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The
St. Mary's Muse



Commencement Number



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The St. Mary's Muse.

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

VOL. XI.

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No. 1.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere—

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

The Commencement Sermon.

"Be ye therefore perfect."—St. Matt. v. 28.

(Leading thoughts from the sermon to the graduates, preached in St. Mary's Chapel by Rev. R. W. Hogue, Rector of St. James' Church, Wilmington, Sunday morning, May 27, 1906.)

Remember, in your unavoidable duty and your exceptional opportunity to perfect yourselves, the serious importance of the choosing of your companionships. Keep these companionships free from any compromise with your dignity and your purpose, untainted by the subtle and false fascination of a popularity that is won at the cost of duty and sometimes of character. And remember, too, in thinking of companionships, that the choice of books and the lasting influence of books must not be forgotten.

Find your powers, train them, trust in them; yes, but also know your weaknesses, curb them, hold them, conquer them. Bear in mind the two great definitions of genius and hold them as your daily motto: "Genius is one-tenth genius and nine-tenths labor." "Genius is the capacity for hard work."

Do not despise the discipline of daily self-mastery. It is not exceptional gifts and unused talents that count in this world or in the eyes of God, so much as the simple, steady, certain, brave, living life. The prodigal is abnormal. It is the heroism of daily goodness, the consecrated trained pluck and perseverance that shall lead us to see every obstacle become a glorious evidence of God's love and confidence in us, all the more glorious as it seems the harder.

The spirit of independence entering womankind has made many changes in the old order of things, bringing with it curses and dangers as well as blessings. Woman has come to the most promising stage in her history, the stage when she is to "find herself" more perfectly and understand her true mission better.

A woman should have, must have, a purpose. I would have you realize what a blessing it will be if you have some definite purpose in life and do not merely play at life, as so many do.

A word to parents. Give your daughter something to do and see that she does it well. Thoroughness is a word the meaning of which we people of the Southland especially must needs learn better.

In a far subtler and deeper sense than man, a true woman, wherever she is found, may be an inspiration to all that come in touch with her. Filled with prosaic cares and details as the life of a woman is, she can only accomplish this by "choosing the better part" and deliberately cleaving to that choice in spite of all.

One thing must be a fixed and essential part of woman's daily life above all else. She may not always put down her immediate and pressing duties in her home to minister to the spiritual wants of others, but there is something she can always do, and that is—to pray.

The more we see of the needs and sins and sorrows of life, the clearer becomes the truth that the crying need of the Christian world is the knowledge of prayer.

Whatever you leave undone, remember, you daughters, you sisters, you mothers, that a great part of the salvation of the world rests in your prayers.

We know full well that at no moment of our earthly lives can we present a perfect self to God. But is that reason why we shall not strive for perfection and live toward it? Is it not the chief glory of this great Christian faith of ours that, unlike the old religions, it has a perfect ideal, which forever urges onward and upward, which has no place for the complacency or the conceit of easy attainment, which makes of death itself but the opening into an eternity that is life?

Shall we be half-hearted in our service, timid in our hopes, or satisfied with self? Shall we not pledge ourselves afresh to work, to pray, to live a fuller, deeper, more perfect Christian life?

II Padre Curato.

SERENA C. BAILEY.

(The prize story, hitherto unpublished, for which in connection with her other contributions, Miss Bailey was awarded the MUSE prize at Commencement.)

It was a hot day, even for September, and the city streets seemed almost stifling. Horses tugged wearily along, or worn out sank in their shafts. Half-clothed children gathered near the fire-engine houses until the kind-hearted firemen turned streams of water upon drooping horses and dancing children alike. Men and women hastening to or from work complained of the heat, and to some of them came the vision of shady farm-yards or sheltered brooks—perhaps the memories of childhood or only the ideas gathered from the Sunday papers. Among the thousands who were obliged to remain in the city and toil on without rest, many were suddenly stricken down and hastily carried to the hospitals.

For one of these people, there had been an opportunity for a short vacation in the country, but to this man duty called with a clearer voice than did self-indulgence. To-day the priest felt the heat as never before, and sometimes there almost crept in the thought that perhaps he was wrong not to have left town for a few days. But when he remembered his parishioners' need for him, he became ashamed of even the thought of such selfishness.

Still, this morning was a hard one, and as he went home for his often-postponed dinner, the peculiar ache in his head seemed to grow rapidly worse. Well, never mind, he would soon reach the house and perhaps he could rest a little while. Rest,—rest, on the sofa in the dark study; there would be no one to disturb him there. He began thinking of his recent visit to Magdalina, who forever quarreling with Antonio, her husband, as usual had poured out her woes to the “little father.” How different was their life from his, so peaceful, so free from worldly troubles! How wise the Church had been in forcing celibacy upon her clergy! He had nearly reached the house, when suddenly he seemed no longer able to bear the intense pain, and sank unconscious to the ground—only another victim to the sun.

For a few days he lay unconscious in a cool hospital room. At times he struggled to leave his bed, to go back to his people, his people, his people, he kept repeating. The calm, elderly nurse often entered with flowers or fruit, bags of grapes or pears that had been brought by ragged children or tearful men or women for “Il Padre Curato” or “Padre Paolo.”

Within a week he was given another nurse; the first one having been called home by illness in her family. A quiet, slender girl took her place. Being an enthusiastic person in whatever she undertook, she immediately became interested in the priest's case; and spared no effort in nursing him. Hour after hour she stayed by him, trying to give him every possible relief.

He was still out of his head, but one afternoon he had become quieter, and she had been resting and reading by the open window. The book was a short life of Luther, a character whom she ardently admired. She had been reading for some time, when all at once she seemed unable to fix her mind upon the book, and she glanced up to see the quiet, sane eyes of her patient resting upon her. When she went quickly to his side, he smiled weakly, and managed to say, “What have you been reading?” “A life of ——,” she started to answer, then suddenly stopped. He seemed expectant, and in her confusion, she said, “Luther.” The priest turned his face away. Luther, the heretic, the brilliant, the gifted heretic! What a glory to the Church his life might have been,

but instead—oh, the pity of it! The sick man's thoughts turned to one point in Luther's life, a part that had always seemed irréconcilable with the undoubted nobility of the man; how had the former monk, the one-time observer of the slightest monastic rule, been able to justify marriage with a woman, who like himself, was once and forever bound by the strictest vows?

After Paul's return to consciousness, he became gradually stronger. He often slept, or midway between sleeping and waking, half-dreamt, half-thought. His thoughts were generally with his parishioners, yet often did they return to one theme, Luther. Sometimes the sick man talked to his nurse, but generally only when it was necessary. As his strength increased and his mind became more active, he was glad when she was in the room, and lonely when he awoke and did not see her. Her gentle manner soothed him, and sometimes when she read to him, he wished that he could hear that voice forever. Unconsciously, he liked to watch her noiseless, graceful movements and look at her face. The brown eyes were dark and shadowy like brooks in the woods, or like the eyes of Italian peasants, he thought. O, it was a long time since he had been in Italy, dear Italy! He was only seventeen when he came to America, his mother and father having died a few months before. Somehow, he recalled his childhood very vividly now; the picturesque little village; the old priest that had taught him; the dear parents, who had been his only companions save the village children. But then he had been different from those children; he remembered now how he had longed for a sister or a little friend, and in those far-off days he had pictured how he wanted her to look. Now he wondered if Evangeline was not his ideal, grown and perfected. When he spoke to her of his native country, she listened eagerly, breathlessly, and he was happy that it interested her. But sometimes he tried not to talk to her, not to look at her, for was he—was he learning to love this woman? He almost shuddered at the thought. Often he tried to be stern or to be utterly indifferent to her presence, but when she spoke, or looked at him with her sweet, childish little smile, he felt that his efforts were in vain.

And she? How often did she look at him when he lay unconscious or asleep. His face was noble and spiritual; yet, sometimes, perhaps when

he was dreaming, there crept around his mouth a smile, just a fleeting little thing, and she fancied that perhaps he was thinking of something beautiful, perhaps of his childhood. She wondered if he had always been so good—for she knew he was that—all that saw him felt that they were in the presence of one of God's elect; a true and lofty, but a healthy-minded, sympathetic man. Every line of that face told her of self-denial, self-conquest. Yet, the mouth betrayed the secret of a lurking humor that nothing could entirely suppress.

At first she told herself that she was only studying that face; human nature always interested her, and when she had the time, she often imagined the life stories of her patients. But this one, this man, no one had interested her as he had done.

When he sat up for the first time, she was as happy as he was; perhaps she knew how much of his recovery was due to her untiring care. It was early fall, now; and out-of-doors, Paul could see the wind shaking the bare branches of the trees. The day was just cold enough for a fire. Paul could imagine how his beloved study looked: the book-lined walls, the grate with its flickering fire. How many, many times he had sat by the fire, dreaming, dreaming, and yet never lonely, but always absorbed in the troubles and interests of his people. But now that he was soon to go back—oh, he tried not to think of it.

A few weeks later he was well enough to leave the hospital. A carriage was to come for him at noon. All that morning he had tried to seem happy at going, and Evangeline made a like attempt, but both failed miserably. When twelve o'clock came, he bade her good-bye, indifferently, almost coldly. Just now, however, for no apparent reason, his strength seemed suddenly to leave him, and his nurse hastened away for a stimulant. When she returned she found him with his head buried in his hands. As he heard her light step, he looked up, trying to recover his composure. "I am glad you came, I—I—." "You don't feel as well, perhaps you had better not go until later?" "No, I *must* go." A shadow passed over his face. "I may never feel more like it than now." She turned hastily, for she was afraid to meet his eyes. When she went with him to the carriage, she fancied—perhaps it was only a fancy—that when he said good-bye, he added softly, "My Evangeline."

When he reached the house he found the old housekeeper awaiting him. She was hovering between tears and smiles, and indecision whether to hobble down to the carriage, or to try to be dignified and restrain her delight. The pallor of his face frightened her, but when she caught the familiar twinkle in his sunken eyes, the good old soul was reassured.

After he slowly made his way into the house and hastily seated himself in his study chair, he bade her leave him; he needed nothing, he told her. Unwillingly and protestingly she obeyed. For a long while he sat there, alone—alone. Sometimes, when he closed his eyes, he fancied that he heard a light footstep, and thought himself back in the hospital. He turned his burning head from side to side, and longed for the cool, soothing touch of Evangeline's hand. And then he would remember that he should not be thinking of such things, was he not obliged to keep the vows that he had voluntarily taken? Why had he sought these bonds? Why could he not be happy with the happiness of other people? Ah, after all, was his life so blessed? Could it not be more useful were he aided and encouraged by a noble companion?

In the days to come, he was always seeking an answer to this question; his heart gave him one answer; his conscience, trained by his teaching, gave him a very different one. Footsteps, soft voices, haunted him, but at times he fancied that another Voice condemned him.

For Evangeline, after he had gone, her regular duties were very monotonous. Always, though she struggled against it, her mind could picture only his face; her heart cry out for him. Each day dragged slowly by; the world had become an unbearable place. Sometimes, when off duty, she went out to walk and scanned the faces of the passers-by, hoping and yet afraid, to see that one face. Was there to be no relief from that loneliness, this struggle between her love and her desire to crush it? This unceasing warfare lasted day after day, and only occupation, although often a burden, kept it from striking deeper into her soul.

Often she thought of his home, as he had described it to her. She could see him sitting in the study, perhaps talking to some poor or sick person. In his modest way, he had told her how they came to him, his

people. They must have missed him terribly, she thought. If she were only there she could help him with his duties; how she would love to care for the many unfortunates that found their way to him.

It was in this mood that one afternoon she decided to go to Vespers at his church. It would be dark there, she knew, and she could slip in unobserved. He must not, must not, see her.

When she reached the church, the service had not begun and she quickly sought a corner in the dimly-lighted building.

When he came in, she was startled by his face, always ascetic, but now marked by sorrow and struggle. She eagerly watched him, listened to his soft, full voice. Why, why had she ever seen him—and yet, what a privilege to have known him!

Praying, she sat there after he and the few others in the church had left. Suddenly she became conscious of the low tones of the organ. On, on, the music flowed; she had never heard music like it. She lifted her bowed head, but although she could not see who was playing, her heart told her that it could be but one person. Each tone echoed her own feeling; the love, the fiery struggle of her own soul. In her excitement she could hardly restrain herself from flying to him and sobbing out her overwhelming love. But gradually the music changed. Self was being conquered. The strains rose, unhesitating, exalted, triumphant, and told her that for him the worst was over. The music became softer, fainter, sweeter. Evangeline, praying that like strength would be given her, left him, not alone, but with God.

The Commencement of 1906.

With its closing days marked by at least two events of much more than usual interest, and yet the Commencement in itself differing little from the Commencements of former years, on the last day of May another school session came to a close and the sixty-fourth session of St. Mary's was a matter of record, to be judged chiefly in the future lives of those who had part in it.

The death of Miss Saunders, coming as it did at the height of the Commencement season, seemed rather to bring the true seriousness of

life to the minds of all than to cast a gloom over the scene. The sweet service in which the last respect was paid by the friends who had known, loved and honored her at St. Mary's was wholly appropriate and just as she would have had it. And the scene, in place and yet out of place, real and yet unreal, will linger long in the minds and hearts of all those who were at St. Mary's at this Commencement of 1906.

The welcome announcement after the annual meeting of the Trustees that the St. Mary's corporation, for the first time since St. Mary's became a corporation, was entirely free from debt—though the announcement was made quietly and unofficially and so perhaps escaped the notice of some especially interested—is the most significant evidence of material progress that has been vouchsafed since St. Mary's became the property of the Church.

These two events mark out the recent Commencement from those which have been and those which shall be. But the Commencement itself will long be remembered also for the things which belonged more entirely to it. The Commencement Sermon in which Mr. Hogue won a place in the affections of St. Mary's girls that was but strengthened in the days of his visit; the excellent art exhibit; the very creditable presentation of "The Man in the Case" by the Elocution Department; the unique class-day exercises with the placing of the first class-stone to have position in the Grove; the Rector's reception to the graduating class; the more than usually well received annual concert of the Music Department; and finally the graduation exercises distinguished by the excellently put valedictory and the announcement of the Honor Roll in the parlor, and the final devotional exercises in the Chapel, with Mr. Witsell's presentation of the Niles Medal and Bishop Strange's inspiring charge to the graduates; each will be long remembered.

Some extracts from the sermon are given in this MUSE, and as the School will publish it entire there is no need of comment here. But the printed sermon cannot be all that the spoken one was to his congregation as it listened to the earnest words of the preacher and felt the sweetness of his presence. Mr. Hogue came to St. Mary's a stranger to nearly all but the Wilmington girls, his parishioners, who never grow tired of sounding his praises, but at the close of his visit each girl felt she had made a dear friend.

THE ART EXHIBIT.

One of the most noteworthy of the features of the Commencement was the exhibit of the Art Department, which was open to the public, as usual, Monday afternoon and Wednesday night, and to the Alumnae Tuesday afternoon. The department has been unusually large the past session, but the display would presumably have been less effective, inasmuch as Miss Fenner had but one advanced pupil, the others being practically beginners. But the interest in the new kinds of stencil work, appealing both to beginners and more advanced pupils, led to the preparation of much of this work and the effect was remarkable. Dainty window curtains, table covers, sofa pillows, showing at once original design and its application, lent a new feature to the display, while the painting in oil and water-color, the charcoal drawing, etc., while not as abundant as usual, was quite up to the standard.

THE ELOCUTION RECITAL.

Miss Cribbs had chosen as the program for the annual recital of her department the rendition of the three-act comedy, "The Man in the Case." The cast was not large, but proved a strong one; the play was well-chosen and blissfully free from male characters; and the rendition generally pronounced to have been, as it should have been, the best dramatic production of the year.

This was the cast:

Mrs. Montessor—A would-be member of "the 400" of Boston,	Marguerite Ashley Short
Enid Montessor, her daughter	Emily Jordan Carrison
Madame Boguski—A Theosophist of the Inner Cult.....	Rowena Lee
Gladys Gadabout—A Radcliffe Senior	Laura Baker
Aline O'Rourke—An Irish Maid pretending French	Helen Strange
.....	Ruby Norris

Acts I and II—Scene in Mrs. Montessor's Home.

Act III—Gladys' Room at Radcliffe.

THE CLASS-DAY EXERCISES.

The weather for the Commencement could hardly have been better, and this meant especially much for the Class-Day Exercises in the

Grove. At ten o'clock the throng had gathered on the lawn near the tree which was thereafter to be the especial charge of the girls of 1906, opposite the tree of their sisters of 1905, and promptly at half-past ten came the class, with Miss Thomas, the Honorary Member, bearing a huge daisy chain in solemn procession to the raised dais which had been prepared. There the President and Secretary took their seats with their class-mates grouped about them, and the exercises were opened with the familiar strains of "Carolina."

The visitors were welcomed and the alumnae greeted by Bettie Woolf, the class President, in a neat speech; and then Annie Sloan, the Prophet, read the Class Prophecy. The prophecy as well as the poem are preserved in the annual MUSE. Jane Iredell Green then delivered the Last Will and Testament of the Class (to be found elsewhere in this issue of the MUSE). At the conclusion of the will, the class gathered around the tree and affixing the dark blue and old gold, their class colors, made it their own. Margaret Mackay, Class Poet, read the poem, and Bettie Woolf said the adieu in presenting the key of Senior Hall to the representatives of the Junior Class.

Here the exercises were turned over to the Class of 1905, who, with four of its members, Margaret DuBose, Florence Grant, Bessie Poe Law and Mossie Long, present, and Miss Katie, Honorary Member, placed their class stone, inscribed with the 1905 motto, *Fac et Spera*, to the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

And then, with all joining heartily in the strains of *Alma Mater*, the day was done.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ALUMNAE.

The regular annual meeting of the Alumnae is held regularly at half-past four of Tuesday in Commencement Week in the Studio, and the attendance this year was large, but the critical condition of Miss Saunders, so well known to all and the close friend of the directing officers, threw a damper over the meeting and only the absolutely necessary business was transacted. The old officers were re-elected as follows:

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.

Secretary-Treasurer—Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.

THE RECTOR'S RECEPTION.

Tuesday evening, despite the universal sorrow, the regular reception was held as usual, though without the presence of guests from without. This is peculiarly a school function. The Rector and Mrs. DuBose, with the Bishop and Mrs. Cheshire, and the members of the graduating class, received the guests, who included the Trustees, the Faculty and the pupils with their visiting relatives.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES.

There was an excellent attendance of the Trustees at the annual meeting, which is held in the Library on the afternoon of the Wednesday of Commencement Week.

Rev. Mr. Hogue, of Wilmington, and Mr. Geo. C. Royall, of Goldsboro, the new Trustees from East Carolina, took their seats at this meeting.

The *News and Observer* gave this general account of the meeting:

The Board of Trustees of St. Mary's held a most harmonious meeting, and the splendid condition of the institution and its bright prospects for increased usefulness was a subject of congratulation.

Matters of business and plans for the future were discussed at length, these being entered into with enthusiasm, for the reports showed that St. Mary's School is entirely out of debt and that its field of usefulness is widening.

The Trustees decided to build and equip a steam laundry for the institution, to overhaul the steam heating plant, and to make other permanent improvements as needed.

The report of the work of the year was received, and this the Trustees declared to be the most satisfactory in the history of St. Mary's. This is a splendid tribute to Rev. McNeely DuBose, the rector, who has striven to put St. Mary's on a high plane, and to make it an institution worthy of the fine patronage it is receiving, and shows that the school is flourishing as never before, and has the brightest prospects.

The Trustees found that the Eliza Pittman Memorial Auditorium is in process of construction and announce that it will be completed in time for the next commencement, thus giving larger quarters for the annual commencement exercises of the school.

Ballade and Polonaise, for Violin and Piano.....	Vieuxtemps
Gertrude Elaine Sanborn	
Miss Pixley at the Piano	
Carnival Scenes in Vienna.....	Schumann
Laura Baker	
Quartet, The Parting Kiss.....	Pinsuti
Misses Fisher, Eldridge, Brigman and Barnwell	
Venetian Love Song, from a "Day in Venice".....	Nevin
St. Mary's Orchestra	
When Love is King.....	Buck
Marylily Fisher	
Scherzo and Coral.....	DuBois
Virginia Empie Bailey	
Hungarian Dance	Isenman
St. Mary's Orchestra	

To again quote:

The annual concert given last night was a really brilliant and enjoyable one, and was a tribute to the effective management of the Department of Music by Professor Sanborn, who has shown splendid talent and executive ability, a teacher who has taught thoroughly and earnestly.

There was present a splendid audience that filled and overflowed the parlor, and yet could not be accommodated, a matter that will be overcome next year as the new auditorium will give room that is greatly needed. The parlor was tastily decorated for the exercises last night.

The first number was a Rubinstein selection, his "Melody in F" being rendered charmingly by St. Mary's Orchestra of sixteen pieces, in this being violins, viola, violincello, double bass, clarionets, trombones and cornets. The rendition was greatly enjoyed. It was followed by Godard's "Barcarolle," a piano selection, excellently given by Miss Caroline Nelson DeRosset, of Wilmington, after it coming a vocal selection, Arne's "The Lass With the Delicate Air," rendered by Miss Margaret Eldridge, of Camden, S. C., who has a very sweet and attractive mezzo-soprano voice.

The next number was by Miss Myrtle Louise Disosway, of New Bern, whose piano selection was the "Murmuring Zephyrs" of Jenson, this light and rippling piece being splendidly given. After it was a jolly trio, the "Terzet, Nursery Rhyme Suite" of Custance, this serio-comic selection being cleverly sung by Miss Marylily Fisher, of Edgefield, S. C., soprano, Miss Margaret Eldridge, of Camden, S. C., mezzo-soprano, and Miss Emma Barnwell, of Sumter, S. C., alto. Next was a piano number, Saint Saens' "Allegro Appassionato," this most difficult and beautiful selection being splendidly given by Miss Frankie Lenore Self, of Hickory. Miss Desdemona Creighton, of Raleigh, then sang charmingly the song by d'Hardelot, "All for You," her sweet and round soprano being greatly enjoyed.

Liebling's "Valse de Concert" was next exquisitely played by Miss Serena Cobia Bailey, of Palatka Fla., and following this Miss Ruth Foster, of Brunswick, Ga., sang delightfully the scena and aria from "Judith," by Concone, her soprano voice

being beautiful, smooth and flexible. Then came a violin selection by Miss Gertrude Elaine Sanborn, of Buena Vista, Va., the piano accompaniment being by Miss Pixley. This was Vieuxtemps' "Ballade and Polonaise," for violin and piano, and it was delightfully given.

The illness of Miss Laura Baker, of Georgia, prevented her rendition of Schumann's "Carnival Scenes in Vienna," and the next number was a quartet, "The Parting Kiss," by Pinsute; in this Misses Fisher, soprano, Eldridge, mezzo-soprano, Barnwell, second alto, and Miss Mattie Brigman, of Rockingham, first alto, singing splendidly. St. Mary's Orchestra next delightfully rendered Nevin's Venetian Love Song, from "A Day in Venice," after which Miss Marylily Fisher, of Edgefield, soprano, sung with excellent effect Buck's "When Love is King." Miss Virginia Empie Bailey, of Wilmington, next rendered in a splendid style Du Bois' "Scherzo and Choral," the light and sportive music being brilliantly given. The genuinely enjoyable concert closed with the ever delightful "Hungarian Dance" of Isenman, brilliantly rendered by St. Mary's Orchestra.

THE GRADUATION EXERCISES.

Thursday morning came the climax.

There is a charm all its own about the Commencement at St. Mary's, this beginning with the exercises in the parlor, continuing in the ever attractive processional of sweet maidens all in white through the grounds to the Chapel and the delivering of the diplomas by the Bishop. Once seen these are never forgotten, and always the memory is a pleasant one.

The exercises began at half after ten o'clock in the parlor, beautifully decorated and filled with friends. On the rostrum were the graduates, the Rector, members of the clergy and of the Board of Trustees. The historic parlor was used this year for the last time, as next year the exercises will take place in the Elizabeth Pittman Memorial Auditorium, now being constructed, and the greater room will give place for larger audiences, as many have been kept away from Commencement events by the limitations of space for visitors.

The opening number of the program was Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," a piano selection cleverly rendered by Miss Sadie Belle McGwigan, of Enfield. This was followed by the salutatory by Miss Annie Elizabeth Koonce, of Richlands, who in a charming little address made welcome all to the events of the day. Following this Miss Louise Hill, of Lexington, charmingly rendered a piano selection, "Spring," by Liszt.

The class essay was read by Miss Annie Whitner Sloan, of Columbia, S. C., this being a sketch of the life and poems of William Wordsworth, poet and philosopher, an essay which gave evidence of a high degree of literary culture and felicity of expression. A lovely vocal quartet, Barnby's "Sweet and Low," was next sung by Misses Fisher of Edgefield, Eldridge of Camden, Foster of Georgia, and Barnwell of Sumter.

The concluding event of the exercises in the parlor was the valedictory, delivered by Miss Frances Elizabeth Woolf, of Demopolis, Ala. This was a charming parting address, brief, business like, and yet full of the sadness of saying "good-bye."

Rev. McNeeley DuBose, the Rector, next read the list of honor students and the roll of distinctions, following which the audience adjourned to the chapel, the beautiful processional of the students all in white being a lovely feature. Singing "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand," the procession entered the Chapel, where devotional exercises were conducted by Bishop Joseph Blount Cheshire. Then came the presentation of diplomas and certificates, the certificates being delivered by the Rector and the diplomas by Bishop Cheshire, who presented Bishop Robert Strange, of Wilmington, to deliver the address to the graduates. Prayer and the benediction by Bishop Strange closed the Commencement exercises and the students left the Chapel, singing as the recessional hymn "Jerusalem, High Tower."

THE CHARLES M. NILES MEDAL.

The Niles Medal, first offered by Dr. Niles at the last Commencement, is awarded to that pupil of the College Department who has shown herself throughout the session most excellent in scholarship and deportment.

The first award of the medal was made to Miss Lillian Hauser Farmer, of Florence, S. C., of the Junior Class, average being 97.86 per cent, and her deportment perfect. In presenting this medal, which was done before the diplomas were presented, Rev. W. P. Witsell, of Columbia, S. C., spoke most pleasantly of the splendid record of Miss Farmer.

Dr. Niles is now on leave of absence in Europe, for his health, and so was unable to be present, but announces that the medal will be continued.

THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS.

Bishop Strange, in addressing the graduates, adopted as his message the message of Jehovah to the children of Israel through Moses as they stood on the shore of the Red Sea in their flight from Egypt, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." The Bishop likened the young ladies as they stepped out of college on the threshold of their life's work to the hosts of Israel as they faced the towering waves of the Red Sea with the Egyptian armies behind them, and as the waves of the sea divided for Israel to pass over when they obeyed the command to "go forward," so the graduates must ever "go forward" if they would come into the real life of strength, safety and personal worth.

He urged that they go forward by work, real useful effort for the betterment of themselves and those about them. There must be the daily performance of some unpleasant duty, these to be the crosses that would develop into glittering crowns that would constitute the real joy of life.

The Class Honors.

THE SALUTATORY—ANNIE E. KOONCE.

A commencement, like a day, has its morning, noon and evening—in other words, it has its welcome, its exercises, and its farewell. My message is that one which we most gladly give, the word of welcome.

So, in behalf of the Class of Nineteen-Six, I extend a cordial and a heartfelt welcome to all who may favor us with their presence during this occasion, so interesting to us. First, to the fathers and mothers whose thoughts and affections have, for all these years, been centered upon this spot, I extend in behalf of their daughters a joyous welcome.

To our beloved Rector, who has so ably conducted the affairs of this institution; to the teachers who have faithfully and patiently taught us; to the Board of Trustees, who, by their foresight and wisdom, have made it possible for so many of the daughters of other States as well as the "Old North State" to enjoy such educational advantages as are to be found here; to the clergy and to our loved bishops in particular, I extend with a grateful heart a most cordial welcome.

To the Junior Class, only a little younger than we, who a year hence will stand where we now stand, and experience what we are to-day experiencing—in behalf of the class I represent—I give a sisterly welcome.

To the student body, to each and all, it gives me pleasure to extend a loving and hearty welcome.

Dear friends, you honor us by your presence on this our day. May our exercises be as pleasant to you as is your presence to us.

Welcome! Thrice welcome, all!

THE VALEDICTORY—FRANCES E. WOOLF.

To me has fallen the scarce enviable privilege of bidding you farewell. I will not even attempt to express my feelings or the feelings of my class,—

"for words are only words and move
Upon the topmost froth of thought."

and those tears which spring unbidden to my eyes,—they speak more eloquently for us.

At this moment of parting everything at this dear old St. Mary's seems to us to have grown doubly dear: the little room, now bared of its pictures and pennants—the Grove—the Chapel—and you, my dear friends.

You have been drawn so much nearer to us that we cannot say good-bye, but wishing that each of you may find much happiness in the years to come—1906 bids you au revoir—and “may God be with you till we meet again.”

The Class Essay.

ANNIE WHITNER SLOAN-

Wordsworth, the Poet.

I wandered lonely, as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margin of the bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed and gazed and little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

Beneath the trees of Gowbarrow Park near the water, the greatest of the Lake Poets walking one day with his sister saw the dancing daffodils, and the sight of that golden belt enriched our literature.

We fancy seeing them now, as the brother and sister did then, some resting their heads upon the mossy stones, as for weariness, and the others tossing and reeling and dancing and seeming as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake. How gay they look! Ever changing, ever glancing!

It was in this Lake Country at Cockermouth near Gowbarrow Park, where the daffodils danced under the trees, and near many other spots which he has immortalized, that William Wordsworth, the poet and the philosopher, was born, April 17, 1770.

Wordsworth probably received little of his poetical genius by inheritance. His mother died when he was eight, but it is said that even at this early age she divined something of his character. She said William was the only one of the children whose future life she was worried about, because she knew it would be remarkable, either for good or for evil. His sister Dorothy and his life-long friend, Coleridge, seem to have had a great deal of influence on him. Wordsworth writes in 1832 in speaking of Coleridge, "He and my beloved sister are the two beings to whom my intellect is most indebted." But it was nature, which he loved with the first passion of youth, and which had a most lasting influence on the immortal poet's mind. Wordsworth himself in a few words sums up the influence that his environments had on him. "Akin to the vapors exhaling from the lakes," he says, "are the fleecy clouds resting upon the hill-tops; they are not easily managed in picture with their accompaniment of blue sky, but how glorious are they in nature, how pregnant with imagination to the poet! And the height of the Cumbrian Mountains is sufficient to exhibit daily and hourly instances of those mysterious attachments. But such clouds lifting up suddenly their glittering heads from behind rocky barriers and hurrying out of sight with speed of the sharpest edge, will often tempt an inhabitant to congratulate himself on belonging to a country of mists and clouds and storms, and make him think of the blank sky of Egypt, and of the cerulean vacancy of Italy, as an unanimated and even a sad spectacle."

Scotland, Wales, Switzerland, Germany and Italy have all a place in his works, but the scenes of Wordsworth's childhood left behind them the deepest impressions, and we find him, perhaps too often, longing for "the tender grace of a day that is dead."

"My early school-days," he tells us, "were very happy ones." When nine years old he and his brother John went to Hawkshead to school. Here he made his first verses, but they were forced upon him, and, not springing from that boundless imagination which he afterwards developed, were nothing worth.

In 1787 he went to St. John's College, Cambridge, from where "with laurels all unbestowed" he took his degree in 1791. But it was here with the influence of the groves of forest trees around him, especially that of one exquisite ash tree wreathed with ivy, under which he used to love to linger long, that the first thoughts of poetry began to dawn upon him. He, who of all English poets, in spite of his defects, could pierce the furthest behind the veil, was even now, silently and unconsciously, beginning to peep through the shadowy mists, and to learn from the nature around him what he himself afterwards so faithfully taught.

The first part of his poems were devoted entirely to nature, as an example, the "Descriptive Sketches." Then, later in life, when his mind became broadened with his travels, he wrote of "men as they are men within themselves." For another great influence on Wordsworth was the French Revolution, his hope for what it would accomplish, and his disappointment when he saw the excesses of the Terror and the Imperialism of Napoleon. So he turned away from it with a complete relaxation of his whole mind, every fibre of his being vibrating with a feeling of pity or disgust. He had no admiration for a man like the great Napoleon, for he was then looking for the sympathy between man and man and his chief praise was to be bestowed upon the "Cumberland mountaineer."

A few years later at White Moss, in the sweet garden orchard so eminently fair, Wordsworth composed his best works; the second volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, parts of "The Prelude" and "Excursion," and "The Ode on the Intimations of the Immortality of the Soul." The last great ode is the best of his longer poems, and probably it has been criticized more than any of the rest of them. The reason it is not universally popular is that it opens up for us a new field of thought never before explored, and some people do not readily grasp new ideas; but think of the excellences of the poem, in which Wordsworth portrays the most characteristic of his poetical doctrines and also reaches the height of his imaginative powers.

His greatest literary work was accomplished from 1798-1808. In 1843, after the death of Southey, Wordsworth was made Poet Laureate,

but he was never from the first as popular as he deserved to be—"Strongest minds are often those which the noisy world hears least."

From this review of the influences moulding the poet's mind, let us turn to a consideration of his rank among poets.

According to the judicious criticism of Matthew Arnold, with whom many agree, England has the right, if any country has, to be proud of her poets, and Wordsworth is one of the greatest. If we take the roll of our chief poetical names besides Shakespeare and Milton, we find that Wordsworth ranks above Spencer, Pope, Coleridge, Burns, Byron and Shelley.

Looking at the great names on the continent after the death of Milere, Schiller, Heine, Leopardi, Racine, and Victor Hugo, we find that with the single exception of Goethe, Wordsworth's name stands first. This is indeed a great claim to be made for him, but it is true.

Having seen how Wordsworth ranks as a poet, we must consider the characteristics that give him this place in literature. There were defects in his poetry too obvious to be overlooked, yet they almost vanish away when we think of the good his work has done. His style was sometimes inconstancy itself, yet we cannot help being pleased with its originality, its strong feeling, its purity; his treatment of details was often very minute and his insertion of accidental circumstances perhaps unnecessary to make one fully understand his characters, yet we love his personality and admire his fertility of mind; his subjects to some critics were not great enough for his thoughts, yet this is not by any means always true, for Coleridge gives as one of Wordsworth's greatest excellences his balance of thought and expression. Few poets have approached him in the power of presenting in most felicitous language exquisite descriptions of the sights and scenes of the outdoor world.

Again, his poetry stands with that of Milton because like that of the great Puritan poet his life was itself a noble poem, and as he wrote poetry because he could not suppress his feelings, you cannot read a single verse, hardly a single line, without knowing the poet's character, his uprightness, his integrity, his simplicity, his purity, his sincerity, his piety.

These were the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all not only "This was a man," but also "This was a poet!"

Southey says, "I never saw poetry so philosophical and so heroic." Why philosophical? Because Wordsworth's poetry and his philosophy are inseparable. Like Shakespeare, Milton or Burns, he reveals his whole mode of feeling in a few words. Think of the depths of thought he displays in this one line, "To me the meanest flower that blows, gives thoughts that lie too deep for tears." And it is as the revealer of that influence which all that is grand and beautiful in nature has upon man's thought and action that Wordsworth stands as the original poet of the nineteenth century literature.

In Wordsworth's vocabulary there was no such word as failure. He tells us if a man fail, let him not give up, but let him find some new tract to explore. Therefore he appeals to those older in years, who have learned from bitter experience, and who turn to him for comfort. He was once heard to remark, "Every great poet is a teacher; I wish either to be considered as a teacher or as nothing." Separate the poet and his purpose and all is lost.

"That were indeed a genuine birth,
Of poesy;
A bursting forth
Of genius from the dust!
What Horace would have glory to behold,
What Maro would have loved, shall we enfold?
Can haughty time be just?"

A thousand times yes. There does not remain in our mind a shadow of a doubt that some day, some time, William Wordsworth will be recognized as the true genius that he is, and "What he hath loved, you will love: and he will teach you how."

The Class Will.

JANE IREDELL GREEN.

We, the Seniors of '06, being of sane mind and sound body, do proclaim all wills heretofore enacted by us to be invalid and make this our last will and testament.

Item:—We give, devise, and bequeath unto the frivolous Junior Class our weighty dignity and wonderful wisdom.

To the future inhabitants of Senior Hall we will all the valuable property contained therein, including rats and The Pistol, which may be of aid in case of serenades, but always should be shot into the air.

It is our will that the doors and windows shall be carefully locked every night and all articles of furniture be always carefully examined (for they may contain a burglar). It would be excellent while going through these nightly exercises to be well armed either with a ponderous club or a shoe, and it would perhaps be wise for all lights to be put out promptly. Midnight feasts or serenades should not be indulged in. It is a great source of worry that we cannot leave to our successors our trust-worthy "Boog"—but she, with us, will pass away.

We hereby warn the Class of 1907 to have box couches in their rooms, and if they haven't one already, let them buy from us who are about to pass away (for couches are very convenient to throw trash into when you hear the soft footfalls of the daily inspector).

Item:—We give, devise, and bequeath also to the Juniors the privilege and great pleasure of going down town unchaperoned. But we warn and advise that they should always wear their dignity as a safeguard against flippant young boys, and beware of thinking that the privilege of going to Giersch's is conferred upon them, for they will soon find out their mistake. We speak from bitter experience.

Item:—To the Producers of the Annual Muse and Manufacturers of the Monthly we do devise and bequeath troubles and cares innumerable, but advise them not to be discouraged when Mr. Cruikshank makes the statement that they will never be able to accomplish their purpose and are the worst class that ever existed in this or any other school, for, remarkable to say, he told us the same thing—and gaze upon our triumphs now!

Item:—We do bequeath to the Faculty the privilege of using us free of charge as an example to the school, feeling sure that this will prove a great incentive to spur them on to higher things.

Item:—We would devise and bequeath our numerous mashes, but we cannot possibly part with them, as their service is too valuable.

To Emily Carrison, we do give, devise, and bequeath Ret's beautiful suit of hair.

To Lillian Farmer we will Gertrude's most valuable Wake Forest suitor.

And we do leave to be equally divided between Helen Strange and Isabel Clark Annie Koonce's quiet and unassuming ways.

To Miss Thomas we devise our Senior English books (as it is impossible to sell them at Williams').

And last to each teacher and fellow student we will our most sincere sympathy and best wishes for many happy and prosperous years.

Commencement Awards, 1906.

Diplomas.

THE COLLEGE 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
Harriett Elizabeth Ruff	Ridgeway, S. C.
Annie Whitner Sloan	Columbia, S. C.
Sara Gertrude Sullivan	Savannah, Ga.
Frances Elizabeth Woolf	Demopolis, Ala.

THE BUSINESS SCHOOL.

Ruth Batchelder	Beaufort, S. C.
Caroline Nelson deRosset.....	Wilmington
Almeria Giles Swann	Sanford

Certificates.

THE COLLEGE.

Certificate-Diploma in the English Course.

Josephine Engelhard Boylan	Raleigh
Myrtle Louise Disosway.....	New Bern
Eula Hite Gregory	Henderson
Nancy Fairley	Rockingham
Mary Memucan Perry	Henderson
Leonore Wheat Seay	Charlotte

Certificates.

Virginia Empie Bailey	English and Literature
Martha Brigman	English and Literature

THE MUSIC SCHOOL.

Serena Cobia Bailey	Piano
Virginia Empie Bailley	Piano
Caroline Nelson deRosset	Piano
Myrtle Louise Disosway	Piano
Ruth Foster	Vocal
May Lee Montague	Vocal

THE ART SCHOOL.

Leonore Wheat Seay	Drawing and Water Color
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THE ELOCUTION SCHOOL.

Rowena Lee	Expression
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THE BUSINESS SCHOOL.

Katharine Talbot Gary	Bookkeeping and Typewriting
Mary Christine Klingensmith	Stenography and Typewriting
Mary Hull McKimmon	Stenography and Typewriting

The Honor Roll of 1906.

The Honor Roll, the highest public award of merit for the pupil of St. Mary's, is based on five requirements.

In order to be entitled to place on the roll a pupil must—

(1) Have been in attendance during the entire session and have been absent from no duty at any time during the session without the full consent of the Rector, and with lawful excuse.

(2) Have had during the year a course of at least fifteen hours of regular work, and carried this work to successful completion, taking all required examinations.

(3) Have maintained an average of "Very Good" (90 per cent) or better in all her studies.

(4) Have made a record of "Excellent" in deportment.

(5) Have maintained a generally satisfactory bearing in all the affairs of her school life during the year.

These pupils are entitled to places on the Honor Roll for the session of 1905-'06.

Serena Cobia Bailey	Palatka, Fla.
Sallie Haywood Battle, '09	Rocky Mount
Heber Corinne Birdsong, '07	Raleigh
Beatrice Bollman Cohen, '07	Florence, S. C.
Grace Trueman Deaton, '09	Raleigh
Myrtle Louise Disosway	New Bern
Maude Marshall Eberhardt, '11	Raleigh
Lillian Hauser Farmer, '07	Florence, S. C.
Ruth Foster, '06	St. Simon's Mills, Ga.
Jane Iredell Green, '06	Wilmington

Georgia Stanton Hales, '09.....	Wilson
Bertha Gladys Harris, '09.....	Raleigh
Louise Hill, '08	Lexington
Bertha Belo Holman, '08.....	Raleigh
Evelyn Hyman Jackson, '11.....	Raleigh
Annie Eliza Koonce, '06.....	Richlands
Eleanor Vass Mann, '11.....	Raleigh
Julia Louise McIntyre, '09.....	Mullins, S. C.
Frances Johnson McRee	Richmond, Va.
Katharine Wilder Rogers, '11.....	Raleigh
Leonore Wheat Seay.....	Charlotte
Mary James Spruill, '07	Littleton
Amelia Whitaker, '10.....	Raleigh
Mamie Agnes Wilder, '10.....	Raleigh
Frances Elizabeth Woolf, '06.....	Demopolis, Ga.

Distinguished in Scholarship, 1906.

"To be distinguished in scholarship a pupil must have maintained at least a minimum course in the academic department; must have been 'Excellent' in department; and have an average of 95 per cent or more in her studies."

	Pr. Ct.
1. Lillian Hauser Farmer, '07.....	97.86
2. Maude Marshall Eberhardt, '11.....	97.03
3. Georgia Stanton Hales, '09.....	96.56
4. Serena Cobia Bailey	96.54
5. Elizabeth Turner Waddill, '08.....	96.36
6. Julia Louise McIntyre, '09.....	96.19
7. Myrtle Louise Disosway	96.16
8. Mary Thornton Lassiter, '06.....	96.07
9. Mary Mitchell Chamberlain, '11.....	95.98
10. Sadiebelle McGwigan, '08.....	95.48
11. Mary James Spruill, '07.....	95.00

Primary Department Honors.

Honor Roll—Florence Douglas Stone.

For Progress in the Studies of the Department—Florence Douglas Stone.

For Regular Attendance—Rainsford DuBose.

For Department—Elizabeth Hughes, Florence Stone, St. Pierre DuBose.

Commencement Notes.

Senah Critz and Susan Bynum stopped with us on their way home from their year in Washington schools.

Bessie Poe Law, '05, finished her year's work at Waverly Mills in time to be at Commencement, and is now spending July at Morehead.

The Marshals at Commencement were: Chief, in white and gold regalia, Miss Virginia Empie Bailey, of Wilmington, of the Sigma Lambda Literary Society. Assistants, in blue and silver regalias—Misses Josephine Boylan, of Raleigh, and Christine Klingensmith, of Blairsville, Pa., from the Sigma Lambda Literary Society; Misses Emma Barnwell, of Sumter, S. C., and Lottie Sharp, of Edenton, from the Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society. They were quite equal to the occasion.

There were more than the usual number of Commencement visitors from a distance present with us this year, most of them especially interested in some member of the graduating class. Among others there were Bishop and Mrs. Strange, Mrs. Wm. H. Green, Mrs. H. B. Short, Mrs. R. C. Sloan, Miss Adelaide Meares, Misses Florence Grant and Helen Clark, Theo. Cantwell, Mr. Ed. Bailey, of Wilmington; Col. and Mrs. John T. Sloan, of Columbia; Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Witsell; Mr. Jas. Sullivan, of Savannah; Mr. J. R. Foster and Miss Catharine Foster, of St. Simon's Mills, Ga.; Miss Harriet Bowen, of Jackson; Mr. P. T. Hayne, of Greenville, S. C.; Mrs. Koonce, of Richlands; Mrs. Mark Disosway, of New Bern; Misses Isabel and Sarah Ruff, of Ridgeway, S. C.; Rita Meares, Mary Graves, of Chapel Hill; Senah Critz, of Winston; Susan Bynum, of Lincolnton; Mossie Long, of Rockingham; Olive Morrill, of Snow Hill; Mary Villepigue, of Camden; Leah Perry, of Henderson.

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.

EDITORIAL.

With this issue the third year of the revived MUSE begins. There has been little change in the appearance or content of the publication since the June, 1904, number appeared, nor is any great change contemplated. The MUSE then and now is meant solely and simply as the school newspaper, to preserve the remembrance of anything worth remembering in the happenings of the school, and to keep the "old girls" and others in touch with each other and with the present state of the school. The editors will always gladly welcome any suggestions for improvement and kindly criticism, and invite the comment of those interested in the MUSE.

Though on account of her prolonged illness beginning in the fall, Miss Anne Saunders was far less well known to the new girls of the past year than to the pupils of St. Mary's during the twelve years preceding, she made her impression on all. Occupying a distinct place, herself a distinct individual, overflowing with interest in girls and in St. Mary's, ever mindful of the best traditions of the South, "Miss Anne" made herself felt in both the school and the hearts of those who knew her. Others, not a few, have given of themselves freely for the upbuilding and advancement of St. Mary's, and for one reason or another passed out of the school world to other fields while their services to St. Mary's have been more or less overlooked, though their work yet lives in its fruits, but "Miss Anne" and her place will not be forgotten,

and while she rests at the close of a long and useful life, her friends, the girls of St. Mary's not the least of them, will think of her and cherish her memory. The suggestion, coming from older friends, of marking that part of the Chapel where she always sat, when she came, as she loved to do, to worship there, by placing a window to her memory, seems particularly appropriate, for no one loved the Chapel and the Church more deeply than Miss Saunders, nor found more joy in its services, and the last time she was able to leave the house, during a brief period of improvement a month before the end, she used the little energy she had left in going for the last time to the Chapel. And there near her favorite seat the memorial of her will be placed.

The Muse Prizes.

The MUSE prizes, offered at the beginning of the year, were awarded on Commencement Day. These prizes, three annual MUSES, were offered as recognition for the best story, the best verses, and the best sketch submitted for publication in the MUSE during the year.

The committee appointed to make the awards decided that they shall be given to

Serena Cobia Bailey.....	Palatka, Fla.
Helen Katharine Liddell.....	Charlotte.
Helen Strange	Wilmington.

and said further:

“The award is made to Miss Bailey for her story, ‘Il Padre Curato’ (first published in this number), and her poem, ‘Leonore’; to Miss Liddell for her poem, ‘The Legend of the Diamond and the Pearl,’ and her sketch, ‘The Black Walnut Stairway’; and to Miss Strange for her sketches, ‘From a Serenader’s Point of View’ and ‘Arranged Under Difficulties’ (the latter done in collaboration with Miss Sue Brent Prince).”

The MUSE congratulates the winners and will continue the prizes another year.

Our New Teachers.

When school opens in the fall there will be opportunities for new friendships with teachers as well as girls. Six new faces will greet us in place of others we have known well. We present here a very brief sketch of the professional lives of these new friends, and leave their personalities to speak for themselves. We bid each and all welcome, and assure each of our hearty co-operation and loyal support.

Mr. Almon W. Vincent, who is the new Director of Music, was educated in this country and abroad, completing his training at the Royal Conservatory at Leipzig. For seven years he taught at the Cincinnati College of Music, and was then Director at Mt. Allison Conservatory, Canada, for three years. More recently he has been Director of Music at the National Park Seminary, Washington, and Kee Mar Conservatory, Maryland. He comes to St. Mary's from Westminster College, Pennsylvania. Mr. Vincent is a superior concert pianist and organist, experienced in orchestral conducting and has been more than ordinarily successful as a teacher and director throughout his experience.

Mrs. Vincent, who will be head vocal teacher, has occupied similar positions for many years in the schools in which Mr. Vincent has been director. She studied with the best teachers in Cincinnati, Boston, New York and Paris. She has a strong dramatic soprano voice of excellent quality and range. As a teacher and voice-builder she has had great success, which we hope may be continued at St. Mary's. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent have no children.

Miss Eliza Pool, of whom the MUSE spoke in May, long a friend of St. Mary's and more or less closely associated with it, is too well known as a teacher to need introduction. She made a special study of French and German for years at the Sauveur and the Portland Schools of Languages, and studied at the University of Geneva, Switzerland, and at the Sorbonne, Paris. During her long teaching career she has been repeatedly abroad for study and has in every way kept in complete touch with the best methods. She is at present in Paris for the summer for study in preparation for her fall work. Miss Pool will have charge of the French at St. Mary's, and will also act as assistant to the Rector,

relieving Mr. DuBose of many of the routine duties which he has heretofore managed.

Miss Ada B. Smith, of Ravenswood, West Virginia, who will have charge of the mathematics, is a graduate of 1904 of the Randolph-Macon Woman's College. She specialized in mathematics there, and has the past two years been teaching very successfully in The Misses Thomas' School, Memphis, Tenn.

Miss Sara Spurlock, late of Nashville, will have charge of the work in science and assist in German. She was educated in the University of Cincinnati and the Peabody Normal College, completing her study with two years special work in science and German at the University of Berlin. She has had an extended teaching experience and has during the past few years been teaching in Potter College, Bowling Green, Ky.

Miss Mary E. Spann, who takes the place vacated by Miss Meares, and will confine her attention to the lower preparatory classes, has made a specialty of this work and has been fitted for it by many years experience in Baily Springs Seminary, Huntsville College, and other Southern schools, though she has been teaching the past sessions in the Hendersonville and Asheville city schools. She was educated at the Peabody Normal College and in Canada. She is especially interested in Lanier and his writings, and her presence at St. Mary's, in addition to her teaching, will doubtless prove very helpful to the Sigma Lambda Literary Society.

SCHOOL NOTES.

—Though work on the Pittman Memorial Building progresses slowly, it is pleasant to see it go steadily on. There is little prospect of the Auditorium being ready for use until late in the next school year, but the foundation is now about ready and work will be pushed as rapidly as is possible.

—The girls seem all to have gotten home safely and to be enjoying the vacation too thoroughly to vouchsafe the MUSE much information. No news is good news usually, and we hope this is true in this instance, both collectively and individually.

—The laundry, discussed for several years, is this summer to become a fact. It will be located in a specially prepared building to the north of the Art Building, and the installation of the laundry plant will be a distinct move forward in the work of improving the equipment of St. Mary's. During the summer a large part of the steam heating apparatus will also be thoroughly overhauled and renewed.

—The North Carolina Diocesan Council met in Henderson the middle of June. Mr. DuBose represented St. Mary's, and Miss McKimmon the St. Mary's Auxiliary. Much interest was evidenced in the discussions concerning the school and the speeches made to the Convention in its interest.

—Letters received by friends here announce that the St. Mary's party of teachers are now enjoying themselves in England. The accident to their ship the day after their party safely landed in Liverpool served to emphasize their arrival on the other side. Misses Hull, Pixley and Pool will spend the summer in study in Paris, while Mrs. Irvine goes on to Berlin.

—The Rector and "the family" got off for their summer vacation June 19th. Mr. DuBose went to Sewanee, where Miss Margaret had preceded him; while Mrs. DuBose, Mrs. Anderson, and "the children" go first to Canton and then to Asheville.

—The sympathy of every member of St. Mary's is with Miss Thomas, at the death of her sister, Mrs. Mitchell, wife of Rev. A. R. Mitchell, of Greenville, S. C., which occurred June 20. Miss Thomas went directly from St. Mary's after Commencement to Greenville to be with her sister's children, while Mrs. Mitchell went away for a little rest.

—Miss Chickley's address for the summer is Caimito, Cuba. In the fall Bishop Knight's School in Havana, of which she is principal, will move into larger quarters, which speaks plainly of its successful development.

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 NOTES.

Alumnae Muse.

The interest felt by a considerable number of the alumnae in the April Alumnae MUSE has been shown in various ways, but in none more clearly than by the contributions made by several of the older alumnae of reminiscences filling in some of the periods more or less neglected in April. It seems wiser to present these articles together than separately, and so the November MUSE will be made a second special alumnae edition, and further contributions of articles dealing either with incidents or periods in the past history of the school will be very thankfully received for publication in that number. Meantime the friends who have already written for the MUSE will please accept our sincere thanks and feel assured of our appreciation of this evidence of their interest.

Alumnae Bulletin.

At length we are about ready to send the first edition of the Alumnae Number of the School Bulletin to the printer. This first edition will necessarily be fragmentary and contain many inaccuracies. There is scarcely an old St. Mary's girl who cannot correct some of the inaccuracies or supply some of the missing information. We are not going to ask you to do this until the Bulletin appears, but wish to again call attention to this publication, in which every alumna should be interested, and to ask each person who receives a copy of this Bulletin to look over it carefully and give us the benefit of her knowledge, that the second edition may be more reliable. Copies of any of the Bulletins may be had on application.

Memorial to Miss Saunders.

It is a privilege to be able to publish in this number the accompanying article on Miss Anne Saunders, from the pen of one of those who knew her best. Some friends have suggested, as mentioned elsewhere, the appropriateness of placing a memorial window to Miss Saunders in the school Chapel, just by the seat which she so regularly occupied. This suggestion only needs publicity to insure its carrying out, and in itself calls for no comment. The MUSE will be glad to communicate with friends of Miss Saunders and to receive any contributions for the window fund. It is proposed to raise one hundred dollars and to have the window in position by All Saints' Day. This will be but a small tribute and yet, we venture to say, none would appeal more to Miss Saunders were she still with us.

The Chapel.

The complete appearance of the Chapel was never more striking than on Commencement Day, with the new Smedes Memorial Altar in place. As one looked at the different furnishings and furniture which has been added to the Chapel in the past two years, all as the gifts of loving friends, she could but feel that the St. Mary's spirit was very much alive, and that the best tribute that can be paid to the old school and its work is found in its life in the hearts of those who have known it best. The altar is truly beautiful, and adds much to the appearance of the chancel.

The Rector announced on Commencement Sunday that the Annual Fund during the next year would be applied to the purchase of a bishop's chair.

Anne Saunders: 1843-1906.

Just at twilight, on May the twenty-ninth, Miss Anne Saunders fell asleep, to awake in Paradise.

To those who had watched beside her during the long and weary day, it seemed that the last sound of which she appeared conscious was the music of the hymn sung by the girls of St. Mary's as they left the Chapel after evening prayer.

The next time the "children," as she always called them, assembled there, it was to pay the last tribute of love and respect to her who was their friend.

After a short service, attended by the members of the school and by many Raleigh people, the mortal remains of Miss Saunders were taken to Scotland Neck, to lie in the church-yard there, with her mother and her two brothers.

It seemed particularly appropriate that her active pall-bearers should have been students from the A. and M. College; for she had always been their especial friend and champion. Who can fail to believe it was just as she would have had it? She loved youth, and brightness, and cheerfulness, and she left St. Mary's carried by young hands, surrounded by young girls, who reverently laid upon her coffin their offerings of white flowers.

With Miss Saunders in her last illness were her niece and nephew, representing the families of her brothers, Richard and Joseph Saunders. These two, with Mrs. Richard Saunders, her sister-in-law, accompanied her to Scotland Neck.

Many years ago, when the boys' school of St. John's occupied the present site of St. Mary's, Bishop Ravenscroft sent to it, as a teacher, the Rev. Joseph Saunders, who met in Raleigh and married Miss Laura Baker, the daughter of the distinguished physician, Dr. Simmons Baker. Soon after his marriage Mr. Saunders was called to a parish in Pensacola, Florida. There, in 1845, he died of yellow fever, when his only daughter, Anne, was two years old. With her four little children, Mrs. Saunders returned to her father's home in Raleigh, and here Miss Saunders spent her childhood. Her early education she received at St. Mary's, and was then sent, for a year or so, to school in Baltimore. In the meantime Mrs. Saunders had moved to Chapel Hill, to be near her sons while they were in the University, and there, through all the vicissitudes of the War and Reconstruction period, the mother and daughter made their home. The brothers of Miss Saunders, William, Richard and Joseph, served with distinction in the Confederate army, and after the war the former was one of the most prominent and remarkable figures in the political life of the State. All of them bore

nobly their share of life's burdens, but none, except Miss Anne, lived many years beyond middle life. When her mother died, she came to Raleigh to preside over the home of her brother, Col. Wm. Saunders, then Secretary of State, where she remained until his death.

Thirteen years ago Miss Anne came to St. Mary's, and since that time has been one of the best known and most beloved members of the Faculty. The nature of her duties brought her in contact with almost every visitor to the school, and no one who met her can forget the charm of her welcome, in her gracious presence as she met the coming or sped the parting guest.

Many an old St. Mary's girl will remember always with gratitude the sympathy that helped her through periods of homesickness or illness. Handsome in appearance, with the bearing and manners of the finest type of gentlewoman, she was in every sense worthy to be placed before the younger generation as an example of womanly worth. Possessed of many of the best qualities of head and heart, her most distinguishing characteristic was, perhaps, her intense loyalty, to her family, to her friends, to the school, to which she owed allegiance.

Her devotion as a daughter, sister and aunt has rarely been equalled.

Her illness began at Christmas, and during all those months of suffering, she was tenderly nursed by her niece, Miss Laura Saunders, and received every attention that affection and skill could suggest. But she grew tired; and when the school year came to a close and work was laid aside, she, too, ceased her struggle with pain and weakness, and entered upon her eternal and glorious holiday.

K. C. S.

Alumnæ Notes.

—Among St. Mary's folk in Europe this summer are Miss Sadie Root with Mrs. Leak; and Misses Marion and Sada Hanckel of Charleston.

—The presence of a goodly number of the younger *alumnæ* at the school during the Commencement season was good. We must make some more definite provision for regular class reunions. Will the Class of 1904 formulate a plan?

—Miss Bessie Knox Woodard, of Raleigh, formerly of St. Mary's, in May finished her course and was graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music.

—Members of the alumnae were of course rejoiced that the first winner of the Niles Medal, the highest specific reward that has been given to a pupil of St. Mary's as a pupil, should have been Miss Lillian Farmer, the first winner and holder of the Alumnae Scholarship.

Weddings.

On Saturday, June 2d, in St. John's Church, Fayetteville, Miss Lillian Taylor Slocomb was married to Mr. Neil Davis Emerson. The bride and her sisters, and the sisters of the groom, are all "old St. Mary's girls."

On Wednesday, June 6th, in the First Presbyterian Church, New Bern, Miss Annie Stover Stevenson was married to Mr. Edward K. Bishop.

St. Mary's people generally will be much interested in the following notice from the *News and Observer* of June 29:

SMEDES-ROSE.

A wedding of wide interest was solemnized in Christ Church last evening, when Miss Margaret Smedes and Mr. John Irving Rose were united in marriage by the Rev. Dr. Marshall.

Miss Smedes is the daughter of the Rev. Bennett Smedes, late rector of St. Mary's, whom women all over the South hold in loving and reverent memory as one who "wore the white flower of a blameless life." There were many whose hearts went out in tender pride to the sweet girl bride, who embodies these ideals of gentleness, unselfishness and true womanliness which her father and her grandfather spent their lives in implanting, and which have never been more truly exemplified than in the gracious women of their house.

Mr. Rose is a Virginian who has engaged in business in Durham within the last few years. He is a man who stands well with men, is thoroughly liked and respected by them, and he has made many warm friends in his adopted home.

When the stirring chords of Tannhauser's Wedding March were struck the ushers, Messrs. Albert Root, Allen Craig, S. W. Minor, and V. G. Davis, proceeded up the aisle in pairs, followed by the pretty flower girls, Misses Bessie and Margaret Erwin, who wore white organdie and carried armfuls of pink carnations. Then came the bride's twin sisters, daintily duplicate maids of honor, wearing white organdies and carrying carnations.

The bride was exquisitely gowned in white chiffon over silk with a tulle veil falling in a soft mist to the end of the train. As she passed to the altar on the arm of her uncle, Mr. W. A. Erwin, she was a vision of flower-like loveliness.

Mr. Rose was accompanied by his best man, Mr. S. C. Chambers.

The decorations were marked by a churchly simplicity.

After the ceremony a reception was held to the relatives and a few intimate friends, and then Mr. and Mrs. Rose left on the night train for Virginia.

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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ANNOUNCEMENT.

BULLETIN I, 5—which is the catalogue for 1906-07, will be ready July 10.

BULLETIN I, 6—which is the announcement of the courses for 1906-07 and scholastic requirements in detail; containing also the register of students and other records of the session of 1905-06, will be ready July 20.

BULLETIN I, 7—Which contains information concerning the Alumnae of St. Mary's, will be ready August 15.

Copies of any of these Bulletins may be had without charge by writing to the School.

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- Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society - Bi-weekly, Wednesdays, 7 p. m.
- Muse Club - - - - - Weekly.

Athletics.

- Athletic Association - - - - - Monthly.
- Basket-Ball, Tennis, and Walking Clubs.

Social.

- Alpha Kappa Psi Sorority. Alpha Chapter.
- Gamma Beta Sigma Sorority. Alpha Chapter.
- Kappa Delta Fraternity. Phi. Delta Chapter.
- Upsilon Delta Sorority. Alpha Chapter.
- South Carolina Club.

Departmental.

- Glee Club. String Club. Sketch Club. Dramatic Club.

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SCHOOL PROGRAM.

September, 1906.

September 18, Tuesday..... Faculty assemble at St. Mary's.

September 18-19. Registration, Examination and Classification of City Pupils.

September 19-20..... Registration, Examination and Classification of Boarding Pupils.

September 20, Thursday..... 65th Session opens at 10.30 a. m.

September 21, Friday..... Regular class hours begin.

The next number of the Muse, the Summer Number, may be expected September 1.

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MRS. MCNEELY DUBOSE.....	School Mother.
MISS ELIZA POOL.....	Rector's Assistant.
ERNEST CRUIKSHANK	Secretary.

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REV. MCNEELY DUBOSE.....	Bible and Ethics. (B. S., B. D.—University of the South.)
ELEANOR W. THOMAS.....	English and Literature. (A. M.—College for Women, Columbia; graduate student Columbia University.)
WILLIAM E. STONE.....	History and German. (A. B.—Harvard University.)
ERNEST CRUIKSHANK	Latin. (A. M.—Washington College, (Md.); graduate student Johns Hopkins University.)
ELIZA A. POOL	French. (Sauveur School of Languages; Portland School of Languages; University Geneva; Sorbonne (Paris.)
ADA B. SMITH.....	Mathematics. (A. B.—Randolph Macon Woman's College.)
SARA H. SPURLOCK.....	Science and German. (B. S.—University of Nashville; Peabody Normal College; graduate student University of Berlin.)
YANITA CRIBBS.....	Elocution and Physical Culture. (Tuscaloosa Female College; University of Alabama.)
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PRINCIPAL



October, 1908

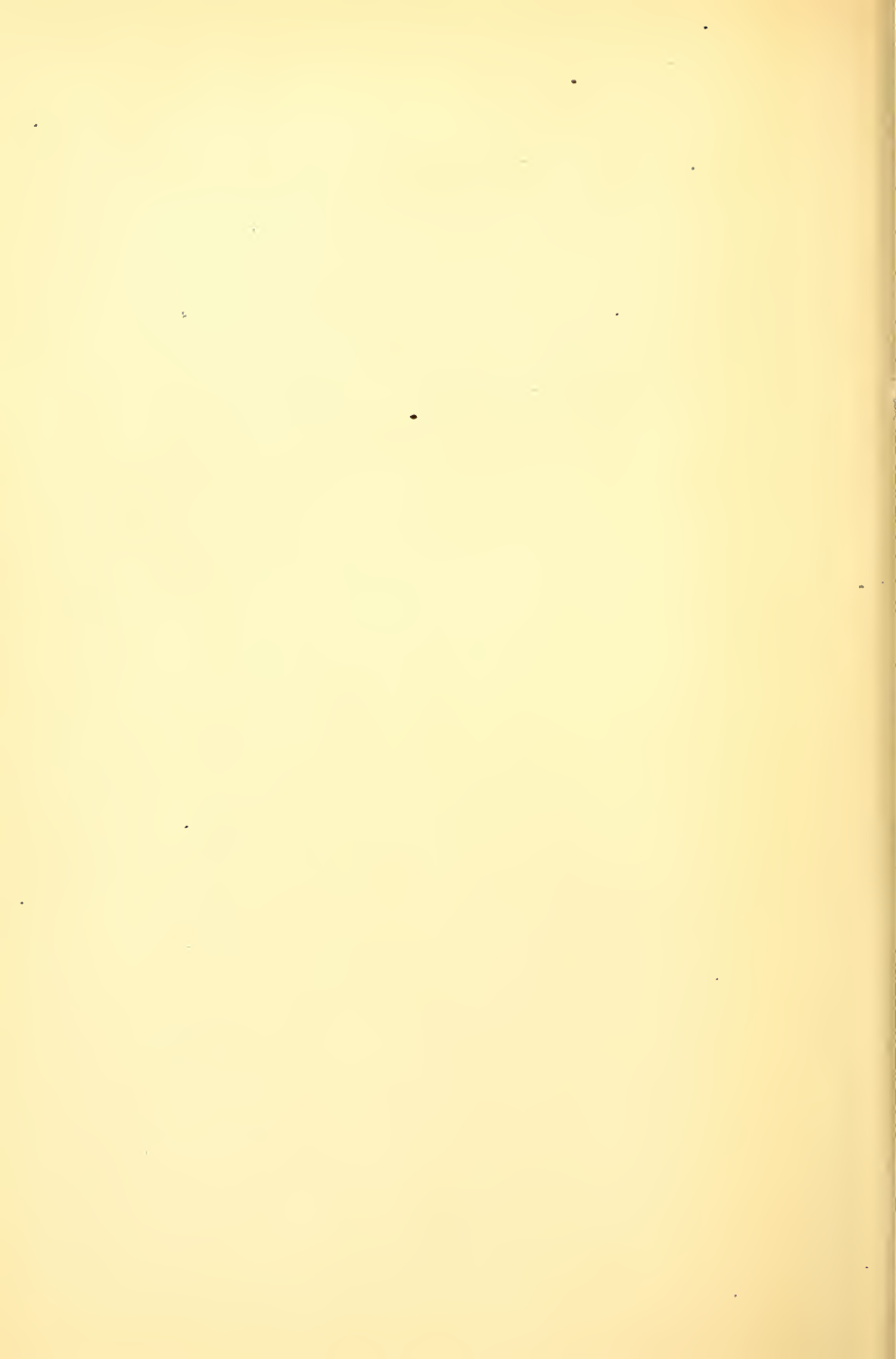
The St. Mary's Muse



Opening Number



Waltham, N. C.



The St. Mary's Muse.

OPENING NUMBER.

VOL. XI.

OCTOBER, 1906.

No. 2.

O God, Holy Ghost, Sanctifier of the faithful, visit, we pray thee, this School with thy love and favor; enlighten our minds more and more with the light of the everlasting Gospel; graft in our hearts a love of the truth; increase in us true religion; nourish us with all goodness; and of thy great mercy keep us in the same, O blessed Spirit, whom, with the Father and the Son together, we worship and glorify as one God, world without end. *Amen.*

The Sixty-Fourth Opening.

On Thursday, September 20th, with a simple service at eleven in the Chapel, the doors of St. Mary's formally opened for the school's sixty-fourth session.

The opening was not markedly different from other similar occasions. For several days girls and teachers had been coming in from their homes in widely separated localities ready for the work about to begin. New girls and old girls; old teachers and new teachers—all with an air of interested expectation. The same old lost feeling at the parting with the home-folks, the same anticipation at the new impressions about to be received was to be noted everywhere. There were a few moments of confusion and then a settling down to the occupation of the hour. Old associations were to be renewed, new associations to be formed; quarters to be looked up and fixed up; academic preliminaries to be arranged; and ever so much talking to be done on every conceivable topic. The equinoctial storm, due at the opening season and threatening, was kind enough to do no more than threaten this year, and though the hot spell was unseasonable it was not particularly unpleasant. "Registration," and "classification," and "tests" and "schedules" claimed a proper share of attention, but did not interfere with the consideration of "society" and "dancing" and "fun." In fact all were jumbled up together into a happy conglomeration until it was time for formalities and regular proceedings to begin.

Saint Mary's School Library

Teachers and girls, almost every one was on hand for the opening service. Bishop Cheshire, who has in the past few years been sounding the opening note of encouragement and inspiration to high aims, was this year detained by illness in his family, and, in his stead, Rev. Mr. Bost, Rector of St. Stephen's, Durham, made the opening address.

The service consisted simply of morning prayer and the brief address, but it sounded the call to work, and reminded us once more and strongly that the summer pleasures were over and school-life, with its pleasures and its pains, is with us again.

The well-known Chapel and familiar form and tones of the Rector, giving the "home-feeling," made even more strange the absence of familiar forms elsewhere. At the organ, in the choir, among the teachers, and in our midst, the most striking impression was made by the new faces. We were ready to welcome the new, but we missed, too, the old, and I venture to say that in those opening hours as many of our thoughts were with the friends whom we have known here and shall miss this year as with the more pressing events of the hour. And to them now, each and all, we waft our love.

The opening week was given to perfecting the preliminaries for work. On Sunday, when the rain finally came down in torrents, Bishop Cheshire was able to be with us and at the service in the School-room, and in few words impressed upon us that our presence here was due to one main object, a desire on the part of each of us to prepare to live to the greatest advantage the life of service. With this lesson in our hearts, on Tuesday, the 25th, we fell back naturally into the routine of the school work.

Two Autumn Days.

(From a Floridian's point of view.)

The sky is as blue, the day is as fair,
 As if summer, not autumn, were here;
 A mocking-bird sings from a tree-top on high,
 On a rose-petal lingers a white butterfly.

The rivulet sings of the joy of to-day,
 While it merrily hastes on its journey away;
 The trees talk of secrets; and bright nodding flowers
 Whisper stories of bees or of life-giving showers.

But that's only a dream, though elsewhere 'tis true,
For here leaves are falling, the sky is *not* blue;
The brown fields now tell us that summer has flown,
The wind shakes the branches; 'tis no song, but a moan.

And yet comes the thought of that other bright day,
Where somewhere the birds are still just as gay,
Where flowers still bloom and streamlets still sing,
Just as they do on a morning in spring.

S. C. B.

Sidney Lanier as a Musician.

"The artist may raise the many to himself or he may descend to the plain of the multitude; the one partakes of the nature of redemptive power, the other of that self-abased and degenerate will which flung from its splendors the fairest star in Heaven."

It is not my purpose to show to which class Lanier, in his two-fold genius, belongs. One of the highest English authorities has placed him first on the roll of American artists, has pronounced him a poet of passion and of power, and has said that there is no easily assignable limit to his genius. President Gates calls him the apostle of beauty and holiness in the history of American art and letters; and again he says, "Lanier's place in the literature of enduring power is secure, fast by the pole of the true in thought, the noble and beautiful in deed, round which our lives revolve."

We generally think of Lanier as a poet; but no one can know the story of his life without feeling that his deepest passion was for music; "it colored his life, fashioned his rhythms, and frequently created his meters," and one who knew and loves his own music says:

"I have never cared for the flute, but, to me, Lanier did not play the flute; I only heard a voice breathing unutterable longings, and messages of joy and love, and sorrow."

As a child he learned to play, almost without instruction, on every kind of instrument he could find. It was the violin-voice that above all commanded his soul, and in his college days it would so exalt him in rapture, that he would presently sink from his solitary music-worship into a deep trance, thence to awake, alone, on the floor of his room,

sorely shaken in nerve. This powerful fascination of the violin gave great anxiety to his father, and in deference to his wishes the boy-musician usually devoted himself to the flute, but the old love remained and in after years more than one listener remarked the strange violin effects he conquered from the flute.

We have the following recognition of his genius from Asger Hamerik, Director of the Peabody Symphony Orchestra, Baltimore, of which Lanier was for six years a member:

"To him as a child in his cradle music was given; the heavenly gift, to feel and express himself in tones. His human nature was like an enchanted instrument, a magic flute, or the lyre of Apollo, needing but a breath or a touch to send its beauty out into the world. In his hands the flute no longer remained a mere material instrument, but was transformed into a voice that set heavenly harmonies into vibration. Its tones developed colors, warmth, and a low sweetness of unspeakable poetry, * * * suggestive of the depths and heights of being and of the delights which the earthly ear never hears, and the earthly eye never sees."

In his youth Lanier's music was almost wholly improvisation. A friend having asked him how he could always respond when asked to play, he replied that he was ever hearing a ceaseless flow of melody and had only to utter it in tone; that his sole difficulty was not to listen when the duties of life claimed his attention. It is interesting, in this connection, to hear of the poet playing before Dr. Damrosch, of New York, and confiding to him his wish to pursue the study of music. Doctor Damrosch asked: "Do you know what that means? It means a great deal of work; it means a thousand sacrifices; it is very hazardous." Lanier replied, "I know all that; it is not a matter of mere preference, I must be a musician, it is a spiritual necessity."

We will pause for a moment to recall one of Lanier's most pleasant recollections of his army life, his welcome to a beautiful home on the James, where he received the genuine hospitality of a Virginia home.

With the oldest daughter of the house he formed a life-time friendship, and it is to her that we are indebted for one of the most eloquent and tender pictures of Lanier's early life, *Some Memories of Lanier*, printed in the *Southern Bivouac*.

She says: "Lanier's letter of introduction was a coarse piece of Confederate paper, found, one bitter cold morning, tied to the door with a guitar string. On it was written:

Porch, Saturday Morning, 1 o'clock.

Did all mortal man could to serenade you; failure owing entirely to inclemency of the weather.

FIELD CORPS.

How often after this did we sit in the porch at night, enthralled by the melody of his flute. The trill of birds in the morning silence, tones like those of a hidden brook in the leafy month of June, and underlying all, the cry of the human heart. Always the longing for the very highest pervaded his life, and, child though I was, in listening to him as he paced the galleries of my old home, or as we rode in the sweet, green woods, I felt even then that we sat in the aurora of a sunrise that would put out all the stars."

In 1867 Lanier married Miss Mary Day, then of Macon, Georgia, a wife who was ever the strength and stay of his peculiarly checkered life.

Soon after his marriage a startling premonition came in the form of hemorrhage from the lungs, and during the remainder of his life the toil toward the support of his family was carried on between these exhausting attacks. His father, a lawyer in Macon, wished him to become a partner in his business, and filial tenderness, as well as obedience to the stern necessities of life would have led him to this course, but he was physically debarred from it. He could not speak in public without hemorrhage, and office work was attended by the same disastrous results. Thus ill health opened the way to the art life he craved. In 1873 he took his flute and pen to be his sole dependence, and after measuring his strength with the master flutists of New York, he located in Baltimore, and became first flute in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra, keeping his position six years out of the ensuing seven.

Then it was that Asger Hamerik, his director, said of him—

I will never forget the impression he made on me when he played the flute-concerto of Emil Hartman at a Peabody Symphony concert; his tall, handsome, manly presence, his flute breathing noble sorrows, noble joys, the orchestra softly responding. The audience was spell-bound. Such distinction, such refinement! He stood, the master, the genius.

Mrs. Lanier, while showing me fragments of his unfinished work, said "Broken stones, but O, how precious!" and the deep regret for "what might have been" prevented my feeling that God had allowed him the full twelve hours of his day. But when I think of his beautiful, unwritten music, his own words come back, "Beauty dieth not, and the heart that needs it will find it." "Beauty dieth not,"—may there not yet come to us echoes from "the Heaven-side bank of the River of Death."

Lanier mapped out for himself more than a full life work, and, as the days were darkening around him, he worked on as plays a little child," sure of the Father, self, and love alone." But his day was fast reaching eventide, and those who most loved him determined to try a more healing air.

They came first to Asheville, N. C. Three miles from the town, Mr. Lanier, with his wife, brother, and infant son, went into camp, hoping much from life in that pure air. But the hope was futile; the air was too bracing and the enfeebled lungs could not bear the sharp stimulus.

Meanwhile, reports had come of a sheltered valley among the mountains of Polk County, where the climate is tempered by a curious current of warm air along the slope of Tryon Mountain, its northern boundary, a sort of ethereal gulf stream. So, early in August, Lanier with his wife, started to Tryon to test this more healing air.

They traveled most of the way by private conveyance, his invalid chair, which made all his rest by day and by night, fastened to the back of his carriage. The long journey was broken by a visit to friends of Mrs. Lanier's youth, partly to spare her husband's failing strength, but above all, to cement the friendship with the father of the house, whom he had lately met and quickly loved with all of a son's tender reverence.

It was in this house, the meeting place of all sweet nobilities of nature and the human spirit, that he uttered his last music on earth, and one of the family has told me the story.

At close of day Lanier came in and passed down the long drawing-room until he reached a western window. In the distance were the far-reaching Alleghany hills, with Mount Pisgah supreme among them, and the intervening valley bathed with sunset beauty. Absorbed away from those about him, he watched the sunset glow deepen into twilight, then

sat down to the piano facing the window. Sorrow and joy and pain and hope and triumph the soul poured forth. They felt in that twilight hour he had listened to an angel's psalm. Who knows? It was a very short time before his spirit joined forever the heavenly harmonies—and this was his Swan Song.

MARY E. SPANN.

Das Gelbe Vöglein.

1.

Heute sah ich ein Vöglein,
Ein kleines, flüchtiges Ding,
Gelbe wie der Sonnenschein,
Oder Blümchen im Frühling.

2.

Vielleicht kann es schön singen,
Um dass weiss ich nicht wohl;
Hoffnungen im Sinne springen
Dass ich es hören soll.

3.

Ach, kleines, prächtiges Vöglein,
Du hast mein Herz mit dir;
Ach, bitte, komm' zum Vorschein
Und gib es wieder mir.

S. C. B.

The Summer Moon.

MARY E. VANN, '09.

It was down in a black-dark hollow that a mouldy stone door stood against the inside wall of a tower's entrance. Rich moss covered the walls of the round entry, and the stone steps, where they had fallen apart and the soil had filled in the crevices, were soft with ferns. What was once a stair of stone rose higher than a man's head, and then had broken and fallen. Just above there a part of the wall had sunk down, and the moonlight shone in bright as day, making a slant of silver, that showed wet dew drops in the spiders' webs and made them shine like diamonds. Two sides of the tower rose high up, and, meeting, formed a jagged edge. There, in the sheltered corner where the walls met was

a little lake of sparkling water. The light and shadow falling on it from the door was checkered, silver white and dark green—black, dark in the shadow, but where the moon shone, white as snow, with a pale kind of light.

The ruins of the tower stood on the peak of the highest of a group of hills, and half the full moon was coming from behind it, with a long white cloud above. A narrow path through the high trees and underbrush dropped steep, down, almost from the very hole that was once a door to the tower, till it reached in a hollow among the hills a flat place with a smooth carpet of green marked with rings of grass where the fairies danced.

A solitary man was coming slowly across the little meadow from among the trees, where a murmuring sound told of running water. His boots shone with water, and even the plume on his slouch hat was wet from brushing through the dewy woods. His face was white and tired, but he kept steadily on to the tower, for he knew that there he might rest. Slowly climbing up the steep path, nearly on the face of the hill, he thought how little of the old tower's pride remained, when this bridle-path, made by animals, was the only access that was left to it. At last he reached the door, and stopped. Tired as he was, he saw the beauty of the night, and it was with a prayer in his soul that he entered. He knew that it was a little past midnight, and he would have to wait three or four hours before he could deliver his precious letter to the next courier; so, after seeing his letter safe, he folded his cloak and pulled down his hat, to lie down and rest.

He did not sleep, but when he roused himself, everything was gray, and the spiders' webs now looked like bunches of gray fur. For a time things seemed still, and then came a trampling sound of horse's hoofs, through the vines and shrubbery that were overgrowing the path. In the next minute the letter had changed hands, and the fresh horseman was flying down the hill. Then, before turning his face homeward, the man bathed his hands and wrists in the clear, cold water, and a handful of berries made his breakfast; as he turned away from the lonely tower, the bats were flying in the top, just come to sleep, and the moon was a sickly white in the gray sky.

Peace.

Far out in the western ocean
 A fragile plant doth grow,
 And the stem that leans on its billows
 Reaches hundreds of feet below.

It bears the rush of the waters
 And the waves that forever flow;
 For the roots of the plant reach downward
 To the calm, still depths below.

And the rootlets clinging firmly
 To the anchoring rocks secure,
 In spite of the surface surges,
 In safety shall endure.

* * * * *

And thou, O child, when thou tossest
 On the crest of life's billowy sea,
 Let thy soul have its anchor eternal,
 And naught can be hurtful to thee.

And though darkness and tempest may claim thee,
 And thou toss on the awful crest,
 The calmness of peace shall surround thee,
 If in God thy spirit shall rest.

M. E. S.

Agnes of Glasgow.

Camden is a very old town and has many places of historical interest in and about it. One particularly interesting object is a rude grave all grass grown and neglected, with a rough stone at its head. The little story connected with it is very sweet and pathetic.

Lord Cornwallis, the great British General during the Revolutionary War, was in love with a beautiful young girl of Glasgow, Scotland. They were happy in each other's love, and although her parents were opposed to their union, they hoped in time to be able to overcome the opposition. A few months passed, days of perfect happiness to the lovers, and then Cornwallis was called to America to fight for his country. With much sadness he told Agnes good-bye, trying to comfort her with the hope that they would be united again.

After his departure, Agnes, never very strong, became weak and pale, seeming to lose interest in everything. His letters were few and far between, as mails in those days from across the water were not very frequent. At last Agnes felt that she could stand the separation no longer and resolved to follow her lover. Without the knowledge of her parents, she stole away one night and boarded a ship for America. Every one on the boat wondered who the pale, beautiful girl seemingly so anxious to land was. The trip across was rather rough, and when Agnes landed at Charleston she was very sick, utterly unable to continue her journey, but still would not rest. She inquired where Lord Cornwallis had pitched camp, and was told at Camden, in the north central part of the State. She procured a horse and left Charleston, almost panting with fatigue and weakness. Early one morning Lord Cornwallis was standing at the door of his tent, gazing dreamily into the distance, thinking of his loved one so far away. Suddenly a slight noise startled him and, looking up, he saw a slender, drooping figure leaning against a tree and looking with wide yearning eyes at the different soldiers. When he caught her eye, he realized that it was Agnes and sprang towards her. She recognized him with a cry of joy, exclaiming, "Oh! my love, is it indeed you"? and fainted in his arms. He carried her tenderly into his tent, and when she awoke to consciousness he was kneeling beside her. She smiled at him faintly, but was too exhausted to speak, and soon began to talk deliriously about her journey from Scotland. Her fever raged for about a fortnight, and she gradually became weaker and weaker until one afternoon she passed away, a happy smile on her lips.

The soldiers buried her near the camp, and with their swords cut these words on the headstone, "Here lies the body of Agnes of Glasgow."

E. J. C.

The St. Mary's Muse.

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EDITORIAL.

Perhaps it might be well to say a word to the girls regarding their interest and share in the MUSE work. This year we are starting out under new management and the editors are trying to raise the standard and widen the scope of the magazine. We wish the aid and enthusiasm, therefore, of every teacher and pupil, for without it we cannot produce the best order of school monthly.

The fact of the additions to and improvements in the library suggest to us that possibly we might aid in this work; from time to time perhaps the literary societies might give a few books or an artistic bust or picture. We merely offer this as a suggestion, hoping that the societies will find some merit in it.

We hope that this year there will be a genuine enthusiasm for athletics. While the first rush of school work has so far prevented the organization of the athletic club, it is now time that the out-door sports begin in earnest.

In entering upon the new year the new management contemplate no radical changes in their efforts with the MUSE. The magazine will continue to be a school newspaper and not a literary attempt, and will still

make the effort to be interesting at once to alumnae, to the student-body, and to all friends of the school. In an effort to make the working force more effective a change has been made in the editorial management, and this year the Senior Class will give their special attention as a class to the publication of the annual MUSE, leaving the monthly to be published by the MUSE Club. Inasmuch as the business interests of the two publications are the same and the publications themselves are very closely allied in other ways as well as in name, the change is rather in form than in fact.

With the same purpose as last year—to stimulate interest and lead to more frequent contributions of material suitable for printing in the paper—the management again offers the MUSE souvenirs, an annual MUSE to be awarded at Commencement to the student-author of the best story, of the best sketch, and of the best verses, offered for publication in the MUSE during this session.

To the members of the alumni, who have attended so many services in St. Mary's Chapel, the prayer on the first page will recall hosts of memories. We believe that in the past it has been typical of the school spirit and aim, and we hope that our ideals, like those of our predecessors, will be moulded by the standard that it sets before us.

Perhaps it is rather trite to say that our school life is the preparation for our work in the outside world. We should realize even more than we do, however, that our characters are being formed at this period of our lives. Much of the future depends upon how we use the present. Our habits, indeed, are now being rapidly fixed; once formed, it is almost impossible to change them. We should remember, therefore, that a clean page is spread before us; we alone are responsible for the record written there.

SCHOOL NEWS.

—This session has seen the usual number of changes in the student-body. Our number is full to overflowing, and there doesn't seem to be at present even "room for one more," but many old friends we should like to have with us are missing. There are many "jolly, nice girls" in their places, but we wish we could have both old and new.

—Among our old girls who are now attending other schools, Bessie Albright and Mildred Smith are at Hollins; Ella Croft, Helen Alston and Helen Breeden at Converse; Josephine Boylan, Estelle Farrior and Blandina Springs are at Gunston, where Emmie Drewry is continuing her studies; Virginia Bailey is at The Stuart School in Washington; Marjorie Robertson is at National Park Seminary; Mamie Wilder is at Louisburg College, and Anne Miller is at Chatham; while Virginia Saunders is taking a special course in art at the College for Women at Columbia. From the day pupils we miss Hannah Ashe, Ruby Norris and Rosalind Williamson, who are at Gunston Hall; and Dee Duncan, who is attending Salem College.

—Julia McIntyre has been obliged by illness to go home, but she expects to return by the beginning of the next quarter.

—During the month Alice Corbett visited her home and Sarah Jones spent a few days in Pittsboro in order to attend weddings.

—On account of the death of their grandmother, Mary Spruill and Sallie Haywood Battle were called home in the latter part of September.

—Lina deRosset is in Baltimore continuing her studies at the Peabody Conservatory; Margaret Wilson is at the Cathedral School, Garden City, L. I.

—Kate Gary has a good position as stenographer in Henderson—Eula Gregory is teaching and Maria Tucker leaves for the West in a short while, where she will remain until June.

—Some of the girls have been very fortunate this month in having visits from their relatives; Emilie Campbell's mother and father, Mary Wiggins's brother, Helen Strange's uncle, and Page Shelbourne's father and mother have been here.

—Several of the old girls have been back for very short visits; Mary Sturgeon, Betsy London, Octavia Hughes, Annie Gray Nash, Jessie Crosswell, Mary Robinson, Elizabeth Temple and Nancy Fairley, and although we saw very little of them, we enjoyed that little very much.

—It is a special regret that we are not able to welcome back those detained by sickness. Sadiebelle McGwigan is this year at the Woman's College of Richmond, going there in order to be under the care of a specialist; Nannie Moore's place was with her grandmother, Mrs. Manning, who is in poor health; and George Shaw is not yet strong enough to be with us.

—The new girls are almost too many for mention. There is a larger proportion than usual of girls who have been going to schools in the North. From New Jersey comes Carile Weaver, last year at Flushing Seminary; Sidney Gabbett, of Savannah, comes from the Lawrence (Mass.) High School; Marguerite Thompson, Marguerite LeCron and Isabel Hanna, of Baltimore, have been trained at the Girls' Latin School; Florence Beckwith and Margaret Williams, of Jacksonville, have been at Miss Phelps' School in Cleveland, O.; Isabel Heyward, of Savannah, has been in the Washington schools.

—Our Florida group is larger this year, with Serena Bailey, Mary Gwyn, Florence Beckwith, Margaret Williams, Alice Munnerlyn, Mary Hoke, Jane Stillman and Elizabeth Watters. The East Carolina group, too, is more numerous, and the representatives are good ones. There are Eva and Ida Rogerson and Annie Wood, of Edenton, accompanied this year by Louise Moore and Elizabeth Dixon; Eloise Robinson, Jennie Simpson and Minnie Leary, of Elizabeth City; Ruth Newbold and Mary Gaither, of Hertford; Matilda Haughton, Mary Virginia Bonner, Mabel Willis and Mary Tankard, of Washington; Ruth Mardre and Margaret Rayner, of Windsor; Minnie Davis, of Beaufort; Mary Carraway and Mary Hughes, of New Bern, and Helen Quinerly, of Ayden; Mary Alexander, of Creswell; Irene Smith, of Williamston; and Bliss Perry, Iris Mitchell and Alice Hines, of Kinston.

—The girls from the west are more scattered. Asheville is represented by Katharine Henderson, Sarah Jones, Lottie and Daisy Sherrill, Helen Gwyn and Emilie Campbell; Lincolnton by Susan Bynum; Valle

Crucis by Mary Hardin; Waynesville by Josephine Gilmer; Franklin by Iris Porter; Brevard by Jesse Chapman; and Hickory by Mary Shuford and Frankie Self.

—Charlotte this year sends Sadie Thomas, Lula Taliaferro, Helen Liddell, Marie Koiner and Alice Moore; Salisbury, Katharine Overman and Ila Thompson; High Point, Alice Smith; Greensboro, Sarah Belle Adams, Lila Justice, Blanche Robinson, Lyman Grimsley and Annie Glenn; Concord is represented by Mary Bingham and Mary Brown; Albemarle by Theresa King; Thomasville by Margaret Cates; Lexington by Louise Hill.

—Genevieve Cooper, Jessie Harris and Corinne Gregory are our "Henderson girls"; Martha Ferebee is Oxford's sole representative; Kate Blacknall, from Kittrell, Mary Spruill, of Littleton, and Grace Ward of Franklinton, make up the "crowd" from that section. Rockingham has Manie Parsons and Pattie Wall; Monroe, Mary Vann; Sanford, Almeria Swann; Jacksonville, Leila Sabiston, and Farmville, "Lady" Turnage. From Apex comes Elizabeth Sturgeon, and from McCullers, Alice McCullers.

—Scotland Neck we are glad to have again well represented by Rebecca Clark and Rebe Shields; Georgia Hales "talks" for Wilson; Blanche King upholds the dignity of Goldsboro; Sallie Battle stands for Rocky Mount. From Tarboro come Margaret Pennington and Elizabeth Battle; Nannie Campbell hails from Fayetteville.

—Last, but not least, the all-conquering "Wilmington girls": Sue Prince, Helen Strange, Marguerite Short, Page Shelburn, and their younger sisters, Wilhelmina Harlow and Eliza Morton.

—The South Carolina representation about holds its own in numbers. There are Frances Lee, Irving Morgan, Chevette Kinloch, Inez Frazer, Nathalie Dotterer, and Hazle Middleton, of Charleston; Annie and Mary Wells and Janie DuBose, of Columbia; Emily and Hallie Carrison and Alice Corbett, of Camden; Ellen Duvall, Elizabeth Waddill and Phyllis Hickson, of Cheraw; Lillian Farmer, Jessie Jennings and Beatrice Cohen, of Florence; Meta and Sarah Boykin, of Boykin; Bessie Arthur, of Union; Gladys Huff, of Laurens; Julia

McIntyre, of Mullins; Norman Leland, of Great Falls; Cornelia Nixon, of; Paula Hazard, of Georgetown; Christine Frazier, of Ninety-Six.

—Georgia's group includes Nell Atkinson, Allene Gentry, Doris Moody and Julia Rosser, of Atlanta; Isabel Heyward, of Savannah; Myrtle Powell, of Griffin; Coatsie Benedict, of Athens; Allie Stokes, of Waycross, and Burlington Butt, of Columbus.

—Jenniebelle Turner and Lelia Jemison, of Tuscaloosa, represent Alabama; Rosa Heath, of Petersburg, and Mary Wiggins, of Suffolk, strange to say, are the only daughters of Virginia. Annie Harriss now claims Washington, D. C., as her abiding-place; and from far off Denver comes Margaret Temple.

—These, with the "Baltimore girls" and the others from further north, before mentioned, make up the resident St. Mary's girls of 1906-'07. One hundred and forty-two in all, they are a half-dozen more in number than the school has sheltered for many years, and yet their number goes chiefly to show that it is "quality not quantity that counts."

—The great event of the month was the Fair. Since the beginning of school we have been looking forward to and making all kinds of plans for it, and although we went on Wednesday, it was drizzling almost all day, we had a fine time in spite of the weather. In addition to all the sideshows, Ferris wheels, merry-go-rounds, "come-back" balls and other attractions, almost all of us (in our many wanderings up and down the midway) met friends from home. Everybody had her fortune told and picture taken in an automobile, and came back armed with canes, little pink and blue "skidoo" hats, and various other regalia, which now ornament our walls, much to the despair of the maids who have to dust them. Strange to relate, there was no confetti, and on account of the rain, no dust at all, but some of the people seemed to think there was dust, for they were constantly brushing off our faces for us. We were very tired when we got back, and were glad to think of having all the next day in which to do nothing but think of the good time we had.

“Strange Ideas.”

English teacher to the sophomore class: What is of most importance in writing a theme?”

Eager girl: “Paper.”

Girl: “What are you going to the penitentiary for?”

S. T.: “Oh, I’m going to get a pennant.”

I felt real sorry for Mr. S— at the Fair. There he was walking about all alone. But when I went up to him consolingly he smiled sweetly and said: “Not at all; not at all. They all promised faithfully they would be back in just a minute.”

Some advice to Freshies from the Armour Tech:

Don’t tell us your business. We don’t care how much money your Dad has or what kind of shanty you live in.

Don’t eat with your knife and do not try to swallow a whole piece of bread at a bite.

Miss Thomas, in Senior English—“In the formation of English surnames, “ess” placed at the end signified ‘little.’ ”

B. C.—“Then does Thomas mean ‘Little Tom’?”

(With apologies to Mr. DuBose.)

Conversation between Mindab (ancient cat that was here about ten years ago) and a younger cat—

“Mamma, I need a catechism.” Mindab: “No, Tommy, you are too young. What you need is a kitty-chism.” (Adapted.)

English teacher, making clear an obscure point in the lesson:

“Now if a man had died when he was a little boy—”

I was a good French scholar, I—
 But my star’s gone from yonder sky.
 So many Latin roots at first
 Have made it went and gone and burst.

For general comfort:

Warm milk can be had from Mrs. Turner.

All day suckers may be obtained at the "little store."

We have a new guardian—Miss Pool;
 She has much to say in our school.
 She keeps all us girls
 In most terrible whirls—
 Each day we unearth a new rule.

Miss Thomas—she's in Senior Hall,
 And is not so tremendously tall;
 But she's tall enough, quite,
 When we don't go quite right—
 And we feel so exceedingly small.

Miss Cribbs is the angel, they say,
 Whose picture is kissed every day,
 By the girls of her floor—
 Full a dozen or more;
 She must feel quite honored, that way.

Miss Sutton has charge of the mail;
 And takes care of every detail;
 When our letters don't come,
 And we don't hear from home,
 She hears a most terrible wail.

Of "kid faculty" we can count one—
 She imagines her schooling is done—
 The girls all prefer
 To go shopping with her,
 Because they can have more fun.

Every morn at the break of the day
 We get up and wend quickly our way
 To the dark study-hall,
 To enjoy the roll-call.
 If we're late—what does Miss Katie say?

"The Twins"—you know just who I mean—
 Almost always together are seen;
 The girls send them fruit,
 They think them so "cute,"
 And know they're as "dear" as they seem.

ALUMNAE MATTERS.

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

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The Saunders Memorial Window.

During the summer months, when the publication of the MUSE was suspended, the first steps were taken in the accumulation of the fund for the memorial to Miss Saunders. No definite effort has been made as yet to secure this fund, and we do not believe that it will require more than the mere bringing of the object to the attention of the many friends of Miss Saunders to effect its completion. Whatever is done will be done now speedily. We would therefore call the attention of all who wish to have a part in the memorial to the work and ask for their prompt attention.

The Memorial, as announced in the June MUSE will take the form of a window in the Chapel just opposite the seat which Miss Anne so long occupied at the services. It was hoped to have the window in place in time for its unveiling on Founders' Day. That is now impossible, but unless there is some unforeseen delay it will be ordered in time to be dedicated at Epiphany. While nothing ornate is desired we would have the window as rich in its simplicity as possible. This matter must depend on the fund.

Copies of the June MUSE, with full information, may be had by writing to the MUSE, which will also receive and acknowledge any contributions.

The next number of the MUSE will be a special Alumnae number on the order of that of April last. The editors would greatly appreciate news-items and reminiscences of the "old girls" of all past generations, early and late; and also any suggestions from them about what they would wish to see in these special numbers, intended especially for them.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

With the Girls of Recent Years.

—Margaret Mackay has joined the corps of St. Mary's girls in the City Schools of Raleigh.

—Mary Lassiter spent the summer at home and is now teaching music, her beloved, in the High School of Courtland, Va.

—Ruth Foster gave a house-party in July to a number of her St. Mary's friends and others, and some of the party haven't recovered from the effects yet.

—Jane Iredell Green went from school northward, spent a month in Richmond, exhibited her laurels to many admirers and now is enjoying the pleasures of Wilmington, and showing her ability.

—And "Ret" Ruff, Annie Sloan, Gertrude Sullivan, and "Bettie" Woolf, where, O where are they? We beg that they will tell us, that we, in turn, may tell their admiring friends before another MUSE appears.

—The girls of the class of 1906 are not keeping us as well posted about their goings and comings as we think they ought. If we make any false statements about them it will be "all their fault." What we don't know, we "imagine."

—Annie Koonce, not satisfied with her class honors, distinguished herself further by good work at the State Summer School, held at A. and M. College in July, and is now giving the proof of the pudding in the school at, near Wilmington.

With Our Teacher Friends.

—Miss Margaret Jones, last year at the Teachers' College, this year has charge of the Mathematics in Flushing Seminary, Flushing, N. Y.

—Mlle. Gerber, who left our faculty in 1904, is entering upon her second year at Miss Knox's School, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y., where she had a very pleasant and successful session last year.

—Miss Mabel Hale, of late years at Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wis., has this session again come east and is in charge of the Latin classes at the Bryn Mawr Preparatory School, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

—Miss Kate Shipp is not in regular school work this year, but is living at her home in Raleigh and doing private tutoring, a fortunate thing for those who may wish to be tutored.

—Miss Imogen Stone, of Sophie Newcomb College, Tulane University, New Orleans, has this year a leave of absence, which she is spending at Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York. Miss Susan Moses, also recently of Tulane University, has this year joined the faculty of Sweet Briar Institute, the new Virginia college.

—It is very pleasant to hear more and more favorable comment on the excellent work Miss Alice Jones is doing as head of the Latin Department at Winthrop College. This fall, Miss Kate Meares, who was with us last year, is temporarily assisting Miss Jones, her former teacher, in the absence of the regular assistant. We know that she could not have more congenial work.

—“The Sanborns” are teaching after all, and enjoying their home at the same time. Mr. Sanborn is Director of Music at the Southern Seminary at Buena Vista, in which he was teaching before he last came to St. Mary's, and Mrs. Sanborn has charge of the Vocal Training. Miss Gertrude Sanborn is teaching Vocal Training at the College for Women, Columbia, S. C., and Miss Margaret is at home keeping house for her father and mother.

—Our party abroad this summer had the best of times. They went immediately after landing at Liverpool to Paris, where the party separated, Miss Hull and Miss Pixley, with Miss Pool, spending the summer there, while Mrs. Irvine went to Germany. Mrs. Irvine spent most of the summer off the Baltic coast at the old fortress town of Herringsdorf-on-the-Baltic, the home of Leopold Godowsky, with whom she was studying. She later visited Berlin and Hamburg; and then, after rejoining Misses Hull and Pixley, they together travelled in England.

Miss Checkley and Her Cuban Work.

The recent scenes in Cuba come more plainly before us, as we read the following from Miss Checkley:

Caimito, Cuba, Sept. 9th.

I think it will interest several readers of THE MUSE to know that I am now in the battle-line of the Revolution, with a rebel camp of eight hundred close to us, and that we have had direct messages from some of our farm-laborers, now in the rebel camp, that our lives are safe, and that our property will be strictly respected by order of the rebel chiefs concerning foreigners,—but that we must guard our horses, mules and stock against stragglers. As the rebels have actually been on our finca, and as all the week we had constant contact with them (every man working for us, and in the neighboring village of Grayabal being Liberal—that is, on the rebel side,—) and as we are also in touch with the government garrison in Caimito, we are having rather exciting times at present. * * *

Miss Checkley was called last year to be the first principal of The Cathedral School in Havana, Bishop Knight's new Church school for girls. The school had a very successful first year, under her direction, and this session has had to find larger quarters, the most tangible evidence of its growth. Miss Checkley's new address is

El Colegro del Cabildo Cathedral,
Esquina El Paseo y Calle 15,
El Vedado, La Habana, Cuba.

(The Cathedral School, corner of Paseo and 15th streets, The Vedado, Havana.)

The Havana *Press* says:

The announcement of the opening of the Cathedral School for girls in the Vedado, has been sent to persons interested, in the city of Havana. The school will be located in a large house at the corner of Paseo and 15th streets. The faculty has been extended, and this year promises to be a memorable one in the advancement of work undertaken.

The contents of the annual announcement are given herewith:

"The second annual session of the Cathedral School for girls will open October 1st, in Vedado.

"The course includes the higher English branches, both academic and collegiate, Latin, French, Spanish, intermediate and primary grades, based on the public and high school system in Washington, D. C., with daily classes in drawing, physical culture, needlework and special departments of music, art and elocution.

"The faculty, consisting of experienced teachers, comprises Miss Checkley, principal, late of St. Mary's Diocesan School of North and South Carolina; Miss Sarah Acosta, of the New Paltz Normal School, New York, teacher of intermediate grades and Spanish; Miss Maria Cabrera, teacher of art, Spanish and needlework; Miss Sarah H. McGee, of the Boston Conservatory, teacher of music, and Mrs. Maclean Beers, teacher of elocution.

"Terms for tuition in highest classes are \$6 American currency per month, one centen per month for lower grades, and reductions will be made for two or more pupils from the same family. Special terms made for music, art and elocution."

Miss Checkley has this to say of the 1906 Annual:

CAIMITO, CUBA, Sept. 8, 1906.

Miss Checkley desires to express her warm and sincere thanks to the editors of the '06 Muse for the handsome volume presented to her, which she received with much pleasure and thorough appreciation, and she hereby compliments the editorial staff upon the success of the '06 annual and the results of the editors' faithful labors.

Viva La Prensa del Collegio de Santa Maria.

We echo back:

Viva La Directora del Colegio del Cabildo Cathedral.

Mid Life and Death.

From time to time through the vacation months items of interest, full of meaning for many friends who have known the individuals concerned, and oft times meaning much to the St. Mary's of to-day as well as to the St. Mary's of other days, have come to the MUSE. Some bear a message of joy, and others one of sorrow. Each has its own message, and they lose none of their force when the clippings are allowed to tell their own story:

(From the Baltimore Sun of June 20.)

Mrs. Helen B. Gifford, wife of Capt. John H. Gifford, United States Army, retired, died suddenly Friday night at the Sherwood Inn, Old Point Comfort. Born in Baltimore, Mrs. Gifford was a daughter of the late William H. and Ann Kimberly. She is survived by her husband and one daughter, Miss Anne K. Gifford.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Vick
request the honor of your presence at
the marriage of their daughter,
Ernestine Hufham,
to
Mr. Cola Martin Early,
Wednesday evening, June twenty-seventh,
nineteen hundred and six,
Methodist Episcopal Church,
Elm City, North Carolina.

(From the Southern Churchman of August 8.)

WETMORE.—Entered into the joy of his Lord, August 3, 1906, at the Mission Hospital, Asheville, N. C., the Rev. Thomas Cogdell Wetmore, Rector of Christ School, Arden, N. C., and of Calvary Church, Fletcher, N. C., aged 37 years.

"The joy of the Lord is my strength."

"He went about doing good."

(From the Southern Churchman.)

An announcement of interest to Church people in South Carolina is that Mrs. Ivy Gass, widow of the late Rev. John Gass, is to be married to the Rt. Rev. Theodore D. Bratton, Bishop of Mississippi, on August 15, at Sewanee, Tenn. They are worthy of each other, which is saying a good deal for both.

Reverend and Mrs. Nathaniel Harding
request the honor of your presence at the
marriage of their daughter,
Mary Elizabeth,

to

Mr. George Kenneth Grant Henry,
on Tuesday evening, August the twenty-first,
nineteen hundred and six,
at nine o'clock,
St. Peter's Church,
Washington, North Carolina.

(From the Chapel Hill News of September 4th.)

MRS. PATTIE LEWIS MANNING.

Mrs. Manning, wife of Dr. Isaac H. Manning, died Monday, September 3d, at 11 o'clock in the morning. She came to Chapel Hill, a bride, four months ago. This is the saddest event in the life of Chapel Hill for twenty-five years. Any death of the young is a sad thing. The sudden breaking of personal ties is full of distress.

But there is a consideration in this case beyond the personal. The deeper, higher, finer life of the village has been struck. The highest product of modern life is a fine, Christian home. Happy the community that can boast of one or more beautiful, perfect, Christian homes. There is no influence for good in the world equal to it. The need of a college community for such homes is peculiar.

Everybody was glad when Dr. Manning brought Pattie Lewis here to live among us always. Everyone felt that the good tendencies in our life had been added to and strengthened. Simplicity, that mark of all high souls, abounded in her. She loved all that was true and good and beautiful. No sham, no pretense, no glitter found a place in her life. She was genuine, sincere, hearty all the time.

"We shall not look upon her like again."

Good friend, thy loss is our loss. Together we suffer.

H. H. WILLIAMS.

(From the News and Observer of September 6th.)

DEBNAM-HUTCHINGS.

Mr. and Mrs. Celidon Hutchings
invite you to be present
at the marriage of their daughter,
Julia Rankin,
to
Mr. Henry Debnam,

on Wednesday morning the twelfth of September,
at 11 o'clock,

119 West Martin Street,
Raleigh, North Carolina.

At Home

After November fifteenth, nineteen hundred and six,
Iloilo, Philippines.

Miss Hutchings is one of the younger Raleigh women and is well known in this city and over a large part of the State. Many of her intimacies were formed at St. Mary's School, where she was a student. Mr. Debnam is a son of Mr. Thomas Debnam, of Suffolk, Va., and resided there until seven years ago, when he went to the Philippines with the hospital corps. More recently he has been appointed to the chief clerkship of the constabulary, under Colonel Taylor, which position he has filled with distinction and ability.

Immediately after the marriage ceremony the young couple will leave the city for Richmond, Chicago and San Francisco. They will go by the steamer Korea to China and Japan, and thence to Iloilo, about 600 miles south of Manila.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Peyton Moore
request the honor of your
presence at the marriage of their daughter,
Addie Erwin,

to

Mr. John Bishop Bowen,
on Thursday evening, the fourth of October,
nineteen hundred and six,
at eight o'clock,
At Home,
Yorkville, South Carolina.

(From the News and Observer of October —.)

CAMERON-MARSHALL.

PROMINENT AND POPULAR YOUNG COUPLE WED AT CHRIST CHURCH
YESTERDAY MORNING.

The marriage of Miss Theodora Marshall, youngest daughter of Rev. M. M. Marshall, D. D., Rector of Christ Church, and Mr. Duncan H. Cameron was celebrated yesterday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

The ceremony was marked by quiet elegance yet extreme simplicity. The chancel of the church was adorned with growing palms, which, together with a few lighted tapers burning in high candelabra on the altar and clusters of roses in the altar vases, formed the only decorations.

The altar itself was vested in white and gold.

The bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her brother, Mr. Joe K. Marshall. She wore a gown of embroidered Canton crepe which exceedingly enhanced

her slender figure. A white picture hat and a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley completed this effective costume.

She passed up the aisle with that easy and graceful dignity which has characterized her lovely young womanhood, and no fairer bride has stood before the altar to receive the blessing of the Church in that solemn and holy rite.

Her only attendant was her sister, Miss Margaret Susan Marshall, who immediately preceded her. The groom was attended by his cousin, Commander Allen G. Rogers, U. S. Navy, who acted as best man. The beautiful ritual of the Episcopal Church was read with tender and impressive solemnity by the bride's father, and the vows were soon spoken that pronounced them man and wife.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the organ pealed forth Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and to these joyous strains the wedding party left the chancel.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron will take a short honeymoon trip before leaving for the far East, their future home being in Canton, China, in which territory Mr. Cameron is general manager of the Standard Oil Company's large interests. He is the younger son of the late Gen. Francis H. Cameron, and a grandson of the late Hon. William H. Haywood. The good wishes of the entire community will follow these happy young people in their new life and across the seas to their new home, with the hope that all the voyage may be as fair as its beginning.

The bride received many handsome presents, and among them some rare old jewels which had been worn by the groom's grandmother, heirlooms of priceless value because of such association.

The ushers were Armistead Coward, Edgar Haywood, William A. Syme, George Little.

DEATH OF MRS. HOWARD J. HERRICK.

Williamston, N. C., Oct. 17.—Mrs. Della Lamb Herrick, wife of Howard J. Herrick, died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson G. Lamb, Monday night, October 15, after an illness of six weeks.

Mrs. Herrick was educated at St. Mary's, Raleigh, N. C. She was married December 22, 1897, and lived in Richmond, Va., for five years, and afterwards in New York City. She was a member of the Richmond Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Nathaniel Harding, of Washington, N. C., at the Church of the Advent, this morning at 11:30.

Mrs. Herrick was thirty years of age, and is survived by her husband and two children. She was a devoted daughter, wife and mother, and her untimely decease will be deeply mourned by her family and her wide circle of friends, both South and North.

NASH-TAYLOR.

PROMINENT AND POPULAR YOUNG COUPLE WED IN PITTSBORO YESTERDAY.

Pittsboro, N. C., Oct. 18.—At the Episcopal church here, to-night, Miss Annie Mauger Taylor and Mr. Edmund Strudwick Nash were married, by the Rev. Hogue, of Wilmington.

Among the relatives and friends from a distance at the marriage were Mrs. P. G. Snowden, of Jacksonville, Florida; Mrs. John H. Anderson and Miss Lucy London Anderson, of Fayetteville; Mrs. Mary C. James, Misses Margaret Haughton, Mary, Margaret and Dorothy Nash, and Messrs. Henry London Taylor, Henry K. Nash, Jr., Burke Bridgers, Robert Nash and Benjamin Bell, Jr., of Wilmington; Misses Emily Taylor and Etta Haywood, of Raleigh; Miss Sarah Jones, of Asheville; Mr. E. L. Haughton, of Jones County, and Mr. Isaac S. London, of Durham and South Carolina Railroad.

An entertainment was given the bridal party last night by Mr. and Mrs. H. A. London, and after the marriage a reception was given by Mrs. A. M. Haughton to the bridal party.

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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RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

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WHARTON & TYREE

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PHOTOGRAPHS

REMEMBER IT PAYS TO GET THE BEST

Hardship.

When I lie down in my bed,
It nearly makes me weep
To think that I must close my eyes
Before I go to sleep.

Trouble.

When I awaken in the morn,
I'm sad, I must confess,
To think that ere I can go out
I must get up and dress.

—*The Philistine.*

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OF ALL KINDS



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LADIES FINE SHOES AND SLIPPERS

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Eastman's Kodaks and supplies.
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Best of everything in Hardware. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. All-right Cook Stoves, Celebrated Warm Air Heaters, the only perfect heater made. Write for prices.

DARNELL & THOMAS,
Pianos and Organs.
Sheet music and small goods.
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KING'S GROCERY,

"The Little Store."

W. C. STRONACH'S SONS CO.

GROCERS

216 FAYETTEVILLE STREET

KING'S UP-TO-DATE DRUG STORE
AND SODA FOUNTAIN.
Corner Fayetteville and Hargett Streets.

You'll find up-to-date Shoes at

HUNTER BROS. & BREWER.

Clippings.

"Woman: the fairest work of the great Author; the edition is large, and no man should be without a copy."

"It's the little things that tell—especially the little brothers and sisters."

"Everything comes to him who hustles while he waits."

"The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground."

"Never judge a man's character by the umbrella he carries; it may not be his!"

"Never put off till tomorrow a laugh that can be laughed to-day."

THE BOYLAN-PEARCE CO.



*Dry Goods, Millinery,
Tailored Costumes,
Gloves, Hosiery,
Handkerchiefs,
Fancy Goods,
Underwear.*

Mail orders filled intelligently and promptly.

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FOR QUICK COOKING
nothing exceeds the

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ALWAYS READY. NO DIRT OR ASHES

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MEATS OF ALL KINDS.

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“A little beauty is a dangerous thing—specially if she’s got a sweet voice.”

“A man who knows it all spends most of his time telling it.”

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Capital \$15,000 Surplus \$25,000. Deposits over
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TO THE HIGHER CLASSES.

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Graduates of St. Mary's who wish to carry
their studies further will do well to write for
catalogue and information.

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E. M. UZZELL & CO.,
PRINTERS AND BINDERS,
ONLY HIGH GRADE WORK.
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INSURE AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE.

Best Companies Represented.

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Promptness and Neatness with all work.

MARSHALL & WEST, Props.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Silverware,
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WE WANT your patronage in everything in
the Jewelry, Watch and Diamond line. We
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Everything in Art.
Embroidery Materials, Wools and Zephyrs.

For the most satisfactory work,

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Rich Jewelry and Silverware.

Repairing promptly done.

JOLLY & WYNNE JEWELRY COMPANY,

Wedding and Holiday presents.

Fine Watch and Jewelry repairing.

There was a young lady named May—
Who was perhaps just a bit gay:
She went to the Fair
And flirted while there.
The train took her home the next day.

A. DUGH I,

RESTAURANT AND ICE CREAM PARLOR.

Confections, Foreign and Domestic Fruits.

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St. Mary's folks know and approve of Dughi.

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All Phones. GROCERIES. 11 E. Hargett St.

PESCUD'S PHARMACY,

12 West Hargett St., Raleigh, N. C.

WEATHERS & PERRY,

Art Store, Art Materials and Art Novelties.
 117 Fayetteville St., Raleigh, N. C.

Don't forget to buy your Shoes of

S. C. POOLE'S Shoe Store.

PERRY & ROSENTHAL, Trust Bldg.

Ladies' Fine Shoes.

DR. V. E. TURNER,

Dentist.

J. R. FERRALL & CO.—GROCERS.

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 Deposits, - - 1,000,000.00

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 Phone 78. 163 Hargett St

M. SES REESE & COMPANY,
 Millinery.

School Calendar, 1906-'07.

SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER—NOVEMBER.

- Sept. 20.—Advent Term formally opened. Address by Rev. S. L. Bost, of Durham.
Sept. 25.—Regular routine work begun.
Oct. 18.—State Fair Day. Holiday.
Oct. 19.—Grand Concert. Madame Nordica.
Oct. 27.—Sigma Lambda Society. Reception in honor of new members.
Oct. 31.—Hallowe'en. Annual Celebration.
Nov. 1.—All Saints' Day. Founders' Day. Holy Day.
Nov. 3.—St. Anne's Chapter. Flower Tea.
Nov. 17.—St. Etheldreda's Chapter. Annual Evening.
-

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Raleigh, N. C.

C. B. RYAN,
General Passenger Agent,
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The Student Directory, 1906-'07.

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Halloween Number

The St. Mary's Muse

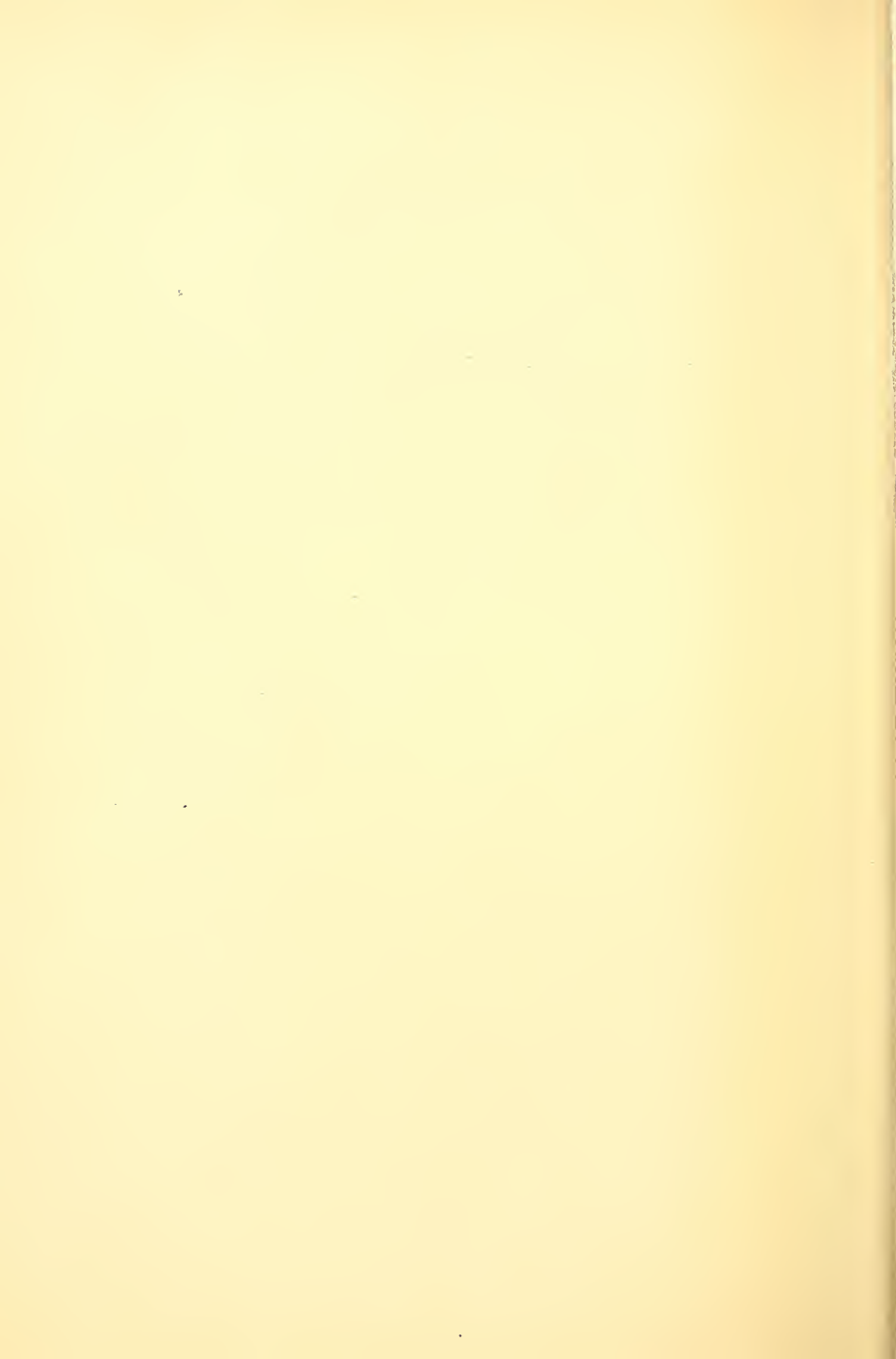
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OF THE S. M. S.







The St. Mary's Muse.

HALLOWE'EN NUMBER.

VOL. XI.

NOVEMBER, 1906.

No. 3.

Do not talk of the decay of the year; the season is good when the people are so. It is the best time in the year for a painter; there is more variety of colors in the leaves; the prospects begin to open, through the thinner woods over the valleys, and through the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven; the dews of the morning impearl every thorn and scatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the forests are fresh and wholesome. What would you have? The moon shines, too, though not for lovers, these cold nights, but for astronomers.—
Pope.

The Headless Woman: A True Ghost Story.

KATE M'C. BLACKNALL.

Back, before the war brought ruin and desolation, Kittrell Springs was a grandly gay place. For those seeking pleasure or recreation there was then no mountains and no seashore, or rather there was no convenient way to get to either, which amounts to the same thing. Therefore large numbers came to Kittrell and a few other resorts in the hills of the State. The water was good, the scenery beautiful, the large park shady and cool, and the ball-room one of the best to be found.

Only one thing threw the smallest shadow over the gay throng that came and went. That shadow came from a clump of trees. Now all clumps of trees throw shadows over people's heads; this one threw them over their hearts. It was an extremely unkempt place, in which every imaginable kind of brush and vine and weed gathered and ran riot. Everybody felt that it was a graveyard, though no graves were to be seen merely in passing. It was so near the road, too, and the road which all must pass to reach the depot. It was such an evil spot that the gayest grew sober when going by it. A tradition, dim as the faint rows of mounds with their rough stones at each end, told a sad story about it. Of course there are sad stories connected with all graveyards, but this was sadder even than the common run, which are sad enough.

This tradition told us that far back, almost when the white people first came to settle the neighborhood, all the surrounding lands had been the property of a widow. This widow, as widows sometimes will do, married again. Her husband ill-treated her, as husbands who marry widows for their belongings sometimes will. She bore his cruelty for years rather than leave her children. But one by one they died. After she had laid the last one in the graveyard she said to her husband, "Take all that I have, but let me go." And leaving all, she departed, walked to her people in Tennessee, carrying only a bag of clothing on her head. After this she was heard of no more. Her sole friend was a little white dog that went with her. The country people said that on the anniversary of the night on which she left—for it was in the night that her husband's cruelty had driven her to begin her long pilgrimage—she could be seen passing the old graveyard with her little white dog and carrying in her hand a Jack-o-Lantern. This always burst just opposite the graveyard, so as to enable her to get one more glimpse of the spot where her children lay, just as she gazed on it as she passed it that night for the last time in the flesh.

But that was long, long ago, when the great oaks that darkened the place were mere whips. So we will leave it for good and come back to the gay ante-bellum times at the springs.

One night, when the season was about over and the place getting lonesome, a gentleman had occasion to walk to the depot to catch a belated train. There was no moon—only such a glimmer of light as the stars give on cloudless nights. As he neared the graveyard there rose up between him and a small brook—it occurred to him that evil things never could cross running water—an immensely tall, headless woman, clad in spotless white, with a little white dog trotting by her side and a Jack-o-Lantern burning in her hand. By one of the heroic efforts of his life, he summoned all the courage that he had—moral, physical, and what-not—and pressed onward. Just opposite the graveyard the headless woman swept by him, as noiselessly as a bat. And as she passed the Jack-o-Lantern burst with a bang and a roar.

The gentleman knew that he had seen the forlorn ghost that annually

came all the way from Tennessee to get one glimpse, by the short flash of the Jack-o-Lantern, of her children's graves.

It transpired later that an humble laboring woman whose husband was in the Oxford jail had started that night to succor him, carrying her little white dog, her pipe, a tin bucket of food, and a large bag of white clothes on her head. But the gentleman was quite sure that it was not the living woman, but the ghost of the dead one that he saw. Readers of the MUSE must take their choice.

Their Hallowe'en Ghost.

IRVING MORGAN.

The last week of October had arrived and Farmer Brown was at his wits' end as to how he should dispose of a problem that had occupied his mind a great deal of the time since last Hallowe'en.

Upon that memorable evening the harum-scarum boys and girls of the neighborhood had done considerable damage around his place, and he had been unable to administer any punishment because he could not catch and identify any of them.

Though naturally an easy-going sort of man, at last the soul of Brown rebelled, and he vowed he would not endure the same aggravations and loss this fall that he had been subjected to the year before.

"But what shall I do?" he thought. One plan after another had passed through his mind only to be rejected as unworthy, and he began to frown and shake his head in discouragement.

"Doggone it all! I'll give it up!" he said. "Maybe the boys can think of something," so making his way to the woodshed, he consulted his two sons, Jack and Ned.

Friday night came at last, bringing with it a somewhat cloudy sky and a strong wind, which conditions suited Jack and Ned perfectly, for they had a scheme which would work so much the better on a dark night. At precisely ten o'clock the two boys took their station in the top of the granary, while their cousin hid himself among the shadows in the heart of a huge oak, a short distance away.

They were barely concealed and ready when footsteps were heard approaching very cautiously. Peering out through a knothole Jack counted them: One, two, three, four, as they came from among the shadows. "Humph! a small crowd," said Jack inwardly. "But Harry Stedman is with them, and I've heard him boast many a time that he is afraid of nothing. Now, we shall see if he is courageous, or if his bravery is all a bluff, as I am inclined to believe it is." Nearer and nearer they drew, snickering and whispering among themselves. "Let them walk a few minutes, Ned, and see what they will do," said Jack; so the brothers watched them as they cut up numerous capers, and at last proceeded to the barn-yard, where the young stock was gathered for the night.

Producing a heavy rope, they proceeded to tie it around the horns and head of one calf and leading it close to another, to tie the two together. The boys did not know what else they intended doing, for Jack gave the word, "All ready, Ned," and suddenly the culprits heard a slight noise, and thinking some one might possibly be on the watch, they looked up in time to see a door open in the side of the granary, and a woman in white come forth. She seemed to walk slowly and hesitatingly toward the barn. The culprits looked on in silence and horror. What could it be, walking on air, midway between earth and sky!

"Ghosts!" said Harry Stedman, hoarsely. "Let's try to get away."

"Nonsense," said another, "we'll wait and see what it does."

So they waited, with faces white, limbs trembling, and hearts beating like trip-hammers. Nearer and nearer it came. Surely it was coming right for them. Soon they could hear a slight rustling sound as it moved, and with one arm partly upraised it swayed backward and forward in the air, its long white robes blowing in the wind. Suddenly, as the boys stood there fascinated by this strange, huge being in the shape of a woman, the other arm was raised, and with one grand, forward swoop it seemed to settle directly in front of Harry Stedman, and hold out its arms as if to embrace him. It was but a few inches from his face when, with the yell of a Comanche Indian, he bounded backward, leaped the fence and flew like the wind down the road, the other boys following close at his heels. The air was filled with the most

hideous cries, loud weird, uncanny howls, and long wailings as of lost souls. The figure in white dropped limply to the ground when the boys had disappeared.

"It worked fine, didn't it, Jack?" said Ned, as they once more stood on *terra firma*.

"Yes, and now we know just how brave Harry Stedman is," returned Jack, and they laughed gleefully as they recalled the look of horror on Harry's face when the ghost started to embrace him.

Many were the comments made next day, and for a long time after, about the ghost that inhabited Brown's granary.

One of the neighbors came out and asked him if he did not live in fear, knowing the place was haunted.

"Well," said Brown, "maybe 'tis a ghost as lives there. I have heard some mighty queer sounds there o' nights, and you know, neighbor, Mirandy Jenkins was drowned in the creek down thar just a leetle below my house. Might be as her spirit returned; can't always tell." And the farmer told this with a worried look on his face, not by the least sign betraying the boys or allowing anybody to find out what a struggle they had had making that ghost, and getting the wires just right, so that they would work them from the granary and the big oak near the yard, thus making their ghost rise high in the air or sink low, go forward or backward, etc. The terrible noises were made by bottles placed in the top of the granary where the wind would whistle through them, and with "screech owls" made out of tin cans. But if it was a great deal of work, the boys proudly called their ghost a "howling success," for not one of their neighbors can be induced to set foot on Brown's place after dark.

The Falling of the Leaves.

MARY E. SPANN.

Now the autumn leaves are falling,
On the ground they thickly lie,
And the branches, bare and leafless,
Stretch like lacework 'gainst the sky.

And the leaves of life are falling
 By our pathway one by one—
 Hopes and loves and longings, ever
 Dear to us, are quickly done.

Is it true, O God, my Father,
 That the blessings Thou dost send,
 Rise like sunlight to their zenith,
 And then all in darkness end?

Leaves so dear to us in springtime,
 And in summer's day so bright,
 Is the rule of life, my Father,
 That they pass at eve to night?

Strange the half of all life's music
 Is the echo of its pain,
 And the rainbow only shineth
 In the heavens after rain.

The Little Harp Girl.

RUTH VERNON NEWBOLD.

She was not beautiful, this little harp girl. She had something more than beauty; it was love for the lonely children that lived near her home. She did not remember ever having seen her father and mother. She came one night to the kind, lonely old man and woman who lived in the valley near the beautiful blue lake. It was storming the night she came to her foster parents, the clouds were black, so dark that they hid the face of the pearly moon which would have smiled on her had they been more kind. She came with her harp clasped tight in her cold, trembling little hands. Her eyes were dark and dreamy, and the waving, misty hair hung around the small star white face, down over the little bare shoulders, making her look more, if possible, like the child of night. No one would have guessed of the love and tenderness hidden in the breast of this wee fairy-like form.

She one day surprised her foster parents by saying the fairies had sent her to the children of the valley, that she might teach them to love the flowers and birds, might teach them to love and forgive. Every day

she would take her harp and hide herself away from the world, but always taking the children with her. There they would sit for hours by the beautiful blue lake, making wreaths of the wild flowers and throwing them into the foaming water for the little mermaids to find when they came at night to sing love songs to the moon and stars. There "Our Rosemond" (that is what the children called her), would sing them songs of the fairies and mermaids who danced on the ripples of the lake in the soft, misty moonlight; all the while she played wild, melancholy accompaniments on her harp.

The music, so soft and sweet, sounded to the listening children like the wind that sang them to sleep at night, when they were tucked up warm and cozy in their little beds. Thus sweet Rosemond, child of the fairies, cared for the children she loved so well.

All now lingered to look again at the face of this child-woman with her wonderful eyes and the tender mouth. Only one look was enough to see the pure, loving soul that could but shine through and show itself. Just as the rosy light of morn shines through the dark misty curtain of night, so with the soul of Rosemond. How they loved her, these children of the valley, with a love stronger than a lover's, more tender than a mother's love. No one could take their Rosemond from them.

But one day, as they were making merry in the cave by the calm, blue lake, a shadow fell across the summer sky, leaving the hearts of Rosemond's darlings full of fierce and bitter hate at the one who should have dared to sadden the heart of their beloved. Was she not theirs? She herself had often said, with her own dear eyes full of love, that the fairies had sent her to them, to make them happy and turn their little sorrows into laughing joy again. The handsome Prince of that country stopped beside the lake to rest himself after a long day's journey, throwing himself on the ground to dream of the little golden-haired girl he loved. His horse, with the flashing eyes, grazed on the grass a few yards away. While dreaming, the Prince thought he heard music; at first the sound was like the wind sobbing about the pine trees as it does in summer, and he could hardly believe his ears when he heard the sweet soulful voice of a woman singing near the lake. Going to a cave and looking through the crevice of the rock, he saw the children listen-

ing with upturned faces at their Rosemond as she sang the wild sea songs that tell of life, of freedom and of love.

Now the Prince had ever had his way, and I am afraid he was just a wee bit willful, but we must excuse the faults of princes, poor fellows; they are always made to believe what they do is right, and therefore miss the delightful sensation that one has when one is told that he is wrong.

So the Prince stepped into the cave and frightened the children, who clung to their Rosemond as though they thought this smiling man was a monster or demon who had come for no purpose but to take away their darling. But the Prince assured them that he only wanted to stay and listen to the music; and Rosemond, wanting only to give happiness, sang all of her songs to the admiring Prince. The children looked at one another after she had finished, wondering why their Rosemond had never sung so sweetly to them, but the little harp-girl, with the beautiful eyes of the Prince fixed upon her, seemed as one inspired. He looked as though he were in a dream and could hardly believe this angel-like woman, with her wonderful eyes, was real. This woman whom he, seeing for the first time, loved with a passion new to him, loved with all the strength his heart and soul could know. Still he dared not speak of love to one so childlike and innocent, dared not ask her to be his wife; it would frighten her and she would banish him from her forever.

But what if Rosemond loved him? Nursing this thought the Prince had no rest day or night until he had told her of his love. And Rosemond, listening with a face as white as the lilies that grew in the valley, and eyes half scared, half pitying, could only say, as he finished his story, could only say in answer, "You are brave, oh Prince, but I do not love you—and I could never leave the children of the valley." And the Prince, looking into the sad eyes of the little harp-girl, knew that never prayers, words, or tears could change her.

Rising, with his face full of anger and despair, with the words, "Then you shall die for the pain you cause me, and die by my hands, I who would give my life for yours." He took the dagger from his belt and plunged it into the little harp-girl's breast. Snatching one kiss from the dying girl's white lips, he threw himself into the lake and sank beneath the dancing foam.

Rosemond, with eyes full of horror, yet tender and loving, staggered to the side of her children and sank at their feet. The warm, crimson blood that flowed from her breast fell to the ground by her side, and from it a rose-tree with roses of deepest crimson sprang. But the fairies came to the aid of the dying Rosemond; taking the roses, they made a bier and bore her away to fairyland, from whence she came. And who knows? Perhaps Rosemond and the Prince were joined together in the land of fairies, and perhaps Rosemond forgave him and learned to love him. Let us hope so, and let us hope they had more happiness than this world of care and pain could give them.

Travelers now passing the rose-tree by the blue lake with its dancing foam, say they hear music from the waving boughs, like the sound of a harp—faintly calling “Rosemond—Rosemond.” Is it so, or is it the wind about the trees sobbing for the loved and lost? Who can tell?

Sketches.

THE BON OR FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD.

(A pagan expression of the thought of the Christian All Saints Day.)

There is in Japan an old and fast dying custom known as the *Bon* or Festival of the Dead.

Once every year, after solemn religious services in memory of their dead, a vast multitude passes at night to the shore of the ocean. Each person carries a tiny boat, lighted by a colored lantern and laden with some gift and a letter bearing some message of love or some prayer for forgiveness to the loved one that has passed away.

At midnight the little vessels are launched upon the deep, and they pass outward at the mercy of wind and wave.

Farther and farther apart they drift, and the myriads of colored lights like quivering stars, one by one, go out as the little boat proves too frail for the roughness of the waters.

How full of meaning to us is this old ritual! How it teaches us to remember the loving deed and to leave the bitter word unspoken ere the life-boats about us push off and the lights go out in the darkness of the distant waters.

M. E. S.

Judge James Wilson.

There are many incidents of historic interest and importance connected with our little town of Edenton, and of that one which is most in the public mind at present, I wish to speak.

At Hayes, near Edenton, one of the great men of our country, Judge James Wilson, is buried. He died there August 28, 1798, while on a visit to his friend, Judge Iredell.

Judge Wilson was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of Congress from Pennsylvania, and was appointed by Washington to be a Justice of the Supreme Court. Also he was the founder of the Law School of Pennsylvania.

It may be interesting to know that he is one of the principal characters in Dr. Weir Mitchell's novel, "Hugh Wynn," and is one of the five full figures painted by Trumbull in his famous picture, "The Signing of the Declaration."

It is said that he came to Edenton to get away from his business cares, and it is known that he visited Judge Iredell on several occasions.

Now, one hundred years after his death, people have realized what honor is due him. On the 20th of November the State of Pennsylvania is going to have his remains taken to Philadelphia, where they will be received with the highest civic and military honors. He is to be buried there at Christ Church, where so many distinguished men of the Revolution and early days of the government rest, and surely Judge Wilson's place is among these.

ANNIE E. WOOD.

In Lighter Vein.

J. C.—"I think its a shame that Mr. C. killed that cat and dog! He's a regular cannibal!"

K. H.—"Have you seen the *tribulations* to the "MUSE?"

Junior, reading her composition.—"Coleridge tramped through *Whales*."

K. Henderson to S. Bailey—"What are you sighing about?" "Oh, it's just psychology."

A. H., writing to her mother—"Mamma, don't write until you get this."

Mr. Stone, in History Class—"Adams and Jefferson, the two great political opponents, died on the same day.

K. Henderson—"I wonder if they knew it."

First girl—"Why don't the faculty have their recital?"

Second girl—"They are waiting for Miss Hull's bow to come."

First girl—"Well, I don't see why the whole music faculty should have to wait on one man!"

Miss Spurlock, in psychology—"There is one school of philosophers that believes there is nothing material in the outside world, that the object is in our own minds instead; for instance, trees are not really on the campus, but merely in our brains."

B. C.—"Well, I *know the laundry's real.*"

Break! Break! Break!

Break! break! break!

O! what is the matter with me?
I don't remember what figure this is,
And where can my partner be?

O, well for the leading man,
He can shout until he turns gray,
But everyone else is talking so loud,
They won't hear a word he may say.

The other couples go on,
And seem to know what to do;
But, oh! for some kind friend to tell me
If this is break one or two.

Break! break! break!
That german haunts me yet.
For in each life are some moments
Too awful to forget!

The St. Mary's Muse.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

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EDITORIAL.

Thanks-
giving.

How many Thanksgiving days we have spent in a very different manner from this one! Most of us are thinking of home and the little reunion of relatives and friends which we associate with this festival. In our minds' eye we see the family circlé and the happy events that occupy them during each hour of the holiday. We cannot be there, of course, but we *can* try to enjoy the day to the fullest extent; it will prove much more pleasant than we could believe possible. Then, too, we should do as the infallible *Ladies' Home Journal* suggests and "Keep our mouths turned up in the corners." Each of us has much to be thankful for; many of us, as Buster Brown says, "Never realize just how comfortable or happy we are until the toothache or some other thing comes along to put us out of business"—and, as usual, Buster is right.

There is an "evanescent, intangible" something which we School Spirit, miss in St. Mary's girls. It seems to us that "school spirit" best expresses this idea; so many of us do not seem to have much of the right sort of school pride. Of course we all love St. Mary's; it is unnecessary to say that. The best kind of love, however, shows itself in deeds, not words; it rests with us to encourage

enthusiasm in athletic and literary societies and in class organizations.

Do not put the responsibility on the faculty, for we would not wish them to take the initiative, although they are willing to help us. Then, too, perhaps, it's our privilege more than theirs, girls, to create the right sort of St. Mary's spirit.

Perhaps it is a truism that genius often goes unappreciated until the person to whom it is given has left us; as Judge Wilson. Carlyle expresses it, "In spite of our grand maxim of supply and demand, it is no means the highest excellence that men are most forward to recognize." We see another example of this in the life of Judge Wilson. Although one of the most brilliant men of his time—indeed far in advance of it—his body was suffered to lie in an obscure grave for over a hundred years. At last he is to be given the tardy demonstration of reverence and honor which so long have been denied him. In the hearts of his patriotic countrymen and students of history, however, he has long been, and will always be, enshrined as a great-hearted, loyal American.

The MUSE Club has grown larger of late, and we hope that the members will prove themselves as interested and energetic as we believe them to be. They are capable of making the MUSE what we wish it—a thoroughly up-to-date school paper. Enthusiasm is needed in every one, and those who are not willing to give the best of their ability and support are lacking in the right sort of school spirit. On the other hand, we trust that each one will lend her individual aid, so that we may have a magazine worthy of St. Mary's.

Athletics, which should form an important and interesting feature in every school, does not seem to be pursued with much heartiness this year. Little seems to have been done about the formation of athletic clubs. Why this is so we cannot tell. Certainly there are numbers of girls who are enthusiastic about tennis and basket-ball; it seems a pity that they do not try to encourage

such enthusiasm in the rest of the school. We hope that those who are interested will aid in the creation of a general interest and love for the various out-door sports.

The Exchange Idea. One of the most pleasant features connected with the publication of a school periodical is the coming of the "exchanges." Each month they come like old friends dropping in for a little chat, talking over,—sometimes directly, sometimes by inference,—their troubles and pleasures for friendship's sake. Some in apparent feebleness seem to need our encouragement and help; some in their strength we think of as partners in a common work, and greet, as we hope to be greeted, with brotherly sympathy and criticism; to others, the university "grown-ups," we look for help and advice.

The suggestions of the *High School This-or-that* to the *University Magazine* to do or not to do this or that savors somewhat more of humor than some of the Joke Columns we run across; while the command of the Exchange Editor of the *College What-not*, drawing its material from a student-body five hundred strong to its weaker contemporary with only one-fifth the number of supporters and whose editors have to keep busy day in and day out from month to month in order to have any issue at all, to "be a little more serious" or "a little more witty," to give us "more poetry" or "better stories," or "cease disgracing the business" (this last merely by suggestion) is to say the least not especially encouraging. It is a sign of the times and an encouraging one that the exchange-criticism seems to be growing more and more constructive, less destructive. Undeserved praise discredits both the praiser and the praised, but silence is far better than the criticism that wounds without stimulating.

We presume that each publication is doing its best,—the editors owe that to their school, their student-body, and themselves. If that best is not quite what we would like to see, we prefer to try to help by indirect suggestion and example rather than advice undesired, if not undeserved.

In the formation of the College Press Association of South Carolina, in which the *Clemson College Chronicle* took the initiative; and the institution of the Southern Inter-Collegiate Short Story Contest, at the suggestion of the *University of North Carolina Magazine*, the first active

steps toward formal co-operation among the school publications in the South are to be seen. We notice these moves with interest and trust that they will not only be in themselves successful, but that they will lead to other and equally helpful steps in future.

We wish at this time to express our pleasure at greeting and our appreciation of the following friends that have thus far reached THE MUSE this session: *The University of North Carolina Magazine*, *Wake Forest Student*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *Red and White*, *Georgia Tech*, *Winthrop College Journal*, *Converse Concept*, *Palmetto*, *Oracle*, *Horner Cadet*, *Quill*, *Limestone Star*, and *Park School Gazette*. We hope to receive many others in the near future.

In particular would we congratulate the staff of *The Palmetto* on their first number of the year. The cover strikes us first, and it is a real pleasure to find the contents equally good. The Editorials and the Exchange Departments are both well worthy of the close notice of other editors. May *The Palmetto* never fall below the standard of the November number.

SCHOOL NEWS.

The Sigma Lambda Reception.

On Saturday evening, October 27th, the Sigma Lambda Literary Society gave its annual reception to the new members. The French room was almost unrecognizable in its decorations of bamboo, autumn leaves and pennants. Purple and Gray, the society colors, were hung around the walls. In the hall stood the receiving committee, Misses Prince, Jones, Carrison, Bailey, Corbett, Liddell, Strange, Robinson and Henderson, the officers of the society. Misses Bynum and Short presided over the punch bowls. The guests began to arrive shortly after eight o'clock and there was a steady stream of welcome visitors until ten. Besides the old and new Sigma Lambdas, there were present the faculty and the members of the Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society. Delicious fruit salad was served during the evening. Everybody seemed to have a good time. The president was most gracious in her cordial welcome to the new members, and the old girls eagerly followed her hospitable example.

Hallowe'en at St. Mary's,

Eight o'clock. It was almost here, and in the parlor all were eagerly watching the door. Promptly at eight it opened and in walked a Chinaman. Following him were Pocahontas and a Japanese girl, and behind them were ghosts and goblins, clowns and dominoes, and more maidens from Fair Japan. Our attention is first called to the bishop and the priest walking with stately mien as becomes their dignity. But they have passed us and now we see "Jack and Jill," faithfully carrying their pail; "Little Bo-Peep and Little Boy Blue"; "Romeo and Juliet"; "Two Knights of Ye Olden Time"; little girls and Colonial Dames; mammies with "nigger chillen"; and others too numerous to mention.

All of these marched around three times, and the couples were just forming for the first figure when suddenly the rattling of chains was heard and, to the terror and amazement of all, two convicts jumped through the window. With the penitentiary stripes, caps and chains, together with their masked faces, they frightened us very much at first. They soon mingled with the dancers, and whom did we see dancing together but the meek little nun and a convict.

About nine, refreshments were served. Soon after, the lights were put out and the lantern figure was danced. With only the weird light of the lanterns the figures moving to and fro, many of them in white, made a very ghostly looking spectacle. Half-past nine came all too soon. Bidding our friends good-night, we went upstairs, everybody trying to say at the same time, "Oh! what a good time I had; I do hope we'll have another Masquerade Ball next Hallowe'en." G. S. H.

St. Anne's Flower Tea

The Flower Tea given by St. Anne's Chapter of the Junior Auxiliary, on the night of Saturday, November 3, was a great success.

Those who looked through the open door of the parlor could not resist the scene within.

The room was prettily decorated with autumn leaves, chrysanthemums and other late flowers. On the stage were arranged tables for those who wished ice cream. Girls dressed as jonquils, roses, poppies and other flowers served refreshments.

We had "suitors galore," mostly "A. & M'ers."

Every one seemed to enjoy the evening, and the girls of Miss Sutton's dormitory should be congratulated on the successful carrying out of their original scheme.

M. I. E.

School Notes.

—The D. Science Class, under Miss Spurlock's direction, have had interesting trips during the month to the Gas Works and the Ice Factory. They are now planning an expedition to— But any member of the class will be glad to tell you. Ask Miss Hales.

—Miss Amy Fitz-Simons, of South Carolina, a St. Mary's girl of '03 and '04, has been visiting Miss DuBose and renewing old acquaintances.

—Gertrude Sullivan, '06, paid her friends at St. Mary's a visit in the week of the 20th. It was very good to have her back.

—The orchestra is rapidly getting into shape under Miss Hull's guidance, and we are looking forward to hearing it in recital in the near future.

—Twice during the past month the Sunday morning sermon has been by a visiting clergyman. On October 28th, in the absence of the Rector at Asheville, Rev. A. B. Hunter, of St. Augustine's, had the service; and on November 11th, Rev. W. J. Moody, General Missionary of the Diocese of Alabama, who was on a visit to his daughter, Doris, preached. We were very glad to have with us and hear both Mr. Hunter and Mr. Moody, and hope that they will repeat their visits.

—On the evening of Saturday, the 10th, a party from St. Mary's enjoyed the lecture at the Baptist University by Mr. McEntee, of the Ben Greet Players, on "The Morality Play and 'Everyman.'" This lecture, as well as the special instruction, made the presentation of "Everyman" much more readily appreciated.

—Thursday night, the 16th, Dr. Henry Shepherd, of Baltimore, lectured at the Baptist University under the auspices of the Woman's Club. Miss Poole chaperoned a party from St. Mary's, who greatly enjoyed Dr. Shepherd's discussion of "Shakespeare."

—A distinguished party of Northern Churchmen, members of the American Church Institute, which has general supervision of the work at St. Augustine's School for Negroes, paid an annual visit to Raleigh on October 30th on a tour of inspection of St. Augustine's School. Piloted by Bishop Cheshire and Mr. Hunter, they were with us at the morning Chapel Service, to our great pleasure. In the party, among others, were Bishop Greer, of New York, and Bishop Lines, of Newark, and Mr. Silas McBee, of *The Churchman*, Capt. A. T. Mahan, and Rev. Mr. Bishop. Mr. Stone was very glad to meet again Rev. Prescott Evarts, of Boston, a classmate at Harvard, and Mary Bryan's friends of last year were glad to meet her father, Rev. Dr. Bryan, of Petersburg. We were all sorry not to see Mr. Geo. Foster Peabody and Mr. Hamilton Mabie, who were to have been with the party, but were unable to come.

—Work on the Auditorium proceeds slowly. At the present rate of progress it looks as if we might possibly hope to hear the Commencement address in the new building.

—On account of illness, Jessie Harris has gone to her home at Henderson for a short stay.

—Coatsie Benedict spent a few days of this month with relatives at Wake Forest.

—Annie Glenn returned to her home in Greensboro at the end of the first quarter.

—Nell Wilson spent a few days with relatives at Chapel Hill this month.

—Nannie Campbell spent a few days with her parents at Fayetteville this month.

ALUMNAE MATTERS.

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

ERNEST CRUIKSHANK - - - Alumnæ Editor.

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 Saunders Memorial Window.

Through the appeal in the October MUSE, and the letter which has been mailed to friends of Miss Saunders whose addresses we can ascertain, a definite effort has been made to raise the Memorial Fund at once.

The window, which will be of Tiffany glass, will be the work of Miss Julia Wickham, the artist who executed the Battle memorial window in the Chapel, and will harmonize with that window, which is directly opposite the place of the Saunders' window.

A little less than \$100 is still needed. In the hope that it may thus reach some interested persons who have not yet seen it, and may arouse others to action who have not yet acted, the letter of November 1 is here reproduced. It will serve also to call the minds of the daughters of St. Mary's to Founder's Day.

RALEIGH, N. C., November 1, 1906.

To-day, the Feast of All Saints, is, as you doubtless remember, also observed at St. Mary's as "Founders' Day," and on it our thoughts, as daughters of St. Mary's, are centered on those noble souls who in the last three generations have given of themselves to make St. Mary's what it is.

It seems, then, the most appropriate season to invite your attention to an object in which we believe you will be interested and which is intended to commemorate her who was one of the saints, doing her life-work here, and who has since the last "Founders' Day" passed from us to her reward—Miss Anne Saunders.

A memorial window to Miss Saunders will be placed near her old seat in the school Chapel, and THE MUSE is acting as steward for her friends who will make the placing of the window possible by their love-offerings. This letter is merely to invoke your interest in the matter, to ask you to mention it to any of our friends who may wish to have a part in the memorial and to urge that whatever is done will be done at once, and there is consequently need of immediate action by any one who would have a part.

Contributions may be sent to THE ST. MARY'S MUSE, and will be acknowledged immediately.

Thanking you for the co-operation which we are sure you will give us in the matter,

Very sincerely,

ST. MARY'S MUSE.

November Weddings.

Bellamy-Clark.

Tarboro, N. C., Nov. 14.—At 5:30 o'clock this afternoon one of the prettiest marriages ever solemnized here was witnessed in Calvary Church by an immense throng of people, the contracting parties being Miss Sue Clark, a popular and attractive young lady of this place, and Mr. Marsden Bellamy, Jr., a prominent young member of the Wilmington Bar. The beautiful marriage ceremony of the Episcopal Church was impressively performed by Rev. F. H. Harding, Miss Sue Curtis skilfully rendering the wedding marches. Prior to the entrance of the bridal party the choir sang, "The Voice That Breathed Over Eden."

The bridesmaids entered by twos in the following order: Misses Rena Clark, of Tarboro, and Carrie Darden, of Newsoms, Va.; Alice Borden, of Wilmington, and Mary Howard, of Tarboro; May Tayloe, of Washington, N. C., and Miss Gottlieb, of Baltimore; Duncan Winston, of Edenton, and Miss Darden, of Newsoms, Va.

The bridesmaid's attire was white dotted net over taffeta. They carried large bunches of yellow chrysanthemums, tied with white tulle. Miss Nan Clark, maid of honor, wore yellow crepe and carried white chrysanthemums.

The bride entered the church with her father, Mr. W. S. Clark, who gave her away. She was attired in white chiffon cloth trimmed in real lace, wearing tulle veil, caught up with a wreath of orange blossoms, carrying a shower bouquet of bride's roses and lilies of the valley.

Immediately after the ceremony a reception was given at the home of the bride. They left for a tour of Northern cities, and upon their return will reside at Wilmington.

The church was beautifully decorated with palms and candles and presented an inspiring spectacle.

Mr. and Mrs. Marmaduke James Hawkins
 request the honour of your presence
 at the marriage of their daughter
 Janet McKenzie

to

Mr. Milo M. Pendleton
 on the afternoon of Wednesday the twenty-first of November
 nineteen hundred and six
 at half after two o'clock
 "Oakley Hall"
 Ridgeway, North Carolina

Crowell-Crow.

At the Presbyterian Church at half-past ten o'clock, on the morning of Wednesday, November 21, will occur the marriage of Miss Marguerite Crow to Mr. C. B. Crowell.

Miss Crow is one of Raleigh's brightest and most popular young women. Mr. Crowell is of the firm of the King-Crowell Drug Company, and during the years he has lived in Raleigh has gained the esteem and high regard of all who have known him.

There are no cards, as the ceremony will be a quiet one.

Alumnæ Notes.

—Mrs. Iredell, after a brief visit in Asheville, is spending a month with Miss Czarnomska in Cincinnati. It is the first trip she has been able to take since Dr. Hines' illness, a year ago.

—The special alumnæ number of the MUSE—Founders' Day number—should reach its friends within a week of the arrival of this number. We hope it will inspire them to furnish us the material for future numbers.

It is a pleasure to the editors to hear further from Miss Kimberly, who writes from Norfolk on October 25th:

419 Bute St.

DEAR GIRLS:—I hope that all of you girls fully enjoyed your vacation and have returned with new interest and well-rested for the next year's studies. Ah! how well I remember the close and beginning of school. The good-byes and many tears shed when our friends left us and the joyful welcome again on their return, and our great curiosity and excitement over the newcomers. I spent many of my vacations—though not all—at the school, and we girls always had much to amuse us and give us pleasure. Peyster, our housekeeper, was a good old soul, and Dr. Smedes was not so strict in vacation days: we would leave the grounds and go where we pleased during the day, but of course were obliged to be at the school before night. We would have lots of fun amongst ourselves, and I pity the girl who knows nothing of boarding-school life. * * *

With good wishes for one and all,

EMILY S. KIMBERLY.

We doubt not that in the years to come we shall look back at the scene of our school-days with as keen pleasure as many of the girls of antebellum days do now, and nothing seems to blot out time more completely than the little glimpses at the familiar scenes in the days that are gone.

To Kate.

Of all the girls I love the best
 In this or any State,
 One friend stands out from all the rest—
 My pretty blue-eyed Kate.

Others may be as dear to you,
 On whom you meditate—
 But no sweeter girl I ever knew
 Than pretty blue-eyed Kate.

If asked in earnestness or mirth,
 If asked at morn or late,
 I'd say the dearest girl on earth
 Is my sweet blue-eyed Kate.

A. C. G.

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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RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

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WHARTON & TYREE

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PHOTOGRAPHS

REMEMBER IT PAYS TO GET THE BEST

COLLEGE CUT-UPS.

Last week Tuesday Gentle Jane
Met a passing railroad train;
"Good afternoon," she sweetly said,
But the blamed train simply cut her dead.

—*Yale Record.*

Eugene was caught between two trains;
Folk with a bag picked up the remains;
The neighbors were greatly stirred up by the scene,
And the only collected person was 'Gene.

—*The Princeton Tiger.*

THE DOBBIN-FERRALL CO.

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OF ALL KINDS



Tailored Suits and Coats, Carpets, Cur-
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LADIES FINE SHOES AND SLIPPERS

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AND SODA FOUNTAIN.
Corner Fayetteville and Hargett Streets.

You'll find up-to-date Shoes at

HUNTER BROS. & BREWER.

IN THE ORIENT.

If a game of baseball
Should be held in Japan,
Would a spectator there
Be a Japanese fan?
I've no doubt the effect
On the eyes would be pleasant
If only each foul
Were a Japanese pheasant.

—Cornell Widow.

OH! THUNDER.

"See!" said Willie, "see the clouds;
Where are they going, I wonder?"
"Well," said the captain, "since you ask,
I think they are going to thunder."

—Cornell Widow.

THE BOYLAN-PEARCE CO.



*Dry Goods, Millinery,
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Gloves, Hosiery,
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Everything in Art.
Embroidery Materials, Wools and Zephyrs.

For the most satisfactory work,

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Rich Jewelry and Silverware.

Repairing promptly done.

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Wedding and Holiday presents.

Fine Watch and Jewelry repairing.

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

Some time ago four college boys went gaily forth one night to serenade two belles of Princeton. Arrived at the house of the fair ones, they took their stand under the correct window, as they thought, and for some time made the night more or less melodious.

They were just preparing to leave when a door opened and the jolly old father of the girls appeared. Had it been light they might possibly have seen a twinkle in his eye.

"Boys," he said, "we are much obliged. That is, I am much obliged, for I happen to be alone to-night. I'm sorry to say that the family's in New York. But I thank you for coming. Maybe if you come again you will have better luck. But in the name of old Princeton, boys, if you do come when the girls are here, don't play to the bathroom window!"—*Brooklyn Life*.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

TO BE SURE.

Father (after a long search for a book)—“Well, here it is. I wonder why one always finds a thing in the last place in which one hunts?”

Son—“I expect it’s because when we find what we are looking for we stop hunting.”—*Pearson’s Weekly.*

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 Ladies' Fine Shoes.

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J. R. FERRALL & CO.—GROCERS.
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Mrs. REESE & COMPANY,
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School Calendar, 1906-'07.

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

- Nov. 15.—Thursday, 8 p.m.: The Ben Greet Players in "Everyman," Opera House.
Nov. 17.—
Nov. 24.—Saturday, 8 p.m.: St. Etheldreda's Chapter. Annual Evening.
Nov. 26.—Monday, 8:30 p.m.: Faculty Recital.
Nov. 28.—Wednesday, 8 p.m.: Epsilon Alpha Pi Society Reception.
Nov. 29.—Thursday: Thanksgiving Day. Holiday.
Dec. 1.—Saturday, 8 p.m.: St. Elizabeth's Chapter. Annual Evening.
Dec. 6.—
Dec. 8.—Saturday, 8 p.m.: St. Margaret's Chapter. Annual Evening.
Dec. 12.—
Dec. 15.—Saturday, 8 p.m.: St. Catharine's Chapter. Annual Evening.
Dec. 20.—Thursday at 1 p.m.: CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY BEGINS.
-

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EDWARD F. COST,
Second Vice-President,
Portsmouth, Va.

The Student Directory, 1906-'07.

The St. Mary's Muse Staff.

ANNUAL.

(Under direction of Senior Class.)

Lillian Farmer, Editor-in-Chief.
 Emily Carrison, Business Manager.

Louise Hill,
 Mary Spruill,
 Helen Ball,
 Beatrice Cohen, } Literary Editors.

Sue Prince,
 Heber Birdsong,
 Alice McCullers, } Art Editors.

MONTHLY.

(Under direction of Muse Club.)

Serena Bailey, Editor-in-Chief.
 Beatrice Cohen, Act. Bus. Mgr. } Managing
 Elizabeth Waddill. } Board.
 Helen Liddell.
 Helen Strange.

Lillian Farmer. } Alice McCullers.
 Emily Carrison. } Georgia Hales.
 Mary Spruill. } Louise Hill.
 Sue Prince. } Mary Vann.
 Margaret DuBose } Eloise Robinson.

The Literary Societies.

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 Elizabeth Waddill.....Vice-President.....
 Grace Ward.....Secretary.....
 Eva Rogerson.....Treasurer.....
 Sallie H. Battle.....Corresponding Secretary.....
 Louise Hill.....Critic.....
 Frankie Self.....Historian.....
 Annie Wells }Tellers.....
 Kate Blacknall }

SIGMA LAMBDA.

Sue Prince.
 Sarah Jones.
 Emily Carrison.
 Helen Liddell.
 Serena Bailey.
 Helen Strange.
 Alice Corbett.
 Katherine Henderson.
 Eloise Robinson.

The Auxiliary Chapters.

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 Jessie Harris, Treasurer.
 Emily Carrison, Secretary.

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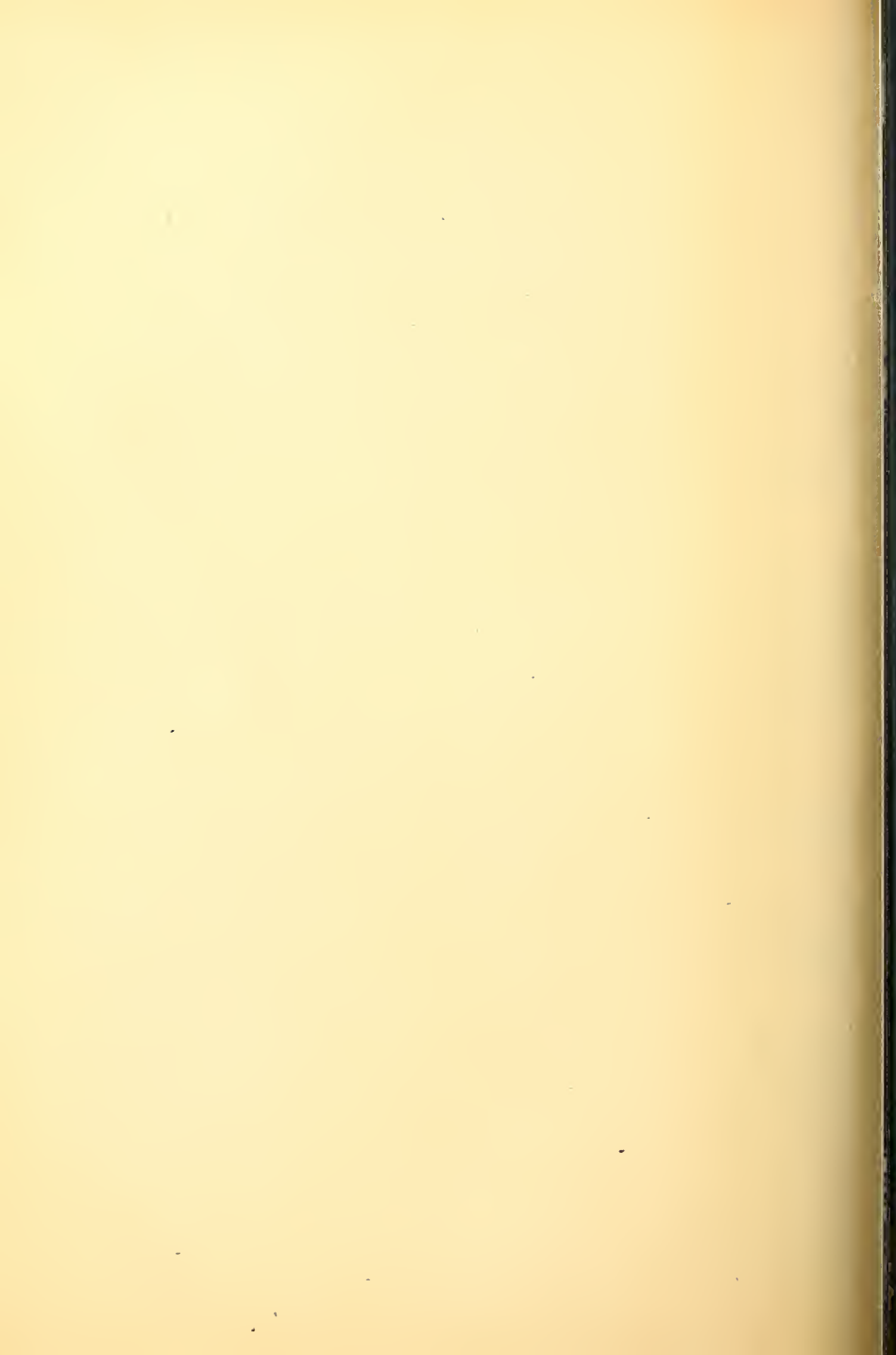
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December, 1900

Founders' Day
Number

THE
St. Mary's Muse



WILSON, R. C.











MISS ANNE SAUNDERS, 1837-1906

The St. Mary's Muse.

FOUNDERS' DAY NUMBER.

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Special Alumnae Edition.

Inscribed to the memory of Miss Anne Saunders—faithful daughter of St. Mary's, untiring friend of St. Mary's girls, true Southern gentlewoman—this MUSE, published as a token of present day appreciation of the "good old days," is offered to the daughters of St. Mary's past, present and to come.

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The St. Mary's Muse.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

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EDITORIAL.

FOUNDERS' DAY: ITS MEANING.

It is now some years since November first, the Feast of All Saints, was wisely set aside at St. Mary's to be the one special school holiday of the year, the day of remembrance of the men and the women who established and built the school, that labored for it and loved it; the day on which to be especially thoughtful of what St. Mary's is and what it stands for, of what it has been and what it might be; the day of all days in the year when every alumna and every friend of St. Mary's should have the school in her mind—the school of her school-days and the school of the present—the day on which all the general good feeling and appreciation should be concentrated for a moment in common thought, when each could feel that throughout the South, yes, and the North, the East, and the West too, every daughter of St. Mary's was wafting up a thanksgiving for the past and a prayer for the future of Alma Mater.

At Christmas, Epiphany and Easter we are one in feeling and sympathy with the hosts of the Church; on Independence Day and Washington's Birthday we are supremely patriotic, and our thoughts are on the State; on Lee's Birthday and Memorial Day the upper thought is our pride in our inheritance as daughters of the South; on Thanksgiving

Day we unite with a common race in voicing man's thankfulness to his Maker. Each of these holidays, holy days, days consecrated to lofty thought and noble act, makes us glad of our heritage and brings a fuller realization of our common blessings, and yet to the individual I doubt whether many of them have as deep a personal significance as has the anniversary of the personal joy or sorrow—the birthday, the wedding-day, the day that marked the passing of a dear one into the Beyond. The busy world goes on and knows, aye cares, nothing for our feeling, only the few remember and know, but the common memory and the common feeling binds those few the closer, and in many cases the remembrance of that anniversary is a real tie through the year. What is true of the family is true in larger and lesser scale of the community. The local holiday, celebrating some event of local history, commemorating the life of some local hero, is apt to mean more to the community than even the greater general holidays.

There is a special significance at St. Mary's in having our Founders' Day co-incident with the great feast of All Saints, when the Church is remembering the saints of earth who are gone. It calls to mind the close relation between the Church and the church school; it reminds us that we are living to-day with similar surroundings and like opportunities to those which were the lot of the "saints"; it says to us that those who have labored in love here may now well be reckoned with the saints; and it brings the day home to us as no sermon would, in reminding us that the "saints" are no distant host recalled only in hymn and holy script, but are an unending throng, the host of those who in this world have lived their lives aright.

But Founders' Day should be more than a localized 'All Saints'. It should be a "Home Coming Day," when, if not in body at least in spirit, we may be united, when thoughts of Alma Mater claim first place in our thought, and our relation, past and present, to her welfare is in our minds. It should be the special day of meeting for the St. Mary's Guilds in the various towns where the Alumnae are organized, and for the organization of the Guilds in those places where as yet unorganized two or three St. Mary's girls are met together. The impulse should

come from the school, but the Alumnae should be prepared to welcome it with receptive minds. A historical sketch in the spirit of that of Hon. R. H. Battle delivered on Founders' Day, 1901; a Founders' Day sermon; a Founders' Day poem—some one of these could be ready for the Guilds at their meeting-places and with one voice and one thought at one hour the united daughters of St. Mary's could join in voicing their feeling.

Founders' Day, 1906, is now but a memory. Nothing was lacking but the formal celebration. Cannot this be arranged before another year rolls by, and this not by decree at the school, but through a concerted expression of interest and desire on the part of Alumnae and students? Time will show.

THE FOUNDERS' DAY MUSE.

In the absence of a formal celebration in which the Alumnae could take part there seems no more fitting method of bringing the thought of Founders' Day before us than in presenting to the Alumnae this special Alumnae MUSE. Issued in response to the suggestion of Alumnae, consisting entirely of voluntary contributions from Alumnae and other material in which Alumnae may be expected to feel keen interest, we hope that this MUSE will come to the Alumnae as a welcome visitor, bringing refreshing tidings—that it will add fresh fuel to the fires of love which burn so ceaselessly in many breasts, and will serve to rekindle the flame in hearts where the embers are now but smoldering. May it arouse more than a passing interest, and may it inspire its readers to give others the opportunity of enjoying their impressions in later issues, and of keeping the school in closer touch with them as well as of keeping them in closer touch with the school.

Our hope is to have this but the first of Founders' Day MUSES in which shall be recorded hereafter a more complete register of those who have passed beyond, and those who have married in the preceding year; which shall contain not more interesting, but more extended reminiscences, recollections post-bellum, as well as of the early years, in which the younger daughters of St. Mary's may voice their feeling for the benefit of their elder sisters.

St. Mary's could have no greater blessing than the unfailing devotion of her Alumnae, and to those of them who have contributed to this number we beg to express our deep thanks and hearty appreciation.

ALUMNAE RECORDS.

And once again it seems a proper time to repeat the oft-made request for help in completing the incomplete alumnae records. With a full list of the school-girl names of the St. Mary's girls from 1846 to 1879 it would be a difficult task to trace any large number of them, but without these names we are completely at a loss.

Mrs. Aiken speaks for many of us, her younger sisters as well as her contemporaries, when she answers the request thus:

DEAR MUSE:—Did you ever in greeting some old lady have her peer into your face and say, "My dear, your face is perfectly familiar, but I cannot recall your name." Now, I am that representative old lady, and were you looking to discover the weakest point in old age, you have surely found it—the forgetfulness of names. I feel sure could I be given a panoramic view of those, over a hundred, girls who were boarders during my stay at St. Mary's, not one would escape recognition.

However, to comply with your request for a list of my school-mates—not the day-scholars, as you can get more definite information nearer home—I will make the effort. * * * Ah, well! I have straightened up, pulled myself together, wiped my glasses, rubbed my eyes, tried to brush the cobwebs from my brain, swept its corners, and rummaged generally, with the result as appended, fearing though the list may be of little service, as almost all of my companions have reached the age limit, "three score years and ten," and I do not mean to be frivolous, but the most apt quotation that will ring in my ears, are lines from a song of the long ago:

"Where are the Marys, the Anns and Elizas,
Loving and loved as of yore?
Look in the columns of old advertisers,—
Married and dead by the score:
Married, dead, married, dead,
Married and dead by the score."

Yes, some like myself are enjoying the sweetest compensation of age, having loving children and grand-children, the dear little prattlers, to gather about them, and make their declining years bright and happy: the others at God's call have "crossed the river," are waiting to greet their loved ones on the heavenly shore, when they too have passed from "death unto life" and have gone to join the innumerable hosts of saints and angels.

I thank you for the pleasure given by your request, for in imagination I have visited St. Mary's, peeped into the alcoves, roamed through the dormitories, halls, recitation rooms, school-room, parlor, and grove, have even chased some girls up and

down the stairways from basement to the fourth story to find out their names. I wish they were written on their backs; I have had a regular game of "hide and seek," ending laughingly in my own discomfiture: but to use a favorite quotation of dear Dr. Smedes, "She hath done what she could—angels can do no more." So please accept my imperfect list, with the hope that if any future call should arise, I may do better.

Most cordially and faithfully,

MRS. ISAAC M. AIKEN, *nee* FANNIE BRYAN.

720 Palafoy St., Pensacola, Fla.

While we may not be able to express ourselves as well as Mrs. Aiken, if each alumnae would show the same spirit and "do what she could," the matter would be settled.

First and Last.

When you hear of the school—just as most of us do—
Of its feasts and its fun—and, of course, lessons, too—
When you've studied the catalogue through and through—
That's when you dream of St. Mary's.

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

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

When the girls take to hiding in quiet nooks,
When all around you see nothing but books—
And "exam-week" is plainly announced by the looks—
That's when you fear St. Mary's.

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

But from early youth till snowy years,
'Mid a daily round of laughter and tears,
Through a whole lifetime of joys and cares—
That's when you love St. Mary's.



MADAME CLEMENT, ST. MARY'S FIRST FRENCH TEACHER

*IN MADAME CLEMENT'S HONOR. HER
DAUGHTER IN 1905, ESTABLISHED THE
MADAME CLEMENT SCHOLARSHIP.*



Madame Clement: An Appreciation.

MRS. MARY IREDELL, RALEIGH.

In the calendar of St. Mary's "All Saints" is "Founders' Day," and intimately connected with the early work of the founder and first rector of St. Mary's are the name and personality of his able assistant, Madame Clement. She came with him to Raleigh in May, 1842, and by his own statement was of invaluable help in carrying out his noble plan of founding "a church school for girls."

Madame Clement was a French woman, and this fact was patent in her appearance, manner and accent. We can give no authentic statement regarding her coming to America, nor, at this time, even to the circumstances of her meeting Dr. Smedes and coming with him to North Carolina. That when she came to America she left her little daughter Eleanor with relatives in France, we know, for many who are still with us recall the first coming to St. Mary's of the little homesick French girl, who could speak no English, and whose mother could not conceal her disappointment at finding her "beautiful baby" so changed. // But the mother soon grew to see the worth of her daughter, and both grew into a love for St. Mary's, her work and influence which lasted through life, and bore fruit which we may hope will endure through time to the brightening of many lives and homes.

Madame Clement was quick and impulsive in word and act, with eyes which nothing escaped, and speech ever ready. Though a "terror to wrong-doers," she was just, good and loyal, full of zeal for the welfare of the girls, both in body and mind, and also very jealous for the school and the rector, their reputation and influence. These qualities, combined with unflagging energy, must have made her a most valuable assistant to Dr. Aldert Smedes in his noble work.

// Not only did Madame Clement give her energies to Dr. Smedes in the management of the school in its early days, but she was for many years the teacher of French, a place filled later by her daughter, Miss Eleanor, who, after her education at St. Mary's was completed, returned to France and her beloved relatives there, to prepare herself for this work. //

Though the data in our possession forbids any exact statement as to the number of years covered by the connection of mother and daughter with St. Mary's, subsequent events show plainly that their truest, deepest feelings were enlisted for her and her work as a church school. How much their life at St. Mary's had to do with the deep-rooted love of the church which their lives evinced, we may not know, but their devotion to the Church, her work and missions, was felt by their pupils in their school in Germantown, Pa., which they founded some years after they left St. Mary's—about 1862 or 1863—and called "Madame Clement's School." This lasted for about twenty-five years, though not long after her mother's death, Miss Clement gave up any personal connection with it.

The readers of the MUSE are referred to a previous article published not long after Miss Clement's death in November, 1904, for further details concerning both mother and daughter and their interest in St. Mary's, as shown in Miss Clement's will. For who can for a moment doubt that the daughter's will reflected the mind and spirit of the mother?

By Miss Clement's will St. Mary's received five thousand dollars for the endowment of a scholarship to be called "The Madame Clement Scholarship," preferably for the education of the daughters of clergymen, and by the appointment of the Bishop of North Carolina.

It has been two years since the death of Miss Clement, and the scholarship given by her will as a memorial to her mother is held for the first time, and by the daughter of a missionary in the Diocese of Asheville. During Madame Clement's life at St. Mary's, the missionary work in Western North Carolina—the whole State at that time being comprised in one diocese—was the most prominent part of the church work done at St. Mary's, and the girls were much interested in the mountaineers. Barrels and boxes of clothing, books, etc., were sent by them for distribution among the poor mountaineers, who in return showed their appreciation by sending bags of chestnuts and apples, not such common dainties then as they are now. For, in those days, railroads were unknown among the mountains and these good

things were carried down to the central part of the State in covered wagons, thence to find their way by not much easier means to the neighborhood of the coast. As a St. Mary's girl I can vouch that no chestnuts have ever tasted as those did, all unexpected as they were, when some bright day in early winter the day scholars would go to school to find that they too had a share in the good things from the mountains.

We rejoice that the first fruits of Miss Clement's legacy should go to the mountain diocese of North Carolina.

But this legacy is only a part of the evidence that Madame and Miss Clement have through their life work and in the disposition of their earnings had the good of St. Mary's as a church school at heart. After remembering friends and relatives, faithful servants, church work and missions in all branches, the residue of their estate, having completed first a most noble work, will come to St. Mary's as a testimony of their lasting love and interest.

Recollections of 1848-'52.

BY "FANNIE BRYAN" (MRS. ISAAC M. AIKEN, PENSACOLA, FLA.).

DEAR MUSE:

Upon my return home a few days since, I found that some friend had sent to my address the February number of the MUSE, which I thoroughly enjoyed. Having a pride in being one of the alumnae of dear St. Mary's, I give herewith some little reminiscences which, if found worthy, can be accepted by the MUSE, or embodied in any communication; otherwise consign the manuscript to the waste basket, and forget all about it. My sister and myself, Annie and Fannie Bryan, from Wilmington, N. C., called the "little Bryans," being very small for our ages, she past thirteen, I just twelve, exactly the same size, dressed alike and in the same classes, entered St. Mary's in 1848, remaining there four years. I was for a time the youngest boarder in the school, but shortly after there were two my juniors; one I recall particularly, Helen Johnston, from Mississippi, an orphan, only eight years of age, who, by the way, during the war, armed and equipped a company for the service called the "Helen Johnston Guards."

Seventy winters have frosted my hair with silver, but the sunshine of youth still lingers in my heart; the former, yielding to sorrow and age, the heritage of humanity, the latter, the result of a God-given cheerful spirit, strengthened by a mother's Christian influence and my wise guidance while a pupil at St. Mary's. Oh! beloved Alma Mater, I am still a devotee at thy shrine, clinging to the altar of cherished memories of those four happy years. Some times, with eyes bedimmed with tears, when faces and forms "loved long since, and lost awhile," so closely associated with that period of my life, rise before me, again my face beams with smiles, tho' all "quimiped" (crimped) in the corners, as my three-year-old grandson terms my wrinkles, when the amusing incidents call a halt to sadness. Of the latter, I remember the advent of Prof. Mendelssohn, just from Germany, as our Musical Director and teacher. His very broken English was a source of much merriment to us fun-loving girls. He complained to Mr. Smedes that

when he told the boy to bring his voots (boots) he brought him vood, and when he wanted vood (wood) he brought his voots. Upon seeing a frog for the first time, while walking in the grove, he called to Miss Frank O'Connor, who was near by: "Miss Frank, oh! Miss Frank, vat is dem people vat ops?" Again at table he sent his plate to Mr. Smedes when veal was served, and asked for a piece of "the cow's baby." He walked and talked with a dictionary under his arm, consulting it on all occasions, and much perplexed at not finding some of the slang expressions, used by, I must say, only a few of our girls. Prof. Mendelssohn was a first cousin of Bartholdy Mendelssohn and his first instructor in music. He one day pointed to the picture of the great composer, which he valued very highly, and remarked with pride: "There is an instance when the pupil excels the teacher." Prof. Mendelssohn was not only master of the piano and violin, but of the flute, harp and guitar.

During my term of four years, we worshipped in the East Rock House, the first floor of which was used as a vestry room, or robing room, I should say, and fitted up as a chapel, simple, but to my mind beautiful in its appointments, an upright organ accompanying the sweet girlish voices. The present chapel was erected during the course of my two younger sisters, Olivia and Verina Bryan, who entered in 1853. A distinctive feature of the school for many years was the blue uniform, dark in winter, pale blue or white with only blue ribbons for summer, a wise and beautiful requirement.

I would love to pay a tribute here to dear friends, among teachers and pupils, principally our clique of Wilmington girls, the DeRossetts, Wrights, Londons, Mary Davis, of Newbern, the recollection of whose rich, deep-toned alto thrills me even now, and others too numerous to mention. But bear with me a little, for I should be derelict to love and duty did I not speak here of our beloved rector and principal, a man truly magnetic in his personality, so genial, his fatherly kindness, his gentle admonitions, his patient teachings, all won the love and admiration of his hundreds of pupils, his life work seeming to be to make his St. Mary's girls happy while within her walls, and to fit them for usefulness in this life and for eternal happiness in the

“world to come.” Our daily exercise of two hours was usually limited to the enclosure, but as a great treat Mr. Smedes would occasionally take us out with him. He, with cane in hand, and at a swinging gate, would head a long column of pedestrians, taking us for a stroll through the woods, the gorgeous autumn coloring of crimson, gold and brown charming the eye; or again, climbing some high hill, watch from thence the declining sun, which lit up with brilliant rays the western sky. Having always a spirit imbued with love for the beauties of nature, so often in catching such glimpses of its manifold charms this thought, poetically expressed, is brought to mind:

“If this is a vision faint and dim
Of that which is to come,
What must the unveiled glories be,
Of our eternal home?”

This sketch, dear MUSE, savors much of the ego, but it all came naturally, so you'll pardon it, or, if needs be, put it down to the rambling of old age. I was married in 1858, so in January, 1908, D. V., my husband, who is in his seventy-sixth year, and I will celebrate our “Golden Wedding.” My name daughter, Fannie Bryan Aiken, was a pupil of St. Mary's in '84-'85. May prosperity attend dear St. Mary's and her very interesting publication, the MUSE, is the wish of an old St. Mary's girl.



A ST. MARY'S GROUP OF THE WAR DAYS.



Thoughts of My School Days.

BY "MITTIE SAUNDERS" (MRS. M. M. L'ENGLE, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.).

It has been a very great pleasure to me to read in the ST. MARY'S MUSE, which has been kindly sent me by a friend in Raleigh—my childhood home—different sketches of bygone days at old St. Mary's, bringing back as they do recollections both happy and sad: and with the request that I, too, would add my quota of memories to others of the Alumnae.

First of all, who could think of St. Mary's and separate from it recollections of our beloved principal and friend, Dr. Aldert Smedes?

He was one of the best and noblest of men. Wise, kind, faithful to all duties, the purest of Christians, whose character stood out "the light upon the hill," and whose Christian teaching guided and purified and comforted not only the girls he taught and led in those early days, but reached far out through them and their homes to other generations of later faithful Churchmen.

And Madame Clement, our French teacher. Helpful and energetic, she proved an able and willing assistant to Dr. and Mrs. Smedes in getting a home ready and comfortable for the incoming students, and amiable and cheerful, they were sure of finding a friend in her. And as a teacher—can we ever forget the excellent daily drill in the French verbs, with Madame seated at the head of a long table of young girls; or when occasionally lulled into forgetfulness by the monotonous tones, poor Madame would nod and doze until the sudden quiet or a happy giggle startled her into wakefulness. But we were not at all afraid of Madame, who was always kind, though she exacted strict attention to lessons, for I remember well our once asking her:

"Madame, do you say your prayers in English or in French?"

And her answer:

"Mes enfantes, je ne sais pas."

Being only a day scholar and not "a boarder," it would hardly become me to tell of the home life of old St. Mary's, though being in sight of my own home and entering so largely into my own life, it

was all very familiar; but there is one little memory which has always been pleasant to me. The fourth of July celebrations! Then all the day scholars were invited to dine and spend the day. And at noon the delight in watching for the big wagon which came laden with countless numbers of ice cream freezers, each full to the brim, which we knew was a sure signal that the dinner hour approached. And those dinners! Oh, my friends, can no one remember the many dishes of rich, brown roasted fowls and delicious fried chicken, and that then novelty to me, always associated with the Fourth of July dinners, the Indian dish of succotash, which brought to mind the dusky Indian maidens far away, or to our more practical thoughts, the tall, dark-green, waving corn and climbing beans which grew in the large garden in the rear of St. Mary's.

All was harmony and happiness, and when gathered later about the piano, "Yankee Doodle" and "The Old North State" were sung with the loudest and most vociferous of voices.

SOIREES.

And the dignified soirees, to which we looked forward and for which we prepared with great care, curl papers and braided hair. We had visitors from town, many of them relatives of the scholars, with whom they chattered or sat on the long divans in the salon, listening to the music, often very fine, furnished by harps, pianos and voices, and members of the school.

No dancing was allowed or thought of, but promenaders paced two and two around the long room. Then any girl who was so fortunate as to have an admirer might join the procession. Round and round they went, and I have often sat and watched the moving feet and curious boat-like, turned up, pointed shoes, then worn by the fashionable youth in festal array.

On one of the divans, always at the extreme upper end of the room, sat a row of little boys, closely packed, and there sometimes in passing a whisper might be heard, "Boys, don't scrouge!" or a sly pinch from one would make another jump, and a look from Madame Clement cause the row *to sit up straight!*

We thought them delightful recreations, those soirees, and no one ever called them tiresome.

THE CONFIRMATION PAINTING.

And now I would like to touch upon a subject which interests us all—the picture painted by Mr. Hart—later a distinguished artist—portraying Bishop Ives in the confirmation service.

Perhaps Mrs. Ruffin, once Annie Haywood, whom I remember well, will be surprised to hear of another aspirant for the honor of being one of the figures portrayed in the class being confirmed by the Bishop. No less a person than myself, once Mittie Saunders of the school days, now bearing a more dignified name, Margaret Madeleine L'Engle, and glad to hear of an old schoolmate.

One dislikes to write of oneself, but the occasion warrants it.

Dr. Smedes wished to have the portrait of Bishop Ives as a companion picture to that of Bishop Ravenscroft, and it was painted for him by Mr. Hart—rumor stated—to defray the expense of tuition of a near relative of the artist, then at St. Mary's.

Whether she was a half sister or niece I do not remember, but her name was Claudia Wingate, a shy, delicate girl, and Claudia was my especial friend.

Of course the painting of such a picture made quite a stir of interest and chatter, usually *sotta voce*. One afternoon while walking with a companion girl just outside of the grove to the west, we were discussing Art and possibly our own skill in drawing, for impulsively I plumped down on my knees and with a stick began drawing circles. While so absorbed, Mr. Hart, on horseback, whom I knew by sight only, suddenly and quietly drew up by my side and asked what we were doing. "Drawing circles," we answered. "Ah," he repeated, "drawing circles, the artist's most difficult task; he that can draw a perfect circle may hope to be a good artist." Not long after this we, Claudia Wingate and I, received a summons from Dr. Smedes, and were directed by him on a certain afternoon and hour to go to Mr. Hart's studio, which was near the capitol, and that he would expect us. No reason was given, but this in itself promised a rare treat, and we did not fail to keep the appointment.

It was there that Mr. Hart told us he was painting the picture for Dr. Smedes; that the central figure was to be a fancy sketch, two other figures Dr. Smedes was to choose, but he had been offered by him to select any girl he desired from among the school-girls, and he had chosen me.

Of course the surprise was startling and certainly unexpected, but while I was very much pleased at being "in the Bishop's picture" and thought it wonderfully kind in Mr. Hart to choose me, I was not half so much flattered then as I should have been, or *as much so as I now am* at the memory of this choice; but it was a delightful experience, and I certainly felt and expressed gratitude.

I was placed in the picture kneeling next on the right of the middle or fancy figure. I do not remember the dress, but I do remember my hair was done up in a funny little knot at the back of my head, which I hope the artist made artistic, for I simply wore it in that way for convenience and to save time, for no day was ever long enough in which to accomplish all that I desired to do. It was not until I left school that I wore my hair curled.

Changes may have been made later of which I was not aware, but I have often looked at, admired and thought of the middle figure, as the fancy figure of which Mr. Hart told us.

I never knew why the artist so honored me, and whether it was the incident of the drawing of the circles which made him think of me, or what was more likely, because I was his sister's friend.

We all like to hear anecdotes of distinguished artists and I will relate one little item of the conversation with which he kindly entertained us and which impressed me very much. It happened to be Friday and very likely we had some dainty which we politely offered to share with him, for he said: "No, to-day is Friday, and I always fast on Friday. My landlady does not like it and is always trying to get me something nice in the place of meat, particularly eggs, and I tell her she must not do that, for there is nothing I like better than eggs, therefore eating them would not be fasting."

While in Raleigh he painted a picture of my small youngest sister and a fine, large Newfoundland dog which we owned, she leaning

backward against him, her pretty white dress gathered up in one hand and filled with flowers, some lovely roses dropping out on either side.

Some years afterwards my mother wrote to him and asked if he would sell the picture and what would be the price. His answer came, "For a thousand dollars."

I am afraid I am exceeding the limits of my space, but just one more recollection to show our dear principal's methods of instruction, and I will finish.

It was in the beginning of Lent that, in one of the classes, Dr. Smedes, in his kind, sympathetic, beautiful voice told us he was going to propose a way in which we might keep it and any one who desired to carry out his idea might do so if they wished, or decline if they saw proper. He said he knew of a very poor family, whose cottage stood greatly in need of a new roof, and that anyone who wished to help them might during Lent go without butter (try it and see how hard it is), and that he would keep a record of the amount of money saved, and apply it to that purpose.

It is needless to say that by the time the holy Eastertide was reached the poor family was made happy by a new roof.

And now, my far-away friends, wishing the dear old school prosperity, and the MUSE its full due of merit, I, who am justly proud of being one of the *alumnæ*, bid you God speed.

St. Mary's in the Later Fifties.

BY "NANNIE LANE DEVEREUX," 1855-60 (MISS N. L. DEVEREUX, RALEIGH).

When I was asked to write "what you remember of St. Mary's just before the war," my difficulty was not what to write, but what not to write, for memories of kind, faithful teachers and of dearly loved schoolmates crowded so thick upon me that it seemed almost an act of treason to fail to name each one and to give her her due meed of gratitude and affection. I shall try to tell what will be interesting to the "girls" of to-day, the granddaughters of the dear companions whom I recall with such warm love.

When I began as a day scholar to know St. Mary's in July, 1856, the school was very large. I imagine there were nearly one hundred boarders and nearly as many day pupils. We had two terms in the year, from July to December, and from January to June, with two vacations, in June and December. This arrangement enabled the girls from the far South to spend the winter vacation at home, and the summer one in the cooler climate of Raleigh. We had also the long day session, with dinner at midday, and a study hour afterwards. The day scholars had their dinner sent from home, and the procession of little negro boys carrying well-filled baskets was a daily feature on Hillsboro St. Then basket dinners were both dainty and abundant. One girl who objected to the water of the well at school always had a pitcher of ice water sent with her dinner, which of course meant another servant to carry it, and I have often seen a third bring a watermelon or some other heavy article for dessert. Two men and a boy to carry a dinner for two little girls!

At that time the chapel was still the first floor of the East Rock House, but during the following year the new chapel was built, the pretty churchly building around which the brightest and best life of St. Mary's has centered ever since.

The teachers whom I remember best were Miss Evertson, austere and caustic, but strictly just, inspiring respect if not affection. Miss Hattie Harold, sweet and bright, whose gift for teaching arithmetic I have never seen surpassed. Mrs. Chudheigh, an accomplished Englishwoman, was the art teacher for two years, 1858-'60. She had lived in many parts of the world, and her wide experience and rare powers of description and narration made her an inspiring companion. Besides drawing and painting, Mrs. Chudheigh had classes in literature, her excellent reading making all subjects attractive. She also taught a singular and ingenious system of mnemonics, which to one at least of her class has been most helpful. Miss Frank O'Connor had charge of the little girls in one of the basement rooms known as "Miss Frank's room." There were other gracious and cultured women, who seemed all to work in loyal accord with the methods of the rector. I always

loved my French teachers, of whom there were four during my life at St. Mary's, the last and best loved of them all being Madame Gouye, gentle and elegant, one of the women whom "to know well is a liberal education." She remained at the school for many years, until failing health obliged her to return to her home in Mobile, Ala., where her death followed after a short time.

I have left to the last my recollections of the founder and rector, Dr. Aldert Smedes. Who that ever came in contact with that vivid personality would fail to be impressed by it? His unflinching flow of spirits, his energy, his ubiquitous supervision of every detail of that large establishment, for every department was controlled by him, all made a marvellous union of broad management and minute attention to small things. Mrs. Smedes was most kind to the sick, with whom she charged herself conscientiously, but the care of her own young children, and the many calls upon her as a member of the society of Raleigh, engrossed much of her time, and Dr. Smedes never allowed her to be taxed with teaching.

Here I must observe one particular in which I think the old way at St. Mary's was wiser than the new. Dr. and Mrs. Smedes were frequent and welcome visitors at all the best houses in Raleigh; each of the teachers had her circle of friends; in short, St. Mary's was an important factor in the social life of the little city, not a convent-like community living within itself, and not only running the risk of growing narrow and peculiar, but losing precious opportunities of influence through intimacy with the family life of the pupils.

Dr. Smedes was a delightful and inspiring teacher, with a marvelous gift for impressing the essential points of the lesson and rejecting the less valuable ones. He had a method of his own in teaching French verbs by which the first girl began with the first person singular of the present tense. Her neighbor said quickly the second person of the next tense until the whole verb had been thus recited. No hesitation was permitted, and I venture to assume that no one who has ever recited a reflective verb "diagonellement" has ever failed to recall the required mood, person and tense, no matter how unexpectedly called

upon for it. I early began to appreciate the firm and higher side of Dr. Smedes' character, the qualities which made him a power for good and a nursing father to the Church throughout the South. I recall once hearing it said when Dr. Smedes was spoken of as a possible bishop: "No, never Dr. Smedes; he already has too or three missionary dioceses." I did not quite understand the remark at the time, but its justice has impressed me more and more as I remember how the girls at St. Mary's were drawn from the whole South, from Texas to Virginia.

If you ask what in the course of work at St. Mary's exerted the most lasting effect upon my mind and habits of thought, I should say without doubt, the "abstracts," the clear, illuminating lectures on the Bible Lessons, given twice weekly, with the duty, none more binding, of writing, without notes, one's recollections of them. Besides the immediate instruction which in the course of a few years covered all the great points of Church teaching, and which has formed a priceless foundation of sound doctrine, a habit of attention to any speech was formed which has never been lost, and which has proved most valuable. The "Bible Lessons" were also admirable training; each week we learned the Collect, twenty or more lines of standard poetry, and as many verses of Scripture carefully selected with reference to some doctrine. These lessons became fixed in the mind, and will be a treasure of teaching and reference so long as that mind has memory. In these memorized lessons I learned, besides far better things, to know parts of English poetry not often read by young people, especially the delightful "Task," which I have loved ever since; and thus I gained all the acquaintance I have ever had with "Paradise Lost," "Night Thoughts," and other unreadable classics.

One loving word must be given to my schoolmates, the "dear familiar" names of fifty years ago. The list will be most incomplete, but a few must be recalled: Annie Bryan, Sallie Rayner, Bettie and Emmie Johnson, Sallie Moore, my sister Kate, who was one of the little girls, among the day scholars; and of the boarders, Tempie and Bettie Austin, Alice, Mary and Sallie Pearson, Arrietta Sherwood, Lucie Smith.



THE MAIN BUILDING AS IT LOOKED IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

How the roll would lengthen would I but listen to the voice of my heart!
But these rambling recollections are already too long.

The three busy, satisfactory years passed at St. Mary's as a teacher—1893-96—are another story. In those years I learned to appreciate the gentle dignity and unswerving honesty of Dr. Bennett Smedes' character; to admire his rare scholarship and to value his friendship. Other strong and lasting ties formed with the refined, cultured gentlewomen of the faculty, with whom it was an inspiration to work, have been a joy and a help in the following years; but no more about St. Mary's after the Semi-Centennial."

Personal Recollections of St. Mary's.

BY "ANNIE MOORE" (MRS. A. M. PARKER, RALEIGH, N. C.).

Some of my happiest days were spent at St. Mary's.

The "day scholars" wore Quaker bonnets; these were made of brown straw, with skirts and linings of thin silk of the same shade; as the war came on, these linings were made of cambric and the skirts, much shorter and narrower; a girl who could flourish a full skirt hanging down to the shoulder, made from the discarded silk of an old cloak, was considered handsomely gotten up, as far as the head went, anyhow. As these bonnets came several inches over the face, our complexions were protected from winter's cold and summer's heat; quite a contrast to the head covering of to-day. I had two homespun (literally homespun) dresses; one, my favorite, was made of brown and white plaid, collar and cuffs bound all around with blue worsted. I was always glad to have this one on.

There were two people who indelibly impressed themselves on me during my stay at St. Mary's. One was Miss Evertson; tall and slender, cold, quiet, severe; she had evidently read and followed Napoleon's advice to his marshals: "First make your men fear you, and then they will love you." She was certainly feared, but I can go no further. I did everything I could to get in her good graces; she heard my history and mental philosophy. As I was fond of these studies, I generally gave a good recitation, but all to no avail. To my cherry "Good morn-

ing" I received only a stiff nod and a little grunt. To me she was an enigma. I never knew her to laugh—the nearest approach was a smile. I learned afterwards she was a great sufferer, and can see it all now. Her chief weapons were sarcasm and ridicule. Whenever she turned these upon the enemy the rout was complete. One day she said very pleasantly: "Good morning, my dear!" As I was about as green an article as was ever offered to the public, I racked my poor little brain for more than an hour, trying to find out the cause of this wonderful improvement. Suddenly it flashed through my benighted brain, "Did you not bring her a basket of fruit on yesterday?" Said fruit had run the blockade; it was sent to my sister Lucy and she had divided it with her much loved teacher. This little incident taught me a lesson. Forever afterward Miss Evertson was quite pleasant. Lesson: "Cater to the Powers that Be."

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The first floor of the east building was devoted to art; there I was taught painting and drawing by Mrs. Cuddhey; the name was originally McCleuddhey, from the reefs in Ireland, of which place she was a native, but of course abbreviated after the family came to America. Mrs. Davis, with her son Jeff, a lad of about ten years of age, were at St. Mary's for several months; she spent whole forenoons in this room amusing herself by watching others, and trying to copy pictures. She was a tall, fine-looking woman, with a quantity of black hair and swarthy complexion. I was fond of listening to her conversation, for she spoke fluently and used beautiful language; her voice was cultivated and well modulated. My great difficulty was foliage. One day my teacher, seating herself in my chair, began, slowly, on a small piece of paper, to show me how to clothe the limbs of my naked tree. "I don't see how it is, Mrs. Cuddhey, said I, "All you do is to take the pencil and make a few jigerdy-jigerdy marks and out comes a beautiful tree." Mrs. Davis, who was sitting near, looked at me and said in her most caustic manner, "Will the young woman rise and explain what she means by the expression, 'jigerdy-jigerdy'? I have never heard it before." It is needless to say I had no further use for her.

MILDRED LEE.

When it was rumored that Mildred Lee was coming to St. Mary's, there was quite a flutter of excitement among the girls. One of them, on telling Miss Evertson about her expected arrival, received the following reply: "Suppose she does come, she's no more than an ordinary mortal like the rest of us." She was a slender girl, with a prominent nose and gifted with a good voice, sweet and clear, but not very strong. About twenty years afterwards I met her at the Virginia White Sulphur; she had developed into a large, fleshy woman, and her hair was snow white; I scarcely recognized her; I introduced myself to her, and wondered if I was as much changed as she was.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

After dinner we had an hour for recreation; this was spent in different ways: the more studious hied themselves off to some unfrequented nook, and there, "far from the madd'ning crowd," conned their evening recitations; Gertrude Haywood, now Mrs. Ed. Trapier, was one of these. I can see her now, rocking herself backwards and forwards, bending over her book, which lay on her lap. I can almost hear her voice, as she repeated the familiar texts.

PLAYING BALL.

This was by far our most popular amusement. We divided ourselves into two parties, about twenty in a party, took our stand in the driveway, immediately in front of the main building. The ball was about as large as the top of a keg; of India rubber; this was thrown high in the air, directly upward; ere it touched the ground one of the girls caught it on her foot and kicked it; yes, kicked it, with all her strength, to the opposite side; they caught it, and it was returned in like manner, the object being not to let it touch the ground; occasionally, through carelessness, or perhaps intentionally, the ball flew wide of its goal, rolling a hundred feet or more out in the campus; then such shrieking, yelling, running, scrambling, you never saw or heard, for both sides, in full force, were after it.

DANCING.

Those who were fonder of this more quiet amusement went into the parlor, and by the music of the piano, danced polkas, mazourkas, and all kinds of square dances, invariably winding up with the lancers, or rather an attempt at them, which always created the greatest amusement. Our first recitation after recess was French. As we filed into Madam's room, our careless wardrobes and flushed countenances told only too plainly how we had spent our time. Looking gravely at us she would say, "Oui mademoiselle vous avez trop danse, trop danse; ce nest pas bien; nous avons le meme chose hier, le jour avant hier et aujourd'hui."

DR. SMEDES.

To him I owe a very great deal; his influence has followed me all through life; he was a born teacher and seemed to thoroughly understand the character of young women, and to know how to bring out their best traits.

There were three truths which he impressed upon my young mind: *First.* Belief in an overruling Providence. "So then it was not you, but God, who brought me hither"; from the beautiful story of Joseph. He tried to impress upon us this fact, that in all our worries, cares, heart-breaking sorrows; (and here he, looking into our young, happy, healthy faces, said most solemnly and impressively, "And my dear little children, they will come; sooner or later, in God's own time, perhaps when you least expect it, but always when it is best for you, you will find yourselves face to face with some great grief"); our only refuge would be a firm belief in the goodness of God, that He knows what is for the best for us, and, moreover, some of our greatest trials have often proved our greatest blessings. Which one among us has not had this experience?

Secondly. Duties of the young to their superiors. Taking the Pastoral of Ruth, he explained it to us fully, giving us a clear idea of the manners and customs of those ancient days. "Whither thou goest, I will go; whither thou diest, will I die; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God; the Lord do so to me and more

also, if aught but death part thee and me." So fully did he impress upon my plastic mind my duties to my betters, my obligations to my superiors, that when I made up my mind to marry, I felt relieved to know that I would have no mother-in-law.

Thirdly. Danger of Presumptuous Sins. The old Jesuitical Doctrine of "Doing evil that good may come," found no favor in his heart; nothing could excuse us from a full, perfect and free obedience to the will of God; no "tithes of mint, anise and cummin," however liberally bestowed, no fame, aggrandizement, influence, power or anything else, nothing but sincere, heartfelt repentance could atone for deliberate disobedience; no force of circumstances would excuse us for knowingly neglecting our duties.

"Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." And so on through the whole Bible!

Dear old St. Mary's, I love to think of you; May your Future excel, if possible, your Past. In the name of God, Amen!

In Memoriam, 1905-'06.

- Emily Barniwell Ravenel, Tryon, N. C., September, 1905.
 Edna Watson, Raleigh, October, 1905.
 Mary (Wimbish) Bailey, Raleigh, November, 1905.
 Mary M. Wooten, Wilmington, January, 1906.
 Anne Saunders, Raleigh, May 29, 1906.
 Pattie (Lewis) Manning, Chapel Hill, September 3, 1906.
 Della (Lamb) Herrick, Williamston, October 15, 1906.

Weddings, 1905-'06.

- Oct. 25, 1905: Miss Carolyn A. B. Clark, of Augusta, Ga., to Mr. John Schley Hook.
- Sept. 27, 1905: Miss Helen Gladys Davies, of Augusta, Ga., to Mr. William Radford Eve.
- Oct. 12: Miss Kate Clifton, of Louisburg, to Mr. Bennett Boddie Perry, of Henderson.
- Oct. 31: Miss Margaret Lane Turk, of Raleigh, to Mr. Gavin M. Dortch, of Raleigh.
- Oct. 31: Miss Olive Armstrong, of Wilmington, to Mr. George Davis Crow, of Wilmington.
- Nov. 7: Miss Louise Greenleaf, of Elizabeth City, to Mr. Edward R. Outlaw, of the same place.
- Nov. 9: Miss Mary Thompson Dunn, of Scotland Neck, to Mr. Archibald Stuart Hall, of Scotland Neck.
- Nov. 16: Miss Emma Perrin West, of Wilmington, to Dr. Thomas Meares Green, of that city.
- Nov. 15: Miss Mary Kincey Boylan, of Raleigh, to Mr. Steadman Thompson, of Raleigh.
- Dec. 6: Miss Mary Wilson Johnson, of Raleigh, to Mr. Frank Masten Kimbark, of New York.
- Dec. 6: Miss Annie Pearl Pratt, of Madison, to Dr. John J. VanNoppen, of Madison.
- Jan. 10, 1906: Miss Tempe Boddie Hill, of Raleigh, to Mr. James Edward Carraway, of Waynesville.
- Jan. 10: Miss Maude Middleton Latta, of Raleigh, to Mr. Archibald Hunter Arrington, of this city.
- Jan. 9: Miss Eliza Lamb, of Williamston, to Dr. C. H. C. Mills, of Charlotte.
- Feb. 14: Miss Loulie Biggs, of Oxford, and Mr. E. R. McKethan, of Fayetteville.
- Feb. 15: Miss Ellen West, of Raleigh, to Mr. John Dockery, of this city.

- Feb. 15: Miss Augusta Porcher Jones, of Columbia, S. C., to Mr. Derrill Darby Taber, of that city.
- Feb. 2: Miss Annie Dughi, of Raleigh, to Mr. Joseph Daniel Maag, of Baltimore.
- Feb. 21: Miss Elizabeth Willing Massey, of Philadelphia (formerly of Raleigh), to Dr. Raymond Dean Thompson, of Jasper, Fla.
- April 16: Miss Eleanor Chase Emerson, of Wilmington, to Mr. Cornelius Van Leuven, of that city.
- April 17: Miss Caroline Laurens Wright, of Wilmington, to Mr. Arthur Van-Buren, of Wilmington.
- April 17: Miss Sallie Moore Leach, of Littleton, to Mr. Joseph Powell Pippen, of the same place.
- April 18: Miss Mary Bolling Sturgeon, of Apex, to Mr. Thomas F. Wilkinson.
- April 18: Miss Laura Placide Bridgers, of Tarboro, to Rev. Robb White, of Cambridge, Mass.
- April 26: Miss Martha Battle Lewis, of Raleigh, to Dr. Isaac Hall Manning, of Chapel Hill.
- May 1: Miss Effie Christian Fairley, of Monroe, to Mr. Nereus C. English, of that place.
- April: Miss Hattie B. Orr, of Charlotte, to Mr. Chas. Allison, of Mayodan.
- June 2: Miss Lillian Taylor Slocomb, of Fayetteville, to Mr. Neil Davis Emerson, of Wilmington.
- June 6: Miss Annie Stover Stevenson, of New Bern, to Mr. Edward K. Bishop, of New Bern.
- June 28: Miss Margaret Smedes, of Raleigh, to Mr. John Irving Rose, of Durham.
- June 27: Miss Ernestine Hufman Vick, of Elm City, to Mr. Cola Martin Early, of Elm City.
- Aug. . . : Miss Adelaide Welsh, of Monroe, to Mr. Vernon Austin, of Monroe.
- Aug. 21: Miss Mary Harding, of Washington, to Mr. George Kenneth Grant Henry.
- Sept. 12: Miss Julia Rankin Hutchings, of Raleigh, to Mr. Henry Debnam, of Iloilo, Philippines.
- Oct. 4: Miss Addie Erwin Moore, of Yorkville, S. C., to Mr. John Bishop Bowen, of Yorkville, S. C.
- Oct. . . : Miss Theodora Marshall, of Raleigh, to Mr. Duncan H. Cameron, of Canton, China.
- Oct. 17: Miss Annie Mauger Taylor, of Pittsboro, to Mr. Edmund Strudwick Nash,
- Nov. 3: Miss Ellen John Faison, of Raleigh, to Mr. John William Sasser, of this city.
- Nov. 14: Miss Sue Clark, of Tarboro, to Mr. Marsden Bellamy, Jr., of Wilmington.
- Nov. . . : Miss Eda Cunningham, of Madison, to Mr.
- Nov. 21: Miss Janet McKenzie Hawkins, of Ridgeway, to Mr. Milo M. Pendleton.
- Nov. 21: Miss Marguerite Crow, of Raleigh, to Mr. C. B. Crowell, of this city.

Graduates of St. Mary's.

(Any corrections to the information contained in this list will be welcomed. Regular courses for graduation were not arranged until 1879. Those persons whose names are starred * are deceased.)

1879.

Lucy P. Battle (Mrs. Collier Cobb) (*1906)
 Kate D. Cheshire Tarboro, N. C.
 Josephine Myers (Mrs. Thos. Jones) Asheville, N. C.
 Eliza H. Smedes (Mrs. A. W. Knox) Raleigh, N. C.
 Ella G. Tew (Mrs. W. E. Lindsay) Glendale, S. C.

1880.

Lucy Allston (Mrs. Wm. Meade) (*1904)
 Annie Collins (Mrs. W. L. Wall) Durham, N. C.
 Fannie Huger (Mrs. Christopher Fitz-Simons), Columbia, S. C.
 Gabrielle de Rossett (Mrs. A. M. Waddell) .. Wilmington, N. C.

1881.

Minnie Albertson Elizabeth City, N. C.
 Mary Settle (Mrs. Benj. Sharp) Greensboro, N. C.

1882.

Rebecca A. Collins (Mrs. Frank Wood) Edenton, N. C.
 Sallie L. Daniel (Mrs. E. Rawlings) Wilson, N. C.
 Kate M. Lord (Mrs. John Waters) Wilmington, N. C.
 Florence W. Slater 338 Lexington Ave., New York City.
 Ula P. Thompson

1883.

Mary Battle (Mrs. Collier Cobb) (*1900)
 Kate L. Sutton (Mrs. Walter Crews) Raleigh, N. C.

1884.

Elizabeth D. Battle (*1899)
 Martha A. Dowd St. Mary's, Raleigh, N. C.
 S. Isabel Graves Mt. Airy, N. C.
 Alice Hagood (Mrs. ———) Texas.
 Emilie W. McVea Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Annie H. Phillips (Mrs. Herbert Jackson) Raleigh, N. C.
 Emilie R. Smedes 3122 P. St., Washington, D. C.

1885.

- Julia Horner (Mrs. H. G. Cooper) Oxford, N. C.
 Anna Lewis Winthrop College, S. C.
 Carrie L. Matthewson
 Sophia D. Thurmond Washington, D. C.

1886.

- Jane W. Bingham (Mrs. Walter Toy) Chapel Hill, N. C.

1887.

- Kate I. Gregory (Mrs. H. C. Robert) ... 111 2d St., Macon, Ga.
 Frederika P. Mayhew (Mrs. Troy Beatty) Athens, Ga.
 Henrietta R. Smedes 3122 P. St., Washington, D. C.
 Elizabeth McLean Cheraw, S. C.

1888.

- Caroline F. Allston (*1896)
 Malvina Graves
 Jessie Gregory Crowell, N. C.
 Mabel Hale Bryn Mawr College.

1889.

- Elizabeth B. Badham (Mrs. Julian Wood) Edenton, N. C.
 Alice M. Dugger (Mrs. Walter Grimes)
 Louise Finley Sewanee, Tenn.
 Beatrice Holmes (Mrs. Robert Allston) Tryon, N. C.
 Laura Johns
 Fannie N. Yarboro (Mrs. T. W. Bickett) Louisburg, N. C.

1890.

- Elizabeth Bridgers (Mrs. Cox-Finney) (*1903)
 Laura Carter Asheville, N. C.
 Charlotte E. Dancy 47 Atlantic Ave., Newark, N. J.
 Mary P. Frost Charleston, S. C.
 Bettie C. Gregory Crowell's, N. C.
 Carrie G. Hall
 Martha H. Haywood Raleigh, N. C.
 Alice Henderson Washington, D. C.
 Lucy Hester Washington, D. C.
 Daisy Horner (Mrs. R. C. Strong) Raleigh, N. C.
 Selma Katsenstein Warrenton, N. C.
 Anne Moore State Normal School, San Diego, Cal.
 Mary Phillips (Mrs. Hal Wood) Edenton, N. C.

1891.

- Emily H. Barnwell (Mrs. — Ravel) Charleston, S. C.
 Charlotte Bush Bryn-Mawr, Pa.
 Susan P. Frost Charleston, S. C.

Lillie S. Hicks (Mrs. Bancker Smedes)	New York City.
Grace McH. Jones	Asheville, N. C.
Marion A. Mallett	Fayetteville, N. C.
*Henrietta S. McVea	
Dixie C. Murray (Mrs. Weldon Smith)	Raleigh, N. C.
Virginia Thomas	Mobile, Ala.
L. Wirt Wesson (Mrs. Samuel White)	Centreville, Md.

1891.

Charlotte Allston (Mrs. Maurice Moore)	Union, S. C.
M. E. Carwile	
May H. Davis	Raleigh, N. C.
Janet W. Dugger	
Jennie Pescud	Raleigh, N. C.
Frances Tunstall (Mrs. Clem Dowd)	Charlotte, N. C.

1893.

Blanche Blake	Raleigh, N. C.
Estelle Brodie (Mrs. — Jones)	Wilson, N. C.
*Annie Gregg	
Nannie B. Jones (Mrs. T. M. Ashe)	Raleigh, N. C.
*Lillie Masten (Mrs. de Brutz Cutlar)	
Gertrude Royster	Raleigh, N. C.
Daisy Waitt	Raleigh, N. C.
Bessie L. Whitaker	Staunton, Va.
*Loulie Woodell	

1894.

*Julia Daggett	
Jessie Degen	Augusta, Maine.
Marie Lee	Chester, S. C.
Laura Newsom	Raleigh, N. C.
Mary Page	Raleigh, N. C.
Mary Wilmerding (Mrs. F. W. Ambler)	Woodlawn, Ala.

1895.

Elizabeth E. Ashe (Mrs. George Flint)	Raleigh, N. C.
Loula Briggs	Raleigh, N. C.
Margaret V. Hill	Raleigh, N. C.
Evelyn Holmes	Bowman's Bluff, N. C.
Miriam R. Lanier	Tarboro, N. C.
Fairinda W. Payne (Mrs. Cam. MacRae) ..	Wilmington, N. C.
Eleanor Vass	Raleigh, N. C.
Marie A. Walker	Brevard, N. C.

1896.

Florida Barnes (Mrs. Chas. Hopkins)	Tallahassee, Fla.
Harriet E. Bowen	Jackson, N. C.

Elizabeth Cheshire Raleigh, N. C.
 Lucy Cobb Chapel Hill, N. C.
 Margaret M. Jones Flushing, N. Y.
 Mary P. Jones Hillsboro, N. C.
 M. Susan Marshall Raleigh, N. C.
 *Katherine P. Matthews
 Columbia Munds Wilmington, N. C.
 Nannie Skinner Raleigh, N. C.
 Bertha Stein Raleigh, N. C.

1897.

Nannie G. Clark Tarboro, N. C.
 Mary M. Hanff Raleigh, N. C.
 Theodora Marshall (Mrs. Duncan Cameron)
 Lillie E. Koonce (Mrs. — Patterson) Smithfield, N. C.
 Isabella Pescud Raleigh, N. C.

1898.

Olive Armstrong (Mrs. Geo. D. Crow) Wilmington, N. C.
 Frances H. Cameron
 Josephine Belle Gulley Raleigh, N. C.
 Sally Harris
 Kate McK. Hawley Fayetteville, N. C.
 Jessamine May Higgs Raleigh, N. C.
 Annie Shaw Tarboro, N. C.
 Margaret H. Smedes (Mrs. John T. Rhodes) Raleigh, N. C.
 Sarah Smedes Root Raleigh, N. C.
 Mary G. Smith
 Ethel Worrell

1899.

Christine Busbee Raleigh, N. C.
 Minna Bynum (Mrs. Arch. Henderson) Chapel Hill, N. C.
 Lucy Kate Cannady Oxford, N. C.
 Lucy B. Clifton (Mrs. Saml. Boddie) Louisburg, N. C.
 Kate B. Connor Wilson, N. C.
 Lillie E. Dodd Raleigh, N. C.
 Annie M. Dughi (Mrs. J. D. Maag) Raleigh, N. C.
 Nina W. Green, t. m. Raleigh, N. C.
 Josephine A. Osborne, t. Charlotte, N. C.
 Alice D. Smallbones
 Margaret Trapier Raleigh, N. C.

1900.

Mary H. Andrews, Sten. Raleigh, N. C.
 Nannie Belvin (*1905) Raleigh, N. C.
 Ellen B. Bowen, Sten., Va.

Reba Bridgers	Tarboro, N. C.
Mildred Cunningham	Rockingham, N. C.
Alice L. Love	Raleigh, N. C.
Annie S. Love	Raleigh, N. C.
Caroline M. Means	Atlanta, Ga.
Anna Louise Pittenger	Raleigh, N. C.
Annie Pearl Pratt (Mrs. J. J. Van Noppen) . . .	Madison, N. C.
Mary Cornelia Thompson	Raleigh, N. C.
Mary McA. Renn	Durham, N. C.

1901.

Jeannette Biggs	Oxford, N. C.
Deas Manning Boykin	Boykin, S. C.
Annie Lee Bunn	Rocky Mount, N. C.
Eliza H. Drane	Edenton, N. C.
Lena Dawson	Littlefield, N. C.
Ellen J. Faison (Mrs. J. W. Sasser)	Raleigh, N. C.
Elizabeth Montgomery	Raleigh, N. C.
Julia Norton Parsley	Wilmington, N. C.
Alice E. Welch	Monroe, N. C.

1902.

Marie Brunson (Mrs. P. A. Wilcox)	Florence, S. C.
Jennie G. B. Trapier	Raleigh, N. C.
Louise Venable	Chapel Hill, N. C.

1903.

Annie Webb Cheshire	Raleigh, N. C.
Mary Day Faison	Raleigh, N. C.
Elise Moore Gregory	Henderson, N. C.
Julia Hamlet Harris	Raleigh, N. C.
Mary Ferrand Henderson	Salisbury, N. C.
Mary Holton Hunter	Norfolk, Va.
Maretta Belo Holloman	Raleigh, N. C.
Katherine de Rossett Meares	Ridgeway, S. C.
Annie Gales Root	Raleigh, N. C.
Mary Allan Short	Lake Waccamaw, N. C.
Florence Jackson Thomas	Charlotte, N. C.
Mary Wood Winslow	Hertford, N. C.

1904.

Eliza Richards Brown	Raleigh, N. C.
Isabel Ashby Brumby	Marietta, Ga.
Minnie Greenough Burgwyn	Jackson, N. C.
Cornelia Coleman	Macon, Ga.
Virginia Albright Eldridge	Greensboro, N. C.
Ann Kimberly Gifford	Fort Monroe, Va.
Daisy Watson Green	Raleigh, N. C.
Margaret Herbert	Hampton, Va.
Marjorie Hughson	Morganton, N. C.
Esther Barnwell Means	Charleston, S. C.
Elizabeth Willing Massey (Mrs. Dr. Raymond D. Thompson),	Jasper, Fla.
Carrie Helen Moore	Littleton, N. C.
Lucy Taylor Redwood	Asheville, N. C.
Elizabeth Piemont Skinner	Raleigh, N. C.
Margaret Gray Stedman	Raleigh, N. C.

1905.

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

1906.

Ruth Foster	St. Simon's Mills, Ga.
Jane Iredell Greene	Wilmington, N. C.
Annie Eliza Koonce	Richlands, N. C.
Mary Thornton Lassiter	Hertford, N. C.
Margaret Devereux Mackay	Raleigh, N. C.
Harriett Elizabeth Ruff	Ridgeway, S. C.
Annie Whitner Sloan	Columbia, S. C.
Sara Gertrude Sullivan	Savannah, Ga.
Frances Elizabeth Woolf	Demopolis, Ala.

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 man sitting next to her, absorbed in his newspaper, kept on smoking.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

COMPLIMENTARY.—It was a few days after the examination. The French class had just received their papers, and found them corrected with the usual method of H for honor, C for creditable, P for passed, and so on. To-day honors prevailed, and accordingly mademoiselle beamed. Tapping lightly on the desk with her pencil, she leaned toward them.

“My pupils,” she cried joyfully, “ah, how you have pleased me! Such encouragement! *Quel plaisir!* I feel you are all upon the road to H!”—*Lippincott's*.

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RECTOR.





Christmas Number

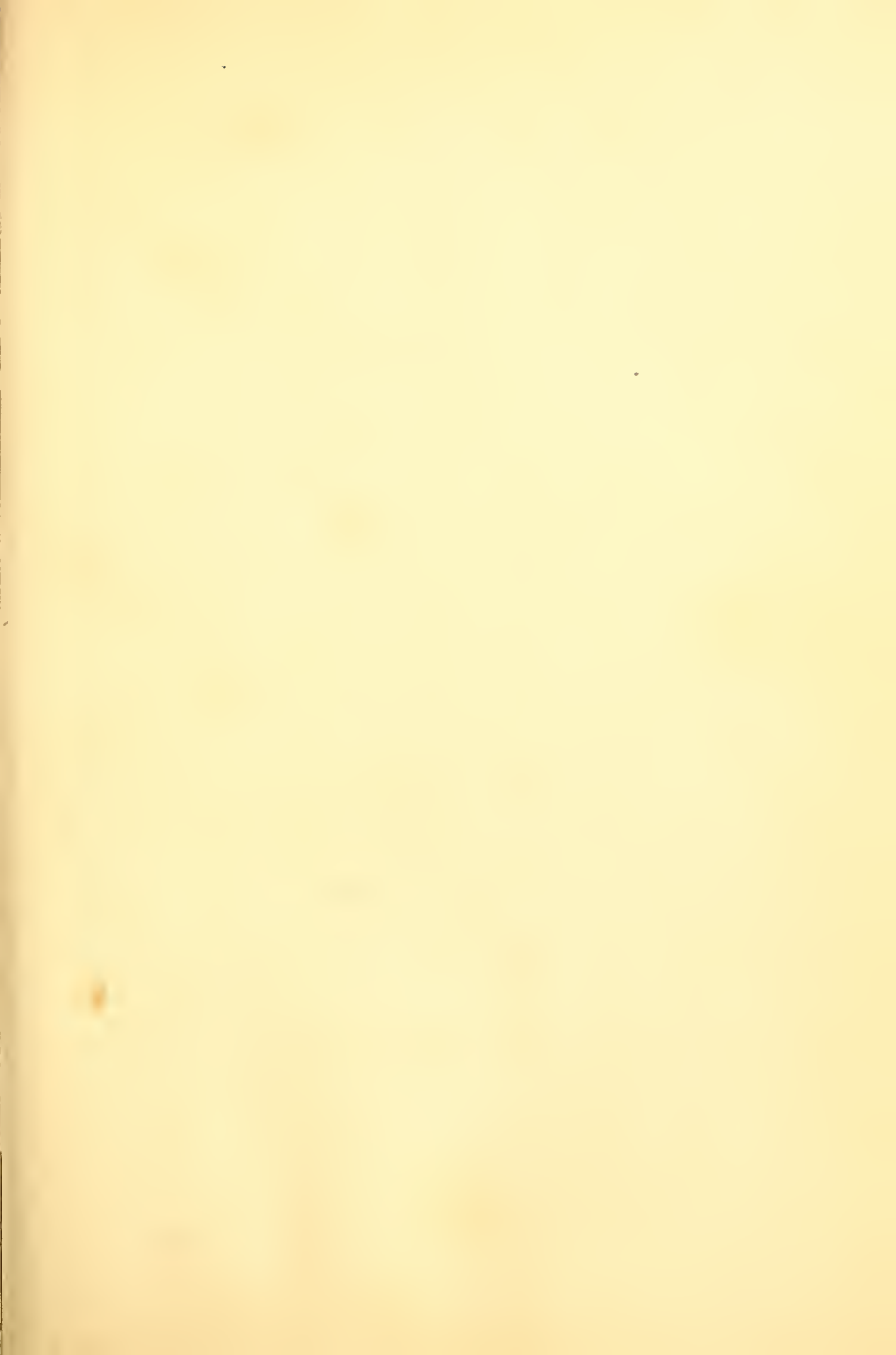
The
St. Mary's Muse

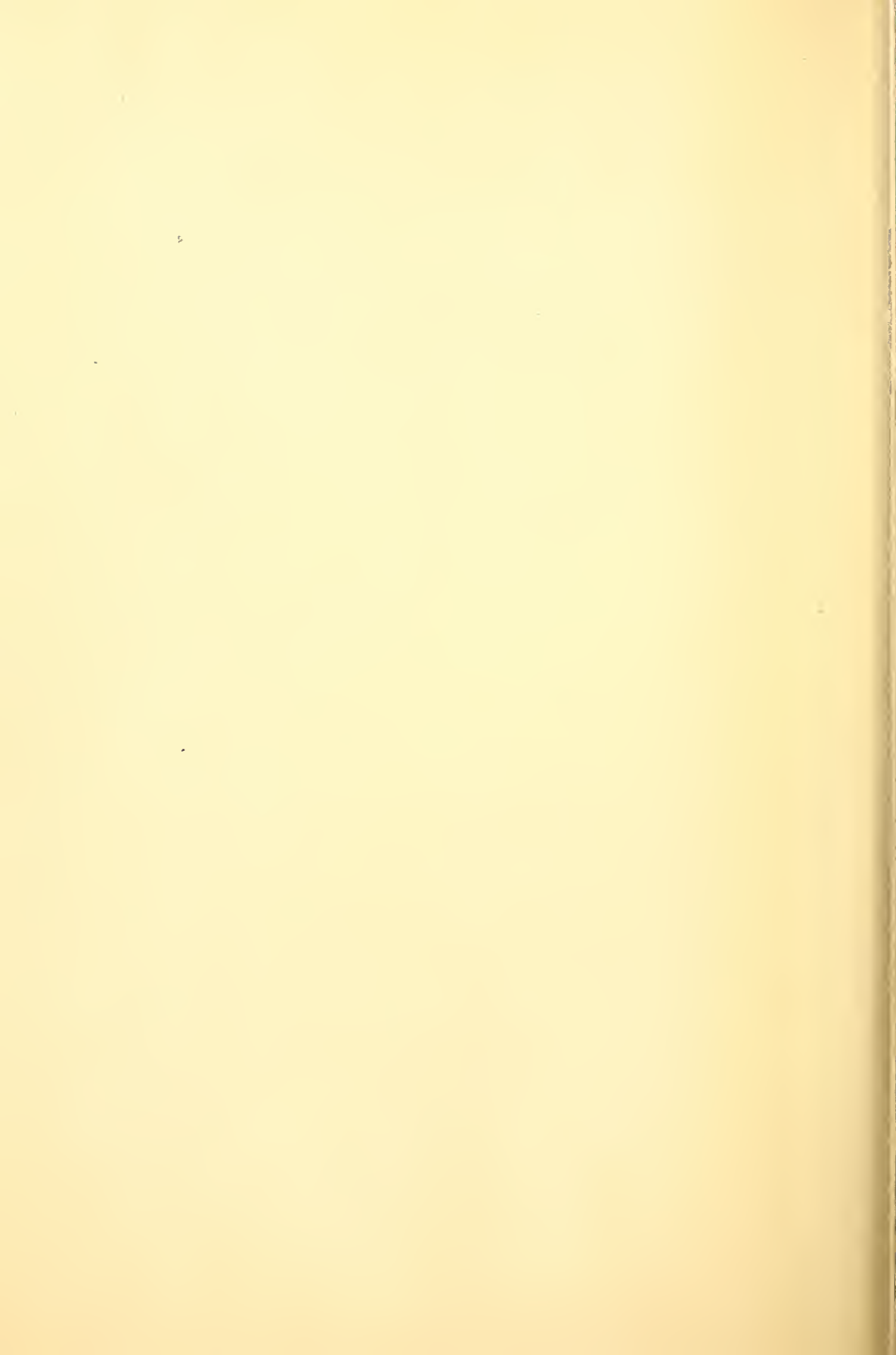
December, 1906



Raleigh, N. C.







The St. Mary's Muse.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

VOL. XI.

DECEMBER, 1906.

No. 5.

On a Christmas Night.

Alone and desolate I sat,
By winter's wind chilled through and through,
With hunger famishing and faint,
And oh, my heart was starving, too.

The winter's snow lay all around,
And winter's snow was in my breast,—
In darkness, grief and sorrowing,
I longed for love and light and rest.

At last the midnight hour was reached,
And as the bells tolled crisp and clear,
Such strains of music followed fast
As mortal ear did never hear.

A choir of heavenly voices sang,
And hope was kindled in my mind,
Of joy in Heaven, and peace on earth,
Of good will unto all mankind.

My starving heart was straightway fed,
The snow was melted in my breast,—
Warmed, comforted and strength renewed,
My soul was filled with joy and rest.

HELEN K. LIDDELL.

A Christmas Story.

ROSA A. HEATH.

She was a dainty little lass of ten, with no brothers or sisters, and this was a constant source of trouble to her warm, impulsive little nature. Her mamma was always very busy—she had so very many parties to go to—and papa,—but she didn't 'xactly know him, 'cause he was busy, too; but with big books instead of parties. Her mammy

was the very bestest in the world, only mammies won't let little girls go anywhere or do anything by themselves. Now this little girl just knew that if she could once get out in the big woods with the birds and rabbits, she wouldn't be so lonesome.

This morning when she waked the snow was on the ground, and she was sure her little birds and things in the woods were starving; so when at last mammy went down stairs to help get ready for the party—for even mammy had to help to-day to get ready for mamma's Christmas party—she sat at the window thinking how she could help the poor little animals. At last she jumped up, took her untasted breakfast, put it in her basket, and after a great deal of climbing on chairs, got on her mittens, cap and coat. She knew mammy wouldn't like it, so she slipped out of a side door and ran until she was out of the lane and in the woods.

But there weren't any birds, and the only rabbit she saw ran from her. She was getting dreffful cold and tired too, so she threw the breakfast away and decided to go home, but Oh! she didn't know the way. The tears just would come of themselves, so she sat down awhile; had there ever been such a cold day? But she was so sleepy that she didn't remember any more. Old Uncle Jerry, coming along just a few minutes later, saw the little curly head leaning against the tree. "Well suh, if dar ain't old massa William's grandchild 'sleep in the snow. Ef de young massa is forgot de ole nigger an' let him lie down an' nearly die wid out doin' nuthin' fer him, de ole nigger ain't ferget his pa an' dis chile, ernuf lak ole missus ter be her herself."

When the old man got to the "big house," as he still called it, with his limp and white little burden, he found its occupants flying wildly about, the maids crying and the men taking orders of Mr. Randolph as to how they should begin the search. Mrs. Randolph was out on the porch, walking distractedly up and down, while mammy, her apron over her head, sat on the steps rocking herself back and forth and groaning dismally. The mother was the first one to see the old man as he almost staggered up the walk with his little burden. With a cry, Mrs. Randolph rushed down the walk and, gathering her child in her

arms, went quickly back to the house, giving orders for restoratives, as she went.

Thanks to her youth and her hardy constitution, the little maid soon opened her eyes, but who was it bending over her? Not mammy, could it be mamma? yes, her own beautiful mamma. It must be a dream, she thought, but it was a dream that was going to last.

Poor, exhausted Uncle Jerry had not been forgotten, but was helped to the kitchen and, under the combined influence of a big fire and a stiff drink from Mr. Randolph's own hand, he soon revived and was able to go to see his little "mistis," as he called her. This was always his name for her, for now he was no longer neglected, but lived on the place, where he could be cared for by the family at the "big house."

The Gift of Love.

Full of silent meaning,
 In the heaven above;
 Shone the Star of Ages,
 For the Child of Love.

In all its radiant beauty,
 O'er the distant hill;
 It had done the duty;
 Heaven stood hushed and still.

Out upon the hillside,
 Those who saw the star,
 Stood in holy wonder,
 Watching from afar.

Then there came a message,
 To this lonely earth;
 Borne by blessed angels,
 Of His holy birth.

Now the glad rejoicing,
 Borne upon the breeze;
 Christ the Lord is given,
 On the earth be peace.

RUTH VERNON NEWBOLD.

That Christmas Eve.

RUTH VERNON NEWBOLD.

Snow had been falling all day, and now as the darkness was creeping over the little town, it fell more and more slowly, until finally it stopped; as much as to say, "I must give room to the darkness, you know." Everything was covered in a cloak of soft white; it seemed as if nature was trying to make a downy bed for the baby Jesus; one better than the hard manger.

The dark purple shadows of evening flitted and fell on the faces of those that passed on the crowded street; now lighting the face of a proud woman who, followed by a fat coachman, came out to her carriage; then falling softly on the face of a tired little black-garbed woman who carried a bundle of sewing. Kind nature lets her shadows rest on rich and poor alike, and as the shadows on this Christmas eve fell on the faces of the people, softening the lives of care and worry, so the shadows of life fall on us, strengthening and lifting our souls towards God.

All seemed joy and good-will outside, for was not the next day Christmas? These were the thoughts that little Kathleen had as she gazed on the crowded streets from the window of her uncle's magnificent home. Six months ago her mother had died, leaving the little girl in the care of her only brother, Kathleen's uncle. All knew that Judge Grant was a skeptic, but the longer little Katharine stayed with him, the worse the awful truth seemed to grow. Time and again had she tried in her artless, innocent way to say such things about the dear God that would make the truth clearer to her uncle, but he always laughed and told her not to trouble her little head about what she did not understand. That made her feel so weak and helpless. Of course she couldn't understand her uncle's thoughts, but she knew the feeling of joy that comes from having perfect love and trust in God. Lately she noticed the unsatisfied, longing look her uncle wore; he would sit for hours reading, occasionally looking up from his book with a deep sigh. That look said to Kathleen—"I would believe, if I could."

But on this evening, something that she said about her uncle's taking her to church the next day caused him to make an irritable reply. The tears started to her eyes and she left the room. In a few minutes he saw her cross the street and enter the door of the little church. Impelled by curiosity, he took up his hat and followed her, entering the church and sitting down by one of the large pillars, which entirely hid him in its shadow. He watched the little grey figure curiously as it walked up the isle of the silent church, paused by the great organ, and knelt in prayer. The odor of fresh cedar, with which the church was decorated for the next day, floated to him; he closed his eyes, for a strange feeling seemed to fill his soul with awe and sadness. He was a little boy again, saying a prayer by his mother's knee, then again running at will through the wood, where the sweet smell of cedar filled his senses with a dreaming, restful feeling. If mother and father had lived, it might have been different, he thought, and a stern look came into his eyes as he remembered the struggle he had had in getting bread for his sister and himself. Had the world been kind? It took his sister away and left him the despair of never seeing her again, because he could not believe. In exchange it gave him wealth—what was that to him now, he the most miserable of men?

But as he sat there dreaming of the past, he opened his eyes quickly at the sound of the organ. At first it was a low wail; Kathleen played well and it seemed that she was pouring out her sorrows and disappointments in that one strain of music; then her hands faltered, the music ceased and she bowed her head over the keys back amid the shadows. Her uncle watched her silently. The loneliness and silence made a wave of solemn feelings pass over him. The music began again, deep and rich—

“Oh! little town of Bethlehem, how still I see thee lie,”

sang Kathleen; then,

Amid thy deep and dreamless sleep.”

The silent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shineth

The everlasting Light;

The hopes and fears of all the years

Are met in thee to-night.

She sang the beautiful hymn on to the close; but the words, "The hopes and fears of coming years are met in Thee to-night," rang in the ears of her listening uncle. "The hopes and fears," he whispered to himself; and the tears, the hot, scalding tears of repentance, fell fast as he dropped on his knees in silent prayer. He felt as one feels when in a strange land where every one hurries by, always looking onward. At last out of that sea of strange faces you see one face,—it is strange, too, but the eyes look straight into yours, then a friendly smile; then the person passes on. A single ray to light the darkness; "ships that pass in the night."

The hymn ceased, and "Good tidings of great joy I bring to you and all mankind," were the words that seemed to burn into his dazed brain; they rang clear and strong through the church. Oh, little Kathleen, could you have done better if you had known that your singing was light to your uncle's mind? She came lightly down the aisle, in her eyes a little tired look, yet a look of love and faith. She starts in surprise at the sight of the Judge; he takes her hand in his, while the words, "And a little child shall lead them," pass through his mind. There is no need of words; she understands, and you would too, if you had seen their faces.

My Violin.

Deep in your soul of souls there sleeps
 A host of silent harmonies,
 And 'round them all I think there rests
 A haze of old-time memories.
 A thousand stories could you tell,
 And once these themes your voice has sung;
 Oh, dusty fiddle, would that I
 Could lift the silence 'round you flung!

And yet no music sounds from you,
 Because no power within me lies,
 To stir you from your silent sleep,
 And wake the phantom melodies.

I take you from your old worn case,
 And idly dream of what might be,
 If only silence did not reign
 Between my violin and me.

Bennie.

JESSIE M. CHAPMAN.

At the top of Black Bear, a small mountain about thirteen miles from town, is a tiny log cabin which has withstood the driving winds and deep snows of many long years. In this humble home lived Bennie and his grandmother, happy in their poverty and contented as long as they could be together.

The little boy was nine years old and his greatest pleasure was to take care of his grandmother. Ever since his father and mother had died, when he was only six years old, his idea of responsibility had been growing, and now his grandmother had learned to depend upon him as much in other matters as in his providing them both with food for each day.

At the foot of the mountain was a small cornfield, and to it Bennie would trudge every morning during the season and faithfully hoe corn until his little limbs would ache and grow so tired he could not hold the hoe another moment.

Then some mornings he would start off early, perhaps wading through deep snow, his thinly clad shoulders shaking and his hands blue with cold, to the town to sell a few eggs which his grandmother's hens had laid, and to buy some necessary things, without which his grandmother would not be quite so comfortable. He picked chestnuts every afternoon during one month, in the time when he could have been playing with the other boys, and that Christmas, with the money so earned, he bought a warm, red shawl to put over his grandmother's shoulders.

So, for three years he had worked with all his energy for the one person in the world he loved best. At night his grandmother would get out the big Bible, the only book they possessed, and read him several chapters, and then he would draw his chair up close beside her and slowly, with infinite pains, read the easy words. Every night she would teach him two or three new ones and, at the end of two years, he could read almost a whole chapter without stumbling very much.

Then when he was nine his grandmother began to grow weaker and at times have severe attacks of an illness which Bennie could not understand. When he sat by her bed and held her hand she grew quiet, but

if he left her even for a moment she moaned and tossed from side to side. Generally, after two or three days, she would be able to get around again, but one cold morning in January, Bennie got up to light the fire and found his grandmother very ill. For three days he nursed her tenderly and comforted himself on the third night, with the thought that she would be better, as usual, the next morning. But when he got up, to his great distress, he found her worse, and when he went to her bedside to ask her if there was anything she wanted, she stared at him wildly and called him strange names. The little boy was very much worried, for he had never seen any one act like that, and he did not know what to do. He knew there was no doctor anywhere within ten miles, he had no near neighbors on whom he could call for help and no money with which to buy medicine, even if he could get the doctor, so all day long he used his simple remedies and trusted his own judgment.

The snow had been falling steadily for two days, and towards night, when his grandmother got so much worse, Bennie put on his thickest coat, pulled his cap down over his ears, and, driven almost to desperation, started out in the blinding storm to get the doctor. The trees partly sheltered him until he got to the foot of the mountain, then he had to struggle through deep drifts with the driving wind full in his face. It was almost as dark as midnight, and his body ached with the intense cold as he bravely pushed on, determined to get to the doctor's and save his beloved grandmother at last. After over four hours of suffering that would have been hard for even a man to bear, the brave little boy saw a light in the distance, which told him he had at last reached his destination. He dragged himself along and pushed open the door of the doctor's house, then, with gasping breath, he told the doctor to hurry as fast as possible to his grandmother, that she was very, very ill. The doctor made him sit down and rest a few minutes, and said he would hitch up his horse in half an hour and then they would set out together. But Bennie could not be persuaded to wait. He said his grandmother might need him, and he must not stay.

So out again he went in the snow, which grew deeper every moment, and ploughed onward towards his home. He could not see a step in front of him, and suddenly he plunged forward and went down, down, some hundreds of feet. He stretched out his arms to break his fall,

but his fingers clutched only empty air, and in a few moments, when at last he struck bottom, he was unconscious and never knew anything more.

So, this brave, unselfish little life went out, and Bennie died serving his grandmother, to whom he had given his life.

In Lighter Vein.

First girl (discussing Senior English):—"Coffee is a word borrowed from the Turkish."

Second girl:—"No it isn't; it's Arabic."

First girl:—"Well, that's the same thing, for Turkey is in Arabia."

GLEANINGS FROM HISTORY PAPERS.

"Olive Cromwell was a very ambitious man."

"Wentworth brought in a 'Bill of Writes.'"

Margaret C. to Phyllis H. (who is brushing her hair):—"Oh, Phyllis, your hair is so luxurious!"

Jessie C.:—"I need a pair of high-heeled shoes to make me taller in the play."

Margaret T.:—"Oh, I'll lend you a pair of high shoes."

French Teacher:—"Where does the Nile rise?"

H. S.:—"In the Pyramids." (She afterwards explained that she meant the Pyrennees).

First girl (during dressing-hour):—"Oh, I haven't but a second to get dressed in!"

Second girl:—"That comes of having such a laundry."

History teacher:—"What was the ground of Harrison's election?"

H. S.:—"Well, er—er—I guess it was Clay!"

Heard in Junior English:—"The Bible was put into parenthesis." (Let us explain that she meant that it was *paraphrased*.)

Miss Fenner:—"I am doing double work to-day—am painting two pictures."

R. M.:—"Oh, Miss Fenner, are you painting a picture with each hand?"

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 MUSE Club.

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

Correspondence from friends solicited.

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EDITORIAL.

Christmas.

Christmas at last! After eager anticipation and counting of hours, the holidays have finally come, and most of us are really going *home!*

How much pleasure we are looking forward to at this happy season! God grant that our genuine delight in every Yule-tide festivity will never diminish through the sophistry of the worldly-wise. For Christmas is the yearly symbol of the Christian spirit of generosity and love. Besides being celebrated as the day of Christ's nativity, it is also a human bond between man and man; a demonstration that we live not only for ourselves, but also for the welfare of others.

The best way in which to spend the day, therefore, is in being our happiest and in striving to make other people so; in helping those around us and those less fortunate than we to have the utmost blessings of the Christmas-tide.

Which?

There are many kinds of students in every school or college, perhaps as many as there are individual girls or boys, though each personality can to some extent come under a general head. We are concerned now, however, with merely two types: that is, two classes of earnest students.

The first of these is often met with; it is typified by a hard-working, conscientious girl whose aim in coming to school is an ambitious one, in whose school life no dawdling or trifling finds a place. All of this is very right, yet from this earnestness, entirely laudable in itself, there sometimes arises an evil—what shall we call it? A narrow field of interests, perhaps, which sees no duty but that of gaining knowledge and the outward recognition of that knowledge—good marks. We feel that learning is a priceless treasure, and yet is there nothing else that our schooling is to give us?

This question brings us to that other class of studious girls. No less devoted to duty than a student of the first named class, a girl of the second type has a wider scope of work, a greater interest in the welfare of her school, and everything that represents or is represented by it. She will sometimes consider the progress and pleasure of the many to the detriment of her own outward success.

These are merely two different types; but with you we will leave the question, "Which will be of more use in the World of School, and in the World of Life outside?"

Everyday Honor.

Real honor is not a virtue that we can slip on like our best clothes, but something that the true man or woman keeps sacred in his or her heart: a treasure always to be retained at any cost. It is not merely for to-day; to be cast off, if we will, tomorrow; it is something that, if we acquire it in our youth, will be likely to remain with us forever.

There is no time when honor is more needed than in our school-days, the period in which our characters are being formed into the mold of maturity. School girls and boys, however, sometimes seem to have the idea that they are "on their honor" only when "put on it" by a specific teacher. Of course this is a mistaken view of the case; we are always responsible for our actions, whether or not some one calls us to account for them. A higher duty—that of doing right for its own sake—should guide us in our conduct in class as well as in our general relations with others. Honor is indeed

"Sole monarch of the universal earth."

SCHOOL NEWS.

GEORGIA S. HALES, EDITOR.

"Who's to Inherit?"

St. Etheldreda's Chapter gave the play, "Who's to Inherit?" on the night of Saturday, November 24. It proved a great success. The actresses put themselves in their parts and did their best: Phyllis Hickson, refined and uncomplaining as became a "lady"; Annie Wood, just the right one for the "lady's" dainty, unselfish daughter; Coatsie Benedict was tall and handsome in black, sincerely mourning the old general; Bessie Watters was very charming; the three old maids, Page Shellburne, Alice Moore, and Paula Hazard, were prim and smiling; Sadie Thomas was just the best old Irish woman that ever was seen, and last, though not least, Margaret DuBose, the faithful old kind-hearted servant.

CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Annersley	Phyllis Hickson.
Julia Annersley	Annie Wood.
Mrs. Manfort	Coatsie Benedict.
Mrs. Fitzfudge	Bessie Watters.
Miss Pry	Page Shelburne.
Miss Chatter	Paula Hazard.
Miss Nicely	Alice Moore.
Mrs. Hodgins	Sadie Thomas.
Margery	Margaret DuBose.

Faculty Concert, November 26th.

[From the NEWS AND OBSERVER.]

The Faculty Recital given at St. Mary's School last Monday night was a musical treat greatly enjoyed by those in attendance.

The new members of the faculty, Professor and Mrs. Vincent, proved themselves to be performers of exceptional ability. Mrs. Agnes Vincent sang in beautiful voice and with finished art. Her voice is a strong, rich soprano of great range and power, and her rendition of the valse Arietta, from Romeo and Juliette, amply justified the reports of her skill and training; through all the intricacies of the song her flexible voice rang true and elicited prolonged applause. In her ballads her enunciation was natural and she sang with exquisite tenderness of sentiment.

Mr. Vincent is a talented and accomplished pianist, in whose playing individuality is strongly marked. In his Liszt numbers he gave evidence of a brilliant technique, playing with a bravura and a sureness that was most gratifying.

Owing to the illness of Miss Hull the beautiful Grieg Sonata for piano and violin, and also a movement from the Mendelssohn violin concerto, had to be omitted. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent added some selections in place of the omitted numbers.

The other members of the faculty are well known in Raleigh, where they have often been heard.

Miss Dowd gave the Schumann Nachstück, No. 4, and MacDowell's Shadow Dance in so finished a manner that she received most enthusiastic applause.

The two Scriabine numbers were heard for the first time in Raleigh, and it made one wish they could hear more of this as yet little known Russian composer. Mrs. Irvine gave them an excellent interpretation, playing them with her usual dash and spirit.

Miss Pixley possesses a smooth technique of considerable proportions and shows much taste and finish in her playing. Her rendition of the first movement of Grieg's Sonata, Op. 7, was a very clever performance.

St. Mary's School is to be congratulated on having so excellent a musical faculty.

The Epsilon Alpha Pi Reception.

On Wednesday night, the 28th of November, the Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society gave its annual reception to its new members. The guests were met in the hall by the President of the Society, Miss Lillian Farmer, with her fellow officers: Misses Waddill, Hill, Battle, Rogerson and Self. From the hall they were ushered into the French room, which looked very dainty and pretty, with the decorations of green and white, and its many pennants on the walls. The ever-popular punch bowls were presided over by Misses Dotterer and Wells. Delightful refreshments were served by other members of the society. Among the guests were the new members, the faculty, Bishop Cheshire and his family, and the officers of the Sigma Lambda Literary Society. The President was untiring in her efforts to make the evening a pleasant one for all, and we think that she was very successful.

Thanksgiving.

As is usual, Thanksgiving Day was begun by an early communion service in the chapel. Then came the special Thanksgiving Service at eleven o'clock, and at this service an offering was taken for the Thompson Orphanage. This offering, we are glad to say, was a large one.

Thanksgiving afternoon the increasing interest in athletics was manifested by a game of basket ball between the two organized teams. One of the teams was composed of girls from East Rock and Senior

Hall, the other of those from Main Building. There was good playing on both sides, but that of Marguerite Thompson and Eloise Robinson was especially noticeable. The score was ten to three in favor of the team from Senior Hall and East Rock.

Of course there are always many boxes at Thanksgiving, but this year there seemed to be more than usual. These were enjoyed by the girls in school. Those who had the pleasure of spending Thanksgiving away were Susan Bynum and Mary Wiggins at Chapel Hill, Bessie Watters at Hillsboro, Helen Liddell at Charlotte, Bliss Perry and Iris Mitchell at Franklin, Marie Koiner at Louisburg. Florence Beckwith enjoyed a short visit from her parents on Thanksgiving Day, and Natalie Dotterer spent the Sunday after with Kate Blacknall.

Mrs. Andrews' Dinner Party.

One of the events looked forward to every year is the dinner which Mrs. A. B. Andrews always gives to a party of St. Mary's girls. This year we had the pleasure of going on the Monday before Thanksgiving. Mrs. Andrews was charming and gracious, as usual, and the occasion was a most enjoyable one.

The fortunate ones were Sallie Haywood Battle, Carile Weaver, Allene Gentry, Margaret Temple, Lela Jemison, Sidney Gabbett, Marie Koiner, Alice Moore, Jennie Bell Turner, Sadie Thomas, Lula Taliaferro, Josephine Gilmer, Emilie Campbell, Eliza Morton, Mary Shuford, Rebecca Clark, Nell Wilson, Rebe Shields and Georgia Hales.

On this same afternoon Mrs. William Andrews entertained another party of St. Mary's girls at a Thanksgiving entertainment.

Alpha Rho Literary Society.

The Alpha Rho Literary Society of St. Mary's was organized December 1st, 1906, for the pupils of the preparatory department, by Miss Thomas and the Seniors of that department. The name decided on was from the Greek letters for A. R., the initials of Abram Ryan, one of our greatest Southern poets.

The officers nominated and elected by the girls were: president, May Hoke; vice-president, Carile Weaver; secretary, Bessie Arthur;

treasurer, Margaret Pennington; critic, Ila Thompson; and tellers, Matilda Haughton and Iris Porter.

The colors decided on were violet and white, and the flower, violet; the pin chosen was a small diamond-shaped one, gold, with a black center bearing the Greek initials A. R. It was decided that the meetings should be held every Wednesday night.

"For Love or Money."

The play given by St. Elizabeth's Chapter on the evening of Saturday, December the eighth, was a decided success. Each actress filled her role well. Sue Prince and Rosa Heath made excellent "suitsors," while their sweethearts, Helen Strange and Sydney Gabett, acted their parts very naturally. Jessie Chapman was especially fine in the role of *Mrs. Ambrose*; Alice Munnerlyn made a very good maiden lady, and Natalie Dotterer was funny as the Irish maid. Last but not least, we should mention Eloise Robinson, who was an exceedingly attractive old *Colonel*. On the whole, the play was one of the best ever given up here, and the girls deserve much credit for their energy and effort in making it so successful.

School Notes.

We were very glad to have Miss Kate Cheshire talk to us on Sunday, the 18th. She told us of the work at Mayodan and of the Silver Jubilee to be held next May. We hope the junior auxiliary of St. Mary's may be represented at this jubilee.

We are glad to have Margaret Short back with us again after her short stay at home, called there by the death of her grandfather, Judge Mears. She has our sincere sympathy.

Helen Gwyn was delighted to see her father Saturday, December 1st, all the more because he took her home to spend a few days.

ALUMNAE MATTERS.

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

ERNEST CRUIKSHANK - - - - Alumnae Editor.

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 Saunders Memorial Window.

Contributions to the Memorial Fund still continue to come in from day to day, making it seem probable that the Fund will be at least almost complete by Epiphany, the day of the dedication of the window. There is, however, as yet need of further contributions, and responses from those who are interested, but have not yet made their offering, will be much appreciated.

The spirit that animates the givers can be caught in these extracts from letters accompanying gifts:

"Enclosed please find my small contribution, which I gladly send to help put up dear Miss Anne's memorial window. Thank you for letting me know about it."

"Am glad you thought of me when writing to the old St. Mary's girls, for I feel it quite a privilege to contribute to such an object."

"Thank you for giving me the opportunity to make even a very small offering to an object which has my entire sympathy. Any tribute to Miss Saunders is gratifying to those whose privilege it was to know and to honor her."

"I was so delighted to see that the MUSE was getting up a fund to erect a memorial window to Miss Anne—whom we all loved so much. It really must not be the same at all there without her."

"I gladly send this little token of my love and friendly feeling for any object connected with St. Mary's. I was a student there for but one year, but have most pleasant memories of Miss Saunders, who did such a noble work in the school."

"I wish it could be many times more than this little sum, which I am grateful to be given the opportunity to send."

"I am very sorry that I can only send three dollars, but that is all that I have left of my November allowance. With best wishes for the success of any and everything that the MUSE undertakes."

Some Much Appreciated Letters.

“Londonderry,” Easton, Md.

Your letter and the copies of the MUSE have certainly given me a great deal of pleasure. I have missed the MUSE all year, but not having a permanent address, I didn't send for it. Now I wish to renew my subscription. We now have a country place where we expect to spend the greater part of the year; in winter I'm supposed to be in Wilmington, N. C.

I saw Miss Fenner in Baltimore the other day and she told me a good deal of St. Mary's news. I get so lonesome for the place, and hope to visit there soon again. We had a good many girls from there at school in Baltimore last year, and we certainly sighed for St. Mary's.
* * * Do send me the MUSE; each copy seems more interesting than the last. With best wishes for success,

Very sincerely,

HELOISE BEEBE.

Hotel Ansonia, 73d and Broadway, New York.

Let me say, that to me the MUSE is not “small.” It just fills a great big gap in the life of the ex-St. Mary's girl, and I'm glad to herewith renew my subscription.

At present I am at the head of the Mental Defectives in Public School Number 1, the most up-to-date school in the Lower East Side. I have just returned from several months' work along this line in England, Germany and France. * * *

With all sorts of good wishes for the MUSE,

Sincerely,

HARRIET PAGE WEIR.

Ridgeway, S. C., Nov. 30th.

Please let the enclosed assure me the visitations of the MUSE for another year, and place me among those contributing to Miss Saunders' window. I trust that I am not too late to be numbered with the latter.

If I could at any time assist you in news items I should, of course, be glad to be of any help. Rita is studying stenography and typewriting at McFeat's Business College, in Columbia. Rosa Thomas, Isabel, Rēt and Floy Ruff are doing nothing in particular—at home, I believe, for the winter. My two months' assistance at Winthrop is ended.

With the good wishes of the season, Cordially,

KATE DE R. MEARS.

Edenton, Nov. 14, 1906.

The Mission Herald wishes to express to its friend the MUSE sincere appreciation and thanks for a copy of the opening number. We have read it through with pleasure and profit, and we hope it will repeat its visit from time to time.

With best wishes for a happy and successful year, we remain, as ever,

Your sincere friend,

THE MISSION HERALD.

W. E. Cox, Editor.

Portsmouth, Va., Nov. 30th.

* * * I am so glad the next number of the MUSE is to be an Alumnæ number. I have been wanting to write a long time to tell you all what a pleasure the MUSE is to me and how well I think you are doing. Long may it prosper!

I have a few interesting notes for you. I was in Ridgeway, N. C., November 21st, when Janet Hawkins, an old St. Mary's girl, was married to Mr. M. M. Pendleton, of Warrenton, N. C. All the attendants were old St. Mary's School girls—Lucy Bridgers, of Wilmington, being maid-of-honor, and Margaret Pruden and Sophie Wood, of Edenton; Belle Nash, of Tarboro; Mattie Jones, of Warrenton; Margaret Bridgers, of Wilmington, and I, being the bridesmaids.

Perhaps you don't know, too, that Mattie Hunter is at the Peabody Conservatory of Music in Baltimore this winter.

My best wishes for you all from St. Mary's loyal daughter,

MARY HOLTON HUNTER.

An Alumnae Tribute.

My dear Editors:

Ever since the alumnae numbers of the MUSE have been coming out I have wanted to "put my finger in the pie," and when I opened the October number and read the dear, familiar prayer on the first page, such a host of memories came to me that I was glad I could give vent to them through a letter in the next alumnae number. I can shut my eyes and see the little Chapel (it was then) with so many restive girls marching in—some lagging along in line, some late, a number rushing in at the last minute—then the morning service and dear Dr. Bratton's voice in the familiar prayer. I think the Chapel is the dearest place of all in our hearts. I am so glad to see that the Memorial Window is to be placed there in memory of Miss Anne Saunders. She was such a true, faithful worker for St. Mary's daughters.

I think the MUSE has done splendid work, and is getting better each year. I only hope it is doing better in a financial way. I can't understand any loyal daughter of St. Mary's not taking the MUSE, for it is such a pleasure to me to be able to keep up with old girls and everything else connected with the school life. I know those same old girls will envy me when I tell them I am going out to Mississippi in January and expect to see Dr. Bratton (I never can think of him as anything else) very often.

I suppose it will be Christmas before this number appears, so will stop with warmest greetings for the old year and the new for all St. Mary's daughters and for the MUSE, which keeps us bonded together.

Yours loyally,

MARY H. HUNTER.

213 Middle St.

WEDDINGS OF THE MONTH.

Sasser-Faison.

There was a lovely wedding celebrated November 3d at six o'clock at Edenton St. Methodist Church when Miss Ellen John Faison became the bride of Mr. John William Sasser, both of this city. The church was filled with relatives and friends of the young couple.

The decorations were in ferns and palms arranged in front of the pulpit in artistic grouping, and before the entry of the bridal party some exquisite musical selections were rendered by Mr. Wade R. Brown, who later gave the wedding march from Lohengrin as the processional, while the recessional was Mendelssohn's wedding march. The vows were given by Rev. R. F. Bumpass, pastor of the church, who used the ring ceremony.

The bride entered with her father, Mr. Frank S. Faison, who gave her away, and she was handsomely attired in a creation of angel crepe, elaborately trimmed with real lace, princess, entraine. She wore a bridal veil and carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses and lilies of the valley. The groom entered with his best man, his brother, Mr. Edward Sasser.

The bride is a most cultured and attractive young woman, a daughter of Mr. Frank S. Faison, of Northampton County, and she has many friends throughout the State and in Raleigh, where she has resided. She is a graduate of both St. Mary's and the University of North Carolina.

Pendleton-Hawkins.

Ridgeway, N. C., Nov. 21.—There took place this afternoon at half after two o'clock, at "Oakley Hall," the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Marmaduke Hawkins, the marriage of their lovely daughter, Miss Janet McKenzie Hawkins, and Mr. Milo M. Pendleton. There were many friends and relatives in attendance, and the beautiful home was most artistically decorated for the happy event, the occasion being a most delightful one.

Wiggin-Cotten.

Greenville, N. C., Nov. 21.—At high noon to-day, at "Cottondale," the country home of Col. and Mrs. R. R. Cotten, their daughter, Miss Sallie Dromgoole Cotten, and Mr. Russell Benjamin Wiggin, of Brookline, Mass., were married, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Wm. E. Cox, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of Greenville.

The best man was Mr. Preston Sims Cotten, of Norfolk, Va., brother of the bride, and the dame of honor was Mrs. Julian Timberlake, of Raleigh, sister of the bride.

The bride's maids were Miss Elba Cotten, sister of the bride, Cottondale, N. C., Miss Mary Gottlieb, of Baltimore, and Misses Emily and Maisie Wiggin, sisters of the groom, of Brookline.

The bride's dress was of white duchess satin trimmed with point lace and pearls, and she carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley.

The dresses of the bridesmaids were white dotted chiffon over white taffeta with white picture hats and yellow plumes, and each carried yellow chrysanthemums.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at Cottdale from 12 to 4 p. m. The bride and groom were assisted in receiving by the bridal party and members of the house party who had been participating in the ante wedding festivities at Cottdale the past week: Miss Nan Clark, Tarboro, N. C.; Miss Eleanor Wesson, Springfield, Mass.; Miss Gertrude Sullivan, Savannah, Ga.; Miss May and Miss Jane Boyden, Salisbury, N. C.; Miss Winnie Skinner, Greenville, N. C.; Miss Louise Holt, Graham, N. C.

The decorations of the chapel on the lawn at Cottdale were white and yellow flowers and evergreens, and the residence in evergreens, pines and chrysanthemums.

The bride and groom will make their residence at Hopton Court, Brookline, Mass.

The bride is a young woman of fine culture and charming personality. She is a great favorite socially, her popularity extending over many States.

McMillan-Slocomb.

Fayetteville, N. C.—On Thursday evening, December 6th, Mr. Benjamin McMillan, of Mobile, Ala., was married to Miss Mary Hinsdale Slocomb, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Haven Slocomb, at their home on Dick street, the Rev. Isaac Wayne Hughes, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, performing the ceremony. Because of recent bereavements in the families of the contracting parties, only their families and relatives were present. The house was handsomely decorated for the occasion.

Gowned in princess en train of all-over lace, with veil and orange blossoms, the bride entered on the arm of her father at half-past eight o'clock. She carried an exquisite shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. She was preceded by the maid of honor, Miss Marion Winslow Slocomb, her sister, who was dressed in Nile green, pan silk. The wedding march was played by Mrs. I. W. Hughes. Master William Glover was the acolyte; and little Misses Frances Green, niece of the groom, and Louise Slocomb, the bride's niece, held the ribbon in the formation of an aisle. The groom was attended by his cousin, Mr. Daniel Bliss McMillan, of Savannah, as best man.

Both the bride and groom are deservedly popular in society circles here, where Mr. McMillan lived until a year or so ago. They will make their home in Mobile, where he is in the copper business, a member of the firm of McMillan Bros.

Rose-Shaffer.

There was a pretty home wedding celebrated at half-past eleven o'clock yesterday morning, December 12th, at the home of Mrs. A. W. Shaffer, on South Fayetteville street, when her daughter, Miss Ethel Augusta Shaffer, became the bride of Mr. Garland R. Rose, of Durham.

The parlor was artistically decorated with ferns and holly, and here the vows were given by Rev. Samuel Hanff. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Elmer M. Shaffer. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present.

The bride is a daughter of the late Col. A. W. Shaffer, and is a most charming young woman. The groom is a prominent young architect of Durham, and each have a large circle of friends, the many handsome wedding presents attesting the high esteem in which they are held.

Ashe-Wilcox.

On Wednesday, December 11, 1906, in Emanuel Episcopal Church, at Bristol, Tenn., by Rev. Dr. Russell, William Willard Ashe, of Raleigh, and Mrs. Margaret Henry Wilcox, of Ashe County, North Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashe left at once for Washington City, where they will make their future home:

Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Lee
request the honor of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter,

Allie Moseley,

to

Mr. Archibald McLean Graham,
on Wednesday afternoon the twelfth of December,
nineteen hundred and six,
at five o'clock,
St. Paul's Episcopal Church,
Clinton, North Carolina.

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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RALEIGH, N. C.

A Rhyme.

I sat and pondered hour by hour,
"Oh, give me words, which I may use,
To write a tale of love or power,"
I fervently besought my Muse.

To tell a tale of heroes brave,
(As bards of all the ages choose,)
Who risked their all, some maid to save,
Or simply something to amuse.

At last my ardent prayer was heard,
Words came to me by ones and twos—
A tale of gallantry unheard
Was published next month in the MUSE.

HELEN KATHERINE LIDDELL.

THE BOYLAN-PEARCE CO.



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Fine Watch and Jewelry repairing.

A SLAM.

The chill December days have come,
As they have come of yore,
And once again we hear the cry:
"Say! will-you-shut-that-door!"

A. DUGHI,

RESTAURANT AND ICE CREAM PARLOR.

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School Calendar, 1906-'07.

DECEMBER-JANUARY.

- Dec. 15, Saturday, 8 p. m.—St. Catherine's Chapter in "Alice in Wonderland."
Dec. 19, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.—Joint Meeting of the Literary Societies. "Carolina Day" Program.
8:30 p. m.—MUSE Club. Christmas Celebration.
Dec. 20, Thursday.—Christmas Holiday begins at 1 p. m.
* * * * *
Jan. 3, Thursday.—Holiday ends at 6 p. m.
Jan. 6, Sunday—Epiphany—5 p. m.—Dedication of the Saunders Memorial Window.
Jan. 12, Saturday, 8 p. m.—St. Margaret's Chapter in "A Night in Bohemia."
Jan. 17-23.—Examination Week.
Jan. 24, Thursday.—EASTER TERM BEGINS.
-

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The Student Directory, 1906-'07.

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(Under direction of Senior Class.)

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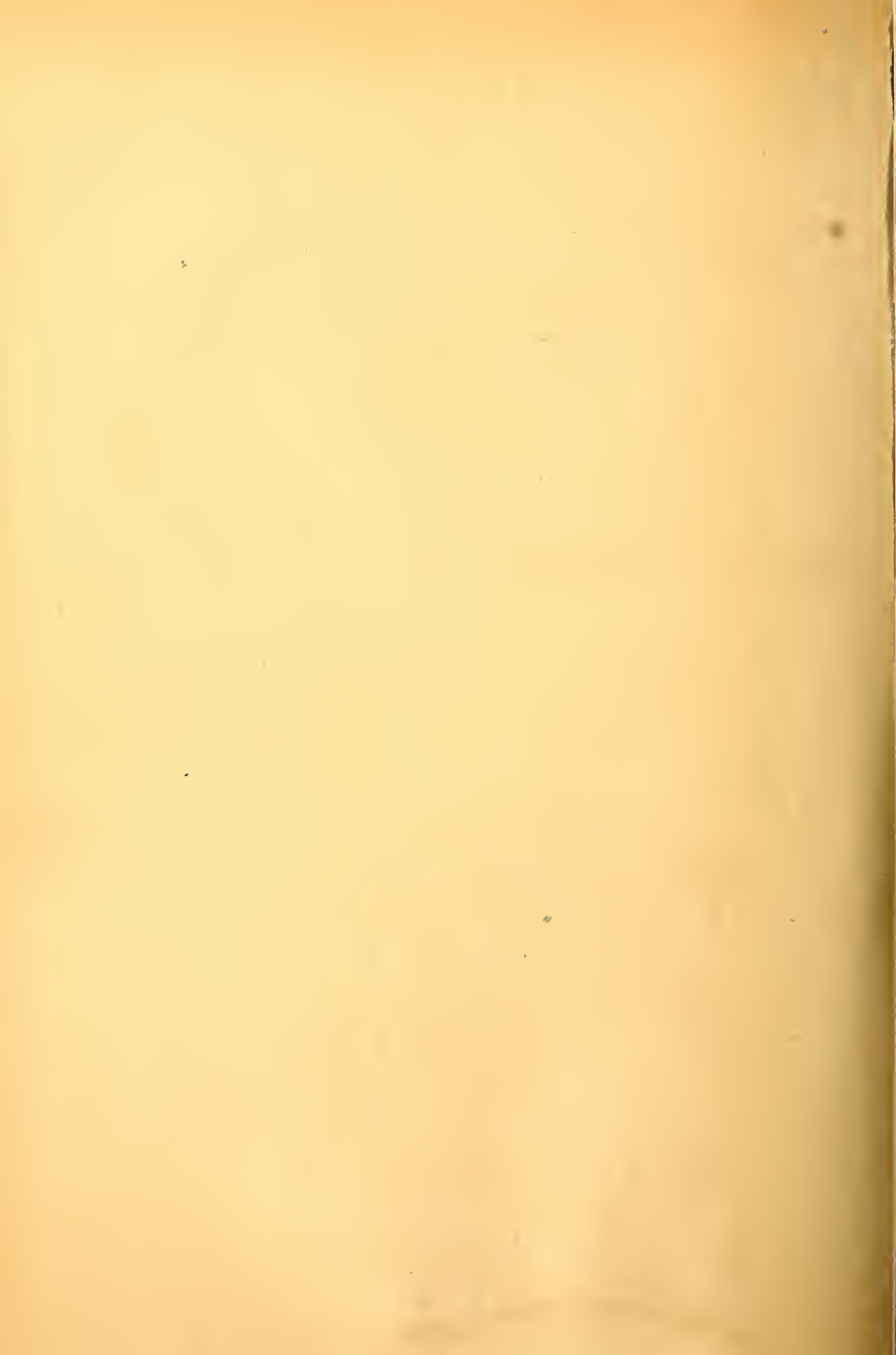
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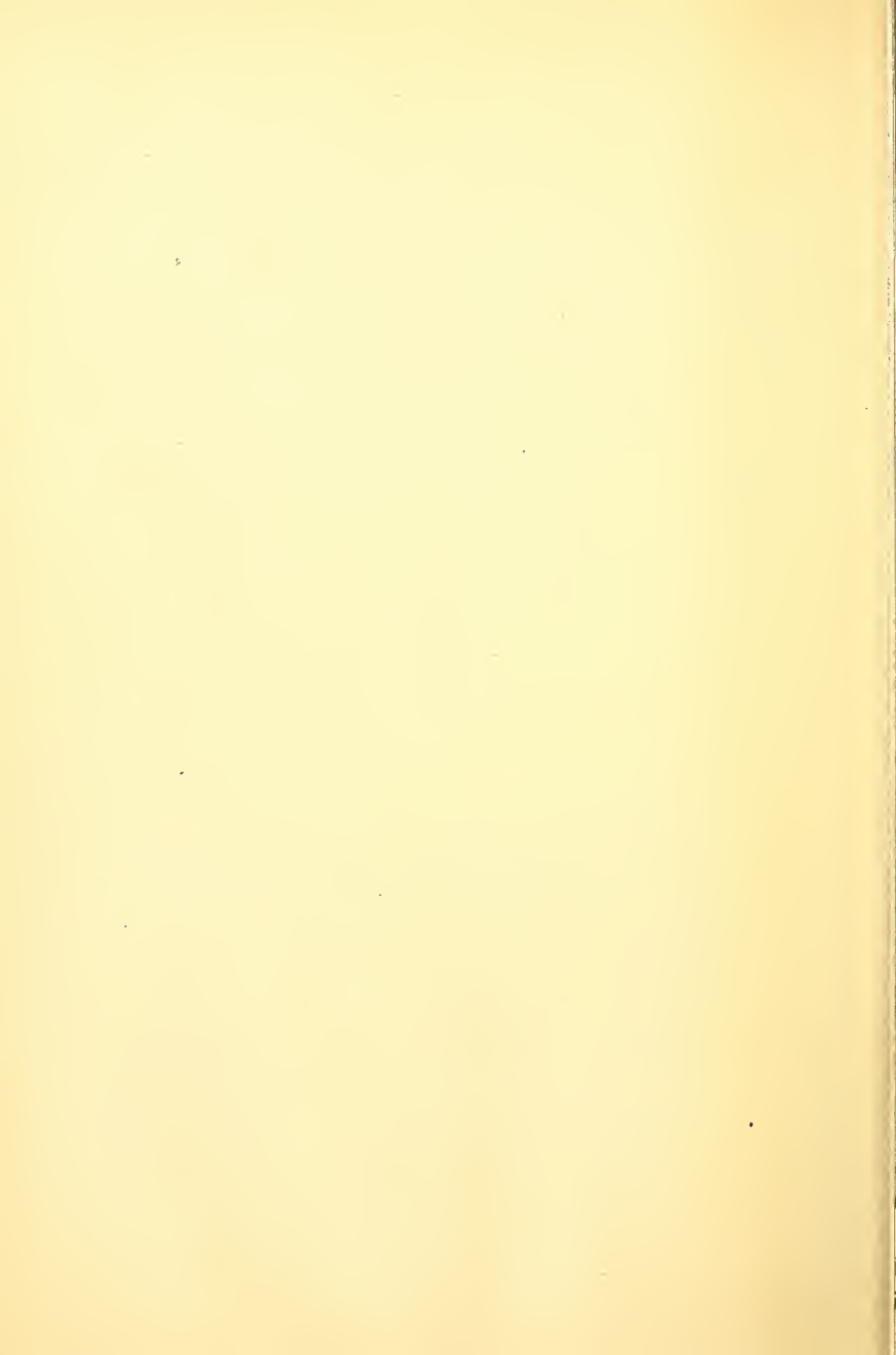
January, 1907



Waltham, W. C.







The St. Mary's Muse.

EPIPHANY NUMBER.

VOL. XI.

JANUARY, 1907.

No. 6.

To Lee at Appomattox.

MARY E. SPANN.

Our hearts gladly bow to the glorious leader,
Triumphant while furling the flag of the gray,
Naught could e'er conquer thy spirit, oh never,
Even while sheathing thy sword and for aye.

Brilliant as were thy earlier triumphs,
Incomparably great in the annals of years—
No blemish e'er touched the sword of our chieftain,
Spotless the armor we see through our tears.

What though the laurels of earth are all scattered,
And thy heart is now pierced by adversity's rod?—
Greatness eternal thy spirit enshrineth,
Thy brow is o'erhung by a halo of God.

Robert E. Lee.

LILLIAN HAUSER FARMER.

Robert Edward Lee, soldier, gentleman and Christian, was born at Stratford, Virginia, on January 19, 1807. And now, though a hundred years have passed, his deeds and noble life are remembered wherever his name is known.

Born of gentle people and with a loving mother for his childhood companion, it is only natural that he should have developed into the noble, courteous Christian gentleman that he was.

In school he always did well, and when at eighteen he went to West Point for a soldier's training, he studied so well and was so distinguished in his deportment that he graduated with second honor.

A few years later he joined the Engineer Corps of the United States Army. He quickly rose in rank, and when the Mexican War broke out he took an active part. His deeds of bravery were often commented on in the reports of General Scott, and won him no little favor. After the Mexican War, he became a cavalry officer, and though continually away from home, his family was always present in his thoughts. In one of his letters he writes: "Though absent my heart will be in the midst of you. I can do nothing but love and pray for you."

In 1861, that war too terrible for words, began. The time came when each man must decide for himself; when brother must fight against brother and father against son.

The great and noble heart of Lee was sorely troubled at the condition of his dear country. He loved the Union, but he could not fight against his native State. After a great struggle he resigned his commission in the United States Army and identified himself with the Southern States. He drew his sword not in the cause of slavery—he did not seek to overthrow the government of the United States; but he drew his sword merely in the defence of constitutional liberty.

The military skill of this our greatest general during the sad war that followed is well known; suffice it to say that he was the life and soul of his army. No commander was ever more careful of his men, and never were soldiers more devoted to their commander. The feeling for him was love. There was no condescension in his manner, but he was simple, kind and sympathetic. His devoted soldiers trusted him as a leader, and they almost worshipped him as a man. To them he represented a cause, country and all.

Throughout the war he did what he believed was his duty. When the surrender at Appomattox was inevitable, he did what was the only thing left for him to do, and in tears bade farewell to his army.

After the surrender he was offered gifts and positions of honor and distinction, but he modestly declined all. When an English nobleman desired him to accept a mansion and estate, he replied, "I cannot desert my native State in the hour of adversity."

Always loyal to duty and "the cause," he accepted the Presidency of Washington College and brought about many improvements in the col-

lege and campus. His moral influence had its effect on the students, and his character was impressed upon the college, both in the general departments and in detail. He remained President of the college until October the twelfth, 1870, when the soul of this pure Christian went from this earth to its glorious rest.

What Lee wrote of Stuart may likewise be said of him: "He was second to none in valor, zeal and unflinching devotion to his country. To military capacity of a high order and to the noble virtues of the soldier he added the brighter graces of a pure life, guided and sustained by Christian faith and hope."

The Star.

MARY C. SHUFORD.

On the flat roof of an eastern house a man paced back and forth. In his white robes, and with the last rays of the sinking sun tingeing his snow white hair and long, flowing beard, he seemed something purer and higher than mere man. But a frown came and went on his broad brow, and in his grey eyes, stern and piercing, lay a troubled look. The children, running home in the growing dusk, dropped their voices to subdued whispers as they passed by, for they held in awe and reverence Artaban—wise man of the East.

Lost in thought he noticed nothing—neither the children nor the deepening twilight—until a low "Father" met his ear. Turning, he greeted with one of his rare smiles the beautiful young girl who stepped up on the roof. Like yet unlike him in feature, she had the same grey eyes and broad brow, but her loose, flowing hair, reaching almost to the ground, was jet black as a raven's wing.

"Thou hast been troubled all the day, Father. What is it?" she asked.

The Magian sighed wearily. "I know not, Rachel, except there is naught but doubt in my heart."

"Tell me why."

"As thou wilt, though thou hast heard this story oft before. You remember I told thee how, when I was but a little lad, my father took

me with him on that long journey to the Temple, and how there one of the priests called me blessed and prophesied that I should offer gifts unto a Messiah. As thou knowest, since that day, long gone by, I have treasured the prophecy in my heart; it is my hope and longing day and night—my supreme desire.

“But how many long nights have I watched the heavens for a sign—in vain? My gifts are ready, but where is the Great King? I am growing old and infirm while waiting, and my life is almost spent, but yet there is no sign of His coming. And I feel to-night as if I shall never see Him; my faith is gone. I fear I have in some way offended the good God and He counts me not worthy to have this great blessing.”

Surely, if there is any one fit to worship Him, it would be the wisest and godliest man in all the East,” answered his daughter. “What couldst thou have done, Father, for thou hast never done wrong to man or God.”

“Not to do so has ever been my utmost endeavor,” said the sage, “but I would fain know why these doubts and fears are oppressing me. Death would be gladly welcomed if my hope of seeing some great Redeemer be gone.”

“Dear Father,” said the girl, “Look out upon the night, how starry and beautiful—the earth, how calm and still. Hast thou lost faith in the omnipotent God who created all this? Surely, He who has always kept His promise to our forefathers wilt not forget His promise to thee. He will come—the King will come before thou diest. He shall receive thy gifts and let thee die in peace. Only have faith and thou shalt see Him.”

The Magian bowed his head. Then, as Rachel watched him with anxious face, he drew her to him, and kissing her on the brow, said, “The God of all goodness bless thee, my daughter; thou art my help and comfort, my staff in mine old age. Thy words have given me faith and hope once more. I will never doubt again.”

And then it was that Rachel, white with awe, caught his robe, with a cry—“Father! look! look! What means *that*?” For over in the East there shone a wondrous star.

The Dandelion.

ELIZABETH T. WADDILL.

Once a little dandelion
In a corner grew;
Small and weak, but very bright,
Did the best it knew.

If anyone passed near its nook,
The flower looked up and smiled;
Many a weary, aching heart
From trouble it beguiled.

A little child came toddling out
From a house across the way—
Just a mite of three or four,
Wishing but to play.

As she reached the road-way wide,
A team swung into view;
Fast it came; it could not swerve;
Naught there seemed to do.

Just in time the little child
Spied the blossom sweet—
Ran across to gather it,
Missed the horses' feet.

Nothing strange that mother fond,
Picking baby up,
Prayed a fervent blessing on
The flower's yellow cup.

The St. Mary's Muse.

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EDITORIAL.

The New Year.

It has been well said that every man has two birthdays: "two days at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his moral duration." The one is his special birthday; the other, the beginning of the New Year.

Is it not a beautiful idea, if we stop to consider it, that at certain times we strive to forget all that lies behind us, and resolve with greater earnestness and determination to live rightly the life that God has allotted us? Resolutions, however, it has been argued, are a waste of time, for, alas, we break them only too often. But the very resolutions themselves, do they count for nothing? Are we to be judged only by the success that we achieve, or by the earnestness, the effort we use to obtain that success? Our intentions, our noble resolutions, though we may not always fulfill them, show that we are trying to grow into a more nearly perfect man or woman.

"'Tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do!"

A few things, at least, let us do this year: to try to forget our own annoyances and troubles; to help other people in forgetting theirs; and

to see, appreciate and love the beautiful in God's world and in the hearts of our neighbors.

And now, the MUSE wishes each of its readers the happiest and brightest kind of a new year!

Robert E. Lee.

"Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

It is only fitting that the MUSE should devote a part of this number to commemorating the centennial anniversary of the birth of Lee. All over the Southern States, indeed in the hearts of loyal Southerners, wherever they may be, the nineteenth of January is kept as a day of peculiar and tender interest and reverence. For is it not the birthday of the greatest Southerner, not only the wonderful general, but also the sublime man? His was a character and life that any country might be proud to claim; his biography, indeed, has infinitely enriched the history of the world.

The Southland has been greatly blessed with the glorious gift of this son; the remembrance of his strength and greatness of work and character will always remain as an example that the noblest men of succeeding ages will do well to follow.

The Saunders Memorial.

In a word of final comment on the placing of the Saunders Memorial Window in the Chapel, a work which has claimed the loving interest of many alumnae, students and friends during the early months of the session, and which was completed with the dedication of the window at Epiphany, the following extract from an editorial in *The Outlook* of December 8, is timely and inspiring as well, stating, as it does, the reasons which animate the donors in this as in all other true memorials:

To be surrounded by the visible memorials of those who have gone before is to have continually present the sense of the unbroken life of the race, of the line of descent from parent to child in continuous generations, of the unity of those who have passed through the education of earth and those who are learning its lessons as

best they can, of the fellowship of that invisible host of witnesses which gives human struggle its immense spiritual significance. As children ought everywhere to read the story, not of their country's wealth and power, but of its heroes, its courage, its achievements in the emancipation of the human spirit, so ought every child to come into consciousness of the ties that bind the latest to the earliest men and women in vital and unescapable relationship in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Christ, by memorials on every side of those who have made life great, rich, pure, tender, and fruitful. If they whom we call the dead have escaped out of sleep and are now alive in a fullness of life which "it hath not entered into the mind of man to conceive," then, surely, they who remain to endure and struggle toward the light ought to be lifted up by the companionship of the vast company who have achieved freedom and harmony of deed with thought and of reality with vision.

SCHOOL NEWS.

GEORGIA STANTON HALES, '09, Editor.

The Resignation of the Rector.

All other news of the month at St. Mary's has been well nigh lost sight of in consideration of the resignation of Mr. DuBose from the Rectorship, announcement of which was made shortly after the holidays were over. The resignation, which takes effect at the close of the present school year, came as a complete surprise.

The reasons for the resignation are stated briefly in the *News and Observer* of January 8th, as follows:

Dr. DuBose states that he resigns not because of any lack of interest in St. Mary's, but because the details of work as the president of the school keep him from giving that attention to ministerial functions which to him comes first. Though he will leave St. Mary's, it will still have his love and he will continue to take deep interest in it.

Bishop Joseph Blount Cheshire, in speaking last night of Dr. DuBose's resignation, stated that there was absolutely no friction, but that Dr. DuBose for a year had contemplated this step. He says that Dr. DuBose as Rector of St. Mary's has done efficient and faithful work, and is held in the highest esteem both because of his work and because of his splendid personal qualities; that the school under Dr. DuBose has had its greatest prosperity and success; that Dr. DuBose's resignation is a matter of deep distress to all, but that Dr. DuBose found the business details of the work took too much of his time, and he could not give proper attention to ministerial duties.

Dr. DuBose came to St. Mary's as Rector four years ago, in September, 1903. For fifteen years previously he had been Rector of the Episcopal church at Asheville, and

for five years before this at Union, S. C. He is an able and accomplished preacher, and has been greatly successful here, where he has won many friends. He has made no plans for future work, nor have any steps been taken as to a successor for him. This will probably be arranged at a meeting of the Board of Directors of St. Mary's in May.

Mr. DuBose succeeded Dr. Bratton as Rector in September, 1903, and is now completing his fourth year as head of the school. These years have been bright ones in the history of St. Mary's, and under the energetic and painstaking direction of the Rector the school has thrived and improved in many ways.

The Saunders Memorial Window Dedicated.

A beautiful and impressive service was held in the chapel at St. Mary's Sunday afternoon at the feast of the Epiphany. After singing two stanzas of the hymn,

"Hark! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,"

A window bearing the simple inscription,

IN MEMORIAM

A N N E S A U N D E R S.

April 26, 1837. May 29, 1906.

was dedicated to this faithful friend whose life had been so long and so lovingly given to the interests of St. Mary's.

The window was made by Misses Wickham and Stone, of New York. The design is chiefly floral, consisting of purple clematis and passion flowers. A cross half hidden is pointing upward, and in the distance there is the faint suggestive beauty of a sunset sky. The window looks to the west, and during this evening service the rich coloring of purple and green, together with the soft vanishing tints, were brought into exquisite fullness by the sunset light. The chancel was beautiful in its Christmas green, and illumined by what seemed innumerable tapers. Above all was the Star of Bethlehem, fit emblem of that star which guides our feet until safe within the Paradise of God.

There are three other memorial windows in the chapel. One was dedicated on All Saints Day, nineteen hundred, to Miss Elizabeth Battle, a graduate of St. Mary's, and afterward Lady Principal of her

Alma Mater. This window has Easter lilies at its base, and a vine bearing clusters of ripe fruit growing upward until its tendrils vanish in the sky.

During Commencement week, two years ago, a window was dedicated to Mrs. Jane Ellis Rossell, a graduate of St. Mary's and daughter of Governor Ellis, who was in office at the beginning of the Civil War. The design is the Good Shepherd bearing the lamb safe into the fold.

The chancel window is in memory of Mrs. Aldert Smedes, wife of the founder of St. Mary's. This window is very beautiful with its white lilies and the overshadowing angel of the Annunciation. These and many other memorials speak most eloquently of consecrated lives here in the old school of St. Mary's, that have striven to ease the burden of the world.

"May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

"Alice in Wonderland."

The play given by St. Katherine's Chapter of the Junior Auxiliary on Saturday night, December 15th, was a great success in every way. It was "Alice in Wonderland," the classic always funny and always dear to young and old.

The stage was appropriately and prettily arranged in every scene: first as a forest with its pines and other evergreens; then as a dining-room with its long tea table, which was "always set for tea"; and, lastly, as a court with thrones for the king and queen.

Each girl's role seemed to suit her excellently; therefore the play was well acted.

Lillian Farmer as ALICE, Nell Wilson as the HATTER, Beatrice Cohen as the MOCK TURTLE, and Rainsford DuBose as the DORMOUSE were especially good. The other characters were as follows:

Emily Carrison	King.
Louise Hill	Queen.
Elizabeth Waddill	White Rabbit.
Marguerite LeCron	Duchess.
Marguerite Thompson	March Hare.
Jessie Jennings	Cheshire Cat.
Julia McIntyre	Cook.
Mary Spruill	Gryphon.
Isabel Hanna	Executioner.
Alice McCullers	Knave of Hearts.
Alice Corbett	Guard.

Miss Thomas and the girls of her chapter deserve congratulations both for the choice of the play and its rendition.

The McIver Meeting.

On Wednesday night, December, 19th, the three literary societies were hosts in the first Inter-Society meeting of the year. The exercises were in lieu of those usually held on Carolina Day, and the program was arranged from the exercises for Carolina Day prepared by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

This was the first appearance in public of official representatives of the Alpha Rho, along with those from the older societies. Lillian Farmer, '07, President of Epsilon Alpha Pi, presided at the meeting, while Sue Prince, '07, and May Hoke, '11, Presidents of Sigma Lambda and Alpha Rho, respectively, were seated with her. Emily Carrison, '07, Sigma Lambda, was Secretary.

Following the singing of "Carolina," the President opened the meeting with some appropriate remarks, after which the program, commemorating the life of Dr. McIver, was rendered. Serena Bailey and Helen Strange took part for Sigma Lambda; Frankie Self and Elizabeth Waddill spoke for Epsilon Alpha Pi, and Carile Weaver represented Alpha Rho.

The Faculty and students, boarders and day pupils, were invited to the meeting and all would have been there but that the very bad weather kept many of these living at a distance at their homes.

Immediately following the meeting the guests were invited to adjourn to the Studio, where the Christmas entertainment proper was held.

The Muse Christmas Tree.

At the close of the inter-society meeting on Wednesday, December the nineteenth, the student body was cordially invited to the Studio by the MUSE Club. Imagine the surprise, when, upon entering, we saw a brilliant Christmas tree. The entire Studio was changed from its every-day look by the decorations of holly and cedar. After waiting in silence for a moment, voices were heard in the distance, and the music drew nearer and nearer as the hidden chorus (under the direction of Miss Dowd) sang, first, "the Wassail Song," and then, "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen"—two very old English carols.

Miss Cribbs gave, as the second number, a very beautiful reading, "A Miner's Christmas," which filled all hearts with a sense of the responsibility and pathos of the Christmas-tide.

Next some wandering musicians came and stopped to sing a Christmas hymn to the heart music of "Drink to me only with thine eyes." It was somewhat difficult to recognize in their quaint beggar costumes Miss Margaret DuBose, who had her violin, and the singers, Ruth Newbold and Nathalie Dotterer.

The blowing of horns and the jingling of bells came in the mingled melody of the Christmas-tide, as two gorgeously dressed heralds (Sue Prince and Helen Strange) entered, followed by Santa Claus with his pack. At first the little children were almost too frightened to welcome their old friend of many generations, but he soon won their confidence, and taking their hands all danced gaily round the tree, as they sang, "I saw three ships come sailing in."

The song finished, Santa Claus proceeded to the distribution of the gifts in his pack. All were of a humorous nature and the little speech which accompanied each caused the audience great delight, as in the keen and pleasant humor they recognized the voice from below the robes of crimson and ermine to be that of Miss Fenner. Candies and nuts were handed to all present, and Santa herself carried some to each of the servants assembled in one corner of the hall, and with the true old Southern spirit made some little remark that filled their hearts with enthusiastic happiness.

Two little girls whose hearts were full of the reality of Santa Claus, Katherine Crews and Katherine Hughes, gave recitations that were received with storms of applause.

The little children sang, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," then all joined in the chorus, "It came upon the midnight clear," and with hearts filled with the joy of the crowning festival of the year, the guests said good-night.

School Notes.

—Many of the girls spent the holidays with school friends. Among these there were Nellie Fort, who went home with Frankie Self to Hickory; Margaret Temple with the "Baltimore girls," Mary Gwynn with Irving Morgan in Charleston, and Lela Jenison with Alice Hines in Kinston. Miss Hull went home with Miss Pixley to Winfall, S. C., and Miss Cribbs spent the holidays with Miss Fenner in Baltimore. Mrs. Irvine was in New York, Miss Smith at her home in West Virginia, Miss Spurlock with friends in Wadesboro, N. C. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, Miss Lee, and Miss Spann spent the holidays at school.

—Of the girls Mary Alexander, Mary Vann, and Jane Stillman stayed in Raleigh for Christmas; Jane with Mrs. Hawkins, Mary Alexander at school, and Mary Vann part of the time at school, and part with her cousin, Dr. Vann, of the Baptist University.

—Isabel Heyward spent the holidays with an aunt in Washington, D. C., Marie Hardin with her aunt in Fayetteville, and Bessie Watters with an aunt in Wilmington. Bessie stopped in Fayetteville on her way back for a short visit to Jessie Crowell, of St. Mary's last year.

—Mr. DuBose spent the holidays in Florida with old Asheville friends, the Pattons.

—Nell Atkinson spent one week of the holidays with Marie Koiner in Charlotte; Sidney Gabbett and Allene Gentry were for a few days with Louise Wright in Raleigh, and Minnie Davis spent part of her time in Raleigh with her cousin Dee Duncan.

—Ret Ruff and Annie Sloan, '06, spent the holidays with Beatrice Cohen, '07.

—Eva and Ida Rogerson and Annie Wood stopped over night with Mabel Willis in Washington, N. C., on their way home, and Susan Bynum in Charlotte with Sadie Thomas.

—We are glad to welcome two new girls, Isabel Brogden and Josie Prather. Others are expected at the close of the term.

—We are glad to have Grace Ward and Ellen Duvall, who went home because of illness, well and back with us again.

Christmas at the Confederate Soldiers' Home in Raleigh.

The girls of St. Etheldreda's and of St. Elizabeth's Chapters of the Auxiliary asked this year the privilege of making a contribution to the Christmas dinner at the Old Soldiers' Home on New Bern Avenue, and Miss Spann and Mrs. Vincent, during the holiday which they spent at St. Mary's, took pleasure in carrying out the girls' wishes.

Miss Spann tells her impressions of the day and the Home in the *Evening Times* of December 27th, as follows:

A most delightful and unique experience was the Christmas day spent at the old soldiers' home. Some of the girls at St. Mary's had contributed to the dinner and had conferred upon the writer the honor of carrying out this ministry of love.

An abundance of good food had been prepared, and few homes could have been furnished with a more comfortable meal.

As they arose from the table the old men, with sweet courtesy, came forward to say some words of welcome to their guest, and to send messages of thanks to the girls at St. Mary's. As the little procession came forward it was almost too sad to witness unmoved. Some were feeble from years, some partially paralyzed, others with only one leg, came forward with extended hand—sometimes the right hand, sometimes the left, because there was no right.

One dear old man said: "Lady, you came to our Christmas dinner; come another time and see how we live, for we have a good dinner every day." They were so full of appreciation that as they passed the writer had never had her heart so filled with benedictions, nor a Christmas day so rich and full.

God bless the girls of St. Mary's, and may they go forward into sweet Christlike womanhood, with a thoughtful love that will illuminate the dark places of life.

Captain and Mrs. Brooks are father and mother to these old soldiers of our Southland, and it is sweet to see the trusting childlike love with which they turn to them in all their trials.

The hospital department touches one most deeply. A few men are helplessly confined to their cots, some are in rolling chairs, and a few sit patiently in the darkness, for they will never see light until "angels have lifted the veil."

The material wants of our old soldiers are nobly provided for, and Captain and Mrs. Brooks give a heart service no money could buy. Two needs, however, appealed to me. One is the need of a new range in the kitchen, another that of daily papers, magazines and books. Some of the soldiers are able to render some little service, and for this they are paid, and are thus able to have a little pocket-money.

We are standing now on the eve of the centennial birthday of the man whose name we speak reverently and with bowed head, our beloved Lee, and as we care for these, the men that he loved, may we not hear him say in the words of the Perfect One, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

The appreciation of the courtesy is shown in this letter:

N. C. SOLDIERS' HOME, January 1, 1907.

To the Ladies of St. Mary's:

We have learned that the abundance of nice turkey which we enjoyed so much at our Christmas dinner was your noble and generous gift, and words are inadequate to convey our thanks for the delightful surprise. You have endeared yourselves to our hearts, and you will ever be remembered by us with gratitude.

Besides wishing for each of you a happy New Year, we hope you will attain all those accomplishments for which you are so earnestly striving and which your goodness deserves. May your college days continue to be pleasant, and when you bid your Alma Mater farewell and return to your homes, may it be to spend a long and happy life.

THE OLD COMRADES.

ALUMNAE MATTERS.

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

ERNEST CRUIKSHANK - - - - Alumnae Editor.

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 Saunders Memorial Window.

When the plan was first definitely announced to the friends of Miss Saunders in September last, the Feast of Epiphany was set as the season for the dedication of the Memorial Window, and no reservation was made for the possible contingency of the necessary funds not being forthcoming. The order for the window was promptly placed with Misses Wickham and Stone, after the design had been approved by Mrs. Saunders, and Misses McKimmon and Shipp, the special committee, and the artists came up to the highest expectations. It is very gratifying, therefore, to be able to state that on Epiphany, the very day of the dedication, the last few dollars necessary for the completion of the fund were forthcoming, and without any special solicitation, and the voluntary contributions to the fund amounted almost exactly to the amount required. The MUSE would at this time again express its thanks to each of the contributors, for while desire to do in a matter of this kind is rarely lacking and the joy of the giving is the chief reward of the giver, still too often a worthy plan fails not from lack of interest but from inaction.

The Memorial Window has its place now in the Chapel, which it will have its share in beautifying, and it will bring the lesson of Miss Saunders' life to the hearts of many who never had the privilege of knowing her. The fund was made up by the gifts of almost a hundred friends, in and out of the school, in sums ranging from twenty-five cents up to ten dollars. The window is therefore what it was meant to be—the general expression of love and esteem.

An account of the dedication of the window is printed elsewhere in this number of the MUSE.

ALUMNAE NEWS.

There is more than a passing interest for St. Mary's girls of the early days in the announcement of the marriage at the Church of the Ascension, Baltimore, on January 16th, of Miss Tempe Austin Hamilton, daughter of Mrs. Matthew Allen Hamilton, and Reverend Chauncey Hayden Blodgett. The mother of the bride, known to her girlhood friends as Sallie Austin, spent her school days at St. Mary's, and is yet remembered with love by her old school-mates.

The death of Mr. George P. Burgwyn, who passed away at his home in Jackson on the morning of January 5th, removes a faithful worker for the Church in the Carolinas and a loyal friend of St. Mary's. Mr. Burgwyn's daughter, Miss Minnie, graduated with the St. Mary's Class of 1904, and has since been living at home with her father; and he was the guardian and friend of the Misses Bowen throughout their school days here.

The death of Mrs. Lizzie Lee Belvin after a very brief illness at her home on Hillsboro road, Raleigh, on the second of January, came as a great shock to her many friends. Mrs. Belvin, wife of Mr. Chas. H. Belvin, President of the Raleigh Banking and Trust Company, and daughter of Mr. Jas. D. Pullen, was not herself educated at St. Mary's, but her daughter, Miss Nannie, was in school here many years, graduating in 1900, and afterwards teaching in the English Department for several years. Her mother's death at this time recalls keenly Miss Belvin's death only a little over two years ago. The MUSE extends for St. Mary's deep sympathy to Mr. Belvin and his surviving children.

The death of Miss Isabel Gary, daughter of Major W. E. Gary, of Henderson, on January 9th, came as a great shock to her friends who had not known of her illness. Miss Gary was highly esteemed at St. Mary's, where she spent the sessions of 1901-1903, and was a "Certificate Girl" in 1903. Girls of the last three years know of her also through her sister, Kate, who finished her course here at the last session. Miss Isabel Gary was but twenty-two years of age.

The resignation of Dr. M. M. Marshall from the Rectorship of Christ Church, Raleigh, where he has ministered so faithfully for the last thirty-three years, is an event of interest throughout the State. We read in the *News and Observer*:

For fifty-three years Dr. Marshall has been in the Episcopal ministry, and thirty-three of these years have been spent in Raleigh as Rector of Christ Church. He is greatly esteemed and loved in Raleigh, not alone by the members of his own parish, but by all the citizens. His life has been a benediction to all who have come in touch with him, his ministration being filled with so much love and gentleness that all in this city hope that he can be induced to continue his work.

It is understood that Dr. Marshall's only reason for desiring to retire is that with increasing years and the multiplying of the duties of a parish that continues to grow, he finds that his strength is being overtaxed, and that because of this he feels that a younger man should take up his work. This resignation of Dr. Marshall's, if accepted, will not cause him to remove from Raleigh, for he will continue to make this his home.

THE WEDDINGS OF THE MONTH.

Moore-Brevard.

Mrs. Robert Joseph Brevard
announces the marriage of her daughter

Caro Mays

to

Dr. Baxter Springs Moore,
on Wednesday the twenty-sixth of December,
nineteen hundred and six,
Charlotte, North Carolina.

Bowers-Tayloe.

Mr. Charles Warburton Tayloe
requests the honor of your presence
at the marriage of his daughter,

Lucy Alston,

to

Mr. Benjamin Franklin Bowers,
on the afternoon of Thursday the twenty-seventh of December,
one thousand nine hundred and six,
at half after two o'clock,
Saint Peter's Episcopal Church,
Washington, North Carolina.

St. Amant-Andrews.

Christmas afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Phil. H. Andrews, Miss Lucy Andrews and Mr. A. D. St. Amant, of Brooklyn, N. Y., were quietly married. This marriage is not only a surprise to Miss Andrews' friends, but also to her family, as plans were being made for her marriage in April to Mr. St. Amant.

The ceremony was performed by Dr. I. McK. Pittenger, Rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd.

The bride and groom left on the four o'clock Seaboard for Southern Pines, and returned last night on their way to the North.

Mr. St. Amant was formerly a resident of New Orleans, but now makes his home in New York. Several years since he attended the A. and M. College and has a number of friends in this city.

Keller-Love.

A pretty home wedding was solemnized last night at 9 o'clock at the home of Mrs. E. H. Love, when her daughter, Miss Alice Love, and Mr. H. P. S. Keller, plighted their troth, the ceremony having been performed by Rev. J. C. Masee, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church.

The home was decorated for the occasion with palms, ferns and potted plants. It was a very quiet wedding, and only a few intimate friends of the contracting parties were in attendance. Mr. and Mrs. Keller will make their home in this city and will be at home to their friends at 511 Oakwood Avenue. Both are well known here, where they have a large number of friends.

Hill's Tribute to Lee.

He was a foe without hate; a friend without treachery; a soldier without cruelty; a victor without oppression, and a victim without murmuring.

He was a public officer without vices; a private citizen without wrong; a neighbor without reproach; a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile.

He was a Cæsar without his ambition; Frederick without his tyranny; Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward.

He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king.

He was gentle as a woman in life; modest and pure as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal in duty; submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles.—*Benj. H. Hill.*

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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LADIES FINE SHOES AND SLIPPERS

...Send to...

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Best of everything in Hardware. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. All-right Cook Stoves, Celebrated Warm Air Heaters, the only perfect heater made. Write for prices.

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W. C. STRONACH'S SONS CO.

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216 FAYETTEVILLE STREET

KING-CROWELL'S DRUG STORE
AND SODA FOUNTAIN.
Corner Fayetteville and Hargett Streets.

Y Y Y Man.

There is a farmer who is Y Y
Enough to take his E E,
And study nature with his I I,
And think of what he C C,
He hears the chatter of the J J
As they each other T T,
And sees that when a tree D K K
It makes a home for B B.
A yoke of oxen he will U U
With many haws and G G,
And their mistakes he will X Q Q
When plowing for his P P.
He little buys, but much he sells,
And therefore little O O;
And when he hoes his soil by spells
He also soils his hoes.

—Sam Lloyd, in *Woman's Home Companion* for December.

THE BOYLAN-PEARCE CO.



Dry Goods, Millinery,
Tailored Costumes,
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Rich Jewelry and Silverware.

Repairing promptly done.

JOLLY & WYNNE JEWELRY COMPANY,

Wedding and Holiday presents.

Fine Watch and Jewelry repairing.

John Quincy, tho' kindly and gentle, declared

"The man must be master, by gum!"

But his outlook on life is just what his dear wife

Let's him peer at from under her thumb.

The rector got married to Annabel Gauze;

The rector was gentle and good;

He made up his mind that he'd marry because

She had made up her mind that he should.

Both poor as Job's turkey and not over strong—

Hold a three-dollar job the man couldn't—

We are forced to conclude that they married because

There was every good reason they shouldn't.

—From "*Why They Married.*"

A. DUGH,

RESTAURANT AND ICE CREAM PARLOR.

Confections, Foreign and Domestic Fruits.

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St. Mary's folks know and approve of Dugh

Good things always at
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RICHMOND MARKET.

MEATS OF ALL KINDS.

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“ Omnes agunt, sed pater,
Toto die sedit,
Pedes ante ignem,
Tubam terrae fumet;
Mater lavendos prudet,
Ann soror atque
In nostre omnes agunt,
Sed senex-ne! ”

“ O condemnati. ”—*Life*.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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FOR TOILET REQUISITES AND COLD DRINKS.

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"KINGAN'S HAMS."

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Art Store, Art Materials and Art Novelties.
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Ladies' Fine Shoes.

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J. R. FERRALL & CO.—GROCCRS.
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

School Calendar, 1906-'07.

JANUARY-FEBRUARY.

- January 12, Saturday—8 p. m.—St. Margaret's Chapter in "A Night in Bohemia."
January 18-23—Examination Week.
January 19, Saturday—Lee's Birthday, —half holiday. Special Exercises at 2 o'clock.
January 24, Thursday—Easter Term begins.
January 26, Saturday—Muse Club.
February 2, Saturday—
February 9, Saturday—8 p. m.—Muse Club.—"Valentine Party."
February 13, Wednesday—Ash Wednesday—Holy day—Lent begins.

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EDWARD F. COST,
Second Vice-President
Portsmouth, Va.

The Student Directory, 1906-'07.

The St. Mary's Muse Staff.

ANNUAL.

(Under direction of Senior Class.)

Lillian Farmer, Editor-in-Chief.
 Emily Carrison, Business Manager.
 Louise Hill,
 Mary Spruill, } Literary Editors.
 Helen Ball,
 Beatrice Cohen,
 Sue Prince,
 Heber Birdsong, } Art Editors.
 Alice McCullers,

MONTHLY.

(Under direction of Muse Club.)

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 Beatrice Cohen, Act. Bus. Mgr. } Managing Board
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 Helen Liddell.
 Helen Strange.
 Lillian Farmer.
 Emily Carrison.
 Mary Spruill.
 Sue Prince.
 Margaret DuBose
 Alice McCullers.
 Georgia Hales.
 Louise Hill.
 Mary Vann.
 Eloise Robinson.

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 Elizabeth Waddill.....Vice-President.....
 Grace Ward.....Secretary.....
 Eva Rogerson.....Treasurer.....
 Sallie H. Battle.....Corresponding Secretary.....
 Louise Hill.....Critic.....
 Frankie Self.....Historian.....
 Annie Wells }
 Kate Blacknall }Tellers.....

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Sue Prince.
 Sarah Jones.
 Emily Carrison.
 Helen Liddell.
 Serena Bailey.
 Helen Strange.
 Alice Corbett.
 Katherine Henderson
 Eloise Robinson.

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ST. MARY'S SCHOOL,

RALPHAEL, N. C.

(for girls and young women).

First Catalogue Published, Raleigh, N. C., February 20, 1906.

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St. Mary's School, R. C. N. C.

1906



WANTED—A Heart.

By M. R. DuBOISE.

Valentine Number

The
St. Mary's Muse

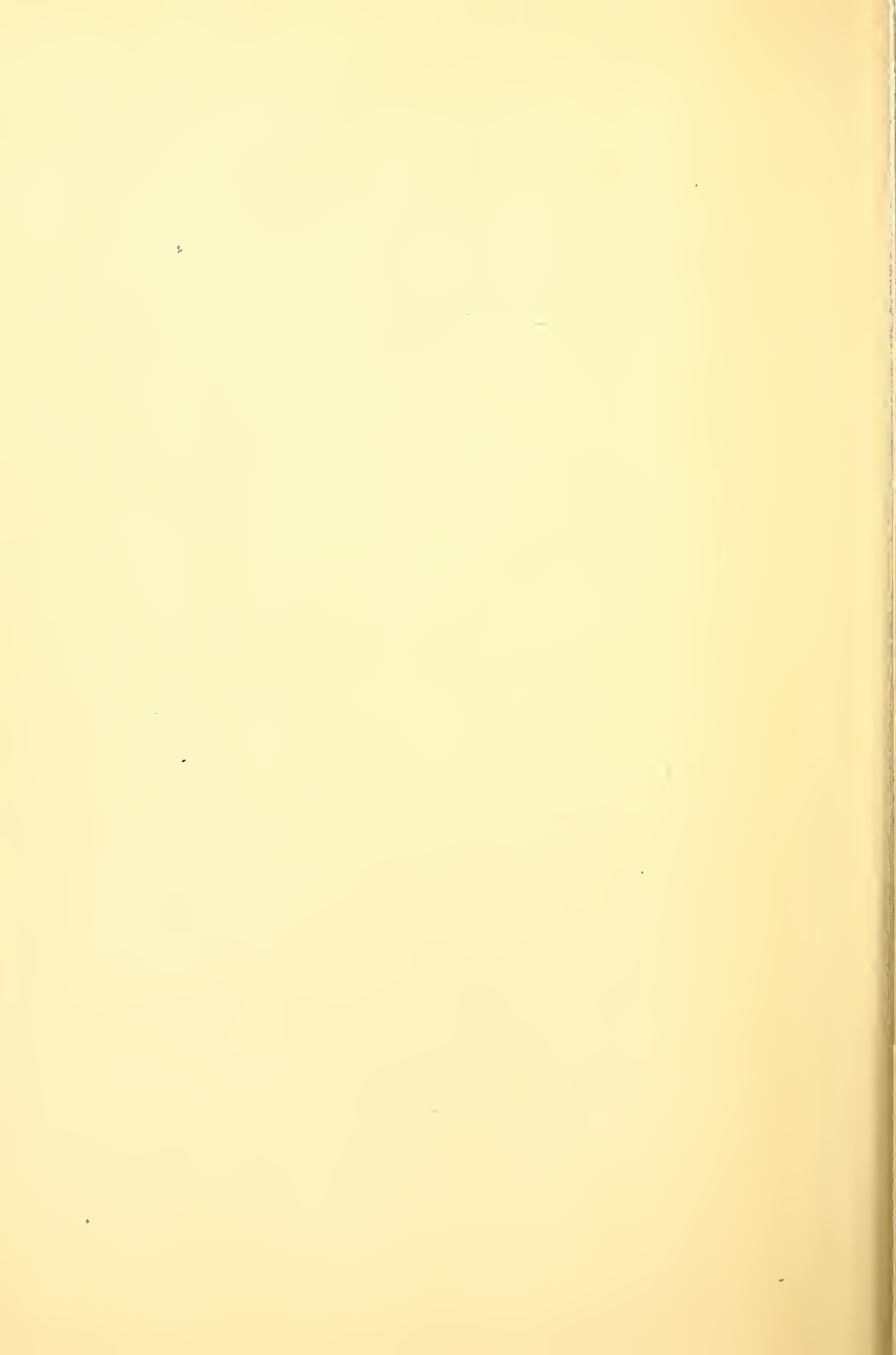
SEPTEMBER, 1907



Waltham, N. H.







The St. Mary's Muse.

VALENTINE NUMBER.

Vol. XI.

FEBRUARY, 1907.

No. 7.

Her Fan.

SERENA COBIA BAILEY.

Among the treasures in my desk,
There is a bit of broken fan,
Of filmy lace and painted gauze
And ivory sticks from far Japan.

My love enfolds you, little fan,
For once my lady toyed with you;
Yes, that's the secret of my love,
And why I kiss you as I do.

Oh, painted Cupid on the fan,
I wonder if you know, my boy,
How like this fan is to my heart—
Another broken, cast-off toy!

Wanted—A Heart.

MARGARET ROSALIE DUBOSE.

And it is all the fault of that old valentine! Why does every one say, "Why, what's de matter wif de itsa-bitsa baby?" and chuck me under the chin in a manner calculated to drive any one to an asylum! One week ago I was well and happy and had more teeth than any baby on the street, nurse said. Now I am a mere wreck of shattered nerves. No longer does it delight me to swallow pins, or pull kitty's tail. Even the excitement of yelling myself blue in the face and scaring the family into fits, has palled upon me (and if you want real live excitement just try that little plan. It gives more genuine pleasure than a theatre party, besides being much cheaper). I have had many advantages for

a youth of fifteen months, being born a Bostonian, and having a nurse whose taste for exciting literature is only equaled by her love for policemen. And that brings me to the beginning of my story.

It was St. Valentine's day! I heard Bill, the policeman, say so, when he asked nurse if she didn't think the postman must have a letter for her. There was a letter, and when she laid it down on the bench I began to examine it. Of course I put it in my mouth first. Why stupid grow-ups should see with their eyes only, I can't imagine. I suppose one loses the art of logic in later life. If you were asked to describe a penny, I suppose you would say it was of metal, round, and flat. Now *I* could add that it is cold at first, doesn't taste very good, and is hard to swallow.

To return to the letter. It had "Valentine" in large blue letters across the top, then a red thing, labeled, "My heart,—Bill," and this verse—

"I send you my heart,
So we never can part."

I may add it did not taste very good, and I'm afraid I swallowed some of the corner in reading it. At any rate it gave my fertile brain an idea. There is such an attractive little girl across the street from us. She has the best voice in the neighborhood and is also the champion wriggler (two charming traits which, combined, are simply irresistible). Think of the yelling contests and crawling races we could have together. I simply could not live without her! The matter was clear. I should send her my heart and we never would part (as the valentine said).

Strange I didn't remember seeing my heart. I looked on the bench and go-cart for it, but without any success. Just then nurse came back. "Why, luk at me chile agoin' to commit suicide of himself, and if he hasn't been destroyin' of me valentine. The heartless creature he is!"

Heartless! That word made me hold my breath. Did nurse mean that I had no heart? Frantically I counted all my fingers! They were there! I had two eyes, as usual; nose and ears in their proper places. Then an awful thought assailed me. I snatched off both pink socks and tried to see if I had toes enough to match my fingers. Now,

I am something of a mathematician (as all Boston babies are); but I was so excited that I seemed to have twice as many fingers as toes on one side, and vice versa on the other. (I chewed up a Dictionary for half an hour one day—hence that vice versa.) At last I became more calm, and found that my toes and fingers all matched. They were there, but no heart! It couldn't have been fastened on as securely as my ears, for instance, because I'm sure I would know if I dropt one of them. Besides, it must have been very small, because the policeman's was only the size of a quarter, and it must have been a grown-up one. Evidently my heart had been very small, insecurely fastened on and in the careless way nurse handles me it must have fallen off. (Hereafter I shall always count my fingers *before* and *after* a roll in the park.)

I searched everywhere for my lost heart, crawled into every nook and cranny, but in vain. I was exploring under the kitchen table when I heard nurse reading aloud to the cook. "‘Oh', she cried, pressing her white, slender hand to her snowy forehead, 'and you are the man who had stolen my heart!'" I almost swallowed both thumbs in my excitement! So that was what had happened to my heart. It had been stolen when I was asleep perhaps, or out with nurse. Dark thoughts filled my brain! I longed for revenge!

Nurse wouldn't have wanted my precious heart, because she already had Bill's. The guilt, then, rested on the cook or my parents. They seem kind enough, but if they have stolen my heart, who can tell but some fair morning I may wake up without my fingers, or even my mouth? It is a fearful thought! The dread that I live in will probably cause my hair to turn gray—when it begins to grow—and I will never be able to paste my heart on a valentine for the little girl across the way.

A Valentine.

HELEN KATHARINE LIDDELL.

A necklace, lady mine, I give to you,
'Tis filled with many a gem of rarest hue;
But ere about your gentle throat it clings,
I'll tell you of the message that it brings.

A sapphire of the richest royal blue,
 Is here to tell you that my love is true,
 And deep as ever cave of ocean knew—
 This is the sapphire's message, dear, to you.

This beaming, blushing, bleeding ruby red,—
 A drop of our dear Master's blood, 'tis said,—
 Is all my heart, which still to your's is wed,
 Tho' life and love, through all the world be dead.

The color of the coolest, deepest sea,
 This emerald, tells how steadfast love can be,
 And constant, never changing, yet so free,—
 Such love as this, dear, is for you and me.

And here an opal filled with flashing fire,
 Brings with it all love's passion, Heart's Desire,
 To say that truest love can never tire,
 Tho' heaven and earth should perish, Heart's Desire.

The noblest of them all, this diamond bright,
 More radiant than the rest, with heaven's own light,—
 So, dearest one, are you within my sight,
 A light to lead me through the darkest night.

So take this necklace, which I bring to you,
 Filled with the sparkling gems of many a hue,
 And as around your gentle throat it clings,
 Remember, dear, each message that it brings.

St. Augustine.

FLORENCE M. BECKWITH.

St. Augustine, the oldest city of the United States, is perhaps also one of the most interesting to lovers of the quaint and beautiful. The first thing one thinks of in connection with St. Augustine is the old city gate. This and Fort Marion are the only relics of the elaborate system of fortifications which once defended the city. Of the wall, which formerly extended from the Fort to the San Sebastian river, there is now only thirty feet left on each side of the gate.

A great point of interest is the old Spanish Fort Marion, finished in 1756. This is surrounded by a moat forty feet in width, in which at high tide, water may even now be seen. Above the portcullis is carved

the Arms of Spain. On the inside, around an open court, are casemates or rooms which, in the old days, were used as barracks, mess-rooms and store-rooms. The dungeon was used then as a powder magazine. After the United States came into possession of the fort, part of the dungeon wall caved in and the closed entrance to another vault was noticed and opened. In this it is said there were found two skeletons, iron cages, and instruments of torture.

The streets of the town are very narrow, especially Treasury street, across which people may shake hands. The Plaza is a park of shade trees and fountains; in the center of it is an open stone structure called the "slave market"; it, however, was never used for anything except for provisions.

Facing the Plaza is St. Joseph's Cathedral. It was completed in 1791; burned, and rebuilt in 1888.

These are the most interesting features of the old St. Augustine. The new part of the city, with its parks and its beautiful buildings, is like fairy-land itself.

Five miles from St. Augustine there is the so-called Fountain of Perpetual Youth. Whatever miraculous powers it may or may not have, it is endeared to the visitor by seeming to be a link with the old days, and with the romantic and picturesque character of Ponce de Leon.

My Apple Tree.

MARY C. SHUFORD.

When I was a little girl my favorite play-house was a big old apple-tree, growing beside the porch. To "grown-eyes" this tree always remained an ordinary, simple apple-tree, but to me it was sometimes a great ship, with the wind swaying the huge masts; sometimes an enchanted castle, from which there was no escaping; but more often it turned into the nicest play-house imaginable, with a spacious room on each big bough, and a tower 'way, 'way up in the tip-top branches.

It was a dangerous way that led up to my "truly own" room, far up under the tower. I would take the "Heavenly Twins," Sarah Crewe

and Alice—I remember Sarah had been scalped in an Indian massacre, and Alice had lost a leg and an eye, so they were my favorites—under one arm, and would climb up the broad staircase,—which to other people was the trunk of the tree with the smaller branches making steps—up, up, up. Soon the trunk divided into two great branches, one bending east, the other west. There was the “scarey” part, for you had to crawl up on this western branch a little way before you could catch the upper boughs and draw yourself safely on. It was such a short way to crawl, but it took a great deal of courage, for I was a very little girl, and it looked a very far distance to the green grass below. So I would always shut my eyes, hold my breath, and crawl slowly over, hugging the tree and the “twins” with might and main.

When I got safely past the bare limb and among the leafy branches, I climbed on a little way, until I reached the nicest, coziest, little seat among the boughs, just big enough for a little girl to lean back comfortably and feel secure, held close by the loving branches. This was my favorite “room,” and, shaded from the glare of the sunshine by the hundreds of green leaves, I spent many a happy hour there, munching green apples, and reading to my dolls, the “Blue Fairy Book” or Alice’s own wonderful adventures.

SCHOOL NEWS.

GEORGIA STANTON HALES, '09, Editor.

“A Night in Bohemia.”

On Saturday evening, January 12th, St. Margaret’s Chapter gave its annual entertainment, this year—“A Night in Bohemia.” The stage was prettily decorated in Japanese fashion. For the first song, “Pinky Panky Poo,” the girls were appropriately dressed in Japanese kimonas; for the second “Owatonna,” the little singers wore Indian costume; in the third, “When the Circus Comes to Town,” the girls made very good “country lassies”; and in the fourth, “My Coconut Lou,” the singers were gorgeous in red. In the next numbers—“Its a Lovely Day for a Walk,” and “I’ll be Your Rainbow,” the little children de-

lighted every one. But it was the last selection, "He Walks Right in and He Turns Around and He Walks Right Out Again," that was enjoyed most.

The readings by Emily Carrison, Rainsford DuBose and little Katharine Hughes were especially good. Mabel Willis was the accompanist and all of the singing and the playing was fine. Both Miss Cribbs and her Chapter deserve much credit for their success.

This was the program:

MUSIC.

"Pinky Panky Poo."

Misses Haughton and Sturgeon, Brogden and Frazer, Hoke and Weaver, Hardin and Mardre, Hazard and Heyward, Wells and Powell.

Reading E. Carrison.

"Owatonna."

Misses R. DuBose, Cameron, Stone, Edith Mann, Strong, Edna Mann, Jones, M. Mann.

"When the Circus Comes to Town."

Misses Bonner, Tankard, Weaver, Rayner, Leland, and Quinerly.

My Cocoanut Lou."

Misses S. Battle and Sturgeon, Frazer and Hardin, Hazard and Mardre, Wells and Powell, Hoke and Newbold, Gilmer and Heyward.

Reading R. DuBose.

"Its a Lovely Day for a Walk."

Misses Giersch and Hughes, Williford and E. Hughes.

Reading K. Hughes.

"I'll be Your Rainbeau."

Misses Giersch and E. Hughes, Williford and K. Hughes.

"He Walks Right in and He Turns Around and He Walks Right Out Again."

Misses Bonner, Tankard, Brogden, Sturgeon, Quinerly and Hoke.

"Medley."

The words of the special song adapted for the occasion from a popular air were as follows:

When first I left my dear old home
 To come up to this school,
 I reconciled myself to fate,
 Until I met Miss Pool.
 But when she told me that my crimes
 Would be written in a book,
 I thought how good I'd have to be,
 And then my knees—they shook.

I walked right in and turned around
 And walked right out again;
 I made that round trip in less time
 Than it takes to count up ten.
 I didn't ask no questions why,
 I didn't stop to say good-bye—
 I walked right in and turned around
 And walked right out again.

I live in a dormitory,
 So you see I have a time
 A tryin' for to skip my tasks
 And meals 'most all the time;
 I go up stairs resolved to spend
 A quiet hour or more,
 When from the teacher's alcove comes,
 "Go right down off this floor."

I walk right in and turn around
 And walk right out again, etc.

'Most every boy in Raleigh
 Likes to come up here to call,
 And oftentimes you find a chap
 A-standin' in the hall.
 But when Miss 'Liza walks right up
 And says, "Your permit, please,"
 He cringes at that awful look
 And sinks down on his knees.

He walks right in and turns around
 And walks right out again, etc.
 He doesn't ask no questions why,
 He doesn't stop to say good-bye—
 He walks right in and turns around
 And walks right out again.

Lee's Birthday Exercises.

The Lee Memorial Exercises at St. Mary's, though slightly more extended than usual on account of this being the centenary as well as anniversary, were simple and intended merely to give expression to the love that all of us feel for the great leader.

The school gathered in the parlor at half-past two in the afternoon, and the program, under the auspices of the Joint Literary Societies, was given as follows:

Opening Chorus—"Dixie."

Essay—"Robert E. Lee".....Lillian Farmer.

Reading—"The Sword of Lee".....Paula Hazard.

Reading—"Incidents of the Surrender".....Rosa Heath.

Reading—"Robert E. Lee".....Matilda Haughton.

Closing Chorus—"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

Sue Prince, President of Sigma Lambda, presided, and seated with her were Elizabeth Waddill, Vice-President, and May Hoke, President, representing their respective societies, Epsilon Alpha Pi and Alpha Rho.

The Japanese Tea.

The Muse Club entertained delightfully at a Japanese Tea Saturday night, January 26th. The parlor had been beautifully and artistically decorated for the occasion. The Tea Booth, with its Japanese hangings, was popular. Misses Carrison and Watters served here in the proper costumes of the East. Candy was sold by a Jap (called Miss Liddell in America), beneath most attractive hangings. Miss Marguerite Thompson, (who served ice-cream) in her handsome kimona, was especially charming. Every one had a good time, and I feel sure that the whole school wishes to thank Miss E. Carrison, who had the entertainment in charge, for the pleasant evening she afforded them.

The Junior Reception.

The Reception of the "Naughty Eight" girls, to the girls of "Naughty Seven" was heralded by unique cards tied with yellow and white ribbon, inviting the Seniors and Certificate pupils to a "Bird Carnival" on Saturday evening, February 2, 1907.

Mr. Stone, Miss Lee and Miss Pool were the guests of honor.

Our expectations were more than fulfilled when we entered the French Room, which had been transformed into a bower of beauty by its decorations of evergreens and quantities of yellow roses. In and among the vines were pinned slips of paper, each bearing a rhyme, such as

“Red breasted harbinger of spring,
We wait in hope to hear thee sing.”

The meaning of these mysterious slips was soon explained, when each guest was provided with a dainty card with yellow pencil attached, on which to write her answers to the rhymes. The first prize, a Japanese print, was awarded to Sue Prince, and the second, a china sparrow, fell to Alice McCullers.

Next an enormous “bird pie” was placed on a stand in the center of the room, and much laughter ensued when attractive and original favors in the shape of bird, rabbit, etc., were drawn from the pie by means of ribbons. The amusing feature of these favors was that they could be made to “squeak” in a ridiculous manner.

Refreshments, consisting of delicious ice-cream, meringues, salted almonds and mints, were then served, and after a few minutes spent in chatting we reluctantly bade our hostesses good-night. The reception was voted by all one of the most original as well as enjoyable events of the year.

J. H.

In Lighter Vein.

M. C.—“Oh! I wonder if we are going to have “Richard III on Exam.?”

I. T.—“Was he the man who killed Julius Cæsar?”

B. W.—“Did you say she spent Christmas in Washington?”

M. H.—“No, she was in New Orleans.”

B. W.—“Well, she told me she was going to be somewhere in Louisiana.”

Miss Katie—“Hurry up, Wilhelmina, you have only fifteen minutes before dinner.”

W. H.—“Well, Miss Katie, I haven't anything to do but to dress.”

M. S.—(In a paper on the Seven Years' War) "and it lasted nine years."

A. C. (Studying Harmony)—"I just can't understand these octaves and fifths."

H. S.—"Are you studying Algebra, Alice?"

First girl—"You know he has a clerical position with the electrical company."

Second girl—"I don't see what a minister has to do with an electrical company."

What was the matter with the Senior German Exam. ? Stone-bruised.

Sarah Jones—Why doesn't John play foot-ball any more?

M. Short—Why, when he was half-back on the Virginia team he got his collar-bone kicked by a Cherokee Indian. (If the poor Carlises have to be Cherokees we don't see why she didn't let them have tomahawks.)

The Muse's Jokes.

I have been told by many friends—
 I think 'twas kindly meant—
 That all of them enjoy the MUSE
 Whenever it is sent.

They like the editorials
 And stories and all such;
 But when they come to "Lighter Vein,"
 It really is too much.

It wrinkles up their brows and puts
 Their brains all out of joint,
 To find in any of our jokes
 The vestige of a point.

I don't deny the truth of this,
 The points *are* hard to find,
 And not to try to find them, is
 The best thing for one's mind.

That we would like to have good jokes
 Is surely very true,
 But if girls *won't* say funny things,
 What can a person do?

We ask the girls to tell us all
 The funny things they've heard;
 They say they know lots, but they've vowed
 They wouldn't tell a word.

It makes it rather hard, you see,
 On those who're after wit,
 To know it's hidden all around,
 But they can't get a bit.

So now, our readers, we will hope,
 Can see just how things lie,
 And when our jokes aren't very good,
 They'll know the reason why.

SUE BRENT PRINCE.

Jack's Eyes.

To me brown eyes are dearest
 Because of Jack's dark eyes,
 And of the lurking tenderness
 That deep within them lies.

I'm sure now that Jack loves me,
 Though he's never told me so;
 Words need not tell of secrets
 That the glance of love can show.

Dear eyes! your sadness haunts me,
 Now that I'm far from you;
 Yet should chance fore'er divide us,
 I'd still know that Jack was true.

Oh! Jack, when we shall meet, dear,
 I'll tell you—if I can—
 How I love you. (Reader, listen,
 Jack's a dog and *not* a man).

SERENA C. BAILEY.

The St. Mary's Muse.

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

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THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

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GEORGIA S. HALES, ELIZABETH WADDILL. HELEN STRANGE.

HELEN K. LIDDELL. SALLIE HAYWOOD BATTLE.

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EDITORIAL.

Examinations.

At last examinations, those terrible ordeals, are over! What a sigh of relief that thought causes! We may not have been as successful, of course, as we had hoped to be; but let us remember that "not failure, but low aim, is crime." The past is past; the future, though, lies before us. No low aims should mar that future for us.

The Centennial Anniversary of the Birth of Longfellow.

In February, like January, the centennial anniversary of the birth of a great American is to be celebrated. This time, we are honoring instead of a soldier, a poet; the most generally beloved poet of America—Longfellow. His works are so dear to all, so highly appreciated by young and old, that there is no need of praising them. We all love his melodious poetry and owe him deep gratitude for the thoughts, encouraging or exquisitely beautiful, that he has written. He, like the great general, who also was born a hundred years ago, has left the world richer than he found it. To quote from one of his own poems:

"All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme."

School Notes.

—Maria Tucker is at school now at Wisconsin University, where she went for her health.

—Helen Liddell enjoyed a short visit from her father during the month and took Susan Bynum and Katharine Henderson down to dinner with her.

—Grace Ward also enjoyed a short visit from her father recently.

—The Florida Club has been organized with nine members. Serena Bailey is President and May Hoke is Secretary and Treasurer.

—Two of the girls are very happy at present in having their fathers here at the Legislature. The fortunate ones are Eliza Morton and Lila Justice.

—A large party of St. Mary's girls enjoyed very much a concert given at the Baptist University Monday night, January 21st, for the benefit of the Edward MacDowell Fund. Three of our teachers, Miss Pixley, Miss Dowd and Mrs. Irvine, took part in the program and added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

—We are glad to welcome another new girl, Esther Rembert, of Charleston, S. C. Her mother, formerly Christine Sanders, has the honor of being the only person that has ever been married in St. Mary's Chapel. She was married by Dr. Bennett Smedes in 1890 and came up with her daughter to renew old recollections.

—We are also glad to have Lucie Swann, sister of Almera Swann, who was here before Christmas, with us now. Almera is not coming back, as she has a stenographer's position at her home, Sanford, North Carolina.

—The reception given by the Agricultural Department at A. & M. on Thursday night, January the twenty-fourth, was very much enjoyed by the chemistry class of St. Mary's, who were chaperoned by Miss Pool.

—A large party of St. Mary's girls attended the Polk Miller concert at the Academy of Music on the twenty-fifth of January, and all were delighted by his rendition of the "Old Plantation Songs."

—Amelia Whitaker, one of the day scholars who has been ill with pneumonia since the holidays, is steadily improving, we are glad to hear.

—Great was the excitement and deep the interest on the night of the 1st, when the “annual election” for “statistics” were held. The school-room was the polling-place and the Seniors were both judges and clerks of election. The throng that lingered outside the room, where the ballots were being counted, reminded one of a crowd on election night, but in this case the “returns” left no hard feelings and the unsuccessful congratulated the successful without a trace of lingering disappointment. Instead of the informal taking of sentiment of previous years, this year a more formal “election” was held, and after a preliminary ballot had disclosed the most popular candidates, a second ballot, Australian mode, was taken with the three leaders in each question as candidates. The vote disclosed that it is the opinion of the majority that Serena Bailey is the “Prettiest Girl” and also the “Most Energetic”; that Sue Prince is the “Most Attractive,” the “Most Popular” and the “Best Dancer”; that Rosa Heath is the “Handsomest,” and Helen Strange the “Jolliest”; Nell Atkinson the “Most Coquettish” and Marguerite LeCron the “Most Athletic”; while Lillian Farmer is the “Cutest.” Congratulations. The Seniors tell us that further information may be had from the ANNUAL MUSE.

ALUMNAE MATTERS.

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

ERNEST CRUIKSHANK - - - - Alumnae Editor.

St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

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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.

An Appeal from the Rector.

Two years ago it was suggested that the Alumnae and friends of St. Mary's should contribute silver, gold and precious stones to be made into a beautiful chalice for the Chapel use. At that time I approved of the idea but thought other things were more needed; now I think the time has come to do this work.

I ask any friend of St. Mary's who has a genuine piece of old silver or gold plate, or jewelry, or precious stones, which she would like to dedicate to this purpose, to offer them for this chalice and so unite the love and sentiment for St. Mary's Chapel with the sacred personal associations of family and friendship.

There must be many broken or unused pieces of silver and gold among our Alumnae and friends, and what holier or better use could they be put to than to make them add to the glory and service of God's house?

The idea is to have the old chalice melted into the new, that the association of the past may be blended with the hope of the future. I have a few contributions already and would be glad to have all gifts sent me by March first, so that the new chalice may be made for use at Easter.

MCNEELY DUBOSE.

Bishop's Chair.

The Rector, having some funds in his hands for Chapel use, appealed to the six chapters of the Junior Auxiliary and the four Sororities to help him raise funds necessary to purchase a Bishop's Chair for the Chapel. This appeal met with such gratifying response that he at once

ordered the Chair from Messrs. Hann-Wangerin-Weickhardt, of Milwaukee, who have already furnished for the Chapel, the Altar, Clergy-stalls, Fald-stool and Litany desk. The Chair will be of quartered oak to harmonize with all the Chapel furniture, and will stand seven feet three inches high to the top of the cross. We are looking for the Chair now any day.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

Alice Spruill, of Louisburg, and Katie Barbee, of Raleigh, are two of a party of North Carolina girls who have been "seeing the sights" of New York with the *Evening Times* party.

Miss Kate Meares, who assisted Miss Alice Jones during the early part of this session in the Latin Department at Winthrop while the regular teacher was ill, now has charge of the Latin and History in the Bennettsville (S. C.) High School.

St. Mary's has no more loyal alumnae anywhere than Mrs. Crenshaw (Kate Davis) and her daughter, Helen, of Louisburg. Helen, after spending two years at Converse, is now at Gunston Hall, Washington, but she never loses her interest in things here and is always ready to prove it.

Of the three vestrymen of Trinity Church, Columbus, Ga., who attended our Chapel service on Sexagesima Sunday, two were drawn to St. Mary's by personal bonds. The daughter of the eldest, May Wells, of Columbus, attended school here in the '90's, while Mr. E. W. Pou is the husband of Hettie Hunter, who was a school-mate of Miss Dowd. Both gentlemen were anxious to meet "Miss Katie" and Miss Dowd, of whom they had heard much.

We are always appreciative of the interest of our friend, Mrs. Aiken, who in sending us some Georgia post-cards, writes: "I am spending part of the winter in Eastern Georgia, so send these historical post-cards, which may be of interest as well as good subjects for pencil and brush. May 1907 prove a happy year to St. Mary's, and may she experience

St. Paul's conception of "From Glory unto Glory" to be attained even in this world is the wish of an old St. Mary's girl."

Jane Iredell Green writes that she is having a very busy time this winter as debutante and "school-teacher" in Wilmington, her home town. She has charge of the First Grade in one of the public schools there.

Mary Holton Hunter has gotten off for her winter in Mississippi and is now with her aunt, Mrs. F. Read Hawkins, at Winona, that State. She will be there during the spring. Mattie Hunter, MUSE readers will remember, is at the Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore, this winter.

Miss Margaret Jones, who resigned her work at Mrs. Loucks' Seminary in Flushing at Christmas, and has since then been teaching in New York City, will be one of a party, including several St. Mary's girls, which will spend the spring in southern Europe. They sail from New York for Naples the latter part of February. The party includes Miss Mary Horner, Miss Susan Graham and Miss Kate Horner, of Oxford, N. C., Miss Gertrude Winston, of Durham, Miss Margaret and Miss Mary Pride Jones.

Nichols-Massey.

Miss Winifred Ross Massey, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. W. T. Massey, of 205 St. Mark's Square, West Philadelphia, was married at her parents' home at 11 o'clock to Charles Arthur Nichols, of Muskogee, Indian Territory. The Rev. Dr. S. M. Robinson, of the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School, officiated.

The maid of honor was Miss Mabel Massey, of Raleigh, N. C., and the best man Hansley Massey, of Haverford.

With the marriage of "Winnie," the second of the three "Masseys" who were St. Mary's girls, enters upon married happiness. "Bessie," Elizabeth Willing Massey, as they called her on the Commencement programs in 1905, was married a year ago to Dr. Raymond Dean Thompson, of Jasper, Florida. The girls are indeed scattering widely.

Hearty congratulations and best wishes to our new friends in the new State of Oklahoma.

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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Candidates for these Scholarships must be at least fourteen years of age and ready to enter the Freshman Class at St. Mary's. The *Smedes Scholarship* is open to any qualified candidate residing in either of the Carolinas; the holder of the *Murchison Scholarship* must be a resident of the Diocese of East Carolina.

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—*Cornell Widow.*

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"It would seem as if Cupid burnt his fingers with every new *match* he ignited."

"Some men propose just to tell their chums they have been accepted."

—*"A Cynic's Meditations."*

"Cupid is not so childish as he looks. He can put one and one together very
nicely."

"In the female vocabulary, men may come and men may go, but shops go on
forever."

"One thing that always carries its face value—a kiss."

"Usually when a woman tells her lover to 'Go!' she means, 'Go—and come back.'"

—*"A Cynic's Meditations."*

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(Though he be sorely swat),
Because his House has blown away,
To grumble at his Lot.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

School Calendar, 1906-'07.

FEBRUARY—MARCH.

- January 26, Saturday, 8 p. m.—Muse Club: "Japanese Tea."
February 2, Saturday, 8 p. m.—Junior Reception to Seniors.
February 7, Thursday, 8 p. m.—Musical in honor of the Governor and his staff, the State officers, and the Legislature.
February 9, Saturday, 8 p. m.—Muse Club: "Cupid in Shirtsleeves."
February 12, Tuesday, 8 p. m.—
February 13, Wednesday—Ash Wednesday—Holy Day. Lent Begins.
-

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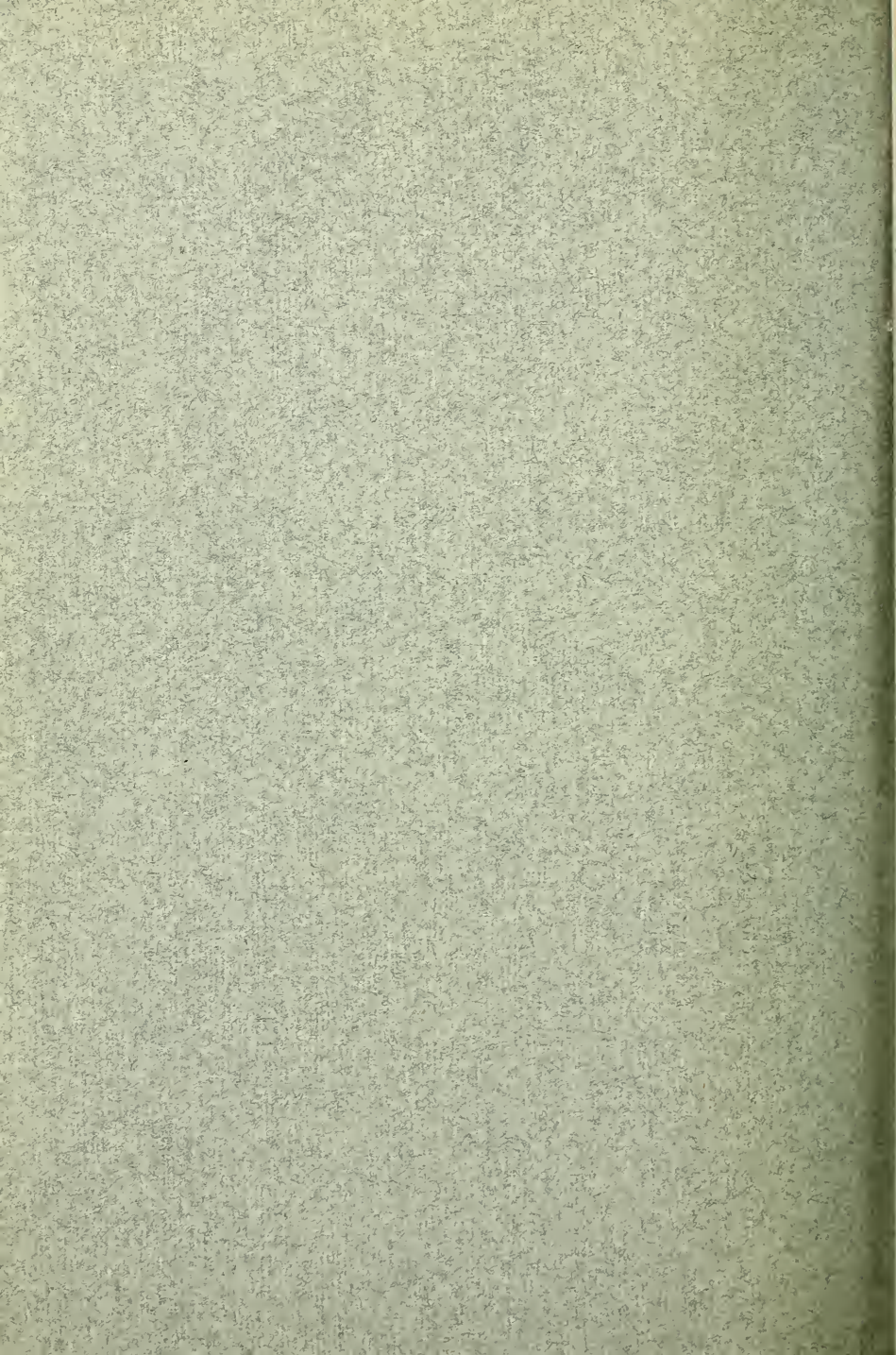
Lent Number

The
St. Mary's Muse

March, 1907



Raleigh, N. C.



WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE MUSE.



The St. Mary's Muse.

LENT NUMBER.

Vol. XI.

MARCH, 1907.

No. 8.

A Violet.

ALICE McCULLERS

To you this violet means but a flower,
While to me it means a dream
Of the dearest child in the wide, wide world,
And her smile when she gave it to me.

'Twas by that smile so sweet and pure
That I learned to love her—oh! so much.
I knew not why, I cared not why,—
I only knew that I loved her so.

And did I crave her love, you ask,
Or was I content with loving her?
At first methinks I did not care
Whether or not she loved me too.

And though in after days I've found
That her true heart could ne'er be mine,
And I have tried to forget the child,
And the little flower she gave me, too,

I somehow hope that that pure love
That thrilled my heart so through and through,
Will not die out, but linger there
And lift my soul to higher things.

Mieclo.

SERENA COBIA BAILEY.

It was almost dark in the little room far up in the tenement building, and to Mieclo it seemed strangely quiet, too. That evening no children came running in to ask if he would play for them, none came to beg him to relate stories of his childhood in Poland. He was glad, though,

that they did not come, for how could he tell them again, as he had done the day before, that he could not play now, and that his heart was too heavy for story-telling? And yet he missed the tenement children, for they loved him, and he them, and once his dearest, sweetest music had been for their ears.

His loneliness for them, however, was but a part of his heartsickness, his longing for what could never be; for the future that, once apparently in his grasp, was now but a harrowing dream. Again and again there rang in his ears the words of the doctor, "You must not play for many years; *perhaps* then your arm will be strong; but if you use it now, you will permanently injure it." Sometimes he did not believe the doctor; doctors were often rather tricky people, yet he knew that it must be true, for the pain was often so severe that he was not always able to deceive himself and hope that the doctor was wrong.

In the semi-darkness of that barren little room, life seemed to hold nothing for the boy; music his all—except Aeva—was deprived him. What was there left? Not Aeva, for now that he could play the violin no more, how could he bring her from across the sea? He was miserable and utterly wretched, and he would not want her, too, to be unhappy. How was it all to end? Why was it that he had been made to suffer so? Why was he here anyway, lonely, unhappy, with no hope or joy for the future?

Down in the corner lay his violin in its old case. He had taken it up many times that day and had caressed it as one does only one's greatest treasures. He took it out once more and started to play, but again his heart would not let him. Poor little violin, no one but he knew the secrets of its soul; it had told them to him many times.

How infinitely was the life of the violin bound up in his life and that of Aeva! He and the violin had told her of his hopes, his ambitions, his love. Only through the aid of the violin could he ever hope to send for her. It was she who had inspired much of the depth, the nobility of feeling in his interpretation of music. She, alone, in his childhood had fully understood him. She had counselled him, laughingly teased him, encouraged him, just as her changing mood dictated. Yet through it

all she was devoted, heart and soul, to him. It was such a long, long time, he mused now, since they had been together; since he had played to her in the twilight. Sometimes she had sung while he played. Her voice was a contralto, full of sweetness, pathos and mysticism.

And her face! He could see it so vividly, with its dark, tumbled hair and dimpling mouth, and the eyes, oh, the eyes! When one saw them one could scarcely remember anything else in her face—or in the world! It was for her, for her that he had been living and playing and now—!

He was so absorbed in his thoughts he did not notice that the door had opened and that his friend, old Henryk, had come in. "Miecło, Miecło, boy, where are you, dreaming again; not playing this time?" The boy started up from the floor, where he had been kneeling by his violin-case. "Oh Henryk, you do not know—I cannot tell you, oh Mother of God, Henryk—I cannot make her talk to me any more! The doctor has told me—you know the pain in my arm—well, the doctor has said that I must not play for years! How can it be? What can I do, Henryk? She cannot talk to me any more!"

Miecło flung himself sobbing on the floor. Old Henryk, knowing the boy well, did not try to comfort him, but paced up and down, his kind heart aching for the sorrow of his young friend.

At last he bent over Miecło. "What does the Master say?" he asked. "The Master, the Master sent me to the doctor, he said the doctor would know! Oh Henryk leave me, for not even you can help me." Then he sprang up and threw his arms impulsively around the old man's neck. "Henryk, I need not ask you to forgive me, for you can understand!"

Suddenly the young fellow stopped—"Henryk, you came here to-night for a special reason; you never come as late as this. Tell me, is Hania worse again?"

"No," the elder man answered. "And Miecło, I want to talk of you, what you are going to do now."

"There is nothing that I want to do; I know that I can *never play*, and playing is my life. Besides," half angrily, "I must hear why you came, dear Henryk; perhaps there is enough of the old Miecło left to help you if you need his help."

Old Henryk turned to the window. "Mieclo, what you wish me to tell you is not of Hania or me, but of a new family that has moved into our house. They are from your town, Mieclo; the man is ill, about to die, I think, and they are so poor, so poor. I thought—I knew—that you would help them—play for their benefit to-night at the restaurant. But boy, don't worry about this; the good God will cure your troubles and theirs." The boy flung himself at Henryk. "What is the name? Romaszko, you say? Oh holy St. Nicholas! Is Aeva with them?"

"No, only one son; the other children are in Poland."

"Aeva's mother and father and little Sigsismund here and suffering! Listen, Henryk, leave me now, for I cannot think or talk. Only go! I will see you to-morrow."

Mieclo began walking up and down excitedly, and the old man, knowing it was best to leave him, slipped quietly out. The boy did not notice Henryk's departure. Again he took his violin from its case, this time not to caress it tenderly, but to grasp it sobbingly and passionately in his arms. He sat there long in the darkness or strode excitedly around the room. At last he threw himself exhausted on the bed; his arms still holding the beloved violin, his lips ever whispering, "I must play, I must play for them—for her."

(To be concluded in April.)

My Cupid.

MARGUERITE V. THOMPSON.

A rose, a fading rose,—I paused,—
 It seemed to call to me,
 And as I gazed it raised its head
 And feebly made its plea.
 A message, yes, a message,
 From one so far away.
 Longer I paused, and wondering stooped;
 What had this rose to say?
 The browning petals freshened,
 The rose seemed all inspired:
 Could this flower bring the message
 My longing heart desired?

I bent my head and listened.
Its message soft and clear
Rang out through the evening twilight:
"All's well, he loves you, dear."
Then the flower's heart ceased beating,
Those leaves, too, soon were dried;
Its mission on this earth was o'er,
And so my Cupid died.

The Old Brick House.

JENNIE B. SIMPSON.

Near the banks of the Pasquotank stands a very quaint, but a very plain little brick house. Its sides are of wood, but the corners are of deep yellow bricks brought over by the English many, many years ago. On each end of the old house are two peculiar shaped gables, which make it look as if it were the abiding place of dwarfs.

The inside of the old house is also very peculiar, for the rooms are circular in shape, while very beautiful architectural effects adorn the high arched walls. The fireplaces are wide and deep—truly old-fashioned—and would make one dream of the Yule logs which had been happily burned in them and see in the many-hued flames pictures of the lad and lassie sitting by the old chimney-corner, dreaming dreams and making air-castles for the future. But the old house saw scenes very different from these, for it was at one time the headquarters of Black Beard, the pirate, and in the dark, damp cellars underneath he kept his captives, and in the many secret hiding places of the building he stored his piles of stolen goods.

At the foot of the steps are two large mill-stones on which are carved "1732," the supposed date of the building. In one of the rooms is a big, dark old closet, the back of which is made of beautifully carved wood. No one would ever dream that one of its panels conceals the wondrous secret closet which was talked of for miles around, but which was known to none except Black Beard himself. In the secret closet opens a tiny trap-door which leads to the underground passage to Pirate's Bay, where Black Beard's ships used to come to give up their treasures before sailing out again in search of new adventures.

In the second floor of the house, reached by a winding staircase, is a dark old room, on the floor of which are many blood stains; for the pirate, it is said, did not hesitate to murder anyone who refused to do his slightest bidding. A story is told of a young girl and her old negro mammy who were captured by Black Beard and kept in this very room for many weeks, to be at last murdered because they would not cease to pray that God would deliver them. On damp days the stains seem as vividly red as the blood itself, and on stormy nights cries and moans can be heard coming from the old garret room. Yet this is only one of the many strange tales connected with the old brick house which attract to it visitors at all times.

The Home of Jefferson Davis.

LELA JEMISON.

Of all the old historic homes there is none more interesting to a Southerner than the home of Jefferson Davis, which is now very appropriately used as a home for old Confederate soldiers.

In 1875 Davis, having retired from political life, wished to make his home in some quiet, out of the way place, where in solitude he might write his valuable work "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." Such a sequestered place Davis found on the gulf coast of Mississippi, at Beauvoir, midway between Mississippi City and Boluxi.

It was on a cool, clear day, just after one of those terrible storms so common on the coast in September, that a party of us left Mississippi City for a visit to Beauvoir. We had a most pleasant drive of several miles up a smooth, shady avenue paved with crushed shells and white sand. On one side of the avenue is a forest, where grow representatives of all the Southern trees, while on the other is seen nothing but the broad expanse of the great gulf, dotted here and there with the white sails of the many ships. As we drew nearer to the home of Davis we were impressed with the quietness and the peacefulness of the place. The grounds include about five acres, covered with immense live-oaks with twittering birds hopping among the branches, and long festoons

of dull grey moss drooping from them. Under these trees the shade is very dense and it is here that the old soldiers while away many hours, listening to the songs of the birds and to the murmuring of the waves playing with the little pebbles on the shore.

The house, which faces the gulf, is of only one story, but is built on very high pillars, with a wide veranda almost encircling it. As we ascended the broad front steps and crossed the veranda with its huge square columns, we were met by a courteous old soldier who invited us into a large room, somewhat bare, which, we were told later, was Mr. Davis' library. This room contains a few of the personal possessions of Davis and it is here that everyone was asked to sit down at Mr. Davis' own desk and register his name. Then the old soldier took delight in pointing out a little oblong trunk of tan leather, much abused by travel, which he told us was the one Mr. Davis always used on his trips to Europe. The bed-room, with its little narrow beds in a row on each side of the room, reminded us of a St. Mary's dormitory; and in the dining-room the long, neatly set table, with the white mosquito netting spread over it, took us back to the soldier's camp life during the war days. The other parts of the house are very much like the library, extremely clean, but scantily furnished, giving always an impression of bareness.

When we were in the yard again, taking a last look at the noble Confederate's home, seeming even more quiet now than during his lifetime, the faithful old soldier brought us a handful of moss, which he had just gathered from the surrounding trees. He asked us to keep it as a souvenir, and bidding us good-bye, "thanked us kindly" for our visit.

SCHOOL NEWS.

GEORGIA STANTON HALES, '09, Editor.

Musical Complimentary to the Legislature.

The musicale given at St. Mary's School on Thursday evening, February 7th, was complimentary to the Governor and his staff, the State officers, the justices of the Supreme Court and the members of the Legislature. Friends of the school and the music-loving public were also invited, and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by the appreciative

audience assembled. The opening and closing numbers of the program were given by the St. Mary's orchestra, under the direction of Miss Hull. This orchestra is an old friend of the Raleigh public, and its re-appearance after a long period of silence, was enthusiastically welcomed. Mr. A. W. Vincent, the able director of music at St. Mary's played Chopin's Polonaise in A major with sure touch and brilliant technique and keen appreciation of the material spirit of the composition.

The serenade from Haydn's String Quartette No. 17 was beautifully rendered by Misses Hull, F. Johnson, M. DuBose and Dr. Summey. There is promise of further enjoyment from the same source in the future.

Mrs. Agnes Vincent was in good voice and sang three ballads charmingly with a pure resonant voice and a beautiful conception.

Miss Charlotte Kendall Hull delighted her hearers with a beautiful tone poem of Van Goens, Romance op. 12 No. 1, and with a dainty serenade by Pierne, but she declined to respond to the very hearty encore with which she was greeted.

The second movement of the beautiful MacDowell Concerto op. 15 was given by Mrs. J. Harrison-Irvine in her usual brilliant style, with power, finished technique and artistic interpretation.

Miss Cribbs varied the program with "A Van Bibber Sketch" charmingly recited. This was received with much applause to which Miss Cribbs responded with "Not a Success," which as an encore belied its name, for it left the audience in roars of laughter over the vivid picture of human nature under humorous difficulties.

The Grieg Sonata op. 8, for piano and violin was splendidly played by Miss Hull and Mr. Vincent. The players showed themselves appreciative of the exquisite melodic effects of this modern sonata, so evenly balanced between the two instruments; and they gave the whole piece with easy technique and with warm and spirited interpretation which worked up to a worthy climax in the "Allegro molto vivace" movement.

The interesting program was closed with a Hungarian Gipsy Dance by St. Mary's orchestra.

Students' Recital.

The Students' Recital on Friday evening, January 8th, was enjoyed very much and the girls are to be congratulated on their playing and singing, which showed they had been well taught. This was the first of the Student Recitals this year, and it is Mr. Vincent's intention to have them every two or three weeks.

The program was as follows:

Intermezzo	Jennie Belle Turner
Recollections	Ruth Newbold
Etude	Jane Stillman
Barcarolle	Margaret Pennington
Heart's Fancies	Josephine Gilmer
Berceuse, E Major— <i>G. Karganoff</i>	Frankie Self
Melody in F for Violin— <i>Rubenstein</i>	Brownie Adicks
Mary Wiggins at the Piano.	
Pendant la Mazurka— <i>Paul Wachs</i>	Margaret Williams
Thy Parting Kiss	Alexina Hardy
Romanza	Maude Eberhardt

The Cameron Reception.

On Thursday afternoon, February 7th, Mrs. Benehan Cameron gave a very large and delightful reception at her beautiful home on Hillsboro street. Three hundred guests were invited, and from the steady stream of people that poured in during the afternoon almost every invitation must have been accepted.

The hall and reception rooms, so well suited to the occasion, lent themselves gracefully to the luxurious decorations in roses and ferns. The punch bowl, which was in the library, was presided over by Mrs. Irvine from St. Mary's. In the dining-room the color scheme was pink, and a very charming effect was produced by the pink roses and shining old mahogany. Delicious refreshments were served. Maria Webb, an old St. Mary's girl, and Helen Strange assisted in the dining-room.

St. Mary's School was well represented by the faculty. Those present were: Misses Pool, McKimmon, Dowd, Sutton, Lee, Fenner, Cribbs, Hull, Pixley, DuBose and Smith.

"Cupid in Shirt Sleeves."

An original play entitled "Cupid in Shirt Sleeves" was given by the Muse Club on the evening of February the 9th, and was an entire suc-

cess. All the actresses took their parts cleverly, and we give them our heartiest congratulations. Miss Eloise Robinson, in her role of the nervous old doctor, kept the amused audience laughing with her continual "talking, talking, always talking, this talking makes me nervous." And Miss Strange, as the hero of the scene, pulled out of her "punk" situation remarkably well and made quite an ardent suitor to Miss Sue Prince, who tactfully and cleverly helped her lover out of his difficulty. Miss Sydney Gabbett proved herself an able manager of a nervous husband, and Miss Chapman we recommend as a capable mender and lady's maid. I'm quite sure everyone enjoyed the well selected and entertaining little play.

The cast was:

Dr. Fielding	Eloise Robinson
Mabel, his Wife	Sydney Gabbett
Ada, her Sister	Sue Brent Prince
Eugene Pelham, Ada's Lover	Helen Strange
Jane, the Maid	Jessie Chapman

In Lighter Vein.

Mr. Stone (in History class).—"Miss D.— who was the next king?"
 Girl.—"Er—the next king was Queen Elizabeth, I think."

K. H. (discussing a poem she had just written for English).—"I wrote my poem in spondulyx!"

(Let us explain that she meant spondaic.)

First girl (looking through a new book).—"Isn't this first picture pretty?"

Second girl.—"Yes, and wouldn't it look lovely done in waterworks?"

I. T. (to E. D., who is brushing her hair).—"Ellen, you must have a lot of personal magnetism for your hair has so much electricity in it."

E. D.—"Margaret, who was the first white child born in America?"

M. C.—"Why Pocahontas, of course."

E. D. (in the middle of the night).—"I wish that train would stop blowing, I can't go to sleep."

P. H.—"That's no train, it's just Irving snoring."

Mr. Stone (in Junior-Senior History).—"Who founded the Roman Empire?"

Pupil.—"Christendom—I think it was he!"

Mash.—"I think Helen's poem is the best one in the February MUSE. But I haven't read any of the others."

Alphabet at S. M. S.

IRVING MORGAN.

A is for Art, which we all think is prime;
 B is for Bible, which we hear all the time.
 C is for Chapel, where we go twice a day;
 D is for Dormitory, where you bet we are gay.
 E is for English, where you can't be a fool,
 F is for French, which is under Miss Pool.
 G is for Grove, where at last we are free,
 H is for History, where the points we can't see.
 I is for Infirmary, where our pains we confess,
 J is for Jail, which we call S. M. S.
 K is for Kitchen, where we have to keep out,
 L is for Latin, which we know naught about.
 M is for Mash which we all adore,
 N is for Night, which we wish would come more.
 O is for Organ (it is played here a lot),
 P is for Parlor, which at night we make hot.
 Q is for Quiet, which is sure hard to be,
 R is for Roll, which sounds natural to me.
 S is for Supper, which we have Sunday night;
 T is for Teacher, who makes us do right.
 U is for Unladylike, which of course we are never,
 V is for Verbs, which we are saying forever.
 W is for Walking hour, our only time to be free;
 X is for Xerxes, whom we learn of in History B.
 Y is for Yard, where we sure go, you bet, and
 Z is for Zero, which sometimes we get.

Entered into rest at eight o'clock on the evening of February 22d suddenly after an illness of several weeks, Miss Sara H. Spurlock, late teacher in St. Mary's School.

Like a lightning-flash from a clear sky came the announcement on the afternoon of the 22d that Miss Spurlock had had a turn for the worse and was critically ill. Without rallying, conscious to the last, despite all that medical skill could do, she sank rapidly, and at eight o'clock passed away.

Though she had been a chronic sufferer for years, Miss Spurlock's will power was so great that she was able to conceal the state of her health, and only those who knew her intimately were really aware of what she was enduring. She never complained and was always ready for her duties, and even when she had to yield for a time to what proved to be her last illness, her friends supposed it would be but a short time before she was herself and about again. She had been ill since January 25th, but recently was much better.

Miss Spurlock's home was in Tennessee, and there she has a sister and a brother living, the only surviving members of her immediate family. There was not time for these relatives to reach Raleigh, but her life-long friend, Mrs. Eugene Little, of Wadesboro, with whom she spent the Christmas holidays, was summoned and arrived Friday night.

School exercises were suspended on Saturday, and funeral services were held in the Chapel at half-past one. Mr. DuBose read the impressive burial service, and the hymns "For all Thy saints who from their labors rest," "Ten thousand times ten thousand" and "The King of love my Shepherd is" were sung. There were beautiful flowers, tributes of sympathy from the faculty and pupils of St. Mary's, from the sister schools, and from friends in town. Mrs. Little and the loving friends she had made at St. Mary's during her short stay here were all around.

After the services, the body was taken to the four-o'clock Seaboard train and sent to McMinnville, Tenn., Mrs. Little accompanying it. There the final services were held on Monday, the 25th. The escort from St. Mary's to the station was composed of Mr. and Mrs. DuBose and Mrs. Iredell, the faculty of St. Mary's, and the presidents of the college classes representing the students.

Miss Spurlock was a member of an old Tennessee family, and was educated at Peabody Normal College and the University of Cincinnati, completing her training as a teacher by two years study at the University of Berlin. She had had an extensive teaching experience, and before coming to St. Mary's was for several years at Ward Seminary, Nashville.

Intellectual and refined, she stood for high principles, honor, and honest work; her inspiring personality as a teacher impressed itself upon her classes, and her absence from the daily school life will be keenly felt by both teachers and pupils.

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.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

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HELEN K. LIDDELL. SALLIE HAYWOOD BATTLE.

BEATRICE B. COHEN and JESSIE PAGE HARRIS, Business Managers.

EDITORIAL.

Lent.

With the return of Lent there comes the thought and purpose of self-improvement and self-mastery. It may indeed be a time of special fasting, but upon that point we should not lay too much stress. It is not of so much importance whether or not we give up a few luxuries of diet, sometimes to feel immense self-satisfaction from having done so; but it is the gaining of a more complete control over ourselves that should be the result of our Lenten discipline. As fasting is an already accepted part of this discipline, let us strive to perform a more essential duty. Lent, as we know, is a period for introspection and repentance. It is a seed-time as spring is a seed-time of the year. If in Lent we strive to overcome certain defects in our characters, to make ourselves more nearly like the Master, and to make the world a happier place for all with whom we come in contact, and resolve to make such an effort, not only for Lent itself, but for all the months and years to come, then and then only have we caught the true Lenten spirit.

Concentration.

Did you ever think of how much time we waste by not giving our complete attention to whatever thing we are doing at that moment? We may be trying to study, and yet our mind is wandering over various other subjects not connected with the lesson; or we may be attempting to take some kind of recreation, yet be worrying about the next day's duties. Can we get the best results from such poor attention? Emphatically no. It is of the greatest importance to learn how to center our attention or to be able to relax ourselves entirely. It is a trite saying that "We should work while we work and play while we play;" but unfortunately, most of us do not keep this saying well in mind. If we try to cultivate our voluntary attention and the habit of perfect relaxation when necessary, we will gradually find an improvement in our work and in our general mental power.

Gossip.

There is one thing that most of us might try to do in Lent. It seems a small matter, perhaps, and it is a fault that may arise from no real unkindness of heart; but it is often very far-reaching in its evil results. We refer to that habit of gossiping of which we see so many examples in school life. For at school as well as at any other place there is a great deal of such misdirected interest in our neighbor's business. It is extremely easy to make slighting remarks about people or to be intolerant of their faults and actions. Let us try to remember, however, what harm often comes from thoughtless remarks and discussions, and let us strive to say nothing at all if we cannot say anything kind—and how seldom it is that something good is not to be found!

The Death of Miss Spurlock.

The death of Miss Spurlock saddened the hearts of every member of the faculty and the student body; for although she had been among us only a few months, this being her first year at St. Mary's, she had shown herself to be not only an unusually efficient teacher, but also a strong,

noble woman. Her conscientious, helpful daily life was an excellent example for the girls. To them, she was always friendly and helpful, and quick to give an encouraging, inspiring word. She is truly missed by all who knew her. The remembrance of her high qualities of mind and soul, however, will always remain to strengthen and ennoble us.

Dr. DuBose's Resignation.

It was with deep regret that the many friends of Dr. McNeely DuBose heard of his resignation of the rectorship of St. Mary's. After Dr. Bratton was elected to the Bishopric of Mississippi, Dr. DuBose left his parish in Asheville, where for fourteen years he had been the beloved rector, and in September, 1902, he took upon himself the duties of a new life.

Dr. DuBose has felt most deeply the responsibility of training the young womanhood of our land, and his work at St. Mary's has been marked by the same earnestness and faithfulness that characterized his former labors. With loving fervor he has worked for the spiritual welfare of those entrusted to his care. May he realize, even in this life, some of the fruits of his labors, even as the bread upon the waters returns after many days.

When we turn from the intangible to the things that are seen, we find many delightful changes that have taken place during the present regime.

St. Mary's now stands for the first time financially unencumbered, and ready to turn her attention to those improvements that are needed for the high destiny we believe to be hers. The number of boarding pupils is larger than ever before, and the increased size of the chapel is a constant delight. The last mentioned improvement has been made by enlarging the chancel and building transepts. Now we have a beautiful chapel, cruceform in structure, with room for five hundred worshippers. The new altar is one of unusual beauty, and we have all things needful for the solemn dignity of our matchless ritual.

The Eliza Battle Pittman Memorial Auditorium, which will accom-

modate with all comfort an audience of six hundred, is now on the eve of completion.

Dr. DuBose is a man of unusual ability and profound knowledge of the Bible, as is shown in the depth, beauty and helpfulness of his sermons; and few fail to realize that the daily worship is the soul that transforms the life of St. Mary's.

Mrs. DuBose has for four years been our school mother; and as she moves among us full of sympathy in sorrow, of patient cheerfulness when skies are overclouded, of happiness in the joys of others, losing all pettinesses in life's great perspective, she is as the sweet presence of a good diffused. When these, our friends, go from us they will leave with us deep appreciation of loving, faithful service; and they will take with them our love and blessing into whatsoever life God may call them.

M. E. S.

School Notes.

Dr. Marshall, of Christ church, exchanged with Mr. DuBose on Sunday, February 10th, and gave us a very beautiful and impressive sermon.

Sadie Thomas and Frankie Self enjoyed a short visit from their fathers during the month, and Mary Spruill one from her uncle. Manie Leake Parsons also enjoyed a visit from her father, and had the pleasure of going with him to "Parsifal."

Several of the other girls also went to "Parsifal" and they said it was fine.

Nancy Benedict's friends were very glad to see her again when she stopped by with her cousin, Coatsie Benedict, for a day or two.

Our sympathy is with Wilhemina Harlow, who was called home because of the death of her little niece.

We are glad to have Bettie Sturgeon, who was called home on account of her father's illness, back with us again. Her father, we are glad to say, is much better.

Interest in the *Annual* has been steadily increasing, and everyone was excited when on Monday, February 11th, the pictures for it were taken.

At recent meetings of the Literary Societies the Commencement marshals were chosen, as follows: Grace Ward, E. A. P., Chief; Eva Rogerson and Annie Wells, E. A. P.; Susan Bynum and Sadie Thomas, Sigma Lambda.

Preparations are now well in hand for the Inter-Society Debate, which is on the program for Easter Week. Epsilon Alpha Pi is the challenger this year, flushed with victory in the last contest, while Sigma Lambda, anxious to wipe out the memory of defeat, is quite ready for the fray. The query has not yet been decided upon, but Lillian Farmer, '07, and Louise Hill, '07, will speak for E. A. P., while Serena Bailey and Helen Strange will represent Sigma Lambda.

The meeting of the Trustees on the 20th to discuss the selection of a Rector to succeed Mr. DuBose and to consider other plans looking to the increased usefulness of St. Mary's was a matter of much interest to all at the school. The gentlemen took lunch with us at two o'clock, and a most pleasant feature of the visit was the "after-dinner speech" of Bishop Capers, made to us at the request of Mr. DuBose. In a happy combination of the light and the serious he sought to impress upon us the importance of improving the hours, and in his few minutes talk made his way straight into our hearts.

There were present at the meeting Bishop Cheshire, of North Carolina, Bishop Capers, of South Carolina, and Bishop Strange, of East Carolina; Rev. W. P. Witsell, of Columbia, and Mr. P. T. Hayne, of Greenville, Trustees from South Carolina; Rev. Dr. R. B. Drane, of Edenton, and Mr. G. C. Royall, of Goldsboro, Trustees from East Carolina; Mr. F. A. Clinard, of Hickory, Trustee from the District of Asheville, and Rev. Dr. F. J. Murdoch, of Salisbury, Mr. W. A. Erwin, of Durham; and Rev. Dr. Marshall, Hon. R. H. Battle, Dr. R. H. Lewis, and Col. Chas. E. Johnson, of Raleigh, Trustees from North Carolina, with Dr. K. P. Battle, Jr., of Raleigh, Secretary of the Board. The result of the deliberations of the Board has not yet been made public.

ALUMNAE MATTERS.

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

ERNEST CRUIKSHANK - - - - Alumnae Editor.

St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

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Alumnae News.

NEW BERN, N. C., Feb. 17, 1907.

The St. Mary's Muse, Raleigh, N. C.

DEAR EDITORS:—The February number of the MUSE with its ever-welcome news, has just reached me, and I am ashamed to find that I have not yet paid my subscription.

I want to congratulate you on the improvement in the magazine and tell you how much I enjoy it. It means so much more to me now that I am away from you than it ever did before.

With best wishes for its continued success, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

MYRTLE L. DISOSWAY.

By the will of the late Mrs. Chas. H. Belvin a bequest was left in trust to Miss Kate McKimmon for the purpose of putting a memorial in St. Mary's Chapel in memory of Mrs. Belvin's daughter, Miss Nannie, who was a graduate and afterwards a teacher in St. Mary's, and passed away in 1905. Mr. Belvin and Miss McKimmon, after a consultation, have decided that this memorial shall take the form of a window, and it is hoped to have it in place this spring.

ST. MARK'S RECTORY, AUGUSTA, MAINE,

February 21, 1907.

To the Editors of The Muse.

MY DEAR GIRLS:—I owe you many apologies for sending my subscription so late in the year; but having in the past months been shipwrecked and earthquaked in Jamaica, perhaps I may be excused. It was a delightful surprise on my return home to find the numbers of the MUSE awaiting perusal, the Founders' Day number being especially welcome. And let me here say a word for the Alumnae number of last year. I could not possibly tell you how I enjoyed it. Time after time I have

meant to thank the Editors, but have invariably yielded to the charms of the magazine, and re-read it from cover to cover instead of writing. Miss McVea's article might have been a description of our own school-days ten years later; and from that time backward every word was a joy.

With a thousand thanks to the contributors and warm congratulations to every girl who had a hand in editing the magazine,

Cordially yours,

JESSIE DEGEN, '94.

The Editors are especially grateful for this letter from Miss Degen. Readers of THE MUSE will remember her very interesting reminiscences of her school-days published in the April Alumnæ MUSE.

WILLIAMS-BARDEN.

Pattie Barden, of Edenton, at St. Mary's in 1904-'05, was married in the Methodist Church at Edenton, on the 21st, to Mr. Joe Williams, of that town. We extend congratulations.

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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Scholarship Examination.

Competitive examinations for the SMEDES and the MURCHISON SCHOLARSHIPS in St. Mary's School will be held in those parishes of the Carolinas in which there are candidates during the first week in May of this year, and the successful candidates will enter upon their school work in September.

Candidates for these Scholarships must be at least fourteen years of age and ready to enter the Freshman Class at St. Mary's. The *Smedes Scholarship* is open to any qualified candidate residing in either of the Carolinas; the holder of the *Murchison Scholarship* must be a resident of the Diocese of East Carolina.

Full information, with detailed requirements, and application blanks, will be furnished on request.

These Scholarships cover all expenses, and are good for four years to the holder who complies with the requirements.

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HE WAS SUPPLIED.

Tommy sat way back in the church with his mamma. It was his first experience. Everything was wonderful to him. By and by the collection was taken, but imagine the surprise of Tommy's mother when the usher passed the plate, to hear Tommy say: "No, thank you. I've got some money of my own!"—*American Home Monthly*.

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"At her college the day she graduated."

"Ah! I see. Her commencement was your finish."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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RALEIGH, N. C.

UGHT TO BE HONGUE.

There was a young fellow named Young,
Who once when his nerves were unstrung,

Put his wife's ma, unseen,

In a chopping machine,

Then canned her and labeled her "Tongue."

—*American Home Monthly.*

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 "KINGAN'S HAMS."

PESCUD'S PHARMACY,

12 West Hargett St., Raleigh, N. C.

WEATHERS & PERRY,

Art Store, Art Materials and Art Novelties.
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

School Calendar, 1906-'07.

FEBRUARY-MARCH.

February 22, Friday—Washington's Birthday. Half-holiday. Special exercises at 2:30 p. m.

February 27, Wednesday—Centennial Anniversary of Longfellow. Special exercises at 7 p. m.

March 24, Sunday—Palm Sunday. Bishop's visitation at 11:00.

March 28, Thursday—Last Quarter begins.

March 29, Friday—Good Friday. Holy day.

March 31—Easter Sunday.

SPECIAL LENTEN SERVICES.

Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5:30.

Holy Communion—Thursdays at 7:00.

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The Student Directory, 1906-'07.

The St. Mary's Muse Staff.

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(Under direction of Senior Class.)

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 Emily Carrison, Business Manager.

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 Mary Spruill,
 Helen Ball,
 Beatrice Cohen, } Literary Editors.

Sue Prince,
 Heber Birdsong,
 Alice McCullers, } Art Editors.

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(Under direction of Muse Club.)

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 Helen Liddell.
 Helen Strange. } Managing Board.

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65TH ANNUAL SESSION BEGAN SEPTEMBER 20, 1906.

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EASTER TERM BEGINS JANUARY 24, 1907.

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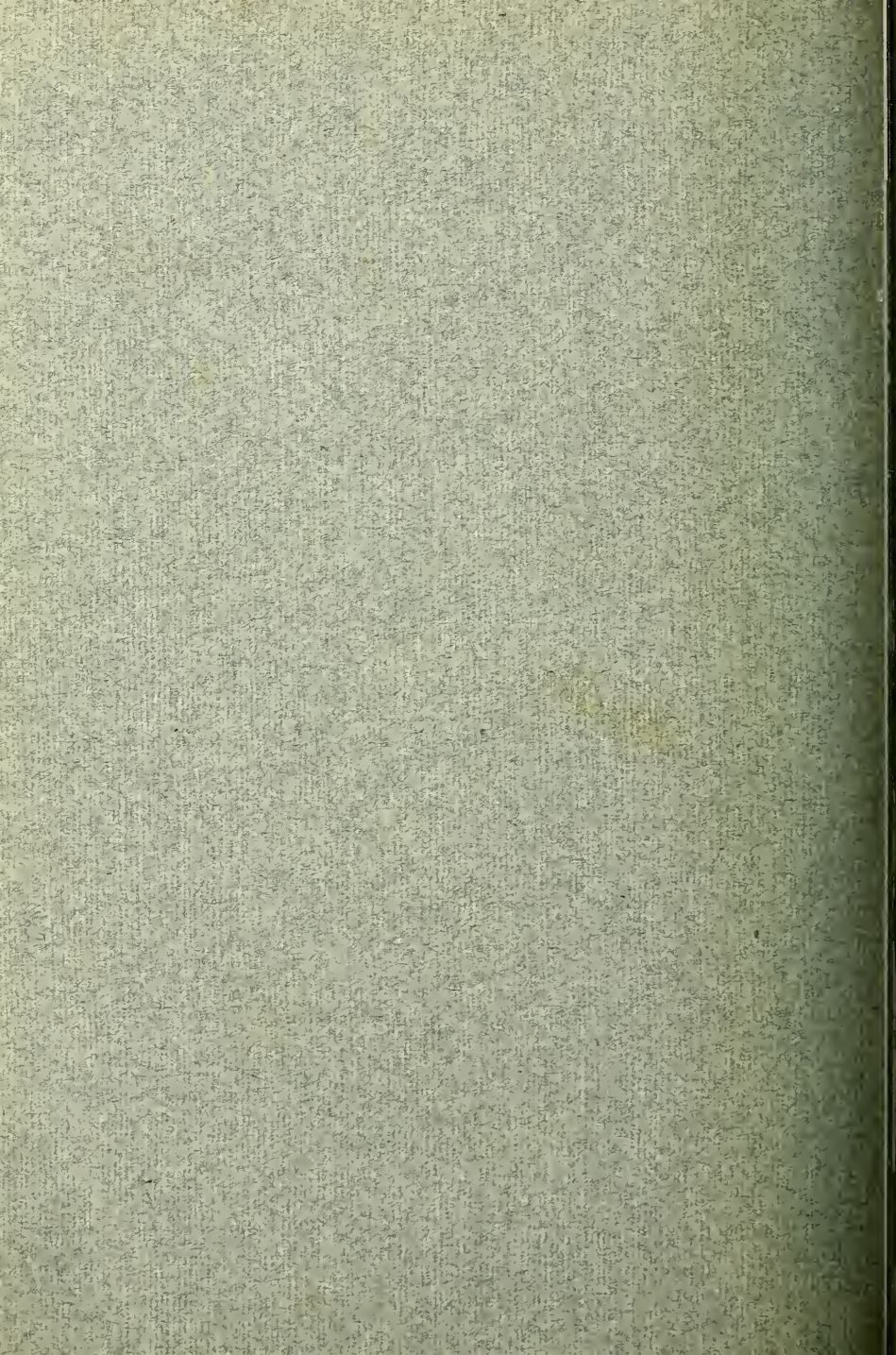
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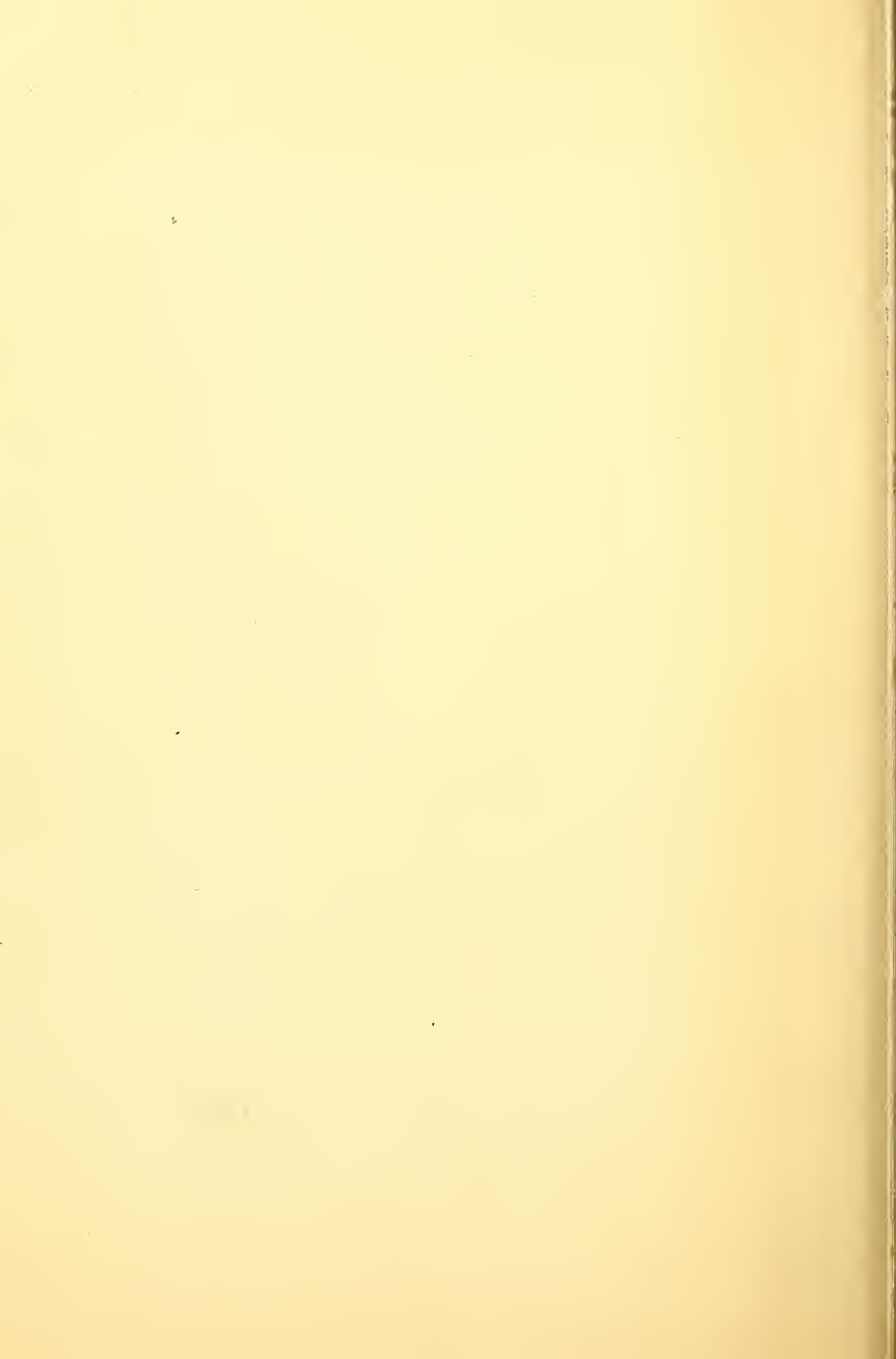
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The St. Mary's Muse.

EASTER NUMBER.

Vol. XI.

APRIL, 1907.

No. 9.

Easter Lilies.

HELEN KATHARINE LIDDELL.

Ah! welcome, lilies white, to us you bring
The sweetest message that has e'er been told,
For of the greatest hope of man you sing,
The greatest joy of earth you now unfold.

You tell of One more pure than your pure selves,
Your message is more fragrant than your breath,
For light of heaven within the world now dwells
In Him who overcomes the darkest death.

And we who hear your song, oh! lilies fair,
Are filled with rapture, for we hear you say:
The grave is vanquished, death has lost its snare,
For Christ is risen again this Easter day.

The Tail of an Easter Chicken.

MARGARET ROSALIE DUBOSE.

As father Rooster always said, ma was a specihen of the higher education of women, and that came near being the death of this poor chick. When she was quite young she went to a grand University called Incubator, and she has spent the rest of her life forcing us to live up to the many ideas she caught there (and to judge from their number, she must have spent all her time catching them). Our first day of life (there were only thirteen of us) was made miserable because she said at her "dear old Alma 'Bator, chickens were fed on the most hygienic-nutritious-albuminous food stuff, mixed in a tin platter," and we should begin life properly. After scratching in the sand for a "tin

platter," father admitted that he had never seen nor heard of one, and didn't believe such things grew in our part of the country, so he brought us some delicious fat earth-worms, which "filled the bill" in every way.

Soon after that, ma said she believed in woman's rights and why shouldn't hens crow as well as roosters anyway? She tried it once right out in the public Barnyard Square, and old Uncle Rastus threw a rock at her and swore he wouldn't have "no hens atryin' to ac' lak roosters 'roun him, no sah-ree-bob"! That awful threat quieted her until the next day, when she decided that it was time for us to begin to study botany and Garden Classics. We were all studiously examining the roots of the new planted green-peas when Uncle Rastus came in sight. "Har she be, sah! de most perniciest and high-falutinst hen, what ever I seed! You kin hab her, sah, fo' yo' Easter doins, and de unlucky thirteen chicks fo' mos' nothin'"! Then followed an awful time, the bare mention of which causes tears to stream from my eyes. Not to dwell on the harrowing story, we were all dumped into a wagon and taken to the front of a store. The window we were in was covered with horribly clean sand, and though you could see into the street there was an awful thing that bumped your head when you tried to get out that way. Soon a horrible man came in with a big basin. He grabbed me and was just about to plunge me in, when I gave a desperate squeak, kick and wriggle combined, reached the floor and escaped by the opening at which he came in. Free at last! But thoughts of Ma and the others led me back in front of that fatal window, and what do you think I saw there!

In place of the twelve fluffy little yellow brothers and sisters I had left behind me, were as many brilliant, green, blue and red balls, with beady eyes,—and "Diamond," the baby of the family, was blue on one side and red on the other. Mother must have thought she was back at her beloved Incubator, for she was giving the chicks our old familiar lesson of walking gently, by putting the toes down first, and counting ten between each step. All of a sudden my eyes caught this horrible sign, and the meaning flashed over me, "Diamond Dyes"! What! "Diamond," our pet! the brightest of us all, to die! And before she was a week old! My only hope lay in finding father Rooster, so I ran

like mad down the street. I had an awful fright once when I came to an open field where some boys were playing ball, and one called out, "Foul"! Now I knew he meant me, (for mother used to call father a "fowl" when she was very mad with him); but I ran all the faster. At last I found a nest right up on a porch, but it looked so home-like that I just had to crawl into it. Then for the first time I chanced to smooth my beloved tail, and, to my horror, I found it was a bright red! Just like "Diamond"! Perhaps Diamond will die from that awful bright color, and then I would too. So thinking, I sobbed myself to sleep.

I thought I had died and entered the chickens' paradise, when the next morning the softest little hand touched me and the sweetest little voice said, "O! Muvver, Santa Claus has brought me a truly live Easter chicken, with a very Easter tail. Can't I keep it always?"

Mielo.

SEBENA COBIA BAILEY.

(Concluded from the March number.)

That night Mielo paid no attention to the little brown-eyed girl that sat at a table near the restaurant piano. Sometimes, just to amuse himself, he had played his pieces to her, but to-night, intensely excited, he felt himself above all the habitues of the restaurant. The motley crowd of men and women had no attraction for him except that he felt they must be stirred by his music. His own personal good was lost in the burning desire to arouse these people, to make them feel somewhat as he felt.

As he stood by the piano and tuned his violin, women paused in their conversation to look at him, or to make admiring remarks about him. Many of them had often seen and heard him before and were enthusiastic at his appearing that night. His pale, haggard face, the lustrous beauty of his dark eyes, the whole proud bearing of the boy attracted every one. He looked at the audience as if he were confident of his power over them; to-night he was determined that they must feel it more than ever.

For the first piece, he chose a Polish folk-song, simple in its theme, yet strangely beautiful and weird in its development. It was one that he had often played to Aeva. Again he was back in her home; she was sitting where the fading sunlight illumined her face or brightened her hair with its last rays. He was walking up and down, playing as he could to no one else. Oh, the happiness and pain of that picture! When this piece was finished, he saw that it had stirred the hearts of some of his audience to whom, like himself, it was familiar.

The next piece he selected was "The Legende," by Wieniawski. As he played, he noticed that some of the women were wiping tears from their eyes and even the men seemed moved, for from the soul of the boy and the soul of the violin came the weird, yet exquisitely beautiful music with its heart-breaking sadness. When it was through he scarcely dared trust himself to speak to the man at the piano, for his heart was too full of the pathos of the music.

Somehow he could not think of a piece that would exactly express his emotions now; for awhile he tried to recall one, but nothing seemed to fit his mood. All at once a melody sung itself in his mind. He turned to the pianist, saying, "I shall not need the piano now; I shall play this next piece—an improvisation—alone." The theme was that of a love song, tender and passionate. It told of the days when he and Aeva had walked hand in hand in the woods or had sat in her twilight room. It told of his love and his longing for her; but through all there ran a note of sorrow, profound, heart-rending sorrow. When he had drawn his bow on the last faint note, he did not glance at the faces around him; all through the piece he had known what an effect it was producing.

Quickly, yet tenderly, laying the violin in its case, he slipped it under his arm and started leaving the hall. Now he could go to Aeva's mother! How his arm ached, though! Holy Virgin, would it ever have any strength again! The pain was almost unbearable, but then, what was pain if he had helped Aeva? More than ever he felt that his arm was incurably affected, but he would see the doctor again and perhaps——

He turned, for Henryk had struggled through the crowd of people

and was coming toward him. "Mieclo." He looked into the boy's eyes and said nothing more. Mieclo read the unbounded admiration, yes worship even, in the elder man's eyes, yet there was pity and sorrow, too, in them.

"Henryk, be happy, for I am happier now, even though my heart is aching yet. I have helped Aeva's mother and father! Those people gave their money, but it was I—I that made them!"

"Boy, they simply idolize you—you are a genius. Oh soul of my soul, my Mieclo! God has given you much, and yet your arm"—

"Go on, why do you cry, Henryk? What have you to tell me that you cannot say?"

"Aeva's mother has told me— Oh Mieclo, Mieclo, Aeva is ill! The letter came to-night."

"Ill! God! You mean she is dead! Let me go, let me go!"

Loosing himself from the old man's feeble grasp, the boy, his face white and haggard, his violin hugged tight in his arms, rushed into the darkness of the night.

The Answer.

RUTH VERNON NEWBOLD.

My head was bowed in sorrow;
 My heart seemed dead with care,
 Ah!—never a to-morrow,
 For all was darkness there.

The shadows were around me,
 Dark shadows caused by whom?
 My gloomy heart that none might see,
 Was silent as the tomb.

I cried for help on that dark day,
 Alone and long I cried;
 Oh, send me just one happy ray
 Of sunshine—now denied.

Like dew on violets falling,
 A message most divine;
 An answer to my calling—
 Pierced hand that helped, 'twas Thine.

The Quarrel.

NELL R. WILSON.

It all began with the fort we were making in the sand. When the wave came up and got my feet all wet I told Harry he ought to have taken me by the waist and pulled me away in time. When he asked me why, and told me that he thought I could take care of myself, I was furious and told him that he ought to know that that was the way all suitors did with their sweethearts. I had seen my sister's suitor pull *her* away from a wave just that way only yesterday, and they were grown-ups and always did what was right. Then he lay down on the sand and said, "Oh well, it was too much trouble"! Now, nobody could blame me for slapping him then, and I did. Even though I *am* only seven I *will* have my suitors polite and that's the only way to make them so. But, oh, I *never* thought he would get right up and leave me, and I *heard* him say as he went off, "I've just been *wanting* to find a chance to go and see the girl at the candy store. She'll give me some candy and *she's* got rosy cheeks."

Now that girl is twenty if she's a day, but her cheeks are mighty pretty and rosy. He hasn't been near me now for two whole weeks, and if it wasn't for the candy girl I'm sure he would have been. She's pretty but she isn't very interesting, "not having had an education," as father says. We've often had fights like this before, but they have *never* lasted so long. What can be the reason! He can't be two weeks for such a little thing. But maybe it's the candy and not her.

I simply don't know what to do. I must be in what brother calls a pickle. I wonder if I will ever get out of it. I really think she is never going to let me go for a minute. I must be the only man that ever paid any attention to her because she seems so stuck-up about it and is so keen about keeping me. Since the day I went to her and told her that I was really quite stuck on her and wouldn't she like to eat some of her candy with me, she has *never* let me go. In the daytime she talks to me and gives me candy all the time so that I really couldn't

get up and walk off, and in the evening I always feel so queer that I can't go over to Ethel's. (I don't know why I should feel funny at night; I never used to.) And I want to go over and make up with Ethel so much. I know she's furious with me, because I have never stayed away from her so long before. And the beastly part is that Bobby Jones goes with her every day now. I'd like to show that kid what I think of him.

It's all right now, only Harry has to pay for all the candy he gets. He told me this morning why he had stayed away so long and how he had gotten away from that girl at last. He said that yesterday while she was talking to him a man came into the store and leaned over the counter and began to talk to her. She seemed to like it somehow, and then she asked the man to come behind the counter and sit down. He came and she told Harry to give the man his rocking-chair. Then Harry got mad, and just as the man started to sit down he pulled the chair away and of course the man sat on the floor. I think it was *very* bright, but of course Harry had to run, because the man was big and was saying some bad words in a long string. Harry peeked through the window later on and she was by herself, and when she saw Harry she made a face at him, so of course she won't give him any more candy, and he can't go back. I don't see why she should be mad when Harry only played a trick on the man and not on her at all. But I'm mighty glad she is.

I knocked Bob Jones down to-day and he promised not to bother Ethel again, so it's all right, and Ethel and I have decided to marry when we're grown up.

Spring.

HELEN BALL.

Have you ever stopped and wondered,
On a sunny April day,
At the beauty of the landscape,
In its fresh and bright array?

At the gold that's in the sunshine,
 At the skies so soft and blue?
 With nature in her splendor,
 And her flowers of varied hue.

And tell me did you ever see,
 On such an April day,
 The apple trees all pink and green,
 Which gentle breezes sway?

And have you heard the songs of birds,
 As they welcome back the spring?
 The little brook as it runs along
 With its joyous babbling?

Then surely you must love the spring,
 For the charms it offers you;
 So then be thankful for the days,
 Which the joys of life renew.

Moliere.

(Translated from the French and adapted by E. A. P.)

A French savant said one day, "When we get to heaven, we ordinary people will be just inside. On a platform above us we'll see Racine, Corneille, Milton, Homer, Goethe, and far above these will be another platform on which will stand Shakespeare and Moliere. They are the two great geniuses." Guizot says that Moliere is superior to Shakespeare in originality, abundance and penetration of character and complete knowledge of human nature. La Fontaine wrote:

It is a work by Moliere—
This writer of a style so rare,
 Is nowadays the court's delight.
 His fame so rapid in its flight,
 Beyond the bounds of Rome must be—
 Amen! For he's the man for me.

Who is this Moliere? His real name is Jean Baptiste Poquelin, and he was born in Paris, January 15, 1622. He took the name of Moliere, because he loved his father too much to disgrace his honorable name

when he went upon the stage. Moliere's father was upholstery groom of the chamber to the king, and his grandfather had held the same position under Henry IV.

The sole ambition of a father at that time was to have his son follow his trade or his profession, and Moliere's father desired nothing better for his son than to have him serve his king as groom of the chamber. Fortunately for the world young Moliere was left much with his grandfather, who used to take the boy with him to the theatre. The lad was a keen observer and his remarks about the plays and the actors were full of good sense, finesse and wit. The old man was charmed with the observations of his grandson, who was then about fourteen and could barely read and write. They both thought that the boy might perhaps become something better than *tapissier royal*, and that to do great things one must know more than merely to read and write. They had to struggle some time against the prejudices of the father, but finally he yielded and Moliere was sent to the college of the Jesuits, where he remained five years and learned all they could teach.

After he had finished his studies he joined himself secretly to a comic troupe in Paris, but they did not succeed. Moliere persuaded them to leave Paris and try their talent in the provinces. For thirteen years Moliere led a nomadic life. This wandering from place to place was good for him. He saw all sorts of men in all conditions. He was himself a prey to all the miseries and all the tribulations of life, and he gained a wonderful knowledge of the human heart. His six great masterpieces—*Les Precieuses Ridicules*, *Le Misanthrope*, *Le Tartuffe*, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, *Les Femmes Savantes*, and *L'Avare*—show his knowledge of human nature in almost every line.

In 1658 Moliere and his troupe returned to Paris and obtained the protection of the Duke of Orleans, who presented him to his brother, the young king. Soon after this the king had him installed in the theatre of the Petit Bourbon and later in the theatre of the Palais Royal, which had been built by Richelieu.

From this time the success of the great comedian was complete. The king loved him for his great talents and Moliere became the soul of all the fetes when Louis rested from the labors of royalty.

Moliere had a very elevated idea of his art. He thought that comedy should not only amuse men but correct them. Emboldened by his success and by the protection of the all-powerful monarch, he dared to attack the vices and the ridiculous fashions and manners of the great world and even of the court itself. His high conception of the stage gave him the courage to write the *Misanthrope* and the *Tartuffe*. In the first of these pieces he criticizes mercilessly the people of the world who lie to each other and who lavish upon persons to whom they are indifferent or even whom they hate the marks of real friendship. In the *Tartuffe* he attacks religious hypocrisy. He has been accused of attacking religion itself in *Tartuffe*; but a letter to the king, asking permission to have this play performed, justifies him completely. *Tartuffe* is a masterpiece of shrewdness, force, and fearless and deep wrath, and every blow strikes at hypocrisy.

A contemporary writes: "Moliere had a bad voice, a disagreeable hic-cough and harsh inflexions. He was, nevertheless, a comedian from head to foot; he seemed to have several voices, everything about him spoke, and by a caper, by a smile, by a wink of the eye and a shake of the head, he conveyed more than the greatest speaker could have done by talking an hour."

Just before his death, when he was very feeble, his friends and even the actors themselves, begged him not to play. "What would you have me do?", he replied, "there are fifty poor workmen who have but their day's pay to live upon: what will they do if we have no play? I should reproach myself with having neglected to give them bread for one single day if I could help it." This little incident shows his character. He was kind, gentle, generous, and ever striving to uplift humanity.

Moliere did not belong to the French Academy; his profession had shut the doors against him. It was nearly a hundred years after his death that the Academy raised to him a bust, beneath which was engraved:

"His glory lacks naught, ours did lack him."

Moliere did much to honor his time and his country, and he will always hold an important place in the history of France, to whose glory he contributed so much. La Fontaine wrote:

Beneath this stone Plautus and Terence lie,
 Though lieth here but Moliere alone:
 Their three-fold gifts of mind made up but one
 That witch'd all France with noble comedy.
 Now they are gone, and little hope have I
 That we again shall look upon the three:
 Dead men methinks, while countless years roll by,
 Terentius, Plautus, Moliere, will be.

How Nag's Head Won its Name.

IDA ROGERSON.

One black, stormy night, on a low, flat sand-bar opposite Roanoke Island, an old nag trotted slowly back and forth. The light from the lantern which hung around her neck bobbed up and down, casting flickering gleams out over the sea. Neither the booming of the breakers in the old nag's ears nor the waves washing up under her feet disturbed her. It was evident that she was very well trained.

Far out on the ocean a captain was nervously pacing the deck of his ship. A storm had been brewing all the afternoon, and for safety the captain wished to get in nearer shore. But there another danger awaited him, the sand-bars, a source of trouble for every sailor.

As the captain glanced anxiously toward shore, he saw a light, as of another ship, bobbing up and down. "Surely," thought he, "if that ship has reached harbor safely mine can." So the prow of the ship was turned—but to its fate. It had traveled only a short distance, when suddenly a low, scraping grind was heard. The ship gave a groan, as if the hole knocked in her side hurt her. Notwithstanding the cries for help, the vessel slowly settled to her fate. With a sickening rush the water closed over its victims and all was gone.

The old nag's work was done, for one night at least.

So the legend runs; telling how night after night a band of pirates, living on this sandy shore, tied a lantern around an old nag's neck to lure the trading vessels in on the sand-bars that they might secure the booty.

Thus, Nag's Head, the famous summer resort for Edenton and Elizabeth City people, won its name.

SCHOOL NEWS.

GEORGIA STANTON HALES, '09, Editor.

The Longfellow Centenary.

An Intersociety Meeting was held in the parlor, on the evening of the twenty-seventh of February, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Longfellow's birth. The meeting was presided over by Sue Prince, President of the Sigma Lambda Literary Society. With her were seated Lillian Farmer, the Epsilon Alpha Pi President, and May Hoke, the Alpha Rho President.

The programme was as follows:

Music	Margaret Williams
The Longfellow Centenary	Mary Vann
Life of Longfellow	Matilda Haughton
Reading "From My Arm-chair"	Paula Hazard
"Works of Longfellow having special connection with Incidents in his life,"	
Ellen Duvall.	
Longfellow's Position Among English Poets	Marguerite Thompson
Reading	Miss DuBose

Washington's Birthday Exercises.

At two o'clock on Friday, February 22, the anniversary of Washington's birth, the school gathered in the parlor to do honor to the memory of the father of our country.

The exercises, under the auspices of the Joint Literary Societies, although simple, were yet suitable to the occasion and were intended to manifest the love and admiration which we all feel for this great and noble man.

The program was as follows:

Opening Chorus—"Washington's Birthday Ever Honored."	
"Anecdotes of his Life."	
Reading—"Taste for Dancing"	Bessie Arthur
Reading—"Personal Courage"	Carile Weaver
Reading—"Washington at Prayer"	Annie Wells
Reading—"Receptions"	Helen Strange
Song by the School—"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."	
Reading—"The Twenty-second of February"	Emily Carrison
Reading—"Epitaph"	Phyllis Hickson
Closing Chorus—"The Star-spangled Banner."	

Lillian Farmer, President of Epsilon Alpha Pi, presided over the meeting, and with her sat Sue Prince, President of Sigma Lambda, and May Hoke, President of Alpha Rho. P. H.

Student Recital.

The second Friday Evening Recital was held on March 1. Again the girls acquitted themselves very creditably and did justice to their talents and to their teachers.

The program was as follows:

a. Skating	Klein
b. Album Leaf	Kirchner
	Mildred Holding.
Arognaise	Massenet
	Alexina Hardy.
Nocturne	Meyer-Helmund
	Louise Hill.
Ondine	Jackson
	Blanche King.
Gavotte	Klein
	Rebecca Shields.
Spring Song	Merkel
	Lee Brown.
Berceuse from Joselyn.....	Godard
	Miss DuBose.
Album Leaf No. III.....	Grieg
	Frankie Self.
Chorus and Dance of the Elves.....	DuBois
	Georgia Hales.
Valse Lente	Krogman
	Mary Alexander.
Valse Caprice	Lack
	Jennie Simpson.

Besides these Friday Evening Recitals there have been nine Thursday Afternoon Recitals at different times during the year, and these the Director purposes to continue to have weekly.

On March 15 the Third Friday Evening Recital was held. Every one enjoyed it very much, especially the violin solo by little Susanna Busbee. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing her again soon.

The program was as follows:

Piggicati	Delibes
	Lyman Grimsley.

Valse Mystique	Wachs
	Alice Corbett.
At Play on the Meadow.....	Foerster
	Mary Gaither.
Four-Leaf Clover	Coombes
	Alexina Hardy.
Petite Serenade	Steel
	Louise Hill.
Song Without Words.....	Schill
	Susanna Busbee.
Love Song	Nevin
	Mary V. Bonner.
Alpine Rose	Gavett Smith
	Josephine Gilmer.
(a) Arognaise	Massenet
(b) Etude	Smith
	Margaret Williams.
(a) Barcarole	Ehrlich
(b) Schmetterling	Grieg
	Maude Eberhardt.

In Lighter Vein.

Miss Thomas (in D English).—"Miss G—, what was Goldsmith's next novel?"

M. G. (after a few minutes hesitation).—"Well, his next novel was a play, I think."

S. B.—"The two articles of dress which I admire most are pretty hats and pretty shoes."

K. H.—"Well, you are rather extreme in your taste."

Mr. S. (in History B).—"And in the war between Rome and Carthage the Americans won."

H. L.—"Katharine, take that rubber off that bottle; it will corrode it."

K. H.—"What does that mean, Helen?"

H. L.—"It means to blacken."

K. H.—"Well, when I polish my shoes do I corrode them?"

B. W.—“Doesn't she play well?”

H. L.—“Yes, and I like the construction of that piece especially.”

Of course she meant interpretation.

Girl (in Senior English).—“All of Shylock's goods were counterfeited.”

(Let us explain that she meant confiscated.)

Things I Hate in Junior English.

I hate alliterations,
I loathe repetitions;
I do not care for tropes,
For I really have no hopes
Of ever learning things like these.
When I think of the meter,
I always say “Great Peter!”
At thoughts of the drama,
I always long for mamma.
And as for the ballad,
I'd as soon eat salad.

M. K. H.

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 MUSE Club.

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

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HELEN K. LIDDELL. SALLIE HAYWOOD BATTLE.

BEATRICE B. COHEN and JESSIE PAGE HARRIS, Business Managers.

EDITORIAL.

Easter.

Easter has come again, bringing with it the beautiful message of love and resurrection. The enchanting loveliness of spring again inspires us with wonder and joy; winter, the dormant season, is past, and the awakening has come once more. May the awakening in our hearts partake of some of the beauty of this most blessed time!

A Gymnasium—When?

All of us are much interested in the progress of the auditorium, which is now nearing completion. It will not be long, we hope, before it is ready for use—and that suggests the Commencement exercises! It is very gratifying to all lovers of St. Mary's to know that another building has been added to the school equipment, and one that will increase the dignified and attractive appearance of the old school.

Although one wish has been granted us, we cannot but feel the necessity for something else—a gymnasium. Every person interested in physical culture realizes that we need a properly equipped gymnasium. We hope that it will not be long before this desire, like that for an

auditorium, will be fulfilled, for any stimulus to the rather latent interest in athletics would be encouraging and very welcome.

Tennis.

Speaking of athletics, isn't it too bad that we haven't more tennis courts? Now that spring is here and our thoughts are turning more towards tennis, we feel the need of additional courts. Little or nothing seems to have been done about having others laid out.

Let us see that the girls' enthusiasm is great enough to make more courts not a dream, but a reality.

With the Exchanges.

No one feature of school life should be more effective in bringing the students of the various schools to a feeling of kinship and nearness, in helping to define the relations between the preparatory or high school, the college and the university, than the student publications, if freely exchanged between the different institutions and freely read by the students of each. These same periodicals, turned over on arrival to an interested exchange editor for friendly review, hastily glanced over by him, and cast aside after they have been used as the theme for his page or two of criticism, their style and contents reaching the student-body not directly, but only through the medium of the exchange-editor's criticism, become of comparatively little importance.

THE MUSE has never made a feature of an exchange department, chiefly because, being intended primarily as a newspaper, its interests are more closely confined than are those of the college periodicals which have their separate newspapers and accordingly devote all the energies of their magazines to literary development. The Editors nevertheless greatly appreciate the exchanges which from month to month reach the MUSE and try to profit by their contents, and more, to bring them as an educative factor before the students of St. Mary's. They are not generally read as much as we believe they should be, but we venture to say that to those who do make a practice of reading them

month after month the attractive appearance and dignified contents of the representative magazines do more to establish their schools in the good opinion of the students reading them than any amount of enthusiastic talk, on the part of the students of our fellow institutions, or even any amount of college catalogues or other information sent out by the school authorities.

“Converse,” and “Hollins,” and “College for Women” may be for us only attractive names if we have never been students in any of them, but we will have a more definite opinion of each of them and a good opinion if we are in the habit of reading *The Concept* or the *Hollins' Quarterly* or *The Palmetto*. And high as the writer's opinion has always been of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, it has been distinctly improved this session by the opportunity to examine *The Tattler*, a magazine distinctly up to the standard of its institution. And who could fail to be impressed with the spirit which gave rise to the McIver Memorial Number of the *State Normal Magazine* and the Lee Centenary Number of the *Wake Forest Student*, both reflecting much credit on their editors and the schools which develop the editors, and both special numbers of magazines, the regular numbers of which can be relied upon to be good. And the *U. N. C. Magazine* dropping in month by month, quietly dressed and staid and dignified in content, but not without its dash of humor, is the representative university gentleman. Examples along the same line could be multiplied but without strengthening the point. And it is because we so thoroughly believe in the usefulness of the school publication, large or small, from “prep. school” or from university, if it is edited up to the best of its ideals and possibilities, that we are especially glad to welcome the *Acorn* of the Baptist University for Women, which we believe will do credit to an institution of which its students may well be proud.

Yet it would be unwise to leave the subject without a little glimpse at the darker side of the picture, though we would that there was no darker side. If the great majority of the school publications do their institutions credit and raise them and their students in the esteem of their fellows, there are unfortunately still some that have the opposite effect, and nothing is less questionable than that such periodicals are

better dead than struggling. In some cases it may be almost entirely the fault of the printer, but in others the Editors are clearly in fault. And if we have not the means or the facilities to get out a publication with good paper, with clear printing and an attractive cover, and to avoid gross errors in the body or style of the publication, in this day when one publication must inevitably be contrasted with others that possess these good points, we believe that the editors will do their publication, their school and themselves the greatest kindness by allowing the paper to die. May none go to its death for these reasons.

SCHOOL NOTES.

GEORGIA STANTON HALES, '09.—EDITOR.

—Quite a number of St. Mary's girls enjoyed hearing Mr. Southwick give "Herod" at the Baptist University on February 25. Mr. Southwick gave "Julius Cæsar" last year, and it was hard to decide which was most enjoyable.

—The Civic Improvement Lecture at the Metropolitan on February 26 was attended by a large party of St. Mary's girls, and when it was given again at A. & M. on March 2, the attendance was just as large.

—The Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society having chosen the subject for their Inter-Society Debate, Sigma Lambda has decided to uphold the negative. The debaters on both sides are now hard at work. The query is: "Resolved, That the Higher Education of women makes happier homes."

—The introduction of electric lights in the Grove during the past month has been hailed with delight by all those who have been oppressed by the olden darkness. Old St. Mary's girls would hardly know themselves as they walk from the summer-house up the well-lighted avenue. The lights are placed at intervals from the summer-house to the Main Building, on the porch and in the halls of the Main Building, at the entrance to the various buildings, and in the Music Rooms and Chapel, and add very decidedly to the school-equipment.

—The vacancy in the faculty, caused by the death of Miss Spurlock, has been filled by the election of Miss Eliza Brown, of Raleigh. The

reputation of Miss Brown as a student had not died out of student conversation and it is indeed pleasant for us as students to find her now as acceptable as a teacher, as the faculty found her in her school-days as a pupil. Miss Brown was graduated from St. Mary's as valedictorian of the Class of 1904, of cherished memory, and went from St. Mary's to Trinity College, Durham, where she graduated with credit last May. The early part of the present session she substituted very acceptably in the Raleigh High School and was teaching in the Raleigh Graded School when invited to join our Faculty. She has charge of the German and elementary Science.

—As usual the taking of the photographs for the Annual was a cause of excitement for days, but they are finished now; the "groups" and the "clubs" and the "hits" are all in, and the Editors promise us a better Year Book than St. Mary's has yet produced. As we were reasonably well-pleased with the last annual we wait with interest for the promised improvements. The Book will be ready for distribution about May 20. It will again be from the presses of Edwards & Broughton.

—The Riding Parties have become quite "the thing." There are not so many that indulge, but there is always a goodly assemblage to witness the start, which occupies anywhere from one to three hours (!) after lunch on Mondays. Mrs. Irvine chaperones the party and the riders include Nell Wilson, Lottie and Daisy Sherrill, Helen Strange, Marguerite Short, Emily Campbell, Elizabeth Sturgeon, Sydney Gabbett, Rosa Heath, Jessie Jennings, Emily Carrison, Esther Rembert and Rainsford DuBose. They all report delightful rides.

—Mrs. King, Mrs. DuBose's sister, and her daughter, Miss Daisy, spent six weeks at the Rectory in February and March, leaving on the 17th in order to be at Sewanee for the opening. Mrs. King has charge of Hoffmann Hall at the University of the South.

—Lent has been as usual a quiet period with us, and has given the opportunity for more concentration in study. The afternoon services on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, have been well-attended and the special Chapter work has been pushed steadily. Each of the Chapters has had special work in hand, and has been holding extra weekly

meetings in accomplishing it, with very good results. The course of Confirmation Lectures was given by the Rector in the School-room on Sunday evenings after roll-call ending on the Fifth Sunday in Lent. On Palm Sunday the Bishop made his annual visitation at the eleven o'clock service and confirmed Mary Carraway, Daisy Sherrill, Louise Moore, Isabel Brogden, Irving Morgan, Cornelia Nixon, Margaret Temple, Bessie Arthur, Sydney Gabbett, Elizabeth Sturgeon, Mary Gaither, Janie DuBose, May Hoke and Margaret Rayner.

—We are very glad to welcome Emilie Smith, of Raleigh, to the ranks of our home-pupils. Her father, Mr. H. F. Smith, formerly cashier of the Carolina Trust Company, has gone into business in New York City and moved his family there, leaving her with us. Her aunt, Mrs. Harriet Page Weir, of New York, is one of the most constant friends of THE MUSE and of St. Mary's.

ALUMNAE MATTERS.

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

ERNEST CRUIKSHANK - - - - Alumnae Editor.

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,
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SEC.-TREAS., - - Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.

Will the Alumnae Help ?

The School has lately issued as the February number of the quarterly *St. Mary's Bulletin* a reprint of Hon. Richard H. Battle's historical sketch of St. Mary's from its beginning, to which Mr. Battle, by request, has added a supplementary sketch covering the administrations of Dr. Bratton and Mr. DuBose. There is a dearth of printed matter bearing on the history of St. Mary's, all the articles extant practically covering the same general facts without attempting to give any detailed picture of the school development or training. Dr. Battle's sketch, which consists of an account of the origin of the school and personal sketches of the four Rectors, is the fullest account to be had. Copies of the *Bulletin* may be had by writing to the School.

The re-publication of this address, first delivered by Dr. Battle in the Chapel in 1902, as a Founders' Day Address, serves to remind us of two things—first, of the importance of bearing in mind the meaning of Founders' Day and of attempting to make more of it by greater preparations for its celebration along some such lines as those outlined in the last Founders' Day MUSE, including addresses along historical lines by other speakers filled with lasting love for St. Mary's, her past and present work; and, second, the dearth of written historic material at present.

The warning sounded again and again by the North Carolina State Historical and Literary Association to Carolinians to preserve the historic records and documents of every sort *now* in order that the material may be ready for the historian of later days should ring in our ears.

The time has not yet come when one of her daughters cares to under-

take to write a full history of St. Mary's, but it will surely come in the future, and unless we of the present make a concerted effort to collect and preserve the data on which this history must be based, the history when it is written will be not only far from perfect, but will be inaccurate. Especially must this be true of the earlier days, when in the time of Dr. Aldert Smedes, the school being entirely private, no full records were preserved. Only from the memories of the older pupils and teachers and by the gathering of the little yearly circulars, advertisements and reports issued by Dr. Smedes, is it likely that the early period of the school can ever be fully reconstructed, and the time is quickly passing in which it will be possible to gather these facts. The issuing of the "Alumnae Numbers" of the MUSE is an attempt to get pen-pictures of the past from the view-point of the girls of those days, but memory should be reinforced by documentary statements of facts. The contributions published in the two Alumnae Numbers thus far issued have gone far toward furnishing the beginnings for a complete sketch. Dr. Battle's sketch presents another phase of the school history from another view-point. There are many others needed before anyone will be in a position to write fully and comprehensively of the School.

When the time comes, he or she will have enough to do to consider and weigh the data, without having to first attempt its collection. We of the Alumnae may not be able to write, but we can each help the cause very effectually by searching out such old papers and mementoes of St. Mary's as we may have among our possessions and forwarding them, if we do not care especially to have them and want them to be where they can do the most good to the Alumnae Editors of the MUSE, or, if we cannot bring ourselves to part with them, by sending a list of what we have so that others may know where they can be consulted in time of need.

The importance of having full data on any given point at hand for the proper discussion of any points of interest with reference to St. Mary's, and even more to avoid mistakes and misstatements, is well illustrated in the February MUSE, where, among the School notes, the statement is made that "Miss Christine Sanders has the honor of being the only person that has ever been married in St. Mary's Chapel."

This was such a flagrant error that it should have been noticed at once, and special effort is made each month to avoid such errors, but the Editors have to depend entirely on the memory of Mrs. Iredell, "Miss Katie," Miss Dowd and those others still within reach who are interested in and acquainted with the past of St. Mary's for criticism of such statements when submitted as facts, since there are no records to refer to, and in spite of many re-readings, unless several of these "old girls" edit the notes errors will creep in. In the instance mentioned, it is a well-known fact that there have been numerous marriages in the Chapel, including those of Miss LeGal, Miss Sanders and different members of the Smedes' family, though none in recent years; perhaps some of the latest having been that of Miss Eliza Smedes to Dr. A. W. Knox in 1886; that of Miss Sanders, now Mrs. Rembert, already referred to; and that of Miss Alice Dugger to Mr. Walter Grimes in 188—.

We are rather fearful in making this statement, as it is more than liable to be an error, yet it is as nearly accurate as it can be made on the authority of those we can consult here. Within the last month, as an echo from the past with a gift for the Chalice, has come a reminder of the marriage of Miss Hattie Harold to Mr. Alexander Cuningham, which was celebrated in the Chapel by Dr. Aldert Smedes in the '70s.

In the Chapel—The New Chalice.

The last month has been marked by several decided improvements in the adornments of the Chapel, which are a constant pleasure to the members of St. Mary's and those others who are able to attend the Chapel services, and the knowledge of which will afford pleasure to St. Maryites everywhere.

The electric lights, which have been introduced back of the arch in the Chancel and at other advantageous points, add much to the beauty of the Chancel at evening services, and these lights include one outside, back of the Smedes Memorial Window over the altar, which throws it into relief, and displays its beauty at night as well as in the daytime.

The Rector has had the font placed in the center of the entrance to

the choir, where it has its prominent position, and shows clearly the connection between the two sacraments. A full set of colored hangings have been made for the new altar.

The Smedes Memorial Altar and the new Bishop's Chair were dedicated with special prayers at the evening service on the fifth Sunday in Lent (March 17th). The Altar, as all well know, is an Alumnae Memorial to Drs. Aldert and Bennett Smedes, while the Bishop's Chair, the gift of the pupils of St. Mary's through their societies, is an expression of their regard for the third Rector, Dr. Theodore DuBose Bratton, now Bishop of Mississippi. The Chair is a handsome one of oak and harmonizes entirely with the Altar.

The responses to the Appeal of the Rector for contributions of old gold, silver and precious stones, for the making of a new Chalice through the love-gifts of friends of the School, has met with a very gratifying response, and many contributions of historic association, as well as intrinsic worth, have come to him from the alumnae and pupils. He has, however, decided to postpone the making of the Chalice a little longer to give other friends an opportunity to contribute their offerings. He would like very much to have further contributions of precious stones for the adornment of the Chalice, and all contributions sent him by April 15, so as to have the Chalice ready for Commencement Sunday.

Alumnae Notes.

Word has been received of the safe arrival at Gibraltar of the Horner party, who sailed from New York for Naples on February 23. Bishop Horner went with the party, which included his mother and sister, Miss Mary Horner, Miss Susan Graham, Misses Margaret and Mary Pride Jones, Miss Gertrude Winston and Miss Kate Horner.

It is a great pleasure to have a renewal of their subscription from "the Jeurdwines" and to know that their interest in St. Mary's and the MUSE is not abated. Mr. Jeurdwine has entirely recovered his health, but he and Mrs. Jeurdwine are still living quietly in England, where they went after his illness. Their address is Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jeurdwine, The Grove, Stocklinch, Ilminster, Sommerset, England.

"Mossie Long" writes from Hamilton Institute, Washington, that she is safely established there with her old friend, "Laura Baker," of Brunswick, Ga., for the rest of this session, and that she is having the full benefit of Washington. She reports having seen many of the old St. Mary's girls, of whom there are such a number in the Washington "finishing schools" this season.

"Rosa Shuford," of Hickory, has been visiting in Raleigh and paid us frequent visits. She notes many changes in the two years she has been away. She was last here in September, '05, when she brought her sister, now "Freshman Mary," to us.

The election of Col. Chas. E. Johnson to the presidency of the Raleigh Banking and Trust Company, in succession to Mr. Chas. H. Belvin, who retires from business, is a matter of much interest to friends of St. Mary's. Mr. Johnson, so long interested in St. Mary's under the Smedes' regime through his father, Dr. Johnson, long the physician to the school, and Mrs. Iredell, his sister, has been himself one of the trustees from North Carolina since the school was acquired by the Church, and has been and is an ever active member of the Executive Committee, in which the active direction of St. Mary's affairs is vested. As a member of the Building Committee he has taken especial interest in the construction of the new Auditorium, now beginning to approach completion.

Mrs. F. S. Spruill, of Louisburg, visited the School in March, the special purpose of her visit being to enter her daughter, Martha Bird Spruill, for the next session. Though as a loyal alumna of St. Mary's she has always taken an active interest in its affairs since her own school days, she has not been here so frequently since her daughter Alice left school in 1906. It will be pleasant to have her resume her frequent visits with the advent of "Martha Bird."

Again this summer a party of St. Mary's teachers are to enjoy the advantages of European trips. Miss Fenner and Miss Margaret DuBose are planning to sail from Baltimore the last of May to spend the summer in study in Paris; Miss Hull and Miss Pixley sail from New York the last of June for a year of foreign study, expecting to spend most of their time, the one in Vienna, the other in Berlin.

Scholarship Examination.

Competitive examinations for the SMEDES and the MURCHISON SCHOLARSHIPS in St. Mary's School will be held in those parishes of the Carolinas in which there are candidates during the first week in May of this year, and the successful candidates will enter upon their school work in September.

Candidates for these Scholarships must be at least fourteen years of age and ready to enter the Freshman Class at St. Mary's. The *Smedes Scholarship* is open to any qualified candidate residing in either of the Carolinas; the holder of the *Murchison Scholarship* must be a resident of the Diocese of East Carolina.

Full information, with detailed requirements, and application blanks, will be furnished on request.

These Scholarships cover school expenses, and are good for four years to the holder who complies with the requirements.

A Word to Parents.

Parents often write about their daughters. Some apologize for giving trouble, realizing that there are many cares and worries inseparably connected with the management of the School and are moderate in their requests, knowing that their point of view, at the distance from which they look, and considering the "special pleaders" through whom they get their information and impressions, may not be always accurate; while others write as if every trouble of the girl is in some way the fault of the School, and have little patience with anything that does not quickly conform to their wish and pleasure. Between these two types of parents there are endless shades, but we are here to take the trouble and to one and all I say—if you were anxious about your daughter in any way and did not ask our help, you would be unfair both to her and to us. We cannot satisfy everyone, nor control every condition, but it is our duty to try, and many things we may not know as fully as we ought unless we hear the "home side." Never hesitate, therefore, to write or ask any questions that are reasonable, and keep

at it until you get as near satisfaction as your cause and human limitations will allow, but give us credit for knowing conditions here better than you.

The education of a "divine and eternal life," for which we shall, in a large measure, be responsible to God, is too serious to treat lightly, or to leave undone, however small the detail may be. One of the claims that St. Mary's—as a Church school—makes above other schools of equal scholastic grade, is that she looks deeper and broader and higher than the mere school-drill. She must give teaching as good as the best in every detail, but she is here for the developing of character, and the education of immortal souls; and with so high an aim no detail is too small and trivial not to receive the most earnest and prompt attention.

MCNEELY DUBOSE.

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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Corner Fayetteville and Hargett Streets.

But Not so Many Tongues.

"A miss is as good as a mile," they say,
But in one way it's not true.

A mile has more than five thousand feet
And a miss has only two.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Jungle Vaudeville.

"When a fire goes out, where does it go?"

The monkey asked the ape.

"Can't say," said the ape; "yet many's the time
I've seen a fire-escape."

—*Roseleaf.*

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Trouble Foreseen.

Robbie—Don't those bluefish go about in schools, mamma?

Mamma—Yes, Robbie; why?

Robbie—Nothing; only I was just wondering what the school does if some fisher-
man happens to catch the teacher.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Politeness Pays.

"Johnny, can you name a city in Alaska?"

"Nix."

"You should be more respectful. Jimmy, can you?"

"No'm!"

"Correct. Nome is a very thriving Alaskan town."

—*Washington Herald.*

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Tarry Not.

The road to yesterday—
Why travel it?
A tangled skein, so why
Unravel it?
The future calls you on,
The past is dead,
And all you hope to do
Lies just ahead.

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

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School Calendar, 1906-'07.

APRIL.

While at this writing the exact dates of the April functions have not been determined, several of the more important events of the school-life will occur during the month:

Easter week will not be marked by any public entertainment at the school.

During the second week in April the last of the Muse Club entertainments will be given.

During the third week will occur the Inter-Society Debate on the question, "Resolved, that the Higher Education of Women Makes Happier Homes." Misses Farmer and Hill for Epsilon Alpha Pi, Affirmative, and Misses Bailey and Strange, Sigma Lambda, Negative.

During the fourth week the annual play of the Dramatic Club will be rendered.

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The Student Directory, 1906-'07.

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(Under direction of Senior Class.)

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 Helen Ball,
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Sue Prince,
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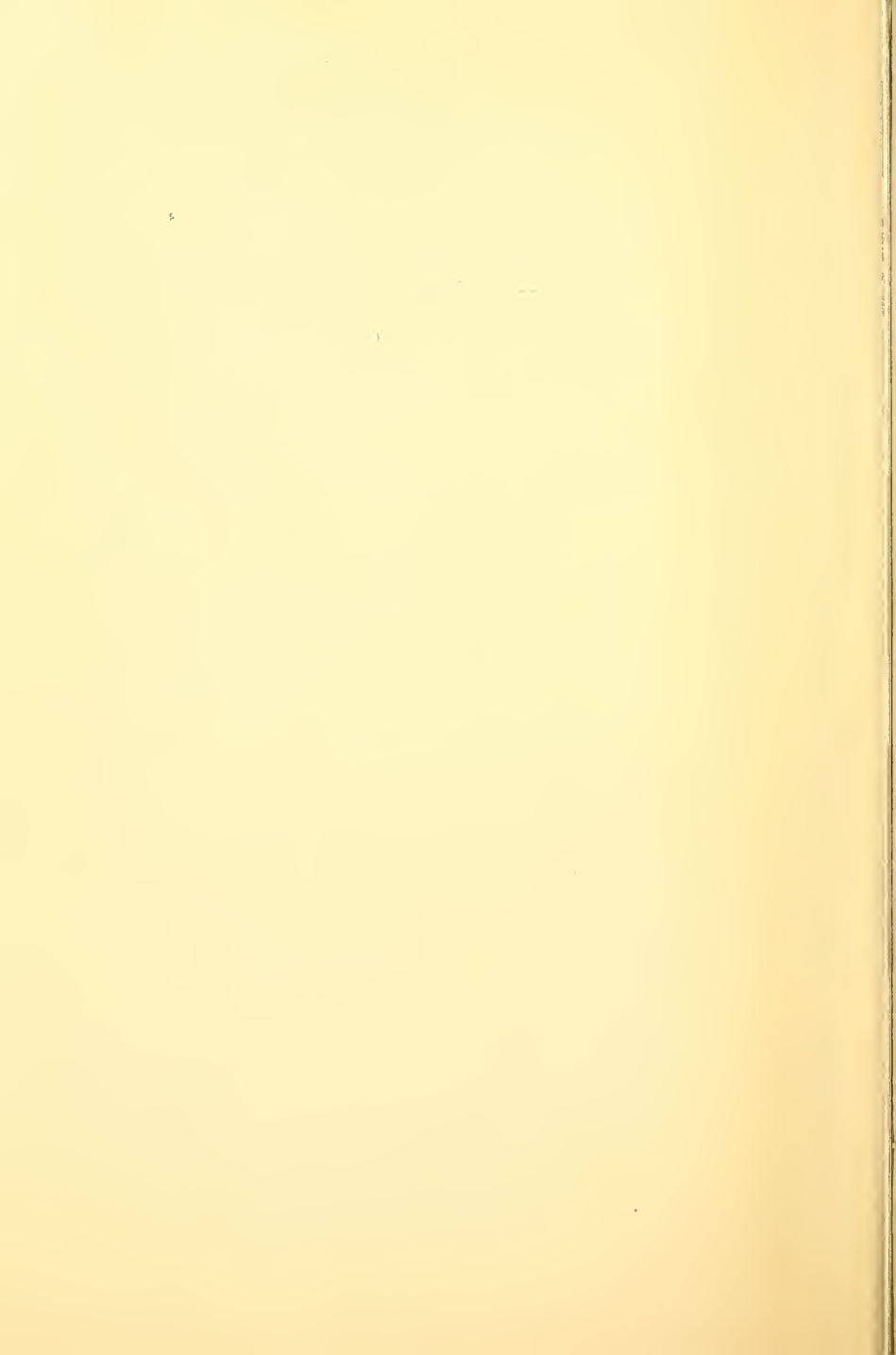
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History of the

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PALESTINE, N. C.

1880-1900

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The St. Mary's Muse.

FINAL NUMBER.

VOL. XI.

MAY, 1907.

No. 10.

The Commencement Program, 1907.

Tuesday, May 28—

8:15. Elocution Recital. "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Wednesday, May 29—

11:30 a. m. Class Day Exercises in the Grove.

2:30 p. m. Class Reunions (as appointed).

4:00 p. m. Annual Meeting of the Trustees.

4:30 p. m. Annual Meeting of the Alumnae.

8:00 p. m. Dedication of the Eliza Battle Pittman Memorial Building (the Auditorium).

Dedicatory Address, Governor Glenn, of North Carolina.

Commencement Address, Bishop Nelson, of Georgia.

Thursday, May 30—

11:00 a. m. Consecration of the Chapel.

Commencement Sermon, Bishop Bratton, of Mississippi.

5:00 p. m. Commencement Reception.

Annual Exhibit of the Art Department.

8:30 p. m. Annual Concert.

Friday, May 31—

10:30 a. m. Graduating Exercises.

Class Exercises, etc., in the Auditorium.

Final Exercises in the Chapel.

THE 1907 COMMENCEMENT.

Once more the Commencement season rolls around, and all else is more or less lost sight of in thought and preparation for the final events of the school session. Always a season of great interest to all interested in the life and development of a school, especially to those to whom as Alma Mater the school has been more than school, this Commencement at St. Mary's promises to be the most important and its exercises the most interesting that the daughters of St. Mary's and their friends have enjoyed since the semi-centennial year.

This Commencement, marking as it does the close of the sixty-fifth year of St. Mary's usefulness and the tenth of ownership by the Church,

will be at the same time the special jubilee celebration of the final payment of the debt incurred by the Church in purchasing the property, and a promotion meeting of the friends of St. Mary's to give a great impulse to work for even greater things in the future. There will be several special features. The opening of the Eliza Battle Pittman Memorial, a completely equipped and model Auditorium, marks the completion of the most important addition to the school equipment since the erection of the Infirmary, and points the way for other Memorial buildings which would be of equally great use. The dedication of this building will be a feature of the exercises on Wednesday.

The Chapel, so dear to every St. Maryite, and so familiar to every one acquainted with the school, was unconsecrated during the time of the Drs. Smedes, because the property being a private one was liable to be converted to other uses; since the ownership of the Church it has remained unconsecrated because of the debt. Its consecration after all these years will then be the most forcible and pleasant reminder of the new and brighter state of things, and in addition to being the feature of the Thursday exercises, will mark the climax of the spirit of the celebration. But the Class of 1907 will not be overlooked in the program of the week. This Commencement is their Commencement regardless of what it may be, more or less, to others. With their Class Day exercises on Wednesday and the Graduating Exercises, the feature of Friday, they will not be forgotten, and the rest of the program will only help them to forget the less.

THE EXERCISES IN DETAIL.

The Commencement dates have been changed this year, and instead of "Commencement Week" beginning with the Sermon on Sunday, and concluding with the Graduating Exercises Thursday morning, the program will extend over only three days, and events will follow each other in quick succession.

TUESDAY.

The regular duties of the year, the "dear pleasures" of "Examination Week," will not be over until Tuesday, May 28th. That evening the Commencement will open with the annual "Elocution Evening." This year the Department, under the direction of Miss Cribbs, will present "Midsummer Night's Dream," a more ambitious attempt than anything this young department of St. Mary's has heretofore under-

taken, but one which promises to be both pleasing and successful. This will be the first Commencement function in the new Auditorium.

WEDNESDAY.

The Class Day Exercises in the Grove, which have been a feature of recent Commencements, will be held this year with additions. The Senior Class will introduce some features to make the program more general and to give the student-body a part in them as well as the Class, and these exercises will be the student number of the Commencement Program. The hour has been placed later than heretofore to give everyone the opportunity to be on hand.

It is hoped that the special events will draw an unusual number of the Alumnae back to their Alma Mater, and Wednesday at 2:30 has been put aside for the Class Reunions which may be arranged by the class officers. Following these the annual meeting of the Alumnae Association will be held as usual in the Art Studio, where in addition to the election of officers and the arrangement for new work for the Association, it is hoped to have a brief address by Bishop Bratton as the feature of the meeting. It will require nothing more than the suggestion of such a pleasure to insure the attendance at this meeting of all who are within reach.

The annual meeting of the Trustees is this year an event of especial importance, inasmuch as in addition to laying plans for the coming year, important steps are likely to be taken with regard to the future policy and development of the school, and a new Rector to succeed Mr. DuBose is to be chosen. By the acceptance of Mrs. Sheib of election as Lady Principal, an energetic and efficient administration of the internal affairs of the school is assured, and all interested in the future of St. Mary's now await with great interest the selection of the new Rector. The deliberations of the Trustees will begin on Wednesday afternoon, and will be continued at adjourned meetings from day to day.

Wednesday evening will come the first of the special features. The Eliza Battle Pittman Building will be formally thrown open to the public and dedicated to the use for which it was intended in appropriate exercises, the chief speakers announced for the occasion being Hon. Robert B. Glenn, Governor of North Carolina, and Rt. Rev. Kinloch Nelson, Bishop of Georgia. Governor Glenn will deliver the

Address of Dedication, and Bishop Nelson will speak on "Christian Education."

THURSDAY.

On Thursday morning the event of chief interest to the Alumnae will take place, in the consecration of the Chapel. There should be a notable gathering of the bishops, of the clergy, and of the Alumnae, and the service will be one long to be remembered. It will take the place of the usual Sunday Commencement Service, and at it Bishop Bratton, who has not been at St. Mary's since he came back to deliver the Commencement Sermon to the Class of 1904, will preach the Commencement Sermon.

In the afternoon at five the Commencement Reception will be held in the Main Building. Commencement guests, Trustees, Alumnae and students are expected at the Reception, which will be the social event of the Commencement. Concurrently with it the Art Studio will be thrown open for the annual exhibit of the Art Department, which again promises to be a worthy one.

Thursday night the Annual Concert, comment on which is superfluous, will be given, beginning at 8.30 in the Auditorium.

FRIDAY.

Friday is graduation Day, and home-going day. The exercises will be divided as usual, but this year the Auditorium and not the Parlor will be the scene of the graduation addresses and the announcements, and after they are over the procession will move as usual to the Chapel for the awarding of the diplomas and the final devotional service.

The class is again small this year, there being only nine graduates, as follows:

Helen Ball	Raleigh, N. C.
Heber Corinne Birdsong.....	Raleigh, N. C.
Emily Jordan Carrison.....	Camden, S. C.
Beatrice Bollmann Cohen.....	Florence, S. C.
Lillian Hauser Farmer.....	Florence, S. C.
Louise Hill	Lexington, N. C.
Alice McCullers	McCullers, N. C.
Sue Brent Prince.....	Wilmington, N. C.
Mary James Spruill.....	Littleton, N. C.

The announcement of the Class Honors, the reading of the Honor Roll, and the award of the Niles Medal for General Scholarship, will as usual be the source of pleasurable uncertainty to the last.

With the Graduating Exercises, which will conclude about one o'clock, the school session will be over. Friday afternoon will be all motion and confusion, each outgoing train will bear its quota of home-goers, and on Saturday morning St. Mary's girls will be scattered and summer silence will reign again in the Grove.

Isabel.

HELEN KATHERINE LIDDELL.

The sweetest name in all the world to me
 Of all the names which song or story tell,
 The music of the breeze and of the sea,
 Are all combined in one name, Isabel.

The dearest eyes in all the world to me,
 Blue as the skies or violets from the dell,
 And bright as ever sparkling streams can be,
 Are those dear, laughing eyes of Isabel.

The sweetest maid in all the world to me,
 And naught that bard or poet e'er can tell,
 Of peerless beauty, sweet simplicity,
 Can yet compare with little Isabel.

Scarlet Sage.

SARAH PRICE THOMAS.

It was a chilly afternoon in the late fall, and as the fire flickered and danced in the open fire-place, it gave an air of comfort and coziness to the room. I was standing before the fire with my host, Colonel Peyton, and we were both looking at the dancing flames before us.

On the low mantel stood a large brown jar of scarlet sage, and the bright color blended in with the feeling of warmth and comfort indoors. I was looking at the flowers and remarking on their beauty, when I saw just beside the jar a miniature, a little oval gold frame inclosing the portrait of a beautiful girl. She had wavy brown hair, large dark eyes, and the most perfect color imaginable. But the expression itself was what attracted you, for the face was so sweet and pure, and the

eyes so true, that it seemed as if they could look down into your inmost soul.

"What a wonderful face!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," my old host replied, turning to the picture, "that is my sister Elizabeth. She died when she was quite young. We think our little Betty is very much like her."

He turned and stood with his back to the fire, warming his hands in the ruddy glow.

"Our little Betty," he repeated slowly, "you haven't seen her yet?"

His face clouded, and he became silent for a moment. Then with a shrug of the shoulders, as if to say, "We had better drop the subject," he turned to me:

"Come," he said, "will you ride this afternoon, or is the weather too much for you?"

"I think if you will let me," I replied, "I will stay here by the fire. I have a very interesting book."

The book was interesting, but it was almost impossible to keep my attention on the story. I had drawn a low, easy chair to the fire, and I could not help looking upon the miniature on the mantel. I found myself wondering why the Colonel's face clouded when he spoke of his sister.

Above the mantel were crossed the swords with which he had fought all through the war, and somehow it seemed to me that they could tell me if they chose. I looked down into the fire again, and between the burning logs I began to build pictures and stories—all of them about the Colonel's sister Elizabeth.

The pictures grew dimmer and dimmer, and things on the mantel above seemed to run into each other indistinctly, and my thoughts began to wander, and slowly, . . . slowly, . . . It seemed the same place, the same fire; yes, for there was the same jar of scarlet sage. Before the fire stood a young girl dressed in white. Her brown hair was put low on her neck, and waved about her face; her eyes were large and dark, and the color in her cheeks seemed to be only the reflection of the large bunch of scarlet sage she had at her belt. Yes, undoubtedly it was the girl of the miniature herself.

Beside her, looking down into the fire, stood a young man, tall broad-shouldered and manly looking. He wore a blue uniform, with brass

buttons. There was a Captain's insignia on his sleeves, and his sword hung in its sheath at his side.

"Well," he said turning to her, "I have to go now, and won't you—can't you ever let me come back, even to see you?"

It was her turn to look at the fire now, as if in the burning coals she could find an answer for him.

"No," she replied slowly, still gazing into the fire. "No, you must never come back, even to see me."

He picked up his gloves and soldier's cap where they were lying in a chair beside him.

"Won't you give me something to take with me?" he pleaded; "something to tell me that you will sometimes think of me?"

She selected a piece of the beautiful red at her belt and handed it to him.

As he looked down at her, she smiled up at him, and with a little helpless gesture, gave him both her hands.

"Go, now," she said, "I must not let you stay any longer."

As if it was impossible for him to control himself, he took her in his arms, and after one long passionate embrace, he let her go, and without turning back he walked out of the room.

She watched the door a moment as if stupefied, then looking down at the crushed flowers, she knelt by the chair, and putting her face in her arms, she sobbed as if her heart would break.

I opened my eyes and looked about me. I couldn't have been asleep, for there I was in the same place; and it was all too real to be a dream.

The door opened and a young girl entered. I started, then looked closely again. She was dressed in white with a bunch of scarlet sage at her belt. She had wavy, brown hair, and large dark eyes. Close behind her came a young man in blue uniform with brass buttons.

But at this minute she saw me. "Oh, I beg your pardon for disturbing you," she said brightly. "You must be uncle's guest. I am Betty, and this is Lieutenant Murray."

I looked at the radiant faces, which told plainly of their great happiness. Then I glanced up at the mantel-piece. Was it possible that the brown vase could be laughing?

SCHOOL NEWS.

GEORGIA STANTON HALES, '09, Editor.

April 4th—Student Recital.

The usual Recital was held Thursday, April 4th, and was enjoyed very much. Since Easter the Evening Recitals have been held on Thursday instead of Friday, as the weekly choir practice is now on Friday evening.

The program for the evening was as follows:

Volkleid		<i>Hambourg</i>
	Helen Quinerly.	
Salut d'Armour		<i>Elgar</i>
	Jennie Kyle.	
To a Water Lily.....		<i>MacDowell</i>
	Alice Stokes.	
(a) Scarf Dance.....		<i>Chaminade</i>
(b) Romanza		<i>Berwald</i>
	Blanche King.	
Andante from Opus 14, No. 2.....		<i>Beethoven</i>
	Maggie Pennington.	
Capriccietto		<i>Van Wilm</i>
	Mary Gaither.	
(a) Nocturne		<i>Gurlitt</i>
(b) Scherzo		<i>Kullak</i>
	Henrietta Schwartz.	
Shepherds All and Maidens Fair.....		<i>Nevin</i>
	Ruth Newbold.	

April 13th—"The Country Fair."

On Saturday evening, April 13th, St. Elizabeth's and St. Etheldreda's Chapters held a "Country Fair," which was thoroughly enjoyed, and was also quite successful. Helen Strange and Sue Prince "kept door," and gave every one who came in a little ticket, which she was told to take to the "Sandwich Booth." Here Jane Stillman and Florence Beckwith served sandwiches and cocoa. At one end of the room Grace Ward could be heard telling everybody to come to see the "Great Swimming Match." Bessie Arthur had charge of this, and it was also a success. You had hardly had a chance to see it, however, when you were taken to interview one of the "Fortune Tellers"—Helen Liddell and Ellen Duvall. The former was a palmist, and could tell you very

wonderful things. The latter made use of cards, but she, too, could tell you what you thought no one knew but yourself. Right next to the "Fortune-telling Booth" Rosa Heath stood at the door of "Freak of the Circus." Within there was Esther Rembert—but you never would have known her. In one corner "Lady Bountiful's Booth" was presided over by Lela Jemison and Georgia Hales. Annie Wells was in the "Candy Booth," which was very popular. Irving Morgan and Mary Gwynn had charge of the "Post-office," where there was a letter for everybody. At the Express Office Ruth Newbold, Allie Stokes, Mary Bingham and Theresa King had charge. To everybody to whom they gave a package they also gave a number, and to the one holding the lucky number was given a box of candy. Allene Gentry—"Number 9"—was the lucky one. Delicious ice cream and candy were sold at the "fair," and altogether it was a very pleasant occasion for every one.

April 24th—The Inter-Society Debate.

As I seated myself on one of the back seats assigned to visitors in St. Mary's parlor on the evening of the twenty-fourth of April, I was struck with the scene before me. The girls in their many-colored dresses excitedly talking, in front of them the stage prettily decorated with greens and hung with the colors of the societies—old rose and sage, and purple and gray—and behind them the rows of interested boys in sober black. Some of the excitement which pervaded the room seized me, too, though I did not know who the debaters were, nor what the question might be, neither was I particularly intent on the victory of either Sigma Lambda or Epsilon Alpha Pi.

Suddenly a hush fell over the assembly, as first two black-robed girls in solemn dignity ascended the platform, and after them the debaters. I have always wondered how young girls felt when they first appeared in public. I had always fondly imagined that they would be excited and timid, but these young ladies shattered my illusions, for they seated themselves calmly and looked about them with perfect self possession.

The exercises opened with the singing of the school song, "Alma Mater," by the members of both societies and the visitors, after which the president of Sigma Lambda, Miss Prince, presented the question: "Resolved, That the Higher Education of Women Makes Happier Homes," and told us the names of the debaters: Miss Lilian Hauser

Farmer and Miss Louise Hill, E.A.H., for the affirmative, and Miss Serena C. Bailey and Miss Helen Strange, S. A., for the negative. Then the debate began, and as each girl arose in a hushed stillness, and sat down amid loud applause, the excitement increased. Every one agreed that the papers were splendid, and after they had all been read no one could imagine who had won. Then came the retorts, and my admiration for the self-possession and abilities of the debaters rose still higher, for it was remarkable how easily and to the point they spoke. The retort of Miss Strange was especially witty and clever.

The judges, Miss Fannie Heck, President of the Woman's Club of the city; Mr. J. Y. Joyner, State Superintendent of Education, and Mr. H. A. Morson, Principal of the Raleigh High School, then retired, and while they consulted we were entertained by an excellently played piano solo, by Miss Frankie Self. When the judges returned, and Miss Heck, having been introduced by Mr. Joyner, ascended the platform to tell us the longed-for decision, the excitement was intense. But at last, after a few moments of suspense, it was told: "After much consideration, we have decided in favor of the negative." The room was immediately pandemonium let loose, and I hastily made my way to the door and through the grove with the cries of the Sigma Lambdas ringing in my ears.

April 26th—The Chamber Concert.

MISS CHELIAN PIXLEY, *Pianiste*;

MISS CHARLOTTE KENDALL HULL, *Violiniste*;

DR. GEO. SUMMEY, JR., *Cellist*.

PROGRAM.

Trio in G Major, No. 1.....	<i>Haydn</i>
	<i>Andante, Adagio, Rondo all' Ongarese.</i>
Larghetto, from Second Symphony.....	<i>Beethoven</i>
Minuet, Symphony in E Flat Major.....	<i>Mozart</i>
Liebessgarten, Op. 34, No. 1.....	<i>Schumann</i>
Romance, Op. 12.....	<i>Van Goens</i>
Asa's Death, Peer Gynt Suite.....	<i>Grieg</i>
Anitra's Dance,	

Of the concert the Raleigh papers say:

The concert of Chamber Music given at St. Mary's Friday evening, April 26th, was well attended and by many of Raleigh's music lovers.

The program was made up of the old classical school—Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven being the composers chosen; and the modern romantic school, Schumann, Van Goens and Grieg. For contrast and charm the program could hardly have been better selected.

The Haydn Trio was one of those many pieces for strings he composed for Count Esterhazy's orchestra, for which he was the capelmeister for over thirty years, and where he had such an exceptional opportunity for hearing his works performed by master musicians before they appeared in published form. The Andante is almost an inexhaustible flow of melody, with each instrument having its share, making a beautiful example of polophony. The Adagio is dreamy, delicious and satisfying. The last movement is the famous Rondo, usually styled the Gypsy Rondo. Haydn was in his jolliest mood in this. The piano part, as played by Miss Pixley, made the eyes of school girls open wide, for they have worked laboriously over these gay measures as a piano solo.

Although written before Beethoven was entirely himself, wholly free from the imitation of Haydn and Mozart (if one may say Beethoven ever imitated anyone), this Larghetto from the second Symphony is one of the loveliest slow movements ever written. It was written in his first period before total deafness came upon him and before the profound melancholy, so often found in his later works, reached his music.

The minuet from Mozart's second Symphony was placed after Beethoven for the sake of contrast. It sounded thin, perhaps, after the rich harmony of the Larghetto, but nevertheless is a charming and dainty bit of writing in this dance form. It is a part of one of Mozart's three greatest symphonies.

As a whole this half of the program was given a beautiful rendition; sympathetic, good ensemble thoroughly musical phrasing throughout.

The Schumann "Liebesgarten" was written for two parts, for the violin and cello, with the piano having the harmony in chords, greatly in contrast to the previous works in this respect, especially. The whole spirit of these latter pieces is different. In these there is an evident attempt to speak of life more vividly. The Liebesgarten breathes sadness from first to last, but in no way was typically Schumann, perhaps, though extremely beautiful.

The "Romance" of Van Goens was seemingly one of a tragic nature, full of sweet longing rising as to some dreadful catastrophe, but ending peacefully.

The last number was a part of Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite, the parts chosen being Asa's Death and Amitra's Dance. The music of the former is almost too painfully sad. The Dance endeavored to dispel the gloom and closed the evening with a dash and sparkle that was a relief.

Throughout the entire program the playing of the artists showed ripe musicianship, but the latter half made it possible for Miss Hull to give free reign to her special qualities, warmth of tone and "temperamental playing," which we all admire so ardently. To speak of Miss Hull's and Miss Pixley's playing is like "carrying coals to Newcastle;" but one can not refrain from making one more compliment as a parting "good wisher" for the success of their year abroad, and to wish them a safe return to St. Mary's to continue their high class of work they have always stood for in Raleigh.

Dr. Summey played the parts for the cello very satisfactorily, and by the way, his learning to play the cello made it possible for this trio concert to be given, for which he has the thanks of the very appreciative audience.

April 27th—The Muse Play.

The last appearance of the Muse Club on April 27th was very successful in every way. The entertainment was cleverly planned and well carried out, and was amusing from beginning to end. The programme began with a pantomime of the old song "Willikens and Dinah," which kept the audience laughing from the start. Katharine Henderson, the stern father who treated his lovely daughter, Louise Hill, and her true lover, Rosa Heath, so harshly, met a well merited fate at the end, and the dance of the ghosts in the last scene, when the moral of the tale was pointed out, was very awe-inspiring. During the acting Josephine Gilmer sang the verses of the song very sweetly, and both she and the actors deserve much praise for the success of the performance.

The second part of the programme was the short play, "A West Point Regulation," and in this, too, the actors distinguished themselves. Marguerite Thompson was very winning and lovable as "Marjorie," and Jessie Harris as "Lieutenant Masters," made a most attractive suitor. Nell Wilson, too, as the young cadet Richard Miles Harrison, acted her part splendidly. The entertainment was managed by Jessie Harris, and to her the chief credit for its success is due.

E. T. W.

 Eventide.

See the snows of many winters
 On his aged head now lie,
 And his eye hath lost its brightness,
 And the thoughts come slowly by.

And his steps are very feeble,
 And his head is bent with care,
 And his tone is oft impatient
 Of the youth he can not share.

Stop and think, you who are smiling
 In the light of youth and love,
 How he needs you in his sadness;
 Stretch a hand as from above.

Far behind him marks the pathway—
 Wrecked his hopes and all that's dear;
 Bright before you lies your pathway
 With those hopes to give you cheer.

Speak the kindest words you think of,
 Do the kindest deeds you will,
 Help him o'er the last steep climbing
 Of the rocks on life's rough hill.

For his feet are very tender,
 Worn the rugged pathway through,
 And the joy and hope you bring him
 Will some day come back to you.

Oh, too oft we leave the flowers
 All to wreath round death's dark bier;
 Let us haste and give them, darling,
 While his life is lingering here.

M. E. S.

In Lighter Vein.

Not as in Fiction—A Dime Novel by "Yip" and "Zip."

As the ship steamed past the statue of liberty, Page looked back for one parting glance at the familiar buildings crowded against the horizon. It was with a sigh of relief that as they slowly disappeared, he lighted his cigar and grimly paced the upper deck. Page was not what one would call a handsome man, but certainly the marks of a strong character revealed themselves in every feature. The steel gray eyes, the firm mouth, and the face now lined with care, portrayed strength combined with disappointment and grief. A stranger watching this man stride back and forth might wonder what had caused those lines to appear on a face so young; but to one who had spent the past week in the hot, bustling city of New York, the story would be only too well known. "Failure of Gordon Page & Co." had headed the columns of the chief newspapers for the past few days, and it had been generally rumored that the junior member of the firm had been the chief cause of trouble—in what way no one yet knew. Doubtless to-morrow's interested readers would see in these same journals the startling news of young Page's sudden departure for Europe. Would they say that he was leaving to escape notoriety?

At first, in the bustle of departure, the solitary figure was not noticed, but such an unusual face could not long be overlooked even in a crowd, and now he had attracted the particular attention of a ——— a maiden

lady. She stood directing the deck steward about the placing of her steamer chair, and the wind had blown the many little black stringy curls about her forehead and across her sharp, decided face. But her eyes now lit up with pleasurable excitement and unmistakable interest as Page turned and walked past her. The deck steward stolidly put her chair on the windiest corner, but he was not noticed, for the lady's eyes were fixed on the broad back of the slightly bowed head of the stranger. But he, for his part, took no notice of the lady who showed such interest, and after a prolonged walk he disappeared through the doorway.

Later, at dinner, as he seated himself at the long table, he was aware of a slight confusion beside him, and on turning saw an erect, determined maiden lady planting herself firmly beside him. Heavens! What pleasant prospects for the next week; something told him that talk to him she would, and answer her he must. He was just planning to move his seat when the captain, leaning toward him, said: "Mr. Page you and Miss Kirls must know each other. I'm sure you will have much in common, as you both are from New York."

This was the signal for a stream of conversation from the lady, which lasted the best part of that meal, and he realized would long continue. But the one redeeming feature of the incident was that the captain had also introduced him to the golden-haired, brown-eyed girl who was sitting beside Miss Kirls, and who later proved to be her niece. She had attracted Page from the moment she entered the room, laughing gaily, and now since he had met her, he realized that if he could only cultivate her acquaintance, he might forget his misfortunes and distress.

He found that this hope was not to prove a disappointment, for he grasped every opportunity for being with her, and certainly those hours spent together, those moonlight walks, might have ended then and there in something serious for both of them. But alas, two things interfered to disturb his happiness. The first, needless to say, was the determined pursuit of himself by Miss Kirls, and the second was the passionate devotion and jealousy of a young and handsome boy who had come to the steamer with the ladies, and who seemed to have made himself their self-appointed guardian. The first day he had not appeared, but the second he was very much in evidence, and Page, though he had from the beginning instinctively liked the frank, straight-forward young fellow, inwardly swore at his luck as he, ensconced in the corner with Miss Kirls, watched the two on the second afternoon, laughing happily as

they paced the deck. But Page was not one to give up easily, especially in a case like this, and at night it was his turn to have the undivided attention of the girl, while young West watched them moodily from the same seat that Page had occupied in the morning.

And so it went on for the first four days of the trip, Page becoming more and more infatuated each day and West more and more jealous, until each realized that it would be best to have a complete understanding between them. That night, meeting in the smoking-room, Page drew the younger man aside and frankly talked over the state of affairs with him, till each finally knew how the other felt toward the girl. At last West said, "See here, Page, I tell you what we will have to do. There's no help for it. We'll have to fight for her, each in his own way, the best man wins." The old time love of fighting for his lady thrilled Page, and he determined that win her he would, or die in the attempt.

That night as he lay in his berth the absurdity of it all overpowered him—that he, a confirmed bachelor, interested in nothing but the ups and downs of Wall Street, should have fallen desperately in love in two days, and *now* should be determined to fight or die for the lady like a sentimental boy. But the storm that was raging around the ship, the great waves dashing against her sides, made him feel as if it was all unreal, and that such things as love and rivalry were the only possible and real things in this life on the great, mysterious, angry ocean. With these thoughts he fell asleep.

He was awakened by a terrible crash, and the piercing shriek of a woman, and throwing on some clothes he rushed into the corridor, only to find black darkness enveloping him, and terrified figures rushing past. With difficulty he freed himself from the struggling crowd and slipped out on the deck. There he could see nothing, but sheets of water dashed against his face and in his ears was the sound of a vague grinding and creaking mingled with the shrieks from the hall behind him. Dazed and alarmed, he turned back, with only one thought—to find the girl and protect her against whatever might happen.

As he entered he was aware that the tumult had died, and that a man's strong voice was speaking out of the darkness. It was the second officer, and he told the cowering, panic-stricken people, shortly and sternly, that in the storm the ship had struck a rock; that they were in great danger, and that the only way they could save themselves was

to quickly, and as calmly as possible, put on the life preservers and reach the boats that had already been lowered. After this only the women's voices broke out again, while the men, recovering their presence of mind, set to work doing what the officer had advised.

Page listened intently in the darkness to hear her voice, and at last he heard, quite near him, her sweet though frantic cry: "Oh, what shall we do, aunty," and in answer, "Oh, I'm here, just trust in me," in West's boyish tones. Turning quickly, Page seized the trembling little figure in his arms, determined even in that desperate moment that he would save her, and no one else. Hurrying out on the windy, storm-swept deck, he fought his way to the rail, while the figure he held clung still closer to him, and he felt the great ship settling deeper and deeper in the trough of the mountainous waves. How he lifted her over the side into the little rocking boat; how he followed her at last, he never knew; but after endless hours on the great dark ocean, every moment fearing that the tiny boat would overturn, every energy spent in bailing desperately, at last they saw a gray streak in the sky and knew, with thankfulness in their hearts, that dawn was near.

Then, for the first time, Page turned and looked anxiously at the woman he had saved, crouched in the stern of the boat. And then he saw—horror of horrors, that the girl was not there, only the cowering, desolate figure of —— "Aunty!" The four sailors seeing the look of blank dismay on his face, wondered what had come over him. Page threw back his head and gazed with unseeing eyes at the tossing ocean for one moment of agony, but then as the woman moved and stared up at him with a faint smile, he realized that she was a woman in distress, and that he must sink his own disappointment in the common trouble. And he was slightly comforted at the thought that the girl was not drowned, for there had been time to save every one, and he remembered with a bitter laugh—West had been there to protect her.

He started from his reverie, for the sound of breakers was in his ears, and the sailors were shouting and pointing apprehensively at the low line of white which had suddenly appeared on the horizon. When they reached it, only too soon, and the great, towering breakers dashed the little boat to pieces, he was ready to swim with the speechless woman for the low beach ahead. It was a hard struggle, but at last they reached it and staggered up on the hard, dry beach, and from sheer exhaustion, sank down on the sand. Miss Kirls was still speechless, but

after the sailors had gone off in search of food and water from the little houses which could barely be seen from the shore, she turned and looked at him with her old coy glance.

And Page, smiling in sheer desperation, thought "Hardly as fiction would have it."

As to the trouble in the firm in New York; as to the fortunes of West and the girl, these things are shrouded in mystery, and we leave them to our readers to guess.

The Fate of My Musical Genius.

One time in my life I felt proud,
 (Though I never would tell it aloud),
 For I thought I'd the power
 To please by the hour,
 With mandolin, any sized crowd.

One day lots of visitors came
 To my room, and they, knowing my fame,
 A tune begged from me.
 After many a plea
 I played, so they've themselves to blame.

A piece, very mournful, I'd play,
 I played with such feeling that they
 Were so overcome
 They got really glum.
 I make them feel music, I'd say.

They didn't exactly encore,
 But sighed, so I thought, "They want more."
 Numerous waltzes I played,
 Many a sweet serenade,
 Till I saw some one make for the door.

I didn't know just what she meant,
 So asked. She said word had been sent
 That obliged her to go,
 But she hated to, so,
 That she really was sad—but she went.

I continued with tune after tune
 Till the girls began moving; and soon,
 For some reason they know,
 They all had to go,
 Leaving me with my music to croon.

They all left me, I didn't know why;
With deep thought there came, bye and bye,
The mournful conclusion
My powers were illusion.
If I ever play more, let me die.

S. B. P.

When Mary Smiles.

Sweet Mary's eyes are like the summer sky,
And like the yellow gold is Mary's hair,
And all the world is gay when Mary's nigh
And I am free from sorrow and from care.

For though the night be dark, the way be long
And naught is clear before me for a while,
I still continue in my merry song,
For darkest night is day in Mary's smile.

Though rough my way appears, to me 'tis smooth,
Though gold I lack, I scorn all earthly wiles,
With lightest heart and freest step I move,
For what need I of gold when Mary smiles.

HELEN KATHARINE LIDDELL.

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 MUSE Club.

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

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HELEN K. LIDDELL. SALLIE HAYWOOD BATTLE.

BEATRICE B. COHEN and JESSIE PAGE HARRIS, Business Managers.

EDITORIAL.

May! Can it be possible that the last month of school has really come? For some of us it means the end of the school year, the parting from friends, but also the beginning of another long-anticipated and delightful vacation; while for others of us this Commencement is the end of school, the beginning of life in the real world. Some of this latter class are eager for the social pleasures, and others are looking forward to serious work; but whatever the future life and work of the girls, the influence of St. Mary's will always make itself evident in that life and work. No matter how much the gaiety or how varied the duties, that will occupy our time, there will often come the thought of the old times spent here.

And now girls, knowing that you will always take an interest in St. Mary's, may we make just one suggestion to you? The present managing board of the Monthly MUSE, like the boards of other years, has realized the difficulty of keeping in touch with the alumnae of even the last few decades. It seems almost impossible to get much news of the old girls—and how interesting such news would be to many of the subscribers! So in the future perhaps some of us can let the MUSE have a few items now and then. We can assure you of their being gladly received.

This number of the MUSE is of course the last to be issued by the present managers. Our readers will pardon us, perhaps, if we apologize a little for the publication this year. For although the members of the Muse Club, are to be commended for their support of the managers, it has often been hard to get material—"material" is the cry of most school monthlies, it seems. It is pity that there is such a dearth of it. Of course the lack of it is partly caused by the modesty—shall we call it—of some really capable pupils, who sometimes in saying that they cannot write, underrate their ability. We hope, however, that next year there will be less trouble in obtaining material, and we wish the new staff a very successful publication.

Lady Principal at St. Mary's.

Mrs. Edward E. Sheib is Secured to Occupy the Position.

[From the News and Observer of April 24th.]

The Board of Trustees of St. Mary's School are to be congratulated on having secured the services of a Lady Principal, who on the testimony of those who know her personally and by her work, is admirably suited to the position.

Mrs. Edward E. Sheib was Miss Lenora Walmsley, of an old and honored Louisiana family, and she was reared in the Episcopal Church.

Before her marriage Mrs. Sheib taught in the Louisiana State Normal School, an institution which owes its thorough organization to Dr. Edward E. Sheib, of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, and later of the Chair of Philosophy in Tulane University, Louisiana. As his wife, Mrs. Sheib, kept in close touch with his work, aiding it much by her keen insight and gentle sympathy. After her husband's death Mrs. Sheib went to Columbia University, N. Y., and for three years did such earnest work in Teachers College that she won not only the degree of B. S., for which she entered, but the high testimonials to her personal worth and scholastic attainments which recommended her to the Bishop of North Carolina and the Board of Trustees of St. Mary's School.

There are desirable personal and social qualifications which may not be set forth by diploma or degree—though Mrs. Sheib has both of these—but which are most important elements in the power and useful-

ness of one to whom is entrusted the care and training of young women for the duties of life. Dr. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia, who knew Mrs. Sheib while at Tulane, says of her in a letter to the Board of Trustees of St. Mary's School: "Mrs. Sheib is a lovable woman, of personal charm, of good breeding, of sincere devotion to her work, and has had the best of modern training. I believe you could not do a wiser thing than to secure Mrs. Sheib for St. Mary's."

Mrs. Sheib has recently been a guest of Bishop Cheshire, and she made a most pleasing impression upon all who met her. Since that visit she has lost her mother, but it is hoped that she will again be at "Ravenscroft" for the Commencement at St. Mary's.

SCHOOL NOTES.

GEORGIA STANTON HALES, '09, Editor.

Mary Wiggins and Margaret Temple have returned from a short visit to Chapel Hill, where they went to attend the Easter German.

"Our New Minister," which was played Friday evening, April 5th, at the Academy of Music, was enjoyed very much by a large number of the girls, who were chaperoned by Miss Pool.

The friends of Rena and Isabel Clark were delighted to see them for a short while during the month.

Blanche Robinson is back at school again from a short stay at home, where she was called by the illness of her sister, who is now much better.

We are glad to have Annie Wood with us again. Because of ill health she was at home during the third quarter.

We are also very glad to number Maude Eberhardt among the house pupils. Her grandfather, Dr. Marshall, who has resigned his parish of Christ Church, is away now for his health, and so she will be with us for the rest of the year.

All the girls that went home Easter are back, and now everyone is looking forward to Commencement. Among the fortunate ones were Sallie Haywood Battle, Alice Corbett, Helen Gwyn, Marguerite Short, Mary Shuford, Sue Prince, Julia Rosser, Lee Brown, Nannie Campbell, Hallie Carrison, Genevieve Cooper, Corinne Gregory, Rosa Heath,

Jessie Jennings, Marie Koiner, Helen Liddell, Mary Tankard, Annie and Mary Wells, and Georgia Hales. Sarah Jones went to visit friends in Durham; Lyman Grimsley went to Columbia with Annie Wells to attend the Kappa Delta Fraternity Convention, and Hazel Middleton went to Kittrell to see Kate Blacknall.

The Rector's family has been quite fortunate this month in having with them Mrs. DuBose's nephew, Mr. MacRae.

Minnie Burgwyn, '04, an old St. Mary's graduate, has also been visiting at the Rectory, and her many friends were glad to see her again.

Since Easter one of our greatest pleasures has been the ball games between the different colleges, and although we cannot see all of them, we are always interested in the results.

Mary Wiggins and Reba Clark enjoyed a short visit from their brothers during the month.

Marguerite Brown went home on the 20th of April for the marriage of her sister, Fay.

The election of officers for the session of 1907-'08 in Sigma Lambda was held on the evening of May 8, and was the object of as much interest and enthusiasm as usual. The election resulted in the choice of the following officers: Marguerite Thompson, President; Sadie Thomas, Vice-President; Katharine Henderson, Secretary; Lula Taliaferro, Corresponding Secretary; Isabel Hanna, Treasurer; Nell Wilson, Critic; Meta Boykin, Historian; and Margaret Williams and Sydney Gabbitt, Tellers.

ALUMNAE MATTERS.

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

ERNEST CRUIKSHANK - - - Alumnae Editor.

St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

PRESIDENT,	- -	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
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		Mrs. I. M. Pittenger, Raleigh,
		Mrs. F. P. Tucker, Raleigh,
		Mrs. Kate de R. Meares, Wilmington.
SEC.-TREAS.,	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.

Announcement of the Annual Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the St. Mary's Alumnae Association will be held in the Art Building, May 29th (Wednesday) at 4.30 p. m. It is hoped that Rt. Rev. T. D. Bratton, Bishop of Mississippi, will be present and address the meeting.

For the President,

KATE MCKIMMON, Secretary.

At the last annual meeting of the Alumnae at St. Mary's, May, 1906, it was decided that the Chapel and its needs should be the first object of the Association and its funds.

Since that time the lighting has been completed, three windows and the Bishop's Chair have been given, and other memorials are under consideration. It has been suggested that the object for this year's Alumnae work should be a window inscribed:

"FOR ALL THY SAINTS AT REST. ALLELUIA!"

It is hoped that there will be a full meeting for the discussion of this question, that if it meets with general approval, the plan may be carried out by the ensuing Festival of All Saints, "Founders' Day."

MARY IREDELL, Pres.

KATE MCKIMMON, Sec. and Treas.

April and May Weddings.

Walter-Higgs.

The wedding of Miss Jessamine Higgs, of Raleigh, to Mr. Henry Walter, of Washington, D. C., was celebrated at the residence of the bride's father on April 17th.

The bride entered the parlor on the arm of her father, by whom she was given away. She was attended by her sisters, Misses Mattie and Emily Higgs, as maid of honor and bridesmaid, and her brothers, Messrs. Sherwood, Allen and James Higgs, as ushers.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. I. McK. Pittenger, Rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter will reside in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Walter graduated from St. Mary's in 1898.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Luther Brown
request the pleasure of your company
at the wedding reception of their daughter
Fay
and

Mr. James William Cannon, Jr.
on Tuesday evening, April the twenty-third
at half after eight o'clock
at their residence
Concord, North Carolina

Mrs. Joseph Henry Baker
invites you to be present
at the marriage of her granddaughter
Susie Gray Baker
to

Mr. Joseph Martin Carstarphen
on Tuesday, the thirtieth of April
One thousand nine hundred and seven
at half after one o'clock
Calvary Church
Tarboro
North Carolina

[From the Wilmington Star of April 30.]

Miss Mary Allan Short Becomes the Bride of Mr. A. B. Skelding

A beautiful afternoon wedding, which is described as being one of the prettiest home weddings ever celebrated in this section, and which was the occasion of a brilliant social gathering, was that of Miss Mary Allan Short and Mr. Arthur B. Skelding, which took place at "Ingleside," the charming home of the bride's parents, Colonel and Mrs. Henry B. Short, at Lake Waccamaw yesterday afternoon at a quarter of four o'clock.

The entire lower floor of the Short home was beautifully decorated, there being a profusion of southern smilax, palms, ferns and white flowers used to carry out an artistic scheme of decoration. Easter lilies were the flowers used in the parlors where the ceremony was performed; apple blossoms and maiden hair ferns the decorations in the dining-room, and wild flowers in abundance were used freely in the halls and other rooms.

The Episcopal marriage service was read, the ceremony being impressively performed in front of an improvised altar, by Rt. Rev. Robert Strange, Bishop of the Diocese of East Carolina, assisted by Rev. R. W. Hogue, Rector of St. James Church, of this city.

Preceding the ceremony several appropriate musical selections were rendered on the piano, and the notes of Mendelssohn's wedding march announced the approach of the bridal party. The first to enter were Misses Isabel Rountree, of Wilmington, and Maud Holt, of Charlotte, bridesmaids; then came the maid of honor, Miss Marguerite Ashley Short, sister of the bride, followed by the bride, who entered on the arm of her father. She was joined at the altar by the groom, who had entered with his best man, Mr. M. F. H. Gouveneur.

The bride's wedding gown was of white ivory satin, embroidered in pearls, trimmed with Point lace. She carried a shower bouquet of lillies of the valley. The maid of honor was attractively gowned in white lace, carrying a maiden hair fern bouquet. The dresses of the bridesmaids were of white lace and their flowers were bride's roses.

After the ceremony an elaborate luncheon was served to the large number of invited guests. Hearty congratulations were then extended the newly married couple, and they left on the southern train for Florida and other points.

They will return from their honeymoon in a few weeks, and will reside in Wilmington.

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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Corner Fayetteville and Hargett Streets.

With this number the third year of the publication of THE MUSE under its present policy is ended. The publishers would appreciate a remittance of subscriptions from those subscribers who have not yet sent the dollar for the present year.

Bound copies of this Volume XI of THE MUSE may be obtained from the publishers by anyone wishing a bound copy as a souvenir of the year. Price: \$1.50.

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MAY, 1907.

- May 9. Thursday—Ascension Day. Holy Day.
May 11. Saturday—8:00: The Dramatic Club in "Lunch in the Suburbs."
May 18. Saturday—8:00: String Club Concert.
May 22. Wednesday—8:00: Orchestra Concert.
May 25. Saturday.
May 23-28. Examination Week.
May 28-31. Commencement.
-

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