nearer the coveted goal of seniorhood. Lastly, but not at all less warmly, we welcome the visitors, the friends of St. Mary's, who always find a welcome here.

In the name of the Class of 1905, I extend a hearty, cordial greeting to you all.

THE VALEDICTORY. . . . MARGARET ROSALIE DUBOSE.

As the representative of the Class of 1905 I have perhaps the hardest of all hard tasks to perform; the task of saying farewell to all the dear people and places which have become such a part of our lives here at St. Mary's. And although we are saying good-bye to our school-days this morning, somehow we can not realize what it means, and will not until we have actually left St. Mary's, perhaps forever. Then only will we understand the sadness of parting with our friends, our school life, and our Alma Mater.

Among the very first of these friends we should place our father in the Church, our Bishop, who has made us feel that wherever we may be in the future, we must always have a deep and earnest love for and indeed consider ourselves daughters of this his (diocese) of North Carolina.

In telling our Rector and Trustees good-bye, we wish them to be sure that St. Mary's interest will always be nearest our hearts and, remembering our own life here, we will use whatever influence we may have for St. Mary's good.

And now to the Faculty and to each individual teacher we give our most grateful thanks for all they have done for us. Every month of our Senior year has made us realize more than ever before what the teachers are to the girls and what the girls can be to the teachers. If it is true that "we can never St. Mary's instructions forget, nor fail of her virtues to tell," it is on account of her loyal teachers.

To all our schoolmates, to our nearest and dearest friends, how shall we say good-bye? You, yourselves, know how hard it is even to try to say it

We only ask that when we are no longer here, you will keep for us a little place in your memories and in your hearts.

And now to our own class. It is hard to realize that our life as classmates and roommates and MUSE editors is really over, that very likely we will never be all together again, at any rate never all of us here together.

But St. Mary's—the Chapel, the grove, and especially the friends who make it what it is—will always be one of our sweetest and dearest memories. And now in the name of "dear old St. Mary's," with the voices of the girls who have been Seniors as we have been and have parted as we are parting, good-bye—and God bless you.

Poe as a Poet.

THE CLASS ESSAY OF 1905. . . . BESSIE POE LAW.

"Here dwelt the soul enchanted
By melody of song;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By a demoniac throng;
Here sang the lips elated;
Here grief and death were sated;
Here loved and here unmated
Was he, so frail, so strong."

In the history of American authors there has not been a life that appeals to me more strongly or a life of more pathetic interest to me than that of Edgar Allan Poe. Unquestionably Poe was a man of great genius. Among the writers of his day, he stands out distinctively as an original writer and thinker. His work holds a front place in American literature not because of its size, its spiritual or moral significance, its reality, but because of its perfect and beautiful individuality, the purity of its composition and the distinctiveness of its form and art.

"The feelings to which Poe appeals," says Minto, "are simple but universal, and he appeals to them with a force that has never been surpassed."

We often hear the regret expressed that Poe did not write on subjects more cheerful and nearer ordinary life. He had too little of the domestic feeling in him and his thoughts were too wandering—he was "either in criticism or in the clouds, by turns a disciplinarian and a dreamer." "Poetry," says Poe, in the preface to his youthful productions, has been with me a passion, not a purpose." Yet we all wish that he had written more of purpose though not less of passion. Poe was a dreamer and his imagination was filled with the weird and the mysterious; but his mind was brilliant and his sense of form and metre perfect. His themes are few. Sorrow and disaster seem to be the main idea of his song, indeed these are the only subjects that kindled his imagination. Israfel, the exception, proves the rule. Of real life or scenery his writings contain almost no description. He paints ideas and fancies, not man and material things.

Some critics point to the want of moral in the poetry of Poe. These believe that every poet should have some kind of a moral idea which it is his mission to explain. Now the business of poetry, I take it, is to minister to the sense of the beautiful in the human mind. Poe believed with Coleridge that the pleasure arising from the contemplation of beauty is keener and more elevating to the soul than that which springs from the contemplations of truth by the mere intellect, or even that which springs from any passion of the heart. Beauty, he further maintained to be the end and the aim of all the fine arts, but more especially of the crowning arts of music and poetry. A beautiful woman was to him the highest ideal of beauty, and the death of such a woman the most poetical theme in the world. This is the motive and inspiration of *The Raven*.

Poe's best known poems, those upon which his fame as a poet rests, are: *The Raven*, *The Bells*, *For Annie*, *Ulalume*, *The City by the Sea*, *The Haunted Palace* and *The Conqueror Worm*. Of these *The Raven* is by far the most popular. *The Raven* is, as some one expresses it, "A simple tale of simple events." A bird, which some former master has taught to speak, is lost in a stormy night, is attracted by a light in a student's window and flies to it, fluttering against the pane. Later it flutters against the door. The midnight student, imagining it a visitor, opens the door and the chance word uttered by the raven recalls to his mind his own state of being—his dead sweetheart. This is a singularly beautiful poem. While it contains no moral and has no particular attraction in the construction of its story, its exquisite choice of melodious words, its unity of plan, the wonderful vividness of the word-painting and the powerful appeal which is made throughout to the world of ideality and weirdness are well-nigh faultless. Truly it is a "thing of beauty" and will certainly be "a joy forever." Once read it remains in the reader's mind, it has a music in it which haunts one after hearing it.

In *The Bells* is found the most perfect example of Poe's powerful, effective use of words. In fact, I suppose this poem is the most effective example of the kind in all poetic literature. What could be more beautiful, more striking, more imitative than

"The bells!—hear the bells!
 The merry wedding bells!
 The little silver bells!
 How fairy-like a melody there swells
 From the silver tinkling cells
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells!"

And of all the poems I have ever read, Annabel Lee is to me the most exquisitely pathetic. Poe's wife, whom he loved tenderly, is said to have furnished him the inspiration for this work, and surely no one who accuses the author of having been void of love for heaven and his Creator, can deny the holy purity and divine appeal in his mention of the "kindred angels" and heavenly "Father" of his devoted wife.

Poe's genius has never received the recognition in America that it has abroad. By his intellectual powers he seems to have appealed to the French reading public with especial force. They were the first foreigners to discover Poe's great genius and the fact alone that Dore has put all his great talents into the illustration of *The Raven*, verse by verse, shows the appreciation of his nation for that genius which, after more than half a century, shows no sign of waning brilliance. The German and English, too, have always appreciated Poe far more than his own countrymen. This lack of admiration is, perhaps, due to the fact, as some one tells us, "that there are more people in the world who can comprehend common-place than original and startling genius when first presented to them." Then the fact that between 1890 and 1895 there were made at least ten translations of Poe's works into various foreign languages, is another splendid tribute to the writer's novel genius, his striking originality, which has scarcely been equalled in literary history; and to his marvellous, inimitable charm of manner which appeals not to one alone but to all.

Whatever is said, Poe remains a master of fantastic and melancholy verse. He established this mastery and the increasing recognition of the fact is shown in the widening acceptance and growing popularity of his poems—poems, some of which can not be defended even if one chooses to attack them. In the words of our North Carolina poet—

"Fate that then denied him
 And envy that decried him
 And malice that belied him
 Have cenotaphed his name."

The Concluding Social Events of the School Year.

THE KAPPA DELTA BANQUET.

One of the many delightful social events of the season was the Annual Banquet of the Phi Delta Chapter of the Kappa Delta Fraternity, given the evening of May 13th.

Mr. Sanborn's room was converted into a bower of green and white—the Fraternity colors. The table was tastefully decorated, the beautiful candelabra all alight, and the small candles around the center pieces of palms and smilax—showed the color scheme carried out—in the green and white ribbons draped from the chandelier to each place and attached to the place card and menu. Brides roses—the Fraternity flower—were at each place, and the long green boxes tied to each guest's chair, proved to be dainty white silk parasols, given in souvenir of the occasion. The menu was an elaborate one, served by Dughi, the caterer, and music was given throughout the evening by the Levin Orchestra. Miss Hull, as toastmistress, called on the guests and some few of the Kappa Delta's for impromptu toasts. Those in attendance were: Misses Alice Spruill, Isabel Ruff, Christine Klingensmith, Kate Glazebrook, Gertrude Winston, Mary Robinson, Ellen Gibson, Dorothy Hughson, Emmie Drewry, Jean Carson, Bettie Woolf, Virginia Glazebrook, Sue Prince, Helen Strange, Marguerite Springs, Fannie Hines Johnson, Josephine Boylan, Loula McDonald, Lottie Sharp, Susie Carter, Blandina Springs, Jane Iredell Green, Maria Webb, Elmer George, Charlotte Kendall Hull, Ann Gifford, from Fortress Monroe, Va., and Sumpter Thomas, Columbia, S. C.

GAMMA BETA SIGMA.

The annual banquet of the Gamma Beta Sigma Sorority was held in the French Room on the Tuesday evening of Commencement week. Covers were laid for twenty and several old members of the sorority were among the guests.

The room was tastefully decorated with daisies and ferns, the general color-scheme being yellow and green. The banquet was served by

Dughi. At its conclusion Miss Rena Clark, toastmaster, proposed a number of toasts, which were responded to heartily. The souvenirs of the evening were alligator card cases with the emblem of the Sorority forming the clasps.

THE UPSILON DELTA BANQUET.

On Monday evening of Commencement week, after the entertainment given by the students of Elocution, a beautiful banquet was given by the Upsilon Delta Sorority. The color scheme was red and gold, artistically developed, the heart of it being a mass of glowing, gorgeous poppies, which formed the center-piece. The lights were crimson candles with yellow chrysanthemum shades; each menu card was a poppy painted on leather and tied with a golden cord, while the souvenirs were steins, the design being crimson poppies on a yellow ground with the badge of the Sorority in red and gold. The refreshments, which were under the auspices of St. Mary's Guild of the Good Shepherd Church, were in eight courses and were most daintily served. The menu cards and the design for the steins were the work of a member of the Sorority and gave evidence of artistic taste and ability. There were twenty-five covers, and among the out-of-town guests were Mrs. Jenkins (Sadie's mother), from Edisto Island, S. C.; Miss Marjorie Hughson, from Morganton, N. C., and Miss Rebecca Cushman, from Asheville. Miss Hughson was toastmaster. The toasts were varied in sentiment and handling and were responded to as follows:

Brothers—Miss Barnwell.

Laugh and Grow Fat—Miss Spruill.

Fainting—Miss Edmondstone.

Music—Miss DuBose.

Mathematics—Miss Lassiter.

The South—Miss McKimmon.

Boys—

Hen Parties—Miss Gibson.

First Short Clothes—Miss Croft.

Daughters—Mrs. Jenkins.

Farewell—Miss Rossell

SENIOR ENTERTAINMENTS.

May 17th at 8 o'clock the Senior Class was entertained by Miss Jones, and a very pleasant evening was spent. The Faculty sitting room was decorated with red roses, the class flower. A Literary Romance was the game, a story told by supplying titles of books, whose authors were given, in the blanks of a suggested love story. Josephine Bowen won the first prize and Sadie Jenkins the booby. The evening closed happily after the serving of dainty refreshments.

The series of Senior entertainments was brought to a close on the 20th of May, when Miss McKimmon, the honorary member of the Class of 1905, gave a final reception in their honor. At the game played was one in which the names of Southern authors were to be supplied in a poem. The sitting room was appropriately decorated in Confederate flags, red and white roses. The game was enjoyed greatly, and required rather more thinking than similar ones, but Ellen Gibson succeeded in getting them all, and so carried off the prize. After the serving of delicious refreshments, all rose and with hands joined sang "Old Lang Syne" with much fervor.

With the Rector and His Family.

May or June is the date for the Church Councils as well as the Commencement season and it is the pleasant duty of the Rector of St. Mary's to be present at these assemblies to report the progress of the school.

The week before school closed Mr. DuBose was in Charlotte in attendance at the North Carolina Council, and the final exercises at St. Mary's were scarcely over before he was off for Wilmington to the Council of East Carolina. After the Council he stopped for a day with Mr. Short, Marguerite's father, at their beautiful home at Lake Waccamaw, and from there went by way of Florence to spend a few days in Charleston. He preached in St. Michael's, Charleston, on June 4 and came back to Raleigh by way of Sumter, reaching the school June 8th.

Meantime, on the 31st, Mrs. DuBose, Margaret and the children, left for Waynesville, where they spent several days delightfully in the mountains and then returned to Asheville. Mrs. DuBose, with the "Saints" and "Raney," came back to St. Mary's on the 11th, while Margaret and McNeely will continue their visit in Asheville.

The Rector left again on the 15th for Greensboro, where he was present at the great Educational Rally Day of the Carolina Teachers' Association, and then passed on to Asheville for the Asheville Council. From there he goes to Sewanee to be present at the meeting of the Trustees, of whom he is one. On his way back he will touch at various points in Western North Carolina and South Carolina and then return to the school.

Plans for the latter part of the summer are not yet settled.

With the Faculty.

In the June MUSE a year ago we said, "It is always with keen regret and genuine feeling that we say good-bye to a faithful teacher. This season the changes at St. Mary's are more numerous and important than usual, and the going will be remembered in love long after the coming have become our friends." It is a matter for regret that the latter as well as the former part of this statement is as true now as it was a year ago.

Chief among the changes is the departure of Miss Checkley, a change that will be felt in many departments and by many individuals. Miss Checkley has been at St. Mary's since the second year of Rector Bratton and has always taken a prominent part in the affairs of the school. She has been especially strong in her interest in the student life and in the literary societies especially at the season of preparation for the joint debates; in the Library, where she has ever been ready with helpful direction and suggestion; in the Sorority life, which she practically instituted and has had the greatest part in developing, and in the private life of the individual pupil she has been a prominent factor. Hallow'een will hardly seem Hallow'een without Miss Checkley, for that evening was hers and we all could ever be sure that some interesting

surprise was in store for us that night. The Sunday evening talks, at which Miss Checkley was the providing genius, will linger long in the minds and hearts of the girls who listened to her so attentively. Miss Checkley has not yet definitely decided upon her plans, but will either take charge of the work in history at the Danville Female Institute, Raldolph-Macon Institute, Danville, Va., the girls' preparatory school for girls of the flourishing Randolph-Macon system of schools, or will work with Bishop Knight in his new field in Cuba, where her home has been for many years and with the conditions of which she is thoroughly acquainted. We wish her continued success and much happiness wherever she is.

Miss Checkley's department of History will be readjusted and put in charge of Mr. Stone, who for the past two years has had the English and Literature. Mr. Stone is now in Greensboro with his family for the summer, but will be back at his post when the new term starts, and hopes to be in a new house nearer the school grounds.

Miss Shipp, who returned to St. Mary's a year ago after a number of years absence, and who has been working with Mr. Stone the past year in the department of English and Literature, sailed June 3 with a party of girls for a European tour. On her return early in September for a new session she will assume charge of her old department of Mathematics in succession to Miss Jones, who studied her mathematics herself under Miss Shipp's instruction.

Miss Jones, who has been at St. Mary's so long that it seems her home, will leave the school for the third time next year, since she came to it as a pupil in 1893. Graduating in '96 she was away only one year before being called back to take charge of the Mathematics on Miss Shipp's withdrawal. Again in 1901 she left for a year at Chapel Hill at the University, during which time Miss Thomas had charge of the mathematics. At the end of the year Miss Jones resumed her work and has continued in it since. She leaves now for a year at Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York City, and the Board showed its appreciation of her services by placing her on leave for that period. Miss Jones has been unusually successful in her teaching, and under her the course in mathematics has been placed on a very high standard

at St. Mary's, a standard which it is hoped to maintain. She has made the mystic ways of algebra and geometry plain for many an unfortunate who entered them in fear and trembling, and while her influence is a silent one it is always a power for the right.

To succeed Miss Shipp in English Miss Thomas comes back to us after a year away from St. Mary's at Greenville Female College, S. C. She will have the work in Literature and divide the English with Mr. Stone. What the MUSE said of Miss Thomas a year ago is as true to-day, "With her an important part of St. Mary's seems to be missing. Throughout the years of her teaching she has been not only successively and always successfully director of the work in Mathematics, English and Literature, but a power for good in every department of the school life and a real friend to every one with whom she is thrown. Her influence which for four years has pervaded the school will last, and the standard for which she worked will be our standard for years to come. We wish her every success in her new field, knowing full well what a blessing she will be wherever she goes." Miss Thomas expects to spend July and August at the summer school of Columbia University in study.

Mlle. Gerber retires this year from the chair of French, which she has held for three years. She has had a long and very successful career in teaching in the best schools and has shown herself strong both as teacher and disciplinarian. She is spending the summer at her home in Baltimore and has not yet decided upon her future course. Mlle. Reubelt, who was chosen to succeed Mlle. Gerber, has relinquished the position on account of her health and her successor has not yet been appointed.

Mr. Cruikshank continues another year in charge of the Latin and Science and will also have charge of the Library.

The Music Faculty continues next year almost unchanged. Miss Laxton retires and will probably return to the Conservatory of Cincinnati, from which she came to St. Mary's a year ago. She proved herself while with us a faithful and capable teacher and we feel sure has a bright future before her. Her successor at St. Mary's has not yet been chosen.

The other members of the music faculty are resting this summer—the Sanborns enjoying their home life at Buena Vista, Va., Miss Dowd at her home in West Raleigh, Miss Hull in Ottawa, Ill., and Miss Pixley at Winnsboro, S. C.

Miss Balfour will be succeeded in the Department of Elocution by Miss Yanita Cribbs, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., who comes highly recommended for the work. Miss Balfour is now in New York making her arrangements for next winter, when she will either again connect herself with a Lyceum or go regularly on the stage. We wish her success whichever is her final choice.

Miss Fenner, of the Art Department, went almost directly from St. Mary's to New York, where she is visiting the Pratt and Cooper Institute Art Exhibits. She reports a delightful time and is taking lessons while there, and we may be sure she is storing up notes, ideas and enthusiasm for her next year's work.

Both Miss Lee and Miss Sutton, of the Business Department, will spend most of their vacations in Raleigh, and will have charge of their old work in the fall.

In the Preparatory work Miss Katie will of course be found again in her place in the school room, and will have charge of the Primary pupils, while Miss Bowen will be succeeded in the sub-preparatory school by Miss Louise Pittenger, of Raleigh, a graduate of St. Mary's and a former teacher here, though more recently of the Raleigh graded schools. Miss Bowen is now at her home in Jackson, where she will spend most of the summer. She has not yet completed her arrangements for the fall, but will be a decided addition to whatever work she undertakes. Her two years at St. Mary's have been marked by the most faithful performance of duty and the pride and pains that she took in her work were rewarded by the universal love of her pupils.

In the administrative duties there will be no changes. Mrs. Seay, whose work as housekeeper is almost as exacting in summer as during the school year, will be at St. Mary's except for a part of July, when she goes to her family in Charlotte. Miss Walton, of the Infirmary, is resting at her home in Morganton; Miss Anne is on her annual tour beginning at Durham.

We have been enabled to give those who care a brief peep at the sum-

mer of each member of the Faculty. We regret deeply that when September rolls around so many familiar faces will be missing. Of those missing ones especially do we think as we conclude this article, and the MUSE wishes them one and all "bon voyage."

Notes.

Elmer George was called home during the finals by the illness of her mother. Her post as marshal was taken by Isabel Ruff, of Ridgeway. We were very sorry to have Elmer leave us.

Sadie Jenkins, with her mother, went directly from our Commencement to New York City, taking the sea trip from Norfolk for a little study at the Virgil Piano School, and then take the examination for the Virgil Certificate. We have no doubt of her success.

St. Mary's had part in more than one way in the recent successful commencement at Chapel Hill. As always, St. Mary's girls were very distinctly in evidence at the Germans and in the social life of the week, but one of the prominent graduates completing the course with honor was Miss Julia Hamlet Harris, of Raleigh, who graduated at St. Mary's in 1903 and has since been at the State University. We sincerely congratulate Miss Harris on the successful completion of her course and wish her much success in her career as a teacher.

Miss Shipp's party sailed from Boston on the *Romania* June 3d. They hope to land in Gibraltar June 13th. After visiting some of the principal cities, Cadiz, Seville, Cordova and Grenada, they go to Italy, where they will spend about a month. Then on to Austria, Switzerland, Germany, Paris, then across to London and Oxford. The itinerary is a most interesting one and Miss Shipp will no doubt make a delightful chaperone, as she has traveled extensively and is thoroughly familiar with places and subjects of interest. The touring party consists of Misses May and Sudie Johnson, of Raleigh; Annie Wilson and Rebecca Chambers, of Charlotte; Mary Ella Cannon, of Concord; Mary Howard and Leila Philips, of Tarboro. Three of these, May and Sudie Johnson and Leila Philips, are old St. Mary's girls. The MUSE wishes the party *bon voyage* and a happy summer.

The St. Mary's Muse.

Subscription, One Year.	=	=	=	=	One Dollar.
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THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

RALEIGH, N. C.

Application made at the post-office at Raleigh, for admission to the mail as second-class matter

Editorial.

The catalogue for 1905-06 is out and a copy will be sent you on request.

There are still a few numbers of the annual MUSE at the school. The price is \$1.50.

The school will issue about the middle of July a bulletin containing a detailed description of the courses and classes and a copy of the schedule for the next year. A copy will be sent you if you wish it.

The MUSE will be glad to present to its friends on request copies of the half-tone portraits of Mrs. Iredell and Mrs. Bratton, or of any of the new illustrations printed in the catalogue.

With this Commencement number begins the tenth volume of the MUSE and its second year under present conditions. The Class of 1905, after a year of faithful struggling, has laid down the reins and rests on the achievements of the last eight numbers, and the Class of 1906 waits eager to assume its responsibilities with the October number. Meantime it falls to the lot of the vacation editor to get out the present June and the September issues. There has been help in abundance this month, though press of other duties has delayed the publication, and thanks are especially due to Miss Means for her account of the

1904 letter. The St. Mary's Guild correspondents seem to be on vacation, though we trust the Guilds themselves are not slumbering. We would ask now that all the friends who can will bear the MUSE in mind through the summer, will write and send in items of interest, will take an idle hour for the discussion of some matter concerning the life of St. Mary's, will make some suggestions for the improvement of THE MUSE.

The past year has accomplished about all that could be expected, though far from what we could wish. The MUSE has been what it claims to be—the school newspaper—and nothing more. It will still try to be only that, but yet to be always better. St. Mary's is large enough and has enough interested alumnae and friends to make a newspaper both desirable and practical. Under the latter head comes the old question of money. The MUSE as yet is not self-supporting. It must be made so the coming year or its life is limited. Five hundred copies go out each month to alumnae and friends, most of whom certainly desire to have the paper succeed. Two hundred subscribers have not yet been enrolled the past year. A dollar means little to most of the people to whom the MUSE is sent, but each dollar helps a little towards supporting the paper. Once more we ask for support. In this issue is enclosed a subscription blank. We have scant hope of many of these being used, but if you will make it a point to use yours and to stir up your neighbor whose intentions are of the best but who is a little slow in acting, you will be acting very effectively for the MUSE.

Lost! Strayed! or Stolen!

A manuscript of great value, contained in a large envelope bearing many United States postage stamps. Finder please return to St. Mary's.

Reward: The heartfelt gratitude of the Class of '04.

The Class-Letter of the Class of '04 is lost, and, apparently, it is strayed, but—unless Uncle Sam is to blame for the disappearance—it is probably not stolen, for strange as it may seem, the inestimable worth of this document (in the eyes of the class) is not fully shared by the

rest of the world. Therefore, its description and history up to the present date are given here for the benefit of the public.

During Commencement week, in May, 1904, at a function where all the members of the graduating class—regulars and associates—were alone together for the last time, the President set forth a plan by means of which the girls could keep in communication with each other, no matter how scattered over the face of the earth the class might become in the future. The movement was unanimously carried, and rules established to insure the complete adaptation of the plan to the needs of '04."

Accordingly, on July 1st, 1904, the member whose name stood first in alphabetical order on the Class-roll, wrote a letter to her "Dear Class," telling of her experiences since May 26th; her present occupations; and her plans for the future. She sent this to the second girl on the roll, who read it, wrote a like account of herself, and forwarded both epistles to the address of the third member, etc. The letter could be kept no longer than two weeks, on pain of a fine, to be handed over to the Treasurer of the Class.

At the time of its loss, the letter had been just once to each member in the class—not one had to pay the fine—and until the final catastrophe the plan worked very smoothly, and proved a perfect success. Such a complete epistle not only gave the girls detailed news of each other, but added a delightful impression of the personality of each, so that at the end of each letter it seemed as if the reader had just turned away from "heart-to-heart-talks" with "Kittie" or "Ann" or "Margaret," and—all of them.

The letter has given so much pleasure to the Class that its loss is not allowed to dampen the enthusiasm which has attended its onward course from last July until now, and a new one has been started, and this time there are so many more months to give an account of, and what will be written is so much more to be treasured by reason of the sad fate of the original Class-Letter of the Class of '04, that this new one may be worthy of traveling by express, at least.

However it may come, I for one, sincerely hope that no accident will ever again prevent its safe and swift journeyings, and that it will always pass without delaying experiences down the roll to an anxiously waiting—

M., '04.

ALUMNAE MATTERS.

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

PRESIDENT,	- -	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
VICE-PRESIDENTS,	{	Mrs. M. T. Leak, Durham.
		Mrs. I. M. Pittenger, Raleigh,
		Mrs. F. P. Tucker, Raleigh,
		Mrs. Kate de R. Meares, Wilmington.
SEC.-TREAS.,	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.

A Sketch of the St. Mary's Alumnae Association, 1889-1905.

(The annual report of Miss McKimmon, Secretary-Treasurer, submitted at the regular meeting, May 23, 1905, being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Association.)

In the late spring of 1880, Mrs. K. de R. Meares, then Lady Superintendent of St. Mary's, asked all St. Mary's girls in Raleigh to meet her in Christ Church Chapel. Quite a number responded and during the meeting St. Mary's Alumnae Association was organized, having for its first work the founding of a scholarship at St. Mary's in memory of Rev. Aldert Smedes. Rev. Bennett Smedes, then Rector of St. Mary's, made to the Association the liberal offer of a scholarship at \$2,500, giving for this the full advantages of the school.

For the first years of its existence the Association, yielding to the pressing need among the daughters of former pupils, kept a girl at St. Mary's, paying annually, with the generous permission of Dr. Bennett Smedes, only the proceeds from the dues paid by the members.

During the presidency of Mrs. Edward Trapier the Association decided to put into a Savings Bank all money accruing from gifts, dues, etc., hoping soon to make the required amount. During the presidency of Mrs. Thomas Harris an effort was made, by an assessment of \$8.00 per member, to complete the fund. Though quite a number responded to this, it was not until two years ago that the scholarship, before changed in name to the "Smedes Memorial" and, in value from \$2,500 to \$4,000, was, by the generous donation of \$1,700 from one member of the Alumnae, completed and presented to the Trustees of St. Mary's School.

At its meeting in 1904 the Association decided to take as its work the remodeling and repairing of St. Mary's Chapel. To-day we opened our meeting in the enlarged Chapel, completed and very much beautified. Through the untiring efforts of our President half of the cost (\$4,000) of this work has been paid. It is hoped that the dues and donations given in this meeting, the "Silver Anniversary of the Association, will contribute largely to the payment of the other half.

Among those who have served as officers of the Association are:

Mrs. W. R. Cox,	Mrs. Edward Trapier,
Mrs. K. de R. Meares,	Mrs. Bessie S. Leak,
Mrs. W. E. Lindsay,	Mrs. Thos. C. Harris,
Mrs. William Boylan,	Mrs. I. McK. Pittenger,
Mrs. Robert Jones,	Mrs. Theodore Davidson,
Mrs. R. S. Tucker,	Miss E. W. McVea,
(Formerly Treasurer, now Vice-President.)	Mrs. Iredell.

Alumnae Notes.

Miss Marion Hanckel, who studied last year at the University of Chicago, and who during the past winter successfully conducted the work of Superintendent of Kindergarten Instruction in Charleston, S. C., has accepted a position to teach at Chatauqua during July and August.

The alumna marriage of the month was that, on the fourteenth, at Rocky Mount of Miss Rosa Stewart Gordon, daughter of Mrs. Louise Carter Gordon, of Rocky Mount, to Mr. Thomas Thomas, of Beaufort. Miss Gordon, after her course at St. Mary's, taught in St. Paul's School, Beaufort, and there met the gentleman who was to become her husband. The MUSE extends congratulations.

Again, in the death of Mrs. Laura Washington Evans, of Charlotte, which took place at the home of her son, Mr. Richard A. Evans, on April 27th, in her 78th year, St. Mary's loses one of her oldest alumnae. Born in Goldsboro, Mrs. Evans attended St. Mary's in ante-bellum days, and spent her married life in Statesville, where her husband, Dr. Stephen Evans, died fifteen years ago, by whose side her body is now laid to rest. Mrs. Evans was always an active church-woman and was much interested in all the interests of her alma mater.

Miss Mary Hanckel, who has for several years past studied at the Art League in New York, and has also been a pupil of Dow, will assist Mr. Dow during July and August with his summer class at Ipswich, Mass.

Mrs. Mesenole, of New York (known more familiarly to St. Mary's as "Miss Carter"), was in Raleigh during Commencement week, the guest of Mrs. Root. She attended all the Commencement exercises, and it was a great pleasure to her many friends to see her again. She is connected with Miss Brown's school in New York City, and it is rumored that some of our girls, on leaving St. Mary's, will go to her for a finishing term.

Mr. Mack, formerly Director of Music at St. Mary's, who has been teaching at Hollins Institute, Virginia, ever since he left St. Mary's, has accepted a position on the staff of the Music Conservatory of Syracuse University, New York, for the coming year, a very desirable position. Mr. Mack is an unusually able teacher and director, and in the last five years has become recognized as an able and successful composer. St. Mary's rejoices in this opportunity given him for the farther development of his talents and for the enlargement of his sphere of usefulness, and sends through the MUSE her hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Mack, while sincerely regretting that the South is to lose them.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeudwine, after a visit to Clifton Springs, N. Y., sailed June 8, on the *Cymric* from Boston for Liverpool. Mr. Jeudwine's health is much improved, but by order of his physicians he must spend the next year "learning the great art of doing nothing." We feel sure this is the hardest task Mr. Jeudwine has ever undertaken, but having unbounded faith in his powers we hope that he may succeed even in conquering his energy and learn to idle and grow strong. We hear the Jeudwines will make England their permanent home, but it is just possible they may be so overwhelmed by numbers of American guests that they may cross the water again in self-defence. Wherever they may be and however far away, they are near and dear to St. Mary's. Their address at present is care Miss Hanson, All Saints' Cottage, Alton, Hants, England.

With the Girls During the Summer.

Kate Winslow, Gertrude Winston, Mary Robinson, Elizabeth Gaither and Rena Clark represented St. Mary's at Horner School Commencement, and spent there three days most delightfully. Three of these five girls were presented with marshall's regalias.

The week after school closed Marguerite Short entertained a number of her friends most delightfully at a house party given at her summer home, Lake Waccamaw. The St. Mary's girls were represented by Ida Evans and Jean Carson.

During the same week Maria Webb was the hostess for a similar party at her home in Hillsboro; Gertrude Winston and Bettie Woolf being among her guests.

There was quite a gathering of St. Mary's girls in Oxford for the Horner Commencement. Beside Rena Clark, Mary Robinson, Kate Winslow, Gertrude Winston and Elizabeth Gaither of this year, Jessamine Gant and Helen Crenshaw were present to represent those who were with us a few years ago.

The St. Mary's Muse.

VACATION NUMBER.

VOL. X.

1905.

No. 2.

An Evening in the Sleepy Hollow Country.

E. W. T.

About two o'clock one July afternoon, two hundred of the students of Columbia University gathered at Harlem Station to take the cars for Irvington, the railway station nearest to Tarrytown and the Irving country. We were under the leadership of one of the professors, who, I am afraid, found his office not one of the easiest. In the first place, while waiting for the Irvington train, some of our party would insist on trying to board everyone of the many trains which passed in such quick succession that it was no wonder that heads became confused. A number of these bewildered and impatient spirits had finally succeeded in gleefully crowding on a car when they heard our guide shouting through his megaphone, "Columbia—all off!" And Columbia, rather crestfallen, just did get off before the train thundered away to parts other than Tarrytown. Yet the right train came at last, and the guide's efforts were then directed to keeping his party on the cars until the proper time for leaving them. Most of us, however, were too much interested in what we were seeing to think of getting off too soon, for on one side were beautiful suburban homes, and on the other the Hudson and the Palisades.

As we left the cars at Irvington, a small boy standing near was heard to say,—“Gee whiz! what a crowd—and not a good-lookin’ one among ’em!”

All the vehicles in the village had been collected for the three-mile drive to the real Sleepy Hollow region. Three of my friends and myself made a dash for the only victoria among the assortment of wagonettes and omnibusses, and the one who reached it first was so eager to secure it that before the astonished coachman could offer assistance,

she had stepped over the door and installed herself in state. Thanks to her gymnastic feat, for the rest of the afternoon, we leaned back in comfort, envied by our jolted friends. We drove by the country homes of many well-known money-makers and money-spenders of the North, Miss Helen Gould's estate being one of the most attractive, but Huyler's possibly of more interest to Saint Mary's girls.

Some sentiment of reverence for genius made our party very quiet when we caught sight of the home of Washington Irving—Sunnyside. And it is far more quaint and interesting in its picturesque beauty than the familiar engravings of it lead one to expect. Compared with the imposing modern houses of the neighborhood, it seemed a bit of an older world nestled there among the thick vines and low trees. No wonder Irving could write to the end of his life in a home like that with the Hudson on one side and such grass and woods on the other.

As the house is now occupied by a nephew of Irving's, only one room—the library on the front—is open to visitors. But it is the room of chief interest, for it was Irving's work room, and has been preserved very much as he left it. One incident in the library was somewhat amusing. A man in a dress suit was standing in one corner showing to the company a picture of Irving as a little boy, when a teacher, who must have come from some rather unconventional community, asked him,—“Are you Washington Irving's nephew?” The merest suspicion of a smile appeared on the impassive face of the Englishman as he answered, “He is away from home. I am his butler.”

Of course we had to have our pictures taken (the small boy's criticism notwithstanding), and as we sat on the hillside in front of the vine-covered houses and watched the photographer's efforts to persuade two hundred people to keep still, I thought of another photographer, of another two hundred, and of another vine-covered house of rock,—all far away in the South.

We then drove to the Episcopal church of which Irving was for years a warden and where is erected a tablet to his memory. There we were met by Irving's last rector, a dear old-school clergyman of eighty-three, who entertained us with stories grave and gay of his former vestryman, who was loved for his own attractive personality as much as for his delightful books. After leaving this church where Irving himself had

worshipped, we started for that connected with a personage hardly less real—Ichabod Crane. Down the road, over which the frightened pedagogue had urged Gunpowder, we went, and across the bridge, where Ichabod had fallen before the pumpkin thrown by the redoubtable Brom Bones. At least the brook spanned by the bridge is the old brook and the present bridge is a direct descendant of that which was the scene of Ichabod's discomfiture. So we reached the heart of Sleepy Hollow—the little Dutch church. Whatever restorations may be suspected elsewhere, this building is a genuine relic, its present inmates claiming on good grounds that his tiny place of worship is the oldest original church building in the United States. We saw the gallery in front of which Ichabod used to stand and lead the choir whom he had trained in psalmody.

After having walked toward the Hudson to the mill of the "Legend" and the old Philipse castle of pre-Revolutionary fame, we wandered off into the beautiful Sleepy Hollow country. Of it, Irving says: "To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace." And there, the magician himself found a resting-place among the people and in the valley to which he gave such a place in literature that the passing of a hundred years finds interest in them and their gentle historian unshaken.

We walked on up the Pocantico Creek until we came to a spot suitable for picnicking, where we ate our lunch and afterwards made a bonfire of the boxes and papers on a rock in the water, so that the stream and its banks might not look the worse for our visit.

We had now been in Sleepy Hollow for several hours, and Irving tells us that "however wideawake people may be before they enter that sleepy region, they are sure in a little time to inhale the witching influence of the air and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams and see apparitions." Our guide, at least, was affected, and while we sat on the grassy slope, with the stones of the cemetery gleaming ghostlike through the dimness of twilight, he told us stories of the witch of Sleepy Hollow and of the Indian chief who seized and married the star maiden only to lose her. "Yet," our guide went on to say, "on some nights and the right nights, one who walks along the lonely road by the

Poncantico and listens aright, may hear the star maiden calling her deserted lover, whom she came back from her star home, where time is not, to seek and never to find."

The story-telling over, we hurried to our carriages and had soon left the haunted valley behind, but not our wonder that so near the great city of this western world could still exist so pleasing a land of drowsy-head.

Perhaps.

H. E. H.

A little maiden sat beneath a budding tree,
 A prettier little maiden you need never wish to see.
 The birds were singing sweetly and the roses fair
 Were filling with their fragrance all the sweet spring air.
 Then why, O why, does that maiden sigh,
 And look so doleful and almost cry,
 Companions she has plenty, for around her play
 A dozen pretty maidens on that bright spring day.
 Then what can be the matter,
 Why she does not even chatter,
 And the laughter of her playmates seems an idle empty clatter—
 She shrugs her shoulders, bites her lips and shakes her curls,
 And then in scorn and anger cries, "They're only girls."

A-drizzle, drizzle, drizzle, falls the driving rain,
 A cold and howling blizzard sweeps across the hill and plain,
 The little maiden's sitting in a cold dark room
 And everywhere, both in and out is gloom, gloom, gloom.
 Then why, O why, does that maiden sigh
 And look so happy and almost cry,
 Her comrades all have left her, there remains not one
 Of all the pretty girls that played in spring's bright sun,
 Then what can be the matter
 What means that happy clatter
 Her laughter trills, her little tongue goes clatter, clatter, clatter,
 Her laughing eyes are full of life and dance with joy
 She's only one companion now, but he's—a boy,

With the Class of 1905.

It will be remembered that the monthly MUSE had its reawakening under the guidance of the class of 1905, and it is largely through their efforts and particularly those of the editor-in-chief, that the MUSE is now firmly established with a growing circulation. We believe the readers of the MUSE will be glad to hear something of the members of this class, where they spent their vacation and what are their plans for the future—although it has not been possible to get news from all of them.

Anna Clark spent part of her vacation at the Knoxville, Tenn., summer school, and will teach at home, Scotland Neck, this year.

Mamie Rossell was ill with typhoid fever all the early part of the summer. She is now in Canada, where she is rapidly getting her strength back. During the winter she will be at her home in Long Island, and part of the time in Pensacola, Florida. Rena Clark has been kept at home all summer by Isabel's sickness. She will also be at home all winter.

Effie Fairley and Florence Grant have visited each other during the summer, and Florence has spent part of the time at Wrightsville Beach.

Bessie Law has spent most of the summer in Raleigh, and expects to teach.

Sadie Jenkins and Dorothy Hughson both went North from St. Mary's—Dorothy to New Haven, Conn., where she had a most delightful visit, and was in time for the Yale Commencement. She spent the rest of the summer in Orange, N. J., and will remain there until the last of October, going home then by way of Raleigh. She expects to help Marjorie in the mission school work in Morganton. Sadie and Mrs. Jenkins were in New York, where Sadie took her "Vergil system" certificate, but she also had time for much sightseeing and enjoyment. She spent the rest of the summer at Edisto Island, S. C.

Ida Evans went from St. Mary's to Wilmington, where she visited her grandparents, and was at Marguerite Short's house party. She has been most of the summer in Warrenton, Virginia, where she and Louise have had visits from Jennie Murchison and other St. Mary's friends. Ida will be in Wilmington and Warrenton this winter.

Margaret DuBose, who remains to represent the class at St. Mary's, spent part of June in Western North Carolina, but has been most of the summer at St. Mary's, and will continue her music lessons this winter.

Mossie Long has had quite a round of gaieties, which has included a camping party the first part of the summer, a delightful week at Jackson Springs and then visits to different resorts in the North Carolina mountains. She will visit friends in Georgia in the fall and after Christmas she may go to New York to school.

I. E.

Brief Notes of the Faculty.

Miss Pittenger spent most of the vacation with relatives in Connecticut.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanborn and the Misses Sanborn have been enjoying their summer home at Buena Vista, Va. The first little grandchild came to visit their married daughter's home this summer.

Miss Cribbs attended the summer school session of the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa. Her elocution department promises to be large this year, and outdoor athletics should boom under her influence.

Miss McKimmon spent the early part of the summer in Raleigh and the latter part in Fayetteville, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Hawley, where she especially enjoyed the society of her little grand-nephew, little Master Bacon, aged four months, the son of Mrs. Bacon, once Kate Hawley, of St. Mary's.

Miss Thomas, during July and August, was in attendance at the summer school of Columbia University, New York City. She reports having had a delightful time there, with many pleasant experiences, of one of which she tells elsewhere in this number. She is with relatives in South Carolina until school opens.

Mr. Stone with Mrs. Stone and Florence have been spending the summer at the home of Mrs. Stone's mother, Mrs. Judge Dick, in Greensboro, where the Stones formerly lived. Mr. Stone and his family are looking forward with pleasure to occupying their new home on Boylan Avenue early this fall. They will then be much nearer the school.

Miss Lee has spent most of the summer with her mother and other relatives and friends in Raleigh. Her mother will spend this winter in Alabama, while Miss Lee will take charge of the West Rock Hall.

The vacancy in the department of French and German, noted in the June MUSE, was filled early in July by the appointment of Mlle. Anna Masch, a teacher of wide experience abroad and in America, and who has recently been teaching in New England. Miss Masch spent her vacation in East Orange, N. J.

Miss Shipp has spent the entire summer abroad. She sailed with her party of young ladies from Boston on June 3d. They reached Gibraltar June 13, and after visiting the principal Spanish Cities,—Cadiz, Seville, Cordova and Grenada—passed on to Italy, where they were to spend about a month. The trip then included parts of Austria, Switzerland and Germany, Paris, with all its mysteries, London and Oxford. The itinerary was a most interesting one, and Miss Shipp an ideal chaperone, having travelled extensively and being thoroughly familiar with the places and subjects of interest. Three of her party—Misses May and Susie Johnston, of Raleigh, and Leila Phillips, of Tarboro, are old St. Mary's girls. The party was to sail for home early in September, and will, doubtless, be safely back by the time this MUSE reaches its readers.

Not many "old St. Mary's girls" returning as new members of the faculty could receive a heartier welcome than does Kate Meares, who was elected during vacation as assistant in French, German and Latin. She came to St. Mary's when quite a little girl and was graduated in 1903, after a five years' residence, during which she steadily moved toward a high standard of character and scholarship. In her senior year she was President of the Sigma Lambda Literary Society, and was one of the winners of the first inter-society debates. She was also essayist of the class of 1903. The first year after leaving St. Mary's Miss Meares spent in study at the University of North Carolina, and last year she taught at St. Paul's School, Beaufort. She has made several visits to St. Mary's since 1903, so that she seems not to have separated herself from us at all; her welcome is, therefore, all the warmer.

"Miss Katie," after spending the early summer in Fayetteville, made a short visit to Miss Slater at her sister's in Winston-Salem, and

went on to finish the vacation in the North Carolina mountains, at Arden.

Miss Sutton had a beautiful summer in the Catskill mountains. On her return she spent a week with friends in New York City and finished her vacation with a visit to Miss Bowen at Jackson.

Miss M. M. Jones, after a visit to Miss Graham in Oxford, joined her sister in New York and went to Orr's Island off the Maine coast, where she will remain until she enters Columbia College.

Miss Balfour is in Michigan playing in "Under Southern Skies." St. Mary's good wishes go with her.

We quote from a Cuban paper the advertisement of the new Episcopal High School:

"A select school for girls will open October 2nd, 1905, at Vedado, 15th St., Bet. C. & D. (Havana). Primary and Kindergarten departments in connection. Miss E. E. Checkley, Principal. Apply for information to Rev. C. B. Colmoe, 15th St., Bet. B. & C."

While the summer has been one of joy to some, to others the prevailing note has been one of sadness. To each of those bereaved the MUSE extends sincere sympathy.

Mrs. Seay lost her mother, Mrs. Grabau, in May.

Mary Villepigue lost her baby brother in June.

In June Miss Hull's father died in Illinois.

Mrs. Marshall, wife of Dr. Marshall, of Christ Church, known and loved by many St. Mary's girls, died July 11.

In June Mary Ella Moore lost her brother, and in August Mary Alexander's father passed away. Neither of the girls will return.

Miss Dowd lost her only brother on July 23. He had lived in Texas many years, but their childhood was passed in Tarboro, and Capt. Dowd was a graduate of the University of North Carolina.

On July 23d Miss Mary Mackay, a sister of Margaret Mackay, and a diploma graduate in Vocal Music at St. Mary's (1904), died after a lingering illness.

And on June 26th, at St. Mary's, there passed away suddenly at the Rectory, Dr. Anderson, father of Mrs. DuBose, and since the coming of the present Rector a resident of the school. His friends of St. Mary's will be interested in the following:

Henry Mortimer Anderson was born near Baltimore, December 4, 1823. Graduated in medicine from Columbia College, New York, he practiced for a number of years in Rome, Ga., and during the war was surgeon in various hospitals, and aide to the Confederate Generals Loring and Stephenson. Later many offices of honor and trust were bestowed upon him. He was Treasurer of the University of the South, Grand Master of the Masons in Tennessee and a member of the St. Luke's Medical Association of London. Dr. Anderson's family connection was of the highest. He was a brother-in-law of Bishop Quintard, and a descendant of an old Scottish family. He married Miss Julia Hand, of Georgia, of whom it is interesting to note that she was the intimate friend and bridesmaid of the mother of President Roosevelt. Dr. Anderson was a "typical Southern gentleman of the old school with its high standards, courtly manners, sweet deference to others, and intense interest in everything relating to the welfare of his family and friends. His passing will be felt deeply by all who knew and loved him."

The St. Mary's Muse.

Subscription, One Year.	=	=	=	=	One Dollar.
Single Copies.	=	=	=	=	Fifteen Cents.

A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnae, under the editorial management of the Senior Class.

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

Correspondence from friends solicited.

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,
RALEIGH, N. C.

Application made at the post-office at Raleigh, for admission to the mail as second-class matter

The History of the Muse.

To those who read the MUSE and are interested in it as a product of St. Mary's it may not be amiss to speak a few words of the paper's history:

Our readers know that the present number of the MUSE is the second of the second year of its existence in its present form, that this is the tenth number, but the date line reads, Vol. X, No. 2.

It was in 1879 that the MUSE *first* came into being. It was produced as a step in the work of Mr. Sanborn—the same Mr. Sanborn who is now Music Director at St. Mary's—who was at that time Dr. Bennett Smedes' Director. The publication was intended primarily for the development of the Music Department, and was a little eight page pamphlet with pages about the size of that of the present MUSE. It was to be issued quarterly "in the interest of art, literature, education and of St. Mary's School." Containing brief notes and comments on various topics of current interest in the music and literary world, with a few items about St. Mary's, it was rather a little newspaper in St. Mary's, than the little St. Mary's newspaper. In accordance with its professed purpose of building up the Music Department, the paper appropriately received its name, THE ST. MARY'S MUSE."

After its establishment Mr. Sanborn turned over the supervision to the Lady Principal, at that time Mrs. Meares, and the paper was edited under her direction by "Euterpe and the Pierian Club."

In its second year it took on a blue cover, nearer the Virgin blue of St. Mary's than is the present Neopolitan blue cover, and with the increase of its pages it became a quarterly instead of a monthly. In this form were published volumes II, III, IV, after the departure of Mr. Sanborn, under the direction of Mrs. Meares and her successor, Miss Czarnomska. Volume V, in 1883, contained but two numbers, and then, like many another school publication, the paper slumbered.

When the magic wand of effort called it forth again 1896 had come, and Miss McVea, as Lady Principal, was at the helm. Thirteen years of sleep, and yet the little new volume VI seemed to follow directly on the old volume V. In the introductory editorial of the first number of last year's MUSE we quoted from the introductory editorial in this first number of this MUSE of 1896. Our feeling was much like theirs; their purpose apparently as strong as ours, and yet—just two numbers of the magazine appeared, in May, '96, and October, '96, and again the publication was suspended.

In 1899 the next paper appeared, this time one number only, the "Holly Berry" Christmas MUSE. The class of the next year, largely through the untiring energy of "Minna Bynum" (now Mrs. Archibald Henderson, of Chapel Hill), devoted their efforts to compiling Volume VIII into a single number, a book of a hundred pages instead of a magazine of twenty. In this magazine that class had the sad duty of commemorating the death of Dr. Smedes, who passed away that spring. We call that MUSE "The Smedes Memorial edition" or the "Minna Bynum MUSE." It was at once magazine and year book—the first attempt at a year book St. Mary's had had. Magazine in form it was about the size of a standard magazine without illustrations other than Dr. Smedes' portrait. Financially it was not a success, and we have a hundred copies on hand now, but it gave an impulse to the work that has grown steadily since. It was Volume VIII, and with it the MUSE, as a magazine, stopped until 1904.

With the passing of the Lady Principal the Senior Class took full charge of the work and the class of 1900, under Dr. Bratton, decided to confine its efforts to getting out a year book. 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905 followed their example, each producing an annual creditable to the class and the school.

But the school needed a monthly, the students wanted an annual. The Class of 1905 tried to please both. How well the class succeeded you are able to judge. It did its best. The present MUSE speaks for itself.

The Summer at St. Mary's.

The trip of the Rector to Western South Carolina and Sewanee in June was interrupted by the unexpected death of Dr. Anderson, and Mr. DuBose did not leave the school again until the first of September, when, accompanied by McNeely, Jr., he enjoyed a ten days' fishing trip at Wrightsville Beach. Mrs. DuBose and the other members of the family have been at St. Mary's uninterruptedly since June.

Mrs. Seay spent part of June with her daughter's family in Charlotte, and then resumed her duties at St. Mary's. Mr. Cruikshank was away during most of August at different points in Maryland.

Thanks to the frequent rains the grove has been at its prettiest most of the summer and the loss of the trees, blown down in the May storm, is hardly felt, though there has been much difficulty in getting rid of their remains. In July the roofs and a large part of the exteriors of the buildings, including the front porch and Miss Katie's blinds, were freshened up with new paint, and much painting was done in the interiors. The old girls will find the school-room resplendent with its new benches and maps, and will hardly be able to find their old places. We hope, too, that they will be pleased with the new MUSE Room in East Rock, and that it will add to their comfort. The many little changes they will note with pleasure and the finding of them will be as good as an Easter-egg Hunt during some of the first mournful hours of the session.

The other Raleigh schools are ahead of us with their openings this year and the A. and M. College and Baptist University will have been in session two weeks when our session begins, while the girls of Peace will have been away from home a full week. But even if we put aside the joys of the school work, there is the Great State Fair, with the visit of the President, to look forward to, and who knows how much besides.

Raleigh is very quiet in the summer, despite the numerous excursions that are poured into it day by day, but it reaches its annual awakening with the return of the student throng, and all will be alive from now on.

With Our Girls in the Summer.

Mossie Long was in Asheville for a short time.

Mary Villepigue has been at her summer home in Saluda.

Miss Checkley has been put in charge, by Bishop Knight, of a girls' school in Havana, Cuba.

Rev. Mr. George and family have moved to Marietta, Ga., which he has accepted for his parish.

Leonore Seay spent two very charming weeks at Cleveland Springs, near Charlotte, with Mrs. Spruill and Alice.

Jennie Murchison and Caro Gray, while visiting in Fayetteville, were charmingly entertained by Norcott Broadfoot.

Helen Strange is spending the last month before school begins at her grandfather's place, just outside of Lawrenceville, Va.

Amy Fitz-Simons, after visiting Isabel Ruff, spent part of the summer in Hendersonville, N. C. Mae Wood Winslow also was there for a short visit.

After one of the dances at Scotland Neck, Anna Clark gave a supper to all the St. Mary's girls present. Among these were guests at her house party: Minnie Burgwyn, Josephine Bowen, Carrie Helen Moore, Mattie Hunter and Margaret Stedman.

The Bowens and Minnie Burgwyn, successively, entertained at house parties at their homes in Jackson, N. C., in July. Isabel Brundy, '04, Anna Clark, '05, Carrie Helen Moore, '04, Mattie Hunter and Nannie Smith were the visitors. There was much pleasure and gaiety.

Sadie Jenkins was one of the hostesses at a delightful "maroon" on Edisto Island in early July. Among the twenty-five guests were: Georgette Holmes and Serena Bailey. Emma Barnwell and Margaret DuBose were prevented from attending by deaths in their families.

Floy Ruff will attend the College for Women, Columbia.

Annie Sloan and Amy Fitz-Simons visited Isabel and Ret Ruff.

Rosa Thomas will teach this year in Ridgeway Graded School.

Isabel and Ret Ruff and Amy Fitz-Simons visited Annie Sloan in Columbia.

Jessie Harris visited Mossie Long this summer at her home in Rockingham.

Virginia Kyser's father has been ill in Rocky Mount but is now much better. She will not be back before Christmas.

Ella Davis has been in Raleigh visiting her cousin, Miss Duncan. She will teach in St. Paul's School, Beaufort, the coming year.

St. Mary's was well represented at the S. C. C. Commencement. Those attending were Sumter Thomas, Lucy Heyward, Gussie Jones, Amy Fitz-Simons, Annie Sloan, Isabel and Ret Ruff.

Wrightsville Beach has been visited by a number of St. Mary's girls this summer. Helen Strange, Isabel Brumby, Emmie Drewry, Maria Webb, Fay Brown, Alexina Wilson and Daisy Green.

Anna Clark also visited Rena Clark in Tarboro, and was present at one of the most successful of the Tarboro Germans. Among the guests were several old St. Mary's girls: Gretchen Barnes, Margaret Connor, Pearl Fort, Lizzie Hill, Elba Cotton, Florida Cotton and Mary Marriott.

Isabel Brumby, after spending the winter in Florida, where she was visited by Mary Hunter and other St. Mary's friends, paid a visit in Wilmington. From there she went to Minnie Burgwyn's house party, stopping for a night each way at St. Mary's. Then, after paying Rosalie Bernhardt a visit in Salisbury, she went on to Asheville and Knoxville before returning home.

ALUMNAE MATTERS.

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

PRESIDENT,	- -	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
VICE-PRESIDENTS,	{	Mrs. M. T. Leak, Durham.
		Mrs. I. M. Pittenger, Raleigh,
		Mrs. F. P. Tucker, Raleigh,
		Mrs. Kate de R. Meares, Wilmington.
SEC.-TREAS.,	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.

The Alumnae Bulletin.

This number of the MUSE contains little alumnae news, though numerous notes of the doings and goings of the girls of more recent years will be found in the school notes. We hope, with the second season of the MUSE, that we can have more systematic correspondence with the Alumnae Chapters, the St. Mary's Guilds, at the various points, and also get in closer touch with the individual alumnae.

Especially do we need their interest and aid this fall in the publication of what should be to alumnae generally a very interesting pamphlet. The next issue of the St. Mary's Bulletin, which will appear in November, will be devoted to some statistical history of the alumnae of St. Mary's from its organization, by Dr. Aldert Smedes, down to the present. This work has not been attempted before, and should be of great interest to everyone interested in the work, welfare and history of the school, and especially to those who have themselves been pupils here or who have had relatives here. Those who have tried to keep such records know what a task it is to make them accurate, even when the list is begun with the beginnings of the school, and it is entirely impossible without the help of the pupils themselves. At St. Mary's we are handicapped by a start sixty-three years late, and faced by an utter lack of any data or lists for the first thirty-eight fertile years of the school's existence. There is a record of the girls who have registered at St. Mary's since 1879, with their school addresses. An examination and enquiry shows that fully one-half of these girls have slipped out of reach of those most intimately associated with the school life. The memory of them in their school days lives on, but their subsequent story

is lost in the changes of name and location subsequent to married or business life.

During the next two months we shall make every effort to collect as extensive and correct a list as possible of the St. Mary's Alumnæ, their names and addresses and the dates of their school life, their married names (if married), and present addresses, and any facts of general interest in their later lives. Most of this information will have to be obtained from the members of the alumnæ. Each can contribute a little information, and all combined will make a goodly total, which will contain matters of interest to each one.

We ask that each member of the alumnæ will answer as fully as possible our inquiries on the subject, and shall take it as a great favor if any old girl will write us of her own accord and give us such information as she may have.

We shall be very glad to hear from any one on this subject.

Notes.

Mary Ruth Thomas went to Arizona for the summer.

Julia Harris will teach in Mr. Hobgood's school in Oxford next year.

Esther Means' address has recently changed to 35 East Fourth street, Atlanta.

Lilly Elizabeth Dodd was graduated, *cum laude*, from the University of Knoxville last June. She will make teaching her profession.

"The Beebes" have spent the summer in Warrenton, Virginia, where they have been the centre of much social gaiety. Julia Haughton visited them in August.

Miss Slater, class of '82, formerly a member of the Faculty of St. Mary's, now teaching biology in the Flushing High School, paid a visit to Mrs. A. W. Knox in August.

Isabel Brumby ('04), of Marietta, Ga., stopped on her way to the house party at Jackson, at St. Mary's, with Margaret DuBose. Lucy Redwood ('04) also spent several days at St. Mary's during vacation.

A marriage of interest to St. Mary's was that on June 6th last at Scotland Neck of Miss Pauline Arrington Shields, formerly a student here, to Mr. Chas. Herbert Herring. St. Mary's extends belated congratulations.

The host of friends of Bishop Bratton are much interested in the yellow fever situation in the South on account of his proximity to the fever territory, as well as for general reasons. He writes, however, that all is well with him at present and his friends hope that he may not be called into the sphere of immediate danger.

Christine Busbee, after a year at Cornell, has spent the summer at her home in Raleigh. She is enthusiastic about Cornell and tells much of interest about the place, but she did not tell us what we learned from other sources, that she made a splendid record and was made a Phi Beta Kappa. She will teach Mathematics next year at Mt. Holyoke College.

Two members of the Faculty received invitations to Laura Mann's marriage, which took place on August 22d at Middleton, N. C. She was married to Mr. Dennis W. Simmons, and they will make their home in Durham, N. C. Her friends at St. Mary's remember Laura's school girl days with pleasure, and they send her, through the MUSE, hearty good wishes for her happiness.

Ethel and Mabel Hughes, from New York, were in Raleigh in August visiting their uncle, Dr. A. W. Knox. Ethel divided her time with Josephine Ashe, a class mate in the art class at St. Mary's, and at the Art League in New York City. Mabel's work is accompanying singers and violinists, and she has made quite a success of it. Ethel studied last year with Chase and is now making a specialty of the study of portrait painting.

OFFICIAL : The Opening Exercises at St. Mary's.

The Sixty-third session of St. Mary's School will open on Thursday, September 21. In order to facilitate the work of classifying pupils the following program has been arranged for the week. Parents and pupils are requested to observe the schedule strictly:

Tuesday, September 19—New pupils from the city will report at the office for registration and classification at 9 a. m.

Wednesday, September 20—Old pupils from the city will report at the office at 9 a. m.

Thursday, September 21—9 to 10:30 a. m.—Boarding pupils will report at the office for registration and classification.

10:30 a. m.—All pupils, city and boarders, will meet in the Study-Hall in the Main Building.

11:00 a. m.—Opening service. The procession will form in the Study-Hall, where faculty and pupils have assembled. The order of the procession will be—day pupils, followed by boarding pupils, faculty, trustees and the Bishop of the Diocese—to the Chapel.

2:00 to 4:30 p. m.—The registration and classification of boarding pupils will continue at the office.

2:00 to 5:30 p. m.—Those pupils entering by examination and those old pupils who have made up work in the summer and are ready to stand examination upon it will report to the Study-Hall for examination.

Friday, September 22, 9:00 a. m.—Regular morning service in the Chapel.

9:30 to 1:30—Further registration and classification.

9:30 to 1:30—Examinations as arranged on the preceding day, and announced.

2:00 to 5:00—Further classification, arranging, and examination.

Saturday, September 17—The regular class-work will begin, each pupil reporting to all classes as scheduled ready for assignment of work.

9:10 a. m.—Regular morning service in the Chapel.

9:30 to 3:30—Regular classes and class-work.

N. B.—Parents and pupils on arriving at the School are requested to come at once to the office in the East Rock House, where all pupils will register, and full information, with details, will be furnished.

October, 1905



The
St. Mary's Muse



Raleigh, N. C.







The St. Mary's Muse.

OPENING NUMBER.

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No. 3.

The Sixty-Fourth Annual Opening of St. Mary's.

The "third Thursday in September" is so often marked by the equinoctial storm as well as by the opening of St. Mary's—witness the experience of 1903 and 1904—that the bright weather of the first week of the session of 1905—'06 was especially pleasing and cheering. The opening for the year's work was a very auspicious one. After the long vacation the girls were unusually prompt in assembling and a large portion of them were on hand for the first service at eleven on the morning of the 21st. At that hour the school formally gathered in the assembly room as usual and marched in procession to the Chapel. There Bishop Cheshire, President of the Board of Trustees, assisted by the Rector, said a simple service after which he addressed the school in words of welcome, dwelling especially on the successful administration of the school in the past and the bright prospects for the future.

This was all of the formal opening, but a feeling of joy and gladness characterized the proceedings. The goodly number, the hearty reception, the uplifting service, the Bishop's inspiring words, were all strengthening and invigorating. Old teachers and old girls seemed alike glad to be back amid the familiar scenes; new girls and new teachers entered heartily into the occasion and soon felt as much at home as if they had known St. Mary's always.

The prospects for the year are most encouraging. The enrollment is larger than a year ago; the new pupils as a rule are better prepared than heretofore; the buildings and equipment are all in shape and there is nothing to interfere with the regular work. Looking back a year there are distinct reasons for rejoicing in the signs of progress. In September, 1904, the enlarged chapel was still far from being completed, and even until Christmas the regular services, such an essential

part of the training at St. Mary's, could be held only under great disadvantages. No school could ask for a sweeter chapel than the completed chapel at St. Mary's to-day. Again, a year ago, there seemed little prospect of the early lifting of the purchase debt or of the erection of additional buildings, despite the pressing need for them. During the past year the Clement bequest, under which St. Mary's becomes a residuary legatee, apparently assures the erection of a new dormitory building in the not too distant future and will serve also to help reduce the debt; the third payment from the Mary Ruffin Smith Fund has aided in the same matter, and now the donation of the Pittman Fund for use at St. Mary's will give the so much needed auditorium, and apparently assures its completion within a year.

There are a number of changes in the faculty this year as well as in the student body, and the new members of both faculty and students have made a very favorable first impression. Of the one hundred and thirty boarding students about four-fifths have their homes in the Carolinas, though there are nine states and thirteen dioceses represented. One of the most gratifying features is the increase in the number of South Carolina girls, twice as many this session as last, the South Carolinians now numbering thirty-four. The school lost little time in getting into running shape and is now well settled in the regular routine work of the year.

The Pittman Bequest.

And here it is well to speak further of the Pittman bequest, received in September and at once made public by the trustees, under the provision of which two new scholarships are established and the erection of an auditorium assured.

This gift comes through the provisions of the will of the late Mrs. Mary Eliza Pittman of Tarboro, N. C. Mrs. Pittman's maiden name was Mary Eliza Battle and by her first marriage she was Mrs. Mary Eliza Dancy. She provided in her will that one-third of her real property should be used for some religious or charitable purpose to establish a memorial to her daughter, Eliza Battle Pittman, who died in 1899. Her son, Frank B. Dancy, of Atlanta, is her executor, and

as such is entrusted with carrying out the provisions of Mrs. Pittman's will, and, inasmuch as both Mrs. Pittman and Miss Pittman were former pupils of St. Mary's, he decided to offer the memorial to the trustees of St. Mary's for the erection of "The Eliza Battle Pittman Memorial Building." The value of the bequest was found to be \$13,000.

The trustees have formally considered and accepted this offer, and in doing so have established two new scholarships at the school to be known as the "Eliza Battle Pittman Scholarships," and to be awarded to young women of Tarboro or Edgecombe County, the home of the Pittmans. It is planned to erect the new building to the right of the present West Rock House, a good site, where it will be the nearest of the buildings to the street and present a handsome appearance. The work is to be pushed as rapidly as possible and architects have already been invited to submit plans.

An Afternoon in Venice.

The party of six or seven American tourists had just separated into smaller groups, and stepped into gondolas. Several of them were elderly and dignified, but there was one young woman who was bubbling over with youthful activity. She had taken a seat by her father, and began enthusiastically discussing the different places of interest. Then she was silent, as the gondola was passing under the Bridge of Sighs, and the gloom that history threw around it impressed her. Under there shadows were deep, and the water, lapping against the bridge, made a mournful sound. The young girl glanced at the gondolier. He was more picturesque than most of his fellows, and his dark Italian eyes looked as if they might have belonged to one of those prisoners, condemned, yet innocent, who gazed toward his beloved city for the last time.

When the boat slowly glided from the arch, the father and daughter, looking at the ducal palace and the prison, tried to imagine themselves back in the Middle Ages.

Suddenly the girl spoke, "Papa, suppose you and I were living in the old days—the days of the secret trials, wouldn't it be dreadful?"

But then the rulers would not put you in prison, because you would not do anything wicked to deserve it." He smiled down on her affectionately. "The accusations were not always just, you know, dear." She was silent again while her father consulted the guide book.

He was interrupted by the gondolier, who spoke to him in Italian. The elderly man turned to his daughter, saying, "Eunice, he wishes to know where to take us now. What do you say?" She thought a minute, then answered, "Papa, do you mind if we don't go to any celebrated place to-day? I think I am not in the right mood."

Then laughing, "You know I can't grasp too much at once. Tell him that we would like to go down that pretty little canal yonder.

Eunice had her way—as usual.

When they reached the narrow canal, she was absorbed in wondering about the inhabitants of the old houses that bordered it.

This time her father broke the silence. "What a beautiful girl—a typical Italian, I should think—isn't her dress picturesque—and look at her eyes!" The person of whom he spoke was leaning from a tiny balcony. She smiled at the gondolier and seemed not to notice his passengers. The happy expression, however, soon left her face. Evidently his greeting was not what she expected.

Eunice looked at the girl and tried to decide what her name was. The American girl leaned back and wove romances about her.

In a few minutes, she was aroused by her father's remark that it was time to meet their friends. She looked at her watch, and as she did so, a spray of flowers fell from her belt. They were withered, so she let them remain in the bottom of the boat.

Half an hour later, the gondola had drawn up in front of the hotel, and the two Americans had joined their friends in the saloon.

Eunice, soon tiring of the conversation, walked to a window facing the canal. She liked to look at the water, reflecting the exquisite shades of the sunset sky. Not very far away she could see the gondola her father had hired that afternoon. The gondolier was standing in the boat. Suddenly stooping, he picked up something from near the seats. After looking at the little object for several minutes, he carefully put it into the pocket of his blouse.

"My flowers!" thought the girl. "I am sure that papa would be

very angry if he knew, yet— yet, what harm can they do?" Not wishing to watch the gondolier any longer, she was leaving the window, when she noticed that he was poling the boat away. Perhaps— yes, he *was* going in the direction of the little canal through which he had taken them. Eunice laughed and said almost aloud, "He is going to see the pretty Venetian girl. I wonder if those were my flowers, after all.

S. C. BAILEY.

School Notes.

Isabel Ruff is spending the winter in Washington.

We hear that Bessie Gray will be married this month.

Florence Kidder is at Madame Le Febre's in Baltimore.

Fannie Johnson is studying violin at the New England Conservatory in Boston.

Sumter Thomas and Isabel Turpin will be in Charlotte next month to attend Stuart Jones' debut party.

Josephine Bowen spent a few days at St. Mary's during the opening, on her way to Fletcher, where she is teaching this winter.

The Senior Class has elected the following officers: Bettie Woolf; President; Margaret Mackay, Secretary; Annie Sloan, Treasurer.

Sadie Jenkins, '05, has lately been elected to a position on the music faculty of Winthrop College where Miss Schutt and Susie Battle are also teaching.

We miss Olive Morrill very much from the Senior Class. Why would she insist on growing up a year too soon for us! It was very nice to have her with us during Fair Week.

It is always very pleasant to have the old girls back and to see that they enjoy themselves. Alice Spruill was a welcome visitor early in the month. She is helping her father this winter.

St. Mary's was glad to welcome back this year some of her ex-girls: Lucy Heyward of Columbia, and Myrtle Disosway of Newberne, were both at home last year. Maria Tucker who had to go home last year on account of her health came back this session, but ill health has again called her home, to our regret.

And the little town groups are more noticeable this year than last. Wilmington has her twelve, the Henderson girls are back in force, and Charleston, Charlotte, Asheville, Oxford and Edenton, are all well represented.

May Hane is at the Confederate Home School in Charleston this session; Mary Marriott at the Randolph-Macon Institute in Danville; and Eda Cunningham is attending Chatham Institute, Va., as a day pupil. We wish them each a very happy year.

The Class of 1905 is more or less settled. Mamie Rossell, after recovering from her spell of typhoid, is with the Knowles' in Florida; Bessie Poe Law is having a fine time teaching at Wilson's Mills; Anna Clark is very successful at Scotland Neck.

The Sigma Lambda Literary Society officers for the Advent Term are: Virginia Bailey, President; Sue Prince, Vice-President; Jane I. Green, Secretary; Emily Carrison, Treasurer; Josephine Boylan, Critic; Grace Whitaker, Historian; Helen Strange and Blandina Springs, Tellers.

The officers of the Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society for the Advent Term are: Gertrude Sullivan, President; Bettie Woolf, Vice-President; Emma Barnwell, Secretary; Lottie Sharp, Treasurer; Lillian Farmer, Critic; Jessie Harris, Historian; Lucy Heyward and Ruth Foster, Tellers.

St. Mary's is largely represented in the finishing schools of Washington this winter. At Gunston are Marguerite Springs, Senah Critz Emmie Drewry, Dot Slocum and Mary Lee Robinson; Susan Bynum, Ella Simmons and Willa Norris, are at the Washington Seminary; and Lucy Sweet, Sara Jennings and Louise Evans, are at Bristol Institute.

More than the usual number of the new girls come to us from other schools of the same grade. You may learn if you wish, of Gunston, of the Presbyterian College, of the College for Women, of Hampton College, and many others from those who know of them personally. On the other hand, we miss Elizabeth Wiggins, who is at her home in Sewanee; the Thomsons, who are at the College for Women; Ella Simmons, who has returned to the Washington Seminary, and the group of girls who have gone to Gunston.

The St. Mary's Muse.

Subscription, One Year.	=	=	=	=	One Dollar.
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Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

Editorial Board.

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Editorial.

With this number of the MUSE, a new class and a new Board of Editors take charge of our school paper. They are feeling their way slowly, and for this month publish the paper as a joint board. The editors extend greeting to the friends of THE MUSE and of St. Mary's—old and new, far and near, old and young—and ask the co-operation of each one in making the publication a lasting success.

It is a pleasure to find so many of the old subscribers to THE MUSE ready to renew their subscriptions and to say a good word for the paper. We would also like to express to the new girls our appreciation of their co-operation in the matter of subscriptions. We are going to try to make THE MUSE a success in a business way as in other ways, and ask our friends to assist us here as elsewhere.

Subscribe to the paper, write for the paper, patronize the advertisers whose liberal patronage makes the paper possible.

We hope in the course of the next month, to welcome back each of our friends among the exchanges, and to greet many new ones. To each we extend our best wishes for a fruitful year for their papers, for their editors, and for their schools.

When this MUSE reaches its readers the school session will be a month old, and the work of the year will be in full swing. An account of the opening is printed elsewhere. It did not differ in any essential respect from those of recent years—the buildings are full, the changes in person are numerous, there are numerous minor improvements—but it is the St. Mary's of last year notwithstanding. We extend greetings to the newcomers to St. Mary's, and assure them again of our pleasure at having them with us; we would again tell old friends how good it is to be with them again, and say to those who are not here how much we miss them. We waft our good wishes to all and feel that all reciprocate.

In Lighter Vein.

Snipe Hunting as Told by One that was Bitten.

It was a few nights after school had begun—a bright moonlight night that cast shadows far and near in the old grove at St. Mary's. Near Senior Hall a crowd of girls were huddling together getting ready for the hunt. "Oh, do be quiet, they will hear us and then we will catch no snipes." There was a peal of laughter, and then we, the victims, heard some one say, "Pair off," and my room-mate went one way with two girls while two others took me. Oh it was going to be glorious—"but don't make any fuss for you might scare them away." "You never have tasted a snipe? They are fine." "Maybe Mrs. Seay will let us cook them for breakfast." "Now you stay here behind this stump and hold the bag while I go shoo them in. See, hold the bag this way and be sure not to hold it too high."

By this time we had reached the middle of the grove, and with the parting injunction "Don't make a sound," they left me. For about five minutes I crouched down holding the bag as I had been told and then my foot went to sleep and I sat down. Another five minutes went by. I saw white forms flitting to and fro through the grove, and they seemed to me ghastly—then they went away one by one, and I wished they would come back again. There were so many shadows—Why, was that a cigarette I saw? Taking a mighty long time to catch those snipes—I thought to myself. I stood up and looked around

—no, not a soul in sight—must have been a joke! Then I felt a sickly smile come over my face, and walking hastily toward the building I would fain have crept up the back way to my room and put my light out—no such good luck. “Hello, Snipe!” and there they came—the whole crowd, and in their midst my room-mate. And if we had never heard of snipe-hunting before it is needless to say that we shall ever hear of it henceforth. H.

A Little Base Ball Enthusiast.

My baby brother, who is only five years old, is very enthusiastic about base ball. He understands the principal rules of the game and knows all the terms. Last spring the Lexington Base Ball Team played a number of games with the teams of the neighboring towns and Teddy attended them all. Lexington always came off victorious, and of course that made the little fellow even more enthusiastic than before. He was very fond of telling people that “Lexington beat.”

One afternoon, after he had been running around in the yard, he came into the house very much excited and declared that his heart was beating. Some one asked him: “Don’t you know that your heart beats all the time?” “No,” said he indignantly, “*Lexington* beats all the time.”

LOUISE HILL.

Any one desiring something new in hair tonics can apply to the “Virginia Girl.”

M.—after having recited several poems—sung songs and done numerous other things, sinks into a chair and wearily remarks, “Well, is this initiation into the A. E. P. over?”

One of the girls in the Snipe-hunting expedition was “in” with the crowd, but on account of some one failing to whistle for her as they had promised, she remained for two hours behind a stump.

An old girl having passed the mail box several times and seeing each time one of the new girls standing there with letter in hand, asked her what she was waiting for. The new one smilingly replied, “Just waiting until half past four so I can mail my letter.”

ALUMNAE MATTERS.

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

PRESIDENT,	- -	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
VICE-PRESIDENTS,	{	Mrs. M. T. Leak, Durham.
		Mrs. I. M. Pittenger, Raleigh,
		Mrs. F. P. Tucker, Raleigh,
		Mrs. Kate de R. Meares, Wilmington.
SEC.-TREAS.,	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.

Editorial.

In the MUSE of May, 1905, was published the first of a series of articles about some of the women who have contributed to the making of St. Mary's as it is. In that first article it was a privilege and a pleasure to bring before the MUSE reader that woman who, probably more than any other, has poured out her life and her talents in the interests of our school and its girls, and has ever given freely of herself to all that is uplifting and ennobling—Mrs. Iredell. In this issue we have the pleasure of speaking of another woman, one who never attended St. Mary's, nor knew it personally, but by whose generosity the State University and St. Mary's each benefited largely at her death, and whose name and good works are remembered here in four memorial scholarships—the Mary Ruffin Smith Scholarships,—three of them belonging to the Diocese of North Carolina, and one to the Diocese of East Carolina.

An article on the life of Miss Smith is especially timely in this issue, when all the friends of St. Mary's are rejoicing over the more recent bequest of another woman, the late Mrs. Mary Eliza Pittman of Tarboro, by which the erection of the much needed auditorium is made possible. This benefaction closely parallels the one of Miss Smith, in that neither of them was made primarily to St. Mary's but rather to the Church and the cause of woman's education, and in the one case the trustees, in the other the trustee, decided that St. Mary's is the place where the will of the testator could be best carried out. The money from the Smith foundation was invested in the school

debt, and the four scholarships founded; the money from the Pittman bequest will be devoted to the Auditorium and two "Eliza Battle Pittman Scholarships" established.

An essential difference lies in the fact that Miss Smith had never enjoyed the advantages which St. Mary's offers, while both Mrs. Pittman, (Mary Eliza Battle in her school days) and her daughter, Miss Eliza Battle Pittman, to whose memory the scholarships are established, were St. Mary's girls.

There is another interesting link in connections with these matters in this MUSE. The article on Miss Smith is from the pen of Dr. Kemp Battle of the chair of History at Chapel Hill, who, with his wife, were among Mrs. Smith's closest friends in her latter days; was her executor, and was most largely concerned in carrying out the provisions of her will.

The services of the Battles to the State, the University, and to St. Mary's, need no mention here, but it is interesting to note that the same month in which Dr. Kemp Battle writes of Miss Smith comes the account of the bequest of Mrs. Pittman, who was also a member of the Battle family.

We at St. Mary's thank Dr. Kemp Battle very sincerely for this article on Miss Smith; and we also wish to thank his brother, Hon. R. H. Battle, of our Board of Trustees, for the "Thursday talk" he recently gave us on the history of St. Mary's. We owe them both a deep debt of gratitude for many things and wish to acknowledge it.

Mary Ruffin Smith, 1814-1885.

Mary Ruffin Smith was born in Hillsboro, the county-seat of Orange, in 1814. She was the only daughter of Dr. James S. Smith, a prominent physician who represented his county, when it was of extensive area, in the General Assembly and in the convention of 1835. He was likewise a representative in Congress and an active Trustee of the University. Near the close of his life he retired to a farm in the southern part of the county and lived the life of a farmer.

Miss Smith's mother was Delia Jones, daughter of Francis Jones of Chatham, a Lieutenant in the Revolutionary war, and owner of an extensive plantation, called the grove, part of which he offered for the site of the University.

She was educated in the Hillsboro Female Academy, which was conducted under the general superintendency of Rev. Wm. Mercer Green, Rector of the Parish, afterwards Bishop of Mississippi. Its principal teacher was Miss Maria L. Spear, a very accomplished lady, who was her lifelong friend. When Miss Spear was waxing old, Miss Smith took her to her home, and the friends went down the hill of life together, the teacher crossing the river a few years only before she died. Another of the teachers was the eminent Dr. Francis S. Hawks. It was by the influence of these three, Bishop Greer, Dr. Hawks and Miss Maria Spear, that Miss Mary was brought into the Episcopal church.

In addition to the instruction of the school, she learned from her father and the eminent scientist, Rev. Dr. M. A. Curtis, about the plants useful in medicine, and their allied species. She had a large brain, and under these two gifted masters, was far better acquainted with the plants of the State than is usual even among our most accomplished women. She read much in other branches, especially the literature of our church, and what she read she retained in a memory of uncommon strength.

About the middle of the century she removed with her father's family to her plantation near Chapel Hill, called Price's Creek. Here she resided until her death, November 13th, 1885, witnessing the deaths successively of mother, father, her two brothers and her friend, Miss Spear. She had no near relative, and nearly all of her intimate friends had preceded her to the grave.

She evidently regarded herself as only a trustee of the land of Chatham, which she inherited from her brother, Dr. Frances Jones Smith, and, deducting therefrom a small tract for the benefit of two of her old slaves, she bequeathed the residue to our University for the benefit of poor students. After deducting for the benefit of other like legatees about one-fifth of the whole, she devised to the Diocese of

North Carolina, then embracing all the State, the residue of her home place, about 1,275 acres, together with all her personal property, subject to certain legacies. The convention of the Diocese of North and East Carolina directed the land to be sold, the total amount realized being about \$8,900, not including rents before sale. The personal property realized \$13,708 in the total, or \$6,854 to each Diocese. Such was her freedom from self-aggrandisement, that she expressed no wish for the perpetuation of her name in connection with her gift to the Church. But it has been wisely determined that at least part of it shall be used in lifting to a higher life daughters of our State, through the training of the great St. Mary's School.

Mary Ruffin Smith was a woman of rare virtues. Her piety was sincere, her faith unswerving. Her judgment was quick, accurate and sound. Her acute moral sense detected all sophistry and went straight to the truth. When she formed a friendship it was for life. She had in large sense the Christian graces. Afflicted with an unusual amount of bitter trials she bore them with serenity and unbroken faith in the goodness of God. She was charitable without ostentation, did her duty always, but claiming no credit and desiring no praise. Quiet, gentle, reserved, she was firm as a rock in matters of principle, afraid of nothing but doing wrong.

She is buried in the Jones' burial ground, which was excepted from the sale of the land bequeathed to the University, about half way between Chapel Hill and Pittsboro. A beautiful white monument, in the shape of a cross, typical of that to which she so faithfully clung, is over her grave. Near her repose the bodies of the family for several generations. She was the last of her race—and the best.

KEMP P. BATTLE.

Alumnae Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Placide Bridgers of Wilmington, to the Rev. Robt. White of Atlanta.

St. Mary's MUSE—

DEAR EDITORS:—I am sending you the money for a year's subscription to the MUSE. * * * I enjoyed Miss Thomas' article in the MUSE very much, and am so sorry I didn't know that she was in New York, for I was there during July, and I would have loved to see her.

I enjoyed reading the MUSE ever so much anyway, for I enjoy so many things that the girls are doing. I haven't seen any St. Mary's girls since June, because I was in New York and Pennsylvania all summer, you know. But now that I am back in Macon for all time, I am going to hunt up all the Georgia St. Mary's girls.

But this was to be a "very business" letter and see how I have gone on. * * * Good-bye. With best wishes for good luck with your MUSE,

KITTY COLEMAN, '04.

313 Orange St., Macon, Ga.

The Merry Wedding Bells Ring On.

The approaching marriage of Miss Carolyn A. B. Clark, of Augusta, Ga., to Mr. John Schley Hook, is announced for the twenty-fifth of October. Miss Clark is a member of the Class of '96, and has ever been true to her "alma mater." The MUSE extends congratulations.

Augusta, Ga., September 30.—(Special).—A beautiful out of town wedding, in which Augusta was much interested, took place Thursday evening at Beech Island, S. C., just across historic Sand Bar Ferry, over the Savannah River. Miss Helen Gladys Davies was the pretty bride and Mr. William Radford Eve the happy groom. The ceremony took place in the Presbyterian church at Beech Island, Rev. Dr. Jones, of Aiken, officiating. Both the church and the hospitable home of Mrs. Thomas Jones Davies, where the reception was held, were beautifully decorated for the happy occasion. At the wedding supper a special table decorated effectively with pink roses was occupied by the bridal party. Miss Harriet Davies was maid of honor to her sister. Beardin's orchestra furnished the music, both at the church and the house.

OCTOBER 7, 1905.

READ!—MARK!—ACT!

The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of THE MUSE generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in THE MUSE, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

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B. A.: "And you don't need a good book to throw at the cat sometimes?"

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HUNTER BROS. & BREWER.

A Harvard Sophomore was reciting a memorized oration in one of the classes in public speaking. After the first two sentences, his memory failed, and a look of blank despair came over his face. He began as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Washington is dead, Lincoln is dead"—then, forgetting, he hesitated a moment and continued, "and—I—I am beginning to feel sick myself."

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RALEIGH, N. C.

A minister was earnestly urging one of his old parishoners to attend church oftener. When he had finished the old man said—"Well, Mr. Jordan, to tell you the truth, the reason I don't come oftener is because I snore so loud that I'm afraid that I will keep the rest of the congregation awake."

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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A man was traveling through the country for the purpose of finding the membership of the different denominations. Meeting an old farmer he asked him if there were any Episcopalians in the neighborhood. The old man thought a moment and replied: "Wall, I'm not sure, but Ike shot a mighty queer critter down in the swamp tother day, and maybe that was one of 'um."

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

School Program.

October-November, 1905.

- October 5. Thursday Talk: Hon. R. H. Battle on the "History of St. Mary's."
" 12. Thursday Talk: Miss Shipp on "Woman in the English Universities."
" 17. Tuesday Evening: Miss Annie Blalock, Interpretative Reader.
" 18. Wednesday Afternoon: Annual Visit to the State Fair.
" 21. Saturday Evening: Annual Reception of the Sigma Lambda Literary Society to its new members.
" 26. Thursday Morning: Pres. Geo. Winston, N. C. A. & M. College.
" 28. Saturday Evening: "Social Evening."
" 30. Monday Evening: Faculty Recital. Mrs. Irvine, pianist, and Miss Cribbs, elocutionist.
" 31. Tuesday Evening: Annual Halloween Celebration.
November 1. All Saints': Annual Celebration of Founders' Day. Holy Day.
" 4. Saturday Evening: Chapter Entertainment.
" 9. Thursday Morning:
" 11. Saturday Evening: Lecture: Prof. Gilbert Pearson of the State Normal College, on "The Birds of North Carolina."
-

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The St. Mary's Muse.

HALLOWE'EN NUMBER.

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1905.

No. 4.

Founders' Day, 1905.

The first of November is not only the All Saint's Day of the general Church, but for St. Mary's it is Founder's Day, the day of special remembrance of those saints whose life-energies have been so freely given to her upbuilding. It is emphatically a holy day, when, the regular duties suspended, the hearts of all at St. Mary's turn naturally to the Chapel, which is always particularly beautiful in its glowing autumn decorations, bright emblems of the richness and fulness of life that passes but does not die.

The All Saints' service this year was especially sweet and impressive. The Chapel itself serves always to remind at once of the past and the present, of those who have done their work and those whose work is yet incomplete. With all the improvements of the new building, the memorials of those who are gone and yet are present in spirit still have the prominent place which is rightly theirs. The chancel, the organ, the chapel furnishings, the memorial windows each serve as constant reminders of those who have loved and those who do love St. Mary's, and at All Saints' the service is especially dedicated to the memory of those who have "gone before." This year this service had a special significance, for at it the first offering was taken to start a fund which on its completion will be used to purchase a new altar to take the place of that one which has had its place for so many years in the old chapel, and which is now too small for present needs. An account of this plan will be found further over in this MUSE.

At the service, in a few well chosen words, Mr. DuBose explained the significance of the day, and spoke of the Saints of God, not only of those whose names are in the Church Calendar, but also of those who by that mysterious thing called character made by the indwelling

of Christ in their hearts have left their impress upon those who came in contact with them in life, and, who, though gone before, have led the way to higher things for those "who follow in their train." Such are Drs. Albert and Bennett Smedes, whose works live after them, for many a St. Mary's daughter throughout the Southland owes the inspiration of her spiritual life to the words and to the example of these two great men who gave themselves wholly to God and left St. Mary's a living memorial to their efforts.

The Founder of St. Mary's—The Rev. Aldert Smedes, D.D.

The recent gift of an Auditorium to St. Mary's from the estate of one of her pupils of the forties has turned our thoughts backward to the early days of the school and to its founder and first rector.

The name and memory of Dr. Aldert Smedes is loved and honored in thousands of homes throughout the South and we feel impelled to tell the present generation of St. Mary's girls something of the character and work of this good man of great love and noble deeds.

Dr. Aldert Smedes was born on the 20th of April, 1810, in the city of New York. His father was Abraham Kiersted Smedes, a commission merchant of Dutch ancestry; and his mother was Eliza Sebor Isaacs. Though the parents of Dr. Smedes lived for some years in Kentucky, they were so identified with New York, that after the death of her husband, Mrs. Smedes removed to that city to educate her family of seven sons and two daughters.

The writer, when a child, knew and greatly admired Dr. Smedes' mother, who several times visited her son at St. Mary's. She lived to a ripe old age, loved and revered by her sons and daughters.

Dr. Smedes was educated at Columbia College, there studied law, and later entered the General Theological Seminary in New York, to prepare for his life work. After his ordination to the ministry, he was for several years assistant to the Rev. Thomas Lyell, D.D., rector of Christ Church, New York. On July 18th, 1833, he was married in that church by Bishop Benj. Onderdonk, to Sarah Pierce, daughter of Dr. Lyell, and granddaughter of the Rev. Abraham Beach, D. D.,

who was in the early part of the last century one of the Clergy of Trinity Church Parish.

Soon after his marriage, Dr. Smedes was called to St. George's, Schenectady. There he so endeared himself to his congregation that when he developed a serious throat trouble, they sent him abroad for a year to restore his health. His travels in Europe and the Holy Land, while they did not remove a physical disability which troubled him more or less through life, stored his mind and memory with material for use in his future work. Singularly alive as he was to impressions of grandeur and beauty in nature and art, Europe supplied him with a continuous panorama which he could unfold at pleasure. And, with strong religious sensibilities, he was so impressed by his sojourn in Palestine, that its mountains, lakes, and rivers, the Holy City, the Temple Site, Bethlehem, Gethsemane, Calvary, became vivid realities to his pupils in his teaching of the Scriptures,—not by any descriptive use, but by those touches and allusions which carry you along insensibly with one who has seen with the eyes of his soul.

The severity of the climate of Schenectady forced Dr. Smedes to leave his first parish, and before he was again located, he met in the spring of 1842, in the streets of New York, Bishop Ives, the second bishop of the Diocese of North Carolina. Hearing that Bishop Ives was in search of a clergyman to open a Church School in Raleigh, and that buildings were ready, and only the man was wanting, Dr. Smedes at once offered himself. The strong faith which throughout his life was so evident to those who knew him best, and a zeal for good which his whole career at St. Mary's evinced, must have guided him in this step. For, in two months time he was in Raleigh to open St. Mary's and, with no other assurance of success financially than the promise of Bishop Ives to use his influence in the diocese. On May 12th, 1842, St. Mary's life began with the blessing of God upon it, and through the untiring zeal and energy of its rector it passed through the fiery trials of the war and the dark days following,—its doors never closing,—to carry on its work.

An innate knowledge of human nature guided Dr. Smedes in his choice of assistants when he came to St. Mary's. Madame Clement was one of these, and Mrs. Smedes, whose zeal kept pace with his,

was of the greatest help to him. In health she gave of all that was hers, a bright mind, a rich humor, and an unflinching cheerfulness and sympathy. This ready help never failed until her heart was well-nigh broken and her health quite undermined by her grief in the death of her sons.

In the management of his school, Dr. Smedes was kind, wise, generous, just, acknowledging merit, pitying weakness, and demanding faithfulness in teachers and pupils. As a teacher Dr. Smedes excelled. He had a strong way of putting things in simple words which clung to the memory, and his style was never diffuse. In its epigrammatic character his words often had the force of a proverb. This was most remarkable in his teaching of the Bible, and I do not doubt that many of his pupils could use his very words in the explanation of some passage from the weekly Bible lesson, and in his teaching them to give a reason for the faith that was in them. He knew and loved the Scriptures, and so earnest and zealous was he in his efforts to teach his girls "the things which make for peace," and to show them the duties and responsibilities of Christian women, that many girls left St. Mary's imbued with the spirit and zeal which make missionaries.

In the winter of '89 and '90, Bishop Garrett, of Texas, wrote to Dr. Bennett Smedes to ask that he would inform him regarding his father's methods of "teaching the Scriptures and indoctrinating" his girls. "For," said he, "I find all over my diocese the beginnings of Sunday Schools and Churches, the work of St. Mary's women, and am determined to establish a Church School as the best means of building up my diocese." And he did. That school we may regard as one of the fruits of Dr. Smedes' work at St. Mary's. About a year ago, I met "an old St. Mary's girl" who now lives in Texas, and whose daughter is at Bishop Garrett's School. She spoke in glowing terms of the good work done there.

Of the work of Dr. Smedes for the Church in North Carolina and throughout the South, enough cannot be said. His work was founded in faith, carried on in love, and with a generosity without stint. Wherever there was need and he believed that good could be accomplished, he sowed his seed, looking to Him "who giveth the increase," for the harvest. In his address to the Diocesan Convention, a month

after the death of Dr. Smedes, Bishop Atkinson said, "I take this occasion to express publicly, as my deliberate judgment, that Dr. Smedes accomplished more for the advancement of the Church in this diocese, and for the promotion of the best interests of society within its limits, than any other man who ever lived in it." The testimony of Bishop Cheshire to his worth follows: "Dr. Smedes represented to my mind the best results, not only of the social, but of the intellectual culture of a day when general intellectual culture, as distinguished from special technical training, was perhaps more common in the higher classes of men than to-day. * * * He lived the Christian life, and the life in him had the quality of all true life, that it quickened life in others. * * * Dr. Smedes had the enthusiasm of his noble calling, and with him teaching was taking the child-mind and character and bringing it into sympathetic contact with his own personality, to impart to it the best of his own intellectual and spiritual possessions."

In the trying times that followed the war, the noble generosity of Dr. Smedes, always known, became more apparent. He gave thousands every year to keep up the school. His unusual executive and financial ability had made the school a material success, and he felt that money made and happily invested in brighter times must not be withheld in the day of need. He loved his work, his girls, his St. Mary's that he had made, and anxious thoughts for her future sometimes darkened his latter days, for he had not succeeded in his repeated efforts to acquire the property. He did not know with what devoted love his son and successor would carry on his work, and that a grateful diocese would finally make the work its own on an enduring basis.

Dr. Smedes died April 25th, 1877, having held the reigns of government, taught his classes, and ministered in the chapel to the end.

Perhaps, before he passed from death unto life, from the mountain-top of an uplifting faith, he may have had some vision of hopes fulfilled for his beloved St. Mary's.

MARY IREDELL.

Leonore.

Through sunset glow and twilight haze
 I hunted for my darling,
 Calling, "Oh Sweetheart come, my own dear love,
 My Leonore."

I found her by the water's edge,
 Among the rushes of the shore—
 That form so frail lay outstretched there;
 The auburn tresses of her hair
 Were mingled with the sedge.

With tender care I lifted her,
 Dead Leonore.
 Touching those eyes to smile no more
 I seemed to feel a stifled breath,
 And gently set my burden down—
 No longer feigning death;
 I looked into those opening eyes—so soft, so brown,
 And smiling said, "You wicked, tricky dog,
 My Leonore."

SERENA C. BAILEY.

The State Fair, October 17-20, 1905.

The rhymester saw it thus:

We went to the "Great State Fair";
 A number of people were there.
 As the band played a tune
 We watched a balloon
 Ascending high up in the air.

The merry-go-rounds so swift;
 And the Ferris wheels gave us a lift.
 Then we walked down the "Trail,"
 Buying what was for sale—
 Getting many a knock as a gift.

M.

And it appeared thus to the New Girl:

On Thursday, the 19th, the President was to visit Raleigh and attend the Fair; for that reason we girls at St. Mary's had to go on Wednesday in order to avoid the crush of the next day.

We went out in squads, each under the direction of a teacher. When we assembled about mid-day to take the cars, some one proposed that

we should get on them as they came back from the Fair grounds and ride down to the Capitol Square, and so be sure of having seats. It was a bright idea, for there was not a vacant place when the car started on its way back.

When we went through the gate and were in the midst of the Fair I found it very different from what I had expected; the combination of the jostling crowd and side shows made it seem to me much like a circus. Everything around was horribly hot and dusty. Confetti and banana skins were very noticeable. It seemed that all sorts and conditions of men were gathered together in a jolly crowd under no restraint.

Men painted and spotted stalked about carrying trinkets and balloons, shouting to the passers-by to purchase from them, while they poked their wares into your very faces. "Squeedunks" and small tin horns could be got for a trifle, and each one seemed to try who could make the most noise with them. One had not really entered into the spirit of the occasion unless one had a souvenir cane striped with red, white and blue.

Groups of school girls flocked into the interesting and enticing booths stopping on the way to regale themselves with "fluff candy," a novel arrangement to make one think one is getting a great deal out of nothing. The candy looked very much like pink cotton, and when it was eaten turned into absolutely nothing in your mouth. And even our "dignified seniors," as they were drawn along in the throng had no scruples whatever in eating ice cream put up in cones made of "French cake." Fortune tellers, palmists, tin-type takers were everywhere, while owners of shows stood in the doors and called out in loud tones, and often through a megaphone, literally hauling people in to see their exhibitions; each declaring that his was the best in all the Fair, and the cheapest for the enjoyment gotten from it. Numerous gaudy or striking, if not always attractive, signs pointed out where were to be seen trained animals, champion swimmers, dancing girls, human freaks, or statues turning to life. In one many colored tent, many adventurers were bewildered in the windings of the ever-to-be-found "Mystic Maze." The chosen pleasure of Saint Mary's girls, however, seemed to be riding on one or the other of the two Ferris wheels.

The horse races were no doubt very interesting, though not to be

seen by the late comer, for the railing around the track was packed with the same jolly good-natured crowd that was to be found everywhere.

It all did seem very jolly. The air was buzzing with the sounds of the merry-go-round and of the orchestra which played at intervals while the races were going on. It meant nothing at all to have a big slap on the back from some laughing person hurrying past, or a blow with one of the yellow yard-sticks generously supplied by some merchant, for every rough joke was expected to be taken in good part.

I have almost forgotten to mention the exhibition of the Fair—that of the industry and manufacturing enterprises of the State,—but I fancy that only a few thought this was such a feature as the ascent of the big balloon which went up most successfully.

Our party had its full share in the fun and we enjoyed ourselves hugely, though we were quite ready to come back to St. Mary's about half after five.

M. B.

SCHOOL NEWS.

JOSEPHINE BOYLAN, Editor.

ANNIE E. KOONCE, Editor.

With the Sigma Lambda Literary Society.

The Sigma Lambda Society has gotten well started in the work of the new session and hopes from this time on with the active encouragement and assistance of Miss Thomas to advance further and further in the lines of its work and to have a most prosperous year. The new members, in goodly number, have been received and a simple reception was tendered them on the evening of the 21st of October. At the meeting on the evening of November 1, the program was devoted to Lanier and his works. On the 15th the debate was on the question, "Resolved: That Japan conceded too much to Russia in the Treaty of Portsmouth."

Misses Klingensmith and Gregory took the affirmative view, while Misses S. Bailey and Disosway defended the negative.

The officers of the Society during the present term are: Virginia Bailey, President; Sue Prince, Vice-President; Jane I. Green, Secretary; Emily Carrison, Treasurer; Josephine Boylan, Critic; Grace Whitaker, Historian; Helen Strange and Blandina Springs, Tellers.

The active members for 1905—'06, include: Misses Albright, H. Ashe, Atkinson, S. Bailey, V. Bailey, Bowen, Boylan, Carrison, Cohen, G. Cooper, Corbett, Crews, Crosswell, A. Davis, DeRosset, Disosway, DuBose, Eldridge, Emerson, Gary, Green, Gregory, Henderson, Hutchison, Ivey, S. Jones, Klingensmith, Koiner, F. Lee, Liddell, London, Mackay, V. Miller, Prince, Robinson, Rosser, Seay, Shelburn, Short, Simmons, Springs, Stedman, Strange, Webb, G. Whitaker, Wilson, J. Winston.

THE SIGMA LAMBDA RECEPTION.

On the night of Saturday, October the twenty-first, the annual reception of the Sigma Lambda Literary Society to its new members was held in the "Far Countree." Besides the old and new members, the Epsilon Alpha Pi officers were invited.

The officers of the society received their guests in the hall which with the French room was very artistically decorated with autumn leaves and flowers. Around the sides of the French room, divans and pillows were tastefully arranged and a further transformation in the appearance of the room was effected by the numerous pennants on the walls.

Delicious refreshments, consisting of fruit punch, fruit salad, olives and cheese crackers were served.

Miss Cribbs added very much to the pleasure of the evening when she gave an impromptu recitation. Her little pieces were very interesting, and her manner delightfully natural and charming. S. C. B.

SIGMA LAMBDA PROGRAM, NOVEMBER 1, 1905.

The History of the Society.....	Miss Whitaker.
Lanier's "The Bee"	Miss DuBose.
Lanier's "Revenge of Hamish".....	Miss V. Miller.
The Life of Lanier.....	Miss Short.

THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY.

In April, 1900, at Dr. Bratton's suggestion, the English classes at St. Mary's were formed into two Literary Societies.

The names of the Societies, Sigma Lambda and Epsilon Alpha Pi, are the Greek initial letters of the Southern poets, Sidney Lanier, and Edgar Allen Poe.

The Sigma Lambda adopted as their colors, purple and grey, because of their being the combined colors of North Carolina and Georgia—and, as their flower, at Miss Dowd's suggestion, yellow jessamine; while one of Lanier's quotations "Lit with the sun," became the motto.

The meetings of the society are held on every first and third Wednesday of the month, and its purpose is to broaden the mind by general discussions, and to promote literary tastes and interest among its members. It was not until the fall of 1901, that the society was in good working order, but since then much work has been done. In 1901, the Sigma Lambda sent the first inter-society challenge to the E. A. P., but this was not acted upon that year. In 1902, the E. A. P. challenged the Sigma Lambda to a debate to be held before the whole school, and in this debate the Sigma Lambda proved that "Poetry has done more for the development of mankind than Prose." In 1903, the Sigma Lambda challenged the E. A. P. and proved that "Man has done more for the world than Woman"; this debate was remarkable for the fine impression made by the debaters on both sides, a standard being then set which the Sigma Lambda desires to perpetuate. In 1904, when the Sigma Lambda wished to show that the victory of Japan would be more advantageous to the world than that of Russia, the decision was in favor of Russia. Last year the inter-society debate was an interesting one. The Sigma Lambda proved that the indiscriminate education of all classes is productive neither of discontent nor of evil to the individual or society.

The society has done much for the literary life of St. Mary's, and its members are loyal and devoted and never more so than this year.

All Hallowe'en.

All Hallowe'en is perhaps the most exciting time of all the school year at St. Mary's. For weeks beforehand you hear girls asking, "What are you going as, on Hallowe-en?" and the answer, "Wait and see." This year was no exception to the rule. Everyone seemed to be excited; all were planning and preparing for the great event.

At eight o'clock all assembled in the school room to get in line for the "grand march." There were shrieks of laughter from all sides, as the "Faculty, very cleverly represented, headed the procession. After them came "The Whole Dam Family," "Happy Hooligan," Gloomy Gus," (and of course the policeman), clowns, fairies, old negro women, Italian organ grinders with their monkeys, flowers of all kinds, the Gold Dust Twins, awful looking ghosts,—one of them especially, very tall and dreadful looking, whom no one could recognize,—Colonial dames, Gypsies, country girls, and many others too numerous to mention.

Miss Sutton played the march and the procession solemnly made its way around the parlor. Above the sound of laughing and talking and the cry of "Eat Cream of Wheat," the orders of the "Faculty," the blowing of horns, etc., could be heard astonished exclamations, such as, "Why look at Annie Wells and Beatrice Cohen," "and there is Anna Waugh!" and sure enough there were some of the teachers, dressed as girls.

The "old girls" had been wondering what on earth we were going to do without Miss Checkley, who, while she was at St. Mary's, always took such an interest and such an important part in the program, working for weeks before hand to prepare surprises and pleasures for the girls. But we were not kept long in suspense, for after the march was over all were requested "to sit down on the floor," and lo, there came an exhibition of Mrs. Jarley's waxworks.

A great many of Mrs. Jarley's best works were brought out, despite the fact that she was so afraid of having them broken. Mrs. Jarley got off some very clever "hits" on both teachers and girls, and her two assistants, Lazy Slum and Little Nell, afforded a great deal of amusement for the crowd. Ice cream and cake was served after the exhibition of the wax works.

But as there is an end to all things, so there came an end to this, and all too soon, the bell rang for us to disperse. All Hallowe'en was over, and I think that each girl went to her building that night feeling that she had had the "time of her life," and making up her mind to observe All Saint's Day, which for us is Founder's Day as well, a

little more carefully than she had heretofore, for Mr. DuBose had impressed on the minds of all, the fact that but for All Saint's Day, there would be no Hallowe'en. R. F.

This was the cast in "Jarley":

Mrs. Jarley.....	Miss Fenner.	
Lazy Slum.....	} her assistants.....	{ Emma Barnwell.
Little Nell.....		

THE FIGURES.

The Bear Trainer and his Bear.....	Jane I. Green and Bettie Woolf
The Fairy Queen.....	Margaret Wilson
Jack Sprat and his Wife.....	Irving Morgan and Nathalie Dotterer
Buster Brown and Tige.....	Myrtle Powell and R. DuBose
Organ Grinder and his Monkey.....	Mary Spruill and Ella Croft
The Parisian Dolls.....	Betsie London and Ellen Duvall
The Darkey Singers, Elise Emerson, Christine Klingensmith, and Jessie Chapman Wego, the Wild Girl.....	Georgia Hales
The Parisian Singer.....	Grace Whitaker
The Fat Boy.....	Bessie Watts

The President's Visit.

We were all much interested in the visit of the President on the Thursday of Fair Week. In order to have a double holiday and avoid the crowd of "Roosevelt Day" at the Fair, we had school on Monday, ordinarily a free day, and went to the Fair on Wednesday instead of Thursday. All were accordingly quite ready to see and greet the President as he passed the grove Thursday morning on his way to the Fair grounds.

We gathered in force near the summer house about eleven and had no time to wait. The procession, with its host of marshals and military display, was quite imposing, but of course the centre of attraction were the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. As the marshals passed they halted for a moment and cheered us heartily, a compliment which was much appreciated, and when the President came, (led by Mr. Stone) we saluted him with the Harvard "Raahs." He seemed much pleased with his reception and bowed most graciously.

A moment and he was gone, and yet we have a pleasant recollection of his visit and are heartily glad that we saw him.

The Month's Recitals.

MISS ANNIE BLALOCK.

The event of the greatest interest in the week of October 15, was the recital on Tuesday evening of Miss Annie Blalock, of Atlanta, lecturer and interpretative reader. Miss Blalock, a Georgia woman, a graduate and for years a teacher at the Emerson School of Oratory in Boston, returned two years ago to her native State to devote her energies to the South. She is a most pleasing lecturer, and is highly esteemed by some of the most competent authorities.

FACULTY RECITAL.

The recital at St. Mary's on Monday evening, October 30, given by Mrs. Irvine and Miss Cribbs, new members of the faculty, was in every way a success.

Mrs. Irvine's playing is characterized by ease of technique and by that indescribable quality called "style," which reflects the study with great masters, and reveals the true artist. The difficult "Etude" by Henselt-Joseffy, was played with a rare touch and brilliant technique; the "Berceuse," by Chopin, was given with exquisite delicacy and tenderness, and the "Valse," by Moszkowski with bounding rhythm. But Mrs. Irvine was at her best in the "Etude," and "Waldesrauschen," by Liszt, where her individuality of interpretation was most marked and effective. It needed but the dainty minuet which she played for an encore to complete the effect of this number of the programme.

Miss Cribbs was charming, both in her stage presence and in her rendering of the varied selections, the audience being especially pleased with "Pauline Pavlovna," and "Mam'selle," and the attractive encores.

The full program was:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------|
| a. Little Boy Blue | Field-Nevin |
| b. Pass Under the Rod | Dana-Scott |
| c. Aux Italiens | Meredith-Verdi |

MISS CRIBBS

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| a. Etude | Henselt-Joseffy |
| b. Berceuse | Chopin |
| c. Valse | Moszkowski |

MRS. HARRISON-IRVINE

a.	Pauline Pavlovna	Anon
b.	Mam'selle	Anon
MISS CRIBBS		
a.	Etude	Liszt
b.	Waldesrauchen	Liszt
MRS. HARRISON-IRVINE		

School Notes.

Julia Winston spent Wednesday and Thursday of Fair week at her home in Oxford.

Jessie Harris and Mary Perry spent the last few days of October at their homes in Henderson.

Jennie Morris' father, Mr. C. E. Morris, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., spent several days with her the past week.

Margaret Mackay has been absent from school for some time, suffering with an attack of malarial fever.

Betsey London's mother was here for Hallowe'en and All Saints' Day. How the other girls did envy Betsey.

Maria Webb and Josephine Boylan went to Hillsboro November 17th, to a bird supper that was given by Maria's brother.

Jane Iredell Green went home on Wednesday, November 15th, to attend the marriage of her brother, Dr. Thomas Green, to Miss Emma West.

The enthusiasm over the Carolina—A. & M.—football game was at fever heat. The drawn game prevented a one-sided rejoicing and all were content.

Miss Cribbs recited on the 13th at the recital for the benefit of the sufferers at the Catholic Orphanage, which recently suffered such a disastrous fire.

Miss Hull and Miss Pixley chaperoned a large party to the Baptist University on the 14th to hear the Schubert Quartet. All enjoyed the evening greatly.

Bessie Dixon and Addie Norman, of Edenton, were with our Edenton girls during Fair week. We hope they will themselves be St. Mary's girls another year.

Mrs. Dotterer of Charleston, and Mrs. Waddill of Cheraw, were with their daughters for brief visits during the past month.

Marguerite Springs and Mary Robinson, who are at Gunston, went to the October Hop at Annapolis; of course each says that she had the "time of her life."

Dorothy Hughson, '05, spent a few days at St. Mary's during the last part of October. We were delighted to see her and to welcome her to Senior Hall again.

A large number of our teachers are interested in the Teachers' Club of Raleigh, recently organized as an aid in the promotion of the school influence in the city.

A party of the Seniors and Juniors, chaperoned by Mr. DuBose, enjoyed Charles Battell Loomis, the humorist, at A. and M. College on the evening of the 4th.

Alice Davis went home on November 11th, to attend the marriage of her brother, Mr. Thomas Davis, to Miss Anna Peck. The wedding took place in Wilmington.

A good many of the St. Mary's girls expect to attend the Carolina-Virginia foot ball game in Norfolk, Thanksgiving Day, and are looking forward to having a fine time.

St. Monica's Chapter.

The first of the annual Chapter entertainments was a Japanese Tea, given by St. Monica's Chapter (Miss Katie's Dormitory), on the evening of Saturday, November 4th.

On entering the parlor one felt as if she had suddenly been transported from the walls of St. Mary's to the Orient. The first place of attraction was a booth surrounded by Japanese parasols and lanterns, where beautiful Japanese maidens nodded as they served hot chocolate. Borne along in the crowd we passed the candy booths to the spot most typical of all, where the tea tables were. Occasionally someone wandered off to another corner of the room, but if so she rudely awakened from her Eastern dream for there fair maids were serving "Dughi's Best Ice Cream."

We all owe a vote of thanks to Miss Katie and her girls for a very pleasant evening; and especially will we remember the display of Nancy Fairley's energy which had so much to do with the success of the occasion.

Prof. Cobb's Lecture at St. Mary's.

Prof. Collier Cobb, of the University of North Carolina, is a well known and favorite lecturer in Raleigh. He appeared on the evening of November 11th, for the third time, before a large audience at St. Mary's School. His subject was an especially interesting one, "The Sand Reefs of the North Carolina Coast," and with his usual happy manner of imparting information and with the aid of the beautiful stereoptican views, Prof. Cobb did full justice to his subject.

In Lighter Vein.

HARRIETTE E. RUFF, EDITOR.

J. R. addressing a letter writes carefully in one corner of the envelope, "U. F. D."

J. B.: "Julia, what does U. F. D. stand for?"

J. R.: "Why, Ural Free Delivery, of course."

Genevieve C.: "Bland, I want some glasses. Lend me your blue ones and I'll wash the blue off."

"Mother went to the State Ball last night."

Deaf girl not understanding: "Yes, I am in a bald state. I've been tearing my hair out over that old history."

"What makes you think she is crazy?"

"I heard her offer to pay in advance for the monthly and the annual MUSE."

Ret R.: (at table): "Say, please give me an empty plate with a little potatoes in it."

M. B.: "Do invalids (infidels) believe in the Bible?"

A ST. MARY'S VERSION.

("What care I how fair she be,
If she be not fair to me.")

What care I what "kind" she be,
If she be not kind to me.

M. DuB.

M. Sanborn: "I'm so mad I don't know what to do because Thanksgiving comes on Monday this year." Amid shrieks of laughter from the girls, A. S. remarks: "Well, I don't see anything funny in that."

At the table: "Please pass the sy-rup."

Rena L.: "Why do you always say sy-rup? I am sure s-u-r-r-u-p doesn't spell sy-rup."

Irving Morgan (in the infirmary): "I wish my "mash" would come to see me, but I have not even met her yet."

Said one of the girls to "Sparrow" Gwynn: "Did you get the vote for being the prettiest there?"

"No, for they did not take any votes," replied "Sparrow," modestly.

 DEDICATED TO N. HISTORY.

I sat in my room at midnight,
The gas was turned down low;
I had the transom darkened,
And maps all over the floor.

A history lay before me
And crayons by my side;
"Those boundaries of Maryland,
They must be here!" I cried.

And then the Slavery Question
Came next into my mind;
"D'Allyon brought them over—
(I wish they'd stayed behind).

Well, we won't discuss it,
For time is flying fast.
I hope our future lessons
Will not be like these last.

I'm getting mighty tired
 Of sitting up so late
 And missing this old History,
 Though going at such a rate.

I'm growing pale and careworn,
 My head is in a whirl;
 Oh! teacher, do have pity
 On this poor hard-worked girl!

B. A. H. R.

 PEGGY'S OPINION.

"Law missis, you sho do look prutty in dat new frock; you'll out shine de whole she-bang: me and Dinah wuz disputin' de other day 'bout which of our white folks wuz the likeliest. Dinah wuz insistin' dat Miss Rose wuz but I sez "Me for Miss Emily."

Mrs. Crowson's face lighted; her head went up and her shoulders back, and saying in a voice meant to be indifferent, "Peggy, I fear you are prejudiced," she stepped into the carriage.

Dinah watched them until they were out of sight, then turning she said with a shrug, "I speck I'll git dat blue dress fur dat."

C. GANT, '08.

 MASHES' MEDLEY.

To the Muse—With deepest apology. M. duB.

"Every morn I send thee violets"—

I mean candy, fruit and such;—

"Every night I dream of you, dear,"

For I love you, oh! so much.

"In days of old when knights were bold"

Would you have been my lady fair?—

For "My love is like a red, red rose,"

Like the rose you have in your hair.

But "Tell me one thing, tell me truly,"

Will you even stop to sigh,

When it comes our time for saying

"Au revoir—but not good-bye"?

The St. Mary's Muse.

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THE ST. MARY'S MUSE, -

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

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Editorial.

This number of THE MUSE is the first gotten out under the newly organized Board. At a recent meeting of the Senior Class, the editors were chosen, and their names will be found at the heads of their departments. The editors again ask for the hearty co-operation of every friend of the school in helping to make the paper a success and advancing the interests of St. Mary's.

We are glad to see the athletic spirit aroused so early this year, and that so many of the girls are interested in this important part of school life. Christine Klingensmith and Margaret Eldridge, ably seconded by the club directors, will do their part to make the new association a success, but they need the help of every girl in the school.

We shall greatly miss this year the untiring energy of Jean Carson in pushing matters athletic, and the prowess of Virgilia and Kate Glazebrook on the basket-ball field; but thought of them will help develop new champions.

And along with the interest in athletics, we should like to see a more living and lively interest in the literary societies. These organizations are moving along smoothly, but their achievements do not seem

to measure up entirely to their possibilities. These societies should be one of the greatest helps in the student life and should be a genuine pleasure and not a burden. There is more needed than regular attendance, though that is essential. May we not hope to note some improvement at St. Mary's this year along this line.

Did the students understand how entirely a student paper must be a student affair the editors would not need to again ask for contributions. THE MUSE this year has offered three prizes open to the student body; one for the best story, a second for the best verses, and a third for the best news description submitted for publication in THE MUSE during the current session. These prizes should not be necessary, but we hope that they will to some extent encourage the students in making some real effort for THE MUSE.

Inasmuch as THE MUSE does not claim to be a literary, but only a news-magazine, we do not feel ourselves exactly in the position of our sister school-papers which emphasize the literary side. But we desire nothing more than the cultivation of friendly relations with our fellow students of other schools and colleges, and to that end would like to have exchanges from as many as possible. We wish to extend fraternal greetings to each of our sister-papers; and the Exchange Editor, Miss Annie Sloan, will hereafter *try* to express our appreciation of the various exchanges which come to our table.

This month we would acknowledge with thanks the University of N. C. Magazine, The Red and White, The Wake Forest Student, The Guidon, The College Message, The Boys' Industrial School Advance, and others. We hope before another month to greet many more friends, both old and new.

The Revival of Athletics.

Once more an active attempt has been made to establish a healthy interest in athletics and outdoor sports at St. Mary's. May it meet with a better fate than has befallen most of the spasmodic efforts of the past.

In the announcement for 1903—'04, it was stated that "The students and most of the Faculty have formed for themselves a voluntary Athletic Association, whose object is to foster the already considerable interest in outdoor sports. Tennis, basket-ball and walking clubs compose the Association, and are generally very active in the proper seasons for these recreations." And this statement was true in the days of Miss Boyd, but almost a student generation has passed since then. It is on the lines of this announcement that the present association has been formed.

These are some of the more important points in the simple By-Laws: Every student and teacher is eligible to membership. The object of the Association is to foster interest in outdoor life, and to that end to encourage all desirable forms of out-door games and exercise. There will be a Basket-Ball Club, a Tennis Club and a Walking Club, with such other clubs as may be needed later. 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 Instructor in Physical Culture and a personal representative of the Rector.

The Association was enthusiastically organized with more than eighty members and bids fair to be a success. The first President is Christine Klingensmith; the Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret Eldridge. The Clubs have not yet been fully organized, except the Basket-Ball, which Lucy Heyward will direct. The Athletic Committee is at present composed of the officers already mentioned, with Emma Barnwell, Josephine Boylan, Miss Cribbs and Mr. Cruikshank.

The "Thursday Talks."

The "Thursday Talks"—informal addresses before the school on Thursday mornings by various educators of Raleigh—though an innovation at this session have proved a delightful success. Each speaker has brought "help for the road," and each "talk" has been both entertaining and profitable.

The speakers for October were Hon. Richard Battle and President Winston, of the A. & M. College.

Mr. Battle gave a most interesting account of the foundation and progress of St. Mary's School. As a personal friend of each rector, and as a trustee of the school, Mr. Battle is particularly well qualified to speak on this subject.

Dr. Winston, in his happiest manner, talked of "Woman as an Educator." He paid a beautiful tribute to the character and influence of Mrs. Cornelia Philips Spencer, whom he regards as the most intellectual woman the State has produced, as well as the type of all that is fine and noble.

On Thursday, November 2, Mrs. Iredell spoke on the subject of "Aims and Ideals." In earnest, yet well chosen and graceful language, Mrs. Iredell impressed upon her audience the need of setting for one's self a high ideal, since the elevation of one's character is largely determined by the elevation of the ideal placed before it. As elements of the ideal, or as aids in attaining it, she emphasized the practical importance of persistent effort and of habits of obedience, order and attention to little things.

Mrs. Iredell commanded the attention of the girls not only on account of her forcible presentment of her subject, but also on her own account. In the minds of the friends of the St. Mary's, no living person is more thoroughly identified with the life and development of the school than is she. For long connected with St. Mary's as teacher and of late in other capacities, especially as president of the Alumnae Association, she has done a great and abiding work for the school and for the many young women who have come under the influence of her gentle yet strong personality.

On Thursday, November 9th, Dr. R. H. Lewis gave a most instructive and interesting talk. His subject, which was illustrated by charts, was the "Human Eye," and he succeeded in impressing his hearers with the wonder and beauty of the eye structure and the necessity for taking care of such a delicate and valuable organism.

ALUMNAE MATTERS.

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

PRESIDENT,	-	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
VICE-PRESIDENTS,	{	Mrs. M. T. Leak, Durham.
		Mrs. I. M. Pittenger, Raleigh,
		Mrs. F. P. Tucker, Raleigh,
		Mrs. Kate de R. Meares, Wilmington.
SEC.-TREAS.,	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.

Editorial.

Again this has been a "month of marriages" for St. Mary's girls of former days. To each of them THE MUSE extends its best wishes for a happy, useful life, and to the fortunate men sincere congratulations.

THE MUSE has pleasure this month in presenting to its readers the enclosed likeness of Dr. Aldert Smedes, taken from the plate made after his well-known portrait. We are indebted to Mrs. Iredell for the appreciative article on the life of the Founder, a topic which should be ever interesting to those interested in St. Mary's.

Thanks are due Miss Adelaide Smith, of Scotland Neck, for the list of alumnae of the 40's who came from the vicinity of her home. This has been the only response to the request for information published in the September MUSE. Those in charge have not as yet been able to actively push this work of collecting information as to the alumnae, but will greatly appreciate any contributions bearing on this subject.

No word yet this session from any of the Guilds. What is the matter? What has become of Charlotte, Columbia, Henderson, Fayetteville, Goldsboro and the rest? May we not have some notes before the next issue?

The Rector recently attended the session of the N. C. Convocation of Raleigh at Wilson, and afterwards visited Rocky Mount. He found much interest in St. Mary's at both points and had most pleasant visits.

The Alumnae will of course be much interested in the proposition to place a new altar in the new chancel of the enlarged chapel to the memory of the Drs. Aldert and Bennett Smedes. This altar will be immediately beneath the memorial window which member of the Smedes' family will place as a memorial to Mrs. Sarah Lyell Smedes, wife of the Founder. The plan is described elsewhere.

Who?

DEAR EDITORS:—Enclosed is my subscription to the MUSE, which I wish could have been sent before, for, although it is quite a "come down" for a person to leave St. Mary's only to be "queen of a culinary department," I have not yet become so inoculated with mundane affairs that I cannot still be inspired by the spirit of the MUSE! In fact, if it would discuss the "Labor Problem," so far as to publish articles on "How to Get Cooks," I think I could get it a good many subscribers in this neighborhood. Or else, if it would descend so much as to discuss recipes for bread, cake, etc., with as much *efficiency* as it has all matters in the *past*, I am sure that we friends of St. Mary's could enter our kitchens with a MUSE in one hand and a frying-pan in the other and *defy* the world of servants. Fortunately, though, I believe there are few St. Mary's girls that are placed in my predicament.

Wishing you and the class of nineteen six all the success possible, I am,

Yours sincerely,

THURSDAY, October 26th, 1905.

Alumnae Notes.

Cards have been received to the following fall weddings:

Miss Kate Clifton and Mr. Bennett Boddie Perry, October 12th.
Louisburg, N. C.

Miss Margaret Lane Turk and Mr. Gavin M. Dortch, October 31st.
Christ Church, Raleigh.

Miss Olive Armstrong and Mr. George Davis Crow, October 31st.
Wilmington, N. C.

Miss Louise Greenleaf and Mr. Edward R. Outlaw, November 7th.
Elizabeth City, N. C.

Miss Mary Thompson Dunn and Mr. Archibald Stuart Hall, November 9th. Scotland Neck, N. C.

Miss Emma Perrin West and Dr. Thomas Meares Green, November 16th. St. James' Church, Wilmington.

Miss Mary Kinsey Boylan and Mr. Steadman Thompson, November 15th. Christ Church, Raleigh.

Readers of THE MUSE will recognize old friends, and St. Mary's sends her best wishes to them all.

Olive Morrill was a welcome visitor during the Fair.

Mrs. Lou Broadnax, of New York, for years a teacher with Dr. Aldert Smedes, paid a visit to St. Mary's in October.

Miss Kate Carraway of Washington, N. C., who was at St. Mary's under Dr. Aldert Smedes, was a recent visitor to the school.

Mrs. H. V. Horton of Winston-Salem, N. C., nee Miss Cowles of Wilkesboro, paid us a visit during Fair week. We are always glad to have old St. Mary's girls call.

Cards have been received recently by friends in Raleigh announcing the marriage of the Rev. Henry J. Mikell and Miss Henrietta Campbell. Mr. Mikell is the rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, Charleston, S. C., and a trustee of St. Mary's.

On the evening of November 4 Mrs. DuBose entertained the Faculty at a delightful reception given in honor of her guest, Mrs. Carrie Carr Mitchell, of Asheville. Mrs. Mitchell has shown her love for St. Mary's by her interest and work in the St. Mary's School Guild in Asheville, the members of which Guild have given the chancel in the enlarged chapel at St. Mary's.

IN MEMORIAM.

Entered into rest three beloved daughters of St. Mary's:

In September, at her mountain home in Western North Carolina, Emily Barnwell Ravenel.

In October, at her home in Raleigh, Edna Watson, aged 23 years.

In November, at her home in Raleigh, Mary Wimbish Bailey.

The Altar in the Chapel.

In the reconstruction of the St. Mary's Chapel, there were two co-ordinate aims: the creation of a building sufficiently spacious for the needs of the present and near future, and as beautiful as the funds would justify; and the preservation of all that was "near and dear" in the

old Chapel, all those many parts both of building and furnishings that had been hallowed by the long years of worship, and consecrated by the love of those who had placed them there.

And so, though in accordance with the first aim, it was necessary to construct an entirely new chancel, the various articles of furniture which had been carefully removed from their former places were as carefully established again in their proper new places, and when one approaches the chancel to-day, it is not as if to come to a new place but to an old friend beautified; for the old altar, the old rail, and the other familiar objects are there.

As the Chapel is the visible heart of St. Mary's, so, of course, the altar is the heart of the Chapel, and around it most of the hallowed recollections center. That altar must be preserved, and yet, with the course of years it has grown too small for our needs. The Guild of the District of Asheville gave the new Chancel, and they purpose as time goes on to give the furniture still needed, while other memorials have been and are being placed wherever needed. But the Altar it seems should not be the gift of one or of a few individuals; not to the memory of a few of those who have blessed St. Mary's with their good deeds. There seems only one thing appropriate; that this altar should represent the love of the many who have worshipped at the Communion in this place; and should be dedicated to the memory of those two to whom St. Mary's looks as its master-builders, and who spent so much of their consecrated lives ministering there.

The plan is, therefore, to build in the place of the old *altar* a new and larger one; to make this altar sacred to the memory of Dr. Aldert and Dr. Bennett Smedes, and to raise the requisite fund through the love-offerings of those who knew these good men and value them for their works, and who love the Chapel for what it has meant and means to them.

The first offering for this purpose was taken at the school at the All Saints' Service and amounted to a little more than thirty dollars. This is about a tithe of what will be needed. THE MUSE is glad to bring this cause to the attention of those interested in the school and feels sure that there are many who will wish to have their part in the erection of this memorial, fraught as it is with such special meaning.

READ!—MARK!—ACT!

The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of THE MUSE generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in THE MUSE, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

Established 1858

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RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

HAVE

WHARTON

TO MAKE YOUR

PHOTOGRAPHS

REMEMBER IT PAYS TO GET THE BEST

SMILING.

You might as well keep Smilin',
For there ain't a bit of sense,
Of fidgetin' an' rilin'
An' longin' *too* intense.
'Cause most things worth the gettin'
Are sure to find the Place
Where you're peaceful an' *a-Settin'*
With a Smile upon your face.

WHINING.

O, what's the use o' whinin'
When a Smile will cure a Frown?
An' what's the use o' pinin'
When it's easy to sit down?
There ain't a single Trouble
But will fade before a Smile,
Or smash just like a Bubble,
If you'll Sit a litte while.
—From Shephard's "Happy Days."

Dobbin & Ferrall

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OF ALL KINDS



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You'll find up-to-date Shoes at

HUNTER BROS. & BREWER.

"Who signed Magna Charta?" thundered the Professor,
"who signed it, I say?"

Timid Freshman—"Please, sir, 'twarnt me."—*Ex.*

"Why do you like pepper and salt clothes?"

"They're good for two seasons."

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*Dry Goods, Millinery,
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Gloves, Hosiery,
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Plumbers, Steam and Gas Fitters.

121 FAYETTEVILLE STREET.

J. SCHWARTZ,

RICHMOND MARKET.

MEATS OF ALL KINDS.

RALEIGH, N. C.

The Freshman burned the midnight oil,
Likewise the midnight taper,
Thinking on what to write a theme—
Which at last he wrote *on paper*.

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Special Work in Fine Colonial Architecture.
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Fine Watch and Jewelry repairing.

OPEN UP A SMILE.

When your heart is dull and sore;
When the game of life's a bore;
When the scrabble and the rabble make you "bile";
When the friend you thought was true
Takes to knocker-roasting you,
Then it's time for you to open up a smile.

Try the "grin cure," for it works
Like a charm, and always lurks
In your heart and in your head, and so beguiles
Pleasure's sweetness out of pain,
Ducats to your sack again;
So then *why* not open up a face of smiles?

—From "Happy Days."

A. DUGHY,

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Confections, Foreign and Domestic Fruits.

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 Millinery.

School Program.

November-December, 1905.

- Nov. 1. All Saints'; Founders' Day; Holy Day.
 " 2. Thursday Talk: Mrs. Mary Iredell, on "Aims and Ideals."
 " 4. Saturday Evening: St. Monica's Chapter. Japanese Tea.
 " 9. Thursday Talk: Dr. R. H. Lewis, on "The Eye."
 " 11. Saturday Evening: Prof. Collier Cobb, U. N. C., on "The Sand-Reefs of the Carolina Coast."
 " 16. Thursday Talk: Mrs. F. L. Stevens, on "Nature Study."
 " 18. Saturday Evening: St. Margaret's Chapter. "Maidens All Forlorn."
 " 23. Thursday Talk: Hon. J. Y. Joyner, State Superintendent of Education.
 " 25. Saturday Evening: St. Anne's Chapter: "The Grasshopper Cantata."
 " 29. Wednesday Evening: Epsilon Alpha Pi Reception to its new members.
 " 30. Thanksgiving Day: School holiday.
 Dec. 2. Saturday Evening: St. Catherine's Chapter.
 " 7. Thursday Talk:
 " 9. Saturday Evening: St. Etheldreda's Chapter.

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 PORTSMOUTH, VA.

H. A. MORSON, C. P. and T. A.





December, 1903

The
St. Mary's House

Walden, N. J.



The St. Mary's Muse.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1905.

No. 5.

Awake, begin, no fear,
Let joy thy work endow;
No where so good as here,
No when so good as now.

The Haunted House.

Soon after I had been ordained to the ministry I was called to an Episcopal church in one of the largest cities in New York state. After I had been there for about a week I decided to look around for a house, so that my mother and sister could come to live with me. For a long time I looked in vain, but at last I found a very handsome house in one of the prettiest streets in the city; the rent was very low, and as my salary was not large I decided to take the house. But one of the men in my congregation would not hear of me doing so. "It is haunted," he said; "if any one goes in that house and sleeps in the front room, he sees the devil at twelve o'clock; and almost every one has come out a raving maniac. You may think that this is all a joke, but I swear to you that if you take that house you will never stay in it a day."

"This is nonsense, man," I said, laughing heartily; "I do not believe in haunted houses, and besides a minister of God is not afraid of the devil. This house suits me in every way, and I am going to take it and sleep in it to-night, and you will see that I shall be all right in the morning."

As my friend saw that I was determined to have my way he said nothing. I took the house, and when night came I went to it, and was more than ever pleased with it when I saw the beautiful furnishings. I went up to the front room that was said to be haunted and got ready for the night. Before getting into bed I noticed that just at the foot of the bed was a large, beautiful oil painting that I admired very much. I slept very well until I heard the clock striking twelve, when I woke up with a start to see the painting at the foot of the bed slide aside,

and out into the room stepped the devil that my friend had told me of. He came up to the bed, and I could see him very well, as the moon was shining full into the room. I had a pistol and knife under my pillow, and I was perfectly at ease when I saw him.

"How dare you come into my house, sir," he said in a gruff voice.

"Your house?" I replied. "I beg your pardon, my friend, but I rented this house this afternoon, so you see I have a perfect right to be here, and I may ask, why are you in my room disturbing my sleep in this way, and who are you?"

"Don't you see who I am?" he said in a threatening voice. "Leave this room this instant, if you don't wish to be put out by force." As he said this I jumped out of bed and taking my pistol and knife rushed towards him, but he ran to the painting and pushing it aside dashed into the opening, while I followed close at his heels. We ran down a long hall, at the end of which was a flight of steps which we descended, and at last we came to a standstill in a large cellar in the middle of which was a long table. Seated around this table were about one hundred men whom I saw at a glance were counterfeiting money. I recognized among these men many in my congregation.

"You are found out at last," I said to them; "now I advise you to own up and tell me all about this business."

"We shall do nothing of the kind," said my friend the devil, taking off his red garments, and I saw he was one of my vesrymen. "We have been here for years, now, counterfeiting money, and you are the only one who has found out about it. If you tell on us we shall kill you, but if you swear not to tell on us for a year and give us a chance to get out of the country, then we will let you go free. Do you swear to do that?"

As I was young and valued my life I promised to do as they told me, and so I went back to my room and finished my night's rest in peace. The next morning I told everyone that I had seen the devil but that he had not frightened me. I sent for my mother and sister and we lived very happily and comfortably in the house, which was never more disturbed by the presence of the devil. At the end of the year I told about the counterfeiters and several of them were caught, and everyone then understood about the haunted house.

IRVING MORGAN.

Better Than Fish.

A small-sized boy was dangling a fishing-rod carelessly over his shoulders and whistling softly to himself as he came down the big *wood road* to the little stream where his destiny took him. He was playing truant, of course, but this to him was such a small matter that were he here now he would laugh at me for mentioning it. As he sat there on the bank holding on to a big oak tree with one hand (for the place was risky) and fishing with the other, he noticed a fly-leaf from a copy-book floating down the stream; of course he didn't have any curiosity—only girls had that, he said to himself, and then went on fishing. But the fish wouldn't bite—it seemed to him everything he wanted to do he couldn't do. Only this morning in school Fred Harris had taken his seat by Maud; humph! how he hated city cousins, anyhow, always butting in. At recess he could stand it no longer, so he had gotten up his fishing tackle and started out. And now the fish wouldn't bite. He knew it was too cold for them, and then he didn't care—he thought they might bite anyhow. He wouldn't go home—no, he would have to cut the wood or pick up chips or get a thrashing for running away from school—everybody was down on him anyhow, and from the very bottom of his heart he pitied himself. Suddenly he saw that the fly-leaf had gotten caught in an old log across the stream, so climbing out to the middle of the log he unfastened it and began reading it—of course he ought not to have read it, his conscience told him, but he always did wrong anyhow. "I guess I was just born that way," he said to himself. And this is what he read:

"Tom walked home with me to-day. I certainly do think he is a sweet boy—but I never see him now 'cause Fred is here, and mamma says I ought to be a nice little girl and good to my cousin. I wish he would go home. Here he comes now, so I will have to hurry up and hide you, my dear diary."

That was all. "Humph!" Tom said to himself, "I didn't want to catch any fish anyhow."

A. W. S.

How It All Began.

She had lived in this small village all of her long six years. He had just moved there the day before—and was ten.

She, standing at her gate in the lawn, had seen him pass on the way to his new home, and his mother had smiled at her. Then and there she made up her mind that such a handsome boy, with a mother that smiled at little stranger-girls, was certainly worth knowing. Therefore on this afternoon she persuaded her nurse to put on her “next-best” white dress (her best she was saving to wear at her birthday party), and went out to swing in the play-ground between the two houses.

She had not long to wait. He came down the steps whistling a tune and peeling a stalk of sugar-cane. Very slowly he opened his gate, walked out, seemed undetermined which way to go, decided on the play-ground, came on, looking around in an indifferent way, sat down on the bench near the little girl's swing, and went on chewing cane.

Silence reigned for some time. At last—“I know who you are. I saw you all come yesterday when I was standing at the gate.”

“I saw you, too,” in reply.

Silence again. Affairs were not progressing fast enough to suit her, so again she broke in:

“I've got a whole lot o' white rabbits; my muvver gave 'em to me last C'ris'mus.”

“Humph! That's nothing. I've got a great big goat what draws me aroun' in a wagon. He's coming to-morrow.”

“Goodness!” exclaimed the girl, “I just love to ride in a goat wagon. My bruvver uster have a goat, but it butt him down one time and he sold it. I'm goin' to have a birt-day party day after to-morrow and goin' to have a cake and candies all over the top of it, and I'll ask my muvver to let you come if you want to.” The boy's face showed his delight.

“And I'll let you ride in my cart.” Then after a few minutes—“Don't you want some cane? We brought a whole lot from the place where we came from.”

For awhile they sat chewing cane in silence; he thinking how pretty she was, and she thinking what a nice, polite little boy he was.

They had been sitting there for perhaps an hour talking like old friends, when her mother called to her to come and feed the rabbits. She jumped up in delight, crying, "O, come and let's feed the rabbits. I'll show 'em to you. They are too cute for anything when they are eating." And they walked off together laughing and talking.

This was the way that it all began.

West Rock.

A Nocturne.

I.

'Tis night; profoundest silence reigns around;
 In halls, on stairs, there's not the faintest sound.
 This is the hour, which to my heart most dear,
 I give to recollections, gay or drear;
 Or else I "burn the midnight oil," to pore
 O'er modern fiction, or ancient classic lore.
 To-night 't is Dante, whose weird allegory
 Shows to my trembling soul the lost in Purgatory,
 Till every nerve is tense and 't would appear
 As if the phantom ghost of some such soul were here,
 When hark! what dismal shriek does rend the house?
 A mouse! A mouse!! A mouse!!! A mouse!!!! A mouse!!!!!

II.

Away with classics: broom and candlestick
 Are snatched from their respective places quick.
 And lights are gleaming, pattering feet resound,
 And fairy-forms appear, with tresses all unbound.
 And anxious questioning: "Where is the fire!"
 "Was it a burglar?" "Say, or I'll expire."
 "Was it the A. & M., who us a visit paid,
 And thundered in our ears their classic serenade?"
 Meanwhile the little mouse, tracked to its goal,
 Does vanish, as by magic, in its hole.
 The "Fairies" do likewise, that is to say,
 They to their little beds, creep silently away;
 And soon no trace remains of all this din—
 I double-lock my door, and quiet reigns within.

III.

Now silence is restored, and I would fain
 Resume my reading, but in lighter vein.
 From Petrarch to his lady-love, a sonnet
 Delights and charms me, and I ponder on it.
 How strangely love does sway the heart of man,
 And woman, too, pray solve it if you can.
 Here is a poet, thinker, whom the immortals crave,
 Kneeling, all bathed in tears, on Laura's grave,
 Yet though he thought and wrote so much about her,
 Lived all his life contentedly without her.
 'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange . . . but heavens! what yell is that?
 A rat! A rat!! A rat!!! A rat!!!! A rat!!!!!

IV.

And now the scene of but an hour ago
 Would be enacted with the self-same show,
 But that I bid the "Fairies" exit, and would then,
 Alone, unaided, beard the lion in his den,
 This rodent fierce, who thus our rest destroys,
 And puts a tragic end to literary joys.
 However, I act *cautiously*, not bold,
 For in a rage they'll turn on you, I'm told.
 The night is now far spent, and "Phæbus" gay
 Descends to meet fair "Hebe," harbinger of day.
 The foe in dire retreat, the chase well o'er,
 I hie me to my couch at stroke of four,
 To rest my head, all wearied by the strain,
 Until the "strenuous life" begins again.

V.

Envoi.

Ye shades of Whittington, who in olden times,
 Dids't carry in thy arms a "feline," to the chimes
 Of old St. Paul's Cathedral, and e'en bore
 The tabbies to a distant pagan shore,
 Where their deft mousing earned a pound a minute,
 (Though now-a-days there isn't so much in it).
 Send us in mercy, for this plague of mouse and rat,
 A cat! A cat!! A cat!!! A cat!!!! A cat!!!!!

SCHOOL NEWS.

JOSEPHINE BOYLAN, Editor.

ANNIE E. KOONCE, Editor.

Mademoiselle Masch's Entertainment.

Mlle. Masch gave to the faculty and some outside friends, among them Bishop and Mrs. Cheshire and Col. and Mrs. Cameron, a delightful French and German party on Tuesday night, December 5th.

The guests assembled in the Teacher's Reception Room at eight o'clock and spent the hour till nine in pleasant conversation. Then began an entertaining program, which Mlle. Masch had arranged, and in carrying out which she was assisted by members of her classes.

Emma Barnwell announced the selections. First came Mary Bryan in "*La Petite Mendicante.*" Her rendition of this pathetic little poem was very touching—as were also her ragged garments.

Serena Bailey was lovely as "Mignon" in the German poem of that name. So was Bettie Woolf in the recitation of "*Les Adieux de Marie Stuart a la France.*" She was dressed in deepest black with high white ruff, in the style of the dress of the time of the Scottish queen.

Last was a selection from Moliere's "*Les Femmes Savantes.*" Gertrude Sullivan was Maitre Trissotin, the poet, and the parts of Mlles. Belise, Philaminte, and Armande, were taken by Harriet Ruff, Annie Sloan, and Mary Lassiter respectively. The ladies dressed in gay costumes of the sixteenth century go into raptures over M. Trissotin's silly verses, much as our girls of to-day do over a foot-ball game.

Miss Masch's invitations and replies were in rhyme, and the latter, which were varied and witty, were read to the company by Virginia Bailey. The judges, Miss McKimmon, Bishop Cheshire and Col. Cameron, awarded the prize—a quaint Dutch shoe in Delft ware—to Miss Pixley, whose rhyme was as follows:

Sing a song of welcome—
 A party full of rhyme—
 One and twenty teachers arriving just on time.
 When the party's opened
 The rhymes will all be read.
Isn't that a clever thought to come from Fraulein's head?

Thank you for my invite
 And my man friend's too.
 I am mighty sorry that without him we must do.
 When I went to find him
 He wasn't anywhere.
 Wasn't that enough, my friend, to make you tear your hair?
 Yet a throb of gladness
 Wells up in my heart,
 That in spite of such loss, I've enough to part—
 And I'm sure to be there
 In the proper fix—
 Now, isn't this a great rhyme to come from Sister Pix?

Penance was laid on Mr. Stone and Mr. Cruikshank for conversing in English instead of in French or German, during the party. They were blindfolded and made to feed each other with cracker crumbs, to the great amusement of the company.

At about ten o'clock delicious refreshments were served, consisting of fruit salad, fried oysters, salted almonds, chocolate, olives, nabisco wafers and saltines.

Shortly after the merry party broke up, everyone uniting in thinking the gathering one of the most unique and delightful held at St. Mary's for several years.

L.

THE CHAPTER ENTERTAINMENTS.

"Maidens All Forlorn."

The second of the Chapter entertainments of the season was given on the evening of November 18th, by the girls of St. Margaret's. The attraction was the little comedy "Maidens All Forlorn."

The cast was as follows:

The Aunt	Lalla Hamlet.
The Maids	{	Maud.....Louise Gadsden.
		Bertha.....Jennie Morris.
		Elizabeth.....Virginia Saunders.
Mrs. Maloney	Elnora Williams.
Dr. Denby	Sallie Hayward Battle.

Each of the girls took her part well, Lalla Hamlet as the elderly aunt being especially good. Maud, Bertha and Elizabeth, the summer girls at the manless resort, looked and acted their roles; while the plot

turns about Dr. Denby, the fondly-looked for man, who on arrival proves to be "only a woman."

The feature of the evening was the between-act song, "A lovely day for a walk," by little Misses Henrietta Schwartz, Ellen Beall, Elizabeth Hughes and Florence Stone.

Miss Cribbs and the girls of her Chapter deserve well-earned congratulations on the success of the evening.

"The Grasshopper Cantata."

St. Anne's Chapter chose "The Grasshopper Cantata" as their subject for the evening of Saturday, November 25th. The array of grasshoppers in livid green and bugs in mournful black, with the bright red of "big turkey-gobbler that came up behind" were enough in themselves to stir up the greatest merriment, and this was accentuated by the rendition of the cantata.

None of those present are likely to soon forget that

"The Grasshopper sat on the Sweet Potato vine,
And the Big Turkey gobbler came up behind—
And he gobbled him down off the sweet potato vine."

Perhaps the Big Turkey Gobbler (Mary Lily Fisher) was the star of the occasion. The final chorus was especially well rendered.

Many thanks to Miss Sutton and the girls of her Chapter.

This was the cast:

The Herald Grasshopper	Frankie Self.
Grasshoppers....	Nathalie Dotterer, Leila May Sabiston, Frances Lee, Sadiebelle McGwigan, Ella Croft, Eva Rogerson, Irving Morgan,
The Gobbler	Marylily Fisher.
The Reverend Bumblebee	Loulie Joyner.
Bugs ...	Mary Shuford, Annie Wood, Ida Rogerson, George Shaw, Kate Blacknall, Mary Gwynn.
Announcer	Lina deRosset.

"Up to Freddie."

On Saturday evening, December 9th, St. Ethelreda's Chapter held the stage, presenting the little love-comedy, "Up to Freddie." The girls looked very sweet and pretty in their attractive costumes, and many of the audience pronounced the play the greatest "success of the season."

Congratulations to the girls and their Chapter directress, Mrs. DuBose.
The characters were taken thus:

Grenville Lodge	Virginia Miller.
John Stanhope	Julia Winston.
Freddie Thatcher	Christine Klingensmith.
Leonore Crowningshield	Bessie Albright.
Miss Prince	Eula Gregory.
Marguerite Burnett	Beatrice Cohen.
Mary Stanhope	Emily Carrison.
Patty Huger	Margaret Eldridge.
Dorothea Chisolm	Ruth Batchelder.

The Epsilon Alpha Pi Reception.

On the evening of November 29th, the eve of Thanksgiving Day, and the close of the first quarter, the Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society gave a reception to its new members.

The French Room was very prettily decorated for the occasion. The officers of the Society—Gertrude Sullivan, Jessie Harris, Lucy Heyward, Lottie Sharpe and Lillian Farmer—received the guests, while Bettie Woolf and Nancy Fairley presided at the punch bowl. Emma Barnwell and Laura Baker added much to the enjoyment of the evening by their piano selections.

The hour was spent delightfully and informally, dainty refreshments being served.

The guests included the members of the faculty and the officers of the Sigma Lambda Society.

Prof. Connor's "Thursday Talk."

Mr. R. D. W. Connor, of the State Department of Education, told us that he felt himself among old friends when he came up to talk to us on the morning of the 7th, and we felt on our part that an old friend was with us. Mr. Connor found a number of his Wilmington girls with us who think and speak of him still as their teacher, and the association of his sisters with St. Mary's makes him at least very close to a St. Mary's girl.

Mr. Connor talked on "Some of the Women of North Carolina," telling of Mary Slocumb (with the familiar name) and others, whom he knows so well, and especially emphasizing the services of Dorothea Dix to North Carolina as to the nation.

We hope to have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Connor again.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Kate Blacknall took Nathalie Dotterer home with her over Sunday, December 3.

Marie Koiner, Julia Winston and Olive Robertson spent Thanksgiving at home.

Mamie Slocomb paid us a short visit on her way from the December dance at Chapel Hill.

Forbes Liddell, from Charlotte, spent Thanksgiving at the school with her sister, Helen.

We should like very much to have been with Nora Edmonston at her debut in Savannah this fall.

Myrtle Disoway spent the first few days of December in Hillsboro as the guest of Miss Margaret Young.

We are glad to have Miss Mary Battle with us again. She was last here in 1900, and is back refreshing her knowledge of shorthand.

We all rejoice at Lalla Hamlet's recovery from her recent illness and hope that she will be entirely restored to her usual health and able to be with us again after Christmas.

We regret very much that Margaret Mackey's poor health will keep her out of school till after the holidays. We hope that she may then return to graduate with the honor due her.

Betsie London gave a house party at her home in Pittsboro at Thanksgiving. Those who went from St. Mary's were Isabel Simmons, Marguerite Short, Majorie Robertson, Helen Strange and Elise Emerson.

Blandina Springs, Annie Louise Hutchinson, Christine Klingensmith, Nell Atkinson, Bessie Albright, Virginia Miller and Rubie Norris enjoyed the Carolina-Virginia foot-ball game at Norfolk Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Irvine of the Music Faculty, gave a delightful reception to the faculty and pupils on the afternoon of Monday, November 13th. She was assisted in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. DuBose, Miss Masch and Miss Pittenger, while Misses Hull, Pixley, Dowd, Cribbs and DuBose served. It was a delightful occasion and thoroughly enjoyed by both pupils and teachers.

The St. Mary's Muse.

Subscription, One Year.	=	=	=	=	One Dollar.
Single Copies,	=	=	=	=	Fifteen Cents.

A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnæ, under the editorial management of the Senior Class.

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

Editorial Board.

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Literary Department.

MARY T. LASSITER, '06.

GERTRUDE SULLIVAN, '06.

Editorial.

The MUSE in this number brings to each of its readers the Christmas greetings from St. Mary's. No effort has been made to prepare a special "Christmas edition" of the publication. The Christmas joy, we hope, is in the hearts of each of us, and in it we greet you—as it were, with a silent toast.

The weeks have sped by with their busy round of duties and pleasures and the coming of the holidays suddenly arouses us not only to the realization that a furlough for well-earned recreation is before us but that the mid-year is approaching, and with it the examination period, when we hope to be tried and not found wanting.

It was pleasant to hear from the Rector that the student record for the first quarter was quite up to the mark, and that some of us are doing even exceptionally well. This record for the quarter shows that we can and must make an unusually good record for the year and with the New Year let us not only resolve to do but let us begin to do. Let not only each one do her best but let each one lend a helping hand to the "draggers," a guiding hand to the stragglers.

How would it do to keep as our motto for the New Year—

"Look Up, not Down; Look Forward, not Backward; Stand Together."

We wish to thank the "College of Charleston Magazine" for the suggestive editorial on their magazine club. The idea of the club seems to us an excellent one and we shall put it into effect trusting to have it prove as much of a success here as our "brothers" of Charleston have proved it with them.

With Our Exchanges.

ANNIE WHITMORE SLOAN, Editor.

In the October number of the *College of Charleston Magazine* we have an exceptionally good story. Filled with the ghostly ideas of the medical student the story holds our interest throughout and the climax is very effective.

The *Trinity Archive* is always well gotten up. The essay on Ruskin, in the last number, is well worth reading. The stories are good and so are the poems. And we would congratulate the editors on the addition of the Exchange Department.

The *Converse Concept* is one of the best magazines we receive. We await with great anticipation the last number of Miss Smith's thesis on the poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. "The Review of Sandy" is well written, being accurate, condensed and a good story. Perhaps the best thing in the number is the little poem called "Memories." It is simple and natural.

St. Mary's readers will be especially interested in the verses of an old St. Mary's girl, Miss Mary deBerniere Graves, now of the University, who contributes to the November *U. N. C. Magazine* this little poem:

* * * * *

Here's to good old summer,
When the sky is bright and clear,
The lazy time,
The daisy time,
The happiest of the year!

Here's to the mountain seeker
And the dippers in the sea;
The merry folk,
The cherry folk,
The summer's company!

To the people and the season,
To the mountain and the sea,
To singing time,
In ringing time—
Oh! summer we drink to thee!

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the *Furman Echo*, *Randolph Macon Monthly*, *Converse Concept*, *The Palmetto*, *The Messenger*, and other exchanges; and hope to comment on more of them another month.

In Lighter Vein.

HARRIETT E. RUFF, Editor.

Gertrude S.: I am cracking nuts instead of jokes.

Bettie W.: I hope they're not chestnuts.

Said Mary G. to one of the girls: "What time does the nine o'clock bell ring?" (This may appear to be a chestnut, but sometimes it becomes a sad matter for thought, girls.)

Latin Teacher: "Why are verbs in the third and fourth conjugations like an old maid?"

Pupil: "Because they have no—bo in the future."

"I fear you are forgetting me,

She said in tones polite.

"I am indeed for getting you!

That's why I came to-night."

—*Exchange*

"They tell how fast the arrow sped
When William shot the apple;
But who can calculate the speed
Of her who's late for Chapel?"

—*Exchange.*

Annie S.: Oh—o—o me!

Mary B.: Oh, Annie. Is that gumboil on your finger hurting?

M. B.: "Ruth got a fine box of candy to-day."

"Who sent it?"

M. B.: "Her financier."

Bessie A.: "I don't like that girl. One day she cuts me up and the next she eats me up."

Mary: "Is Thursday the feast of St. Andrew and all fishermen?"

First Girl: I declare you have about as much affection as er—griddle cake.

Second Girl: Well, I don't think your comparison very good. The griddle cake is stuck on the griddle, you know.—*Exchange.*

Teacher: Give me a sentence with "delights" in it.

Little Girl: When we go to bed we turn out de lights.—*Exchange.*

Anna Waugh at the Park looking at some Belgian hares: "Oh, are those Welsh rabbits?"

THE LITTLE STORE.

(It is of course only another instance of the irony of fate that the "Little Store" should ungratefully have risen from its ashes before this eloquent obituary tribute could be published. Hoping that there will be no "next time" we cannot refrain from giving it to our readers while the sad catastrophe is at least fresh in our minds.—*Editor.*)

Burned, Burned Burned!

The fate of our "Little Store";
Oh would that the flames had excused it,
In each day we miss it more.

Oh, grief in all our hearts!
That our Little Store is gone;
Oh, the sadness that prevails,
And the girls! Oh, so forlorn.

The dreary days drag on—
We long for Little Store "trash";;
Oh, for some pickles and potted ham—
And bananas for my "mash"!

Burned, Burned, Burned!
At the break of one cold morn;
Ah, it's mighty hard to believe the fact,
But our Little Store is gone.

(Moved by the pathos of the foregoing the gentle reader should now be well prepared to appreciate the beauties of *The Meeting.*)

THE MEETING.

He was waiting in the parlor
And his heart was beating fast,
For he knew that in a moment
He should see his love at last.

She upstairs before her mirror,
In a dress of golden sheen,
Smiled to think how very anxious
He was waiting for his queen.

Then with steps so slow and faltering
Softly she goes down the stair,
And she pauses at the mirror
To arrange her glossy hair.

Then the door is gently opened,
And she sees her lover's form,
Feels her own face flushing deeply,
Like the rosy flush of morn.

Two strong hands hold hers so closely,
Two blue eyes above her bend,
Draw the curtain gently o'er them—
May their love dream have no end.

I.

ALUMNAE MATTERS.

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

PRESIDENT,	- -	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
VICE-PRESIDENTS,	{	Mrs. M. T. Leak, Durham.
		Mrs. I. M. Pittenger, Raleigh,
		Mrs. F. P. Tucker, Raleigh,
		Mrs. Kate de R. Mearns, Wilmington.
SEC.-TREAS.,	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.

Alumnae Notes.

It was a pleasure to have Miss Mary Phillips, of Battleboro, at St. Mary's in early December. She was visiting Miss Mary Battle.

Miss Augusta Jones, of Columbia, was in Raleigh for the Johnson-Kimbark wedding, and was the guest of Margaret DuBose at the Rectory.

There have been a number of visits from old girls since the last MUSE appeared, and each one has been a real pleasure. Octavia Hughes of Newbern, stopped in Raleigh on her way to the Thanksgiving game. Anna Clark, '05, and Mary Ella Moore were with us the early part of December. Mary Sturgeon of Apex, was with Margaret DuBose, December 5th and 6th.

There was a bevy of old St. Mary's girls at the house-party given by Mr. Cheshire Webb, at his home in Hillsboro, in the first week in December. The party arrived Friday afternoon and that night a dinner and a card party were given in their honor. The guests included Misses Eliza Simmons, Mary Thompson, Annie Cheshire, Josephine Boylan, of Raleigh; McNeill, of Fayetteville; Gertrude Winston, of Durham; and Belle Nash, of Tarboro.

The marriage of Miss Mary Wilson Johnson, to Mr. Frank Masten Kimbark, of New York, in Christ Church, on the evening of Wednesday, December 6th, was not only the event of the social season in Raleigh but of great interest to St. Mary's both on account of the intimate connection of the Johnsons with the school and on account of the part St. Mary's girls had in the festivities. Fannie Johnson, last year at St. Mary's and now of the New England Conservatory, was her sister's

best girl. Miss Eleanor Vass, '05, was one of the bridesmaids; and Jane Iredell Green and Blandina Springs served at the reception which followed the ceremony.

Another wedding of interest on December 6th, was that of Miss Annie Pratt, 1900, to Dr. John J. Van Noppen, at St. John's Church, Madison. Emma West, ('97-'98) and Dr. Thomas M. Green were married in Wilmington, November 16th.

The nice letters still cheer us from time to time. We thank the writers for the following:

BEAUFORT, December 6.

. When last month came and I did not get my copy of the MUSE I just missed it terribly, as I always enjoy it, although there are few girls of my acquaintance there now. I hope this year will prove successful.

.....

BATH, R. F. D. No. 1, December 6.

DEAR EDITORS:—Enclosed is a dollar for my subscription to the MUSE. Indeed I feel as if I could not do without it, for, isolated as I am from every association of St. Mary's, it comes as a refreshing reminder of days gone by.

Instead of sending the MUSE to me, direct it to my little girl, Miriam Gaylord, just four months old.

Sincerely,

MRS. J. F. TYRE.

READ!—MARK!—ACT!

The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of **THE MUSE** generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in **THE MUSE**, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

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HAVE

WHARTON

TO MAKE YOUR

PHOTOGRAPHS

REMEMBER IT PAYS TO GET THE BEST

A TRIVIAL MATTER.

The first slice of goose had been cut, and the minister of the Zion church looked at it with as keen anticipation as was displayed in the faces around him.

"Dat's as fine a goose as I ever saw, Brudder Williams," he said to his host. "Where did you get such a fine one?"

"Well, now, Mistah Rawley," said the carver of the goose, with a sudden access of dignity, "when you preach a special good sermon I never axes you where you got it. Seem to me dat's a triv'ial matter, anyway."

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There's just one week before Christmas,
And we're glad as we can be,
For when school duties are over
We shall hasten home with glee.

2.

Everyone's making presents for Christmas,
And the work is filled with love,
For while we work on our presents,
We think on the Christ above.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

3.

We think how He came as a baby,
A helpless babe so small;
We think how He taught and fed us,
And how He died for us all.

4.

So while we are glad at Christmas,
Let us all have an open heart,
And share with the poor unfortunates,
And teach them to do their part.

—*Elise Emerson.*

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A DAILY THOUGHT.

Oh! it's themes, themes, themes,
'Tis enough to turn the head;
It is themes, themes, themes,
In my dreams at night in bed.
Bring all your science, logic,
And every other thing,
But themes would be abolished—
If I were king.

—*Exchange.*

A. DUGH,

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School Program.

DECEMBER, 1905—JANUARY, 1906.

- Dec. 14. Thursday Talk:
“ 16. Saturday Evening: St. Catharine's Chapter in “Cranford.”
“ 18. Monday: Regular school duties for Tuesday.
“ 20. Wednesday: Christmas Holiday begins at one o'clock.

DECEMBER 20 TO JANUARY 3. SCHOOL HOLIDAY.

- Jan. 3. Wednesday Morning: School duties resumed with Chapel Service.
“ 4. Thursday Talk:
“ 6. Saturday Evening:

JANUARY 18-24, 1905. ACADEMIC AND MUSIC EXAMINATIONS.

January MUSE due January 15th.

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PORTSMOUTH, VA.

H. A. MORSON, C. P. and T. A.

January, 1906



The
St. Mary's Muse



Raleigh, N. C.



The St. Mary's Muse.

NEW YEAR'S NUMBER.

VOL. X.

JANUARY, 1906.

No. 6.

Life's Compass.

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-man sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—Henry VanDyke.

How Mrs. Pond Chaperoned.

Down at the hall the girls were decorating for their bal poudre. Mrs. Pond, who positively refused to grow old, was there too, offering suggestions and doing things which always had to be undone, for in spite of her refusal to acknowledge it, she had been young so long ago that her ideas of decorating were out of keeping with the present manner of a branch here and a garland there, regardless of order. Mrs. Pond approved of circles of pasteboard covered with cedar and holly hung in some regular and seemly order around the walls, and it was Louise Hall who skillfully prevented such a calamity by giving as an excuse lack of time. Of course there must be a man to superintend the business affairs, and as Louise Hall had gotten up the dance Hal Worth offered his services, for he was Louise's suitor.

We have then Mrs. Pond acting as chaperone to twelve girls and one man—seemingly an easy job, but not so when the man is good-looking and in love with the prettiest of the girls. But chaperones can be of such a help when they approve of what is on hand, and just so was Mrs. Pond on this occasion. Seeing the longing looks of the lovers

she sent Louise for some string, knowing that Hal would follow. He did, and they were gone so long that when they returned the string was no longer needed. The work was finished and Mrs. Pond was amusing the crowd by asking conundrums. When Louise entered she asked absent-mindedly, "Louise, when a young man proposes, what book does it suggest?"

What was her surprise when instead of hearing the answer to her riddle—"The Crisis"—she heard Louise blushing and stammer, "Oh, Mrs. Pond, how did you know?"

"Know what Louise? What's the matter? Can't you answer it?"

"Why, you asked me what book was suggested when Hal proposed."

Mrs. Pond was about to contradict this when a chorus of voices cried: "A guilty conscience. Hal has proposed! Confess, confess!"

Louise, caught so well, could do nothing to avoid teasing but announce the engagement, and so she did, and then she and Hal together thanked Mrs. Pond for her delicate help.

LOTTIE SHARPE.

In the Garden.

She's the loveliest little creature,
So dainty and so sweet;
One of those priceless little angels
That you scarcely ever meet.

So I thought one morning,
As she came tripping up to me,
Laughing a merry little laugh—
Just as cute as she could be!

I was in a garden of love,
She the little forget-me-not;
I gathered it and pressed it—
But the rest I've quite forgot.

STORIETTES.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

One bright sunshiny day in the summer of 1864, the little town of Newton, North Carolina, was the scene of great excitement. All the men able to fight had gone to join the Confederate army, leaving behind the old men, women, and children. These knew that the Federal general had stored seven or eight barrels of whiskey in the freight depot, and fearing that the soldiers would discover the fact, steal the liquor and get drunk, the ladies at once met together to decide what must be done.

“What shall we do?” they cried. “We shall be at the mercy of drunken soldiers, for we have no protection.” At last they decided to go to the depot, break open the barrels and let the whiskey run out.

So about thirty women, armed with axes, came to the depot and broke down the door. Then they rolled the barrels out and broke them open, so that the whiskey ran out in the road. Having done this, they burned the barrels.

Now, Major Campbell, a veteran of the Mexican War, had a fine thoroughbred horse, named “Black Prince,” a great favorite of everyone. As the ladies were going home, imagine their surprise and horror to see Black Prince go staggering down the street. He had gotten loose and, seeing the whiskey, thought he would take a drink, but he got a little too much.

The next day the soldiers came and at once began searching for the whiskey, but the hot sun had dried it all up. When they failed to find it, they were so angry that they pulled the depot down, but none of them from that day to this knows where it went to.

This is a true story, for my grandmother was one of the brave women who saved the town from the possible ravages of drunken soldiers.

MARY SHUFORD.

A SHIP LOST AT SEA.

Many years ago, on a beautiful September morning, a ship sailed out of the harbor of New York, bound for the East Indies. She was loaded with the products of American industry and was expected to

bring back a cargo of coffee and spices. The captain was a young man full of energy and ambition, the only son of a widowed mother. On board were two passengers, a boy and a girl, the children of a missionary in India. They had been at school in America, but had been summoned to their distant home by the news that their mother grieved so over the separation from her children that her life was in danger.

The days sped on and lengthened into weeks, but the good ship did not reach her port. Months passed, but no tidings of the missing vessel came to either shore. On one side, an old woman, watching for a sail that never came, cried to the sea, "Bring back my dear ones." On the other side, a dying mother moaned, "Give back my dear ones"; but the cruel sea gave no sign. Years have rolled away, and both mothers have gone where there is "no more sea," but still the tossing waves hide their well-kept secret.

LEILA MAY SABISTON.

MY INTEREST IN SIGN-BOARDS.

There is a department in the *Ladies' Home Journal* devoted to articles on beautifying America, and in these a great deal has been said lately about removing unsightly sign-boards from along our country roads. Unbeautiful as the sign-boards are, I always find them very interesting.

The "Uneeda Biscuit" boy, who always wears oil-skins and carries a box of Uneeda Biscuit, conspicuously displayed in an "In-er-seal" package, is a special friend of mine, and I am always glad to see him when I am taking a country walk or drive.

The "Gold Dust Twins" are also a most interesting pair, and the amount of work accomplished by them is really wonderful, though lately they have been taking some recreation and touring the country in an automobile made of the household dishes which they have scrubbed so clean and bright.

It is also interesting to know that "at Clark's, Gentlemen's Furnishings," music is flying in the air, for "two bands are given with every hat"; and, "If you are tired come to Clark's, where a seat is furnished with every pair of trousers."

When riding through the country I always like to read the sign-boards

as I pass when, unless I am familiar enough with one to know what it says before I have come to the next, I usually find out something like this: "Go to the American Hardware Co. for" . . . "the best \$3.00 shoe made." . . . "Good for coughs, colds, and all throat affections."

And so I say again, when Women's Clubs have rid the country of sign-boards, though our country drives will be more beautiful, I for one shall miss the sign-boards.

HELEN LIDDELL.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Miss Cribbs went home with Emily Clarkson to Eastover, S. C., and Myrtle Powell visited Martha Ferebee during the holidays.

The party from St. Mary's that attended the recital of Dean Southwick of the Emerson School of Oratory, Boston, at the Baptist University on the 10th was delighted. Mr. Southwick read "Julius Cæsar," and the reading was a real treat.

It is pleasant to welcome Agnes Carter of Asheville, Roberta Taylor of Kinston, and Moressa Pool of Elizabeth City, to a place with us for the new term, and we shall be glad to see the other new girls who we hear are expected. Lalla Hamlet's return, restored to her usual health, is also a cause for rejoicing.

There were only seven girls left at St. Mary's during the holidays, but, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Sanborn, they had a very good time. Most of the girls were at their homes, and in addition to the pleasure of being with the "home-folks," had a merry time with numerous dances, card-parties and other forms of amusement.

Mrs. DuBose's sister, Mrs. King, and her daughter, Miss Daisy, of Sewanee, who are always welcome visitors at St. Mary's, have been spending a part of the university vacation at the Rectory. They were with Mrs. DuBose during the holidays, when Mr. DuBose enjoyed a visit which included much good fishing at the winter home of Captain Patton of Asheville in Dunedin, Florida.

The "Thursday Talk" of our old friend, Mr. Hodgson, on the morning of the 11th made a decided "hit." The girls of St. Mary's have been enjoying Mr. Hodgson's music now for many a year, and never

grow tired of it; but this was his first serious talk to us on the subject, and his informal explanations and demonstrations of the art of music-writing as well as music-interpreting, was full of possibilities for us. And the wondrous way in which our old friend—"Go tell Aunt Nancy"—blossomed out under his skilled fingers into waltz, two-step, march, dirge and what-not, will cause some of us to long think of Mr. Hodgson whenever we hear the tune in any of its variations.

In Lighter Vein.

HARRIETT E. RUFF, Editor.

V. S.—"Helen, did you ever study French?"

H. A.—"Oh, yes; I have read Cicero and Virgil both."

G. C.—"I'm so stupid, everything I study goes into one ear and out of the other."

P. S.—"Isn't there anything in the middle to stop it?"

A. B.—"Mary, have you joined the E. A. P. Society yet?"

M. B.—"I've been taken in, but I haven't been initiated yet."

EXAMINATIONS (with apologies).

Wake, wake, wake
 From thy dreams at stroke of three,
 For soon will my pen have to sputter
 Knowledge that's fled from me.

Oh well for the mouse in the wall
 That he squeaks with his sister at play,
 Oh well for the little gray thing
 That he feels not my terror to-day.

And the precious minutes still haste
 To the break of this terrible morn.
 Oh, for the touch of Aladin's lamp
 To bring back the knowledge that's gone.

Shake, shake, shake
 In your boots, oh poor little me,
 For the salient facts of the lessons now past
 Will never come back, I see.

The St. Mary's Muse.

Subscription, One Year.	=	=	=	=	One Dollar.
Single Copies,	=	=	=	=	Fifteen Cents.

A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnae, under the editorial management of the Senior Class.

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

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LILLIAN FARMER, '07.

Literary Department.

MARY T. LASSITER, '06.

GERTRUDE SULLIVAN, '06.

Editorial.

The architects for the new Auditorium building have been selected. It will be even nicer to have the building than to see the plans.

Everyone had a good time Christmas—that goes without saying. We hope that everyone has been enjoying the early weeks of 1906. Hail to the new year!

The December MUSE appeared on the eve of the Christmas holiday—our greatest joy; this number goes to the printer on the eve of the Advent examinations, second only to Christmas in our thoughts. May our recollections of the examination week, girls, be as pleasant as our remembrances of the holiday days.

Mr. Sanborn will furnish us and all the music-lovers of Raleigh and the neighboring towns a great treat in the Bispham concert on February 12th. A critic says: "Mr. Bispham's fame as a baritone—he is the greatest American male singer of recent years—is too well known to make it necessary to dwell at length upon his achievements. In opera, in oratorio, and in concert, he has appeared with success such as comes to few, and his reputation abroad, where his name is a popular one, is as great as in this country of his birth." On his present tour Mr. Bispham is repeating his unique series of "Great Song Cycles," which

has won universal favor. The concert will be given in the Academy of Music under the auspices of St. Mary's and will doubtless be the musical event of the season in Raleigh.

With Our Exchanges.

ANNIE WHITMORE SLOAN, Editor.

The Inlook comes to us in a pretty new cover—the paper on which it is printed is also above that of the average monthly. There are several short stories, of which “Nibs, the Peacemaker,” is the best; two or three sketches, and not even a single poem.

The Clemson College Chronicle is unusually well gotten up this month. The etching after Gibson makes an attractive frontispiece and the photographs throughout the whole add to the magazine. The essay on “The Spirit of Chivalry” is well worth reading; the writer seems to know his subject thoroughly, and may teach the most of us a good deal we don't know about chivalry. “Is War a Necessity” is also a good article. Of the many short stories “The Little Waif's Xmas” and “The Best in Him” are perhaps the best.

But *The Chronicle*, like *The Inlook*, is entirely devoid of poems. Poetry does not seem to be easy to get from most of our Southern colleges, and I suppose the editors of *The Chronicle* have the same trouble as the others.

The editors of the *Red and White* promised us a good Xmas number, and in looking over the magazine we feel that we were not disappointed. The amount of solid matter and fiction is about evenly divided. “None too Great to Kneel” is about the best short story. The one value of the story is that it is original. “The Holly Song,” although a selection, is good and very appropriate. The other two poems, “The Winter Fantasy” and “Christmas Bells,” are also good productions, and in keeping with the joyful Xmas time. The magazine as a whole is one of the best that has come to our table, and we would congratulate the editors for it.

These are only a few of the many exchanges that have come to us this month, but limited space forbids us saying more. As a whole all the exchanges are better than usual this month. Now that you have them up, editors, don't let your standards go down.

ALUMNAE MATTERS.

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

PRESIDENT,	- -	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
VICE-PRESIDENTS,	{	Mrs. M. T. Leak, Durham.
		Mrs. I. M. Pittenger, Raleigh,
		Mrs. F. P. Tucker, Raleigh,
		Mrs. Kate de R. Meares, Wilmington.
SEC.-TREAS.,	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.

Alumnae Notes.

And still no communications from the Alumnae.

Mrs. Bancker Smedes (Miss Lily Hicks), of New York, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. John Calvert, in town.

Miss Sada Hanckel, of Charleston, spent the holidays with Miss Dowd in West Raleigh, and at the same time Miss Emily McVea, formerly Lady Principal here, now of the University of Cincinnati, was visiting Mrs. Dr. Knox.

We extend our sympathy to Miss Mary Sturgeon and her family at the death of her mother, Mrs. Annie Young Sturgeon, of Apex, on December 30, and to Rev. Edward Wooten at the death of his daughter, Mary M. Wooten, formerly of St. Mary's.

Little Master George Roberts Payne came as a Christmas gift to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Payne, of New York. Mrs. Payne's (Miss Lillian Roberts, of New Bern) many friends rejoice with her at the arrival of this grandson of St. Mary's.

"Miss Katie" spent Christmas with another "grandson" of the school in the person of Master "Billy" Bacon, youthful son of Mrs. M. R. Bacon, of Albany, Ga. (Kate Hawley, of Fayetteville). Miss Katie joined her sister, Mrs. Hawley, in Fayetteville, and they went together to Albany.

Her friends were very glad to see Miss Alice Jones, now head of the Latin Department at Winthrop College, on the 13th. She was on her way to her home in Goldsboro for a very brief vacation. She reports that both Sadie Jenkins and Susie Battle are doing nicely as instructors

in piano at Winthrop. Through her we would send greeting to them and to Miss Schutt.

The MUSE extends congraulations to the contracting parties in the following January marriages, in each of which the bride is a well-known old St. Mary's girl:

On January 10th, at her home in Raleigh, Tempe Boddie Hill to Mr. James Edward Carraway, of Waynesville, N. C.

On January 10th, at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Raleigh, Maude Middleton Latta to Mr. Archibald Hunter Arrington, of Raleigh.

On January 9, at the bride's home in Williamston, N. C., Eliza Lamb to Dr. C. H. C. Mills, of Charlotte.

Clergy Stalls.

The St. Mary's Guild of the District of Asheville has not only given the \$800.00 with which the Chancel in the enlarged Chapel was built, but has recently authorized the Rector to order quartered oak Clergy Stalls for the same, at a cost of \$140.00.

All praise to the daughters of Asheville, and may the other Guilds follow their good example, and send in gifts either as Guilds or as individuals for the new Altar, for which we have in hand about a hundred dollars given by the school.

If these gifts come in as liberally and promptly as we hope they will, the order will be given and the Altar put in place for the Easter services.

The Rector will be glad to hear from all who are interested.

Authorized Notice.

In the November number of the MUSE the attention of the friends and alumnae of St. Mary's was called to the determination to put a suitable Altar and Reredos in the enlarged Chapel, not as the gift of *one*, or a few individuals, but as representing the love of many who have received the Holy Communion in that place, and to dedicate the Altar to the memory of those two who have made St. Mary's what it is,

and who for so many years ministered so faithfully at her Altar,—the Drs. Aldert and Bennett Smedes.

For this purpose an offering was taken in the Chapel on All Saints' Day, and since then the Junior Chapters of the school have added \$84.75. An alumnae has sent \$5.00, and we have so many promises and expectations from our friends that in ordering the Clergy Stalls, recently given by the Asheville Guild, I have asked the builders—The Hann-Wangerin-Weickhardt Co. of Milwaukee—to send me the cut of Altar and Reredos for publication in next month's MUSE, and I have told them that we would try to have the Altar by Easter. The cost of Altar and Reredos, on cars at Milwaukee, will be \$300, and we want all who wish to take part in this memorial to send their gifts at once, so that the order may be placed as soon as possible.

Do not be afraid to send much, nor ashamed to send little, but let all who love St. Mary's—the Chapel—and the Drs. Smedes, have some part, and if any money is left over, it shall go to the next memorial—a Bishop's Chair—to Bishop Atkinson.

Hoping to have many responses, and promising a further report in the next issue.

Sincerely,

McNEELY DuBOSE.

Scholarships.

To those interested in the question of scholarships at St. Mary's, the Rector would announce that the only competitive scholarship which will be vacant for the next school year, beginning September, 1906, is the MURCHISON SCHOLARSHIP, applicants for which must be residents of the Diocese of East Carolina. Notices with full information regarding this scholarship will be sent to the East Carolina clergy and any others interested about the last of this month.

Any other scholarships which may be vacant will be in the gift of the Bishop of the Diocese to which the scholarship belongs.

READ!—MARK!—ACT!

The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of THE MUSE generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in THE MUSE, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

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FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Speak a shade more kindly
Than the year before;
Pray a little oftener;
Love a little more;
Cling a little closer
To the Father's love;
Life below shall liker grow
To the life above.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

SCHOOL PROGRAM.

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1906.

- Jan. 11. Thursday Talk: Mr. H. E. Hodgson, on "Tune Making."
 " 18. Thursday Talk: Supt. E. P. Moses, on "The Education of a Girl."
 " 19. Term Examinations begin.
 " 19. Friday Afternoon: Exercises commemorative of Lee's Birthday.
 " 24. Term Examinations end.
 " 25. EASTER TERM begins.
 " 25. Thursday Talk:
 " 27. Saturday Evening: St. Etheldreda's Chapter repeats "Up to Freddie."
 Feb. 1. Thursday Talk:
 " 12. Monday Night: David Bispham, Baritone.

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RALEIGH

February, 1908



The

St. Mary's Muse



Raleigh, N. C.





The St. Mary's Muse.

VALENTINE NUMBER.

VOL. X.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

No. 7.

Apollo has peeped through the shutter,
And awaken'd the witty and fair;
The boarding-school belle's in a flutter,
The two-penny post's in despair;
The breath of the morning is flinging
A magic on blossom and spray,
And cockneys and sparrows are singing
In chorus on Valentine's day.

—Selected.

Robert E. Lee, 1807-1870.

... After centuries have rolled by—when his contemporaries shall have passed into obscurity, the name of Lee, like that of Washington, will still be luminous with a lustre of glory, and his fame will be perpetuated as the noblest, the knightliest, and the most illustrious patriot who ever drew sword in his country's cause.—*From Capt. Ashe's Oration on Gen. Lee before the Johnson Pettigrew Chapter U. D. C., Raleigh, January 20, 1904.*

Happiness, heartiness, genuine feeling characterized the Lee's Birthday celebration at St. Mary's. The 19th of January was this year the very eve of the examination week with all that that means to the average student, but the few hours of holiday were doubly welcome on that account, and who knows but that the inspiration caught in the thought of Lee may have been the potent factor in carrying so many so happily through the examination days. Certainly the few minutes of meeting together on the 19th in united, loving thought of the greatest of the sons of the South was one of those refreshing moments that linger long in the memory and do much to help us as we move on.

Our Lee exercises were very simple. At the morning Chapel service, as usual, the Rector called our attention briefly to the day and its significance, and offered the thanksgiving for the example of the saints, at once heroes and servants, who have gone before. In the afternoon when

the half-day of work was done and the holiday begun, at 2 o'clock we gathered in the parlor, still looking much as it did in the days when Mildred Lee was one of those who enjoyed it as we do now, and with General Lee's face looking down upon us from the wall spent a few moments in doing special honor to his memory.

After the hearty singing of the school-song, "Alma Mater," Miss Cribbs read Father Ryan's "Sword of Lee" and we were back in the days of our fathers. Laura Baker then read the following sketch of Lee, prepared by Fannie McRee:

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

Who does not honor and reverence this greatest among the names inscribed on the Honor Roll of the South? Even his enemies could not but admire Robert E. Lee, and acknowledge him a foe worthy of their steel. How many fathers can say as did his: "Robert was always a good boy"? And the promise of the boy was completely fulfilled in the man.

At the death of his father, Robert, then only eleven years old, was left practically the head of the little family, as his older brother was studying at Harvard. Nobly did he fulfill the trust, and cared for the invalid mother with all the love and tenderness of his nature. Up to this time he had been attending school in Alexandria, but now, feeling that he must follow in his father's steps, he left for West Point where, after the four years' course, he graduated second in his class.

The mother lived only long enough to see her brightest dreams realized in the handsome, strong man, with true heart and dauntless courage. Lee's devotion to his family is proverbial, and is it not strange that this man, who was so passionately fond of his home, should be fated to spend most of his time away from it? We all know what a noble record he made in the Mexican War, and how he returned at last with the praises of his commander ringing in his ears. There were but a few years of peace, however, before the storm which had been gathering so long, burst in all its fury. Devoted as he was to the Union, for which his father before him had fought, we can imagine with what sorrow he saw his beloved Mother-State withdraw from it, for he, like many other Virginia gentlemen, did not believe in the right of secession. But his duty was clear, and fearing that he might be called upon to fight against his own people, Lee at once resigned his commission in the United States Army and soon after accepted the command of the Army of Northern Virginia.

It is needless for me to speak of that bitter time when men fought as they fight only for all that is dearest. And through all there rides the noble figure of Lee cheering, commanding, leading his men, whose idol he was. The devotion of his men was beautiful, and there was not one of them who would not have gladly laid down his life for "Marse Robert."

And then, when the end came, the South stood appalled. Lee conquered! Then indeed was all lost and the time came to furl the tattered flag, under whose folds so many had bled and died for the "Lost Cause."

The great commander now hoped to retire to private life, but his country still had need of him, and he was asked to take charge of Washington College. And so he who had led his people on the battle field now sought to teach them how best to become good citizens of the re-united country. His old soldiers gathered around him and took up again the studies which had been interrupted by four years of blood-shed.

During his term as President of Washington College, Lee was asked to run for Governor of Virginia, and although he knew that if he did so he would be unanimously elected, he refused, fearing that it might stir up strife in the land already rent and torn by the long war.

During October, 1870, the prayers of the whole Southland rose in agony that this dear life might be spared to them yet a little longer, but God saw fit to call his faithful servant home, and so the tired heart at last found rest.

There in Lexington, his sheathed sword by his side, lies he who will be forever enshrined in the hearts of all the South as all that is noblest, truest, and bravest—Robert Edward Lee.

FANNY McREE.

And then, after the reading, with the hearty singing of the all-familiar "Dixie," the exercises were closed and each went to her place and pleasure, thinking of Lee and feeling, too,

Oh, it's good to be in Dixie,
Hooray, hooray;
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

STORIETTES.

A GREAT SACRIFICE.

Old man Johnson's store was closed, and old man Johnson was sitting in the little room behind it before a large wood fire. He had an open letter in his hand and he seemed to be thinking deeply. And why shouldn't he? For had he not just received a letter from one of his old veteran friends saying that a meeting of the veterans was to take place the following month at the city where this friend lived and that he wanted Johnson to attend it? This was what the old man was so deeply thinking of, for he was very poor and it would take a lot of money to bring him to the place where the veterans were to meet, and he was so anxious to go? He had saved ten dollars and it would cost twenty-five at the least for his journey, so he had the fifteen to make in a month.

However, he determined to do it with a great deal of saving. So he sent word to his friend that he would come if nothing prevented: and then began working hard to make the fifteen dollars—and this he did in the month's time.

It was the night before he was to start for the veteran's meeting, and the old man was again seated before the fire in the little back room with the precious twenty-five dollars safely hidden in the cupboard. He did not know when he had been so happy, at least not since Mabel had left him five years before. Mabel was his only child, and she had eloped with a man whom her old father had told her not to marry. He had not heard from her now in five years—and did not even know if she was living. He still loved her, and many were the times he longed for her to make him happy and take care of him in his old age. But he was very happy to-night. His ragged uniform which he had worn during the war was all dusted and laid out for the morrow, and many were the glances of pride that he gave it. Just then the bell of the little store rang and the postman handed him a letter with an unknown postmark but with a handwriting that made him begin to tremble. He hurriedly tore it open and read:

MY DEAREST FATHER:—I know this letter will not be a welcome one to you, but nevertheless I am obliged to write it, for I want you to forgive me, father, for the wrong I did you five years ago. I see now how right you were when you told me not to marry that man, for I was never for one moment happy with him. We were oh, so poor, and how hard I did have to work to support us and our little baby daughter. But my husband died a month ago and I have been struggling along since then. I want to come to you now, father, and to hear you say that you forgive me and want me to live with you, and I am sure I can make you happy in your old age, and I know you will love your little granddaughter. Please, dear father, send me twenty-five dollars for my trip home, and as soon as I get it I will be with you the following day. I hope you will be willing to forgive me, dearest father, for I am so sorry. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, your penitent and loving daughter,
MABEL.

As her father read this note his face went through a number of changes. How glad he was that Mabel wanted to be forgiven and wanted to come home! He would willingly forgive his only child—but the money necessary to bring her to him. He had not a cent in the world but the twenty-five dollars that was going to give him so much pleasure the next day. It would take over two months to make that

amount again, and during that time his only child might be starving. All he would have to do was to send her the amount that was to take him to the veteran's meeting; how could he send her that and give up the pleasure of attending the meeting? It would be a great sacrifice, but he was equal to it. That very night he sent a telegram to his friend, saying that he could not attend the meeting, and to his child he sent a letter of forgiveness and his precious twenty-five dollars. Was it not a great sacrifice?

I. M.

"A MOUNTAIN WEDDING."

A party of enthusiastic mountain climbers hurried in to breakfast at an unusually early hour one morning. For once Jim the waiter seemed anxious for them to begin their journey. When the leader of the party told him that they did not expect to return until late in the afternoon and for him to be sure to be on hand, so they could have a hasty supper and then go to the "Heights" to see the sunset, Jim's face became very red and he stammered, "Well, Mr. Brown, you will have to git Tom, fer I—I's going to git mar-married to-night." He at once received the congratulations of the party. Miss Crump, the most romantic of them all, proposed that they attend, and after inquiring the time it was agreed all should go and each take a present to the bride.

After a day on one of the highest peaks this side of the Rockies and a ride of five miles beyond to a village to purchase the presents, they arrived at the hotel just in time to make a hasty toilet, and with Tom as guide started at once for the bride's home. This was a great occasion among these simple people, as the bride was a favorite among them, and also because the village minister was to officiate. The bride was a typical mountain girl of about eighteen years of age and looked picturesque in a white muslin dress and a veil of mosquito netting pinned on with sweet peas, while in her hand she carried an immense bunch of red and yellow dahlias.

She stood in the opposite corner of the room in which the ceremony was to be performed, the guests all around her waiting for the groom. At last the waiting became painful, for this was only a one-roomed house and the unusual number of guests made it crowded. In exactly an hour after the party arrived the groom appeared, radiant in a dress-suit

which one of the beaux from the hotel had given him for the special benefit of Miss Crump, who had been heard to say during the day that she wished they could give him a suit of clothes for the occasion. Of course every one now understood the delay. He looked quite uncomfortable, although later in the evening he was heard to say that he had never felt well dressed before. The bride, on the other hand, was naturally not in the best of humors. The ceremony started, the minister using the Episcopal service. When Jim's time came to say "I will," he could have been heard several yards away. The minister turning to the bride began, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, wilt thou obey—" She said in a loud voice, "No, I won't do no such thing," and the minister finished without repeating the objectional part. When the ceremony was finished Jim turned and gave his bride a smacking kiss, to which she returned, "Now you jest quit yer foolishness right now."

The guests soon left, each feeling as if he had lost nothing in not going to see the sunset, and even the young man who was minus a suit of clothes never seemed happier.

Examination Echoes.

JANUARY 18-24, 1906.

Leaf from a Diary.

Friday: English held the floor;
Talked it, wrote it, o'er and o'er.

French on Saturday: Did it well;
Won the approval of Mademoiselle.

Latin, Monday: With a will.
"Veni, vidi,—vici"—nil.

'Twas on Tuesday History came:
Causes,—dates, too—rather lame.

Tuesday evening: Science done!
Never felt so much like fun.

Wednesday: Knew a lot of Math.
Don't know what caused teacher's wrath.

Wednesday evening: Bible! good!
Got a hundred, as I should!

Well done!

The Seniors (!) with all the zeal of Freshmen worked off the following on the poor Latin teacher, and still they *passed*. Class of 1904, think of it! For even Lillian Farmer to affectionately write on her paper: "Huncine solem tam nigrum surrexe mihi," and to subscribe herself affectionately, "O me perditum, O affictum." And then, in addition, for Ruth to "surreptitiously" insert this sparkling "original":

"Non paratus," R. F. dixit
 Cum a sad and doleful look.
 "Omne rectum," Prof. respondit.
 "Nihil," scripsit in his book.

L.

The "exam." is long and hard and dreary,
 I scratch and my pen is never weary;
 My hand it clings to the paper white
 And I fling the ink, while I write and write—
 And the "exam." is hard and dreary.

Yes, my hand is numb and tired and weary;
 My vision's blurred and my head is dreary;
 There's many an answer I cannot write:
 My mark, I fear, will be out of sight.
 And the prospect's far from cheery.

(We really don't know who she was imitating when she wrote this, but she has our sincere sympathy, nevertheless.—M.)

MY AIRSHIP THAT FAILED.

(If you never dream please don't try to read this.)

Examinations were over and I had been going up in an airship for several hours. I hadn't heard from my marks yet, but I had reached the nineteenth degree of happiness. Sailing over to France, I congratulated the people on their beautiful language; but I found them very stupid when they kept on asking questions I couldn't answer and the

crowds would gather around me—one gets tired of being praised all the time. I felt my head growing tight about my forehead, and I told the conductor of my airship to hasten on, as my happiness was supreme only in finding a new admirer. I had the airship stop at Rome and asked for Virgil, for I felt sure he would be honored to meet me, and to-day I was trying to be unusually benevolent. “Benevolent” is a word I had acquired just before examinations, but my host of admirers will never know it.

Monsieur Virgil must have been fishing for crabs somewhere, for he didn't come immediately, so I hastened on, forgetting for the while how disappointed he would be not to see me. Just thousands hastened to see me everywhere, and I had to get the conductor to tie tighter bandages across my head, I thought at first it would disfigure my beauty, but the crowds still came to see me. I climbed the Alps and cut my way through them with Herod the “Petrarch,” and then I got tired and leaving the poor fellow in tears took to my airship again. Finally, being exhausted all at once, I told my conductor to take me to a place where there were no people, for really my headache was becoming so bad that all the smelling salts in Ethiopia would have done me no good. Setting me down quietly he took me to a desert isle—at least I supposed so, for not even a single soul came rushing ready to fall at my feet. My conductor, with tears streaming down his brawny cheeks, showed me a sign on a square-looking building right in front of me. My head hurt so I got him to read what was written on it—“St Mary's School”—he said slowly. Ah, yes, I remembered I went there when I was a little girl a long time ago. When I opened the door, rusty with age, I saw forms in white dresses flitting in and out. I started to rail abuses at my conductor for telling me there were no people there, but he promised most faithfully that they would not bother me, and I went in. Everybody had white hair like their dresses, and when I came in gave hysterical giggles and fled away. From the first my head grew better until it was entirely well. Finally my conductor said, “Wait here a minute until I come back.” He left me near an open window, dusty and dirty, and presently I heard my name called from inside, and when I looked into the window, there were twenty-nine sages with tottering steps and

white locks moving around. One of them was reading in a high, cracked voice—"Mary Smith, 72 on French, 51 on Latin, and 16 on Bible—an excellent report for a young lady!"

* * * * *

Next morning, like Buster Brown, I made some resolutions.

(1) Do not go up in an airship ever.

(2) Do not eat potted ham and green and yellow candy after exams.,
or they will do you a mean trick. A. W. S.

The Bispham Concert.

No musical event of recent seasons has been looked forward to more eagerly nor more thoroughly enjoyed, not only by the pupils and teachers of St. Mary's but by the music lovers of Raleigh generally, than the concert of Mr. David Bispham on the evening of Monday, February 12.

The enthusiastic approval of Mr. Bispham's singing that was freely expressed by those who had heard him, the energetic work of Mr. and Mrs. Sanborn in making the arrangements which assured the success of the concert, and the presence of a large and representative audience to greet the singer; the presence of goodly delegations from our sister schools, with the larger delegation from St. Mary's; all were factors in the success of the concert, but in it all the singer was supreme, and as he sang all else was forgotten.

The most disagreeable of rainy days made the weather conditions especially unfavorable to the enjoyment of the evening. The concert was given in the Academy of Music under the auspices of St. Mary's—but despite the mud and the rain that had to be encountered in getting to and from the special cars, there was no complaint at St. Mary's.

Mr. Bispham was at his best, the program was entirely pleasing, the accompanist was all that any singer could have asked. These were the general opinions. Technical criticism would be out of place here even though it would all be favorable. It is enough to say that the singing was a revelation to many, a delight to all; and the dramatic power of the artist added much to the effectiveness of his voice. "Edward" will linger long in the minds of most of those who heard it.

This was the program:

O Ruddier than the Cherry (Acis and Galatea).....	<i>Haendel</i>
An Old Sacred Lullaby	<i>Corner</i>
The Two Grenadiers	<i>Schumann</i>
The Monk	<i>Meyerbeer</i>
The Wanderer, Hark, Hark, the Lark, The Erlking, }	<i>Schubert</i>
Tom, the Rhymer, Edward, The Wedding Song, }	<i>Loewe</i>
Prologue, from Pagliacci.....	<i>Leoncavallo</i>
I'm Wearin' Awa', Jean.....	<i>Arthur Foote</i>
Ring Out, Wild Bells.....	<i>Gounod</i>
Danny Deever.....	<i>Walter Damrosch</i>
The Dream of Little Rhys.....	<i>Old Welsh</i>
Kelly's Cat.....	<i>Old Irish</i>
Annie Laurie.....	<i>Old Scotch</i>
Young Richard	<i>Old English</i>
Accompanist	<i>Harold O. Smith</i>

After the concert we St. Mary's girls had the pleasure of a very brief invasion of stage-land in order to meet Mr. Bispham and Mr. Smith, and it took only this concluding pleasure to fill to the brim our cup of appreciation. Thank you, Mr. Sanborn; come again, Mr. Bispham.

THE WEEK OF ST. VALENTINE'S SENTIMENT.

To My Valentine.

(Verses sent with some violets.)

I chose these simple flowers, Sue,
To be my messengers for me,
They're only violets large and blue
And yet they carry love to thee.

They seem like bits of summer skies
And yet I love them more, my dear,
Because of looking like your eyes,
So blue, so innocent and fair.

S. C.

Miss Thomas' Reception.

On the night of February 14th, Miss Thomas, the honorary member of the Class of 1906, gave a delightful Valentine party to the members of the Senior Class and the English Certificate pupils. When the latest guests had finally put in their appearance, we were served to delicious punch by Miss Meares, who assisted the hostess. Then cards in the shape of hearts, daintily decorated in the class colors, dark blue and old gold, were distributed and the guests were bidden to write a valentine. The poetic genius of the class may be imagined from the following production of Gertrude Sullivan, who received the prize. (Gertrude wishes it understood that she does not base her claim to fame on this composition: it is a "ten minutes for refreshments" production only.)

We're told to write a Valentine;
I'm sure the rest will all be fine.
If you'll be mine, 'tis all I'll ask
Of the honorary member of our class.

And think of Mary Lassiter writing this:

Here's to my Valentine! Though she be fair
There's many another girl with sunny hair.
Here's to my Valentine! Though she be swell
There's many another girl I love quite well.
So here's a gentle hint to my sweetheart—
Be good to me—then we will never part.

The next part of the program was even more difficult, but it afforded lots of fun. On the back of our valentines we had to draw a caricature of our neighbor, and the best artist was determined from the picture the identity of which was most frequently guessed. Some of the pictures were, as Miss Fenner would say, "wild and wooly," and it struck me as peculiar that not one of the girls could by any possibility find a picture of herself. Nancy Fairley's picture of Gertrude Sullivan was guessed the most, and she received a pretty picture-frame as a reward.

Then refreshments were served. First, a salad course, and then ice-cream and cake. Our glasses were filled and we ended a most enjoyable evening with a hearty toast to the Class of Naughty Six, to the certificate pupils, and to Our Honorary Member.

Junior-Senior Reception, 1906.

The annual reception of the Junior Class in honor of the Seniors, given this year on the evening of Saturday, February 17th, was in every way a delightful success. With the Valentine spirit still uppermost, the entertainment took the form of a Heart Party, and the French Room in the "Far Countree" had been transformed into a veritable Cupid's bower for the occasion.

The guests were received by the officers of the Class of 1907, Misses Lillian Farmer, Emily Carrison, Eula Gregory and Leonore Seay, and after the warm greeting found themselves in Cupid's Garden. Hearts on the walls, hearts overhead, only no hearts underfoot, (that left for later experiences). A Tennysonian would surely express it—

"Hearts to the right of us,
Hearts to the left of us,
Hearts all about us,
Fluttered and flustered."

And in the midst of the array, in the very center of a mammoth heart, stood Cupid himself, arrow in hand, apparently all ready for his victims, truly a cause for "fluttering and flustering." But those unsentimental Juniors had reversed the ordinary method of procedure, for while Cupid was kept chained tiny bows and arrows were placed in the Seniors' hands and they were commanded—not to defend themselves merely, but—to attempt to pierce the heart of Cupid! Think of it! What wonder that the arrows flew wild, that the ceiling, the floor, even the by-standers would fain have taken refuge from the expert marksman, and though one, less skillful than the rest—Oh, prosy Senior—actually touched the heart (of the mammoth, not of Cupid), the end of the evening found the little gentleman still unscathed, and promising many future favors to his erring friends.

Yes, the evening was merry, the entertainment entertaining, the refreshments most delicious. Thank you, Juniors; may the Class of 1908 show you in your turn as delightful an attention as you in your time bestowed upon the members of the Class of 1906. X.

In Lighter Vein.

HARRIETT E. RUFF, Editor.

Senior M. L.—“St. Paul’s head was cut off, placed on a waiter and handed to the king’s daughter.”

All laugh.

C. Gant (laughing heartily.—“O goodness! Mary, that was Blue Beard.”

Kate Gary.—“Page, what is your favorite poem?”

Page Shelburn.—“Tennyson’s Evangeline.”

Dr. Du Bose (in Bible Class).—“Now, you think twenty-minute sermons are so dreadful: St. Paul preached three months.”

Helen Alston.—“But don’t you suppose he stopped some to rest?”

Little Johnnie had a mirror;
He ate the back all off,
Thinking madly in his fancy
It would cure the whooping-cough.

First Girl.—“Do you spell church with a capital?”

Second Girl.—“Not unless its chapel.”

Alice McC.—“Yes, Elizabeth City is a dry town.”

Dorothy M.—“Why, don’t they have any water to drink there?”

Mr. Stone.—“What is the masculine of aunt?”

Page S.—“Antics.”

FROM THE SEWANEE “MOUNTAINEER.”

“Now if, my dear, you’re chilly,
(He said as in alarm),
Just remember that I carry
Your shawl upon my arm.”
But when the maid so coyly
Replied on mischief bent,
“Yes, please put it ’round me,”
He wondered *which* she meant.

(With deepest apologies to the Faculty, and assuring the said Ladies of the Day of our earnest sympathy.)

THE "LADY OF THE DAY."

You must wake and call me early, call me early, sister dear,
For to-morrow is the saddest time of all the glad New Year.
Of all the days of the week, sister, the dreariest far and away,
For I'm to be "lady of the day, sister," I'm to be "lady of the day."

It begins in the morning early when we to Chapel go,
I must see that the girls walk straight in line, not too fast, nor yet too slow,
That they do not laugh or chatter, or cut capers on the way,
When I'm the "lady of the day," sister, when I'm the "lady of the day."

One girl is quite a talker, and another is noisy and gay,
And a third keeps the ball a-rolling with her chum all the live-long day.
And I must carefully note down all the mischief they do or say,
When I'm the "lady of the day," sister, when I'm the "lady of the day."

The excuses to sign after school time is indeed quite a serious task,
And I must hunt up all the girls for whom the visitors ask,
And I must see that they walking go and don't hide in corners away,
When I'm the "lady of the day," sister, when I'm the "lady of the day."

And when evening comes I must keep the peace and note that the voices are low,
And see that the girls sit on benches and chairs, and not on the table, or so
That they dutifully dance in the parlor and don't steal to their rooms away,
When I'm the "lady of the day," sister, when I'm the "lady of the day."

And the number of bells to attend to all through the day, you see,
Why the old Swiss bell-ringers, the real ones, they are not in it with me,
And the last one is at 9:30; when "Glory!" and "Thank Goodness!" I say,
For that is the last of the day, sister, the last of the "lady of the day."

Oh, why do the gentlemen teachers have such an easy time,
As if working hard and so steady for them would be a crime?
They look askance and seem to smile as if they meant to say:
We can't be the "lady of the day," sister, we can't be the "lady of the day."

When the merry, merry Spring-time comes, and all is calm and serene,
I'll enjoy a well-earned vacation, a rest and a change of scene.
Yet in my dreams in the night-time, though hundreds of miles away,
I'll still be the "lady of the day," sister, I'll still be the "lady of the day."

The St. Mary's Muse.

Subscription, One Year. = = = = One Dollar.
Single Copies, = = = = Fifteen Cents.

A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnae, under the editorial management of the Senior Class.

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

RALEIGH, N. C.

Correspondence from friends solicited.

Editorial Board.

RUTH FOSTER, '06, Editor-in-Chief.

JANE IREDELL GREEN, '06, Business Manager.

FRANCIS E. WOOLF, '06.

MARGARET MACKAY, '06.

LILLIAN FARMER, '07.

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Literary Department.

GERTRUDE SULLIVAN, '06.

SPECIAL EDITORS FOR FEBRUARY.

Lillian Farmer, '06, Chief; Margaret DuBose, '05; Serena C. Bailey.

Apology.

The Faculty Manager of the MUSE owes a deep apology for the delay in the publication of this February number, not only to the readers of the MUSE, but to the special Board of Editors, who were particularly prompt in getting the copy into his hands, and who are much chagrined at the delay. He desires here to make the apology.

Editorial.

The regular Board of Editors now being completely occupied with preparations for the publication of the annual MUSE, the February monthly is gotten out by the special board. The special editors for March will be Misses Farmer, Carrison and Hill.

When the MUSE appears February will be about over. January-February gone! Examinations finished and the new term well begun; reports in the hands of those loving parents who are so proud of our good work; the birthdays of Lee and Washington, with their accompanying half-holidays, past, and no more birthdays to be anticipated in the

immediate future; the last of the Chapter entertainments and of the after-Christmas social diversions enjoyed; and the quiet of Lent upon us.

As we have enjoyed the gayety, so will we now try to profit by the self-restraint; we will govern our minds and our longings, and, improving the Lenten days as they pass, look forward to the joyousness of the fast-approaching Eastertide.

A SAD CASE OF INSPIRATION.

(Adapted from the *Woodberry Forest Oracle*, December.)

The glorious days of autumn had
 Been rushing madly by;
 The wintry winds were blowing
 Flitting shadows 'cross the sky.
 I sat at my table thinking,
 Thinking hard about THE MUSE,
 Praying for an inspiration
 That our readers might peruse (*or amuse*).
 All in vain I tried to make my
 Thoughts rise grandly to their flood,
 'Twas a time of ebb—(*or tongue*)—tide,
 I stuck feebly in the mud.
 When lo! behold! a little fly
 Fell right upon my table,
 And 'gan to kick its tiny legs
 As hard as it was able.
 Prone on its little back it lay
 And battled hard for life,
 But nature's laws must needs be filled,
 Death had to end the strife.
 No mourners were there at the end,
 Nor did it have a casket,
 I tenderly embalmed it in the Ed
 Itorial paper basket.
 And with an exclamation
 Seized hard my inspiration.

SCHOOL NEWS.

—Sousa's Band was in Raleigh, January 24th. Of course as many went as possible, and the evening was thoroughly enjoyable.

—We miss George Shaw. Her excellent record the first quarter makes us even more greatly regret her sickness. She has our sympathy, and we hope that after a complete rest she may come back to us her old self.

—Saturday evening, January 13th, was very pleasantly devoted to an informal dance. The figures, which were very pretty, were led by Elise Emerson. One of the most enjoyable features of the evening was the delightful music rendered by Mr. Hodgson and Mrs. Irvine.

—The annual concert of the A. and M. Glee Club at the Academy of Music on the evening of January 30 was a treat. A large party was in attendance and school spirit was in the air. Miss Cribbs of the St. Mary's faculty, the elocutionist of the evening, added much to the program.

—Miss Kate Cheshire, Diocesan Secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary, visited St. Mary's on the evening of Sunday, the 18th, and greeted us again quite informally. Miss Cheshire's genuine love for girls is so evident that it is always doubly pleasant to have her with us, and she never fails to leave us encouraged.

—Several of the girls have been made very happy recently by visits from their parents. Bishop Strange paid a brief visit to the school early in the month, Mrs. Crosswell was in town for a week, Mrs. Corbett was with us at the school for a few days and enjoyed the Bispham Concert, and others have taken briefer glimpses.

—We are glad to hear of the reorganization of the Sketch Club. At a meeting on January 31st the following officers were elected: Critic, Miss Fenner; President, Leonore Seay; Vice-President, Jennie Morris; Secretary-Treasurer, Serena Bailey. The members are: Helen Alston, Nell Atkinson, Serena Bailey, Helen Breeden, Mary Cooper, Elise Emerson, Estelle Farrior, Lalla Hamlet, Jessie Harris, Irving Morgan, Jennie Morris, Bliss Perry, Eloise Robinson, Lenore Seay, Mildred Smith, Marion Slocomb, Helen Strange, and Margaret Wilson.

—Mr. DuBose was absent from St. Mary's from the 7th to the 17th on a South Carolina trip in the interest of the school. He had very pleasant visits to Columbia, Charleston, Sommerville, Florence, Sumter, Orangeburg and Fayetteville. Many of the girls felt a little tinge of envy when they learned that he had seen their home-folks so recently. Mr. DuBose is going to let us write up some of the impressions of the trip for the next MUSE.

—There have been two very interesting "Thursday Talks" since the last MUSE. The first, by Superintendent Moses of the Raleigh Schools, on January 25th, was on the "Education of a Girl," in which Mr. Moses expressed his well-known views with regard to woman's training and the best all-round education. The second, on February 1, was by State Superintendent Joyner, on another phase of woman's usefulness. Both of the talks were both helpful and enjoyable, while it was additionally pleasant to know better these gentlemen who are taking such a useful part in the movement for the advancement of the cause of education in the State.

—The visit of Dr. Guerry, Chaplain of the University of the South, in the last week of January, was both very pleasant and very stimulating. Dr. Guerry, who is traveling in the interest of the new All Saints Memorial Chapel at Sewanee, was in Raleigh for some days, and was for a part of the time the guest of Mr. DuBose at the Rectory. We all enjoyed hearing him at Christ Church, where he preached on Sunday, the 22d, about Sewanee and the Chapel, and still more on Wednesday evening, the 25th, when he talked to us at the afternoon Chapel service on Christian Education. The visit of Dr. Guerry recalled that very pleasant one of Dr. Niles, of Columbia, last Commencement; both left us feeling better for their visits, and we look forward to a return of both of them with great pleasure.

ALUMNAE MATTERS.

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

PRESIDENT,	- -	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
VICE-PRESIDENTS,	{	Mrs. M. T. Leak, Durham.
		Mrs. I. M. Pittenger, Raleigh,
		Mrs. F. P. Tucker, Raleigh,
		Mrs. Kate de R. Meares, Wilmington.
SEC.-TREAS.,	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.

Alumnae Notes.

The dearth of alumnae news continues. We wish to make another extra effort to enlist the co-operation of the alumnae in the publication of the MUSE. There has been no reason for complaint at the school on account of lack of sympathy among the alumnae with the purposes of the MUSE, and the alumnae have done their full share in the matter of subscriptions, though the subscription-list should be double what it now is; but the help that was extended last year in the way of letters and news contributions seems to have been almost altogether discontinued this session. We are therefore driven to depend upon the stray information that may be brought to our notice and the alumnae part of the paper has certainly fallen back.

The April number of the MUSE will be a number especially devoted to the contributions of old girls. We hope that there may be many news contributions and notes of interest, but we shall make a definite effort to have a series of reminiscences by alumnae representing each period of the life of St. Mary's from the beginning, an informal picture of the St. Mary's life from the days before the war down to the present. To insure the success of this number and its interest to all, we now ask every alumna whose eye this copy of the MUSE may reach to give her Alma Mater at least a few moments of definite thought and to jot down and send to the MUSE any items of interest,—news, recollections, or suggestions. We are not asking for literary contributions, though we should be glad to have them, but what we want is the facts, and we shall appreciate those facts if given in the form of notes as much as whatever may be furnished in the form of finished contributions. Do let us hear from you.

It is a great pleasure to be again able to quote from a letter of Mrs. Wm. E. Lindsay, of the Class of '79:

GLENDALE, S. C., January 30.

MY DEAR GIRLS:—You are very badly treated by the *alumnæ*, and I don't wonder you feel slightly indignant. I, for one, am ashamed of my dilatoriness, and herein enclose my subscription, due, I believe, since last November or December. You see the Christmas month is a strenuous one and demands all the time and money that most of us have to spare, hence one reason for delay.

Why the *alumnæ* do not write for the MUSE I do not understand. Surely among all the hundreds of her "old girls" there must be many who are gifted in that line and who love their alma mater sufficiently to devote a little time to her.

By the way, I thought I was an "alumna," but every now and then some "singular person" is put down as an "*alumnæ*," and I think that being very rusty, and never much, in Latin, I must be wrong!

I am very much interested in the memorial altar to Drs. Aldert and Bennett Smedes. I, with hundreds of others, owe them more than I can express. Will you kindly hand the enclosed, after deducting my subscription to the MUSE, to Mr. DuBose for the altar?

Thanking you for continuing to send the MUSE, I remain,

Most sincerely yours,

ELLA TEW LINDSAY.

Do you care for the names of such of the *alumnæ* as live in my neighborhood and their present occupations? Perhaps I could induce one of them to write some reminiscences of St. Mary's many years ago.

We feel sure that Mrs. Lindsay will pardon the publication of this letter, and it touches so directly on the matters in which the *alumnæ* can help the MUSE so greatly that it is a stronger appeal than anything we could say. Each matter—the subscription, the altar, the *alumnæ* lists, the reminiscences—is fraught with meaning for us.

The fund for the new memorial altar is rapidly accumulating, and made up as it is of contributions from within the present school and gifts from without, it will be what it is intended to be, a loving memorial of the St. Mary's girls of all generations. The fund now amounts to \$150 of the \$300 needed.

The following letter gives an idea of the spirit of the contributions from the past:

Rev. McNeely DuBose,

NORFOLK, VA., February 13th.

DEAR SIR:—I have just heard from one of my sisters of the enlarging of the St. Mary's Chapel, and that the Guild of Trinity Church, Asheville, helped toward

the payment of it. She further adds in her letter that you wish the new altar to be in memory of Dr. Aldert Smedes and his son, Rev. Mr. Bennett Smedes, who were both Rectors and Principals of the school, Mr. Bennett succeeding his father. Enclosed please find my contribution to the altar, which I most willingly send; my only regret is that I cannot send a larger amount.

I was educated at St. Mary's during the old Doctor's lifetime; going there when I was ten and staying for seven years, and the little Chapel was built when I was a little child, and I was afterwards confirmed there by our dear old Bishop Atkinson. Dr. Smedes was like a father to me, as indeed he was good to all his girls; always thinking of our comfort and happiness. How I wish I could see the dear old place!

Sincerely yours,

.....

LENTEN SERVICES, 1906

SUNDAYS

Holy Communion	{	First and Third Sundays at 11.00
		Other Sundays at 7.30
Sunday School 10 a. m.		Evening Prayer, with Lecture, 5.00

Morning Prayer, daily, at 9.05

Evening Prayer	{	Monday, Wednesday, Friday, at 5.30
		Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, at 6.45
Holy Communion,		Thursday and Saints' Days, at 7.00 a. m.
Confirmation Lectures,		Sunday Evenings, at 7.00

In the death of Dr. John Smedes, which occurred at his home in Washington, D. C., on January 19th, another of the figures who once were closest to the life of St. Mary's has passed into the Beyond.

It was very pleasant during the middle of February to have a brief visit from Mrs. Richard Slade, of Columbus, Ga., who as Sue Hunter, of Columbus, spent the sessions of '80 and '81 at St. Mary's. This was her first visit back in all the years, and she is now looking forward to the time, only a year or two hence, when her daughter will be ready to be at St. Mary's.

Among the marriages of the month we note that of Loulie Biggs, of Fayetteville, to Mr. E. R. McKethan, of the same city, on February 14, and of Ellen West, of Raleigh, to Mr. John Dockery on February 15.

TABER-JONES.

Probably the event of the past month of greatest interest to the very recent *alumnæ* was the marriage on February 15th, at Columbia, S. C., of Miss Augusta Porcher Jones (our old friend "Gussie") and Mr. Der-rill Darby Taber, of that city. The wedding, which was an elaborate one, was celebrated at 9 o'clock in Trinity Church, the Rector, Dr. Niles, officiating.

In addition to the interest which St. Mary's takes in the bride, reciprocating the interest which the bride has always shown in her Alma Mater, the bridal party was distinctly a St. Mary's bride's party, the Jones' attendants including Anne Gifford, '04, of Fort Monroe; Marie Phinizy, of Augusta, Ga.; Margaret DuBose, '05, of Raleigh; Caro Brevard, of Charlotte, and Sumter Thomas, of Columbia. Fannie Johnson, of Raleigh, also went to Columbia for the wedding.

READ!—MARK!—ACT!

The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of THE MUSE generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in THE MUSE, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

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But the women of the earth—God knows—the women build the homes.
—*Nixon Waterman.*

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Down a deep and darksome well;
Mamma's worried 'bout his ways,
Willie is so hard to raise.—*Ex.*

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

SCHOOL PROGRAM.

FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1906.

- Feb. 17. Saturday Evening: Junior-Senior Reception.
- “ 22. Washington's Birthday: half-holiday.
2:30 p. m. Exercises commemorating the day.
- “ 24. Saturday Evening: St. Elizabeth's Chapter.
- “ 28. Ash Wednesday: Holy Day. Services 7:30, 11:00, 5:30.
-

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SESSION DIVIDED INTO TWO TERMS

FALL TERM BEGINS IN OCTOBER 25, 1905

- 1. THE COLLEGE
- 2. THE MUSIC SCHOOL
- 3. THE BUSINESS SCHOOL
- 4. THE ART SCHOOL
- 5. THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

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1905-06 are within 220 students from all Divisions

Teaching and Studies comprise Faculty

and various courses of instruction and general education

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1905-06 are within 220 students from all Divisions

Teaching and Studies comprise Faculty







The St. Mary's Muse.

LENT NUMBER.

VOL. X.

MARCH, 1906.

No. 8.

The Legend of the Diamond and the Pearl.

One day the king of all the gods
Held in his hands two jewels fair:
A diamond clear, surpassing bright,
A pearl that was beyond compare.

He placed the jewels on the ground
And o'er the diamond waved his hand,
And there within its place Man stood—
Strong, brave and true, majestic, grand.

Again his mighty hand he waved,
And then again—'twas wond'rous strange—
Sweet, pure and beautiful, and calm,
The pearl was into Woman changed.

HELEN KATHARINE LIDDELL.

Summer is Coming.

The wo Morse girls had promised to make their aunt a visit, and early October found them on the south-bound train, surrounded by candy and flowers, the offering of thoughtful friends.

"Of course it will be dull after such a gay summer," said Dorothy, "but we'll have lots of fun running about the country."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Nancy; "it will be fine to ride and walk, and not have any engagements or anything to worry us. Mother says the old place is lovely, a typical Southern home, situated on the river."

At the old homestead all was in a joyful state of confusion. The

long-expected nieces had arrived, and after a hot supper and a nice little chat with their aunt, had gone to bed.

"I think Auntie is just lovely," said Dot.

"Yes, indeed," Nancy murmured sleepily.

The first few days were spent in riding, rowing, walking, and talking. One day the girls decided to go to the attic and see what they could find. After rummaging through several trunks, they pulled out a number of old-fashioned dresses. Dorothy suggested that they dress themselves in the faded silks and go down stairs. After putting on their dresses with odd hats to match, they went down to their aunt, who laughed and suggested that they go across the river to see a friend of hers. This suggestion was greeted with enthusiasm, and running down to the river the girls motioned to the old boatman to come and row them over.

Soon the boat began to come their way, but much to their surprise, they saw that it was rowed, not by the old boatman, but by two young men in hunting suits; nevertheless, they took their seats in the boat. One of the men remarked that it was a beautiful day, at the same time casting a wondering glance at Dot's faded silk dress. This embarrassed the young lady so much that she nearly giggled aloud, but drawing down her veil with all the dignity she could muster, she turned to her sister and asked if the price of eggs had gone up.

At last the river was crossed, and after thanking their boatmen the girls went into the house. They found no one at home, so they sat down and began to discuss the incident.

"They'll think we are either fools or old maids," said Nancy.

"And the one with brown eyes was so good looking," said Dorothy; "just my ideal man."

"O Dot, you're such a goose!" exclaimed her sister.

They returned home in the usual way, and nothing more was seen or heard of the strange boatmen, although Dorothy found herself wondering who they were, and although she would not admit it, even to herself, she wished that they would come back.

A month passed very quickly at their aunt's, and the girls were sorry to say good-bye on the first of November.

Once again in the city they thought no more of the little event, so full were their minds of the petty things which make up a social life.

One day while Dot was hurrying down the street she came face to face with the brown-eyed boatman; she felt the color rise to her cheeks, but hastening on she assured herself she was a goose and that he hadn't recognized her. After that she could not help thinking of him, and time and time again she was sure that he was near her.

Several months after their visit to their aunt the girls received invitations to a mask-ball given by one of the most fashionable of their friends.

"What shall I wear?" groaned Dorothy.

"Why not wear the old blue dress your Auntie gave you?" asked her mother. "I should think, with a few additions, it would be the very thing."

"So it will," agreed Dot, "and it's just what I'll wear."

The night of the ball came, and Dorothy, dressed in the old-fashioned gown, with a necklace and bracelet of pearls, was indeed strikingly beautiful.

"You mustn't break any hearts, my child," laughed her mother as she kissed her good-bye.

The ball-room was beautiful with its banks of flowers and palms, arranged with an artist's taste.

"It looks just like a fairy paradise," exclaimed Dorothy, as she entered the room, and found herself at once surrounded by her friends. "Isn't it funny not to know your own friends in a crowd like this, but I really can't make out half the people. Nancy, who is that distinguished looking man? He keeps looking this way. I'm sure I've seen him somewhere."

After the dancing began, the evening passed very quickly and pleasantly. Just before the time came to unmask, Dorothy escaped from the crowd and went to a window to cool off. The "distinguished-looking man" seeing her alone, came quickly to her side.

"Will you come on the balcony a minute?" he pleaded in a low voice. "Perhaps you don't remember me," he continued softly; "but that doesn't really matter, for at last I have found my old-fashioned girl." And Dorothy, looking up, found herself gazing straight into those brown eyes.

The Preservation of the Forests Treated as an Economic Question.

In treating the preservation of the forests as an economic question, we lay aside all sentimentalism, and consider the forests in their relation to the practical side of man's life. By wasting our vast tracts of woodland, we are not only destroying much of the natural beauty of our country, but also reducing the supply of a utility the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated.

It is said that next to the earth, the forest is the most useful servant of man. However sweeping this statement may seem, when we study the various functions of the forests, we can appreciate its truth. And what are the benefits derived from the forests? We may answer this question by naming, first, the yielding of wood; second, the partial control of rainfall, thereby affecting water-courses and temperature.

The utilities fashioned from wood are too numerous to mention, and the importance of them and of wood as fuel is too apparent to dwell upon; but at least we may ask, What would man do were these utilities cut off?

If we now take up the question of the control that the forests exert upon rainfall, we can readily see that by evaporating and retarding a large portion of water the forests prevent disastrous floods. This function is important, however, only when the greater part of the drainage basin of streams consists of woodland.

The influence of forests upon climate is of utmost importance. Before explaining this statement, we must recall to our minds that the temperature is affected by winds and moisture. It is with these two factors that forests play their part. "The influence of the forest cover and the forest floor appears in the temperature of the air," and scientists have proved that they modify extremes of heat and cold.

In addition to this modification of temperature, forests have a purifying effect upon the atmosphere. Their air, like that of sea and mountain, is comparatively pure, and it is said, freer from injurious gases, dust particles, and bacteria than is that of the fields' air. Even city parks have a hygienic function, as they reduce the temperature, furnish

better drainage conditions of the soil, and to some extent, destroy bacteria.

We can readily see that each of these uses of the forests has a bearing upon the economic life of man. Without further considering the importance of wood as fuel or as material, we may touch upon the retardation of rainfall and the modification of climate in relation to the economy of mankind. In considering the first of these questions, we shall have no difficulty in realizing the importance of the prevention of floods, with the attendant destruction of crops, gradual ruin of the soil, or even the sweeping away of whole communities. Climate, which we have seen to be partially affected by the forests, has a vast influence upon soil conditions. Moreover, climate may give or deprive man of the health and strength necessary to the active seeking of a livelihood.

Although we have named but a few of the functions of the forests, yet they are enough to show the crying need for an intelligent care and preservation of the woods of America. The people of the United States, however, seem to be beginning to realize the value of Nature's gift, and perhaps in the near future they will make a more enthusiastic effort to save the forests from ruthless destruction.

SERENA C. BAILEY.

[This paper was not written for publication in the MUSE, but in course of ordinary class work.—EDITORS.]

Evening Musings.

With purple tinge on cloudy fringe
 The sun's last ray is dying;
 While gently blow, with murmurs low,
 The evening zephyrs, sighing.

The cares of day have flown away;
 We rest with all creation.
 Dear twilight hour, we love thee more,
 Sweet hour of meditation.

Sweet time to think, when on the brink
Of night, the time of dreaming,
For then the mind is unconfined,
And full of fancies teeming.

'Tis evening brings, and round us flings
Such hallowed visions beaming,
Plucked from the fold of memory's hold,
When all her wealth is gleaming.

Some visions bright, some dark as night,
Oh let these be the fleetest!
Bedeck with flowers these golden hours,
From memory cull the sweetest.

But why the past; why to the past
Should now mine eyes be veering,
Or through the dim and darkened rim
Of future's glass be peering?

Why turn away? Is not to-day
With visions filled entrancing,
With more of joy without alloy,
Than all this backward glancing?

Ah, yes, to-day; away, away
Kind memory with thy dreaming;
And fancy free with all thy glee,
I'll spare thee with thy seeming.

All 'round I see the air as free,
The charms of nature smiling;
Trees, rocks, and flowers, sweet scented bowers,
Our tender hearts beguiling.

Yet all of this is shorn of bliss.
The restless heart is roaming;
For skies not here, the one most dear,
To share with me the gloaming.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES.

History of the Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society.

Under the direction of Miss Stone, on April 5, 1900, the Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society was organized. The name of the society was taken from the Greek initial letters of one of our most famous Southern poets—Edgar Allan Poe; the colors adopted were sage and old rose, and the flower the Cherokee Rose.

On March 13, 1902, a law was passed requiring an average of ninety per cent on all lessons for a student to be eligible to the society, as if to make more forcible the motto, "Where high thoughts are duty." There are about forty active members this year, although the average necessitates the Epsilon Alpha Pi having a smaller number than the Sigma Lambda.

The meetings are held every second and fourth Wednesday in the English room, but we hope to have next year a room in the new Auditorium of the literary societies.

Every year the two literary societies have an inter-society debate, and there are also many other debates among the individual members of the societies, their object being to broaden the mind and promote literary tastes and interests among the members of the societies. In 1902, the E. A. P. Society challenged the Sigma Lambda to an inter-society debate, and in this debate the latter won. Again in 1903 the Sigma Lambda won.

But the tide turned in 1904, and the E. A. P. were victorious. Last year the debate was an interesting one, and although the Sigma Lambda justly won, "much was to be said for both sides." It is the E. A. P.'s time to win, and there is no reason why she should not do so.

The debate this year will take place in April, the Epsilon Alpha Pi being represented by Bettie Woolf, '06, and Lillian Farmer, '07, while their Sigma Lambda opponents will be Jane Iredell Green, '06, and Margaret Mackay, '06. The subject is, "Resolved, that the enormous growth of the modern novel is an educational disadvantage."

The Junior Auxiliary.

The additional Lenten work of the Junior Auxiliary has been taken up this year with unusual interest and energy, and the special undertakings of each chapter are well under way.

Every chapter has contributed to the new Altar fund.

Meetings have been held every other Sunday night, when various missionary articles have been read, and during Lent, in nearly every case, the members meet each Saturday night and sew.

St. Monica's has contributed toward the Chapel Carpet, Smedes scholarship, and is now working on a box of clothing for St. Margaret's Mission at Morganton.

St. Elizabeth's has contributed toward Mrs. Geoffroy's school at Beaufort and has followed Miss Cheshire's suggestion in helping Mr. Berkeley in his mission work among the mill people of Mayodan.

St. Etheldreda's contributes toward two Smedes scholarships and is working on a box of clothing for a child at St. Saviour's.

St. Anne's has given to Mrs. Geoffroy, to the two Smedes scholarships, and is preparing a box for a child from St. Saviour's Mission.

St. Margaret's prepared a box of clothing at Xmas time.

St. Catherine's gave to a poor colored woman, a former servant in the school, and is now working on clothing for a child from St. Saviour's Mission.

C.

SOCIAL LIFE.

The Washington Tea to the Seniors.

On the afternoon of February 22nd, a Washington Tea was given to the Senior Class and the certificate girls by Misses Green, Sullivan, and Virginia Bailey. Gowned in costumes of Madame Washington's period, the hostesses received in the French room, which was made attractive by means of divans covered with cushions and of pennants, flags and views decorating the walls. Tacked on the walls were the names of many familiar and unfamiliar plants, with the help of which we were to complete the interesting though tragic romance of Fair Marigold

and Sweet William, a story told—with omissions—in the booklets given us. The booklets were themselves charming, with covers fittingly decorated in hand-painted flowers and bearing the owner's name and the date, done in green and gold. We had a merry time, especially delighting in the "Snap-dragon poppy" with the "sourgrass" temper, and in the fact that his "dogwood" bark every "thyme" the hapless lover endeavored to serenade Fair Mary. Miss Mary Lassiter completed correctly her version of the tale and received as reward a bunch of beautiful crimson carnations, while Miss Nancy Fairley had ample consolation for her ill success in a most interesting hatchet with a hollow handle filled with cherries.

Dainty refreshments having been served and enjoyed, we said good-bye, agreeing that the flower party with its suggestion of the day had been one of the prettiest and pleasantest of entertainments. . T.

Mrs. Andrews' Dinner Party.

On the twenty-sixth of February, Mrs. A. B. Andrews gave a dinner to a party of St. Mary's girls, as has been her custom for several years. Mrs. Andrews is an old St. Mary's girl herself, and by the time the party sat down to the delightful dinner we felt that we had known her all our lives.

The table was prettily decorated in white carnations and there were carnations tied in blue and white ribbons (St. Mary's colors) with little calendars at our plates for souvenirs. We had a truly charming time. Among those who enjoyed Mrs. Andrews' hospitality were: Nancy Fairley, Alice Davis, Mildred Smith, Annie Wood, Margaret Eldridge, Mary Shuford, Elise Emerson, Emily Carrison, Mary Gwynn, Alice Corbett, Margaret Wilson, Virginia Bailey, Loula Joyner, Bessie Watts, Betsie London, Fannie Lee, Louise Gadsden, Mary Bryan, Helen Liddell, and Annie Sloan.

A. W. S.

"The Elopement of Ellen."

One of the cleverest and most taking of the entertainments of the year was the last of the Chapter entertainments on the Saturday before Lent, when St. Margaret's Chapter presented the three-act comedy, "The Elopement of Ellen."

The actors were quite in the spirit of their parts and each did her best, and that best reflected much credit on each one. Too much love-making, some thought, but to others that was no objection, and the play really isn't any worse than the "Duchess'" novels.

The cast was as follows:

Richard Ford (a devoted young husband).....	<i>L. Heyward.</i>
Molly (his wife)	<i>Ella Croft.</i>
Robert Sheppard (Molly's brother).....	<i>Elise Emerson.</i>
Max Ten Eych (chum of Robert's).....	<i>Helen Strange.</i>
Dorothy March (engaged to Max. A guest of Mrs. Fords).....	<i>Rowena Lee.</i>
June Haverhill (Wellesley, '06, who is doing some special investigation for economic courses during the summer.....)	<i>Sue Prince.</i>
John Hume (rector of St. Agnes).....	<i>Emma Barnwell.</i>

Act. I. Mrs. Ford's Dining-room.

Act. II. Arbor in Mrs. Ford's Garden.

Act. III. Same as Act II.

SCHOOL NOTES.

—Myrtle Disosway had a short visit to her home in New Bern from the 23d of February to the 5th of March.

—Elizabeth Waddill is rejoicing in a visit from her mother, Mrs. E. T. Waddill of Cheraw, S. C., who is visiting friends in town.

—Julia Winston has had to withdraw from school on account of ill-health. We trust she will soon be entirely recovered and return to us.

—Miss Hull assisted the Third Regiment Band in its concert on March 16th, and the same evening Mrs. Irvine played at the reception given by the Teachers' Club of Raleigh to the Wake County teachers at Peace Institute. The St. Mary's performers had a distinct part in the success of both entertainments.

—The party from St. Mary's who attended the recital of Mrs. Jessie Townsend Southwick at the Baptist University for Women on Saturday, the 17th, were very much delighted at her recital of "Macbeth."

—Grief has come close home to us and our sympathies have been aroused even more than usual this month. Marjorie and Olive Robertson were called to their homes in Columbia on the 24th by the accidental death of their younger sister, Elizabeth Sherrod, in Hendersonville; and on the 7th Anna Waugh was summoned home to Buena Vista, Va., to be with her father, who died on Saturday the 10th. They each have our love and sympathy. The Robertsons are with us again, but Anna will not return.

—The address of Capt. S. A. Ashe at the Thursday Talk on March 8th was a treat. It is always a pleasure to listen to Captain Ashe, and this occasion was no exception. He carried us back with him to Moore's Creek and the early days of Carolina, and interested us in many facts in the early history of the State. We are gratified, too, to have in the library through the courtesy of the local chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, several copies of Captain Ashe's oration on General Lee, just printed by the Daughters.

The St. Mary's Muse.

Subscription, One Year.	=	=	=	=	One Dollar.
Single Copies,	=	=	=	=	Fifteen Cents.

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Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

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SPECIAL EDITORS FOR MARCH.

Lillian Farmer, '06, Chief; Emily Carrison, '07; Louise Hill, '08.

Editorials.

Lent, the period of quiet, is also a period of accomplishment. The students are getting in their most effective weeks before the warm and pleasant spring weather begins to sap the energy, and study is in the air. The inter-society debaters are hard at work, putting forth every effort to bring triumph to their respective colors; the several chapters are each more or less busy with various forms of Lenten work, most of them giving an evening a week to a combined sewing and reading bee; the Seniors are beginning to think about their Commencement essays; and everyone is beginning to be fully conscious that whatever is to be done must be done quickly, for when Easter has arrived, as it will speedily, there will be less than six weeks of school ahead.

The regular editors are still busy with the annual, which is now about ready for the printer. They think that the year-book of 1906 is going to be more than usually good this year, and we all hope that they are right.

The readers have been much rejoiced at the recent additions to the books in the Library. The Library is being gradually improved, but there is still much to be done, and the very sight of new books is attractive regardless of the contents.

THE MUSE, which seems to have much difficulty in keeping up any exchange department, since this is the case, would like to again express its appreciation of the exchanges which come regularly and so acceptably to it; and would this month say a word in special encouragement of the high-school publications which have in the past year been added to the school publications of the State. We are very glad to welcome the *High School Enterprise*, and trust that it may live long and prosper. We appreciate, too, the *High School Folio*, from Flushing, N. Y., the paper of the school where Miss Slater now inspires as she used to inspire at St. Mary's.

INFLUENCES THAT ENCOURAGE LENTEN OBSERVANCE.

(From the Southern Churchman.)

There never was a time more favorable for the true observance of Lent than this present year. The very atmosphere is charged with the thought of right doing, better living, higher aims; and any Church that calls its members to these practices and to the reformation of character that precedes them, will have the good will of every noble American citizen.

Furthermore, among all Christian bodies, the conviction is growing that it is the spiritual life the Church must foster and Church membership means more than in days past, Christian living. Church membership only counts for nothing to-day among the masses; Christian living has every man's respect.

Still more, the prejudices regarding "keeping Lent" are rapidly passing away. Beginning with emphasizing Holy Week, it will not be many years before all Christian bodies will keep Lent with an earnestness that will put to shame many a parish.

Let us seize upon such conditions as an inspiration to observe this Lenten season so well in its true purpose that the whole community in which we live may understand the power of this time of spiritual refreshing to strengthen and purify character by its influence upon our own lives.—*Parish Leaflet.*

The Rector's Recent South Carolina Trip.

Mr. DuBose had the pleasure of a nine-day trip to South Carolina in the early part of February, a visit which deserves more than the passing mention we were able to give it in the last month's MUSE. Leaving St. Mary's on Thursday, the 8th, for Columbia, he visited successively Orangeburg, Summerville, Charleston, Sumter and Florence, returning by way of Fayetteville in time for the Sunday services on the 18th.

After a series of pleasant visits in Columbia Thursday afternoon in the pouring rain, the fair weather which greeted Mr. DuBose on Friday in Orangeburg was very cheering, and by the attentive courtesy of the Rector of the parish, Rev. Mr. Thomas, he spent the day in another series of encouraging calls. On Saturday he was with friends in Summerville, where there was further opportunity for visits; and Sunday, spent very pleasantly at the home of Mr. Chas. F. Middleton, was passed largely in the churches. In the morning he spoke at the Holy Communion, at 4:30 at Grace Church, and at night at St. Michael's, meeting hearty welcomes and good congregations at each church. Rain on Monday prevented the formation of the St. Mary's Guild, for which purpose a meeting had been called at the home of the Misses Ravenel, but much interest was shown in the purpose and the Guild has since been organized through Rev. Mr. Mikell, one of the South Carolina trustees, with seventeen charter members, and as officers: Miss Jennie Ravenel, President; Miss Saida Hanckel, Vice-President; and Miss Mary Sass, Secretary-Treasurer. The first half of the week was devoted to visits to Charleston, all of them pleasant, not the least of these being calls at the Memminger School, where Prof. Tait did the honors, and at the school of the Misses Sass and the Misses Gibbs. Thursday he spent in Sumter with more visits and more encouragement; and Florence was reached in time for an address at the service Thursday evening.

On Friday, through the courtesy of Rev. Mr. Callendar, the Rector, who entertained him and gave up the day to him, he made many new acquaintances in Florence and renewed many old ones, making an address that afternoon at the four-o'clock service. In the evening he reached Fayetteville and was most hospitably entertained at the home

of Mr. Crosswell. Saturday morning was very pleasantly and usefully spent in visits under the escort of the Rector, Mr. Hughes, and Saturday evening found him again at the school.

The visit was one succession of pleasant experiences, and Mr. DuBose looks for much tangible result from it in the future attendance at St. Mary's. The South Carolina girls increase in number year by year, but the increase can well be even more rapid.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Bessie Albright is not "mashed"—she is Chris-talized.

Helen S.—"Oh, I'm just dying to see a bull fight."

French Teacher.—"Why, you could; all the peasant women go."

Hazel M. to Alice McC. (who has put her books on the radiator).—"Why, Alice, your books will get cooked there."

Alice.—"All the better; perhaps I can digest them then."

Mr. Stone.—"Why were the soldiers of the American army called Minute Men?"

Isabelle C.—"Because they could get ready in a second."

There was once a little maiden,
 And she took her ink and pen,
 For she had some verse to make,
 And she had to do it then;
 And it happened that verse making
 Wasn't in her line,
 But she had to get it finished
 By a certain time.

Then she thought, and thought, and thought,
 But her thoughts would not come right,
 And she put down anything,
 Just to get it out of sight;
 And now that it is down,
 I wonder if it will do,
 Or if it will be returned,
 With red ink too.

A Royal Road to Knowledge.

How fine 'twould be if wisdom grew
On trees as all the apples do.
Then we could plant our Latin seed
And pick the translations we need.
We'd theorems from our papers wipe
And wait until the proofs were ripe.
We'd leave our very tiresome bench
And in the fields find pecks of French.
If we would master Japanese
We'd just run out and shake the trees;
And German then in all the towns
Would grow with proper verbs and nouns.
In every person's yard there'd be
Large beds of the world's history.
Why, every man and child would stop
And wonder at *my* wisdom crop.
While I would throw my books away,
And laugh and play the whole, whole day.

B. I.

ALUMNAE MATTERS.

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

PRESIDENT,	- -	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
VICE-PRESIDENTS,	{	Mrs. M. T. Leak, Durham.
		Mrs. I. M. Pittenger, Raleigh,
		Mrs. F. P. Tucker, Raleigh,
		Mrs. Kate de R. Meares, Wilmington.
SEC.-TREAS.,	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.

The Special Alumnae Muse.

Enough contributions have already been received from alumnae to assure the success of the April Alumnae number of the MUSE to anyone interested in the past of St. Mary's, but we hope before the fifth of April, when the paper will go to press, to have a number of other articles, and so to be able to make the descriptions more general.

The Chapel.

The Chapel claims an extra share of our attention during Lent, and this Lent has been marked by several very tangible improvements as well as by the spiritual help.

The new clergy stalls, the gift of the ladies of the St. Mary's Guild of the District of Asheville, have just arrived and been put in place. They are of oak, solid and handsome, and add greatly to the appearance of the chancel, there being seats for three on the left and two on the right.

The handsome memorial window, given by Mrs. W. A. Erwin of Durham, in memory of her mother, Mrs. Aldert Smedes, will also be in place over the altar by the Feast of the Annunciation, March 25th, the most appropriate time since the Annunciation is the subject of the window.

The fund for the memorial Altar grows steadily and quietly, and more and more testifies to the love of the alumnae for the godly men whose lives of usefulness it is to commemorate.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

—We were very glad to have a brief visit from Bessie Poe Law the latter part of February. She was enjoying a brief respite from her very delightful work teaching at Wilson's Mills.

—An event of much interest in the latter part of February was the wedding on Washington's Birthday of Miss Annie Dughi, St. Mary's 1900, daughter of Mr. A. Dughi of Raleigh, and Mr. Joseph Daniel Maag of Baltimore. They will reside in Catonsville, Md.

—It is a great pleasure to note the steady if very slow recovery of Miss Anne Saunders from her very extended spell of sickness. She has been ill since the Christmas holidays, and is not yet able to leave her room. Her niece, Miss Laura Saunders of Durham, has been and is with her.

—The Woman's Club has recently invited several of the members of St. Mary's, teachers and pupils, to assist in its programs to mutual pleasure. Miss Sanborn sang at the general meeting of the Club on February 7th, and Marylily Fisher and Serena Bailey played for the Music Section on Friday, March 9th.

—The alumnae of recent years will be much interested in the recent marriage of Miss Elizabeth Willing Massey, '04, and Dr. Raymond Dean Thompson of Jasper, Fla. The wedding took place on February 21 at the home of Professor Massey, the bride's father, in Philadelphia. Miss Massey taught in Jasper the year after her graduation, and there met Dr. Tompkins, and there in Florida will be her future home.

—The business change made this month by Mr. Chas. Root, who has given up the position he has so long and so well filled in the N. C. Home Insurance Company to become Cashier of the Raleigh Savings Bank, recalls the fact that St. Mary's has a special interest in Mr. Root, aside from the family ties which link him to the school through his wife and daughters, for in the days of the transition from private to church school and in the trying days between the passing of Dr. Smedes and the coming of Rector Bratton, Mr. Root's business abilities were of great use to St. Mary's, and he gave of himself freely in the interests of the school.

—Margaret DuBose has been having a glorious visit in South Carolina. After going to Columbia for Gussie Jones' wedding and spending some time with her uncle, Dr. Theo. DuBose, she visited Mary Villepigue in Camden, and then visited friends in Ridge Spring. From there she returned to Columbia for a visit to the Allan Joneses, and will conclude her trip with a few days at Winthrop with Sadie Jenkins. She will be home by Easter.

—Many friends at St. Mary's as well as the host of them in the city are greatly distressed at the critical illness of Dr. P. E. Hines, so long the physician to the school. Dr. Hines, who had been constantly at the school in attendance on Miss Saunders, was paralyzed on February 27th, and has since been in a critical condition at his home, where he now seems to be slowly recovering. Dr. Hines is now past seventy-nine in years and his term of service to the school has been continuous since the death of Dr. Chas. Johnson.

DUNEDIN, FLA., March 4, 1906.

DEAR EDITORS:—I see by the MUSE, which came to-day that you are still having trouble getting news items from the alumnae.

I am going to try and do my part in the future, although I haven't very much of interest to tell. Kitty Coleman, '04, of Macon, spent the last two weeks of January and the first two of February with me, and I believe enjoyed her visit as much as we did.

Elmer George came the last two weeks of Kitty's stay and I hope to have her with me until the middle or last of April. Wednesday of this week we are going to take a cruise down the coast in company with my father and two friends, Miss Whitfield, of Dunedin, and Miss Malone, of Indiana. We will go in two small sail boats; sailing the greater part of the day and pitching our tents and camping on the beach at night.

I suppose these bare facts are all you want to know, and there is no need to add that we are having a glorious time, enjoying the beautiful weather, oranges and grape fruit, which grow right in our yard, and the sailing on the bay and gulf and picknicking on the tropical islands. Elmer joins me in best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

ISABEL BRUMBY, '04.

[The Editors tender sincere thanks to Miss Brumby.]

Afternoon Study Hall.

Every evening at half-past four
The bad girls come in the school-room door;
They take their seats with a care-worn air,
Trying to feel that they don't care.

After the roll is slowly called
And "present" by each is loudly bawled,
Each one is given a task to do
Which will take at least an hour or two.

Groans are heard on every side,
But by the rules they quiet abide,
And repent the hours they'd idly spent,
While longing looks at the clock are sent.

Then when five-thirty comes around at last,
Books and pencils in desk are cast
'Mid hasty vows that are surely meant
To study-hall ne'er again to be sent.

C. GANT.

Tempora Mutantur.

In the days of Greece's beauty
And the days of Roman power,
The Muses, nine, were prayed to
Almost every single hour.

If a man would write a history,
Play a tune, or buy some shoes,
He'd always start by calling on
His special patron Muse.

Those good old days are past and gone,
Yet in this age of knowledge
We still retain from the dim past
One MUSE—in this, our college.

Our MUSE is not a goddess fair,
Nor is it in such great demand;
But it uses up all the minutes spare,
And all the brains you have on hand.

O! the days of Greece were glorious!
And the Roman power was fine;
But think for one second how awful,
If instead of *one* MUSE. we had *nine*!

M. DuB.

READ!—MARK!—ACT!

The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of THE MUSE generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in THE MUSE, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

Established 1858

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WHARTON

TO MAKE YOUR

PHOTOGRAPHS

REMEMBER IT PAYS TO GET THE BEST

A SUPPOSITION.

"Suppose," said the wise orator—"tho' 'tis a thought stupendous—

"Suppose a baby one year old, with arms of the tremendous

Length of ninety-three-odd million miles,

Should in a streak of fun,

Reach up and touch the sun—

That child would be

233

Years old

I'm told

Before it learned

It's hand was burned.

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Names are nothing, my dear, my dear,
Oh, names are nothing, the bards declare;
The rose if known as a snidge would spread
Its fragrance far on the ambient air,
And money would still our wants fulfill
If we called it griffle or named it snace,
And the swan if known as a doodlesnock
Would always gladden us with her grace.

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Names are nothing, my dear, my dear;

Would the day be dark if we named it night?

The love that lies in a maiden's eyes

Would still be love, though we called it spite.

There's naught in the names that men invent;

Call the rose a snidge and 'twill still be fair,

But think of electing a President

Who bore the name of Robin Adair.

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MARCH-APRIL, 1906.

February 28 to April 14: *Lent* and *Lenten Quiet*.

Services as announced in February.

- March 8. Thursday Talk: Capt. S. A. Ashe on "Moore's Creek."
22. Thursday Talk: Mr. Reimer, A. & M. College, on "Trees, Their Care and Growth."
24. Saturday Evening, 8 p. m.: Lecture: Prof. J. B. Carlyle, of Wake Forest College, on "Horace, the Man and the Poet."
- April 5. Thursday Talk: Prof. H. H. Hume, State Horticulturist, on "Landscape Gardening."
7. Lecture.
9. Palm Sunday: Confirmation by Bishop Cheshire at 11:00.
9-14. Holy Week. Special services daily.
13. Good Friday. Holy day.
15. Easter Day: Services, 7:30-11:00-5:00.
16. Easter Monday.
21. Saturday Evening, 8:15. Lecture: President W. L. Poteat, of Wake Forest College.

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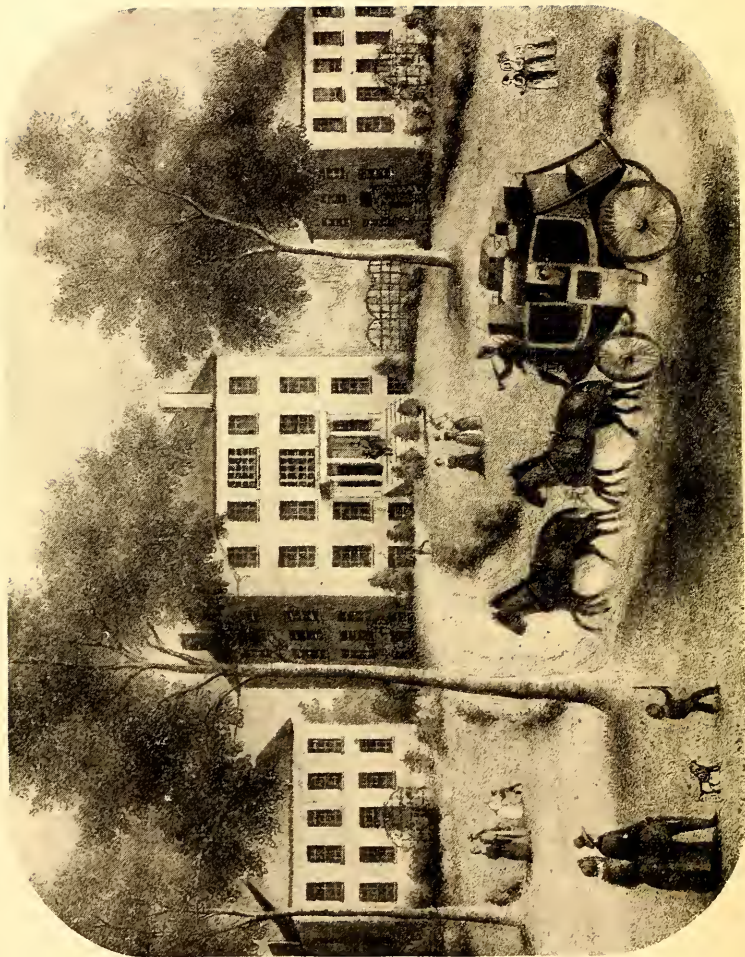
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ST. MARY'S IN THE STAGE COACH DAYS.

The St. Mary's Muse.

ALUMNAE NUMBER.

VOL. X.

APRIL, 1906.

No. 9.

The 1906 Alumnae Edition.

A picture of the school-girl life of St. Mary's from the opening of the school in May, 1842, to the year 1894, in the closing days of the administration of Dr. Bennett Smedes.

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The St. Mary's Muse.

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A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnae, under the editorial management of the Senior Class.

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

Editorial.

The Editors of THE MUSE in this sixty-fourth year of St. Mary's consider it a high privilege as well as a great pleasure to be able to present to the daughters of St. Mary's of all ages this issue of the little school paper, containing as it does the expressions of love and devotion to their Alma Mater of a few representative "St. Mary's girls."

There are few St. Mary's girls who have enjoyed happy school days in the old grove but to whom one or more of these pen-pictures will recall vividly certain very familiar scenes of the past, while we feel that there is no loyal daughter of St. Mary's who will not have real pleasure in reading and thinking of those who, if not known to her in actual person, must be very familiar to her on the lips and in the life of her friends.

We would thank the friends, our "older sisters," who have made this number of THE MUSE possible, not only for the articles and the unflinching interest the writers have shown in their Dear School Mother, despite the lapse of years and the separation of space, but for the inspiration which these recollections must give to the girls of the present on the lives of whom the future service of St. Mary's depends.

In these sketches, though the writers have necessarily been obliged to be brief, we believe that the student life of St. Mary's is traced almost continuously during the period covered, except for one important omission, which the editors deeply regret. The early years of the administration of Dr. Bennett Smedes, including the period of Mrs. Kate deR.

Meares' lady-principalship, an important time in the life of the school (1878-'82) are not touched upon. We are sorry that the alumnae who were expected to write of these years were not able to do so at this time, but we hope later to be able to complete the sketch with an account of that period.

While this issue of THE MUSE is dedicated and devoted solely to the past, to the founders and builders of the school, and to the hosts of her faithful alumnae, and is intended merely to give a fragmentary history of the school-girl life from the days "before the war" down to the close of the administration of Dr. Bennett Smedes, and the development of St. Mary's into the Diocesan as well as the Church school in 1897, it is both pleasant and appropriate here to refer to two events of the present in the life of the Chapel, linking as they do the present and the past.

On Sunday, March 25, the Feast of the Annunciation, the beautiful new memorial window over the altar in the Chapel was dedicated in a simple and appropriate service. The window, of chaste design and delicate coloring, shows the Angel at the Annunciation, while in one of the side panels is the "cross and crown," and in the other the "open Bible." "To the glory of God and in loving memory of Sarah Lyell Smedes," the window is the gift of Mrs. W. A. Erwin ("Sadie Smedes") of Durham.

And two days before the Annunciation, March 23, the anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Aldert Smedes, the fund for the Memorial Altar was completed as a birthday gift of Mrs. M. T. Leak ("Bessie Smedes") to her mother; and the new altar, the loving gift of the alumnae to the memory of the Rev. Aldert Smedes and the Rev. Bennett Smedes will be in place for the 1906 Commencement.

Alma Mater.

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.

Beloved St. Mary's! how great is our debt!
 Thou hast cared for thy daughters full well;
 They can never thy happy instructions forget,
 Nor fail of thy virtues to tell.
 The love that they feel is a heritage pure;
 An experience wholesome and sweet.
 Through fast rolling years it will grow and endure;
 Be a lamp and a guide to their feet.

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. H. E. H.

[Written in 1905 for THE MUSE by Mr. H. E. Hodgson, for twenty-five years the friend of St. Mary's girls.]

Sung to the tune of "Believe me if all those endearing young charms."

•



REV. ALDERT SMEDES, D. D., 1810-1877.
FOUNDER AND FIRST RECTOR OF ST. MARY'S, 1842-1877.



The "First Day of School."—May, 1842 .

BY "ANNIE HAYWOOD" (MRS. SAMUEL RUFFIN, OF RALEIGH), ONE OF "THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN."

It was a bright day in May, the Monday of Whitsun Week, 1842, that with his final arrangements made, and with his corps of teachers on hand ready for the work about to begin, Dr. Aldert Smedes without formality and in a very simple way threw open St. Mary's for the first day of school. Perhaps with prophetic instinct he could see ahead and anticipate in spirit the success of the work he was about to begin, and so felt especially spurred on to begin the labor of love, with all its vicissitudes and trials, to which he was to give his life, but more probably with the simple faith of an earnest man he was content to go step by step, doing his best year by year and trusting to his Guide for results.

Well do I remember the figures in that first day and in those first weeks, but the details of the scenes have faded from memory. There was no Chapel at the time, and so the opening service was held in the parlor. There the teachers had gathered: Miss Maria Thompson, Miss Long, Madame Clement, and as music teachers, Mr. and Mrs. Brandt. And here in those early days the first little band of girls gathered, more than "thirteen" when the day-scholars were counted, but always handed down to other generations of St. Mary's girls as the "original thirteen." Among the number, I recall Cora Manly, Margaret Dudley, Kate Badger, Eleanor Williams, Adriana Tucker, Mary Guion, Sarah Saunders, Madeline Saunders, Elizabeth G. Haywood, Jane F. Haywood, Annie Haywood, Sallie Badger, Olivia Daniel, Mary Long Daniel, Lucy Williams, Laura Washington, Harriet Borden, Lizzie Davis, Martha Hinton, and Kate Hanrahan.

After a little the room on the first floor of the East Rock House was fitted up as the Chapel and there service was held each morning and there in the evening we were dismissed with prayers. The room opposite the parlor, the present school-room, was used as a recreation room for our games, etc.

One other fact of those early days I want to state. There have been many questions asked about Hart's painting which has hung so long in

the parlor, portraying Bishop Ives in the confirmation service. There have been many guesses as to the identity of the girls in the picture. I recall them all distinctly: Laura Washington, with the Bishop's hands upon her head; Eugenia Hinton of the long curls; Sarah Crawford. They are gone now, but their likenesses will doubtless be familiar to St. Mary's girls for many years to come, and so long as the painting hangs there on the wall it will serve to remind all who know its history of the "first day of school."

My Impressions, 1853-'58.

BY "LUCY CATHARINE MOORE" (MRS. B. A. CAPEHART, OF RALEIGH).

MY DEAR GIRLS:—When driving past St. Mary's a few days ago I directed my coachman to enter the grounds so I could get a view of the recent extensions to the Chapel which brought to my memory the old Chapel which was on the ground floor of the East Rock building. Every morning our beloved Rector, Dr. Aldert Smedes, gathered us there for prayer and instruction, giving on certain days a lecture of which we were to write an abstract. Oh, how we dreaded those "Abstracts!" How difficult it was at first, and how apprehensively we glanced within our returned books to look for corrections and see if we had received v.w., v.v.w., or v.v.v.w., the latter the highest mark of excellence. Although my father lived in the city, the long walk and my delicate health caused him to board me at St. Mary's, therefore I was confirmed in this Chapel. Dr. Smedes' tall, graceful figure swinging his cane as he walked, and his peculiarly sweet smile on meeting you will never be forgotten. We wore a uniform of blue on Sunday or whenever on the street, and if we failed to don it, were cited to appear in the "Study" to give our reason for violating this ordinance. I entered the school in 1853 and remained until 1858. After Dr. Smedes, the ruling spirit at that time was Miss Evertson, a teacher whom most of the girls feared. It was rumored the Doctor also stood a little in awe of her! She was very strict, sometimes sarcastic, but always just. I loved her above all others, and took great delight in placing my fresh "Harper" on the table before study hour, hoping to relieve the monotony of that hour to one who was feeble

and suffered much from a weak heart. Grizelle Jacocks was her favorite; I remember gazing at her with great surprise one day when she *seated herself upon Miss Evertson's knee* while we were gathered around the stove in recess—a liberty no one else dared or wished to take. I know not if it is the custom now for school girls to have sweethearts among their own sex, but it was in those days; such devotion you cannot imagine, unless you felt or were a witness of it. Every delicacy possessed was reserved for the adored one; she was waited upon as we by our slaves; no exertion was too great in her behalf. I remember one case where the tables were turned by some tale-bearer who overheard slighting remarks made by the loved one. Then the once “beautiful one's” every perfection was changed to imperfection and the intimate relationship dissolved as the morning dew. My sweetheart was Ellen Brent Pearson; to get a smile or glance from her was the height of my ambition and made me supremely happy. She was at that time engaged to her future husband, Governor Fowle, who was permitted by Dr. Smedes to visit her occasionally; I never knew a more earnest, devoted Christian and faithful student. Judge Badger's daughter Annie, and Delia Haywood were among my most intimate friends; the former, one of the most beautiful beings in form and character I ever knew, has gone to rest. The latter is now living among the inmates of St. Luke's Home, reading and writing for the blind and helpless, going on many little errands of kindness, endearing herself to all and laying up a crown of glory beyond the gates. Our May Day festival when Sadie Wells, of Alabama, was Queen of the May, comes forcibly to my mind; Carrie Haughton, Kate Myrover and others were on the stage—Sadie although not beautiful was so amiable, graceful and lovable she easily won the vote for queen. North Carolina girls who do not matriculate at St. Mary's know not what they miss in after life. On a visit to Mississippi in 1860 I met many girls from St. Mary's. We had a feeling of comradeship which nothing else can give, and one of my greatest pleasures through life has been those reunions.

Wherever they are found a little church has sprung up, preceded by a Sunday school, and always surrounded by a little coterie of refinement and cultivation. Many other little items I might remember, but I will take pity on the MUSE and refrain from writing any more at present.

A Retrospect.

BY "MARY MCKINLAY" (MRS. M. MCK. NASH, NEW BERNE, N. C.).

In consenting to contribute to the April number of St. Mary's MUSE some of my recollections of the school, I have done so with considerable hesitation—so long a time having elapsed since I was a pupil there. Many of life's vicissitudes have come to me in the course of events, but none have served to extinguish nor even dim my affection for the place or for the friends known and loved there.

I was a girl of about 13 years of age when I first went to St. Mary's. The journey in those days was by the old-fashioned stage coach—not by steam as at present—and I remember that I whiled away the tedious hours with the "Pickwick Papers" on the way. I was well grown for my years, but as I found afterwards hardly old enough to stand the separation from my home and friends, and consequently was often in tears from home-sickness. This wore away, however, when I became familiar with my surroundings, and I soon became reconciled to the situation and much attached to my teachers and school-mates.

Conspicuous among the former were Madame Clement, teacher of French, in whose dormitory I was placed, the Misses Kissam, Miss Evertson, Miss Walker, Mr. Dorat, the art teacher, Mr. Solomons, teacher of music—succeeded later by Mr. Mendelssohn and Miss Schmidt—Miss O'Connor or "Miss Frank," as the girls called her, and Miss Emily Hanley, a beautiful singer and performer on the harp. I shall never forget the impression produced on me by "The Blue Bells of Scotland" played by her on the harp. There are many others who stand out boldly in my memory, but chief among them all was Madame Gouye, successor to Madame Clement as teacher of French, a lady of culture and refinement and a most successful teacher. Her friendship was one of the greatest of my privileges of St. Mary's, and to her I am indebted for most of my knowledge of French.

And what shall I say of my school-mates, the many happy, bright faces that surrounded me, with all of whom my relations were most cordial and pleasant—how they come trooping before me to-day, taking me back to those happy days when the world was all before us. Alas!

that time should play havoc among them. Possibly many have gone into the "Silent Land," but of all I retain the most affectionate recollections.

Should these lines be read by any who with me remember those days they will enter fully into this retrospect, and perhaps love to recall it and its associations.

I feel that no written words about St. Mary's and its past can be complete without reference to dear Dr. Aldert Smedes, its founder, its honored head and our daily source of inspiration—our guide, our teacher, our friend, whose faithful service impressed itself upon all who came in contact with him, and is still a blessed memory to all whose privilege it was to know him.

This tribute, though brief and imperfect, is from one of St. Mary's daughters of the olden time.

Land of the South.

Land of the South!—imperial land!—

How proud thy mountains rise!—

How sweet thy scenes on every hand!

How fair thy covering skies!

But not for this,—oh, not for these,

I love thy fields to roam,—

Thou hast a dearer spell to me,—

Thou art my native home!

* * * * *

A. B. MEEK.

Some Notes of Happenings at St. Mary's During Her School Days, by the Oldest Inhabitant.

BY "MISS KATIE" (MISS KATE MCKIMMON, ST. MARY'S); PUPIL OF ST. MARY'S 1861-6;
TEACHER 1868—PRESENT.

My recollections of St. Mary's date from the time when as a child of ten I played and dined with Bessie and Annie Smedes in the children's dining room where "Peyster" reigned. Dr. Aldert Smedes was a frequent visitor at my father's house as were many of the faculty of St. Mary's—"Miss O'Connor," "Madame Gouye" and "Mrs. Cuddy" being well known at home by me before I came to school.

I knew St. Mary's as a student throughout the trying days of the War between the States and can add my testimony to Dr. Aldert Smedes' untiring efforts to aid girls to obtain an education and to shelter many deprived by the fortunes of war of their homes. (Among these last were the wife and four children of our beloved President, Jefferson Davis, who during the summer of '63, I think, were domiciled in the East Rock building.) St. Mary's proud record of that time is that her doors were never closed tho' at one time "the grove" was filled with tents of the opposing army.

Tho' much interested in "The War" my class-mates and I were too young to realize any of the horrors of it.

We wore homespun dresses and ate and enjoyed "sorghum" (especially at candy stews). We helped on Saturdays the ladies who made garments for the boys of "The Ellis Light Artillery" and afterwards knit socks for some of these boys. We often played "soldier" up and down Hillsboro street on our way to and from school, when we walked, but as Peggy Mordecai, one of "our crowd," was the proud possessor of a carriage, horse and driver—thanks to Peggie's kindness, we frequently rode.

Merry times we had when on our way down Hillsboro St. "Gabe" would allow no vehicle to pass us, while the inmates of the carriage (sometimes as many as nine) had all they could do to hold each other in. These rides were the more appreciated because we came to school through July and August. During these months we had "intermission"

one hour, studied an hour, and then had recitations until 5 o'clock. Sometimes we were "kept in." On these rare (?) occasions, were it in winter, we would have the pleasure sometimes of going home in the moonlight. What does a twentieth century girl think of this? Eating dinner (not lunch) was a great event with us. Our dinner would be sent to us at one o'clock by piccaninies who also had the care of our books to and from school. We were allowed the use of one of the "basement" rooms where our daily spread was much enjoyed. During "intermission," after dinner, we played foot-ball, prisoner's base and other active games.

In those days "the parlor was held sacred next to the Chapel, and as the day scholars never entered it we knew nothing of the midday dance now so much enjoyed by all the pupils. We had no examinations, no graduating, no diplomas. Yet the women who used diligently and conscientiously the advantages offered by St. Mary's went forth well equipped for the duties of life.

Coming after the war to St. Mary's as a boarder, my recollections of my life here then are of the pleasantest. Dr. and Mrs. Smedes made the school a home for the girls, and the friendships formed then have proved among the strongest in my life. There were no "rooms" then, but the dormitory life seems to an "old girl" delightful. My lot was cast first in Mrs. Iredell's, then in Miss Aries' dormitory. I feel to-day the influence of personal intercourse with them.

The missionary work of the school, now carried on by branches of the Woman's and Junior Auxiliary, was first done by "The Missionary Society."

The "Aldert Smedes" scholarship in the Emma Jones School in Shanghai, still supported by the school, was the first definite work taken up by the society.

The Sundays at St. Mary's stand out in my memory as delightful days. We had morning and evening prayers in the parlor, two services in the Chapel where Dr. Aldert and Mr. Bennett Smedes ministered. Miss Stella and the "little" organ were there and we loved those services.

Were there ever girls more blessed than we?

A Few Recollections, 1863-'64.

BY "LUCY WALKER" (MRS. THOS. C. CRUIKSHANK, "BLOOMINGDALE," CECILTON, MD.)

Perhaps if I had known when I left St. Mary's that after forty years of complete separation from those familiar scenes of my school life and the friends of those days, I should again be brought in touch with the old place and asked to write some reminiscences of my school-girl life, I should have taken more care to preserve the recollections which time and its many changes have well-nigh obliterated.

Dr. Aldert Smedes was then principal, tall, active and full of life. He seemed to assume that each girl would do her best, and as I remember was grieved rather than angry when disappointed in them. He was a man of many sorrows, but he was always cheerful and thoroughly in earnest. In the Chapel, where three times a week after the morning service he delivered a short lecture, I especially felt his impress. After we were dismissed we went at once to the school room and wrote abstracts of this lecture. To his classes, too, he brought an undivided attention which was in itself an inspiration to his pupils.

Miss Evertson was vice-principal; stern, sarcastic and silent; few loved, though all respected her; and I learned to value her curt "well done," a commendation never bestowed unless merited. She called the roll, and I can hear her voice now as she alluded to "the wrapper brigade," the late girls who answered from the lower end of the long parlor. Miss Evertson timed the ringing of the bells, and on Saturday rang for the sewing hour. This was a summons entirely disregarded except in her dormitory. On one occasion she found Mildred Lee reading. When asked why she was not sewing she said she had nothing to mend except one old garment and nothing to mend it with. "I will get you some pieces" said Miss E. Now Mildred's garment was soft and white, but alas! it was war-time, and Miss Evertson's patches were coarse and yellow, but Mildred received them graciously; and thereafter her work afforded great amusement for hearts, diamonds and stars were neatly applied, the yellow muslin on the white cambric being quite effective. Those were happy days and I had many friends, but the war closed a



REV. BENNETT SMEDES, D. D., 1837-1899.
SECOND RECTOR OF ST. MARY'S, 1877-1899.



few months after I left; postal service was suspended in the rural districts of Virginia for a long time, so I lost sight of many who it would gladden me to know had not forgotten "the days that are no more."

Among the many pictures that time has painted for me on "memory's walls" few give me more pleasure than the group formed in the two happy years I spent at old St. Mary's. It was on a glowing August day that I alighted from the omnibus and took a survey of the surroundings. The main building was not handsome nor imposing, but nature had done her best to transform the covered way and the East Rock House into "things of beauty." The multiflora roses ran riot over the covered way and the "cloth of gold" spread its deep green drapery over the old grey rocks, the little gardens around the rock houses were gay with flowers, while the green grass and stately old trees made St. Mary's a pleasant place to look upon. The main part of the East Rock House was then used as a painting room, and back of it were two small rooms occupied by Miss Liddell, the art teacher, Agnes Atkinson and myself.

After resting a little I went to the door and while standing there two nice looking girls came up. They introduced themselves as "Polly Higgins" and "Betsey Bump" and asked me to go to walk with them.

It would now seem that the queer names should have put me on my guard, but I was a simple little country girl, whose education had been conducted at home, disposed to accept the somewhat startling conditions of school life as portrayed by my companions, till as we returned I remarked on the convenience of the covered way. "Oh, yes," one of them replied, "it does very well in summer, but in winter it is divided into cow stalls, and my! I do hate it when it comes my turn to milk." This was too much, so with much dignity I left them and went in to Agnes who was an "old girl." My indignation was not lessened when I found that there were no girls named Polly and "Betsey" there; but I afterwards knew them as Mary Evans and Jennie McRae.

While looking through my writing desk recently I came across a memento of old St. Mary's which recalled an incident in which the old desk figured. As I have said, at that time the larger part of the first

floor of the East Rock House was the painting room and back of that were two small rooms—one of which at that time was occupied by Rachel Miller and myself. The windows were accessible from the ground, but we took no precautions and felt no fear. One morning we found the window open, and it did not take us long to discover that our desks were gone, though nothing else had been taken. There was little of value in the desks but great was the excitement caused by the burglary. There were foot-prints under the window, but they were soon lost in the autumn leaves which covered the grass. The desks were found later in a remote part of the grounds, the locks broken and contents scattered. George Smedes, then a boy of twelve, hauled them up in a promiscuous heap in his goat cart and Rachel and I had some difficulty in assorting our letters.

A letter which I found in that same old desk recalls another well-remembered incident. It was one lovely Sunday in the summer of '64. We knew on Saturday that a fierce battle was raging and many of the girls had near and dear relatives in the army. Dr. Smedes' son Edward was with the forces engaged in battle, so when Sunday morning dawned, cloudless and bright though it was, the girls moved quietly, and even nature seemed to wear a hushed and expectant air. We were assembled in the Chapel, the service nearly over, when a messenger appeared at the door. Madame Gouye went out and Dr. Smedes in a trembling voice pronounced the benediction and knelt at the altar. We quietly withdrew and then madame sent his little daughter to him with the telegram which announced that a third son had been sacrificed on the altar of his country. We did not see our beloved Rector again that day, but the morrow found him at the post of duty, pale and sad, but as brave a soldier as the sons who fell in battle.

Pleasant Recollections, 1869-'70.—“Smedesborough.”

BY “NELLIE JACKSON” (MRS. JOHN T. MASON OF R., BALTIMORE, MD.).

As I write of St. Mary's in 1869 and 1870 such pictures rise before my mind that I cannot select which it is best to describe, or rather which I can possibly leave out. Not Dr. Smedes, the presiding genius of the

place with his cheeks pink as a baby's, his eyes as blue as the summer skies, his silvery wavy hair and the sweetest smile ever seen. Not "Mr. Bennett" the wonderful scholar and the gentle teacher! Not Mrs. Iredell, the best loved and the best loving of the teachers! Not dear "Miss Katie," the sympathizer, as she was a girl herself! Not Mrs. Bancker Smedes who took such good care of the sick girls and the well ones too, with lovely "Niece" as her companion. Mademoiselle Le Gal and Jennie and Miss Sherwood rise up before me as I write, and all the Smedes' children whom I have loved for thirty-seven years and shall love forever.

Miss Stella Shaw first untaught me and then taught me in her wise way to play without slurring the notes, and "Music Nights" were robbed of half their terrors by her quiet words of encouragement.

No service in any church has ever been quite the same to me as the service in the Chapel with the antiphonal chanting of the Psalter. When I heard it again many years later, when happier days had come and gone, it did not sound the same. The girls did not sing with so much heart and vim. Sing out, girls of 1906, make the walls ring with your songs of praise.

On September 3, 1869, was published the first number of the "Embryo" the official organ of the "Utile Ducli" Society of which society I was president. We held weekly meetings and published a monthly paper which all the teachers and non-members had to hear read. I believe the notes will be interesting to many and copy it:

PRESIDENT	Nellie Jackson.
VICE-PRESIDENT	Ida McCullough.
TREASURER	Fannie Johnston.
SECRETARY	Jennie Hargraves.

MEMBERS.

Carrie Bacot,	Lina Deputy,	Sallie Mallet,	Alice Smedes,
Ida Bell,	Sarah Dewell,	Maggie McDonald,	Nannie Shipp,
Cora Brashears,	Fannie Glenn,	Amelia McKimmon,	Constantia Townsend,
Kate Cannon,	Mattie Harlie,	Annie Mitchell,	Eugenia Thomson,
Lizzie Berry,	Sue Henderson,	Augusta Porcher,	Annie Trapier,
Eliza Blount,	Annie Hill,	Mollie Shaw,	Edith Trapier,
Sallie Clayton,	Jennie LeGal,	May Shober,	Nellie Wordworth,
Annie Cornwell,	Annie B. Jones,	Bessie Smedes,	Jennie Coffin,
Georgia Cornwell,	Pattie Martin,	Annie Smedes,	Lily Brown.

In the "Embryo" the school was called "Smedesborough," Dr. Smedes the "mayor," Mrs. Iredell's dormitory "Iredellton Square," Miss Sherwoods' "Sherwood Place," etc. The dining room was the "City Hotel," the study the "Mayor's office," the sick room the "Hospital," etc.

I copy one extract from the Embryo September 3, 1869: "It is not without a blush of shame for my fellow citizens that I enter upon a subject upon which they have been often warned—the City Gate. You know not what you are doing when you leave it carelessly open behind you! The other morning two of us citizens went beyond the town limits to pay a visit to the family of Mr. Geo. Mordecai; on returning they as usual neglected to close the gate; unluckily for them they met his Honor the Mayor. With a stern face, but without a word, he pointed to the open gate. The friends looked at each other for a moment, then bent their heads in guilty fear, but happily one of them at that juncture beheld in the road a white object which they recognized as the horse of the physician of Smedesborough: she exclaimed in triumph, "We left the gate open for the doctor." The mayor looked at her with a meaning smile, but said no more. Alas, these citizens knew not how much truth there was in their words that they left the gate open for the doctor, for in a few days both were taken ill and paid the usual penalty of subterfuge. "Shut the Gate!!!"

As I have written each girl's name her face comes before me in the happy surroundings of dear old St. Mary's. May her daughters ever do her the honor she deserves, our Alma Mater.

St. Mary's of a By-Gone Day.

BY "EMMIE McVEA" (MISS EMILIE W. McVEA, UNIVERSITY CINCINNATI, CINCINNATI, OHIO; PUPIL OF ST. MARY'S, 1877-'84; GRADUATE, '84; TEACHER, '86; LADY-PRINCIPAL, 1895-1900; INSTRUCTOR, UNIVERSITY TENNESSEE, 1902-'03; UNIVERSITY CINCINNATI, 1904—PRESENT.)

A queer old-fashioned little girl with short, straight hair "roached" back by a round comb, small, eager, brown eyes and a chubby face; a big little girl who filled out her gray woolen dress and short-sleeved black alpaca apron almost too snugly for comfort and who wondered whether the hands and feet so hard to keep still were as much in other people's way as they were in hers. She felt serious as well as expectant for this was her first day at St. Mary's and she knew that many solemn and interesting things may happen on one's first day at school. She had been before to schools for small people, but St. Mary's was very large and had dormitories for the "boarders" with alcoves and cunning white beds—later experience taught her that the beds, though pretty, were anything but soft—a chapel of its own, the largest parlor that the small girl had ever seen, and quite a bewildering number of stairs and "covered ways." In fact that first day she succeeded in quite losing herself, and to her amazement found herself in the parlor when she had expected to be at the geography class in the Rock House. The "old girls" kissed Sally, Mary and Kate in the hall, met on the porch other friends whose arrival had been announced by the tooting of the omnibus horn at the big gate, called a jolly how-dye-do to the day scholars hurrying up the front steps and seemed to the big little girl to be awe-inspiringly intimate with Mademoiselle, Miss Katie and Mrs. Iredell. Would she ever dare to speak naturally and easily to Miss Katie whom she already adored in secret? She felt rather lonely in the midst of the pleasant noise and merriment, but pretty soon one of the Juniors noticed her and took her to the "office," Mrs. Meares' comfortable home-like sitting room. The dignity of being "classed" and given a slip of paper with her studies and hours carefully written on it added much to her feeling of importance and made the interview with the Lady Principal delicious if somewhat "scarey." Such was her first experience at St. Mary's, the place which was later to become so familiar and so dear to her.

The editors of the MUSE of the twentieth century have asked that St. Mary's girl of the by-gone days to write for them some account of the customs of "long ago," but to us who were a part of those dear days the fun, the joys, the study and the friendships seem as real and almost as near as the events of yesterday. You girls of 1906 have your special pleasures and many more comforts than we had. You have for instance much more comfortably heated buildings, but then you know nothing of the fun of stoves or of their important bearing on lessons. You can never have the happiness and the relief which sometimes came to us when, as we waited in ignorance and agony our time to recite, the door of the recitation room would open and "uncle Wash" would shuffle in to shake down the fire and put on fresh coal, a process so noisy and so prolonged that the recitation perforce ceased for a time and very possibly the clanging of the big bell released the miserably expectant ones. Yes, stoves were great institutions, not only did they help us out in our recitations but on dark rainy afternoons during walking hour the school room stove made a delightful gathering place, and grouped about it we passed many a happy time singing, reading, gossiping and eating candy, if we happened to have the money to buy it and "Miss Jane" were on hand with her basket from Royster's. Sometimes, but this is a great confidence, we even cooked on the stove in the dormitory. Of course we weren't supposed to do it, but once in a very long while on Saturday morning after our beds were made, our alcoves cleaned and dusted and we were sitting around the stove reading or grumblingly trying to write a composition—not a theme—some especially idle and courageous girl would propose baked apples and candy, and then such fun as we had begging or buying apples and sugar and cooking our delectable messes! Some of the apples were burnt and we rarely had enough butter for the candy, but no matter, there were never any cores of those apples or crumbs of that candy! We were usually careful to cook things which didn't make much smoke, but once alas, we forgot and toasted cheese and broiled steak. The cheese was an especial offence because Miss Katie detested mice. We had a beautiful time, finished our "spread," put away all signs of the feast, and were preparing to spend the remainder of the short winter afternoon in unusual jollification, when the door

opened and Miss Katie walked in! One significant sniff and the horrid truth was revealed; we had not only been eating but we had been cooking in the dormitory! Miss Katie was goodness itself to us, but she was always strict, and we paid the full penalty of our transgression. The stoves, however, were one of the delights of the very early days; soon the brick furnace in the basement vanished, the Baltimore heaters were removed and their places filled by an engine-house and radiators.

During the years I spent at St. Mary's we had no clubs nor sororities so we never had banquets, but we had "boxes," and there never were boxes so good as those which "Chip," "Mittie," "Annie," the Ravenels and all the other girls used to get from home. The catalogue said that "boxes" were causes of illness and should be sent, if at all, at "rare intervals," but when there are many girls even infrequent boxes mount up. Perhaps lessons had gone wrong or your best friend was cross and inclined to be snappish; suddenly, just after study hour, a "thud" on the hall floor and the cheerful voice of Mr. Pence announced express; a moment later and the news would spread rapidly that "Annie" had the biggest kind of birthday box from home. If you were an intimate friend you told the joyful tidings to Annie as she sauntered along the brick walk from practicing; if you were not intimate you let some one else do the announcing and waited, divided between hope and fear, to see whether you were "invited to the box." And such a box! Turkey, home-cured ham, beaten biscuit, candy, cake of all kinds, jellies, even chicken salad and pickled oysters. First of all plates were begged from "Miss Jennie," filled with the best of all the good things carefully covered with napkins and carried to the rooms of Annie's best beloved teachers. Then we girls, a generous number, without plates or forks, after the rather primitive method of the pious *Æneas*, with whom we were then probably laboring, helped ourselves and feasted royally. There never was such good cooking, nor were there ever hungrier or more appreciative guests. If the New Bern girls were invited, and they always were, we ended with jolly songs and jollier laughter, for the New Bern girls had a genius for fun. After awhile there came into vogue another kind of party which all the St. Mary's girls of that time remember with pleasure. Sometimes an enterprising person, having ventured

into the kitchen to beg salt for apples or nuts, would return on tip-toe with the exciting news, "Girls, I do believe Miss Etta is going to give a party tonight." Sure enough at the end of study hour we would be asked to come to the dining room at eight instead of half after seven, and there we would find the tables beautifully out of their usual order and chosen girls ready to help "Miss Etta" pass the big plates of chicken salad, the beaten biscuit and the cups of chocolate. Everyone was invited to these parties, no one was in the least afraid of being left out. The only awkward moment came when we began to thank our hostess. The most self-possessed girl would say, "O, Miss Etta, we have had such a lovely time," and her companion would invariably chime in "We certainly have," followed in turn by every member of the long line. Finally our thanks became a formula and all Mrs. Smedes ever expected was "We certainly *have*, Miss Etta." Some one asked me once why the St. Mary's girls used the word "certainly" so much, and I wondered whether our unique formula had anything to do with it.

Then, as now, Hallow'een was the great general festivity of the year. On that occasion day scholars as well as boarders were invited, and during that evening continual peals of merriment issued from the school room and parlor. Together, day scholars and boarders, we shrieked over the wet kid glove filled with saw-dust passed surreptitiously from hand to hand under a large outspread shawl; played dumb crambo, words rhyming with "pale" (usually scale), "post" (equally, of course, ghost); bobbed for apples until in our ardor we plunged our entire heads into the tubs and then water was forbidden and long strings tied to the gas jets took its place; had our fortunes told by gypsies or with the three saucers; burned our fingers with snap-dragon, or followed an ingenious leader in the absurd and entertaining "Shaker Dance":

"I put my right foot in,
I put my right foot out,
I give my right foot a shake, shake, shake,
And I turn myself about."

Our daily routine began early and did not provide for much spare time. The rising bell rang at six o'clock, and in the winter six o'clock is very dark and very cold! Naturally some of us did not arise with eagerness at the first tap of the bell, and at times some of us slept beyond

the possibility of getting to roll call. I can still hear Miss Katie calling from her alcove "Alice"—it was always Alice, she was never on time—"get up, get up, it is long after half-past six." Dear Miss Kate! it was the only point in which we ever knew her to diverge from strictest accuracy; at that moment the hands of the dormitory clock pointed to 32 minutes past six! Such early rising necessitated a midday lunch, a slight repast which we scorned in anticipation, but ate with relish at noon. Down into the store-room we filed in long procession, wondering whether it would be ginger-cakes or cheese, to find the four big waiters ready for us on the table, two filled with apples and two with little piles of crackers, three in each pile, the housekeeper assisted by a Senior handing an apple and three crackers to each girl. Cheese and gingerbread frequently took the place of apples, and in the spring we often had strawberries, a whole box to two girls. Strawberry days were gala occasions, for we "capped" our berries ourselves and in groups of twos and fours had little feasts in the grove. Simple pleasures and simple fare, but beautiful opportunities for the cultivation of friendships which endure warm and fresh to-day. We had both morning and afternoon walking hours, and in cold weather we always wore shawls—indeed, shawls were a part of the necessary school outfit mentioned in the catalogue, not to wear one on a chilly day meant a "disorder," or if the day were very cold, five disorders. Some of the teachers had red crocheted shawls which were our admiration and many of us were so fired with ambition to possess one of the soft, woolly wraps that during the earlier part of each year in evening recreation hour a group of girls generally surrounded Miss Katie or Mrs. Iredell, most patient of teachers, diligently learning to crochet plain, shell, or crazy stitch. Walking hour then was sometimes chilly, sometimes muddy, and we often rebelled against rubbers, hats and shawls, but recollection holds for us chiefly the delightful arm-in-arm confidences, the absurd old singing lessons under Maude or Lalla, "up-down, up-down, sing!" and then the burst of uproarious, inconsequential song-nonsense, the occasional energetic races, the violet hunts in the spring, when we returned, blissfully hatless and shawless from the lower end of the grove with armfulls of lovely pae purple crow-foot violets.

We had a plenty of well-directed work and studied hard, but that, you will find, does not impress itself so deeply on one's recollection, it is just a part of the business of life. We had, however, some most solemn times with reference to these same lessons, occasions, I believe, which have entirely passed away at St. Mary's. On Friday afternoons pupils and teachers assembled in the big school room, Mr. Smedes and Miss Czarnomska on the rostrum, the teachers in the front row of chairs. Solemn silence, then first one and then another teacher arose and "read out marks": "Misses Smith and Brown have perfect marks in history for the past week, Misses Jones and Thomas are doing good work." If you were doing poor work you were simply not "read out." Oh, the mortification of not having your name read in the school room on Friday afternoon. At the end of the month there was a still more awe-inspiring occurrence, the reading of the monthly reports. First grade 95 to 100, second grade, third grade; below the third grade no one was mentioned. Perhaps once in a long while when you knew that you had studied very hard, after moments of thrilling expectancy you would realize that Miss Czarnomska had called your name first and that you had actually "led the school." That moment more than repaid for the month of toil. In addition to our regular work we had always especially arranged lectures and concerts, but the lectures we loved most were those Bishop Lyman gave. Two or three times during the year the Bishop came to us informally, and after tea, quite an unusually festive affair, he would talk to us of his travels in Italy, in France, in Germany, in Russia. Many an exquisite glimpse he gave us of the grey-castled Rhine, the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the quaint crowded fair at Niji, or the splendors of Rome. We loved his visits and always welcomed with enthusiasm the news "the Bishop will be with us to-morrow." His interest in St. Mary's was lively and sincere, and, as I learned after his death, there was never a year during his connection with the school that some girls of limited means had not through his generosity the advantages offered by St. Mary's.

In those days we had no literary clubs and no debates, but we had frequent delightful readings, readings which probably did more than any systematized course of study to train us into a love of good litera-

ture. On Sunday afternoons when we were quite young we had beautiful times in Miss Tew's dormitory. Miss Tew was adored by every one of us; we thought her a wonder of wisdom and learning; and even now it is almost impossible to realize that she could not then have been more than nineteen or twenty. With her we learned to know and love John Halifax, the hero of a Noble Life, and Ethel, Norman, Dr. May, Guy, Amy and all the other delightful people of Miss Yonge's immense families. Just to see the title of one of Miss Yonge's novels brings back those Sunday afternoons in the old upstairs dormitory and the group of girls listening eagerly to the charming voice with its distinctive South Carolina intonation reading of the simple joys and sorrows of the Heir of Redcliffe. When we were older we gathered every Wednesday and Friday evening for an hour in Mrs. Iredell's dainty, cozy room and heard her beautiful reading of Scott's novels, of Marmion, the Lady of the Lake, the Lay of the Last Minstrel, Chaucer's Tales, the Rape of the Lock, the Idylls of the King and a host of other memorable books and poems. Then, as Seniors, we met every evening during the week with Miss Czarnomska and read and discussed such writers as Carlyle, Prescott, George Eliot, William Morris and Browning. As a relaxation after especially laborious work as editors of the MUSE we occasionally made merry over a book of pure nonsense like "Happy Thoughts," and once I remember we had to close the doors of Miss Czarnomska's sitting room lest the excessive mirth of the dignified Seniors should scandalize the little Preps. During the week-day reading hours we were allowed to do fancy work, and Mrs. Iredell and Miss Czarnomska taught some of the girls to make all sorts of lovely things; dainty doll clothes for the little sisters at home, shawls, slippers, embroidered flannels and table covers. Your writer, alas, was never "handy" with a needle, crochet or otherwise, and so after the production of a shawl or two she fell back with unflinching regularity on the making of paper lamp-lighters as her work, and was scorned in consequence by her more ambitious sewing friends. Of course the girls had fads in fancy work; when rick-rack, for instance, was in vogue, I am sure the girls produced hundreds of yards of the trimming. So fascinating was the occupation that it even furnished Maude Aymette with material for a poem for the MUSE.

In our fun and in our work, however, the real influence of the school, an influence which inspired the devoted love of the students and which left its indelible impress upon our lives, was the personality of the Rector and of the teachers who were his loyal and ready helpers. Real motive power is not always discernible at close range, but looking back to those days now with the clearer view of mature years we know that the centralizing force was the unswerving nobility of Dr. Bennett Smedes' ideal of and for women, his entire merging of self in the purpose of his work and his unsurpassed reverence for spiritual things. His teachers responded nobly to his confidence in them; almost without exception they worked for love of St. Mary's; they gave largely of their heart as well as of their intellect, and unconsciously the girls realized this and so our teachers were our warm friends and advisors. They helped us choose our very simple winter dresses and hats, they advised us about our Christmas shopping and showed us how to make pretty inexpensive presents, they made us at home in their rooms, and a quiet talk on Sunday afternoons with a favorite teacher has helped many a girl over a difficult place. Of course among all our many teachers there were a few who held aloof from the real spirit of the school, we did not know quite what was the matter, but we felt that they were different. Naturally like all girls since time began, we had our bad days when we didn't know our lessons when the teachers were all "cross old things"—either they were or we were, I can't at this distance of time tell which—even when in a burst of wrath we hated the "old school." But we knew very well that we didn't hate it and that altogether we had a happy school life of some hard study and some wholesome play, and that above all we loved and admired St. Mary's.

And the heart of St. Mary's was the chapel; small, brown, not especially beautiful to the stranger, but filled for us with holiest memories. The orderly reverent daily chapel service, the glorious strains of the music of high festivals, the beauty of holiness which illuminated the minister are influences for good that will abide with us forever. The yellow and white of chrysanthemums, the glory of autumn leaves, the sound of the All Saints Day collects and hymns, the lilies of Easter and of Ascension Day and the joyous prayers and praise of those feast days

of the church come to us now deepened and made more sacred by the memory of the services of long ago, the services in the small brown chapel that we loved.

Such are some of my recollections of St. Mary's as I knew it; the St. Mary's which during all those years was guided and sustained by a man who obliterated self and exalted his work, a man of entire purity of purpose and lofty ideals, who guarded all that was best in the old traditions of education, but who recognized fully the meaning and the need of the educational thought of the newer day.

To Miss Katie.

To long for truth, to try to realize
 The highest that we see—that is the noblest
 Living, and that, dear friend, in all these years
 Your high sincerity, your love of love,
 Your hatred of deceit and scorn of all pretence
 Have helped us to desire,
 Thinking of you.

We *know* that love and truth are real,
 That God and good are the eternal verities.
 Noisy ambition, hard won fame, the wish
 For recognition even of worthy work,
 Beside these vital truths fade into nothingness.
 To do good, and to distribute of your love
 And of your strength to them that need, that
 Has been your life. And with such service,
 God is pleased.

EMILIE W. McVEA.

When McKimmons ville Flourished.

BY "JESSIE DEGEN," 1892-'94 (MISS JESSIE C. DEGEN, AUGUSTA, MAINE.)

When Miss Katie said, "Write what you remember of St. Mary's as you knew it," it seemed to the Old Girl (i. e., the author, who counts "an old St. Mary's girl" as the proudest title in the world) not only a delightful thing to do, but an easy one. As she thought it over, however, she grew doubtful. "What I remember!" But I remember enough to fill two fat books. And how can I tell what changes there are? They have some new buildings—and I believe the Bishop's house is right on top of my favorite patch of violets—but I don't know much more. Miss Katie and Miss Dowd and Miss Fenner are still there—but who else? Do they still study "Butler" and "Paley" and "Green?" Do they still dine at half-past three, and do they still go down to the store-room at noon and get, each for her luncheon, those familiar three crackers (such good crackers) with the occasional luxury of a piece of cheese? Do they still have to write the dreaded "abstracts" of every Friday's Chapel address? Do they still have the yet more awful "Reading Out" on Friday afternoons, with all the faculty in a row on the school room platform; your own heart thumping wildly as each teacher rose and read out the week's honor roll of her class—oh, horror, if your name *should* be left out! Do they still—or do they—? But she could not voice that last. The new catalogue a day or two later answered many of these questionings. The Old Girl paused to shake her head over the binding and to reflect on how much prettier shiny light-blue covers were; then she turned hastily to the back of the catalogue to a paragraph headed "Requisites;" then she said, "Oh, dear! *They do!*" in a tone that brought her family flying to her side. "What is it? Do what?" they cried. "Oh, dear, they do! they do! I always feared it and now—just see—yes, they *do* wear *golf capes* in walking hour *instead of shawls!*" For the joy of getting back, the Old Girl would willingly give up her long-cherished intention of taking her old red-and-black plaid shawl to wear whenever she should revisit St. Mary's. But every institution has its own collection of little jokes and stories, growing old with their Alma Mater; so it does seem sad that new girls at St. Mary's

should no longer be regaled with that time-honored and exquisitely funny tale of the man who passed by the school during walking hour and looking at the shawled figures pacing the walks inquired if that was the insane asylum.

Such changes as the vanishing of the shawls are natural in so many years; and there must be other similar ones, though the real St. Mary's surely can never change. Other things, like the lectures, the literary societies, basket-ball, the College, have come with the growth of the school. In '93 we had four buildings only. The little girls lived in Miss Devereaux's and Miss Pearson's "dorms." at the top of the main building; the middle-sized girls—the "Junior A's" and "Senior B's" in Miss Dowd's—in the West Rock House; while the "Senior A's" rejoiced in their seniority largely because it brought them into the charmed precincts of "Miss Katie's." And what precincts they were! You Seniors who live in rooms miss the best part of your St. Mary's life, did you but know it. Can it be possible that girls are graduated nowadays who have never shouted "Rah! rah! rah; we give with a will, three good cheers for *McKimmons ville!*" who do not look forward, as the height of their ambition to coming back as "old girls," sitting on that little stool by Miss Katie's rocking-chair of an evening and talking over old times—perhaps even wearing for the time one of those delightful red-knitted shawls—and being looked at with envy and awe by all the Seniors in the dormitory?

We never hoped that the city corporation of *McKimmons ville* would last long. In '93 and '94 it was at the height of its glory—an organization inspired by—was it that famous circus-night (private to *McKimmons ville*) when we found that curled-up trunk-straps made such capital tails for the band of trained monkeys in gym suits? or was it the great pillow-fight between Sarah Kenan and Mary Gatlin and the faithful adherents of either side? It was the latter at any rate which led to the "Lays of *McKimmons ville*," published in the "*McKimmons ville Weekly News*," and beginning with the ringing lines:

"Bold Kenan of *McKimmons ville*,
By the nine gods she swore,
That the great house of Kenan
Should suffer wrong no more.

By the nine gods she swore it,
And sat her down to think,
Her plans how best might be expressed,
With paper, pen and ink."— etc., (not hard to compose)!

In our day the MUSE was suffering a period of depression and did not appear for some years. The only school periodical was the above-mentioned "Weekly News" (limited edition), laboriously printed on an ill-behaved Duplicator that was the bane of the editors' lives. Kate Broadfoot, do you remember those hot, toilsome evenings under a lamp in the east recitation room when the green ink would get all over one's hands, and the "News" seemed very long and dull? The "News" had not a long life; but, as newspapers will, it first created and then healed the wholly imaginary Kenan-Gatlin feud; it was instrumental in electing the Mayor and Council and in securing various reforms; and certainly it bound the citizens closer by accentuating their common interests. Therefore may the faculty of that day forgive its taking some hours which might better have been spent on "Lit." or Virgil or Conic Sections.

There must have been lectures, etc., in those days, and various improving interests; but the Old Girl confesses that the events which stand out in her memory are the occasional Sundays spent at Mrs. Tucker's (what need to dwell on those rare pleasures? We all remember every minute of such days); Mrs. Smedes' suppers to the school, given three or four times a year, and always a glorious surprise: oh, that chicken salad! and oh, those beaten biscuit! in a land where the beaten biscuit is unknown the mere memory makes the Old Girl's mouth water; the music recitals and the annual visit of "the Ravenel twins" or "the Ravens" in the affectionately disrespectful whispers of the girls. The McKimmons ville citizens had celebrations of their own also, as the May picnic when the Oldest Inhabitant was crowned May Queen; and the Oldest Inhabitant's birthday when there came a box of sufficiently generous dimensions to feed sixteen hungry girls. The Old Girl was almost alone in not taking music lessons; therefore of the recitals she can tell you only that Bessie Henderson's dress was trimmed with the most alluring pink rosebuds possible; that Miss Dugger used to sing "The Garden of Sleep" in a voice that carried us girls straight to an enchanted garden;



THE PLAIN LITTLE CHAPEL, THE "LITTLE BROWN CHAPEL,"
THE DEAR LITTLE CHAPEL WE ALL LOVED SO WELL.

that Helen and Mary Smedes and Florence and Mary Kinsey Boylan sometimes played, perched up on very high stools, and apparently had some difficulty in stretching their small fingers over an octave; and the Old Girl hopes that Annie Gregg's daughter will some day come to St. Mary's, and at recitals will play that charming thing of Grieg's which her mother loved and so often played. "The Ravens" came in the fall, and stayed for a week or so—but surely they still come, and you know what jolly times come with them? In '93, at any rate, an air of festivity hung over the School while they were there. Mrs. Smedes gave us a supper. Miss Slater coached the girls as only she could, and they gave one of the plays for which Miss Slater was more famous than the actors. There were always so many funny stories to hear and such gay faces and voices everywhere. Somehow lessons were easier and walking hour no longer tedious—and then some evening they would knock at the door of McKimmonsville with the familiar "May I come in, Miss Katie?" and sit on hassocks—and so forth, all just as we meant to do some day when we were Old Girls.

Such memories make one realize how well we all knew each other and how much *family* life we had, more than is possible where the students are scattered as they now are. Twelve years ago everything centered about the main building; the Art building was comparatively unfamiliar ground, even to those who recited "Butler" or sketched there. The practice rooms were in the East Rock House over the heads of some long suffering teachers who had rooms on the first floor; and to the practice rooms at examination times repaired a procession of anxious students armed with "Green" and "Butler," Logic and Astronomy textbooks, the entire contents of which were supposed to be mastered in those frantic final hours of cramming. The Old Girl—and probably many another—can still reel off with little hesitation the outline of the Analogy; and certain pages of Green's History, forever fixed word for word in her mind, are associated with that end room looking towards the front, where she and Green were silent companions for certain painful hours of "systematic review." But we lived at the main building. From morning roll-call and prayers, before breakfast, through the school hours, walking hour, afternoon study hour, supper, evening roll-

call, when each girl reported her own disorder and punctuality marks for the day, prayers, dancing, evening study hour down to the 9:30 bell, the dormitories never saw us save for a few minutes before each meal. Shawls hung in the main building, and during the day permission must be obtained before any forgetful soul could go into her dormitory for any article overlooked in the morning. One's desk was a real treasure trove of books, writing materials and letters, more or less wearing apparel and one's orange from Sunday dessert (which reminds the Old Girl that visiting parents were apt to be embarrassed by their daughter's "You don't like oranges do you? Be sure to bring yours away from the table for me!") In short, one's desk held all the necessities of life, and public opinion did not think it unseemly when a choice spirit who shall here be nameless, shut up in her seat-mate's desk a black cat as a delightful (?) surprise for the beginning of school. In the main building was the Library, in the second-floor hall, and there books were doled out on Saturday afternoons—indeed our Saturdays, save for mending hour or a trip down town, were usually spent at the main building. There we copied from the school room board our Bible lessons for the coming week, to be learned by heart and recited in the school room every morning before lessons began. Eba Salisbury kept all those lessons in a blank book—"so useful to have them all ready to give out when I'm teaching school;" and the Old Girl, following the example of this brilliant idea, found years later that she had a pretty thorough scriptural commentary on the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Epistles and Gospels for the year. It is doubtful if any of us at the time followed the scholarly sequences of Dr. Smedes' idea. Of course our home letters must be written in the school room after Sunday dinner. The Infirmary rooms were also in the main building over the school room, but the Old Girl was there only once, after the switchback accident, and her memories are more of aches and pains than of the geography of those rooms.

Of the many interests which were in the main building there remain the apartments of the Rector's family, over the parlor—rooms unfamiliar to us except for our infrequent calls there, but affectionately and gratefully remembered because they held our beloved Rector in our midst.

It is quite impossible to write of Dr. Smedes' gracious presence anything which could give this generation the knowledge of what his personality was to every girl in the school. But the Old Girl never thinks of the building without seeing his figure coming down the front stairs and his kindly smile for her; and she thinks that from that gentle spirit which so quietly yet so surely dominated the school she learned her best lessons of womanly grace and godliness of living. Indeed he was "a father to all the girls;" and surely the girls of to-day must hand down from one class to another the familiar traditions of his generosity and unflinching goodness to generations of girls. His memory is loved and admired by many who never knew him personally, and by those who did know him with gratitude for the privilege.

For this example, perhaps, and perhaps for other reasons the faculty were, it seems to the Old Girl, singularly united in their work and their kindness to the girls. A number were themselves old St. Mary's girls, and that fact may have brought them nearer to us; certainly we enjoyed their comradeship and their reminiscences, and certainly they were good to us! It is hard to think of anybody but Miss Annie Harvey presiding in the store-room—kind Miss Annie, who notwithstanding that she made the very best spongecake in the world, was loved even more for herself. And the Old Girl could never have written these pages but for Miss Devereaux's help over that awful bogy, her first composition. The memory of Miss Devereaux's look of happiness (and she couldn't have felt happy over many of those compositions) has pulled the Old Girl out of more than one fit of the blues. And can it be that girls at St. Mary's nowadays learn their Latin and History and Literature without Miss Emmie McVea? Dear Miss Emmie, who was so disobliging about the matter of having her picture taken (no—not even in a school group) and so delightfully obliging and jolly about everything else. Miss Emmie's informal weekly talks for the Seniors, on current events, were given at irregular times on the steps leading from the recitation room to the east covered way, and nobody had to come but everybody wanted to, the present current events class of which those talks were precursors never can be so interesting. The Old Girl would like to tell here of the celebration over Cleveland's election in '92; of the time that the body

of Jefferson Davis was borne through the city; of Governor Vance, and of other great events in our outside world—but she must rather say that she never had a teacher who made all her studies and class-work so thoroughly inspiring and interesting as did Miss Emmie—and she is not much surprised to see by the latest catalogue that since Miss Emmie went away it takes two men to do her work! It is unnecessary to sing the praises of those who are still at the school: Miss Jones (it must be “Miss” Jones, I suppose, though when the Old Girl was a young Senior Miss Jones was such a very young junior that it is really a joke to think of her having grown up into a teacher); and Miss Dowd and the others, suffice it to say that according to the Old Girl’s recollection there was no one of the teachers who did not make her birthday or any personal pleasure of hers an occasion for giving pleasure to the girls.

Of our young and beautiful Principal, again, it is difficult to speak adequately. Few of us came in touch with her in class-work. Very few, perhaps none of us, knew her well. We all envied the girls who had been at St. Mary’s during her school days. But on the whole we felt that Miss Battle held ideals which were just right for Miss Battle herself, but quite beyond the reach of the rest of us. Looking back with keen regret at her own waywardness and “criss-crosses,” and at the anxieties which seventy thoughtless girls must have laid upon shoulders already bowed by a struggle against ill health, the Old Girl does not wonder that Miss Battle seemed apart from our world. She does wonder at such tremendous courage. She recalls eagerly every moment of contact with a nature which impressed upon others so vivid a sense of its absolute rectitude and purity. She remembers the weekly evening of reading to the Seniors. Miss Battle had the gift of reading aloud, which would have made Arithmetic problems sound delightful, but she read us “The Mill on the Floss;” she introduced us to Browning and Matthew Arnold and opened wonderful gates to us. The Old Girl remembers also the few moments of devotional reading for those who cared to come to Miss Battle’s room in the early mornings during Lent; and the little society of St. Chrysostom, the purpose of which was outwardly to avoid slang and other faults of speech; inwardly “Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.” Most of all, she associates Miss Battle with the Chapel.

There could be no very real recollections of St. Mary's apart from the Chapel. When it is called "the soul of St. Mary's" everything is said. In '92-'94 we had daily even-song only during Lent; and the Old Girl recalls the many hours spent in practicing the new responses for Evening Prayer, and the chants, the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in place of the "Cantate" and "Benedic anima mea"—changes peculiar to the new edition of the prayer book just then coming into general use. We did not become very familiar with the new hymnal, although on Easter, '94, "Ancient of Days" was first sung in place of that glorious old processional so popular at St. Mary's, "Jerusalem, high tower thy glorious walls." But Easter at St. Mary's means, first of all, the early service. In those years the early communion was celebrated perhaps four or five times in the year. Those who were privileged to attend those services will never forget how solemn and beautiful it was to go quietly into the Chapel, without the usual processional, "very early in the morning," to receive the Sacrament. At the close of this service on Easter morning we always had our most beautiful music—one or two anthems or one carol—before we came away. To the Old Girl Easter morning always brings back Miss Dugger's voice in that lovely solo (she remembers the music but forgets the words) beginning "Dark was the night" and soaring up at the end with "And from the heavens clear and high, a bird begins to sing. Oh hush—oh hush! a bird begins to sing." The Old Girls who are trying to get acquainted with the new St. Mary's will find themselves turning oftenest, again and again, to the beautiful picture of the enlarged Chapel: without still familiar, within still dear, because it is St. Mary's and because of its memorials to the two souls who made St. Mary's what it is—the dearest place in the whole world.

READ!—MARK!—ACT!

The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of THE MUSE generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in THE MUSE, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

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The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the St. Mary's Alumnae Association will be held in the Art Building at St. Mary's, on Tuesday, May 29th, 1906, at 4:30 P. M.

For the President:

KATE MCKIMMON,

Sec'y St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

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You'll find up-to-date Shoes at

HUNTER BROS. & BREWER

ALWAYS AT IT!

Dey growlin' at de darkness,
Dey growlin' at de day;
Dey weary er de winter,
Dey fussin' at de May;
Dey'll never git ter glory
Ef dey keep on dataway—
Heaven ain't de country fer de growlers!

De worl' made ter suit 'um—
Wuzn't dar w'en it begun,
Ter give de Lawd instructions
How ter swing de stars en sun!
I wonders whar dey'll fetch up
W'en de race er dem is run?—
Heaven ain't de country fer de growlers!

—Atlanta Constitution.

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Fine Watch and Jewelry repairing.

THE LIE OF THE BOASTER.

I never told a little lie
To spread a glamor o'er me,
But that it turned up by and by
To wreck some bridge before me.

MORE WISDOM NEEDED.

The fellow who brags of his college
And all his great learning's a bore.
The man who is "proud of his knowledge"
Is badly in need of some more.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

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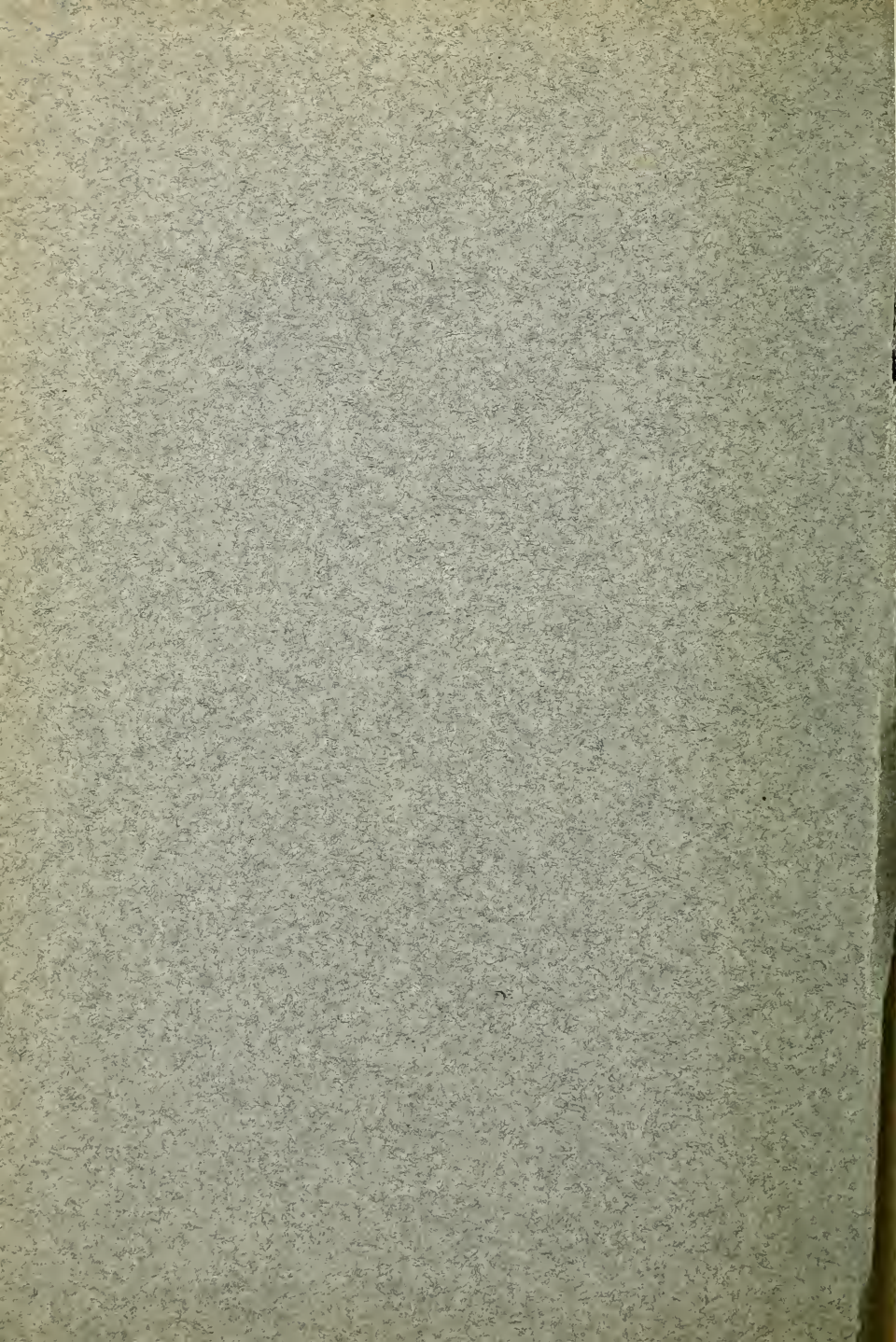
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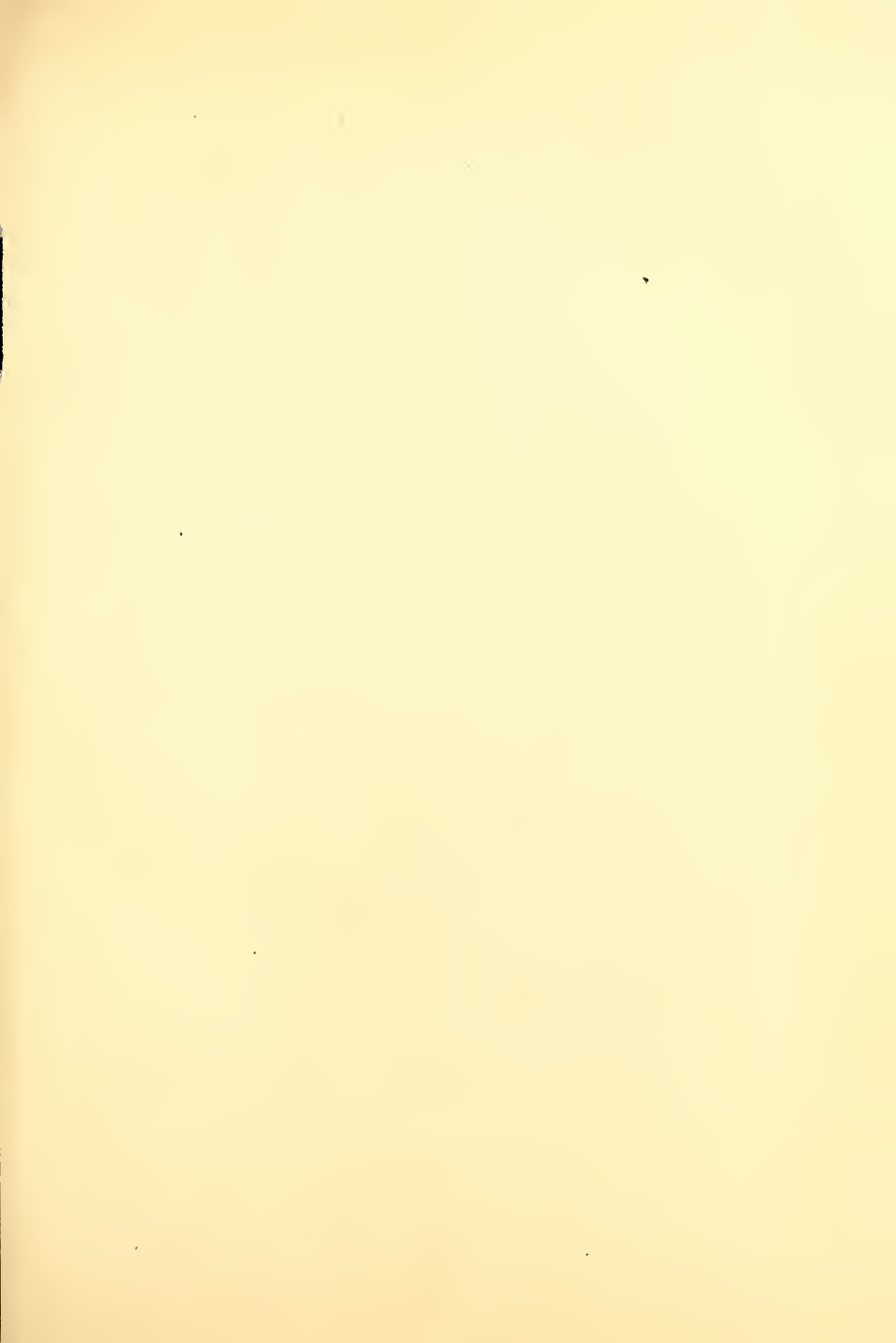


The
St. Mary's Muse



Raleigh, N. C.





The St. Mary's Muse.

SPRING NUMBER.

VOL. X.

MAY, 1906.

No. 10.

Commencement Exercises.

Sunday, May 27:

11.00 a. m., Baccalaureate Sermon, by Rev. Richard W. Hogue, of St. James' Church, Wilmington, N. C.

Monday, May 28:

4:00—6:00 p. m., Annual Exhibit of the Art Department.

8:15 p. m., Elocution Evening.

Tuesday, May 29:

10:00 a. m., Class Day Exercises.

3:30 p. m., Alumnae Exercises.

8:15 p. m., Rector's Reception in Honor of Seniors.

Wednesday, May 30:

3:30 p. m., Annual Meeting of the Trustees.

8:15 p. m., Annual Concert.

Thursday, May 31:

10:30 a. m., Graduation Exercises.

THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE SESSION: A PROSPECT.

This concluding number of the MUSE will reach its readers in the week when all at St. Mary's have their attention centered on the events of commencement just ahead. The Commencement program is given above. It is not proposed to enter into any discussion of any of the events at this time; the June number of the MUSE is Commencement Number and will note what is to be noted, but it may be interesting to all those who are thinking of St. Mary's in the concluding days of the school year, and are with the members of the class, and the other girls, either in person or spirit, to have some preliminary information about some of the scenes in prospect.

Examinations will have occupied the minds of all in the pre-commencement week, broken though it will be by Thursday being the great feast of the Ascension and a holy day at St. Mary's, and by Saturday evening the actual work of the year will be over and five days of recreation will be ahead, days which we hope will be full of pleasure for girls and visitors alike, and the recollection of which, capping the memories of the year, will long be a pleasure to every one.

The Commencement Season will begin on Sunday morning with a celebration of the Holy Communion in the Chapel at half-past seven, the last Communion of the year. The visiting clergy will assist the Rector.

At the eleven o'clock service the Commencement Sermon is preached. There is a peculiar fitness in having Mr. Hogue deliver this sermon, for from Wilmington, from St. James' and St. John's parishes, there has been a larger group of girls at St. Mary's, both last year and this, than from any other point in St. Mary's field. The Commencement Sermon, too, will recall the masterful address of Bishop Gaylor in 1903, the long awaited and well remembered visit of Bishop Bratton in 1904, when he came back to St. Mary's for the one visit he has been able to find time to pay us since entering upon his bishopric, and the earnest and friendly words of Dr. Niles at the last Commencement.

The afternoon service, at 5:30, is just the usual service but it has come to be looked upon also as a special service for the alumnae, and it is hoped that as many of the alumnae as are within reach will try to be present.

Monday morning will be devoted to putting the finishing touches on the school work and making a farewell "Monday shopping trip," properly chaperoned, of course. In the afternoon the Art Department will more than "do itself proud." The department has been unusually large this session and while the fact that the majority of the pupils are not far advanced will affect the exhibit, the genuinely aroused interest of all has led to the production of most creditable work which speaks volumes for the ability and energy with which Miss Fenner has been directing the department. Miss Fenner spent a part of last summer in New York at Pratt Institute making a special study of the new effects

in stenciling, and the display of the pupils' work in this line forms an important part of the exhibit. The Studio will be open to visitors in the afternoon and after the recital in the evening.

Monday night the pupils of the Elocution Department will give their Commencement Recital. This department has been steadily increasing in interest and in numbers the past year, and at this Commencement the first Certificate in Expression will be awarded to Miss Rowena Lee, of Clinton.

Tuesday is Class Day and Alumnae Day. In the forenoon the Class of 1906 will have their final celebration as a class. They are fewer in number than the graduates of 1904 or 1905, but they do not feel inferior to their sisters in any other way. The members of the class are

THE CLASS OF 1906.

Ruth Foster	St. Simon's Mills, Ga.
Jane Iredell Green	Wilmington.
Annie Eliza Koonce	Richlands.
Mary Thornton Lassiter	Hertford.
Margaret Devereux Mackay	Raleigh.
Harriet Elizabeth Ruff	Ridgeway, S. C.
Annie Whitner Sloan	Columbia, S. C.
Sara Gertrude Sullivan	Savannah, Ga.
Frances Elizabeth Woolf	Demopolis, Ala.

"Bettie" Woolf is the Class President, "Ret" Ruff is the Prophet, Margaret Mackay is the Poet, and Annie Sloan the Historian, and these "dignitaries" as well as the "plain members" will be in evidence at the Class Day Exercises.

In the late afternoon the Alumnae Association will gather in the Studio for its annual session. The members present will extend a warm welcome to the Class of 1906, and important business will be transacted.

At night the Rector and Mrs. DuBose will as usual give a reception in the Main Building in honor of the Class and to the Alumnae, Trustees, Faculty and Commencement guests; while the girls will enjoy the usual "feast" down-stairs.

Wednesday morning will come the final class-meetings and meetings of the school organizations and the final informal celebration of the

year end. In the afternoon the Trustees will hold their annual session, and at night the grand final concert of the Music Department will be the attraction.

Thursday morning—the grand climax. As usual the first part of the exercises will be held in the parlor, where the Salutatory and Valedictory will be said and the Class Essay read. Then, after the procession to the Chapel will follow the service where the Bishop will deliver his address to the graduates and the honors of the year will be read. At this service the first award of the Charles M. Niles Medal for General Scholarship will be awarded and the coveted distinction of the Honor Roll announced.

CHANGES IN THE FACULTY.

The Commencement will have as always a tone of sadness in it, for in addition to the passing of the graduates and certificate girls out from our little world into the big world outside, there will be others who are bidding good-bye to the St. Mary's we all have known so intimately. There are again changes among the teachers, and it will be with genuine regret that we part with some of those who have been closest to us and won a warm place in our respect and affection.

Mr. Sanborn will give up the direction of the Music Department at the close of this session and with Mrs. Sanborn and the Misses Sanborn will go to their new home in Buena Vista, Va. They have been looking forward to the time when they could do this for several years, and while they will teach again later it is their purpose at present to enjoy a well-earned rest. Mr. Alvin W. Vincent, now of New Wilmington, Pa., will take up the duties which Mr. Sanborn lays down, and Mrs. Vincent will take Mrs. Sanborn's place in Vocal teaching.

The academic faculty will next session be without the services of Miss Shipp in Mathematics, Miss Masch in Modern Language, and Misses Meares and Pittenger in the Preparatory work. Miss Shipp was no stranger to St. Mary's when she returned to the school two years ago in the English Department. She was here as a school girl and later for several years was in charge of the Mathematics. It is with deepest regret that we see her leave and we wish her the continued success that will be hers in her new field. Miss Masch has been with us only one year, but in that year has made many friends who will miss her.

Miss Meares, after graduating at St. Mary's in 1903, taking a year at Chapel Hill and teaching at St. Paul, Beaufort, has done a very successful year's work on the familiar scenes of her school days, but proposes next year to rest.

Miss Pittenger, pupil, graduate and former teacher of St. Mary's goes because of a re-adjustment of work which eliminates the department of which she has had charge. Though, on account of her work being with the younger pupils and apart from the higher classes, we do not know her as well as the teachers who are nearer to us, we have learned to appreciate her worth, and wish her prosperity wherever she decides to teach.

In addition, Mrs. Seay, the Mrs. Seay ever ready to lend a helping hand, ever present help in time of trouble, has concluded that she has had enough of school-life for the present, and now, with the completion of Leonore's Art Course at St. Mary's, intends to try a more quiet life for a while in Charlotte. How *are* we going to get along without her, and how *will* the housekeeper's room seem with anyone else occupying it?

In the place of those who go, faces now unfamiliar will be seen among us in September with one exception, and that too notable a one for us to wait until the June number brings the fit time for the introduction of the new. After twenty years of the most faithful and effective service in the city schools of Raleigh, first as teacher, then principal of the Wiley School, and the past year as assistant in the High School, Miss Eliza Pool in September will enter the faculty of St. Mary's taking charge of the work in French. Miss Pool is too well known in Raleigh to need any introduction to those who know the city or St. Mary's, and we feel that we have every reason for rejoicing that she feels able at this time to come to us and give us the advantage of the training with which she has so greatly blessed the girls and boys of Raleigh for so many years.

Miss Smith, now of Memphis, Tenn., will take charge of the Mathematics; Miss Spurlock, now of Nashville, of Science and elementary German, and Miss Spann, now of Asheville, of Preparatory Work, at the beginning of the new session, and we shall be glad to speak of them to the MUSE readers in the next number.

STORIETTES.

The Black Walnut Stairway.

Our earliest impressions are usually our most vivid ones; often we find that very old people remember distinctly the happenings and habitations of early childhood, while those of after-life are completely forgotten. Perhaps this accounts, in a measure, for the profound admiration which I have always had for the big black walnut stairway in my grandfather's house. I am sure, however, that the stairway was in itself worthy of admiration.

My grandfather died when I was nine years old, and, as is often the case, the family was broken up and the house sold. As I have never been in the house since, I am still undeceived in my baby impressions of the big walnut stairway. Big, however, does not convey the idea; the stairway was huge, and when you were up at the top you felt in another world from what you did at the bottom. You were up in the sky at the top, and you looked down, down, down on the bronze Egyptian lady, who stood on the table in the hall holding an urn with a palm growing in it. The table was made of heavy dark oak and four one-footed dragons formed its legs and supported its top with their heads and wings. When you were at the top of the stairs and looked far down on the dragon table with the bronze lady on it, the lady smiled sweetly and intently at her palm, but the dragons looked away up at you and rolled their eyes, yes really they did, and smoke came out of their nostrils.

It was very light up at the top of the stairs for you were almost to the skylight. The skylight was a big square and was made of beautifully shaped colored pieces. "Grown-up folks" thought that they were glass, but I will tell you a secret, they were really precious stones, for that was where the fairies came from. They jumped down from the skylight and tumbled right into the soft, furry red rug at the top of the stairs and did not get hurt one bit. "Grown-up folks" did not know it, but the stairs weren't really stairs, they were really the fairies' palace with a hundred rooms, really, truly, for each step was a room, a ball

room so smooth and slippery that only fairies could dance on it. Sometimes you just sat right down and slid from the very top clear to the bottom.

At the bottom the stairs began to curve and the steps got a whole lot larger, and these big steps were the court rooms of the palace. Almost at the very bottom where the steps were the biggest was a dark, dark corner and there you put your dolls to sleep, for there was plenty of room for the people going up and down stairs, and the dolls were not in the way. It was not as light at the bottom of the stairs as it was at the top, for the hall was big and dark, and then it was so far away from the skylight. Down at the very bottom of the stairs was the black dark "Under-the-stairs" corner where you could have stood and touched the ceiling if you had wanted to, but you did not want to, for a big black goblin lived in the dark corner there.

The most wonderful part of the stairs was the railing, "Grown-up folks" called it, but it was really the glass river which the fairies skated on. It was an awfully broad river, for you couldn't get your two hands half way around it. It was miles long too, and sometimes when nobody was around you climbed onto the railing and slid clear down to the very bottom, and you went so fast that you just had to hold your breath and in a minute you came bump into the post at the bottom. Then you climbed *on top of the post and were bigger than grandfather.*

The people who bought the house had long ceased to care for fairies or beautiful storways, and the only beauty which they could see was in dollars and cents. The house was very large and on a fashionable street, and I am told that they took out the beautiful stairway in order to run a partition through the center of the house so that it could be rented to two families instead of to one.

HELEN KATHERINE LIDDELL.

The Planting of the Class Tree.

(A true story of the State Normal College.)

The following announcement was read out in Chapel on Friday morning: "The Class of 1907 will plant its Class Tree at eight-thirty tonight. Every one is invited." This was the Sophomore Class. The Freshman Class had planted its tree the day before at sunrise (and had *not* invited the Sophomores nor even let them know anything about it)

and we were all anxious to see how much the Sophomores' exercises would outshine those of the Freshmen.

At eight-fifteen the campus around the tree was crowded with students, faculty, and even a large number of townspeople. Not a Sophomore was to be seen and the campus was dark except for what seemed to be a bonfire on the other side of the campus. We were getting impatient when one of the girls came up and asked us to stand back to one side of the tree. Just then we heard a bugle call. Ah, they must be coming at last. Yes; here they come. Out from their hiding places on the other side of the campus, skipped—not Sophomores, but about sixty fairies who had decided that the campus should be their rendezvous that night. Each fairy carried high above her head a pine torch, which she had lighted at the bonfire, and by this light we could see their short, fluffy, white dresses, glittering with stars, and their flowing hair crowned with wreaths of white flowers. But hark! there is the bugle again and here they come pell-mell across the campus toward the tree. They must be Sophomores after all, for they are singing "Come together all ye Sophomores, let us plant to-night our tree." We stood spellbound watching them come through the trees and all doubt as to their being Sophomores fled when we heard the lady principal's excited voice, "Be careful, girls!" On they came to the tree, and when they had reached it they formed a huge '07 and, still holding the torches on high, they sang the class song. This done each one stuck her torch into the ground in front of her and, leaving them there, they marched slowly around the tree, each throwing a shovelful of dirt on the roots of the tree as she passed by to take her place on the other side. When all had assembled in a group by the tree we watched closely to see what they would do next, but before we had time to wonder we heard shouted from sixty throats the class yell:

"Hannibal—cannibal.

S-s-s boom bah!

1—9—0—7.

Rah—rah—rah!"

Then, quick as a flash, they were off in all directions and we were left alone with the tree and the torches, a flaming '07.

LOUISE HILL.

From A Serenader's Point of View.

(Perhaps rather true than otherwise.)

When first we appeared on the scene we thought it was a seasonable hour for a serenade. But the young ladies in question held a different opinion it seems. "Did you all come up to supper," demanded a sweetly sarcastic voice; and we beat a retreat into the depths of the darkness. Now we know all about serenading in general, as anyone who heard our prelude, "Teasing," could testify; but this was our first attempt in the immediate vicinity of St. Mary's, so while we were at it we thought we'd investigate, as far as possible, the workings of a female institute. Well, we strolled around and struck a match or two and were pushing our explorations toward the rear of the buildings, when the preface to the interruption came. Holy smoke! That interruption:

"Who's there?" came from above, and we bravely forbore any reply. Again the challenge came. Again we were dumb. And then—right down on us poor, innocent, unoffending, defenceless boys a pistol was fired. It hit everyone of us. Oh, you needn't tell me it was shot in air. I never want to be hit any harder. Needless to say we moved off. We weren't scared, but it wasn't any use to stand there and die a dozen deaths. We wouldn't have run but for the fact that we didn't want to be recognized and somehow distance did seem to lend enchantment. So we just bolted and I'd be willing to swear we knocked down every tree in the grove. But they didn't stop us; we just rolled over them. Cannon balls couldn't have caught us.

You might think this was enough—but no—we were just slowing up and thinking about going back and finishing our serenade *maybe*, when two demons of the night, yelling, "Hi there!" burst upon us. This was too much for our already exhausted bodies. We made a last effort, escaped our pursuers, and found ourselves once more on the blessed streets of town.

No more of St. Mary's warm receptions for us, thank you!

HELEN STRANGE.

 Forget-me-not.

There blooms a little flower
 Out in the meadow there;
 Its eye is like the heavens,
 So very blue and fair.

It knows not how to talk much,
 And all it says, I wot,
 Is always just the same thing—
 It is: Forget-me-not.

It's face brings back sweet memories—
 Of pain, there's not a jot—
 To passers-by 'tis always
 The same: Forget-me-not.

And then in after life, dear,
 They think of that sweet spot,
 How there upon the meadow
 It smiled: Forget-me-not.

LOUISE HILL, '08.

 SCHOOL NEWS.

THE INTER-SOCIETY DEBATE

The fifth annual debate between the literary societies of the school, Sigma Lambda and Epsilon Alpha Pi, took place in the parlor on the evening of Saturday, April 21. The question was: "Resolved, that the enormous growth of the modern novel is a disadvantage to education." Sigma Lambda, in the person of its debaters, Jane Iredell Green, '06, and Margaret Mackay, '06, upheld the affirmative, while Bettie Woolf, '06, and Lillian Farmer, '07, for the Epsilon Alpha Pi took the negative view. The judges were Hon. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State, Prof. E. B. Paine of A. and M. College and Dr. V. E. Turner. Virginia Bailey, President of Sigma Lambda, presided, while the president of Epsilon Alpha Pi, Gertrude Sullivan, as is customary, was seated with her. Emma Barnwell, of the E. A. P., was Secretary.

The interest in the debate was as intense as usual, and the debate itself well up to the standard. The result makes the present series stand

Sigma Lambda, three; E. A. P., two; and the increasing closeness will lead to increased interest another year.

Elizabeth Waddill tells the story as follows:

For two or three days before the great inter-society debate everybody was very much excited, and the old rose and sage or the purple and gray ribbons were flying everywhere. The Sigma Lambdas were sure that they were going to win and kept reminding us how many times they had done so before, while we E. A. P.'s were wishing with all our hearts that we might be the victorious side this year.

Saturday night, the time appointed for the debate, came at last, and at eight o'clock we walked into the parlor and seated ourselves on one side of the room, while the Sigma Lambdas took possession of the other. The parlor was decorated with bamboo and the colors of the two societies, and on the platform were the desks for the two presidents, with the chairs and tables for the debaters. After we had been waiting for what seemed to us a long time the debaters and president came on the platform and the meeting was called to order. Then the debate began, and from that time on our interest never flagged. All of the papers were so good that it was hard to tell which was the best. The last paper on our side was fine though and we secretly thought that we had won. Ours was the negative side of the question, consequently we had the last retort, and that too was excellent. The judges were Mr. Bryan Grimes, Dr. Turner and Dr. Payne, and as they sat listening to the debates we wondered if they were taking notes on each one. When the last word had been spoken and the last debater had sat down the judges walked out of the room in a solemn procession to make their decision, and we waited almost breathlessly for them to return. When the chairman, Mr. Grimes, did come back, the room became perfectly still, and all eyes were fixed on him. After making some complimentary remarks about all the papers he at last announced that the judges' decision was in favor of the negative, and then all of the E. A. P.'s and their friends nearly went wild. I am afraid there was not much left of the poor debaters, after we finished congratulating them, but of course, after such a triumph they must have expected a good deal of attention.

THE CERTIFICATE RECITALS.

On Monday evening, April 30th, the first of the Certificate Recitals was given by Miss Virginia E. Bailey, of Wilmington, pupil of Miss Dowd, Miss Serena Bailey, of Palatka, Fla., pupil of Miss Pixley, and Miss May Lee Montague, of Raleigh, vocal pupil of Mrs. Sanborn. A very large number of friends from the city attended the recital, and these with the St. Mary's girls greatly enjoyed the rendition of the following program:

PRELUDE, from Suite	Whiting
SCOTCH POEM	McDowell
	Virginia Empie Bailey.
GAVOTTE	Dreyschock
	Serena Cobia Bailey.
ARIOSO, from La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc	Bamberg
	May Lee Montague.
NOCTURNE in F.	Schumann
	Virginia Empie Bailey.
ARABESQUE	Schumann
	Serena Cobia Bailey.
A NORWEGIAN PLAINT, with Violin Obligato	Loomis
SHOOGY SHOO	Mayhew
	May Lee Montague.
IMPROMPTU in C sharp minor	Reinhold
	Virginia Empie Bailey.
PRELUDE in B flat	Chopin
POLONAISE in C sharp minor	Chopin
	Serena Cobia Bailey.

T.

The second certificate recital in the Music Department of St. Mary's School took place Thursday evening, May 8th, in the tastefully decorated parlor. Miss Myrtle Disosway gave the Leschetizky Mazurka with clear phrasing and rhythmic movement, following it with the beautiful transcription of Jensen's song, "Murmuring Zephyrs" and Meyer-Helmond's Maiden's Song, in which she appeared her best.

Miss Ruth Foster has received all her vocal training from Mrs. Sanborn at St. Mary's, and her work showed good teaching and conscientious work. The Aria from Il Trovatore was rendered with clear enunciation

and understanding, and Miss Foster's clear, sweet voice showed to advantage in the modern songs.

Miss Lina deRosset evinced unusual musical talent and the singing quality of her touch showed to advantage in the Godard "Barcarolle." The Schuett Valse was naive and delightful in its capriciousness, and the Schubert Impromptu ended brilliantly a most pleasing program.

The pianists are both pupils of Miss Dowd and reflect great credit upon her.

The program was:

MAZURKA	Leschetizky
MURMURING ZEPHYRS	Jensen
MAIDEN'S SONG	Meyer-Helmund
	Myrtle Louise Disosway.
RECITATIVE AND ARIA FROM TROVATORE, "Oft Does the Weary Heart".....	Verdi
	Ruth Foster.
BACAROLLE	Godard
VALSE MIGNONNE	Schuett
	Caroline Nelson DeRosset.
IN THY DREAMS	Buck
IN THE TWILIGHT	Trotter
	Ruth Foster.
IMPROMPTU	Schubert
	Caroline Nelson DeRosset.

Px.

The third and last of the session's certificate recitals was given on the evening of Monday, May 14th. It was a novelty for St. Mary's in two respects, for it was the first certificate recital in Expression given at St. Mary's and introduced to the public the St. Mary's String Club who assisted Miss Rowena Lee.

The stage was very daintily and effectively decorated in white and green (bamboo) and the recital was a success in every way. Miss Lee's rendition of her selections was enthusiastically received, and her work showed throughout the effective training of Miss Cribbs. She won especial praise in "Laureame, Marble Dream," in which she appeared in Greek costume. The debut of the String Club had been eagerly awaited by all who have come to understand the quality of Miss

Hull's training, and it was no disappointment. The only complaint ever made of what Miss Hull offers is the greedy one of "more, more, more." The Club is made up of Miss Hull and Roberta Taylor, Guitar; Margaret Wilson and Margaret DuBose, Violin; and Miss Meares, Christine Klingensmith, Sue Prince and Blandina Springs, Mandolin.

The program was:

Richard Harding Davis	SKETCH, VanBibber
	Rowena Lee.
Weaver	WALTZ, "Sweet Memories"
	St. Mary's String Club.
Bulwer-Lytton	Cutting from "Last Days of Pompeii"
	Rowena Lee.
Weaver	"Piccaninnies' Jubilee"
	St. Mary's String Club.
Emma Dunning Banks	Laureame, Marble Dream
	(with accompaniment, "Angel's Serenade")
	Rowena Lee.

The St. Mary's Muse.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

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EDITORIAL.

With this number the MUSE completes the second year of its existence since its revival, and the Class of 1906, as sponsors for the publication, says farewell to its readers.

It is not a pleasant task this saying farewell, but the time for it comes to us all and it only remains for us when the time comes to say it as gracefully as possible. In laying down the responsibilities of editorship we show no more than ordinary gratitude when we express our hearty thanks to the student-body and to the alumnae for the support they have given us in the MUSE, most particularly to those whose contributions have appeared from month to month in its pages. And to the Class of 1907 and those others who shall guide the MUSE, we trust, to even better things than we have been able to attain, we give our heartiest good wishes. We shall try as alumnae to support them in their work, realizing how thankless a task after all that work is, and assure them of our real sympathy.

And now farewell!

At length the 1906 annual is ready. We think it a very creditable production and hope that will be the general impression. With its flexible cover of dark blue ooze, stamped in gold, with the name and the

school seal, it has a very attractive exterior, and the faces on the inside would surely make it attractive even if it were not otherwise, and we hope it is. The annual isn't literary; it doesn't pretend to be, but it affords a fairly good photograph of the year, its persons and events, and won't be a bad thing to have in future years as a memory refresher.

It is with a feeling of rejoicing that we have seen ground broken for the new Auditorium building. Immediately east of the Art Building it will have a good location and is reported to be a very attractive building in every way. Next Commencement we trust it will be a real reality. Now for a new dormitory!

We are not sure just how fully we approve the innovation which will be made this Commencement in the matter of prizes. We greatly appreciate the good will and generosity which inspired Dr. Niles last year to offer his medal for General Scholarship, and realize that he hoped that it would inspire an increased interest in the getting of the best from our school course, but there is much to be said in favor of the good old St. Mary's custom of no reward but the sense of duty well-done, and no announcement but the simple honorable one of the hard-earned Honor Roll. We shall watch developments carefully.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Mr. Hodgson has just been with us for his spring visit. He is feeling quite well again and is as accommodating as ever.

Mildred Smith, Martha Ferebee and Mary Cooper entertained at a picnic on the Neuse river on Easter Monday. The guests were Miss Cribbs, Gertrude Sullivan, Josephine Boylan, Lottie Sharpe, Jennie Morris and Bettie Woolf.

The annual convention of the Kappa Delta Fraternity was held in Charlotte on the 16th and 17th of April. The Phi Delta Chapter at St. Mary's was represented by Christine Klingensmith, Maria Webb, Annie Wells, Katherine Boylan and Blandina Springs.

Mr. DuBose has been away from the school a good part of the past month in attendance at Diocesan Councils. The South Carolina Council met in Anderson on May 9th, and the East Carolina Council in New Bern on the 15th. Mr. DuBose while in South Carolina also stopped at Greenville and Greenwood.

We have been happy in having visits from several of our last year girls the past month. Ellen Gibson, '05, and Ohla Brown, of Concord, after visiting friends and attending the Easter dance at Chapel Hill, came over to the school and spent a week with their old friends here. And Jennie Murchison, of Wilmington, lent us a few days of her presence a little later. All the girls are looking well and report a "glorious time."

The Damrosch Orchestra Concert given at the opera house on April 23, under the local management of Mr. Wade Brown, was a great success. A large party of St. Mary's girls and nearly all the teachers were present and enjoyed the concert thoroughly from start to finish. The opportunities to hear Sousa, Bispham and Damrosch all in the one season is a treat the like of which St. Mary's girls and Raleigh have not enjoyed for many a year.

Since the last MUSE appeared we have been honored by two very welcome guests in the year's lecture course. On March 24, Prof. Carlyle, of Wake Forest came over and gave his lecture on "Horace, the Man and the Poet." I can't say that any of us who do not study Latin were inspired quite to the point of taking it up, but we all, Latin or no Latin, enjoyed the lecture very much, and you should have seen the M Latin Class members beaming at their superior knowledge of the quotations in Latin.

April 21 President Poteat, of Wake Forest, was with us. He talked on "Dante and his Influence" and interested every one. He gave his address early in the evening in order that we might enjoy the U. N. C. Glee Club concert at Raney Hall later, and then we weren't given the opportunity to enjoy it, but—

Another base-ball season with all its brief periods of frenzied "rooting"—we know not for what—and of souvenir pennant collecting—we know not from whom (?)—of vari-colored ribbons and much-divided

cheering, always winding up with united applause for "A. and M." when they happen around for one of their torchlight celebrations "in the gloaming"—is over. Rah! Carolina! Rah! South Carolina! Rah! Virginia! Rah! Georgia! Rah! Rah! A. and M.! They all have our good wishes all the time, and so do the others whose followers are not so numerous among us. Rah!

The Sophomore and Freshman Spelling Match.

In the course this year the Sophomores and the Freshmen have had an hour every Tuesday morning devoted to spelling. Last Tuesday instead of having the usual recitation the two classes met in the Library and had a spelling match. Eight girls were selected from each class, these girls having made the highest marks on a test which the classes had stood a week or two before. This was one time when some of us weren't so very glad we hadn't made the best marks. The Library was arranged so that the audience sat in the back and the "spellers" sat, facing each other, in the front. Miss Thomas, the Sophomore honorary member, kept time; Ella Croft and Anne Miller kept score, and Mr. Cruikshank read the words, which were to be spelled, first one side then the other, out of a large dictionary, the very looks of which made the "Eights" tremble.

There were two periods of ten minutes each, with an intermission of five minutes. At the end of the first period the Freshmen were ahead and began a little too soon to "crow" over the Sophomores, who were calming their own fears by saying "You just wait." The Freshmen did seem to be waiting for something by the middle of the second period, as the Sophomore Eight left them some distance behind and ended by winning, the score being 214 to 203.

Cheer up, Freshmen; next year it will be your turn to be the winning Sophs.

M. E., SOPH.

Seniors Entertained by Ruth Foster and Mary Lassiter.

On the 30th of April the Senior Class and Certificate Pupils were delightfully entertained by Mary Lassiter and Ruth Foster. When we had all been introduced to each other we were given pretty little leaflets with a picture of a dignified Senior on the back, but when we opened

them we found they were absolutely blank—not even a question to be answered! worse than that we were told we must write a story about a “Sweet Girl Graduate.” After this had been finished all of the stories were given to Miss Thomas to read, of course most of them were love stories, but there were many kinds to choose from. Miss McKimmon’s was chosen as the best, and she received a lovely St. Mary’s pillow as a prize. Joe Boylan received the booby, an A. B. C. book, for composing a witty poem (?) on Bettie Woolf.

Soon after the refreshments, strawberries and whipped cream, had been served the merry party broke up, feeling they were indebted to Misses Lassiter and Foster for a most enjoyable time. A. W. S.

Annie Koonce’s Reception.

Annie Koonce entertained the Senior Class and Certificate Pupils at her aunt’s home on Hillsboro street the first of the month. In spite of the rainy weather we spent a most pleasant evening. We were given a list of queries to be answered in the name of authors. Miss Thomas proved to be the best guesser and received a lovely white gauze fan for a prize. After this delightful refreshments were served—first a salad course and then ice cream and cake. This will be perhaps the last time we will meet this year, and although it was the last of the entertainments it was by no means the least.

The Dramatic Club Play.

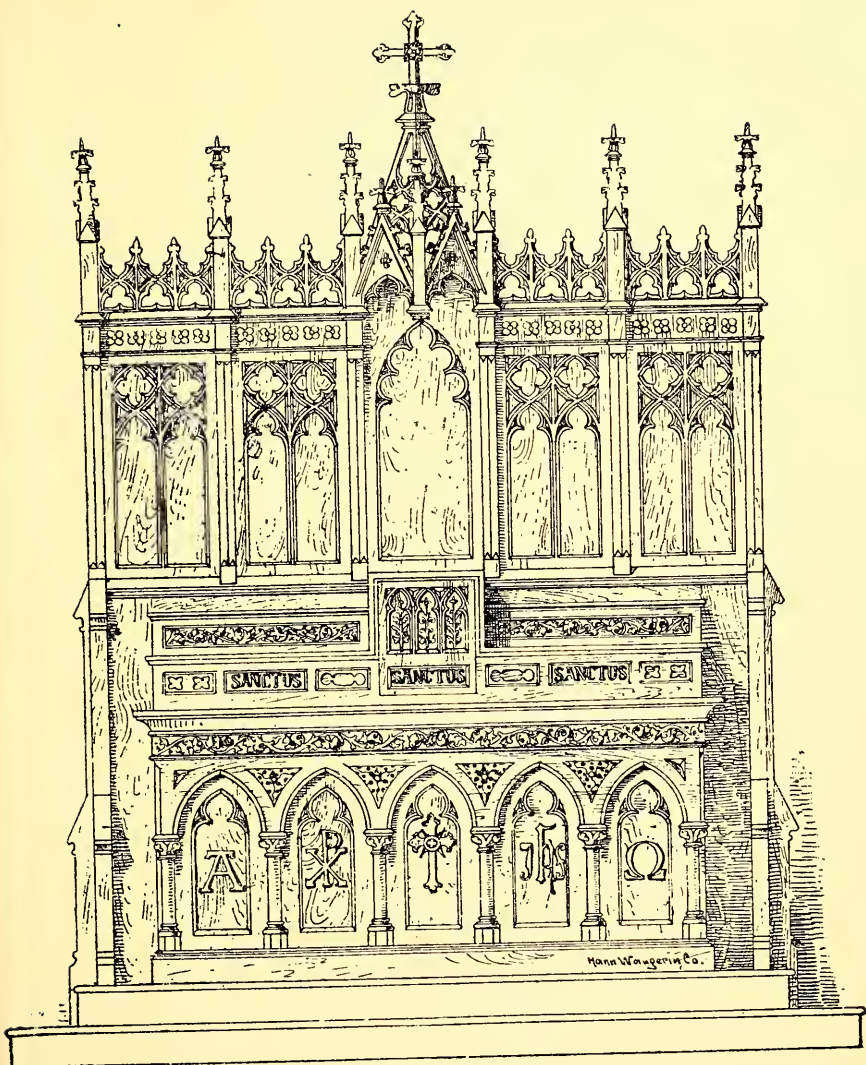
The most attractive play that has been given at St. Mary’s in some time was given there by the Dramatic Club on Saturday evening, the 12th of May. The name of the play, “Men, Maids and Matchmakers,” is in itself interesting, but the girls really acted their parts very well indeed, those deserving especial mention being Miss Jane Iredell Green as Miss Alice Marshall alias Mrs. Winthrop, Miss Josephine Boylan as Catherine Howard, Miss Emma Barnwell as Doctor Imhoff, and Christine Klingensmith as Guy Richards.

In the first act all the characters are introduced, Mr. Vincent is given a lesson in proposing, and we learn that Guy Richards and Lillian Stuart have a rich "Aunt Selina" who refuses to leave them any money unless they become engaged. The next act brings Mrs. Winthrop (alias Miss Alice Walker) on a visit to her nephew and niece, and by the end of this act everybody's love affairs are woefully mixed up. Of course, though, in the end everything turns out all right. Even the queer old doctor and Sammie, the large (?) cat, are satisfied, while Lillian Stuart and Guy Richards actually confess they don't mind being engaged any more.

This was the cast:

Lillian Stuart	Margaret Eldredge.
Guy Richards	Christine Klingensmith.
Charlie Brewster (Guy's friend)	Bettie Woolf.
Dr. Imhoff	Emma Barnwell.
Roy Vincent	Gertrude Sullivan.
Alice Marshall <i>alias</i> Mrs. Winthrop	Jane I. Green.
Elizabeth Everett	Jennie Morris.
Catherine Howard	Josephine Boylan.
Sammie (a large cat).	

Place—New York City.



CUT OF THE NEW SMEDES MEMORIAL ALTAR.

Courtesy of Hann-Wangerin-Weickhardt Co., Wilwaukee.

ALUMNAE MATTERS.

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

PRESIDENT,	- -	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
VICE-PRESIDENTS,	{	Mrs. M T Leak, Durham.
		Mrs. J. M. Pittenger, Raleigh,
		Mrs. F. P. Tucker, Raleigh,
		Mrs. Kate de R. Meares, Wilmington.
SEC.-TREAS.,	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.

The Memorial Altar.

Contributions are still coming in from the ever-loyal alumnae to the fund for the Smedes Memorial Altar. While the fund has now been made up, and it is hoped to have the altar in place at Commencement, these gifts are entirely acceptable and will be used for the purpose for which they are intended. The fact is recognized that the Memorial Altar has a deeper meaning for the alumnae of the past than for the girls of the present, and so while the gifts of the present school organizations were received in order that the altar might be speedily in place this money can be used with equal fitness in other needs of the Chapel while we should like to have as many as possible represented in the Altar which we hope will mark not only a step in the growth of St. Mary's but a new impulse to better things.

We present in this number a cut of the new altar now on its way to us from Milwaukee. It will lend much to the appearance of the Chapel, which has been rendered more and more beautiful since its completion by the gifts of loving friends.

Easter Season Weddings Among the Alumnae.

There was the usual number of weddings this season on the advent of Easter and the coming of the Easter brightness, but they were even more than usually interesting to those of St. Mary's, for among them are counted several of girls who have had an important part in the life of St. Mary's in recent years, both during and after their school days, and some of them very close to the girls of now, for in the marriage of

Effie Fairley the Class of 1905 launches its first bark on the matrimonial seas.

The MUSE extends to each and every one of the brides hearty best wishes in the name of their many friends at St. Mary's, and for St. Mary's as a living personality and loving Alma Mater, and to the lucky husbands sincere congratulations on their good fortune.

VanLeuven—Emerson.

The marriage of Miss Eleanor Chase Emerson and Mr. Cornelius VanLeuven was solemnized at half-past six on the evening of April 16th in St. John's church, Wilmington, Dr. Carmichael officiating. The ceremony was simple and unostentatious on account of the recent death of the bride's uncle (Mr. H. M. Emerson). Miss Elliott Emerson (also formerly of St. Mary's) was maid of honor. Miss Emerson is a daughter of Mr. T. M. Emerson, President of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, a first cousin of Miss Elise Emerson, this year at St. Mary's. Mr. VanLeuven is in business in Wilmington.

VanBuren—Wright.

At St. James' church, Wilmington, on Tuesday afternoon, April 17th, Miss Caroline Laurens Wright was married to Mr. Arthur Van Buren.

Pippen—Leach.

On the same day at nine in the evening at St. Alban's church, Littleton, Miss Sallie Moore Leach was married to Mr. Joseph Powell Pippen.

Wilkenson—Sturgeon.

On Wednesday, April 18th, at the home of the bride's father at Apex, Miss Mary Bolling Sturgeon was married to Mr. Thomas F. Wilkinson. The wedding was very quiet on account of the recent death of Miss Sturgeon's mother.

"Mary Sturgeon" is a little closer to the present day St. Mary's girl than some of the other brides whose school-mates have now drifted away from the scenes of their school days, and there are many still with us who remember well her prowess on the athletic field and how she led her basket-ball team to victory. And this too while she was "accomplishing things" in her school work.

White—Bridgers.

In Calvary church, Tarboro, on Wednesday evening, April 18, at eight o'clock, the marriage of Miss Laura Placide Bridgers, daughter of Col. John L. Bridgers, of Hilma, to the Rev. Robb White, of Greene County, Va., was celebrated. Bishop Cheshire officiated, assisted by the Rector, Mr. Harding. Miss Reba Bridgers (also ex-St. Mary's), was the maid of honor. Mr. White has been doing successful missionary work in the mountains of Virginia, but has recently accepted a call to an important parish in Cambridge, Mass., and there, at North Cambridge, he and his bride will make their home.

Manning—Lewis.

We clip from the *News and Observer* of April 26th:

The following wedding announcement was issued yesterday:

"Dr. and Mrs. Richard Henry Lewis
announce the marriage of their daughter,
Martha Battle,

to

Dr. Isaac Hall Manning,
on Wednesday, the twenty-fifth of April,
one thousand, nine hundred and six,
at Cloverdale, near Raleigh,
North Carolina.

The wedding was a quiet but lovely home event, and there were in attendance only intimate friends and relatives. At "Cloverdale," the suburban home of Dr. and Mrs. Lewis, the decorations in the room in which the wedding took place were in white and green, ferns, palms and smilax being used. The bay window before which the wedding took place was artistic in its decorations.

There were no bridal attendants, and for the happy event the bride was gowned in white silk, her bouquet being of bride's roses. After the wedding refreshments were served, and later Dr. and Mrs. Manning left for Washington and points north, after which they will go to their future home in Chapel Hill.

The bride is a charming and talented young woman, and is highly esteemed by a large circle of friends. Dr. Manning is the son of the late Hon. John Manning, of Chapel Hill, long Professor of Law at the University, and is the dean of the Medical Department at Chapel Hill of the University of North Carolina.

There were in attendance at the wedding from out of the city, Dr. Kemp P. Battle, Sr., former President of the State University; Dr. H. V. Wilson, Dr. William DeB. McNider, of the State University; Dr. and Mrs. John Manning and daughter, Miss Mary Louise, of Durham; Miss Mary Manning and Misses Louise and Cantie Venable, of Chapel Hill; Mr. James Manning, of Durham; Mrs. B. S. Leak, of Durham;

Mrs. W. R. Webb, sister of the groom, of Bell Buckle, Tenn.; Miss Mary Weldon Huske, of Fayetteville; Mrs. Robert Miller, of Goldsboro; Messrs. Richard Lewis and Kemp Lewis, of Durham; Prof. Ivey Lewis, of Randolph-Macon College, of Ashland, Va., and Dr. George Thomas, of Wilmington.

The labor of love that Dr. Lewis has been doing and is doing for St. Mary's as a member of the Board of Trustees and its Executive Committee, and the warm place in the hearts of so many friends at and of St. Mary's made by Miss "Pattie" in her school days and since, as an active member of the alumnae in whatever has been suggested for the progress of St. Mary's, makes this wedding of especial interest to us all.

English—Fairley.

Again, the wedding being of especial interest to the girls of the last four years, we clip from the *News and Observer* of May 1.

Monroe, April 27.—There took place on Wednesday evening a lovely event when Mr. Nereus C. English and Miss Effie Fairley were married at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Fairley.

There were a very large number of friends present and the decorations were lovely. In a bay window in the parlor was a beautiful arch of evergreens and snowball flowers, studded with white bells suspended beneath the arch a large bell of roses. Beneath the arch stood the happy couple, Rev. E. A. Owens, of Charlotte, Rev. J. L. Martin, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, performed the ceremony.

The bride entered with the maid of honor, her sister, Miss Kate Fairley, and the groom with the best man, Mr. J. C. Sikes, Masters Archie and Henry Fairley, and Misses Mary English and Beatrice Fairley were the ribbon-holders. Master Everett English was ring bearer. Miss Cornie Fairley played the wedding march, and just before the wedding Miss Ashe Gaddy sang a beautiful solo. Mr. John Fairley, Jr., gave the bride away, and she was dressed in white crepe de chine over white taffeta and carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses and maiden-hair ferns and lillies of the valley, her veil being caught up with orange blossoms.

After the wedding, refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. English received many lovely presents, a room being almost full of cut glass, china, silver and furniture. Mr. English is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. English, and is manager of the insurance department of the Loan and Trust Company, being a young man of fine business qualifications and fine character. Mrs. English is a graduate of St. Mary's School, of Raleigh, and is a cultured and popular young woman.

A Characteristic Letter.

TROY, ALA., March 26, 1906.

MY DEAR MRS. IREDELL:—On yesterday I received a letter from my sister, Mrs. Williamson, telling me of the memorial to be erected in the Chapel at dear old St. Mary's in memory of the Drs. Smedes. She stated that many donations had been made by old students in different towns, and I desire to add my contribution to so beautiful a cause.

I loved Dr. Smedes very much, a gentler, sweeter character never lived, I'm very sure. I never think of the little Chapel that a wonderful "treaty of peace," signed by Eliza Skinner and me, does not come before me. We had had a girls' misunderstanding, and some of our friends took us out back of the Chapel, toward the Gales' house, and we made peace. I think the treaty stayed there written on the Chapel for many years.

I hope you will have no trouble in raising the desired amount, and believe you will not.

With best wishes ever for the dear old school and love, I am most cordially

Laura Montgomery Henderson.

(Mrs. Chas. Henderson, Troy, Alabama.)

Notes From Charlotte.

(Delayed in publication.)

CHARLOTTE, March 30.

Miss Alice Pearson, formerly a primary teacher at St. Mary's has been ill in St. Peter's hospital for several months. Her condition, though still serious is improved.

Miss Hattie B. Orr, ('97-98), is to be married in April to Mr. Chas. Allison, of Charlotte. They will make their home in Mayodan, where Mr. Allison is engaged in business.

Miss Florence Thomas, ('04), has recently returned from an interesting visit to relatives in Georgia. She expects to go to New Orleans for the coming Confederate Reunion.

Miss Alice Moore, of Charlotte, expects to attend St. Mary's in the fall as a "new girl." She is at present making use of a scholarship at the Presbyterian College here, which she won by her "first distinction" in the high school.

Miss Kate Cheshire, who is doing mission work in Mayodan, spent a few days in the city in the interest of the Woman's Auxiliary. The meetings were most interesting, and several new members were enrolled. (J. O., '99.)

Notes of Interest to the Alumnae.

It is very pleasant to be able to announce that Miss Anne Saunders, who has had such a serious time this winter with inflammatory rheumatism, is slowly but surely recovering. She hopes to be able to go to her brother's home in Durham early in May to convalesce further. Miss Anne's niece, Miss Laura Saunders, of Durham, has been with her during her illness.

The condition of Dr. P. E. Hines, who suffered a stroke of paralysis in January, continues to improve. He is in full possession of his faculties tho' not yet able to be about. Mrs. Iredell has been with him since his attack.

The competitive examination for the David R. Murchison Scholarship at St. Mary's was held in ten points in the Diocese of East Carolina, in which Diocese the holder of the scholarship must reside on the second and third of May. The result of the examination has not yet been announced. The scholarship is made vacant by the graduation this year of Miss Mary Lassiter, of Hertford, who won the first competitive examination three years ago.

READ!—MARK!—ACT!

The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of THE MUSE generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in THE MUSE, and make those who do not advertise realize that it is their loss, not ours.

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His pedal extremities idling upon the bronze of the steam radiator,

Serenely engaged in extracting nebulous atmosphere from a tobacco receptacle of mundane matter.

Our maternal mentor receives soiled linen for the purpose of cleansing it,

And in this connection I should include filial Ann.

Indeed, everybody is engaged in some variety of occupation in our domestic habitat—
Excluding, as primarily suggested, our distinguished progenitor.

—*Springfield Republican.*

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HUNTER BROS. & BREWER.

Cooperative Fooling.

One day in the spring-time two young men were sauntering through the woods just outside of the college town along a path greatly in favor with the students. When they reached the little spring they stopped for a drink. They were about to proceed on their way when their eyes caught the glint of a small metal box lying close up under a jagged stone in the pool just below the spring.

"What d'you suppose that is, Dick?"

"Don't know, Billy. I'm going to fish it up and find out."

The water in the pool was two or three feet deep; the stone proved to be heavier than it appeared, and it rested on one end of the metal box, which was partly

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RALEIGH, N. C.

sunken in the gravel of the pool. Considerable puffing and splashing and damage to clothing took place before the box was landed.

The wood within the metal box was thus inscribed:

"Have the kindness to replace me, without needless delay, in the nice, shiny metal box, and then carefully wedge us back under the big rock, so that we can catch the eye of the next fool freshman that happens along."

Then ensued more puffing, more splashing, and further damage to the new spring suits, until everything was just as before.—*Youth's Companion*.

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The old master knew all about "cribbing" as a schoolboy and had not forgotten the little tricks and dodges. One day during an examination the keen-eyed teacher observed one of his pupils take out his watch every minute or two. The pedagogue grew suspicious. Finally he strode slowly down the aisle and stopped in front of Willie's desk. "Let me see your watch," he commanded.

"Yes, sir," was the meek reply.

The teacher opened the front of the case. He looked somewhat sheepish when he read the single word, "Fooled." But he was a shrewd man. He was not to be thrown off the scent so easily. He opened the back of the case. Then he was satisfied. There he read, "Fooled again."—*Tatler.*

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

SCHOOL PROGRAM.

APRIL-MAY, 1906.

- April 30.—Monday evening, 8:30. First Certificate Recital: Misses Virginia Bailey and Serena Bailey, Piano; May Montague, Vocal.
- May 5.—Saturday evening, 7:30. Last Social Evening.
- May 10.—Thursday morning, 11:30. Exercises commemorating Memorial Day.
Thursday evening, 8:30. Second Certificate Recital: Misses Disoway and deRosset, Piano; and Foster, Vocal.
- May 12.—Saturday evening, 8:00. Dramatic Club: "Men, Maids and Match-makers."
- May 14.—Monday evening, 8:15. Third Certificate Recital: Miss Rowena Lee, Expression; assisted by the String Club.
- May 22, 23, 25, 26.—Term examinations in all departments.
- May 24.—Thursday. ASCENSION DAY. Holy Day. Regular duties suspended. Services: 7:30, 11:00, 6:45.
- May 27.—Sunday. Commencement exercises begin.
-
- June 1.—Summer vacation begins.
- September 20.—Sixty-fourth session opens.
-

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RALEIGH, N. C.

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SESSION DIVIDED INTO TWO TERMS.

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- 2. THE MUSIC SCHOOL.
- 3. THE BUSINESS SCHOOL.
- 4. THE ART SCHOOL.
- 5. THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

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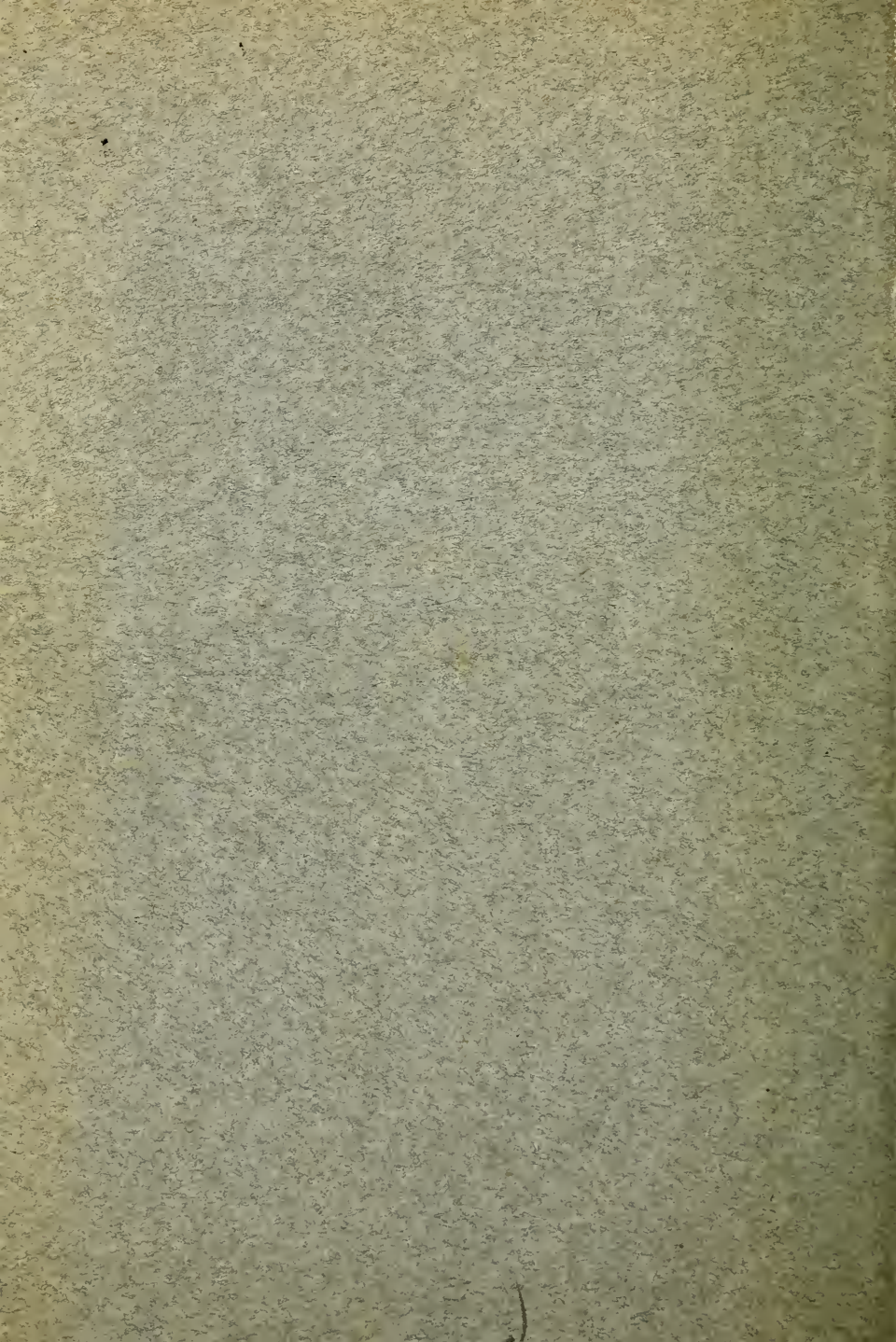
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