



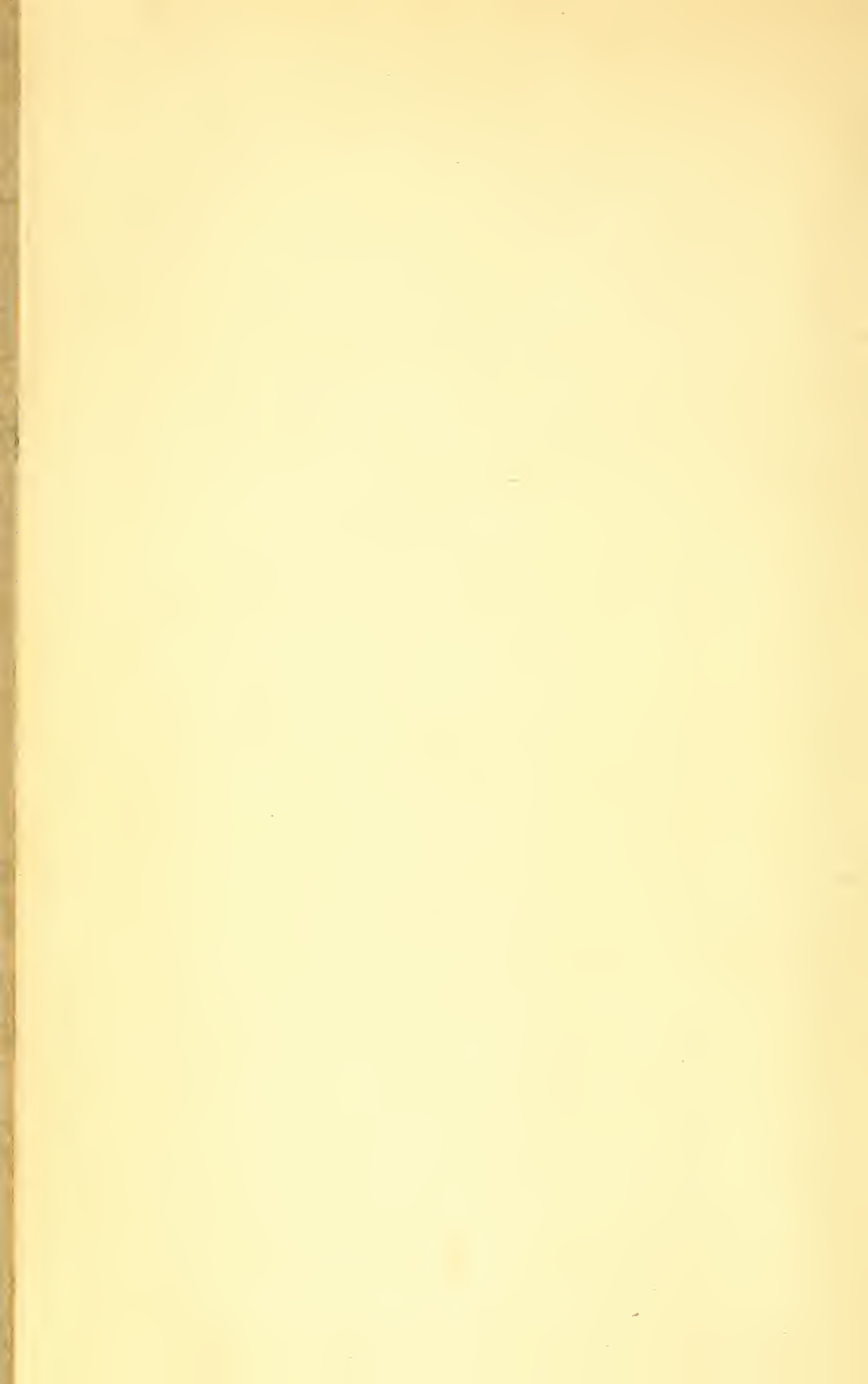








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# ST. MARY'S MUSE

OF

## ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

RALEIGH, N. C.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1914

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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.

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## St. Mary's Hymn

Music by R. BLINN OWEN.

Come one and all, your voices lend,  
In radiant tones our hymn we raise  
To Alma Mater's glory, spend  
Our every effort for her praise.  
With glowing hearts we view these walls,  
To them our girlhood mem'ries cling;  
Yon campus green and well-loved halls,  
To you our grateful hymn we sing.

Hail, hail, constant, true  
Gleams thy light serene!  
We, thy loving daughters,  
Hail St. Mary's queen!

Dear Alma Mater, praise we bring  
For friendships nurtured at your side;  
No dearer, sweeter ties will cling  
To any hearts than here abide.  
Inspired by you our thoughts enfold  
A larger aim. In all you've seemed  
To guide our steps, our lives to mold  
To nobler things we had not dreamed.

Hail, hail, constant, true  
Gleams thy light serene!  
We, thy loving daughters,  
Hail St. Mary's queen!



# ST. MARY'S MUSE

RALEIGH, N. C.

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Published by the Muse Club at St. Mary's School.  
The Student Publication, and the official organ of the Alumnae.

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MARGARET H. BOTTUM, '15.....*Editor*  
PENCIE C. WARREN, '15.....*Business Manager*

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VOL. XIX.

September 19, 1914.

No. 1.

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THE SENIOR CLASS AND THE MUSE CLUB, IN BEHALF OF THE OLD STUDENTS,  
WISH TO EXTEND A HEARTY WELCOME TO ST. MARY'S TO ALL THE NEW GIRLS.

THE MUSE which in past years has been the monthly magazine at St. Mary's published by the Muse Club is to take a slightly different form this year. It is our desire to keep the student life alive with interest and to bring the girls closer in the student organizations through everybody knowing just what everybody else is doing in all the different activities.

In behalf of all the St. Mary's girls of today we ask the Alumnae to keep us in mind more than ever and let us know about themselves as much as possible so that we will feel them an even greater part of the St. Mary's School life.

We are going to publish this paper as often as possible, probably twice a month and the regular magazine number will come out four times during the school year.

It is with a feeling of deep regret that we cannot count Miss Walton one of our number this year. She has been so unwell the past summer that she was not able to return. All of us join in best wishes for Miss Walton's complete recovery. Miss Hart will have charge of the Infirmary this year.

We shall also much miss Miss Rowand, Miss McGavock and Miss Isaacs who will not return, but it is a pleasure to welcome the two new members of the faculty, Miss Barton, the Physical Director, and Miss Seymour, of the Piano Department and Miss Urquhart, who comes back to us from Winthrop, is an old friend.

M. H. B.

Saint Mary's School Library

13786

## What's New to the Old Girls

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Year after year the first question asked by an "Old Girl" is "What's been done this summer? Anything new to see?" And something always has been done and there is always something new to see. This year the new things creep up in almost every spot the "Old Girl" explores.

Even in the oldest places there are some changes: the front hall—that dear old hall which is the despair of the decorator—has lost those ugly benches and regained the old prints and the table held sacred by Miss Ann Sanders as "Dr. Smedes's" and has taken on a fresher appearance, thanks to plants and a few renovations; both dormitories have gained cozy little sitting rooms, or rather corners; and the lower hall of East Rock has been so painted that the light seems fifty per cent stronger. The Class of 1914 will surely hold an indignation meeting at the news that Senior Hall too is fresh and bright with wall papers in varied pretty patterns. The walls and furniture in the Infirmary have been done over so that all there looks very sweet and clean.

The long talked of covered way to the Auditorium is at last complete. Its entrance is reached by means of a stairway leading from the first floor of the Art Building to the once forbidden and mysterious cellar, and thence the covered way leads to the southwest door of the Auditorium.

The greatest of all changes, however, is the equipment of the Gymnasium. This has been the Rector's favorite scheme ever since the big airy room was built, and now it is in the process of being carried out. Apparatus extremely interesting to the ignorant and no doubt doubly so to initiated has been added: a double boom, saddles, a vaulting horse and stall-bars and those of us who came early have already measured, weighed and tested various capacities by means of the several measuring instruments—the new scales, the spirometer and the dyanometer—the one, you know, tests your lung capacity, and the second the strength of your grip. So far George Lay is the strongest breather and Margaret Bottum the tallest girl and—well, I had better not say who is the heaviest.

Seriously, though, all of us think this equipment of the gymnasium a tremendous step in advance. Miss Barton is to devote all her time to Physical Education, and everybody is to have her physical measurements taken and to be given exercises to correct as far as possible physical deficiencies, and everybody is certainly going into gymnastic work with new enthusiasm and zest so that the St. Mary's girl will gain in erectness, strength and grace.

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There are girls at St. Mary's this year representing fifteen states of the Union—Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, Virginia, Alabama, Maryland, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Minnesota, New York and Indiana.



## Household Arts Department

HAZEL A. METCALF.....Domestic Science, Domestic Art

LILLIAN FENNER.....Housekeeper  
 ELISE G. STILES.....Assistant Housekeeper  
 ANNA M. HART.....Matron of the Infirmary  
 DR. A. W. KNOX.....School Physician  
 MRS. MARY IREDELL.....Agent of the Trustees

## Resident Students 1914-'15

Adams, Mattie Moye.....*Durham, N. C.*  
 Adkins, Alice Elizabeth.....*Southport, N. C.*  
 Aiken, Buford King.....*Brunswick, Ga.*  
 Alexander, Florence Elsie.....*Asheville, N. C.*  
 Allen, Virginia Pope.....*Goldsboro, N. C.*  
 Arbogast, Katherine Hutton.....*Asheville, N. C.*  
 Arbogast, Louise Hart.....*Asheville, N. C.*  
 Bacon, Sarah Shellman.....*Savannah, Ga.*  
 Badham, Emma Hudgins.....*Edenton, N. C.*  
 Barbee, Adelyn Andrews.....*Raleigh, N. C.*  
 Barnes, Naomi Ignatius.....*St. Augustine, Fla.*  
 Bartholomew, Ruby Lee.....*Castalia, N. C.*  
 Barton, Agnes Hyde.....*Hartford, Conn.*  
 Beattie, Margaret Hayne.....*Greenville, S. C.*  
 Beatty, Laura L.....*Sudlersville, Md.*  
 Bleakley, Mary Isabelle.....*Augusta, Ga.*  
 Blount, Esther J.....*Ayden, N. C.*  
 Boone, Anna Lewis.....*Macon, Ga.*  
 Borden, Sarah Elizabeth.....*Goldsboro, N. C.*  
 Bottum, Margaret Huntington.....*Linville, N. C.*  
 Bourne, Katherine Wimberly.....*Tarboro, N. C.*  
 Boykin, Hattie Margaret.....*Wilson, N. C.*  
 Braxton, Sadie Charles.....*Kinston, N. C.*  
 Bray, Violet Marie.....*Tryon, N. C.*  
 Brigham, Helen.....*Savannah, Ga.*  
 Brinley, Anne Abell.....*Morristown, N. J.*  
 Brown, Delha.....*Centreville, Md.*  
 Budd, Annie Lester.....*St. Augustine, Fla.*  
 Bunn, Lucie.....*Nashville, N. C.*  
 Burdine, Bessie Anderson.....*Miami, Fla.*  
 Cameron, Annie Sutton.....*Hillsboro, N. C.*  
 Campbell, Elizabeth Irene.....*Atlanta, Ga.*

Cann, Margaret.....	<i>Savannah, Ga.</i>
Carpenter, Kathleen .....	<i>Lancaster, N. H.</i>
Carrison, Elizabeth.....	<i>Camden, S. C.</i>
Carstarphen, Mary Louise.....	<i>Williamston, N. C.</i>
Carter, Margaret Robena.....	<i>Washington, N. C.</i>
Chafer, Aleene Budd.....	<i>Miami, Fla.</i>
Cheatham, Frances Horn.....	<i>Henderson, N. C.</i>
Clark, Placide Bridgers.....	<i>Tarboro, N. C.</i>
Clarke, Florence .....	<i>Middletown, N. C.</i>
Cobb, Maud Barker.....	<i>Atlanta, Ga.</i>
Coles, Eliza Pickens.....	<i>Jacksonville, Fla.</i>
Collier, Carol Gresham.....	<i>Goldsboro, N. C.</i>
Converse, Annabelle .....	<i>Valdosta, Ga.</i>
Cook, Mary Elizabeth.....	<i>Tarboro, N. C.</i>
Copeland, Elizabeth .....	<i>Kinston, N. C.</i>
Corbitt, Elizabeth.....	<i>Henderson, N. C.</i>
Cordon, Grace Kipp.....	<i>Lynchburg, Va.</i>
Crowther, Courtney DeForest.....	<i>Savannah, Ga.</i>
Curry, Helen S.....	<i>Marietta, Ga.</i>
Davis, Eliza Dickinson.....	<i>Wilmington, N. C.</i>
Davis, Emily Polk.....	<i>Wilmington, N. C.</i>
Davis, Emilye.....	<i>Marion Station, Md.</i>
Dawson, Irma Isabel.....	<i>Ayden, N. C.</i>
Divine, Blanche Samuel Carter.....	<i>Carters, Ga.</i>
Dodd, Nellie Agatha.....	<i>Atlanta, Ga.</i>
Drane, Katherine Parker.....	<i>Edenton, N. C.</i>
Edwards, Ida Lee.....	<i>Leesburg, Va.</i>
Erwin, Sarah Lyell.....	<i>West Durham, N. C.</i>
Fairley, Dorothy Shaw.....	<i>Rockingham, N. C.</i>
Fairley, Jeannette.....	<i>Rockingham, N. C.</i>
Floyd, Mary Auning.....	<i>Timmons ville, S. C.</i>
Freeman, Anna Mae.....	<i>Windsor, N. C.</i>
Gaither, Nettie Martin.....	<i>Hertford, N. C.</i>
Galbraith, Selena Emma.....	<i>Waverly Mills, S. C.</i>
Geitner, Frances Royall.....	<i>Hickory, N. C.</i>
Gold, Sarah Elizabeth.....	<i>Wilson, N. C.</i>
Griggs, Margaret Albertson.....	<i>Elizabeth City, N. C.</i>
Hales, Lanie Stanton.....	<i>Wilson, N. C.</i>
Hancock, Matilda Jordan.....	<i>New Bern, N. C.</i>
Hankinson, Leila .....	<i>Augusta, Ga.</i>
Harding, Rena Brickell Hoyt.....	<i>Washington, N. C.</i>
Harris, Louise Virginia.....	<i>Roanoke, Va.</i>
Henry, Dorothy Frances.....	<i>Easton, Md.</i>
Hill, Marjorie .....	<i>Faison, N. C.</i>
Holmes, Caroline.....	<i>Asheville, N. C.</i>
Holmes, Edith Cheesborough.....	<i>Asheville, N. C.</i>

Hope, Mildred Isabell.....	<i>Macon, Ga.</i>
Hughes, Huyla Lee.....	<i>Elizabeth City, N. C.</i>
Huske, Margaret Freeman.....	<i>Great Neck, N. Y.</i>
Jenkins, Elmyra.....	<i>Roanoke Rapids, N. C.</i>
Jenkins, Frances.....	<i>Easton, Md.</i>
Jones, Bettie C.....	<i>Henderson, N. C.</i>
Jones-Williams, Gladys Elizabeth.....	<i>Montevallo, Ala.</i>
Jordan, Wirt Carrington.....	<i>South Boston, Va.</i>
Kincaid, Rosalyn M.....	<i>Wilson, N. C.</i>
King, Anna Belle.....	<i>Louisburg, N. C.</i>
Lamb, Susan Elizabeth.....	<i>Henderson, N. C.</i>
Latham, Alice Cohn.....	<i>Plymouth, N. C.</i>
Lenoir, Sarah Joyce.....	<i>Lenoir, N. C.</i>
Leslie, Margaret.....	<i>Mulberry, Fla.</i>
Lewis, Jessie.....	<i>West Point, Va.</i>
Little, Augusta.....	<i>Wadesboro, N. C.</i>
Maloney, Otilie Louise.....	<i>Key West, Fla.</i>
Mardre, Clara Urie.....	<i>Windsor, N. C.</i>
Marriott, Tempe Battle.....	<i>Battleboro, N. C.</i>
Marshall, Sarah.....	<i>Greenville, S. C.</i>
Martin, Fannie Biggs.....	<i>Williamston, N. C.</i>
Mathes, Mildred Aveline.....	<i>Norfolk, Va.</i>
Meggs, Katherine.....	<i>Jacksonville, Fla.</i>
Mellichampe, Sudie Stevenson.....	<i>High Point, N. C.</i>
Montgomery, Kate Lois.....	<i>Spartanburg, S. C.</i>
Morgan, Henrietta Marshall.....	<i>Pittsboro, N. C.</i>
Mott, Ellen Kownslar.....	<i>Dixondale, Va.</i>
Murphy, Grace.....	<i>Greensboro, Ala.</i>
Myers, Josephine Macon.....	<i>Charleston, S. C.</i>
McAlister, Emily Lewis.....	<i>Greenville, S. C.</i>
McDonald, Anne Kathryn.....	<i>Rockingham, N. C.</i>
McLaughlin, Martha Robbins.....	<i>Statesville, N. C.</i>
MacNair, Katherine.....	<i>Wilson, N. C.</i>
Northcott, Helene Carlton.....	<i>Winton, N. C.</i>
Parker, Dorothy Shepherd.....	<i>Asheville, N. C.</i>
Peel, Eva Irene.....	<i>Williamston, N. C.</i>
Pemberton, Elizabeth Taylor.....	<i>Wilmington, N. C.</i>
Peoples, Helen Read.....	<i>Townesville, N. C.</i>
Philbrook, Lulu C.....	<i>Newburyport, Mass.</i>
Pilkington, Myrtle Hill.....	<i>Pittsboro, N. C.</i>
Pratt, Agnes.....	<i>Madison, N. C.</i>
Pugh, Lois.....	<i>Savannah, Ga.</i>
Pusey, Frances.....	<i>Durham, N. C.</i>
Ravenel, Estelle Stroyier.....	<i>Valdosta, Ga.</i>
Reese, Valerie.....	<i>Pensacola, Fla.</i>
Relyea, Eleanor.....	<i>Washington, D. C.</i>

Ricks, Sarah Routh.....	<i>Tarboro, N. C.</i>
Robert, Susie Corinne .....	<i>Macon, Ga.</i>
Roberts, Lois Mershon.....	<i>Savannah, Ga.</i>
Rose, Nellie Cooper.....	<i>Henderson, N. C.</i>
Rosemond, Sue Gordon.....	<i>Hillsboro, N. C.</i>
Rouse, Eliza Harper.....	<i>La Grange, N. C.</i>
Salmon, Frances Louise.....	<i>Lillington, N. C.</i>
Sikes, Elizabeth Spencer.....	<i>Monroe, N. C.</i>
Smith, Ethel Louise.....	<i>Charleston, S. C.</i>
Smith, Julia Witt.....	<i>Hamlet, N. C.</i>
Smith, Katherine Clarke.....	<i>Raleigh, N. C.</i>
Solomons, Marie Katherine.....	<i>Savannah, Ga.</i>
Sparks, Margaret Hardie.....	<i>Jacksonville, Fla.</i>
Speight, Alula Julia.....	<i>Edenton, N. C.</i>
Stammers, Constance Imogen.....	<i>Sea Cliff, N. Y.</i>
Stallings, Fannie Marie.....	<i>Suffolk, Va.</i>
Stewart, Kathryn Washington.....	<i>New Bern, N. C.</i>
Stigler, Adele Cole.....	<i>Yazoo City, Miss.</i>
Stiles, Elise Clifford.....	<i>Wheeler, Texas</i>
Sublett, Judith Eleanor.....	<i>Harrisonburg, Va.</i>
Thomas, Arabelle Toole.....	<i>Charlotte, N. C.</i>
Thomas, Margaret May.....	<i>Durham, N. C.</i>
Thorn, Rubie Logan.....	<i>Kingstree, S. C.</i>
Tillotson, Frances Marguerite.....	<i>Moorhead, Minn.</i>
Timberlake, Agnes Cotten.....	<i>Raleigh, N. C.</i>
Toomer, Dorothy.....	<i>Jacksonville, Fla.</i>
Vinson, Sadie Walton.....	<i>Littleton, N. C.</i>
Waring, Cornelia Brewster.....	<i>Bedford Hills, N. Y.</i>
Waring, Dorothea.....	<i>Bedford Hills, N. Y.</i>
Warren, Pencie Creecy.....	<i>Edenton, N. C.</i>
Waters, Emily.....	<i>Charlottesville, Va.</i>
Watt, Jacksonia .....	<i>Griffin, Ga.</i>
Welsh, Annie .....	<i>Monroe, N. C.</i>
West, Marye Virginia.....	<i>Hickory, Va.</i>
White, Anna Mullen.....	<i>Elizabeth City, N. C.</i>
White, Marie Louise.....	<i>Salisbury, Md.</i>
Whitehead, Erma Lee.....	<i>Enfield, N. C.</i>
Williams, Mary Webber.....	<i>Augusta, Ga.</i>
Williams, Rita Gay.....	<i>Wilson, N. C.</i>
Williams, Sarah Elizabeth.....	<i>Newton, N. C.</i>
Wilson, Alice Corrinne.....	<i>Winston-Salem, N. C.</i>
Wilson, Josephine Saville.....	<i>Spencer, Va.</i>
Wright, Helen Cherry.....	<i>Boardman, N. C.</i>

Saint Mary's School Library

## The Student Organizations

The Junior Auxiliary Chapters are organized under the direction of Miss Katie McKimmon. Every girl is a member of a Chapter, determined by the location of her room or dormitory. A teacher is elected by the members as director of the Chapter, and meetings are held on Sunday nights or as otherwise planned.

The Class Organizations are Senior, Junior, Sophomore, Freshman and Preparatory. The classification of all students is determined officially by the school. Later, official lists are posted and the classes organize, elect officers and plan as far as possible the program for the term. Everybody belongs to a class and everybody joins the organization in anticipation of the fun that comes at those now famous Class Parties, and best of all the final School Party where you are "out of it" if you are not a member of your class organization. Don't be on the fence a second, join when the meeting is called.

There are three Literary Societies, the Sigma Lambda, the Epsilon Alpha Pi and the Alpha Rho. Every girl should be a member of one of them and enter with the determination to keep the meetings keen with life and interest. We are beginning a new year and new work is ahead of us as well as pleasures, so let's join in making "our" Society the most alive and best attended one of all. The meetings are held Tuesday evenings at 7:15 (immediately after prayers).

Athletic Organizations. There are two Athletic associations, the Sigma and the Mu. Membership in these is voluntary but every one is expected to belong to one or the other taking part in whichever divisions she is most interested: tennis, basketball and walking. The meetings are occasional as called by the officers.

The Dramatic Club is under the direction of Miss Davis, the Elocution Director. Those taking elocution and all other students interested in dramatics are invited to volunteer to Miss Davis when a meeting is called. Attendance at the meetings as arranged for work is compulsory.

The Muse Club is limited in number to twenty-five members mostly Juniors and Seniors. The Club maintains the Muse Room for the use of all students. There is a magazine rack full of magazines and papers from High Schools and Colleges all over the United States. Perhaps your home School paper is among them and you are invited to read the magazines at any time you wish. The Muse Room is always open afternoons and Sundays. Please do not take the books from the room.

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All books, School materials and stationery are to be had at the Post Office. Pennants, St. Mary's table covers and pillow tops may be gotten from Pencie Warren in the Muse Room. Prices are reasonable.

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Every girl wants her mail just as soon as possible. You know how it is to get a letter from home! Stay in single line and don't "fudge."



## Calendar for 1914-15

1914.

September 14, Monday.....	Faculty assemble at St. Mary's.
September 15, Tuesday.....	Registration and Classification of City Pupils; New Boarding Pupils report by 7 p. m.
September 16, Wednesday.....	Preliminary Examinations; Old Boarding Pupils report by 7 p. m.; Registration and Classification of Boarding Pupils.
September 17, Thursday.....	Opening service of Advent Term (First Half-year) at 9 a. m.
November 1, Sunday.....	All Saints: Founders' Day.
November 19, Thursday.....	Second Quarter begins.
November 26.....	Thanksgiving Day.
December 19—January 5.....	Christmas Recess.

1915.

January 5, Tuesday.....	All pupils report by 7 p. m.
January 28, Thursday.....	Easter Term (Second Half-year) begins.
February 17, Ash Wednesday.....	Lent begins.
March 18, Thursday.....	Last Quarter Begins.
March 28, Palm Sunday.....	Annual Visit of the Bishop for Confirmation.
April 2, Good Friday.....	Holy Day.
April 4.....	Easter Day.
May 12, Wednesday.....	Alumnae Day: 73d Anniversary of the Founding of St. Mary's.
May 23—May 25.....	Commencement Season.
September 16, Thursday.....	74th Session Begins.

*No absence from the school is allowed at or near Thanksgiving Day, Washington's Birthday, or from Palm Sunday to Easter inclusive. The only recess is at Christmas.*



# ST. MARY'S MUSE

OF

## ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

RALEIGH, N. C.

OCTOBER 5, 1914

## Alma Mater

(Tune: "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms.")

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

Beloved St. Mary's! how great is our debt!  
Thou hast cared for thy daughters full well;  
They can never thy happy instructions forget,  
Nor fail of thy virtues to tell.  
The love that they feel is a heritage pure;  
An experience wholesome and sweet.  
Through fast rolling years it will grow and endure;  
Be a lamp and a guide to their feet.

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

H. E. H., 1905.

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## Some Important Dates in the History of St. Mary's

May 12, 1842—St. Mary's opened.

April 25, 1877—Dr. Aldert Smedes died.

June, 1879—The first class "graduated."

June 5-9, 1892—Semi-Centennial Celebration.

May, 1897—The School passed to the Church.

February 22, 1899—Dr. Bennett Smedes died.

April 3, 1909—Laying of the cornerstone of the new buildings.

April 20, 1910—Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Dr. Aldert Smedes.

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November 1st (All Saints') is regularly observed by the School and the Alumnae as "Founders' Day."

May 12th is kept as "Alumnae Day."

# ST. MARY'S MUSE

RALEIGH, N. C.

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Published by the Muse Club at St. Mary's School.  
The Student Publication, and the official organ of the Alumnae.

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MARGARET H. BOTTUM, '15.....*Editor*  
PENCIE C. WARREN, '15.....*Business Manager*

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Vol. XIX.

October 5, 1914.

No. 2.

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We are now well started into the new School year and the days are very full. The time that is not occupied with lessons and regular school duties is filled with social activities of various sorts. Visiting around the halls, dancing in the recreation hour after dinner, and walking, besides trips down town, keep us all pretty well occupied in spare time. But no matter how busy we may be with different things let us not forget any important thing, and let us all join in the many student activities with interest and enthusiasm. The different clubs, especially the State Clubs, the Walking and Kodak Clubs and perhaps the Riding Club, if there are enough members to make the required number, and the Athletic Associations are to be organized soon.

Please let us have a Thanksgiving Basket Ball game. It means quick and lively work for both Sigmas and Mus but everybody is interested. You know that the Faculty team may challenge us this year, so look out!

Even if we can not have Emma Bouknight this year for the Walking Club we hope the membership will be large and that many will also belong to the Kodak Club. We want to get lots of jolly pictures for our MUSE, and the Walking Club can help much with its experiences which we well know are often worthy of publication.

Everybody interested in riding will learn the full particulars about the Riding Club a little later, but girls, you know there must be at least six to ride each Monday that a trip is planned, or we can not keep the Club up.

We are all glad to welcome the new members into our different Literary Societies and it is for each of us to keep "Our Society" ahead of the others in interest and good attendance. Each one must do her part and not leave it to the others, for each member is an essential part of her Literary Society.

M. H. B.

## School News

### *Sept. 19th: The Reception to the New Girls.*

On the first Saturday night, September 19th, after the arrival of the New Girls, a reception was given them by the Old Girls. It was held in the Parlor where Progressive Conversation gave every girl a chance for introduction to all the other students and to the members of the Faculty. Pretty cards were made out for the Progressive Conversation which was so arranged that the Old Girls who acted as escorts changed partners at the end of every five minutes, when a bell was rung.

Delicious refreshments of orange-ice and cakes were served in the Muse Room which was effectively decorated for the occasion with ferns and flowers. Everyone registered in the St. Mary's Book which is kept from year to year for the Opening Reception. It was with a feeling of loss that the Old Girls could not see many dear familiar names in this year's registration.

The evening was closed by an informal dance in the parlor and everyone left with the happy feeling which one of the New Girls expressed: "Why, I know everybody! and I hardly knew my room-mates before."

### *Sept. 23rd: Thursday Night Talk.*

The first of the weekly "Thursday Talks" was made on the 23rd by Mr. Lay. After speaking of the most important regulations necessary in the school life, he emphasized the importance of taking care of one's health, laying stress on the benefit of erect carriage to health and to good looks.

### *Sept. 26th: The Alpha Rho Reception.*

On Saturday night, September the 26th, the Alpha Rho Literary Society gave the annual reception in honor of its new members. The reception was held in the Muse Room which was attractively decorated for the occasion with ferns and the Society pennants and banners. Besides the members of the Alpha Rho Society, the officers of the other Societies and the Faculty and the Seniors were present.

Delicious refreshments of salad and ice cream and cake were served while many toasts were offered around the punch bowl to the success of the Society. Attractive tiny red lobsters and crabs at the side of the salad plates were given as favors. The evening passed all too quickly, and all united in expressions of pleasure to Miss Matilda Hancock, the President of the Alpha Rho Society who acted as chief hostess.

### *Sept. 28th: First Faculty Recital.*

The first of the series of Faculty Recitals of the year was given Monday evening, September 28th, by Misses Shull, Abbott and Seymour. The following program was rendered:

#### I.

- (a) Gavotte in E major .....*Bach*  
 (b) Novellette in E major .....*Schumann*

## II.

- "Aria" from "Herodiade" .....*Massenet*  
 "Il est doux, il est bon"

## III.

- (a) Chant Nègre .....*A. Walter Kramer*  
 (b) Les Farfadets .....*Pente*

## IV.

- Etude in D flat major .....*Liszt*

## V.

- (a) Spring Rapture .....*Strickland*  
 (b) "Bring Her Again, O Western Wind".....*Landon-Ronald*  
 (c) Before the Dawn .....*Oscar Meyer*

## VI.

- Rondo Capriccioso .....*Saint-Saens*

## VII.

- Ave Maria (Meditation from "Thais").....*Massenet*  
 Violin Obligato

Miss Shull, who is well known in Raleigh, sang with her usual ease and brilliancy. She responded to an enthusiastic recall with Spross's charming "Will O' the Wisp." Miss Abbott's violin numbers were rendered with intelligence and good phrasing. Miss Seymour, the new member of the musical faculty, played with faultless technique and was warmly greeted.

The concert was delightful throughout and was attended by a large and appreciative audience. N. A. P.

## First Meetings of the Literary Societies

The Literary Societies held the first formal meetings on Tuesday night, September 29th.

The Alpha Rho Literary Society met in the French Room to welcome back the old members and to extend to the new ones a very cordial welcome. After the new members were sworn in, a very interesting program was carried out and the by-laws read. There being no further business the meeting was adjourned.

The Sigma Lambda Society held a most successful meeting in the History Room and received its new members, who show great promise to help in carrying on the work and ambitions of the Society. The History of the Society and the life of Sidney Lanier, whose name the Society bears, were read. One of his famous poems was read in conclusion and the meeting, which seemed to have been enjoyed by all, was adjourned.

The Epsilon Alpha Pi Society met as usual in the English Room in the Art Building. The President, Miss Agnes Barton, extended a cordial welcome to all. The new members were then taken in with the oath of allegiance and a delightful program followed. The history and purpose of the Society were read and the life of Edgar Allen Poe, after whom the Society was named, was given. In conclusion a selection from his works was read.

M. B.

## Old Friends

Each year brings its inevitable changes but the "old girl" of this year seems to feel a special void in the absence of those three old and familiar friends—Miss Walton, Mr Hodgson and Mr. Harrison.

Miss Walton, in her capacity of Matron of the Infirmary, has been able to comfort and cheer many a St. Mary's girl at times when comfort and cheer were most acceptable and won a warm place in the hearts of many. Herself a St. Mary's girl of the '60s, she took up her duties in the Infirmary in 1901, and not only was one of the oldest members of the Faculty in point of service but was second to none in affection for and devotion to her Alma Mater. She had richly earned the right to retire but it is a source of deep regret that ill health should compel this retirement, especially this session when the Infirmary is looking so well with its newly decorated interior, an improvement on which she had much set her heart. Miss Walton is now living at her home, "Brookwood," just outside of Morganton, where one of her brothers and her sister, Miss Louise Walton, another St. Mary's girl, also have their home.

Mr. Hodgson, who has had charge of the School pianos for many years and in connection with his work with them, has spent each year a number of weeks in the family during his quarterly visits, had had a longer continuous connection with St. Mary's than any person connected with the School, except "Miss Katie." As last year's Seniors put it in dedicating to him the 1914 Annual, he has been "for more than thirty years entertainer, adviser and friend of St. Mary's girls," and is "the composer of the school song and of many class songs." He has done much, both in advice and by contribution, to make the annual MUSES a success, and generation after generation of St. Mary's girls have felt it a treat to know him. He too feels now that he has earned the right to retire and in lightening his work he gives up his duties here, though we hope to continue to see him, and in his songs he will be long remembered. Mr. Hodgson, who is the brother of Mrs. Frances Hodgson-Burnett and the father of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," has his home in Norfolk.

Mr. Harrison, who had been engineer in charge of the Laundry and Steam Plant the past six years, in addition to his particular duties had found such a multitude of ways in which to add to the little comforts of St. Mary's life and was always so ready to do any favor in his power that it is hard to accustom ourselves to his non-appearance, though it would be selfish of us not to wish him well in the promotion which takes him from St. Mary's to a position in the city.



## Local Enrollment, 1914-15

### *Academic Department.*

Bonner, Virginia Lucile	McCulloch, Maude
Chester, Arlene	Newsom, Margaret
Clarke, Florence	Riddick, Lillian Ivy.
Edwards, Margaret Alice	Sears, Frances McKee
Folk, Bessie McMorine	Smith, Leah Marion
Guirkin, Chloe Mary	Smith, Lillian Murray
Hughes, Martha Elizabeth	Snow, Helen Caroline
Hughes, Katherine Dorothy	Spencer, Alma Louise
Lay, Elizabeth Atkinson	Stone, Florence Douglas
Lay, Ellen Booth	Strong, Frances Lambert
Linehan, Marie Dorothea	Telfair, Elizabeth Alexander
Mann, Edna Earle	Thornburgh, Allene Estelle
Mann, Edith Matilda	Till, Jessie Freda
Mann, Margaret Emma	Walker, Elizabeth LeGrand
Manning, Julia Cain	Williamson, Gladys Mial
Merritt, Emma Louise	Yates, Gladys Eccles
Yates, Mildred Johns	

### *Business Department.*

Alston, Mary Blanche	Beckwith, Chloe
Anderson, Mildred McKee	Blue, Lottie Bell
Baker, Rebecca Marion	Jeffreys, Grace Joyce
Jordan, Julia Graham	Kaplan, Eva

### *Preparatory "A."*

Barber, Harriet Atkinson	Hoke, Mary McKee
Blacknall, Ella Taylor	Lay, Anna Rogers
Cross, Elizabeth Murray	Linehan, Susan Eugenia
Hill, Randolph Isabel	Royster, Virginia Page
Shepherd, Lillias	

### *Lower Preparatory.*

#### II.

Baker, Elizabeth Whitehead	Johnson, Charlotte Elizabeth
Baker, Katherine Haywood	Lay, Lucy FitzHugh
Browne, Cicely Cushman	Robbins, Roella
Cameron, Sallie	Staudt, Janie Helen
Ellington, Josephine Woolcott	Woolcott, Elizabeth Brydon

#### I.

Boylston, Adelaide Snow	Raney, Margaret Denson
Morgan, Mary Strange	Rosenthal, Corrinne Frances

*Primary.*

Barber, Elizabeth Swann	Jones, Isabel Hay
Denson, Sarah	Lay, Virginia Harrison
Halstead, Phyllis Mary	Pendleton, Sylbert
Howard, Dorothy Louise	Williams, Evelyn Ivy
Yates, Mary Elizabeth.	

*Special.*

Bowen, Anne Goulder	Jones, Willa Gladys
Bowen, Eunice Woodward	Keyes, Anna Rose
Bowen, Isabel Worth	Lasater, Hattie May
Chamberlain, Melissa E.	Moore, Albertine Crudup
Cheshire, Mr. Godfrey	Nelson, Charlotte Ruth
Giersch, Alice May	Oldham, Eula Ruth
Griffith, Mr. Wm. B.	Robbins, Mr. Edwin E.
Guirkin, Alice Florence	Seymore, Swannie
Guirkin, Mary Clark	Wood, Caro
Wood, Virginia Franklin	

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## With the Girls of Last Year

Etta Burt and Martha Johnson, of course, head the news with their adventure in matrimony. Etta Burt became Mrs. J. K. Warren on June 20th, and Martha Johnson became Mrs. M. A. Newman on June 29th.

Among the St. Mary's girls who have this year entered other schools are Miriam Reynolds, who takes up the A. B. course at Agnes Scott College; Anne Mitchell who will take the regular course at Winthrop College; Adelaide Parker who enters St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, N. J.; Ellen Childs who returns to the College for Women, and Margaret Beattie who will be a non-resident student at Greenville Female College (S. C.).

Dorothy Budge is having a rare experience this winter. After spending the summer at their summer home at Wakefield, R. I., with her father, mother and younger sister, they started the middle of August for a trans-continental automobile trip. They will reach California by easy stages in October and spend the winter there, returning after the Exposition next summer. When last heard from here they were about to cross the Great Desert.

Eliza Skinner and Martha Wright are kept out of school this session by illness. Both are much disappointed. Eliza Skinner hoped till the last to be able to return and graduate but following her physician's advice she will spend the year in rest instead. Martha Wright hoped to take her Piano Certificate but by the doctor's advice will postpone it a year, resting in the meantime.

## With the Class of 1914

Of course their friends are very much interested in the start which the members of the Class of 1914 have made in putting their St. Mary's training into practice. We hope to do them more honor later but must confine ourselves here to a brief mention of each.

Julia Allen and Melba McCullers continue in school. Julia Allen has entered Randolph-Macon Woman's College at Lynchburg and hopes to graduate there in two years. She stopped at St. Mary's on her way to Randolph-Macon to enter her sister, Virginia, here. Melba McCullers has entered Barnard College, Columbia University, as a special student in English, and is looking forward to a fine year in New York.

Sophonria and Julia Cooper, Sallie Heyward, Josephine and Mary Clark Smith, and Myrtle Warren are teaching. Sophronia Cooper, did good work at the University Summer School at Chapel Hill, where she was Circulation Manager of the *Summer School Weekly*, and is now teaching in the High School Department of the Oxford Schools. Julia Cooper is doing mission school teaching at Valle Crucis, in the District of Asheville, where her aunt, Miss Mary E. Horner, is principal. Sallie Heyward is principal of the two-room school at Cleonta, S. C.; Josephine Smith is teaching in the grades and also teaching music at Beaufort, N. C.; Mary Clark Smith is at Lawrence, N. C., and Myrtle Warren, last but not least, has department work in the Weldon (N. C.) High School.

Grace Crews entered her probationer's training for nursing at the Children's Hospital in Washington, D. C., in June. She has now passed her examinations and been accepted as a regular candidate.

Laura Clark, throughout the summer put her training in stenography to practical use and is acceptably filling a regular position this fall in her home town, Scotland Neck.

Emma Bouknight was to have spent the year abroad but her plans were necessarily suspended.

Laura Margaret Hoppe, Susie McIver, Kate Hale Silver, Mary Tyson, and Nellie Wood as yet lend themselves to home and the social life of their home towns.

All are missed at St. Mary's and all we are sure are, especially this month, missing St. Mary's.

## Alumnae Weddings

Among the Alumnae marriages of the summer have been the following:

*Zollicoffer—Bencini:* On Wednesday, June 3rd, in New York City, Miss Robah Kerner Bencini (S.M.S., 1909-11), of High Point, N. C., to Mr. Dallas Bancroft Zollicoffer, Jr.

*Lord—Parker:* On Wednesday, June 3rd, at the home of the bride, Princeton, N. J., Miss Catherine de Rosset Parker (S.M.S., 1907-11) to Mr. John Bright Lord.

*Stancell—Gilbert:* On Wednesday, June 3rd, at the home of the bride, Lo Lo, Montana, Miss Fredrika May Gilbert (S.M.S., 1910-11) to Dr. William Wiley Stancell, of Raleigh. Dr. and Mrs. Stancell are at home at the State Hospital where Dr. Stancell is Assistant Superintendent.

*Harding—Bragaw:* On Wednesday, June 3rd, in St. Peter's Church, Washington, N. C., Miss Katherine Masters Blount Bragaw (S.M.S., 1910-11) to Mr. Edmund Hoyt Harding, of Washington, N. C.

*Crook—Green:* On Wednesday, June 17th, at the country home of the bride, "Elk Hill," Va., Miss Millian Cooke Green (S.M.S., 1909-11), of Denver, Col., and Dr. Jere Lawrence Crook.

*Warren—Burt:* On Saturday, June 20th, at the home of the bride, Trenton, N. C., Miss Etta Rollins Burt (S.M.S., 1911-14) to Mr. Julien Knox Warren, also of Trenton.

*Newman—Johnson:* On Monday, June 29th, at the home of the bride, Smithfield, Va., Miss Martha Watson Johnson (S.M.S., 1913-14) to Dr. Myron Albert Newman, of Norfolk, Va.

*Johnson—White:* On Monday, July 6th, at the country home of the bride, "Primrose Hill," Saluda, N. C., Miss Mary Dell White (S.M.S., 1909-10), of Jacksonville, Fla., and Mr. William Henry Johnson, of the same city.

*Lawrence—Lewis:* On Wednesday, July 29th, at the home of the bride, Statesville, N. C., Miss Flora Lewis (S.M.S., 1912-13) to Dr. Elmo Nathaniel Lawrence.

## Daily Routine at St. Mary's 1914-15

### SUNDAYS:

7:30	"	Rising Bell.
7:50 a. m.		Early Communion (voluntary, 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays).
8:30	"	Breakfast.
10:00	"	Sunday Class.
11:00	"	Morning Service.
1:00 p. m.		Dinner.
3:30—4:30.		Quiet Hour ("Meditation Hour").
5:00 p. m.		Evening Service.
5:50	"	Supper.
9:30	"	Light Bell.

### MONDAYS:

7:00 a. m.		Rising Bell.
7:30	"	Breakfast, followed by Prayers and Assembly.
10:00—11:00.		Special Study Hour ("Detention Hour").
10:00—12:30.		Shopping Hours.
1:00 p. m.		Lunch.
6:30	"	Dinner.
7:00	"	Chapel.
7:30—8:00.		Recreation (in Parlor).
8:00—9:30.		Study Hour.
10:00 p. m.		Light Bell.

### SCHOOL DAYS:

7:00 a. m.		Rising Bell.
7:30	"	Breakfast.
8:30—9:00.		Study.
9:00—9:30.		Chapel, followed by Assembly.
9:30—1:00.		Recitations and Study.
1:00 p. m.		Lunch.
1:45—3:45.		Recitations and Study.
3:45—5:30.		Exercise, Laboratory, etc.
6:30 p. m.		Dinner.
7:00	"	Evening Chapel (Prayers on Tuesdays and Thursdays). (Tuesdays: Literary Society Meetings after Prayers.) (Thursdays: "Thursday Talks" in School Room after Prayers.)
8:00—9:30.		Study Hour. (Saturdays: Recreation and Calling Hour.)
10:00 p. m.		Light Bell.

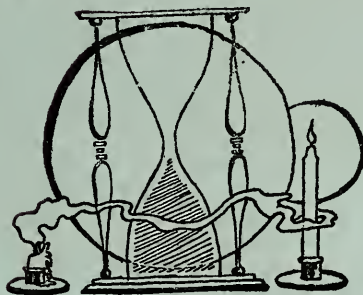


# ST. MARY'S MUSE

OF

## ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

RALEIGH, N. C.



OCTOBER 31, 1914

## Hail, St. Mary's

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In a grove of stately oak trees,  
Where the sunlight lies,  
Stands St. Mary's true and noble,  
'Neath the Southern skies.

Far and wide, oh sound her praises,  
Chorus full and free,  
Hail, St. Mary's, Alma Mater,  
Hail, all hail to thee!

Well we love the little chapel,  
Ever hold it dear;  
Hear the echoes of the music,  
Rising soft and clear.  
Far and wide, etc.

There the ivy and the roses  
Climb the old stone wall,  
There the sweet, enticing bird-notes  
Sound their magic call.  
Far and wide, etc.

And the bonds of friendship strengthen  
As her beauties charm,  
We draw close to Alma Mater,  
Trust her guiding arm.  
Far and wide, etc.



# ST. MARY'S MUSE

RALEIGH, N. C.

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Published by the Muse Club at St. Mary's School.  
The Student Publication, and the official organ of the Alumnae.

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MARGARET H. BOTTUM, '15.....*Editor*  
PENCIE C. WARREN, '15.....*Business Manager*

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VOL. XIX.

October 31, 1914.

No. 3.

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## Mademoiselle's Interesting Trip From Paris During the Mobilization

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*Mademoiselle Rudnicka has been in charge of the French Department at St. Mary's since 1912. She is herself from Paris, where her family are now living. Her three nephews have already seen hard service in the French lines, whence they write interesting letters. Mademoiselle had no passport, and when on her trip back to America she was called on to prove her American residence, she did so by means of the "St. Mary's Blue Book" of 1914 in which is given her Raleigh address.*

To spend my vacation at home is of course my dearest pleasure and it was so again this year when I left St. Mary's for Paris, until the terrible war broke out.

We knew that Germany had always been watching an opportunity for war and had been preparing for it for years. We had already avoided it several times. We had alliances with powerful countries and we thought and hoped that she would realize that such a conflict would bring slaughter, and that her Christian and humane feelings would be blighted in consequence of such a scourge.

Servia was the match that set Europe on fire. Should Russia in order to help Servia take the offensive, we would not be driven into it; but if Germany should declare war on Russia, we would have to go—Oh! what anxious moments we passed during these days of waiting!

We did not want war! war belongs to the past. War among civilized nations is annihilation of civilization, and France always has been at the head

of civilization. War is no longer the ideal of our writers; they have other ideals.

Then news after news came, and both the mediation from Sir Edward Grey and even a promising answer from the Emperor of Austria failed. Germany sent an ultimatum to Russia, and then an ultimatum to France. War was declared. France knew her duty, and so did her sons.

Mobilization being started, all men from twenty-two to forty-seven years old had to leave home at once. Days and nights trains took them to the front. In Paris, mothers, wives, children, fiancées were accompanying their beloved ones to the station by the thousands. How cruel was that parting! Under their courage and bravery, what a sorrow to the inmost of the souls of these French women. Then women and girls rushed to be accepted for the Red Cross, but they were too many and too many untrained, and all could not be taken. The Lady Principal of a college in Paris having been appointed to form a section of Red Cross volunteers chose from among her pupils those who had been studying English or German so that they could bring some comfort to the wounded or the dying in sending home for them a last adieu or reading for them a letter long looked for.

Paris was then another Paris. Few automobiles could be seen in the streets and there were no more autobuses, horses or delivery wagons. They had been put into requisition by the government. On account of lack of transportation, food became scarce, cafes were closed at 9 p. m. and theaters and concerts did not open their doors.

Thousands of foreigners attempted to leave Paris and reach England through Havre, the only port open on the English Channel at this time. This could be done only after innumerable regulations and wordless fatigue. The trip from Paris to Havre which takes usually three hours could not be made in less than fourteen hours, and what a trip! No food could be had on the way, and travellers, soldiers, and prisoners were all mingled together.

The prisoners who were on the train on my way back were German spies dressed in French uniforms. The journey on the ocean was very perilous. Mines had been placed at the mouth of the English Channel and German cruisers were trying to capture French and English steamers. We had to stop several times. The boat was crowded from top to bottom, people slept everywhere, on deck, in the dining room, music room, etc. Our state room was turned into a drying place. We had to tax our ingenuity to set our wits to work to appear decent, as only one hand bag was allowed to be taken and no trunks.

Le Havre, where we were kept until the sea was safe, presented the most impressive aspect. French troops meeting English soldiers who were landing every day, Canadians arriving also and met by both English and French, all seemed determined and confident, marched by the streets among throngs of people whose enthusiastic songs and cheers could never be forgotten. England and France had been for centuries strong enemies but the desire for higher ambition, the progress of civilization, the same desire for peace could be contained in two words, "L'entente Cordiale" and may these two nations

in a common effort and as a reward for their great sacrifice bring peace and concord forever.

Then we went on and reached New York, all feeling the strain which had been upon us. Happy were those who were Home again. A letter from Mr. Lay was waiting for me telling me to come and rest at St. Mary's, where a warm welcome from all was given to the Refugee.

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## In Memoriam

### MRS. LAURA BAKER DOWD

At her residence, in West Raleigh during the evening of October 3d, in her seventy-eighth year, Mrs. Laura Baker Dowd, mother of our Music Director, Miss Martha A. Dowd, passed peacefully into the rest of Paradise.

St. Mary's through the MUSE extends to Miss Dowd deepest sympathy in this her irreparable loss.

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We were very glad to welcome back among us this week one of the very dearest members of St. Mary's, Elizabeth Tarry, who visited Helen Peoples for a few days. Elizabeth with her guitar in the midst of a crowd singing the "old songs" and the School songs reminded many of us old girls of other happy evenings of the years when she was one of us.

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## School News

### *Oct. 3d: The Sigma Lambda Reception.*

The Sigma Lambda Literary Society gave its annual reception in honor of its new members on the evening of October 3d, in the MUSE room. The room and hall were very effectively decorated with masses of golden rod and fern which made a very pretty background for other decorations in the Society's colors. The officers of the Society received, and gave a very cordial welcome to the new members, and other guests.

Delicious refreshments of salad, ice cream and cake were served, the favors being tiny hand painted flags of the different nations at war. Punch was also served. The evening closed all too soon and everyone left with regret.

### *Oct. 6th: The Inter-Society Meeting.*

The first of the inter-society meetings was held in the parlor on the evening of October the 6th, with Miss Lanie Hales presiding. The meeting was well attended by both the Faculty and the girls. The following program was rendered:

"Die Wacht Am Rhine".....*By the German Classes*  
 "The Position of Servia and Belgium in the War".....*By Eliza Davis*

- "The Outbreak of Hostilities" .....By Elsie Alexander
- "La Marseillaise" .....Sung by the French Classes
- "Latest News of the War".....By Lois Pugh
- Poem, "Waterloo".....Read by Elizabeth Carrison

At the opening chords of the Marseillaise everyone rose involuntarily and remained standing during the remainder of the song which was certainly sung with much spirit. The program was concluded by our own national hymn "America." M. A. F.

*Oct. 8: "Thursday Talk.*

"The time has come," the walrus said,  
 "To speak of many things,  
 Of ships and shoes and sealing wax,  
 Of cabbages and kings."

Miss Thomas began her talk on Thursday night with this familiar jingle, and it turned out that the "ships and shoes"—when dramatically reproduced by Miss Thomas made us "see ourselves as others see us." The girls' continued enthusiastic applause showed their keen appreciation of the talk, and each one felt a determination to put those gentle reminders into action. M. A. F.

*Oct. 10th: The Rector at Hillsboro.*

The Rector has just returned from Hillsboro where he attended the Raleigh Convocation. On Sunday he gave us an outline of the work discussed during this meeting. He was very much impressed by the reports on Missions and gave us some very interesting accounts of the work being done in small rural communities. He favored the plan of assigning to different ones a definite portion of work to be done, and hopes to introduce a similar system here at St. Mary's. M. A. F.

*Oct 10th: The Epsilon Alpha Pi Reception.*

On Saturday night, October 10th, the Epsilon Alpha Pi gave the annual reception in honor of its new members. The Muse Room was beautifully decorated in golden rod and evergreens which carried out the Society's colors very effectively. The officers of the Society acted as hostesses and welcomed the new members, the Faculty, the officers of the other two Societies, and the Seniors.

Delicious refreshments of salad, ice cream and cake were then served by the old members of the Society, while the punch bowl was a popular feature during the whole evening. The favors, little Black Cats tied with green and gold ribbon were unique reminders of the story by Edgar Allan Poe for whom the Society was named. The evening passed all too quickly and on leaving the guests expressed their pleasure to Miss Agnes Barton, the President, in having had a very delightful time, C. C.

Oct. 16th: Peace-St. Mary's Concert Series. Jennie Dufau, Prima Donna Coloratura Soprano Chicago-Philadelphia Grand Opera Co., St. Mary's Auditorium, Friday, October 16th, 8:30 P. M.

We read this notice on the bulletin board every day for a week, without the slightest realization of what it was to mean to us. For how could we know, that Jenny Dufau with her beautiful art and vivid personal charm, would take the audience by storm and give us one of the most delightful evenings ever spent at St. Mary's. Miss Dufau seemed to sing with as little effort as a bird or a mountain stream, and her moods are as "Variable as the shade, by the light quivering aspen made." But there is something more—deep down there is a throbbing heart.

We shall not forget her rendering of "Solvejg's Song" with its plaintive melodies speaking of loneliness and faith and patient heartache; nor of the "Wiegenlied" with its caressing tenderness. There were five encores and when the "down town" part of the audience went home, the girls crowded around her on the stage and begged for "just one more" which she graciously gave.

Miss Dufau was dressed in the peasant Sunday costume of her native Alsatian village, as her wardrobe was lost in Europe this summer. Indeed her home and all personal belongings were sacrificed in the war, and her aged father, her sister and herself narrowly escaped being shot as spies.

#### PROGRAM.

- I. (a) Quel ruscelletto .....P. D. Paradies  
 (b) Odorava l' April .....A. Parelli  
 (c) Dites que faut-il faire .....Air du XVIII siècle
- II. Air from "Barber of Seville" .....Rossini
- III. (a) Filles de Cadix .....L. Delibes  
 (b) Chanson de Solvejg .....Grieg  
 (c) Wiegenlied .....Humperdinck  
 (d) Und Niemand hat's gesehn .....C. Loewe
- IV. Valse from "Juliette et Romeo" .....Gounod
- V. (a) Irish Love Song .....M. Ruthven Lang  
 (b) The Leaves of the Wind .....Leoni  
 (c) Cradle Song .....L. Carrier Worrell  
 (d) The Charm of Spring .....R. C. Clark

## Alumnae Weddings

*Bayley—Gray:* On Tuesday, July 21st, in Raleigh, N. C., Miss Caro Gray (S. M. S., 1904-'05) to Mr. Eldon Dieus Bayley.

*Simpson—Moore:* On Thursday, October 1st, at Cedar Mountain, S. C., Miss Cordelia Moore (S. M. S., 1913-'14) to Mr. Joseph Nardin Simpson.

*Stewart—Thompson:* On Wednesday, October 14th, in Baltimore, Md., Miss Marguerite Vertner Thompson, '08 (S. M. S., 1906-'08), to Mr. Warren Adams Stewart.

*Cork—Ruff:* On Wednesday, October 21st, in Ridgeway, S. C., Miss Harriet Elizabeth Ruff, '06 (S. M. S., 1902-'06), to Mr. Travis Coleman Cork.

*Lester—Burfoot:* On Saturday, October 24th, in Elizabeth City, N. C., Miss Ada Aydlett Burfoot (S. M. S., 1910-'11) to Dr. William Evans Lester.

*Bowden—Bruce:* On Wednesday, October 28th, in Portsmouth, Va., Miss Katherine Marsden Bruce (S. M. S., 1910-'11) to Mr. Henry Bowden.

We have already had several visits from the girls of the Class of '14, and hope to see many more in the near future. Laura Clark has promised us a visit, which we hope she will make good. Melba McCullers has been with us twice and we were all glad to see her well and strong again and able to go to Barnard in good health. As you know Julia Allen made us a nice visit on her way to Randolph-Macon. Kate Hale Silver, just her same old self, drops in every once in a while to remind us of old times.

Evelyn Maxwell came a few days ago for a brief stay and we have had a few scant glimpses of Patsy Smith, who is, of course, having a "good time," now that she is out of school.

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## Our Exchanges

It will be a great pleasure to welcome back among our Exchanges the old friends of last year. We hope that they will not be long in coming to replace the Commencement numbers which now fill the racks. We wish all the Editors the very best of success in their year's work with the magazines and papers. Especially do we wish to encourage our "new" friend, "*The Watch*," of Porter Military Academy, on its way to a second year of success.

Our present exchange list includes the following magazines: *The Acorn*, Meredith College; *The Chronicle*, Clemson College; *The College of Charleston Magazine*; *College Message*, Greensboro Normal College; *Davidson College Magazine*; *Erothesian*, Lander College; *Focus*, G. F. C., Greensboro; *Folio*, Flushing High School, N. Y.; *Furman Echo*, Furman University; *Enterprise*, Raleigh High School; *Hollins Magazine*; *Horae Scholasticae*, St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.; *Lenoirian*, Lenoir College; *Maryland Collegian*, Maryland College; *Mercerian*, Mercer University; *Messenger*, Durham High School; *Monthly Chronicle*, Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Va.; *Oracle*,

Duval High School; *Oracle*, Woodberry Forest School; *Pine and Thistle*, Southern Presbyterian College; *Quill*, Staten Island Academy; *Radiant*, Atlantic Christian College; *Red and White*, A. & M. C.; *Round Up*, Douglas High School, Douglas, Wyoming; *Sage*, Greensboro High School; *State Normal Magazine*, N. C.; *Stetson Weekly Collegiate*, DeLand, Fla.; *Talisman*, Florida College for Women, Tallahassee; *Taps*, Fishburne Military Academy; *Tileston Topics*, Wilmington High School; *University of North Carolina Magazine*, Chapel Hill; *Wake Forest Student*, Wake Forest, N. C.; *Wesleyan*, Wesleyan College, Ga.; *Western Maryland College Monthly*; *Winthrop College Journal*; *Wofford College Journal*; *High School Echo*, Waynesville, N. C.; *Tit-Bits*, St. Timothy's School, Catonsville, Md.; *Athenian*, New Bern High School; *Bugle Call*, Columbia Military Academy, Columbia, Tenn.; *The Watch*, Porter Military Academy; *Vail Deane Budget*, Elizabeth, N. J.; *Deaf Carolinian*, School for Deaf, Morganton, N. C.

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## Joax

It really makes me smile  
 So wonderful the treat,  
 To see an athlete run a mile  
 And only move two feet.—*Ex.*

"There's one sign that should be placed over every letter box in the city."

"What is that?"

"Post no bills."—*Ex.*

## IMMORTAL LINES.

A fly and a flea in a flue  
 Were imprisoned—and what could they do?  
 Said the fly, "Let us flee!"  
 Said the flea, "Let us fly!"  
 So they flew through a flaw in the flue.—*Ex.*

First Fresh.—Ain't ye got no brains?

Second Fresh.—I ain't said I ain't."

First Fresh.—I ain't ast you is you ain't; I ast you is you?—*Ex.*

No matter what trouble Adam had,  
 No man could make him sore,  
 By saying when he told a joke,  
 "Why, I've heard that joke before!"—*Ex.*

Prof.—Why were the Middle Ages so dark?

Bright Student—Because there were so many knights.—*Ex.*

"The rain falls on the just and the unjust fellers, but chiefly on the just because the unjust have the justs' umbrellers."—*Ex.*

## Our Advertisers

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- |                                     |                                 |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Boylan-Pearce Co., Dry Goods.       | Bernard L. Crocker, Shoes.      |
| J. C. Brantley, Druggist.           | Ellington Art Store.            |
| Dobbin-Ferrall Co., Dry Goods.      | S. Glass, Dry Goods.            |
| Edwards & Broughton Printing Co.    | C. E. Hartge, Architect.        |
| Norfolk Southern Railroad.          | Hick's Up-town Drug Store.      |
| M. Rosenthal & Co., Grocers.        | Hunter-Rand Co., Dry Goods.     |
| The Tyree Studio.                   | Johnson & Johnson Co., Coal.    |
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| King-Crowell Drug Store.            | Toyland Company.                |
| King's Grocery, "The Little Store." | Wake Drug Store.                |
| The Fashion, Kaplan Bros. Co.       | Walk-Over Shoe Shop.            |
| French Hat Shop.                    |                                 |
| Jolly & Wynne Jewelry Co.           | T. F. Brockwell, Locksmith.     |
| H. Mahler's Sons, Jewelry.          | Cardwell & O'Kelly, Cleaners.   |
| The Office Stationery Co.           | Darnell & Thomas, Music House.  |
| Royall & Borden Furniture Co.       | Hayes & Hall, Photographers.    |
| Raleigh Department Store.           | Heller's Shoe Store.            |
| Southern Educational Bureau.        | Hotel Giersch.                  |
| L. Schwartz, Meat Market.           | Pescud's Book Store.            |
| Taylor Furnishing Co.               | Raleigh Floral Company.         |
| White's Ice Cream Co.               | Raleigh French Dry Cleaning Co. |
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| Thos. H. Briggs & Sons, Hardware.   |                                 |
| California Fruit Store.             |                                 |

These advertisements will be put in full in the magazine number of the MUSE.



# CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER

October 3, Saturday.....	<i>Sigma Lambda Reception</i>
October 6, Tuesday.....	<i>First Inter-Society Meeting</i>
October 10, Saturday.....	<i>E. A. P. Reception</i>
October 16, Friday.....	<i>Peace-St. Mary's Concert</i>
October 21, 22, Wednesday, Thursday.....	<i>North Carolina State Fair</i>
October 24, Saturday.....	<i>Seniors entertain the Sophomore Class and the Juniors, the Freshman Class</i>
October 31, Saturday.....	<i>Hallowe'en</i>

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## ATHLETICS FOR NOVEMBER

### BASKETBALL.

November 2, Monday.....	<i>Inter-Association Contest</i>
November 6, Friday	<i>First game between the first teams of the Sigmas and Mus</i>

### TENNIS.

November 5, Thursday.....	<i>Entries received for Tennis Tournament</i>
November 6, Friday.....	<i>Schedule for Tennis Tournament posted</i>
November 9, Monday.....	<i>First Tennis Game played</i>

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## St. Mary's Down in Dixie

(Tune: "Dixie")

Down in the South in the land of cotton,  
Dear old school not a bit forgotten,  
Hooray, hooray, hooray, hooray!  
For St. Mary's dear we'll never fear,  
The thought of her brings only cheer,  
Hooray, hooray, hooray, for dear  
St. Mary's!

St. Mary's, yes, great place for schoolin',  
Where you work and play and do some foolin',  
Hooray, hooray, hooray, hooray!  
Chorus.

E. A. P.'s or Sigma Lambda's,  
Alpha Rho's or Namby-Pamba's,  
Hooray, hooray, hooray, hooray!  
Chorus.

We're sometimes Sigma's, sometimes Mu'ses,  
Whatever we are you'll please excuse us,  
Hooray, hooray, hooray, hooray!  
Chorus.



# ST. MARY'S MUSE

OF

## ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

RALEIGH, N. C.



NOVEMBER 16, 1914

## Hallowe'en

11:00 A. M.

She's just a plain St. Mary's girl,  
A dainty little maid,  
Who hates to get the fatal "slip"  
And *loves* a serenade.

8:30 P. M.

But now she is a powdered dame  
With gems and rare old lace,  
Whose sweeping train is managed  
With dexterity and grace.

Or now she is a fearful "spook,"  
Who moves in solemn gloom;  
And now an old and wrinkled witch,  
A-riding on a broom.

With clumping sabots now she comes,  
A Dutch girl "just too cute";  
Nor does she fear the Indian brave  
That's in such hot pursuit.

She turns now to the happy days  
Of childhood, free from care;  
A little girl, with flowing curls,  
She hugs her Teddy Bear.

Now quite demure she "tells her beads,"  
And counts them one by one;  
Absorbed in meditation deep,  
A sweet and pious nun.

She now appears a Puritan,  
In simplest fashion dressed;  
And now, with clanking spurs, she comes  
Straight from the "wild, wild West."

And now a sporty college chap  
With trousers rolled just right,  
And now a little "nigger gal"  
With "pig-tails" plaited tight.

10:00 P. M.

Oh yes, she can be all these things,  
But at the stroke of ten  
You'll see, if you're observant,  
Just the same sweet girl again.

NELL BATTLE LEWIS.



# ST. MARY'S MUSE

RALEIGH, N. C.

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Published by the Muse Club at St. Mary's School.  
The Student Publication, and the official organ of the Alumnae.

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MARGARET H. BOTTUM, '15.....*Editor*  
PENCIE C. WARREN, '15.....*Business Manager*

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VOL. XIX.

November 16, 1914.

No. 4.

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## What Dame Fate Showed Betty

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It was the last night of October in '64. Already cold weather had set in, bringing with it the rich red and brown leaves of autumn, and sharp, keen winds. The approach of winter brought additional anxiety to many hearts already troubled, for the war then going on had drained many of their resources.

Among those who had suffered were the Carvels, but trouble was not marked on the faces of the group seated around the blazing fire in the old Carvel home on this October night. Colonel Carvel and Robert were with Lee's army and only Mrs. Carvel and the eighteen-year-old Betty were at home. Janet Fiske and Ellen Bacon had come over to spend the week-end with Betty, and in spite of the pressure of hard times and the war, the three girls kept the house merry.

Tonight, as they sat with their knitting, Janet suddenly said: "Tonight is Hallowe'en, and we have done nothing to celebrate. Why not try our fortunes, or do something of the kind?"

"Splendid!" exclaimed the other two, and Ellen immediately proposed that at twelve o'clock one of them should sit before a mirror holding a candle and eating an apple. As the clock struck the hour the future husband should

look over the girl's shoulder and she would see him in the mirror. This was agreed and they sat waiting until almost twelve o'clock. But when it was to be decided who should be the one to tempt fate, neither Ellen nor Janet was brave enough to go alone to the old summer house where the plan was to be carried out.

Finally, Betty resolutely took up a candle and declared her intention of going. She went to the kitchen, where she procured an apple, and then hurried out through the front hall. Once outside, alone in the dark, she rather regretted her decision, but would not return to the house now to be ridiculed, and bravely set out for the summer house.

She had waited but a few moments when the big clock in the hall struck twelve. Betty counted the strokes with a beating heart. She held the candle close to the mirror and peered through the dim light, trying to discern some reflection. Suddenly her heart almost stopped beating. Was that a step behind her or was it only her excited imagination—she uttered a scream; just at that moment a gust of wind blew her candle out. She had caught a glimpse of a face in the mirror—the face of a man and of a stranger.

"Pardon me," said a voice quietly from the darkness behind her. "I fear I have frightened you, though I assure you that I had no intention of doing so."

"Who are you?" gasped Betty, torn between a desire to run and an impulse to stay and learn the stranger's identity.

"I am a Union soldier," said the man. "I have been wounded. The army passed within a few miles of here today and as I was too weak to go on I stopped here."

"You are not a deserter, are you?" queried Betty, and even in her fright she managed to make her voice seem quite stern.

"If you have a match I will relight your candle, and you may see whether I look like a deserter or not," said the soldier.

Here he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and Betty hastily relit the candle.

"Why did not you tell me you were so badly wounded?"

All Betty's fear was forgotten now in her distress at the man's plight. The candle had revealed an injured arm roughly bound in a bloody bandage.

Betty ran to the house and brought her mother, and together they helped the exhausted soldier in and onto a couch.

Fever set in and it was many days before he knew anything of his surroundings. Mrs. Carvel nursed him carefully and after a few weeks he was able to get around.

Many happy days of comradeship followed between Betty and the soldier who had given his name as Richard Brewster. Betty read to the convalescent and he in turn told her of his home and his people, until she learned to love them all and put aside her natural prejudice against the North.

When Richard Brewster left for the field again, several weeks later, he carried away two things. The first was a little knot of ribbon which had dropped from Betty's dress on that memorable Hallowe'en night, and the

other was a promise from Betty Carvel that when the war between the States was over she would take the name of Brewster on the very next Hallowe'en night.

MARY A. FLOYD, '16.

## The Hallowe'en Party

Never has the annual Hallowe'en party been more enjoyed than the one this year. Many and varied costumes were to be seen during the progress of the Grand March which opened the evening. The Seniors represented the Faculty so admirably that it was not until one peeped under the masks that one could recognize these awe-inspiring ladies and gentlemen. The Scarecrow needed only a corn-field to make itself quite complete, while the "Buy-a-Bales" called forth much laughter in their awkward attempts to keep in line, with signs out "10c. a lb."

"A Trip Through Hell" aroused much curiosity, and, from all accounts, it fulfilled the highest expectations of all who undertook the journey.

During the evening candy, popcorn and apples were passed around. Almost before we realized that the evening had begun the lights flashed and we had to leave the enchanted gym and return to the everyday-world.

M. A. F.

## School News

*Oct. 21-22: The Fair.*

We did not mind going to school at all on Monday because, just think! we were going to have two whole days free, Wednesday and Thursday. What a time we had, too, both those days! Our holiday really began Tuesday night because we did not have study hall. All Wednesday morning we sat in the grove and watched the crowds pass.

The girls who were lucky enough to have relatives or parents come to take them out were allowed to leave the School Tuesday afternoon and not return until Thursday afternoon.

We had an early lunch on Wednesday and left for the Fair about one o'clock. All those who have ever been to the State Fair know just what a good time we had. Simply busy every minute looking at the exhibits, buying salads and sandwiches and joining in the general fun of the crowd. Of course we all brought balloons back to those who could not go.

Wednesday night those who were fortunate enough entertained visitors while the others danced.

Thursday we rested, reading or sewing out in the grove until time for evening study hour when we resumed our regular duties though it was hard to realize that the Fair was over.

L. S. H.

*Our Art Exhibit at the Fair.*

The art department of St. Mary's had an exhibit at the State Fair and took seven blue ribbons, which denote first prizes in each department which was entered for competition.

Lottie Lee Meares, a Saturday pupil, got one for her original design for a sofa cushion top; Elizabeth Hughes, for an original design for wall paper; Annie Cameron, for her drawings from casts; Elizabeth Lay, for an original outdoor sketch in water colors, and Nettie Gaither for a still-life group in oils, "Two Skulls and Empty Water," known in the studio as "Dead Men." Miss Fenner did a head of Cicely Brown in clay and cast it in plaster which received a premium.

Altogether we think the exhibit was a credit to St. Mary's and it received many favorable comments from the judges and from others interested in the development of art and the thorough foundation given by the School in this work.

*Oct. 24th: The Junior-Freshman Party.*

On the evening of Saturday, October the twenty-fourth, the Junior Class entertained their sister class, the Freshmen. A series of progressive games furnished lively amusement, which was heightened by the Faculty being assigned to a table of "Up Jinks." A pretty feature was the presentation to the Class of 1918 of the colors of the Class of 1914.

Dainty refreshments of ice cream and cake completed a delightful evening.

E. D. D.

*Oct. 24th: The Senior-Sophomore Party.*

On the evening of October 24th the Seniors entertained the Sophomore Class in the Muse Room. The party was given in the form of an old-fashioned country gathering and the room was decorated for the occasion with tall corn and golden-rod.

But why call it just a party? The Seniors in the garb of old-fashioned countrymen and the Sophomores as old-fashioned countrywomen really eloped together into the festivities of the countryfolk world. What fun it was when Miss Mirandy and Jeremiah led the stately Virginia Reel in a most unstately manner while the crowd patted time. How realistic were the old gossips, to whose remarks the tassels of corn solemnly nodded with horror! And how ardent the wooing of lads and lassies amidst the golden-rod.

Peanuts and popcorn were passed around during the games, hot chocolate, ham sandwiches and pickles composed the main refreshments, and last and best of all a large box of candy from Mr. Cruikshank in Baltimore who we regretted could not be with us but whose kind thoughts we certainly appreciated.

*Oct. 29th: Thursday Talk.*

On October 29th, our usual Thursday talk was given by Mr. Willis G. Briggs. Naturally we expected that Mr. Briggs would tell us something about the postoffice, but his chosen subject with which he showed remarkable famil-



ilarity was no less interesting. He told us clearly and briefly of the Historical roots of the present European struggle, brightening his narrative with descriptions of great persons and of romantic scenes in modern European History. The continued applause showed the appreciation of his audience.

F. R. B.

*Nov. 3d: Founders' Day. Inter-Society Meeting.*

As Founders' Day, the first of November, fell on Sunday this year, it was commemorated Tuesday night, November 3d, by an Inter-Society meeting in the parlor. The most important number of the program was that given by Miss Katie, partly told from personal experience and partly read from articles written of the Founders of the School. This talk was greatly appreciated by the girls who felt themselves drawn nearer to those noble characters described by one always so greatly loved and admired. We would readily recognize that Miss Katie was a friend and follower of those with whose nobleness she acquainted us.

The other numbers of the program were as follows:

Founders' Day—Its Meaning.....Bessie Burdine,  
Extract from Bishop Strange's Address on Dr. Aldert Smedes,

Lanie Hales.

"The Confirmation Class" Picture, and the Portrait of  
Bishop Ravenscroft.....Margaret Bottum.

Centennial Poem.....Katherine Bourne.

The program was concluded by the singing of the Alma Mater.

S. V.

*Nov. 4th: Mr. and Mrs. Lay Entertain the Faculty.*

On Wednesday afternoon of Novmber the fourth, Mr. and Mrs. Lay entertained the Faculty on the lawn at the Rectory from 4 o'clock to 6. Delicious grape-fruit, salad and home-made candy were served and Miss Clara Fenner helped at the punchbowl. A delightful afternoon was spent by all.

*Nov. 4th: A Party to the Seniors.*

The Seniors were informally and delightfully entertained on Wednesday night, November 4th, in Miss Roberts' room by Miss Roberts and Miss Ricks. The time was spent in eating apples and "home made" popcorn while sitting on the floor in a circle laughing and talking and forgetting a while our Senior dignity. At ten o'clock the party was obliged to break up but not without regrets on the part of the guests, who had spent a very happy evening.

S. V.

*Nov. 5th: Thursday Talk.*

On Thursday evening, November 5th, Chief Farmer of the Raleigh Fire Department came up to the School, we hoped, to give a talk on protection against fire and methods to be used in case of a fire, but finding himself, in dealing with this subject, better qualified for action than words he asked

Mr. Lay to speak for him. The talk was very instructive and our curiosity was well satisfied in regard to the use of the various fire extinguishers found about the buildings.

*Nov. 7th: The Carnival.*

One of the most delightful entertainments we have had this year was the Carnival last Saturday night, given in the "Old Dining-room." On one side of the room the splendor of the eruption of Vesuvius was proclaimed; on the other two famous dancers attracted attention, while at another place two chefs in cap and apron insisted that the crowd buy "Hot Dogs"! There was a real ice cream parlor, lighted with Japanese lanterns and brightened with banks of autumn leaves. Alexander's Rag Time Band, led by J. O. Wilson, afforded much pleasure and amusement and together with the "Proctor and Keith Vaudeville, right from New York," made the hit of the evening.

M. A. F.

**Athletics at St. Mary's**

Athletics at St. Mary's for this school year have had a fine beginning. The enthusiasm of the contestants and their able rooters at the first athletic contest of the season was well manifested.

Now, with at least two basketball teams from the Sigma association and two from the Mu and the prospect of a tennis tournament, surely the spirit of athletics is well roused.

No healthy girl, and what girl at St. Mary's does not call herself healthy, should be content until she has taken part in some game or athletic contest. When she has once experienced the thrills and joys which fill her as she adds even one point to the score for which she and her team-mates are so earnestly striving, she will never again be content to stand on the side lines.

Let me quote what the captain of the Varsity basketball team of Radcliffe College thinks about basketball: "It mentally invites keen concentration of the mind, socially, fosters a deep feeling of friendship, educationally quickens the intellect, and physically, promotes the development of the body." That this may be said of all athletics is of course understood. In what better way could you wish to spend two or three afternoons each week?

The foundation training of the girl who becomes popular in games and contests is in her regular gymnasium work. The girl who, although naturally awkward or delicate, will put energy and enthusiasm into her physical training, will soon find that she has been training her body and mind, unconsciously, to do those things which she has never really expected of herself but which she has admired in others.

Why is it that within the last ten years athletics have become so much more popular in colleges and schools for girls? One reason is that it has been found that girls as well as boys need athletics to give to them the true sense of fair play and the thought for others which has to be developed in us.

Every girl needs this training in working with others and the cultivation

of the true spirit of sportsmanship and fair play. The place where she will get it is in the sports of her school, so let this be an invitation to every girl at St. Mary's to come out for athletics.

MABEL H. BARTON.

*November 2d: Athletic Contest.*

On Monday afternoon, November the first, the first athletic contest was held between the Sigmas and the Mus. Good work was done on both sides. The Mus won over the Sigmas by a score of 153 to 105.

<i>Mu.</i>	Score.	<i>Sigma.</i>	Score.
1. Dumb-bell Race .....	25	1. Dumb-bell Race .....	15
2. Basketball Distance Throwing	50	2. Ball Distance Throwing ....	..
3. "Last Man Hit" .....	28	3. "Last Man Hit" .....	40
4. Throwing for Goal .....	50	4. Throwing for Goal .....	..
5. Relay Race .....	..	5. Relay Race .....	50
Final score .....		Final score .....	
153		105	

## Alumnae Weddings

*Biggs—Fagan:* On Wednesday, October 7th, at Edenton, N. C., Miss Annie Fagan (S.M.S., 1911-'12) to Samuel Romulus Biggs.

*Crowder—Walters:* On Wednesday, October 7th, at the First Baptist Church, Raleigh, N. C., Miss Frances Macon Walters (S.M.S., 1912-'13) to Mr. Ralph Haywood Crowder.

*Nelson—Harris:* On Saturday, October 10th, at St. Thomas's Church, Reidsville, N. C., Miss Lady Olive Harris (S.M.S., 1909-'10) to Mr. Harris Morehead Nelson.

*White—deRosset:* On Wednesday, October 14th, at The Maples, Fayetteville, N. C., Miss Anita deRosset (S.M.S., 1898-'99) to Mr. Justin Smith White.

Mr. and Mrs. White will be at home after November 15th, at 625 Haymount street, Fayetteville, N. C.

*Hall—McGwigan:* On Wednesday, November 4th, at the Church of the Advent, Enfield, N. C., Miss Sadie Belle McGwigan (S.M.S., 1905-'06) to Mr. John Denby Hall.

*Shellman—Reese:* On Wednesday, November 11th, at Christ Church, Savannah, Ga., Miss Agnes Reese (S.M.S., 1910-'11) to Mr. William Feay Shellman.

*Coan—Wiggins:* On Saturday, November 14th, at Winston-Salem, N. C., Miss Mary Elizabeth Wiggins (S.M.S., 1906-'07) to Mr. George William Coan.

The following clipping will be of interest to the St. Mary's friends of Pleasant Stovall of Savannah, Ga., who we remember was at St. Mary's in 1911-'12:

TO ENTER RED CROSS WORK.

Miss Pleasant Stovall, daughter of the United States Minister at Berne, is now studying to prepare herself for Red Cross work in Europe. She will probably go to Geneva for her examination and desires to go to the front.

Me 'n U

I know a teacher and a girl  
 Who fuss from morn' till night  
 Because E. dotes on oxygen  
 And he likes rooms air-tight.

Mr. S.: "Miss B., can you answer the question?"

"Miss C?"

(Getting desperate): "Miss—er—ANYBODY."

A. B. (timidly, looking around): "I don't believe she is here today."

"What do babies cry about?"

"About all night."

Old Girl: "Why don't you come on to Assembly?"

New Girl: "I'm going to the Infirmary."

New Girl: "Miss Thomas, will you please come across the hall and call us in time for breakfast?"

Miss S———, softly: "Lanie, are you asleep?"

Lanie: "Yes'm."

New Girl: "What time is intention class on Monday for those who don't learn their expression lesson?"

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# ST. MARY'S MUSE

OF

## ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

RALEIGH, N. C.



THANKSGIVING NUMBER

NOVEMBER 30, 1914

## Our Thanksgiving

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ANNIE SUTTON CAMERON, '16.

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Another year has passed by,  
Another seed-time come and gone,  
And now against the wintry sky  
By chill November's icy winds  
The leafless boughs are blown.

At last the farmer's toil is o'er  
His glorious harvest gathered in,  
And heaped up with golden store,  
Rewarding all his honest toil  
His garners overflow with grain.

And Peace broods o'er our land today,  
And free from fear, from danger free,  
We can pursue our accustomed way,  
Far distant from all toil and strife,  
In calm security.

Shall not we then, so richly blest,  
Save, from our abundant store,  
Our hearts brimmed o'er with thankfulness  
For His great mercy and His love,  
Some portion for God's poor?





# ST. MARY'S MUSE

RALEIGH, N. C.

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MARGARET H. BOTTUM, '15.....*Editor*  
PENCIE C. WARREN, '15.....*Business Manager*

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VOL. XIX.

November 30, 1914.

No. 5.

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## Two Thanksgivings

"Oh, Gwamma," called little Mary, as she, Frank, and Papa burst joyously into the big living-room, where the family were gathered for their Thanksgiving reunion, "we's had the best time at the camp."

"Yes," broke in Frank, eagerly, "and the convicts were so happy-looking when they saw our baskets; why, they just grinned all over themselves."

"An', Muvver, there was one poor old convic' who wan away last night, an' he won' have any Fanksgivin' turkey or anything; an' he's hidin' way off in the woods, where it's all col' an' shivery—" and there were tears in tender-hearted Mary's eyes.

"Never mind, dear; don't you worry about the convict. Perhaps he'll go back to the camp. You all just come in here and see the wonderful dinner we've kept waiting for you," said grandma, throwing wide the dining-room door as she spoke.

The family trooped merrily in and sat down at a table laden with every old-fashioned delicacy associated with a Thanksgiving dinner in the country: sugar-cured ham, fresh pork, cranberries, big red apples, chestnuts—but the spot reserved for the crowning glory, the turkey, was vacant.

"Bring in the turkey, Aunt Lucinda, so Mr. John can carve him."

Aunt Lucinda had been standing in the background trying to control her agitation, but at this command she broke into open sobbing.

"Oh, Miss Sally, dere—dere ain't no turkey!"

"No turkey? Why, I saw him myself this morning."

"And he was a great big turkey; why—most as big as Mary or Ethel," Frank added.

"He wasn't, either," broke in Ethel, indignantly.

"But Miss Sally, I lef' him on de stove whiles I went atter some wood to kin'le up de fire; and when I come back— He was such a gran' turkey, an' I raised him frum a baby, jes' for today—an' now—" here Aunt Lucinda began to cry again.

Her grief was infectious: all the children who were not openly weeping were on the brink of doing so; and their mothers, papas, uncles, aunts, grown-up sisters and brothers, and even grandma and grandpa looked surprised, incredulous, and distressed.

"Now, Aunt Lucinda," began grandpa in his most judicial manner, "will you try to tell us what became of the turkey?"

"Well, suh, I left it on de stove, lak I jes' said, and when I came back dere warn't no trace of it—the dish was plum empty 'cept for this here ring."

She extended as she spoke an old signet ring, so battered and scarred that the monogram was entirely illegible. Grandpa took the trinket and passed it silently around the wondering circle.

"Was there no other trace of the thief?"

"No, suh; nuthin'."

"P'rhaps it wuz a witch flew in on her broomstick, Gwanpa," suggested Mary.

"Oh, go on, silly," remonstrated Frank. "Witches are fakes. It was a hungry boy, an' he was poor but proud and honest, so he left this ring. And when he grows real rich" (Frank's imagination was glowing) "he'll come back and buy it from us. Please, can I have the ring?"

The wiser heads, accepting neither romantic solution of the problem, agreed that the thief must have been a common tramp. They could not agree on his motives for leaving the ring, but at Frank's urgent request it was given to him; and dropping any idea of pursuing the thief they settled down with the best grace possible to a turkeyless Thanksgiving dinner.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a good many years afterward in a city across the continent that a well-known philanthropist was walking slowly down a rather disreputable part of it. Following his yearly custom he had just returned from a visit to the penitentiary to find out what gift would be most acceptable to the prisoners, and was now looking for some young man for whom he might make the next day a real day of Thanksgiving.

In front of a pawnshop he noticed lingering, as if loath to go in, yet compelled to, a boy clad in a suit much the worse for wear, and bearing in his face the stamp of dissipation but of refinement also. He turned undecidedly a ring on his finger. The philanthropist, taken in an instant by something in the boy's face and manner, advanced quietly and spoke to him.

"My boy, will you let me talk with you awhile?"

The boy started suddenly at this unexpected question, and looked at the man with frightened but honest eyes.

"What do you want?"

"Would it be prying into your affairs too much to ask if you intend to pawn that ring you seem to value so?"

"Necessity compels me to part with it, sir."

"Would you mind telling why to an old man who knows from experience how to sympathize with youthful follies?" (Seeing the boy's slight look of suspicion) "I am no detective or spy of any kind, I assure you, but if you would rather not tell me—"

"I want to tell you," broke in the boy, impetuously. "You have a true face, and I feel that if I only had someone near to encourage and advise me my way would not be so hard. My father died while I was in college, and I believed and persuaded my mother and sister that I could make enough money out west to support them, and they could come out here then and live, too. But, sir, it's the old, old story: bad company and a weak will, gambling away more than I made, and pawning all my jewelry. I only clung to this ring, which I value as a talisman; it reminded me of home, my childhood, and one Thanksgiving at my grandmother's old home; and seemed to keep me from going to the bad—but now, it's all I've got and it won't bring much, but it must go."

"May I see it?" asked the older man, with a queer presentiment, which was confirmed by a close inspection of the ring. He turned it over with an odd choke in his throat, and in his mind a vision of a far-off scene. When he spoke again, his voice was very tender.

"My son, I am a rich old bachelor, with no one to love in the world. Will you come with me, let me give you a new start on the road to honest success, and the means of supporting your mother and sister, who doubtless are so proud of you; and let me feel that I am in part atoning for a crime I once committed. By token of this ring, which recalls to us both, but with far different feelings, a certain Thanksgiving day—to you a happy family gathering and a stolen turkey—to me a lonely, escaped convict daring recapture to ward off starvation, a glimpse of home ties, a resolve, and a new life—by this token let me help you to build your life anew, and make tomorrow a Thanksgiving in its truest sense!"

E. D. DAVIS, '16.

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## Billy's Thanksgiving

Billy, with his pale, freckled face, his ragged grey cap pulled down over whatever kind of hair he had, sat on the one step of his home. Anyone could tell that he was musing, for he looked straight before him and whistled now and then. Suddenly his manner changed. His eyes as well as his hand became restless. He grabbed off his cap, tossed it up, put it back on his head, gave another whistle, began playing with his cap again, and, in fact, continued an extraordinary display of restlessness.

A whoop was heard down the road. A short little boy dashed up to the step.

"Come on, Billy!" he cried. "We are all goin' fishin'!"

But Billy shook his head. "Go 'way, Sammy. I'm tryin' to make up my mind what I'll do to have a good time this evenin'. And Billy buried his face in his cap.

"Aw, come on, Billy. You don't have to make up your mind—you just hafter come on. An' if you don't hurry up I'm goin'."

As the figure on the steps was immovable, Sammy "pshawed" and darted off. He had no time to waste on "such."

Billy began his movements as before. Now he was apparently more mixed, for he jumped up into an apple tree and began swinging from one limb to another. Presently a song came to his ears—a sweet song in a babyish voice.

"Bye, my baby,  
Bye, my baby, bye,"

ran the song. Billy let fall a big apple.

"You goner break my doll!" cried an indignant voice. "You!—oh, the good old apple!"

Billy had already recognized Cely, his little friend of the checked apron. She was all smiles now. "Come and play wid me and my Sally Ann," she invited.

Billy tossed his head.

"I haven't hit on it yet, Cely," he said.

"I don't want you to hit me any more! I want you to come and play wid me!" the little girl whimpered.

I tell you I don't know what I'm gonter do! If you go 'way and be smart I might play wid you. Now go on," and Billy tossed into another limb.

Billy again changed his manner. He hopped to the ground and began promenading before the door. Soon on hearing a noise he looked up, and beheld his grandmother, smiling at him.

"Ketch yer death of cold, child. Come in and tell the old lady 'bout the good time ye had today. Guess what's in the cupboard at home."

"Oh, grandma, I just can't go in now. All the same I'll think about the cupboard." And Billy turned away.

"Wants to get off fishing, most likely," muttered the grandmother as she mounted the step. "Boys are such queer things ye can't tell what they'll do next."

Billy's legs were really tired, but his brain seemed to be tireless. He perched himself up on a fence and settled himself in a position, though not graceful, yet calculated to help him settle the difficult matter. The sun was getting far back behind the trees and the air was becoming rather cool. Yet Billy was not aware of this. He now had in mind three important plans: one was to go and give Sammy some "brand new" fishing tackle; one was to run and toss Cely another big apple; and the third one was to rush over to

grandma's and see if the cupboard was locked. But, to save his life, Billy could not decide what to do for Thanksgiving!

"Billy! Billy!" called some one in the door. "Billy, there's a big piece of turkey left, and it's all for you. And you ought to see what grandma brought you. Hurry up!"

"Yes," called Billy, "I'm coming!" At last Billy had decided. And the sun was almost out of sight.

HENRIETTA MORGAN, '18.

## Thanksgiving Plays Cupid

The woman frowned slightly as her maid entered the room.

"Is there anything Mademoiselle wishes?" Marie's soft voice had a note of concern in it as she viewed her mistress's distressed and unhappy face.

"No—well, yes. Please have Jerome bring the car to the side entrance for me. I will be out after the last chorus. No, I am not at home to any one—you may go."

Marie softly closed the door, wondering why one so young, beautiful and talented should always seem so unhappy. Perhaps there had been a school girl affair. It seemed to Marie that she had heard that all great actresses have these silly American affairs. But there, her business was to look after Mademoiselle's physical comfort and not her mental. With a shrug of her pretty shoulders she dismissed the subject from her mind.

The woman leaned her head on her hand and gazed pensively out of the window, a thousand memories surging through her whole being. Outside the moon gleamed protectingly down on the gleaming Thanksgiving snow. Her thoughts ran riot. Was it only yesterday that they had parted, or had it been centuries? With an impatient jerk of her head, a movement that had helped make her famous, she quickly drew herself up and stood framed in the window. The very picture of a Greek goddess in her loveliness.

Out in the street below the human tide surged by, an aimless mass, swayed by a common impulse to keep their heads above.

The woman realized that she must have been standing thus an hour. Broadway always has the same attraction. One might look forever, and then turn away reluctantly.

Seated comfortably in her motor she gave orders to be driven through Central Park. She must obey that impulse to get as close to nature as was possible in that city of unnaturalness.

Rounding a corner a sight met the woman's gaze that made her shudder. A ragged little fellow with a bundle of papers under his arm stood directly in the way of her car. Frozen with horror she could only gasp out a few words of warning, but they came too late.

"Jerome, put him in here and drive as quickly as possible to the Murray Hill Hospital, it's the nearest," she said, as she gathered the unconscious child to her heart.

The woman's eyes filled with tears as she thought, "Poor little fellow; think of him having to spend his Thanksgiving like this, and I wonder—I

wonder, too, if he has had any breakfast or—" She lifted him from the car as gently as a mother could.

All during the operation she waited anxiously below. "Suppose he dies?" she asked herself. "Could she ever rest with the thought of his pathetic little blue eyes looking up at her from the snowy pavement imploring her to stop the car?"

A shadow suddenly darkened the door.

"All is well, madam—you, Estelle; the boy? Tell me. I don't understand."

She turned to leave, but the man caught her hand.

"Don't leave me this time, Estelle. I lied to you that night. I had not seen your mother. Dear, can't we start again?"

The man was tall and dark, his expression was wonderful as he gazed at his beautiful wife, with a look of love and entreaty. She did not move. Suddenly, remembering his position as house-doctor, he drew himself up.

"I beg your pardon, madam; I didn't consider your feelings at all. The little fellow you brought here will come out all right."

But the face she turned toward him was only full of love, forgiveness, and sweet contentment.

"John, I—I know now that I was wrong; can you forgive me? I love you."

The room glowed in the reflection of the dying fire. The man and woman knelt and offered a prayer of thanksgiving for the little boy's life; the boy who had so strangely brought them together.

ROBENA CARTER.

## School Notes

### *November 12: Dr. Charles Smith's Address.*

On the evening of November 12th Dr. Charles Smith addressed the girls in the school-room. His subject was the life of the great French heroine, Joan of Arc.

He portrayed to us not only the Joan of Arc of histories, but Joan of Arc the girl, the soldier, the seer of visions, the dreamer and the daughter of the old man of Domremy. He made us live over again the experiences of that "whitest lily on the shield of France."

Dr. Smith received an unusual amount of applause and an earnest wish that he visit us again and tell us of just such a beautiful character as this "Whitest Lily."

C. C.

### *November 13th: Mrs. Lay Entertains the Seniors.*

On Friday night, November 13th, Mrs. Lay entertained the Senior Class at the Rectory.

At eight o'clock we went to the Rectory, where we were welcomed at the door by Misses Ellen and Nancy Lay and ushered into cozy rooms with open fires. The most interesting feature of the evening was the drawing of pictures. Each girl was given a slip of paper and told to draw the person whose name was on it. When the pictures were finished they were pinned on the

curtains and a guessing contest followed. One prize was warded to Miss Elizabeth Carrison, who drew the best picture, and one to Miss Anna Belle King, who guessed the most names of the persons represented by the drawings.

Any one who has ever been to one of Mrs. Lay's parties knows what delicious refreshments she serves. This time we had fruit salad, creamed oysters, sandwiches, ice cream and cake, and bonbons. M. J. H.

*November 14th: The Faculty Party to the School.*

The parlor, beautifully decorated in autumn leaves, was the scene of the delightful party given by the Faculty to the girls on November the 14th, from eight o'clock until ten.

The students were greeted as they came in by the teachers in a long receiving line. They were then served punch by Mademoiselle Rudnicka and Miss Fenner. A delicious course of oysters and fruit salad was served, following which a basket of many-colored hand-painted autumn leaves was passed around and each one took from it a leaf as a souvenir of one of the happiest occasions ever witnessed at St. Mary's. The pleasure was greatly added to by musical numbers rendered by Miss Shull, Miss Abbott, and Mr. Owen. The close of the evening came all too soon and it was in vain that we tried to express our appreciation to the Faculty for the delightful evening they had afforded us. Indeed they proved most charming hosts and hostesses. S. V.

*November 15th: Mr. Gill's Talk.*

Mr. Gill, the missionary to China, who has just returned to America on a furlough, was kind enough to talk to us at the Sunday afternoon service. He spoke very earnestly, as only a man who has put his whole soul into his work can do; who has worked not in a blind and therefore useless way, but thinking of his work and seeking beneath the surface of turmoil, rebellion, and unrest in China and finding beneath all this which is only the transition period from heathenism to a greater vision of hope, finding the light which the supporters of foreign Missions and the missionaries themselves can see who are not to be daunted by temporary discouragements. C. C.

*November 17th: Miss Thomas's Talk in Sigma Lambda.*

On the evening of November 17th the Sigma Lambda Literary Society greatly enjoyed a talk from Miss Thomas. Her subject was of the development of universities and the origin of many of their customs and privileges of today. She told how, at first, thousands of students would gather from all parts of the country to hear one man talk, chiefly about Theological subjects. With this as a beginning she went on to tell how such great seats of learning as Cambridge and Oxford were founded and developed. It was all most interesting and Sigma Lambda looks forward with much pleasure to having such a treat again.

*November 17th: Miss Shattuck's Talk in Alpha Rho.*

On Tuesday evening, November 17, Miss Shattuck made a talk to the Alpha Rho Literary Society on "The Person With a Sense of Humor." She spoke of the person who possessed this "sixth" sense as one who is healthy, because he can indulge in a hearty laugh; genial, because he can see the bright places in life and pass the brightness on to his neighbor; considerate, because he is thoughtful of others. The speaker went on to show that the one with a sense of humor is ever a person of ready sympathy. After giving several illustrations from Mark Twain and others the speaker closed with the thought that sympathy is one of the great lessons of life, and that no one could desire a better motto than "to live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man!"

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## Athletics

Athletics are certainly going well this year at St. Mary's. We have already had one field day, on November 2d, and one basketball game between the Mus and Sigmas, November 9th, and are running a tennis tournament now.

Such enthusiasm has been shown in these contests that it promises well for others in the future. Nearly the whole School turned out on field day, and it was interesting to note the numerous devices by which the "rooters" of either side tried to show their loyalty. There were blue and white stockings, there were red S's and blue M's painted and pinned conspicuously on the garments or shoes of the participants; and one Association came out beating on old tin pans, while the other marched singing around the court in lockstep.

The same excitement prevailed at the first basketball game between the first team of the Mus and the first team of the Sigmas. The game was very close from start to finish and resulted in a victory for the Mus by a narrow margin of 17 to 15.

The next basketball game will be played off Monday, November 30th, between the two second teams. Then there will be another game between the two first teams and another between the second, of which the dates have not yet been fixed, and possibly two more if they can be arranged. E. D. D.

*November 8th: Basketball.*

The first basketball game of the season was played on Monday afternoon, November the 8th, in which the Mus won over the Sigmas. There was excellent playing done by both teams and great interest was manifested by the whole School.

Miss Barton entertained both teams after the game.



The line-up was as follows:

<i>Sigma.</i>		<i>Mu.</i>
	Forwards.	
Barbee.		Coles.
Hope.		Brinley.
	Centers.	
Thomas.		Barton.
Cameron.		E. Davis.
	Guards.	
Mott.		Beatty.
Robinson.		Holmes.

Total: First half—Sigma 8, Mu 10; second half—Sigma 7, Mu 7.

Referee, Miss Barton. Timekeeper, J. Wilson. Won by the Mus. Score, 17-15.

## Our Exchanges

It is a great pleasure to look over the collection of attractive magazines that have come to our Exchange Department for November. The exchange of magazines furnishes a stimulus for greater literary achievements, a feeling of sympathy and fellowship between the different colleges and schools, and strengthens the aim and purpose which we all should have to make our magazine better. Therefore we feel that it is a help as well as a pleasure to receive these magazines.

The *Davidson College Magazine* for November opens with a poem, "Peace," which is very appropriate just at this time. One of the stories, "The Traitor," is also based on the subject interesting to all—the war. In this story the questions which arise are "What is the National Honor," and "What are the rights of our people in time of war?" The whole story is indeed quite a good bit of writing. There is much merit throughout this number of the magazine. The literary department especially deserves mention.

The October-November number of *Pine and Thistle* also deserves mention for the good literary work of this issue. The editors are truly wide-awake and the general tone shows much enthusiasm and interest of the student-body.

We acknowledge with pleasure the following November magazines: *The Messenger*, *Pine and Thistle*, *The Stetson Weekly Collegiate*, *The Monthly Chronicle*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *the Quill*, *The Wake Forest Student Magazine*, *the University of North Carolina Magazine*, *Wahisco*, *The College Message*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*.

HELEN NORTHCOTT.

## Joax

Senior to Freshman: "Did you ever take Chloroform?"

Freshman: "No, who teaches it."—Ex.

He: "Do you wear a rat?"

She: "No, dear; I am afraid to wear one when you are around; you do look so kittenish."—Ex.

"Have you heard the latest invention?"

"No, what is it?"

"Aeroplane poison; one drop will kill you."—Ex.

"Willie," said the teacher, "Give me three good reasons why the world is round."

"Yes'm," said Willie cheerfully, "The book says so, you say so, and ma says so."—Ex.

Wanted: A belt for the waste of time.

Concerning College sports,  
Too oft it comes to pass  
That he who's half-back on the team  
Is way back in his class.—*Ex.*

### A QUEER PROPOSITION PROVED (Read Aloud).

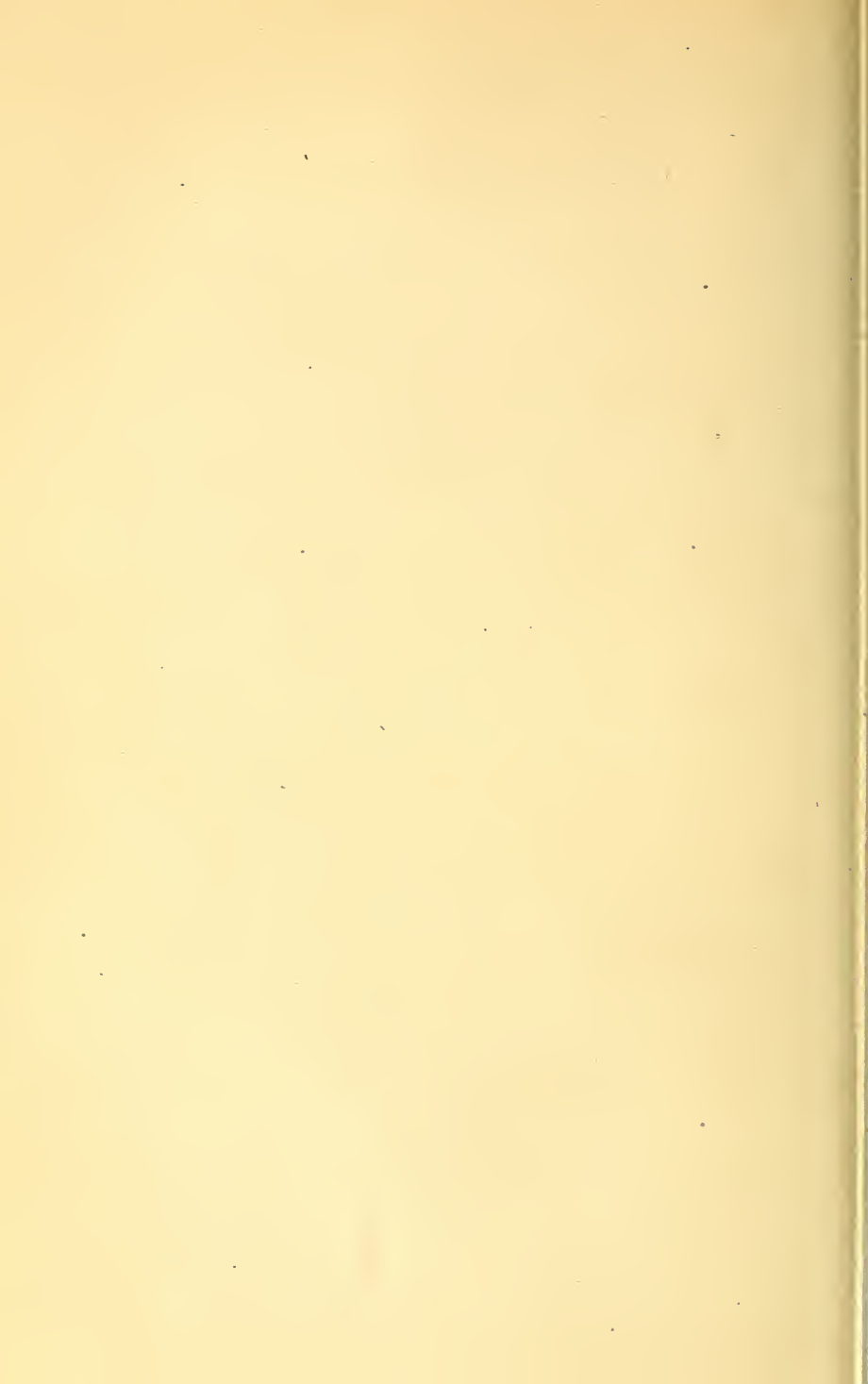
A sheet of paper—an ink lined plane.

An inclined plane—a slope up.

A slow pup—a lazy dog.

Therefore, a sheet of paper—a lazy dog.—Ex.



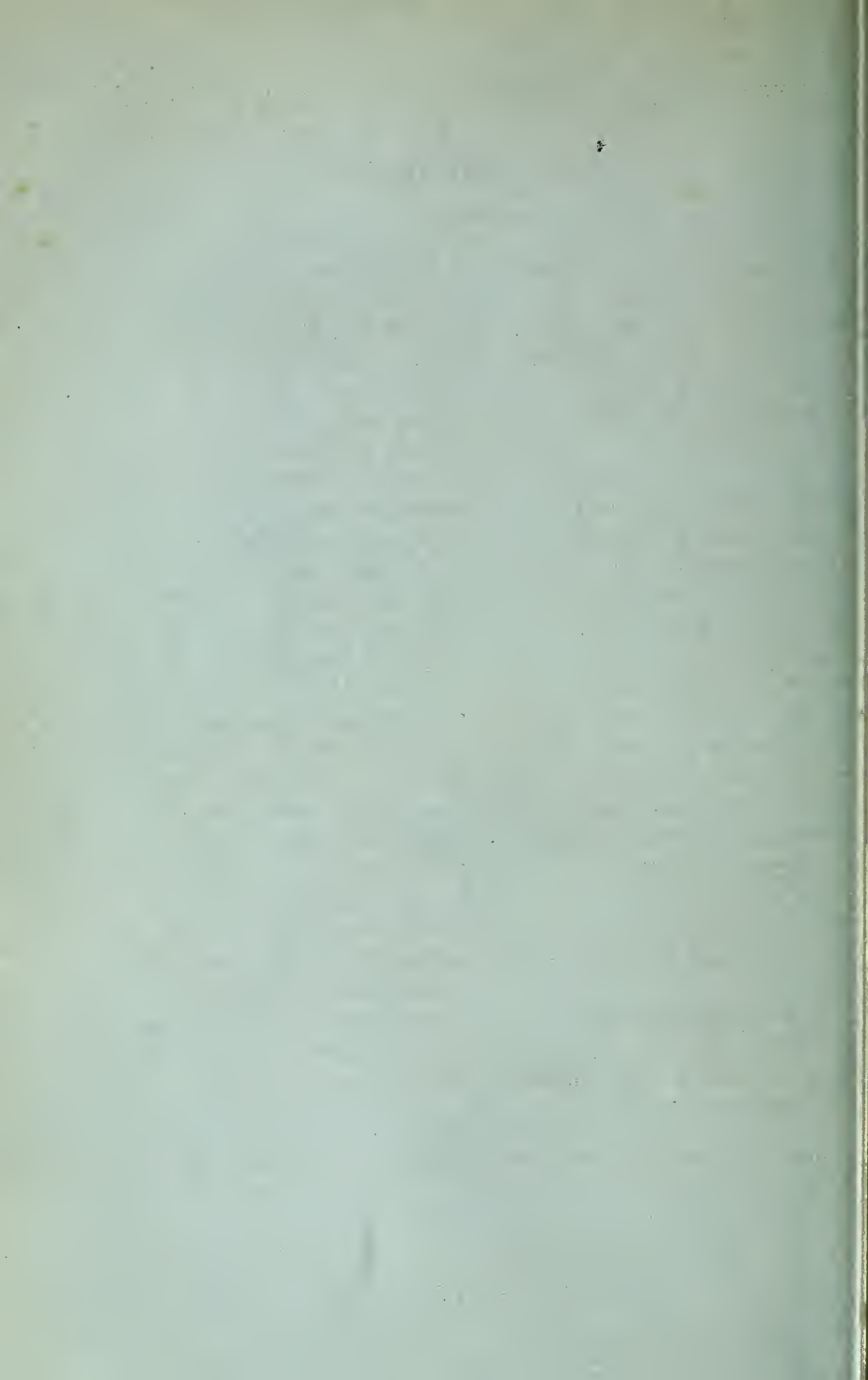


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These advertisements will be put in full in the magazine number of the MUSE.



The  
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.

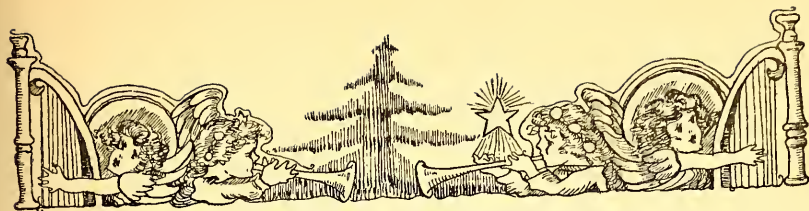


Christmas, 1914

Magazine Number







# The St. Mary's Muse.

MAGAZINE NUMBER

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Vol. XIX.

DECEMBER, 1914.

No. 6

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## The Christmas Dawn

“Peace on earth, good will to men!”  
Is the angels' Christmas song.  
“Peace on earth, good will to men,”  
How the world seems wrong!

Nations at each other's throats,  
Children homeless and forlorn,  
Soldiers dying on the field,  
Greet this Christmas dawn.

Is the world a contradiction  
Which the laws of God reverse?  
Is the blessing of the angels  
Turned into a fearful curse?

Let us trust in God's solution  
That this strife may have an end,  
And another Christmas witness  
“Peace on earth good will to men.”

E. D. D., '16.

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## A Legend

“Teresa! Teresa!”

In answer to the bishop's call a young girl appeared in the door.

“Padre, was it you?”

“Yes, yes, my child; I—I'm going to my room now and on no conditions must I be disturbed. I had a bad night, my little one, and I wish to seek some comfort with my beads.”

"Padre, padre! It breaks my heart to see you worry so."

"There, there, Teresa; go along now."

The bishop's anxiety had good foundation; ten years ago he had landed on this western soil, he and his two comrades; seeking at once the heart of the country they had begun the task of Christianizing the Aztec Indians.

"Ten years of earnest and faithful service, and with what result! Not a Christian convert, not one have I made. No, no, I would better return to the mother country and give it up. God has not seen fit for me to do the work. Yes, it was fruitless; but what then did last night's vision mean? Did I dream it or was it that the Virgin stood by my bed?"

While the Bishop was thus musing there was a gentle knock and the door opened.

"Teresa, you disobey my request that—?"

"Padre, forgive me but there is a messenger without, so strange and so pathetic that I had not the heart to refuse him your audience."

"Very well; show him in."

"Strange and pathetic," the words well described the man. His height was accentuated by an immense leather apron strapped to his shoulders and falling to his knees. A mass of straight black hair set off a dark skin scarcely less brown than the rough sandals on his feet. The Bishop had little difficulty in recognizing the man before him as an Indian mountaineer.

"Are you he whom they call El Padre?"

The Bishop bowed his head.

"'Tis good of you to see one so poor and humble, so far inferior—"

"No, no, my son. In the sight of God there is no difference; before Him the rich and the poor are all alike. I am but His messenger here; His and the Holy Virgin's. The desolation and misery of the people would not be so intense if they would but believe in her; if they would but seek comfort from her."

As the Bishop spoke he rose to his feet and with arms outspread and eyes raised towards heaven continued as though in a trance:

"She can plead for us at His throne; we have but to pray to her—she will answer our prayers and—"

The Bishop fell back aghast as the Indian, spying the cross about his neck, seized it and falling on both knees murmured over and over :

"She too had one of these, she too—"

"Man, man, you have seen her then?"

"Padre, 'tis she who sent me. Last night while on the mountain by myself a beautiful woman surrounded with light appeared and bade me come tell you to have no misgivings but to continue for your work would prosper. 'Twas the Holy Virgin herself of whom you spoke."

As the man spoke a wild look appeared in his face.

"Padre, Padre, believe her; she is good."

"My son"—the Bishop's feelings were calmed now; the Indian's strange look and manner had convinced him that the man was insane—" 'tis but a dream you've had; give it no more thought but return to your home."

"Then you will stay, Padre?"

"No, no, my work here is over; before the moon wanes again I will be gone unless"—the Bishop clung to one last hope—"unless before that time you can bring me some sure sign, some proof of the vision you have had."

At his words the Indian straightened.

"I will ask *her* for a proof when she comes; she said she would come again."

\* \* \* \* \*

Three weeks had passed since the messenger's strange visit and before long the Bishop would be taking his departure. It was a cold, bleak December day that the Bishop and Teresa sat musing before a smoky wood fire.

"Teresa, how long is it now until Christmas?"

"Tomorrow, Padre."

"Christmas Eve and not a chime! Christmas Day and not a service!"

"Never mind, Padrecito, it won't be long now before we'll be back in the old country, then we shan't want for services."

"Teresa, you'll be glad to go back. Not so I; I have grown to love this land; if only I could have strength to go on with the work. If

only the vision could have been true. Well, good-night, little one."

Thus easily did the Bishop dismiss his niece, but not so his worry. All night long his thoughts dwelt continually on the thought of turning back from the work he had begun.

Unable to sleep and weary of tossing about the Bishop rose early the next morning intending to take a walk. Hardly had he finished his toilet when there came a hasty knock at his door and Teresa, greatly excited, called to him:

"Padre! Padre! here's a Christmas gift for you. Come! Oh hurry!"

As the Bishop stepped out into the courtyard the strange messenger came up to him.

"Her proof, Padre, that the vision was real."

As he spoke he let fall from his apron a mass of peach blossoms. But the next instance the Bishop was on his knees for there on the old man's apron was painted a picture of the Holy Virgin in all her beauty.

\* \* \* \* \*

Today in the wonderful old cathedral in Mexico City there hangs a rough leather apron with a picture of the Holy Virgin painted on it. Hundreds go there daily; some for prayer, some for curiosity, but to all inquiries as to its origin the same story is told of the painting made by the peach blossoms.

J. O. WILSON, '16.

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### His Mother's Christmas

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The big oak logs crackled and popped, shedding a Christmas cheer on the little family grouped around them. The little gray-haired, gentle-faced mother, the big, smiling father, the tall, bright-faced girl of seventeen, and the merry little boy of five seemed to make a complete family circle, yet there was a touch of sadness in the gentle face of the little mother, and the father's laugh did not have the ringing sound of old.

Suddenly the little boy's merry chatter of Santa Claus stopped, and getting up from the floor he walked to his mother's side. There,

leaning against her knees and looking at her with his big solemn brown eyes, he asked in his slow way, "Will Santa Claus come to see my brother if he's not at home?"

The mother answered with a sigh. It was five years since her big boy had gone away to make a place for himself in the world, as he said.

When he had kissed his mother good-bye he had told her that it didn't matter where he went or what he did she would always be his girl, and that Christmas would always be her day. He had said then that he would come any distance, away from anybody, just to spend that day with her. The mother's understanding heart had known that some day he would very likely get another girl, but she had cherished the promise of that one Christmas day. As time went on his visits had been less frequent and shorter each time, so the mother had begun to fear that the world and society in which he now lived was taking him away from her. Each Christmas he had been home, filling the house with laughter and joy by his pranks and jokes.

And he wasn't coming this Christmas! He was only eighty miles away and yet he had written a short letter saying that he could not come. He was very busy, and one of his friends, the rich Robert Richmond, whom he had met in Atlantic City, was going to spend Christmas with him, so he had written he could not come, as he thought Bob would enjoy the society and clubs much more than the dull country.

Somehow the mother didn't quite understand, the country had never been dull for her, especially at Christmas, and she had never known before that it had been dull for her boy. "But," she explained to the little boy leaning against her knees, "Brother Ted must do whatever will give his guest the best time."

But, then, it would be a lonesome Christmas without him. And as they sat around the big fire that night before Christmas Eve a gloom hung over them which even the father's funniest jokes and liveliest tales could not dispel.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bob had just come, and he and Ted sat in Ted's steam-heated room talking of the many Christmases they had spent, when Bob said,

"And to think, tomorrow night Santa Claus will be going around. We bachelors who have to depend on clubs and society for our Christmas have a poor time. It isn't much Christmas after all unless you are in a home with a little boy. Lucky dogs, those fellows who have wives and mothers." Ted looked at Bob with surprise. "Come, let's be dressing for the dance," he said, "you are to take Miss Wilkins."

They dressed silently, and an hour later were in the big ball room. There the brilliant lights, the racy music and the bewitching girls drove from Ted's mind all the lonesome thoughts which had crowded into it at the mention of home and mother.

During the evening the charming Miss Lee reminded Ted that he and his guest were to eat Christmas dinner with her and from there were going to a little informal dance. Just before leaving Mr. Whitmore told Ted to be at his office at 5:30 tomorrow evening and they would try to get that big deal through before Christmas.

The next morning Ted left for the office hurriedly, telling Bob to amuse himself and to be at the club at 1 o'clock for lunch. He was very busy all morning, but just before leaving for the club he walked to his office window. The sky was gray and it looked as if it were going to snow. He wondered if Santa Claus was going to bring little Harry a sled. Then his gaze happened to rest on a sweet-faced little woman pushing her way through the throng of happy Christmas shoppers. He thought of his own mother and of all the happy Christmases he had spent. At that moment he realized for the first time that he was one of those lucky fellows who had a mother to go to; and yes, he would go to her at any cost.

Ted, in his old determined way, lost no time having once made up his mind. He wrote a few polite notes breaking his engagements, and then he called up Mr. Whitmore and asked him to postpone the deal. But Mr. Whitmore, fearing that somebody would get ahead of him if the deal was delayed, agreed to pay Ted twice as much if he would close the contract immediately.

At 2 o'clock Ted bounced into the clubroom, breathless and disheveled, but real Christmas thrills were racing up and down his spine. "Have you eaten?" he shot at Bob. "No, I thought—" Bob started, but was interrupted. "Well eat in a hurry for we've just

one hour and a half to do all our Christmas shopping, pack, and catch the 3:30 train. Man! Bob, didn't you know we were going home, back to the old farm, for Christmas?"

While they were eating Bob found out that the finest mother and father in the world lived on the farm, that there was a little brother just five, also a pretty sister sixteen or seventeen Ted didn't know which, with whom they would have "the happiest Christmas in the world." "We will reach a town nearest home about five-thirty and then we drive seven or eight miles," Ted told him.

In the Christmas shops they stopped at nothing. They bought enough toys for five little boys. Mother, father, sister and even old Amy were well remembered. At last triumphantly they walked into the homebound train with their overload of Christmas bundles.

\* \* \* \* \*

The mother sank tiredly into her chair by the fire. She had been busy all the week cooking goodies and doing every possible thing to make up for Ted's absence.

Elizabeth ran into the room, her dark cheeks were glowing, and her black eyes danced and sparkled. "Something exciting is surely going to happen, I've got Christmas in my bones," she said laughingly. "It's snowing, it's snowing," little Harry yelled excitedly as he danced into the room. In a few minutes the father came stamping in, clapping his cold hands together and shaking the snow from his shoulders. "It just had to snow for Santa's reindeers, didn't it, Harry, lad?" he asked of his light-haired little son, who was curled up on the rug watching sparks fly up the chimney.

The sound of horses' hoofs on the frozen ground and a loud "halloo" caused all four to look up with a start. "That negro Dan is getting in mighty early for Christmas Eve," the father said, and they all sat silently listening to the echoing steps as they died away. Suddenly faithful old Amy, beaming and breathless, burst into the room.

"Lawsy! mistiss, he's heah, he sho is! Hit's him alright!"

A boyish figure dashed into the room which deferred for quite some time any further explanation from old Amy.

## Zamee's Christmas

---

As the cool twilight descended upon the parched desert the weary camel boy, Zamee, listened no longer to the surly voices of the camel drivers as they gave peremptory orders to the lower servants. His thoughts were far away in Moorab where his little dark-eyed sweetheart Zuleka was dancing in the public square. Again he could hear the soft clang-clang of the tambourines and see her dark eyes flash as one of the bystanders tossed a shining piece of silver in her outstretched tambourine. Then he clenched his teeth as he thought of the only thing that stood between him and his dark-eyed love—the money which would buy her from her dancing mistress. How could he ever earn enough money?

He was recalled from his reverie by the excitement in the camp, caused by the approach of another caravan. Nearer and nearer it drew until from a tiny black speck on the horizon it assumed large proportions.

As it drew near enough to be clearly discerned Zamee observed that the caravan was headed by a white man of the race hated by nearly all the Arabs; but not so with Zamee, for his teacher had been of those same white people and she had taught him to speak English, and had also told him of her religion, the Christian religion. He recalled her name clearly now—Marie Reidling.

The caravan had arrived, so out of curiosity Zamee stood up to watch the unpacking of the camels, for it was evident that they intended spending the night near this same oasis. The white man and the owner of Zamee's caravan were conversing. The white man was asking whether or not the other caravan would object if his caravan pitched its tents there as darkness was approaching. On being assured that the other caravan had no objection the servants began to unload the camels.

Zamee was interested in the white man. He was tall and stalwart with dark hair and brown eyes, and his skin was slightly tanned, showing that he had lived much in the open. He seemed to be having some difficulty in unstrapping his camel's pack, so Zamee stepped forward and shyly offered his assistance, which was gratefully ac-



cepted by the stranger. In a few moments Zamee had accomplished his task, and as he stepped back the stranger whispered to him:

"Tonight I will see you in front of the fire after all are asleep."

Zamee nodded his assent.

When the cool night had descended upon the weary desert Zamee crept cautiously out of his little tent and took his seat before the flickering fire. In a few moments he was joined by the stranger. Zamee noticed in the dim light that the muscles in the white man's face worked spasmodically, and instinctively he knew that the stranger was in trouble. A few minutes of silence intervened, and then the stranger turned toward him and broke out passionately:

"Boy, I just had to tell some one, and I thought I'd tell you because your guide said you could speak English. My name is Horton Madden. I am a government surveyor and as I have a leave of absence for two months I am spending it traveling."

To the boy the speech seemed wild and incoherent. In a soothing voice he said:

"You have come to Arabia just to travel?"

The arrow had found its mark for the stranger's voice trembled with emotion as he answered:

"No, I am seeking the girl I love. She came to this heathenish land as a missionary teacher. This is my first vacation in two years and I have come to find her and to take her home with me but she has left Moorab and none of those heathen know where she has gone."

There was despair in his voice now. A flame of hope burned in the breast of Zamee as he asked eagerly:

"How much would you give to know where she is now?"

"Give! Give!" Madden shouted, "I'd give all I have."

Zamee edged closer. "For fifty dollars," he said, "I'll tell you where she is."

Abruptly breaking off from the subject, Madden said:

"Today is Christmas Day but there is no Christmas for me unless I find Marie. Boy," he continued, "I will give you the fifty dollars," and diving into his pocket he slowly counted out five ten-dollar bills and handed them to Zamee.

"She is at Yaran, two miles on the other side of the desert," said Zamee. "She is teaching there."

In sheer joy Madden sprang up and shouted:

"I have found my Christmas; Marie is my Christmas."

Vaguely understanding, the happy Zamee jumped up and with his face to the stars he exclaimed with all the passion of his fiery nature:

"I have found my Christmas," and then in a whisper, "Zuleka is my Christmas."

ELSIE ALEXANDER, '16.

### The Two Little Belgians' Christmas Eve

[A story written by Elizabeth Lay in Freshman French, signed Mademoiselle Meprises (Miss Mistakes), and translated from the French by Elizabeth Carrison].

It was night. Around the little house the fields of old Peter lay bright in the light of the moon and the roofs of the village were white with snow. Every one was at rest because it was Christmas Eve. Inside the little house old Peter and his wife had been very busy, but now the candles were low and a delightful harmony of noises issued from the room in which the good old couple were asleep. Close to this two little children were asleep. These children were Belgian refugees to whom a cordial welcome had been given by Pierre and Marie; their only child having gone to war.

Soon a little noise was heard coming from the children's bed.

"Jean, are you awake?"

"No, Pappette, I am sound asleep. Hush, the little Jesus will hear us talking."

All was quiet. Then—

"Pappette, are you awake?"

"Yes, Jean."

"Pappette, are you crying?"

"Oh, Jean, do you believe that the little Jesus can bring back our dear mamma to us and put her in our little shoes?"

"Ah, yes; the little Jesus can do everything."

All was quiet. Then—

"Let's look into the shoes, Jean." Then there was the pattering of tiny bare feet across the floor.

"Jean, *you* look into the shoes." There were apples, nuts, candy, a doll, a drum, but not a mother.

"Oh!" said both disappointed children together.

"Listen, Pappette, some one is coming." A noise of tiny feet, then all was again quiet.

Suddenly the door opened and a woman stood and looked into the room.

"Surely this must be the house of Monsieur Peter; this must be the house where my little ones are staying. There are—"

At this moment two pairs of arms were thrown around her.

"The little Jesus has brought our mamma."

"The little Jesus has brought her to us."

Just then the door of Peter's room was opened and a head with a night-cap on was thrust in; then withdrawn, embarrassed.

"You are the mother of these little ones, are you not, madame?"

"Ah, yes, sir; I can never tell you—"

"And the little Jesus has brought her. You are the best gift in all the world, mamma," two little voices cried out.

"You must be very tired; come and rest," said old Marie, who had come in.

Everything was again quiet in the little house of old Peter. Only the fire crackled from time to time and the cat dozed in front of the chimney.

Soon the Christmas bells were ringing out over the village, clear and sweet. It was Christmas morning. All the village folk went to morning mass and every one prayed to God for the French army and for the brave soldiers who were fighting for France; and two little Belgian children prayed for the soldiers and also for the poor Belgian refugees.

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## “Those St. Mary's Girls”

(Anonymous)

“I am just mad enough to slap some one.”

I turned with surprise to find that the dear fat lady who had seated herself beside me was very much out of breath as well as out of temper. Her remark which was evidently addressed to me astonished me so that it was all I could do to stammer out:

“Er—a—is that so?”

“Yes, it *is* so, and you can always expect it to be just so if those St. Mary's girls have anything to do with it.” The fat party was now rapidly getting back her breath but not her temper.

“There I've been waiting fifteen minutes for a car and all because a St. Mary's girl told me that that last car was a private one.”

“A private car?”

“Yes; when I got on I asked why such a number of girls were on and what did one of those saucy imps do but tell me that I had made a mistake, that it was a private car and wouldn't stop between Fayetteville and St. Mary's. Just as the car started off I heard a shout of laughter go up. I suppose they thought it a great joke to have put me off, but I didn't.”

She had quite regained her breath by this time and was now making good use of it.

“Why it was just last night at the theater that a whole line of people had to wait fully five minutes while one of those magpies stood chattering to some one; their inconsiderateness is appalling and if you have the ill luck to take a seat in the car by one she just about crowds you off.”

I couldn't exactly picture this corpulent lady being pushed off of anything, much less a seat.

“I just would like to know how much those girls can eat; I heard one of them remark while in Brantley's that that was her second cream and she had already had a chicken salad, and I haven't a doubt but that—”

But her sentence was never finished for just then the car stopped at the summer house and I had to get off. However as I reached

the door I couldn't resist calling back in answer to her amazed question, "Are *you* a St. Mary's girl?" "Yes, and the very same one who ate two creams and a chicken salad."

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## SCHOOL LIFE

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SADIE VINSON, COURTNEY CROWTHER, MATILDA HANCOCK, *Editors.*

### The Christmas Ship

It has been well said of Mr. Keeley, of the *Chicago Herald*, who originated the idea of the "Christmas Ship," that he had the spirit of the poet with the hard common sense that poets often lack.

The people of the whole nation grasped his idea enthusiastically, one hundred and ninety newspapers from San Francisco to New York being the organizers of the expedition. Churches, Sunday Schools, Boy Scouts, Camp-fire Girls and children everywhere have worked, sacrificed and given freely. Especially generous, it is said, were the army veterans, particularly old Confederate soldiers who in their time have had opportunity to know the poverty and suffering of an invaded land.

One school sent \$616.56; in another an industrial class made thirty little flannelette nighties and twenty-three soft little petticoats. Most of the gifts were useful articles, usually clothing, no money being accepted. Ten per cent of the cargo was food, thirty per cent toys to gladden the hearts of little Belgians, Germans, Russians and French children. One child sent an apron with a note folded in the pocket. On the scrap of paper was written, "From a Polish to a Belgian girl." Four marbles rolled from the pocket of a coat.

The Santa Claus ship "Jason," all freshly painted for the occasion, waited in New York bay until Friday, the thirteenth, and all its dangers were past, and then put out to sea.

No opportunity to make some little sacrifice was ever more welcome to St. Mary's girls than that of being allowed to take a part in sending things for the "Christmas Ship." It was Miss Thomas who conceived of the idea that St. Mary's should do its share, and the chaperons' lists were longer than usual on the first Monday of Oc-

tober. With the money that was donated Miss Thomas and Miss Urquhart bought sweaters, coats, thick stockings, wool gloves and caps. The girls could not resist putting in attractive dolls, toys and games. People in town and especially the merchants were very generous in the things they sent to help fill the boxes. Two large ones were packed full.

Several weeks later at an inter-society meeting Miss Thomas read an announcement of the arrival of the "Jason" and its warm reception in England, the first stopping place of the American Santa Claus.

F. R. B.

#### Thanksgiving Day: An Inter-Society Meeting

An inter-society meeting was held in the parlor on Thanksgiving Day immediately after dinner to give us a deeper insight into the meaning of the day. Thanksgiving Day is an old old custom in America, and it is interesting to note how it has been celebrated in the same manner since early days. The program of this meeting was as follows:

The Origin of Thanksgiving.....	Nettie Gaither
A New England Thanksgiving.....	Estelle Ravenel
The Arrival of the Christmas Ship in England.....	Miss Thomas
Poem.....	Read by Buford Aiken
Recitation, "I Ain't Afraid".....	Annabelle Converse
Song, "The Landing of the Pilgrims".....	Chorus

#### Nov. 28th: "Ici On Parle Francais" A Farce

The Muse Club delighted the school and friends from town on the evening of November 28th by a presentation of "Ici On Parle Francais," a farce in one act. The play was not lacking in action and humor and the parts were well chosen and executed.

Among those who deserve special mention were the parts of Monsieur DuBois, taken by Agnes Barton; Major Regulus Rattan, taken by Courtney Crowther, and that of Mrs. Spriggins, played by Carol Collier.

The following program will probably prove interesting to those not present:

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Major Regulus Rattan.....	Courtney Crowther
Victor DuBois.....	Agnes Barton
Mr. Spriggins.....	Margaret H. Bottum
Mrs. Spriggins.....	Carol Collier
Angelina (their daughter).....	Elsie Alexander
Julia (wife of Major Rattan).....	Helen Peoples
Anna Maria (Irish maid).....	Annie Cameron

SCENE: A parlor in total disorder at the home of the Spriggins.

## Nov. 28th, 29th: Deaconess Goodwin's Visit

Deaconess Goodwin, Student Secretary of the Board of Missions, spent several days with us. Even though she was not here long she made herself very much loved and put renewed energy into the Junior Auxiliaries.

She was introduced to us Saturday night, and Sunday morning during the regular Sunday School hour addressed the girls in the schoolroom, taking for her subject the ways in which we should devote our lives to the work and the service of others.

The girls gathered voluntarily in the parlor Sunday night and the deaconess again spoke, with her customary sweetness, freshness, and enthusiasm on the great work in China and the efforts of our church at St. Mary's, the school there for girls.

## Dec. 2nd, 3rd: North Carolina Literary and Historical Association

Many of the girls attended the meetings of the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association at Meredith College on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of December 2d and 3d.

The program on Wednesday evening consisted of an address by Dr. Archibald Henderson, the President of the Association, on "The New North State," and an address by Romolo S. Naon, the ambassador from the Argentine Republic to our country, also well known as the president of the Niagara Conference. He was introduced by Governor Craig and spoke on "Some Argentine Ideas."

The Patterson Cup, which is awarded every year to the person who has made the greatest contribution to North Carolina literature during that year, was awarded this year to Dr. Hamilton of the University of North Carolina.

On Thursday night Dr. C. Alphonso Smith of the University of Virginia spoke on the life and works of William Sidney Porter, known to us as O. Henry, the famous short-story writer, a native of this State.

At the close of the address the audience went to the new state building where the unveiling of the tablet to O. Henry took place. After a short address by Dr. Henderson the tablet was presented by the Governor and unveiled by O. Henry's daughter.

#### Community Service Week : North Carolina Day

Last week was celebrated as community service week all over the State and Friday was set aside as North Carolina Day.

On that day, December 4th, from twelve-thirty to one, we assembled in the parlor to pay all honor to our State. The following program was rendered :

Song by the School—"Carolina."

Readings by Primary Pupils.....S. Pendleton, P. Holstead, I. Jones, V. Lay

Reading, "Ho! for Carolina".....Eliza Davis

Song, "Dixie".....By the School

Address by Mr. Lay.

Song, "America".....By the School

Mr. Lay's address was on North Carolina, which he extolled not as the best State, but as *one* of the best States, assuring those from other States that they would soon learn to love it as he had done.

The participation by the Primary Department in the program was much enjoyed by all.

#### Dec. 5th : The Bazaar of the Lucy Bratton Chapter

The zeal and enthusiasm of the Lucy Bratton Chapter of the Junior Auxiliary was shown on Saturday night, December 5th, by the attractive bazaar which they gave in the old dining-room.

The room was attractively decorated in Christmas colors and dainty and useful gifts of every kind were displayed. Ice cream, candy and cake were also sold. The success of the bazaar was manifested by the short time in which everything was sold and by the generous amount taken in by the Chapter.



## Dec. 7th: "Arms and the Man"

George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man" was presented by the University of North Carolina Dramatic Association in the St. Mary's auditorium on Monday evening, December 7, 1914.

The Carolina Dramatic Club always stars in its plays and the annual play is always anticipated with great pleasure by the St. Mary's girls. This year it was unusually good.

The auditorium was crowded and the interest of the play was unflagging. So in sympathy was the audience with the players that yawns were quite widespread when poor, sleepy Captain Bluntchli was struggling to keep awake at the orders of the heroine Raina.

We recognized several of the best actors whom we had seen before. Each and every one took his part so well that, after the heated arguments which followed the play as to which characters were best, we cannot give any decided preference.

The program was as follows:

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Major Sergius Saronoff, an officer in the Bulgarian Army, and betrothed to Raina.....	Leon Applewhite, '18
Major Petkoff, Father to Raina, also in the Bulgarian Army,	W. P. M. Weeks, '15
Captain Bluntchli, a Swiss serving in the Servian Army, and a Refugee after the Battle of Slivnitza.....	Chas. Coggin, Law, '16
Catherine, Wife to Major Petkoff.....	W. D. Kerr, '15
Louka, Maid to Raina.....	Bruce Webb, '18
Raina.....	B. L. Meredith, '18
Nikola, Servant to the Petkoffs.....	H. V. Johnson, '16
Russian Officer.....	J. L. Harrison, '16
Place—A small town in Bulgaria.	
Time—November, 1885.	

## SYNOPSIS OF ACTS.

ACT I. Raina's bedchamber on the night of the Victory of the Bulgarians over the Servians.

ACT II. Garden behind Major Petkoff's house, the following afternoon.

ACT III. A little later. Major Petkoff's library.

## TALES AROUND SCHOOL

### A Beautiful Spree

(TUNE: "*By the Sea.*")

She and I were always together,  
 Said she to me, "It's just the right weather,  
 So let's plan out a beautiful spree.  
 It won't take long this wild idee  
 That I would reveal to you,  
 It is bound to strongly appeal to you."  
     We skipped study hall,  
     And that wasn't all  
 For it was a beautiful spree.

#### CHORUS.

But you see, but you see,  
 When Miss Eleanor T.  
 Looked at us, looked at us,  
 We weren't happy, not we.  
 When each day came a-rollin' by,  
 We were gay and free,  
 And we'd play and fool around together.  
 Over and done for, we're up in the air;  
 I am mad, I am sad,  
 So now what do we care?  
 It was to be such a beautiful spree,  
 But they've sent us to the Dormatoree.

We had looked at choir boys on Sunday,  
 We'd worn gym shoes to town on Monday,  
 So it was a terrible spree.  
 We had to pay both night and day.  
 We were happy in our West Wing home,  
 But evil deeds have made us to roam.  
     We've cut out the airs,  
     They've sent us up stairs  
 To the Dormatoreee-eee.

## A Lonesome Job



[The above picture and this "poem" were found on Miss Thomas's desk.]

Put this picture on your desk,  
Please drink its meaning in,  
So when we have not done our best  
To scold you won't begin.

When we scream out on the hall  
Because we're feeling fine,  
And next morn hear that dreadful call  
"Report to me at nine."

When we come creeping up the steps  
Upon that awful day,  
Brinley, Bacon, Latham, Converse,  
Composing what we'll say—

And shivering at your door we stand  
With shaking hands and knees,  
Look at that picture on your desk  
And don't restrict us, PLEASE!

---

Before Closed Doors

Two maidens sleeping lie,  
The minutes quickly fly,  
A noisy rap  
An ended nap  
And now to do or die.

Two maidens swiftly run,  
 Their toilet quickly done,  
     A white skirt flung  
     A middy hung!  
 The race is just begun.

Now up the stairs they leap  
 And then prepare to weep,  
     The doors were closed  
     While these two dozed.  
 Dejected in they creep.

---

Lines Written on the Busts of Shakespeare and Beethoven Glaring  
 at Each Other Across the Stage

Says Bill to Ludwig, "I cannot see how  
 You dare with your music to make such a row.  
 How then can I possibly write out this sonnet  
 I'm trying to compose on my sweetheart's new bonnet."

Says Ludy to Bill, "You are moto presto,  
 Please repeat it Da Capo e Ritardando;  
 My songs without words give far less offense  
 Than your punky old verses without any sense."

# The St. Mary's Muse.

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Subscription Price	One Dollar.
Single Copies	Fifteen Cents.

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

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

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

Correspondence from friends solicited.

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## EDITORIAL

### Christmas

LAURA MARGARET HOPPE, '14.

*(It is a great pleasure to us to print this editorial, which we take from the lost and much mourned Christmas MUSE of last year, which was happily found later on in the session.)*

The last day has been marked off the calendar, the last hour, the last, last minute and even the last second has passed, and the long looked forward to holidays have come! What an event this is at St. Mary's!

Of course the anticipation begins weeks ahead, but the real fun starts the week before, when the trunks are brought down, and then what a rushing and scrambling begins!

There are so many things to do that one hardly knows where to turn first. The decorations for the Christmas entertainment have to be made. Miles of wreaths, as it seems to the makers, of cedar, the Christmas tree to trim and Christmas carols to practice.

In the studio the young artists are busy doing leather work and designing all sorts of unusual presents. The girls in the Domestic Science Department are learning how to make candy and sweet things to surprise the folks at home during the holidays.

The Junior Auxiliary Chapters are dressing dolls, filling baskets and stockings to distribute among the poor.

At the different tables in the dining room the girls draw names to see who will be the one to receive a present from them on the Christmas tree. These presents are in the form of "Knocks" and must not cost over ten cents. This is not an easy thing to do as one is called upon to give an original as well as appropriate gift, and such plotting and whispering as accompanies this procedure!

And now we have sung "On Our Way Rejoicing," our trunks have been taken to the station, we have said good-bye and wished every one a "Merry Christmas."

THE MUSE also wishes to extend a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all!

---

### Two Pictures From a Weekly Paper

A little Belgian refugee sat on the floor opening a wonderful box tied with bright ribbons. Many queer American words were on the cover but they meant nothing to the happy child. Out of the box came a marvelous doll, dressed in truly American clothes, with real hair, real eyelashes and little shiny slippers with silver buckles. Never had there been such a doll! Well, yes, perhaps in the big, big shops way up in the wonderful cities, but children never touched those dolls. And it was truly her own, her very own! Dazed with the wonder of it all, the little Belgian girl sat motionless before the warm fire of the kind people who were taking care of her.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Christmas Ship, Bring Santa Claus to stricken Europe! Donations Received, Clothing, Toys, Money, Food."

The words blazed forth on a brilliant poster with Santa Claus as the chief figure putting a beautiful doll into the outstretched arms of a little Dutch girl.

Before this sign on the broad street of a great American city, shivering in the blasts of cold winter and flurrying snow, stood two ragged little girls with drawn and pinched faces and a scraggy yellow cur.

They lived in the slums where Santa Claus doesn't go and where

people are often very hungry, in winter especially, when the men cannot get work and prices are high. There isn't often a nice warm fire and sometimes, yes, they are sick and there can be no doctor.

The little girls stood before the poster with their thoughts far away in the land of dreams—far away with the little Dutch girl receiving the beautiful doll.

"Gee, I wisht we was Belgian referees!" wistfully sighed the older girl.

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## ATHLETICS

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ELIZA DAVIS.

Our record in athletics this month is rather blank in comparison to what we hoped to accomplish. A week of snow and then continuous rain have kept the courts in such bad condition that it has been impossible to finish the tennis tournament or play off the basketball game between the second teams of the two associations.

### Tennis

The tennis tournament has resulted in the following choice for the finals:

<i>Sigma.</i>	<i>Mu.</i>
Mott	Wilson, J.
Thomas, A.	Waring, C.
Alexander	Brinley

Only the first game has been played off, resulting in a score of two to one in favor of Ellen Mott.

### The Riding Club

Some time ago the Riding Club was organized for this term. The only officer necessary was a president, and "Dick" Waring was chosen. About twenty-eight girls joining, the outlook was very promising for a lot of cross country rides this fall; but as we have not been able to get any horses, and, as the weather has been so bad, we have not been out yet. However, we still hope to get in a couple of rides before the Christmas vacation.

### The Walking Club

The Walking Club, with Annie Cameron as president, Agnes Barton as secretary-treasurer, and Mr. Stone and Mr. Cruikshank as guides, have been the most active branch in the athletic department this month. Bad weather has no effect on these merry hikers and any Sunday you may see them starting off right after dinner for a tramp of an hour or two. On week days they leave after school is over. Most of the interesting places around Raleigh have been visited, among them Lake Raleigh, the Pamlico Junction, and the Old Soldiers' Home.

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### OUR EXCHANGES

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HELENE NORTHCOTT, *Exchange Editor.*

What a pleasure it is to survey the collection of magazines that have poured into our exchange department for December.

Both the inside and the outside of most of them seem to fairly bubble over with Christmas thoughts, joy, and merriment. Beginning with the cover designs, from bright and dignified wreaths, to bits of merry Christmas scenes, on and on through poems, stories and editorials, the spirit of joy, cheer and good will prevail. All are filled with that true Christmas feeling that makes "the whole world 'kin."

Among the finest and most interesting magazines for this month are the *Wake Forest Student*, the *University of North Carolina Magazine*, and the *Quill*.

Truly the *Wake Forest Student* shows the proper spirit and help of the student body. It reflects the interest, hard work and enthusiasm which are essential to edit a successful magazine. All of the departments are well arranged and the school notes are especially interesting.

One of the best articles of this number is "A Defense of Capital Punishment." Four important arguments are given. First, that capital punishment is the easiest and most certain method of eliminating that danger of a murderous assassin from society. Second, that it is an example to others, therefore homicides are rarest where



the law is enforced. The third point brings out the thought that, since capital punishment involves the destruction of the criminal there is no need for reformation. It is the business of the State to secure and maintain safety for society. The last argument is that of humanity. Instant death is more merciful to the criminal than the long weary years of penal servitude. The writer brought the points out clearly and distinctly and showed excellent selection of the arguments.

"The Romance on the Rail," and "The Serve," two articles of this number, show great ingenuity and ability in short story writing.

We cannot but see the trace in many incidents of the best efforts of the staffs, for improvement, and we most heartily congratulate them on their December magazines.

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### A Plea for Ragtime Music

Many people of sensitive and discriminating taste are deploring the prevalence of ragtime music. They regard it as cheap, flashy, vulgar. The fact that young people like to play it on the piano, that children like to dance to it, that soldiers march to it, they regard as a bad sign of the times. In their opinion the liking for ragtime is an obstacle to a higher appreciation of music. This, however, is not the opinion of all musicians.

In a recent number of the *Craftsman*, Miss Curtis, who has done much to discover and bring to the knowledge of the public the beauty of the Indian folk-song, tells this anecdote of the Russian music conductor Savonoff:

"The band at the hotel where he was staying had been playing serious music in his honor when something more popular was requested by one of the guests. With the first bars of ragtime the musician who had paid scant attention before began to listen curiously, then attentively and finally enthusiastically. He rushed to the leader of the band, 'What is this? It is wonderful. So original, so interesting.' The leader smilingly explained that it was the 'real American music.' 'I shall score it for the orchestra and play it in St. Petersburg,' declared the Russian with real appreciation behind the humor of the suggestion."

There is something to be said for the contention that ragtime is at least our contribution of real folk-music which America has offered to the world. Miss Curtis thinks there is ground for the assertion that ragtime as whistled and sung in American theaters, homes and streets received its first impulse from the songs of the Southern negro. She suggests that the negroes in time may have derived some elements of it from the tom-tom and accented rhythms of Indian song.

Taking as his text a recent newspaper interview, in which George Hamlin, the distinguished tenor protests against the flooding of America with cheap, hashy music, Arthur Darwell in *Musical America* has lately endeavored to show that popular music is not such a bad thing. If we are frank with ourselves, Mr. Darwell thinks, we must all admit that we enjoy popular music in certain moods and the enjoyment is innocent enough. There is in all of us a primitive melodic rhythmic sense which is bound to find expression. Even Beethoven is said to have often listened intently to the strains of a barrel-organ in the thought that he might learn something of advantage from it.

This popular music is a matter of the feet rather than of the soul and is like popular government, "Of the people, by the people and for the people." The makers of these songs are born to this function as Beethoven was born to respond to the highest ideal music demands.

As to ragtime having a deteriorating effect on the public, such a claim is absurd in view of the fact that it isn't the music which makes the people but the people who make the music to suit themselves. Popular music is not forced upon the people, it is created out of their own spirit. That which is creative is good.

Whatever its origin and however much it has been vulgarized, ragtime is as distinctive as the rhythmic characteristics of Spanish or Hungarian music, and is as capable of use in musical art as any primitive musical material.

MATTIE MOYE ADAMS, '15.

# ALUMNAE MATTERS

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

## St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

HONORARY PRESIDENT	- - -	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
HONORARY VICE-Presidents	-	{ Mrs. I. McK. Pittinger, Raleigh. Mrs. Bessie Smedes Leak, West Durham.
PRESIDENT	- - -	Mrs. Herbert W. Jackson, Richmond, Va.
VICE-PRESIDENT	- - -	Mrs. A. S. Pendleton, Raleigh.
SECRETARY	- - -	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.
TREASURER	- - -	Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Raleigh.

## IN MEMORIAM

*At her home in Wilmington, August the 23, 1914, in the eighty-fifth year of her life, Mrs. Catherine deR. Meares entered into life eternal.*

At a meeting of the St. Mary's Alumnae Association on Founders' Day, November 1st, the following resolution offered by Mrs. Charles Root was adopted: That a Committee be appointed to memorialize the services to St. Mary's of the late Mrs. Catherine deR. Meares.

The committee begs leave to submit the following: That as pupil, teacher and Lady Principal, the influence of Mrs. Meares was deeply felt.

While a teacher at St. Mary's Mrs. Meares gave the benefit not only of her beautiful voice but (especially in the chapel services) of her taste and appreciation of music.

Called by the Rev. Bennett Smedes, D.D., to be the first Lady Principal, she, with him realized the responsibility devolving upon both to carry on the noble work so ably begun by the founder, Rev. Aldert Smedes, D.D.

Her love for St. Mary's as a pupil (she was among the first to enjoy the advantages of the school) and teacher found its highest expression in organizing St. Mary's Alumnae Association. For this all St. Mary's girls owe her a lasting debt of gratitude.

The committee is authorized by the Alumnae Association to have a copy of this tribute spread upon the minutes of the Secretary's book,

to send a copy to the near relatives of Mrs. Meares and to St. Mary's Muse.

Respectfully submitted,  
MRS. GEORGE SNOW,  
MISS KATE MCKIMMON,  
MRS. NANNIE JONES ASHE,  
*Committee.*

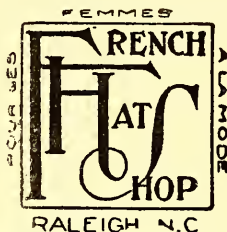
## Read! Mark! Act!

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

### H. MAHLER'S SONS JEWELERS

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA



Exclusive  
Millinery

(Ypres is pronounced Eeper.—News Item.)

There was a young lady from Ypres,  
Whose mommer and popper wouldn't kypres.  
She traveled to Paris,  
The place where the glare is,  
And now the dame's thoughts are much dypres.

## The Dobbin-Ferrall Co.

THE STORE OF QUALITY

DRY GOODS OF ALL KINDS

MILLINERY

Tailored Suits and Coats, Carpets, Cur-  
tains, Draperies, etc.

LADIES' FINE SHOES & SLIPPERS

"It's worth the difference"

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"Workers in Artistic Photography"

ADVERTISEMENTS

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and Misses Ready-to-Wear Garments  
Ten per cent off to College Girls

**The Fashion** Fayetteville Street  
KAPLAN BROS. CO.

**Royall & Borden Furniture Co.**

We  
Handle  
Mantles

127 Fayetteville St.

RALEIGH, N. C.

**THOMAS A PARTIN COMPANY**

Raleigh, N. C.

Specialty of Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments and Gossard's Lace Front Corsets

**JOHNSON & JOHNSON CO.**

Coal, Wood, Ice, Brick

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RALEIGH, N. C.

**THE ALDERMAN CHINA COMPANY**

Candy, China, Toys

Pictures, Stationery

CHOICE CUT FLOWERS

AT J. L. O'QUINN & COMPANY'S  
LEADING FLORISTS OF NORTH CAROLINA.  
RALEIGH, N. C.

One: "Did you say 'Yes' or 'No?'"

The Other One: "I shook my head."

One: "I know that because it rattled, but did you shake it up or down?"

Why Is  
**Brantley's Fountain**

the

**MOST POPULAR?**

Ask the Girls

**BOYLAN-PEARCE**  
**COMPANY**

The Greatest Store  
in the City for the  
**SCHOOL GIRLS**

ADVERTISEMENTS

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Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens

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The Office Stationery Co.

Phone 135 RALEIGH, N. C.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

Twenty-three years successful experience se-  
lecting desirable teachers for schools and col-  
leges and placing competent teachers in satis-  
factory positions.

CONSERVATIVE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

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ARCHITECT

**CAROLINA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY**

Electric Light and  
Power

174—BOTH PHONES—226

**King's Grocery**  
"THE LITTLE STORE"

**H. STEINMETZ—FLORIST**

Roses, Carnations, Violets, Wedding Bouquets,  
Floral Designs, Palms, Ferns, all kinds of plants.  
Raleigh, N. C. Phone 113

Lives of Seniors all remind us  
We must strive to do our best,  
And departing leave behind us  
Note books that will help the rest.

**Billy & Wynne Jewelry Co.**

COLLEGE  
JEWELRY

8 Fayetteville St. Raleigh, N. C.

HELLER'S SHOE STORE  
SHOES AND HOSIERY

WALK-OVER—The Shoe for You  
Walk-Over Shoe Shop  
RALEIGH, N. C.

**HERBERT ROSENTHAL**  
Ladies' Fine Shoes

**JOHNSON & McCULLERS COMPANY**

Good Things to Eat  
122 FAYETTEVILLE STREET

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Everything up-to-date for Ladies, Misses  
and Children. Ready-made wearing apparel  
210 Fayetteville St.                      RALEIGH, N. C.

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Insure Against Loss by Fire  
Best Companies Represented. Bonding Solicited  
**The Mechanics Savings Bank**  
RALEIGH, N. C.

**YOUNG & HUGHES**

**Plumbers**  
**Steam Fitters**  
**Hot Water Heating**  
  
S. Wilmington Street

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**AND SODA FOUNTAIN**

Cor. Fayetteville and Hargett Sts.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

Home Company                      Home Capital  
Safe, Secure, and Successful

CHAS. E. JOHNSON, President  
A. A. THOMPSON, Treasurer  
R. S. BUSBEE, Secretary

**HUNTER-RAND COMPANY**  
Dry Goods, Notions, Suits, Milliner  
and Shoes  
208 Fayetteville St.                      RALEIGH, N. C.

Miss H.: "I wish you to know that I don't stand on trifles."

Miss B. (glancing at her feet): "I see you don't."—*Ex.*

**M. Rosenthal**  
**& Co.**  
**GROCERS**

WILMINGTON and HARGETT STS.

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**VISITING CARDS**

**CORRECTLY and PROMPTLY ENGRAVED**

Send for samples and prices

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**Company**

Steel Die and Copper Plate Engraver

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Phones 228

T. F. BROCKWELL  
All Kinds of Keys. Bicycle Supplies.  
Typewriters of all Kinds Repaired.

CARNELL & THOMAS  
ONE-PRICE MUSIC HOUSE

PESCU'S BOOK STORE  
12 W. Hargett St.

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CHOICE CUT FLOWERS

Raleigh French Dry Cleaning Company  
Corner Blount and Morgan Streets.

HOTEL GIERSCH  
RALEIGH, N. C.

WHITE ICE CREAM CO.

BEST  
ICE CREAM

Phone 123

CORNER SALISBURY AND HARGETT STS.

T. W. BLAKE, Raleigh, N. C.

RICH JEWELRY MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED

REGINALD HAMLET DRUG STORE  
Saunders Street

HICKS' UPTOWN DRUG STORE

Phone 107

PROMPT DELIVERY

Mr. S. (reading): "Napole was founded early. Miss R., what do you mean here by 'early?'"

L. R. (slowly waking up): "Early? Oh, about 6 a. m."

Norfolk Southern Railroad

ROUTE OF THE "NIGHT EXPRESS"

New Short Line Through Eastern North Carolina

DIRECT LINE BETWEEN

NORFOLK RALEIGH  
NEW BERN  
GOLDSBORO

VIA WASHINGTON, KINSTON, GREENVILLE, FARMVILLE  
AND WILSON, TO POINTS NORTH AND SOUTH

*Electric Lighted Pullman Sleeping and Parlor Cars*

Fast Schedule, Best Service

Double Daily Express Service

I. S. LEARD, G. P. A.  
NORFOLK, VA.

J. F. MITCHELL, T. P. A.  
RALEIGH, N. C.

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**Suits, Dresses, Coats, Etc.**  
**Tailoring and Dressmaking**  
 SPECIAL PRICES

**Thos. H. Briggs & Sons, Raleigh, N. C.**

Hardware, Paints, House Furnishings  
 and Stoves. We endeavor to give a  
 faithful service and value.

**SOUVENIRS OF ST. MARY'S**  
**The Toyland Co.**

Harness and Saddle Horses. Heavy Hauling  
**CARVER'S STABLES**

Henry S. Carver, Prop. Both Phones 229  
**BOARD, LIVERY AND EXCHANGE**  
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**GRIMES & VASS** Raleigh, N. C.  
 Fire Insurance and Investments

**"Where Your Dollars Count Most"**

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126 Fayetteville St. Raleigh, N. C.

**ELLINGTON'S ART STORE**

RALEIGH, N. C.

Everything in Art.  
 Embroidery Materials, Wools and Zephyrs.

**MISSES REESE & COMPANY**  
 MILLINERY

**WATSON PICTURE AND ART CO.**

Picture Frames and Window Shades.

**ROYSTER'S CANDY A SPECIALTY**

Made Fresh Every Day

Call **OLIVE'S BAGGAGE TRANSFER**  
 Phone 529

Teacher: "Let us now sing 'Little Drops of Water,' and put some spirit  
 in it."—*Ex.*

**C. D. ARTHUR** City Market  
 FISH AND OYSTERS

**MOORE'S ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP**  
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**JOHN C. DREWRY**  
 "MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE"

**Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dry Cleaning Establishment**  
 CARDWELL & O'KELLY, PROPRIETORS  
 204 S. Salisbury St.

**HAYES & HALL—STUDIO**

**California Fruit Store, 111 Fayetteville St., Raleigh**  
 Fancy fruits and pure ice cream. Best equipped and most  
 sanitary ice cream factory in the state. Our cream is the  
 "Quality Kind." Send us your orders. California Fruit  
 Store, 111 Fayetteville St., Vurnakes & Co., Props., Raleigh.

**L. SCHWARTZ**

**RICHMOND MARKET**

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**Calumet Tea and Coffee Company**  
 51 and 53 Franklin St. Chicago, Ill.  
 Proprietors of Calumet Coffee and Spice Mills.

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**J. R. FERRALL & CO.**

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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**THE YARBOROUGH**

Raleigh's Leading Hotel

Cafe one of the Best in the Country

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A MODERN NOVEL.

*Chapter I.*

Maid one.

*Chapter II.*

Man too.

*Chapter III.*

Maid won.

*Chapter IV.*

Lovers two.

*Chapter V.*

Made one.

---

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY**

**Premier Carrier of the South**

**Most Direct Line to all Points North, South,  
East, West**

Through sleeping cars to all principal cities, through Tourist Cars to San Francisco and other California points. All-year tourist tickets on sale to principal Western points. Convenient local, as well as through trains. Electrically lighted coaches. Complete Dining Car Service on all through trains. Ask representatives of Southern Railway about special rates account Christmas holidays; also about various other special occasions. If you are contemplating a trip to any point, communicate with representatives of Southern Railway before completing your arrangements for same. They will gladly and courteously furnish you with all information as to the cheapest and most comfortable way in which to make the trip. Will also be glad to secure Pullman Sleeping Car reservations for you.

F. CARY, General Pass. Agent,  
Washington, D. C.

J. O. JONES, Traveling Pass. Agent,  
Raleigh, N. C.



*Location Central for the Carolinas.*

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*Climate Healty and Salubrious.*

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# ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

RALEIGH, N. C.

*(for girls and young women)*

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SEVENTY-THIRD ANNUAL SESSION BEGAN SEPTEMBER 16, 1914

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SESSION DIVIDED INTO TWO TERMS.

EASTER TERM BEGINS JANUARY 21, 1915.

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*St. Mary's*  
offers instruction in these  
Departments:

- {
1. *THE COLLEGE.*
  2. *THE MUSIC SCHOOL.*
  3. *THE BUSINESS SCHOOL.*
  4. *THE ART SCHOOL.*
  5. *THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL*

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*Well Furnished, Progressive Music Department. Much Equipment New.*  
*Thirty-six Pianos. New Gymnasium, Dining Hall and*  
*Dormitories.*

*Special attention to the Social and Christian side of Education without*  
*slight to the Scholastic training.*

*For Catalogue and other information address*

*Rev. George W. Lay,*  
*Rector.*

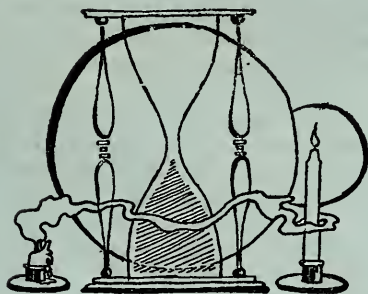


# ST. MARY'S MUSE

OF

## ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

RALEIGH, N. C.



JANUARY 23, 1915

## The Voice of Long Ago

---

Oh voice of long ago,  
Oh voice of the days gone by,  
The voice of things that have always been  
Since the dawn of eternity.

You speak in the raging wind  
As it roars through the wild, dark night,  
In the sigh of the pines, in the drip of the rain,  
For your tones are infinite.

You speak in the rush of the wind  
As it leaps down the mountain side,  
In the quavering note of some wild bird's call—  
In the sob and the moan of the tide.

And whether your voice be soft,  
Or whether 'tis wild and grand,  
Your call is the same and its appeal  
Touches the heart of man.

For the voice of nature awakes  
A pathos vague and dim,  
For down through the ages the voice of the wild  
Is calling, still calling to him.

ELIZA DAVIS, '16.



# ST. MARY'S MUSE

RALEIGH, N. C.

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Published by the Muse Club at St. Mary's School.  
The Student Publication, and the official organ of the Alumnae.

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MARGARET H. BOTTUM, '15.....*Editor*  
PENCIE C. WARREN, '15.....*Business Manager*

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VOL. XIX.

January 23, 1915.

No. 7.

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## School Notes

*December 12th: The Dramatic Club Play.*

The St. Mary's Dramatic Club presented "A Scrap of Paper," by Sardou, on Saturday evening, December 12, 1914, in the Auditorium.

Every year it is customary for the Dramatic Club to give a play the last Saturday night before the Christmas holidays. Miss Florence Davis, who is head of the Elocution Department, chooses and directs the cast. She deserves and receives a great deal of credit for her splendid work in the training of the casts and the production of her plays.

The story of the play is woven around a little "scrap of paper" which causes many misunderstandings and mysteries by its failure to reach the person for whom it was intended. This brings about an unexpected termination of affairs in which Prosper marries his beloved Suzanne and the wicked Baron carries off Louise while Anatole marries Mathilde, after getting away from the clutches of the old maid, Zenobie, who had other plans for his future.

Adelyn Barbee was an attractive and much admired heroine while Elizabeth Carrison made a charming hero and acted her part well. Virginia Bonner and Josephine Wilson also acted their parts with much credit, as usual.

The cast of characters was as follows:

### CHARACTERS.

Prosper Couramont .....	Elizabeth Carrison
Baron de la Glacière.....	Jacksonia Watt
Brisemouche (landed proprietor and naturalist).....	Virginia Bonner
Anatole (his ward).....	Robena Carter
Baptiste (servant) .....	Kathleen Carpenter
Francois (servant of Prosper).....	Rubie Logan Thorn

Louise de la Glacière.....	Josephine Wilson
Mlle. Suzanne de Ruseville (her cousin).....	Adelyn Barbee
Mathilde (sister to Louise).....	Elizabeth Corbitt
Mademoiselle Zenobie (sister to Brisemouche).....	Matilda Hancock
Madame Dupont (housekeeper).....	Mary E. Cook
Pauline (maid) .....	Annabel Converse

M. J. H.

*December 13th: The Muse Club Party.*

Mr. Cruikshank entertained the Muse Club on the evening of December 13th in honor of the new members, and also in honor of Bessie Burdine, an enthusiastic and much loved member who was not to return to St. Mary's after the holidays. She will be very greatly missed by all.

For the party the Muse Room was attractively decorated in Christmas tinsel, bells, and evergreen ropes. The spirit of Christmas rose in our hearts as we beheld the beautiful little tree with its many colored lights. We were happy to be gathered together and to enjoy Mr. Cruikshank's hospitality.

Delightful refreshments were served by Mrs. Cruikshank and Miss Sutton, consisting of charlotte russe, cake and hot chocolate.

This seemed to us all one of the most pleasant evenings of the year at St. Mary's and it was with much regret that we parted at ten o'clock.

S. W. V.

*December 14th: The Elocution Recital.*

On the afternoon of December 14th an Elocution recital was given in the Auditorium under the direction of Miss Florence Davis.

The stage was attractively decorated with Christmas wreaths and Japanese lanterns were arranged tastefully, hung from stands, in the background. The whole effect was simple but striking.

The program was as follows:

Buying Theatre Tickets (a monologue).....By Haffie Barton

A Christmas Experience.....By Elise Stiles

In a Shoe Shop (a monologue).....By Annie Welsh

The Gift That None Could See, a poem written by Mary E. Wilkins; rendered by Marjorie Hill.

The Capitulation of Suzanne, a poem written by Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd and rendered by Elizabeth Sikes.

A Christmas Chime, a one-act play written by Margaret Cameron.

The program was well given and the girls deserve much credit for their good work.

"A Christmas Chime," the chief number of the program, was a very attractive little one-act play. The scene was laid in the drawing room of the Terrill's country home.

Joseph Terrill and his wife Gladys had each invited a guest for the Christmas holidays. The two guests turn out to be a young couple whose engage-

ment had been broken off by a petty quarrel. They meet at the Terrill's, and after several very humorous attempts to keep them separated a reconciliation takes place.

The parts were well played and the audience enjoyed it to the fullest extent.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Joseph Terrill .....	Robena Carter
Gladys Terrill .....	Eliza Davis
Dolly Wakelee .....	Grace Murphy
Ted Owen .....	Adele Stigler

*December 16th: Mr. Patton's Address.*

Mr. Patton, who spent a week in Raleigh in connection with the Every Member Club and who frequently spoke on the subject of General Missions, was kind enough to speak to us for a short while in the school room on Wednesday evening, December 16th.

Mr. Patton proved to be an unusually interesting and forceful speaker. He stressed the need of hospitals and hospital work in India where the most horrible practices are undergone as cures for diseases, these superstitions lead on to the most untold of suffering.

This is not the first time that Mr. Patton has honored us with one of his most edifying talks and we hope to welcome him again in the near future.

S. W. V.

*December 17th: The Christmas Tree.*

The Christmas entertainment was held as is customary in the gymnasium the Thursday night before we left for the holidays.

As we entered a large tree stood before us in the center of the room festooned with all the beautiful decorations that we associate with Christmas time. A little fence around the tree inclosed the many knocks, in the place of useful gifts, for each and everyone. Above the tree numerous streamers of red crepe paper were twisted and caught at the other end by ropes of cedar, which were looped across the corners and around the sides of the "Gym."

Girls singing a carol entered the room at one side carrying candles, and gathered around the piano where a number of songs were sung.

After this, at the opposite side of the room, dear old Santy appeared out of the chimney of a little house, his jolly face all wreathed in smiles. He greeted us all with a hearty welcome and distributed his gifts and slams in his jolly good natured manner.

After the last candy bag was given out, the evening was closed by the singing of the old familiar carols.

M. J. H.

*January 5th: The Return of the Girls.*

On Tuesday, January 5th, St. Mary's once more welcomed back the girls after more than two weeks of Christmas holiday spent at their respective homes. Everyone seemed to have had the "best time ever" and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent.

It was rather hard to take up school duties again but the day after our arrival the routine work began as before Christmas, and everyone settled down to work. One of St. Mary's mottoes is to waste no time but to "plunge right into cold water at once," as Mr. Lay expresses it.

We were all very sorry not to see several of our old friends again in our midst but were glad to welcome some new girls. S. W. V.

*January 6th: The Epiphany Service at St. Augustine's.*

Several of the St. Mary's girls attended a very impressive service held in the chapel at St. Augustine's on Epiphany day at six o'clock. The service was conducted by Mr. Hunter, the Rector and the President of the school.

On entering the chapel we found it lighted by a large star directly over the Altar. At the opening of the service the choir entered led by the Three Wise Men. They offered their gifts as they sang the old familiar Epiphany song, "We Three Kings of Orient Are." Mr. Hunter gave a brief but interesting talk.

At the end of the service each person was given a wax taper which was lighted from the one light on the Altar typifying the Light of the World. The Three Wise Men passed among the congregation lighting the taper of the person at the end of each pew who passed it on to the one next to him, etc., thus typifying the carrying of Christianity by every person to some one out in the world.

The music which was strong and beautiful as it always is at St. Augustine's was much appreciated by all. S. W. V.

M. J. H.

It will be of interest to the girls of last year to know that Courtney Crowther played the part of Santa Claus at the Christmas entertainment this year with much credit.

Miss Urquhart was several days late in returning after the holidays on account of illness but has quite recovered again and is now on duty at her usual post.

It was with deep regret on the part of all Miss Katie's friends that we learned of the accident which befell her during her visit to Fayetteville in the holidays. She is recovering slowly from her fall and though able to walk with the aid of a cane for a while it was deemed best in order to give her a more complete rest that she go to the hospital. We all hope for her complete restoration in the near future.

We shall all be sorry not to have Miss Dowd at St. Mary's the next half year. She goes to New York on leave of absence. Mrs. A. W. Knox, of Raleigh, will teach piano in Miss Dowd's absence while Mr. Owen will be acting Director. Mrs. Knox was a graduate of St. Mary's in '84 and was for many years a very successful piano teacher.

Miss Thomas, Miss Ricks and Mrs. Cruikshank spent Saturday, January 19th, in Durham, where the Durham branch of the Southern Association of

College Women entertained the Raleigh members. A North Carolina Day was arranged and members of the Southern Association of College Women from all over the State were present. A very interesting program was rendered. It is of interest to us to know that Mrs. Cruikshank, the President of the Raleigh branch spoke on "Branch Aims for the Year." Miss Thomas was among the representatives for Higher Schools for Women who greeted the audience.

It is needless to say how very much we miss all the girls who did not return to St. Mary's after the holidays.

The Muse Staff regrets very much the loss of Bessie Burdine, the Assistant Business Manager, who has done her work in that capacity with much credit for the past year and a half. She was unable to return to St. Mary's from her home in Miami, Florida, where we hope she is stronger and enjoying her life there.

The past week has been spent in the midst of mid-term examinations. Whether we passed or failed we are glad they are over!

The many friends of the much lamented Rev. McNeely DuBose will be interested to know that a handsome marble altar will be placed to his memory in Trinity Church, Asheville, N. C. it is hoped by Easter. If there is anyone wishing to contribute to the altar fund the amount can be left with Rev. George W. Lay, the Rector, who in turn will forward it to Miss Woody, 18 Starnes Ave., Treasurer of the Rector's Aid Society of Trinity Parish, Asheville, N. C.

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## Our Exchanges

The Muse acknowledges with pleasure receipt of the following December or January magazines: *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *Wofford College Magazine*, *State Normal Magazine*, *Pine and Thistle*, *The Training School*, *The Black and Gold*, (*Winston-Salem High School*) *Messenger*, *Tileston Topics*, *Wake Forest Student*, *University of N. C. Magazine*, *The Stetson Weekly Collegiate*, *Charleston High School Gazette*, *The Lenoirian*.

There seems to be some misunderstanding on the part of our exchange critics in regard to THE MUSE. We are endeavoring to get out these small issues semi-monthly, while the Magazine numbers are to come out quarterly. We find that this method keeps the interest in school activities more alive and creates greater interest in our publications.

## In Memoriam—Thomas Atkinson Lay

All St. Mary's was deeply saddened on January 27th by the unexpected death of little Thomas Lay, during the four years of his life the Rectory baby of whom both teachers and girls were very fond. On the Saturday preceding he developed a case of diphtheria, the first case of a contagious disease on the School grounds this session, and though no serious results were anticipated, following his usual practice in cases of serious contagious disease, the Rector at once had the little patient, with his mother and nurse, isolated in the school hospital for contagious diseases, and antitoxin was administered to him and to all the family, while a letter was sent to the parents of all resident students notifying them of the matter.

Thomas had a severe case of the disease, but rallied well and was almost convalescent from the diphtheria when a sudden collapse of the heart action proved fatal.

The funeral, necessarily private, was held Thursday morning in Oakwood Cemetery, with only the family in attendance, Bishop Cheshire reading the service.

The Rector and Mrs. Lay and the other members of the family have the deepest sympathy of all the school, past and present, who know them, and especially of those who know of their devoted family life.

Miss Clara Fenner well expressed the sentiment of all in the following In Memoriam, which was published in the *Raleigh Times*:

"On Wednesday afternoon, after a week of suffering with diphtheria, Thomas Atkinson Lay, aged four years, youngest child of the Rev. George W. Lay and his wife, of St. Mary's School, entered into rest.

"He was a most unusual child, intelligent, lovable and attractive, with winning ways and the sweetest smile. The influence of his beautiful short life will be lasting. He loved the chapel services and attended faithfully, and sang and knew the words of several beautiful hymns. On account of the nature of the disease the dear little fellow had to be carried direct from the infirmary to the cemetery and could not even be taken into the chapel which had meant so much to him in his little life.

"At the morning service the whole school sang with full hearts and tears of sympathy his favorite hymn, 'Golden Harps are Sounding, Angel Voices Sing,' while his bereaved father and mother and the children stood outside. Bishop Cheshire held the service at Oakwood Cemetery with only the immediate family and a few friends.

"This morning we all sang:

'There's a friend for little children above the bright blue sky,  
A friend who never changes, whose love will never die;  
Our earthly friends may fail us and change with changing years.  
This friend is always worthy of that dear name He bears.'

"And we are thinking of our little soldier of the cross who has gone before, and who will be in that other land ready to welcome us with his ineffably sweet smile.

"'The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

January 29, 1915.

## Athletics

ELIZA DAVIS.....*Editor*

### *December 10th, Tennis Finals.*

*Sigma*

Thomas, A.

*Mu.*

Waring, C.

Score 2 to 0 in favor of "Dick" Waring.  
Referee and scorer—Mott.

*Sigma*

Alexander

*Mu.*

Brinley

Score: 2 to 0 in favor of Anne Brinley.  
Referee and Scorer—Wilson, J.

Although the Sigmas won the first game of the finals, the result of these last makes it two to one in favor of the Mus; and gives them the tennis championship for 1914-15. This tournament, the first of the kind which has been carried through here in several years, was a success in every way. The games were sharp, snappy games, and a good sized group of spectators enjoyed them thoroughly. We wish to extend our congratulations and thanks to all who were concerned in the arrangement and carrying out of this tournament, and hope that it will become a yearly event at St. Mary's.

### *December 14th: Basketball game between second teams of Sigmas and Mus.*

#### *Line-up.*

<i>Sigma.</i>	<i>Line-up.</i>	<i>Mu.</i>
Chafer,            } King.                }	Forwards.        }	Coles. Watt.
Relyea (Captain). } Wall.                }	Centers.            }	Lay. Smith.
Ravenel.            } Allen.                }	Guards.             }	Latham (Captain). C. Holmes.

Score, 12 to 9 in favor of Mus.  
Referee, Miss Barton; Scorer, Agnes Barton.

This is the first year in which the Athletic Associations have had regular second teams and played off games between them. We are proud of our second teams, and think they really deserve more consideration than they get. We want bigger crowds at these games. Everybody come to the next one—it won't be dull!

## Here and There

### BREAKFAST FOOD.

"Gee, got a splinter in muh mouth."

"Uhuh?"

"Yep; ate a planked steak for dinner and finished up on a club sandwich."  
—Exchange.

A young man asked a country squire what the letters R. S. V. P. meant at the foot of an invitation. The squire with a chuckle answered, "They mean Rush in, Shake hands, Victual up, and Put."—Exchange.

Old Lady (irritably)—"Here, boy, I've been waiting some time to be waited on."

Druggist Boy—"Yes ma'am, what can I do for you?"

Old Lady—"I want a stamp."

Druggist Boy, (eager to accommodate)—"Yes ma'am, will you have it licked or unlicked?"—Ex.

This appeared in a Northern paper not long ago:

WANTED a man to milk a cow who has a good voice and is not afraid to sing in the church choir. Applicant must apply at once.—Exchange.

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## Around School

L. S. (Appearing with a book slip at the Post Office window)—"I want to get some money, do I sign this at the top?"

E. A. (Falling on a chair ready for "Gym" work)—"And to think! I shall still be dressing for *Jim* when I go home."

In Ethics Class: "What is your duty in regard to poverty?"

S. V. (mournfully): "To bear it patiently."

Mr. S.—"Who were the Goths?"

S. G.—"Why, they were French."

From the back row: "No, Sir! They were Turks."

### PRACTICE HALL.

Miss S. to Cadet: "Why didn't you come last night?"

Cadet: "Er—a—I did but something was—er—wrong. I went where you told me to and got into a tunnel thing with girls sticking their heads out of stalls on the sides."

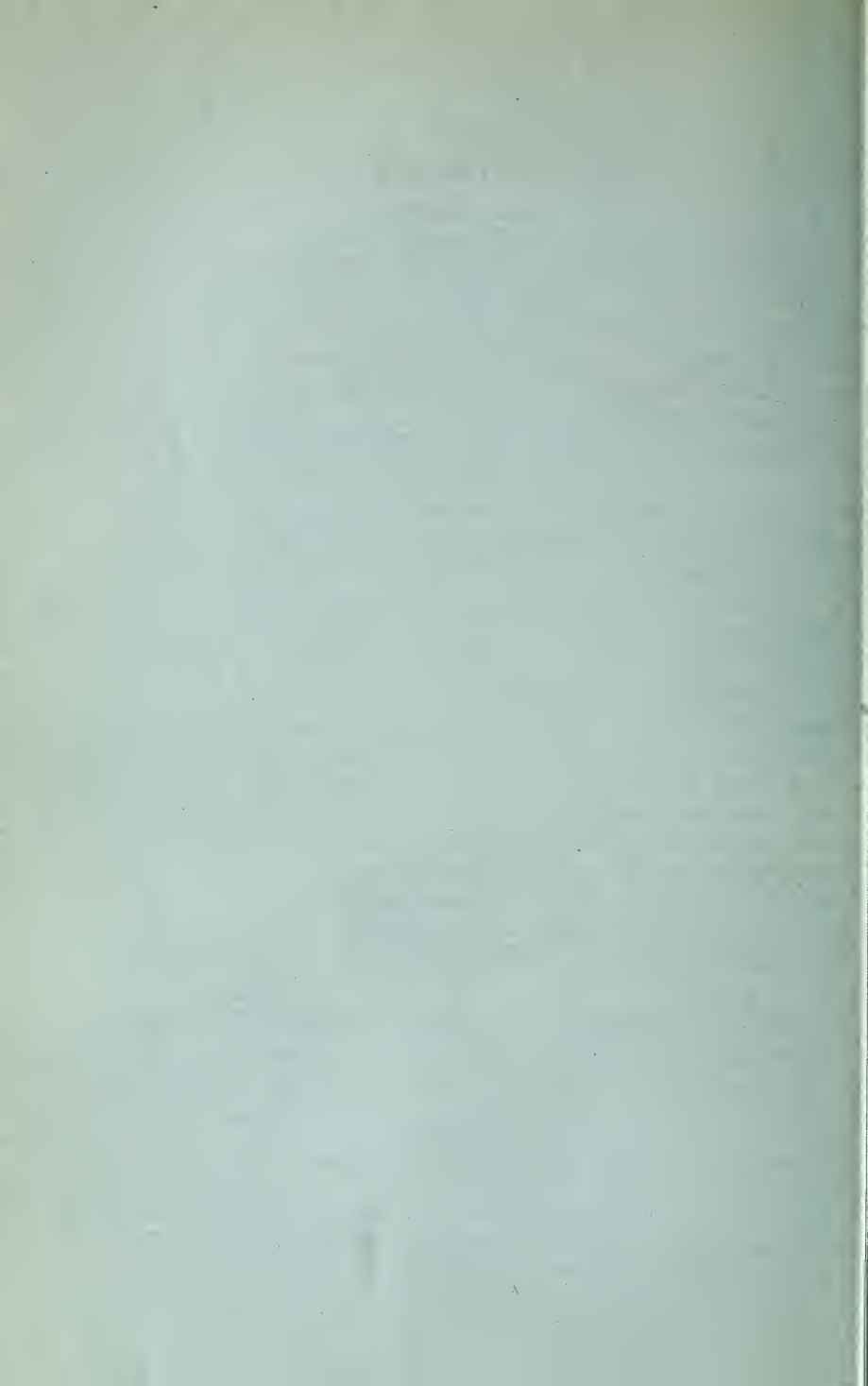


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These advertisements will be put in full in the magazine number of the MUSE.



# ST. MARY'S MUSE

OF

## ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

RALEIGH, N. C.



MARCH 22, 1915

## Inter-Society Debates

There has been unusual interest shown in the inter-society debates this year. There are to be three, as there were last year. The Alpha Rhos hold the championship, having won two out of three. Competition is keen and each hopes to be victorious in at least one, while the Alpha Rhos show much determination to keep the championship.

The outline of the debates is as follows:

I. *Resolved*, That the present rapid change in fashion is desirable.

Affirmative—Sigma Lambda:

Ruby Thorn, '18.

Courtney Crowther, '15.

Negative—Epsilon Alpha Pi:

Rena Harding, '16.

Josephine Wilson, '16.

II. *Resolved*, That the moving pictures are a greater educative force than the periodicals.

Affirmative—Alpha Rho:

Eliza Davis, '16.

Matilda Hancock, '15.

Negative—Sigma Lambda:

Eleanor Relyea, '17.

Frances Strong, '15.

III. *Resolved*, That the girl of today is superior to her grandmother of yesterday.

Affirmative—Alpha Rho:

Katherine Bourne, '16.

Robena Carter, '18.

Negative—Epsilon Alpha Pi:

Elsie Alexander, '16.

Alice Latham, '17.

# ST. MARY'S MUSE

RALEIGH, N. C.

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Published by the Muse Club at St. Mary's School.  
The Student Publication, and the official organ of the Alumnae.

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MARGARET H. BOTTUM, '15.....*Editor*

PENCIE C. WARREN, '15.....*Business Manager*

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VOL. XIX.

March 22, 1915.

No. 8.

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## Lent

The Lenten season with its quiet and rest has come, and now our interests have been especially turned toward missionary movements. The different Chapters of the Junior Auxiliary meet once each week, instead of twice a month as customary, and the girls are busy sewing for orphanages and studying about mission schools. In place of the regular evening services on Wednesday and Fridays, voluntary services have been substituted, at which service Mr. Lay gives helpful talks on the different phases of sin.

This is the season of sacrifice and self denial, when we give up our petty pleasures for those of a more serious nature.

A. B. K.

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## School Notes

Sadie Vinson, Matilda Hancock, and Courtney Crowther.....*Editors*

*January 18: Sophomore Party to the Seniors.*

On January 18, the seniors were delighted to receive the following invitation written on attractive Japanese stationery:

DEAR SENIOR LADY:

Honorable Sophomore Class require your considerable presence at Japanese Tea Saturday evening, January 23, eight of the clock—Humble servants Sophomore class signify that Honorable Senior Ladies execute party in kimona costume.

Hoping Honorable Lady assurancely negotiable, Yes.

Yours truly,

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

When we, dressed in the Japanese fashion, entered the Muse room we felt as if by some miracle we had been suddenly transferred to Japan, "The Land of Flowers." Bowing down to greet us were the merry "Japanese" sophomores, who invited us to sit ourselves on the floor. After we, prim and modest Japanese ladies, were comfortably arranged we were given the materials with which to make chrysanthemums. The first one through was to receive a prize, so all of us worked vehemently to gain the reward, all, except Lanie Hales, were doomed to disappointment. She received a dainty box of Japanese stationery. But as a recompense for our failure to attain the coveted prize we were then given most delicious tea and sandwiches.

*January 19th: The Zoellner String Quartet.*

On Tuesday evening, January the 19th, the Zoellner String Quartet of Brussels, father, daughter and two sons, gave a concert in the St. Mary's Auditorium which charmed and held the closet attention of the audience.

The Zoellner String Quartet is recognized as one of the great string quartets of the world, and the European success of this organization is being duplicated in America.

The playing of the Zoellners is characterized by a flawless ensemble, exquisite shadings and tonal beauty. One can see that from their childhood they have worked in a paternal atmosphere which has brought about a co-ordination of playing and an astonishing unity of execution.

*January 21st: Dr. Pratt's Talk.*

Dr. Joseph Hyde Pratt, State Geologist, gave us a most interesting talk in the school room on Thursday evening, January 21, 1915.

He chose as his subject "Life." His message was to go through life not merely for what we get out of it, but for the part we play in the development of the world. Everything has its part in the development of the country in which it lives. As changes have been taking place for these many years to bring about the present condition of things so everything continues to develop though we do not always realize it. The world is made with each of us as a part. We in the higher form of Life have control over the lower forms; should we not feel the responsibility and strive to do our best?

Dr. Pratt emphasized the uselessness of worry, telling us that even examinations were not enough to make us frown, that they were for our good and that we should put ourselves in the position to get the most good out of Life and there is nothing that we study which will not prove of use to us at some time.

The example which he gave of the man who smiles instead of frowning was Mr. Taft. Mr. Taft has not had an easy time, for his friends have not always backed him up, but it is known that he always wears a smile and makes himself pleasant in that way, and does he not gain by it?

We enjoyed having Dr. Pratt with us and hope to welcome him again soon for not only are we duly impressed at the time he is speaking to us, but he gives us a message which lives in our minds.

*January 23d: The Freshman-Junior Party.*

On January 23d, the Junior were greatly excited over the invitations from the Freshman class to come to the gym, "prepared to get all ragged and dirty." In spite of some secret fears about what was going to happen to them, the Juniors dressed in middies and bloomers, gathered in the gym promptly at eight-thirty, where they were invited to join in playing jump rope, "prisoner's base," and other lively games. Between games, lemonade and cake were served. The evening closed with the always-amusing "Going to Jerusalem," and then to the regret of every one the party was ended.

M. A. F. '16.

*February 6th: Colonial Ball.*

One of the pleasantest entertainments which we had last year was the Colonial Ball given on the evening before George Washington's birthday. Everyone enjoyed it so much that it was decided we should celebrate his birthday in the same way this year but it was necessary that it should take place earlier, since the 22d of February was in Lent. So on Saturday evening February 6th, a lovely "Colonial Ball" was given in the parlor at 8:30.

Everyone appeared in Colonial Costume and the Grand March led by Elizabeth Carrison and Matilda Hancock was very effective. Amid the lovely old-fashioned maidens and handsome colonial youths we enjoyed an evening spent in the manner of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers.

We danced the minuet and the Virginia Reel until a late hour and after delicious cream and cake were served, courtly adieus were made and we departed.

*February 11th: Bishop Bratton's Visit.*

It was with very glad hearts that we welcomed Bishop Theodore Bratton on Thursday evening, February 11, 1914.

He took dinner with Mr. Lay, and although other appointments prevented his making us an address at this time he greeted us in the dining room after prayers with a few very appropriate words.

On Friday morning Bishop Bratton gave us a brief but impressive talk in chapel on the "Readjustment of Ourselves to the Christian Faith."

Bishop Bratton was President of this school in 1900 after Rev. Bennett Smedes, leaving here to become Bishop of Mississippi, where he now lives. He has been gone from us many years but he is still loved and remembered and his name is still revered among us.

We were honored when he told us that he still wished to think of himself as belonging to the school as it was here that some of the happiest moments of his life had been spent.

Many of us remember his visit to St. Mary's last year and sincerely regret that he could not be with us longer this time, but we appreciate even the short time spent with us.

*February 12th: Miss Thomas Entertains the Faculty.*

Miss Thomas was At Home to the Faculty on Friday, February 12th from 4:30 to 6 o'clock. Those who partook of Miss Thomas's hospitality were reminded of the near approach of St. Valentine's Day by the decorations of hearts, red carnations and shaded lights.

A salad course with oysters, sandwiches and coffee, and dainty cupid favors were served by Misses Warren and Peoples of the class '15. The young women demonstrated their culinary skill, for the guests learned later that they had personally prepared the delicious refreshments.

The guests of honor were Miss McVey, formerly Lady Principal of St. Mary's, and Mr. Dean, of the University of Cincinnati, and Bishop Bratton, of Mississippi, the former Rector of the school.

*February 13th: "Trial by Jury."*

On the evening of February 13th the one-act opera, "Trial by Jury," by Arthur Sullivan, was given in the St. Mary's Auditorium by the Chorus Class under the direction of Mr. R. Blinn Owen. Miss Ebie Roberts, pianist, and Miss Zona Shull, lyric soprano, assisted. The orchestra was a pleasing feature of the production.

The lovely bride, Miss Robena Carter, wore a handsome white charmeuse gown and a soft veil. The bridesmaids who were dressed in varied colors and carried yellow chrysanthemums, together with the bride, presented a most beautiful and effective scene. The jurymen and audience thoroughly amused the on-lookers by their characteristic movements and costumes.

An especially effective scene was the one in which the young judge who had fallen victim to the charms of the bride, sang "I Love You" to her.

The parts were taken as follows:

## DRAMATIC CHARACTERS.

Judge .....	Miss Margaret Thomas
Plaintiff .....	Miss Robena Carter
Counsel for Plaintiff .....	Miss Anna Belle King
Defendant .....	Miss Frances Tillotson
Foreman of the Jury .....	Miss Lois Pugh
Usher .....	Miss Kathleen Carpenter

*Bridesmaids.*

Miss Margarite Sparks	Miss Adele Stigler
Miss Leila Hankinson	Miss Frances Geitner
Miss Lois Roberts	Miss Agnes Cotton Timberlake
Miss Katherine Smith	Miss Elizabeth Corbitt
Miss Clara Mardre	Miss Elizabeth Copeland

*Jurymen.*

Miss Constance Stammers	Miss Violet Bray
Miss Mary Cook	Miss Marjorie Hill
Miss Otilie Maloney	Miss Julia Smith
Miss Alice Adkins	Miss Helen Wright
Miss Louise Arbogast	Miss Rubie Thorn



*Audience.*—Misses Buford Aiken, Dorothea Waring, Lee Edwards, Elizabeth Gold, Katherine Drane, Elizabeth Walker, Josephine Myers, Ethel Smith, Katherine Elliott, Ruby Bartholomew, Virginia Allen, Emily Davis, Cimmie Barton, Aveline Mathes, Elizabeth Carrison, Helen Brigham, Mary Floyd.

Scene and Place: Any courtroom. Time: Any time.

*February 15th: Peace St. Mary's Concert.*

Thuel Burnham, concert pianist.

PROGRAM.

Toccato and Fuga, D Minor .....	Bach
Pastorale variee .....	Mozart
Impromptu .....	Shubert
Erl King .....	Schubert-Liszt
Carnival .....	Schumann
Prelude, Op. 20 .....	Chopin
Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2.....	Chopin
Valse, Op. 64, No. 2 .....	Chopin
Polonaise, Op. 53.....	Chopin
Prelude .....	Rachmaninow
Nocturne .....	Borodine
Hopak .....	Moussargsky
Shadow Dance .....	MacDowell
Polonaise .....	MacDowell

*February 16th: Dramatic Recital.*

Miss Florence Davis gave "Peg O' My Heart" in recital on the evening of February 16th in the St. Mary's Auditorium.

The piece was exceedingly well rendered. "Peg" was charmingly alive and real in her delightful Irish character. Miss Davis displayed true genius in her unusually difficult production which was indeed a great success and which was enjoyed by a large and enthusiastic audience.

"PEG O' MY HEART"

A Comedy by J. Hartley Manners.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Mrs. Chichester.

Ethel, her daughter.

Alaric, her son.

Christian Brent, a social loungeur.

Montgomery, Hawkes, a solicitor.

Jarvis, the butler.

The Maid.

Sir Gerald Adair, familiarly known as "Jerry."

Peg, Mrs. Chichester's niece.

ACT I —The Coming of Peg.

ACT II —The Rebellion of Peg.

ACT III—Peg o' My Heart.

The entire action of the comedy takes place in Regal Villa, Mrs. Chichester's home, in Scarboro, England, in early summer. One month elapses between Acts I and II, and a single night passes between Acts II and III.

We are delighted to note that Miss Katie has left the hospital and is now with her nephew, Mr. James McKimmon, in Raleigh.

We have missed Miss Katie since she has been sick and she has had our constant thought and sympathy. It was a real pleasure to visit her while she was in the hospital for we always found her bright and cheerful and although she must have spent many tiresome minutes we do not know that her courage ever failed or that she ever complained.

We hope that she will soon be able to come back to school.

Everyone was exceedingly sorry to hear of Mr. Cruikshank's accident a few weeks ago. While trying to crank his car the crank handle sprang back and struck the lower part of his right arm breaking one of the bones. He was quite sick for a few days and we all missed him very much around school. We are glad to have him with us again and hope that he will soon have the use of his arm.

It will be a pleasure to all to learn that Miss Lee is recovering nicely from a slight case of typhoid fever. We have missed her and shall be glad to have her with us again.

Many of the girls are enjoying short visits home.

## Athletics

ELIZA DAVIS .....*Editor*

### BASKETBALL.

*January 17th: Game between first teams of Sigmas and Mus.*

<i>Sigma</i>	<i>Line-up</i>	<i>Mu</i>
Hoyce Rice	Forwards	Walker Brinley
Thomas (captain) Cameron		Centers
Mott Robinson	Guards	Holmes Beatty

Score 48 to 12 in favor of Mus.

Referee, Miss Barton; Timekeeper, Alice Latham; scorer, Augusta Howard.

January 24th and 31st games between second teams of Sigmas and Mus (played in two parts because of rain coming up first date).

<i>Sigma</i>	<i>Line-up</i>	<i>Mu</i>
Cook	Forwards	Stammers Brigham
Kincaid		
Allen, U.		
Chafer		
Relyea (captain)	Centers	Watt Collier
Howard		
Kincaid		
Allen, U.		
Allen, U. C.	Guards	Borden Latham (captain)
Howard		
Ravenel		

Score 17 to 23 in favor of Mus.

Referee, Miss Barton; Timekeeper, J. Wilson; Scorer, Hoyce.

This closes the official basket-ball season for 1914-15 although we hope to get up some inter-class games later on. The championship, for the first time in several years, has been won by the Mus; and we need not say that they are very proud of it. They will do their best next year to sustain their reputation, and the Sigmas will work hard to retrieve their defeat. We have prospects for a good season with many of our players coming back. We wish to thank Miss Barton heartily for her earnest coaching of us, and hope we will have her with us again next year.

## Here and There

"What is a girls' boarding school?"

"An institution of yearning."

Teacher (in 6-A Grade)—"A session means a sitting, can anyone give me a sentence with session it it?"

James—"The woman bought a session of eggs."

### HOW THE SENIOR DID IT.

Senior—I was out motoring the other day.

Freshman—So?

Senior—Yes, and I came to a river, but could find no means of getting my machine across.

Freshman—Well what did you do?

Senior—Oh, I just sat down and thought it over.

Maud: "What makes Carrie so disliked?"

Beatrix: "She got the most votes for being most popular."—*Life*.

Prof. (shaking a boy severely by the shoulders): "I think the devil must have a hold of you."

Boy (solemnly). "He sure has."

M: "I certainly do miss Lanie."

A: "Yes, I miss Lanie so much."

K. S.: "You all are so miscellaneous."

L. R. (On history test): "Mr. S. may I speak to you?"

Mr. S.: "Yes, but it will mean 5 per cent off."

L. R.: "Why, most men will let me talk to them for nothing."

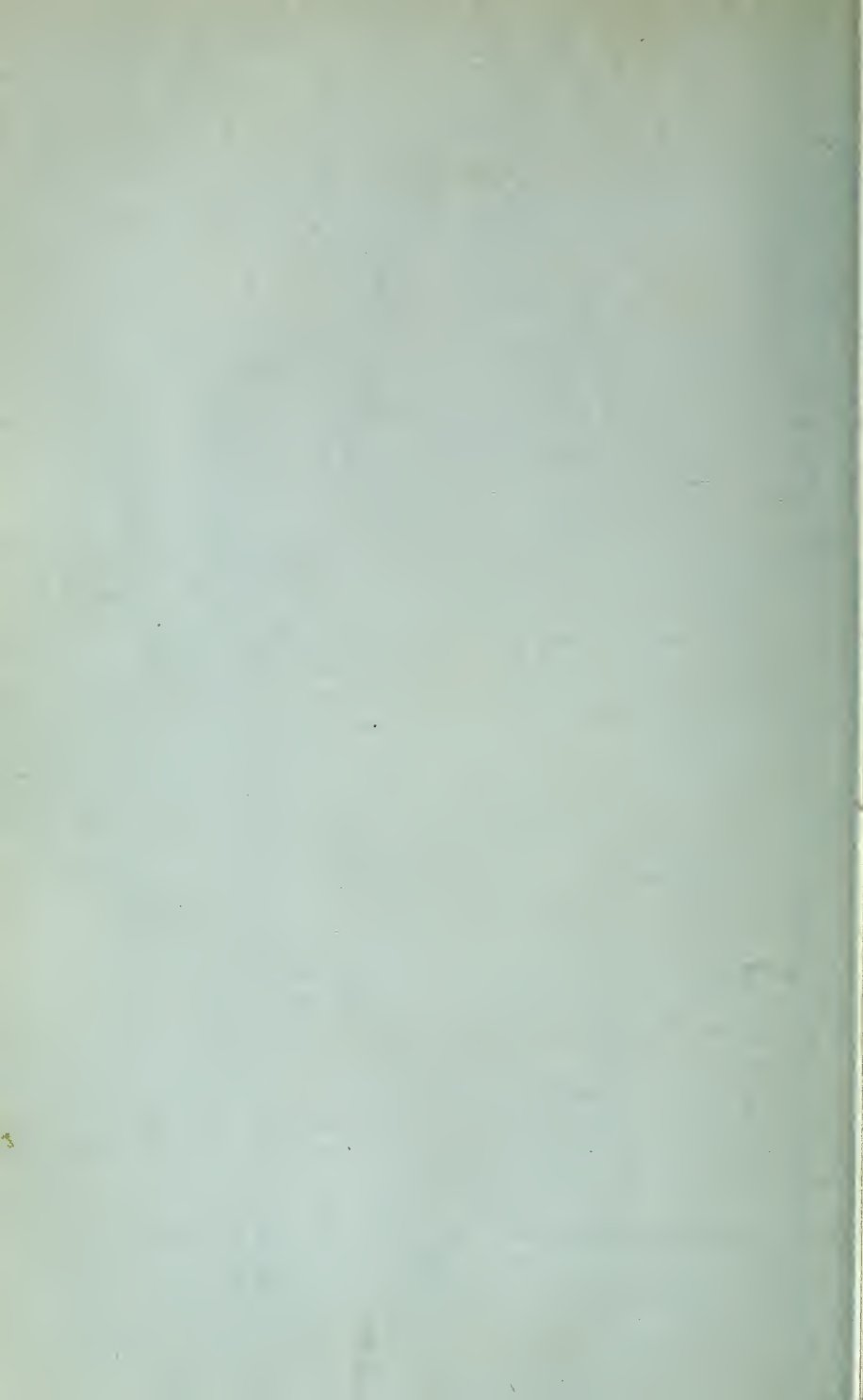


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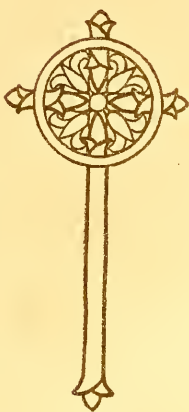
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|                                     | Johnson & McCullers, Grocers.   |
| Atlantic Fire Insurance Co.         | O'Quinn, Florist.               |
| Carolina Power & Light Co.          | Thomas A. Partin Co.            |
| King-Crowell Drug Store.            | H. Steinmetz, Florist.          |
| King's Grocery, "The Little Store." | Toyland Company.                |
| The Fashion, Kaplan Bros. Co.       | Wake Drug Store.                |
| French Hat Shop.                    | Walk-Over Shoe Shop.            |
| Jolly & Wynne Jewelry Co.           | Yarborough Hotel.               |
| H. Mahler's Sons, Jewelry.          |                                 |
| The Office Stationery Co.           | T. F. Brockwell, Locksmith.     |
| Royall & Borden Furniture Co.       | Cardwell & O'Kelly, Cleaners.   |
| Raleigh Department Store.           | Darnell & Thomas, Music House.  |
| Southern Educational Bureau.        | Hayes & Hall, Photographers.    |
| L. Schwartz, Meat Market.           | Heller's Shoe Store.            |
| Taylor Furnishing Co.               | Hotel Giersch.                  |
| White's Ice Cream Co.               | Pescud's Book Store.            |
| Young & Hughes, Plumbers.           | Raleigh Floral Company.         |
|                                     | Raleigh French Dry Cleaning Co. |
| C. D. Arthur, Fish Market           | Misses Reese & Co., Milliners.  |
| T. W. Blake, Jeweler.               | Herbert Rosenthal, Shoes.       |
| Thos. H. Briggs & Sons, Hardware.   | Royster's Candy Store.          |
| California Fruit Store.             | Watson's Picture & Art Co.      |
| Alderman China Shop.                | Grimes & Vass.                  |
| Mechanics Bank.                     |                                 |

These advertisements will be put in full in the magazine number of the MUSE.



The  
St. Mary's Muse

April, 1915



Magazine Number

Raleigh, N. C.







# The St. Mary's Muse.

MAGAZINE NUMBER

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VOL. XIX.

APRIL, 1915.

No. 9.

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## Rejoice!

Awake ye ancient Heavens!  
And ye mighty worlds.  
Shout forth the tidings o'er the trembling earth!  
Ye, who but now, in awful wonder hushed,  
Beheld the God of Heaven lay down  
His life for sinful man.  
Awake! and ye, ye glorious stars  
Sing forth and shout with joy  
Until the quaking firmament resounds  
And the vast universe  
Re-echoes with your voice.  
And thou, O soul of man, arise triumphant!

Lift thou up thine head  
Long ages bowed beneath the yoke of sin.  
Behold the vanquished tomb!  
Behold it, rent asunder by the mighty God from Heaven!  
Behold the powers of darkness  
Quelled before the glorious Prince of Light.  
The Son of God is risen!  
And behold, freed from their bondage  
With Him rise the sons of men.  
There is no death, no woe,  
No tomb, no darkness more!  
Behold the Light burst forth  
Across the eastern hills.  
It is the Love of God,  
Awakening the glad earth  
And filling all the Heaven with radiance.  
Rejoice ye! for the darkness is o'er past,  
Terror and night are vanquished and are flown.  
It is the Immortal Day!

ANNIE SUTTON CAMERON, '16.

## The Man's Easter

HENRIETTA MORGAN, '18.

The wind was having a good time in the oak trees that spread before a large house. Even the violets in their prim beds were made to dance. All was wind—all that could be seen or heard was wind. So the man that stood before a window of the house observed to himself.

"Yes, that's about all it amounts to," said he, "this thing called life—wind and rain. Set the tray over there, Maria."

This last was spoken to the maid, very dainty in her apron, though she knew she was classed with the furniture. She now held out a great pink hyacinth. "I found it in the garden, sir."

"You did? Well,—eh, you may have it."

"Very well, sir," and the maid went out.

Just then the doorbell pealed forth.

The man frowned. With an unusually lithe step he went to the door to open it and called out:

"Tell them I'm busy, Maria."

"Very well, sir." Yet the girl stood still and waited to see the door closed. "I'm going to see who's come to see him," said she to herself

The frown on the man's face clearly betrayed his annoyance when the maid came back into the room. "I haven't eaten anything yet. Never come for the tray until I call you," he said.

He did not turn his head so he did not know that Maria was not the only person in the room. Looking up instinctively, he was taken aback by meeting a bright little upturned face and a mass of bright curls.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"You must say howdy do; 'cause I'm your comp'ny—Sibby and me," holding out a rag doll.

"I should think you might go," he said fretfully.

"But I've just come, Mr. Man. When Lorry and me plays comp'ny says she to me, 'It's time for you to go,' and I say, 'No, I'm goin' to stay all day.' But we are having the bestest time." And her laugh sounded strange in that house. "But have you got a place where some clo'es are to make Sibby a new dress out of—a natick?"

"An attic?" And the man almost smiled. Then, "Maria, Maria," he called, "come and take this—this—this thing away."

"Yes, Miss Maria, come and take me to a natick."

\* \* \* \* \*

The man began to think. It was just such a March day as this when that wayward son of his ran away with the girl—the working girl—across the street. But death itself had been their recompense. The pretty little girl that was left behind—where was she now? He had refused to even consider taking the child. Yet now he began to wonder about the little girl; where she was, if she had any dolls, if she had any Easter eggs. Then came an idea; the man actually smiled.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Easter sun had just arisen. The man was welcoming it, with a face still smiling. "I wish the church bells would ring," said he. "No, take that stuff out," he ordered the maid with his breakfast. "Then come back."

A little later Maria was standing in the hall with her mouth and eyes wide open. She was holding a basketful of Easter eggs. "He ordered me to go over town till I found her and gave them to her," she said, dazedly.

Maria was glad the doorbell rang.

It was the little girl—and somebody else.

"Mr. Man," cried the child, bursting into the library, "you've got two comp'nies. The other one saw when I was goin' to Sunny School, and says, 'Is Mr. Man at home that lives over there?' And I says, 'Course, but he don't want to play comp'ny like Lorry and me.' But we just comed."

The man needed no one to tell him who the "other one" was; the likeness in the eyes and face told him that. She was there—and the Easter Church bells were ringing.

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### A Glimpse of Shakespeare and His Friends at the "Mermaid Tavern"

(Senior Essay.)

MELBA McCULLERS, '14.

If today, with our wide knowledge of the world's history, if today 'twere possible for us to turn backward the wheels of Time and choose one age and only one in which to live, which age, of all the glorious ages of the past, which age would we choose? Would the "Glory that was Greece" lure us with its magic spell to choose those golden days or "the grandeur that was Rome" summon us as with the invincible trumpet notes of a Cæsar to choose with him his victories and triumphs?

No, it would not be these ages, glorious as they are, but the age which we would choose with one accord would be, ah, would it not—the Elizabethan Age, that rollicking, daring, romantic, tragic, history-making age of Shakespeare!

Despair not then, if this age you would choose, if you would hie to Merrie Englande in the days of "Good Queen Bess," for by a most simple way Time may be outwitted and we may yet live in that renowned age and meet face to face, as they appeared in real life, some of the most wonderful characters of that most wonderful age. And this way so easy—what is it? Merely this: Read "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," by Alfred Noyes.

This book of poems, so imaginative and idealistic throughout and interspersed with most melodious lyrics, splendidly embodies the genius and romance of the Elizabethan Age, the whole soul in fact, of Shakesperian England finding in it the most ardent and vigorous expression. From boisterous humor to keenest pathos, and, very often, bitterest tragedy range the stories told in "Mermaid Tavern," that famous gathering place of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Raleigh, and other great Elizabethan figures—that center of good fellowship, wit, adventure, inspiration and sometimes tragedy.

How thoroughly we enjoy these tales told here at the old "Mermaid" over the pipes and wine—enjoy them for the story told and appreciate the melody and color of the simple, ringing, dramatic verse with which it is told. Indeed, who could fail to enjoy the humor of "Black Bill's Honeymoon?" Black Bill, that bold, hardheaded sailor who, to satisfy his sweet tooth and to prove his point, that a bear had no sense, became entangled in a most remarkable honeymoon—or who could help being moved even to the point of tears, over the biting tragedy of the death of Marlowe. Marlowe the "Great God-blinded eagle-soul," the crimson wine of whose rich heart was spilt in a drunken brawl, was poured out for a taffeta gown.

Yet, wonderful as they are in story and in poetry, it is not the tales themselves which impress us most profoundly, but the picture they so vividly present of the life of the age, and, more than anything else, the fascinating glimpse they give of those famous celebrities which makes us feel that they were after all only men, with all the faults and failings of the race, very human indeed, but very lovable.

As we read on, so vivid are the descriptions, it seems as if we ourselves lived centuries ago and knew these great men personally and saw

them in their every-day life as it centers in the "Mermaid Tavern." And the "Mermaid Tavern" itself! How well we can see it, that ancient inn of millioned panes and crazy beams and overhanging eaves, "that inn with its worn green paint upon the doors and shutters, that inn before whose door a gaudily-painted siren of sea curls her moonsilvered tail among the rocks, enticing the weary traveler to the refreshment and gaiety within."

And now we see them come! First there is one who seems familiar, "a figure like footfeathered Mercury, tall and splendid as a sunset cloud clad in crimson doublet and trunk-hose, a rapier at his side," "who can it be? Over his arm he swings a gorgeous cloak of Cyprus velvet, caked and smeared with mud as on the day when—Faith, 'tis he! 'Tis Walter Raleigh! Joyfully we recognize him and with him enter into the old inn parlor, where, from out the maze of faces swimming in a mist of blur, up-curling smoke from the long Winchester pipes, there is one whose "bearded, oval face, young with deep eyes," gleams "like some rare old picture in a dream recalled," pale against the old black, oaken wainscoat, one quietly listening, laughing, watching figure whom Raleigh hails as "Will."

The next face to become distinct from out the smoky haze is that of "Ben, rare Ben, bricklayer Ben" who, with his bull-dog jaws and grim, pock-pitted face with the T for Tyburn branded on his thumb, seems yet only some twenty years of age, that rare Ben Jonson, now growling out tales "that would fright a buccaneer"—telling how in the fierce Low Countries he had killed his man so had won that scar—now boasting of how he would startle London with the plays he was resolved to write, "plays of thunderous mirth," he declared, and now joking of how, after he and Will had built the perfect stage, Will had promised that he, Ben, should write a piece for his own company!

How jolly is the "Mermaid" tonight until Sir Walter tells his tale of the "Knight of the Ocean-Sea," of the heroic way in which Sir Humphrey Gilbert went down on his sinking ship, a tale which sobers the whole company and causes Michael Drayton to raise his cup and drink to him and to the other adventurous captains on the high seas who are daring all to make new discoveries for the glory of Englande.

A few nights later what a different atmosphere pervades the "Mermaid." For, hist, all night Ben Jonson and Kit Marlowe have been in the gayest of humors, singing songs of how the burly Sheriff of Stratfordtown had once "gaoled sweet Will for a poacher," for stealing a

buck in Charlecote woods and carrying it home to the little white cottage of sweet Anne Hathaway. And now look, see how, just as Richard Bame enters, Bame the Puritan, who scorns all the frequenters of the "Mermaid," especially Shakespeare, Ben and Kit, feigning not to see him, begin to praise Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" and then break off in pretended surprise as they see "The godliest hypocrite on earth" (as Marlowe calls him in a whisper aside). Who says he brings a message from one of his former friends and companions in vice "who is now groaning in sulphurous fires," namely, Robert Greene, the message being his "Groats worth of wit bought with a million of Repentance." This pamphlet Marlowe takes, and as he reads with knitted brows "Trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers who, being an absolute Johannes fac-totum, is in his own conceit the only Shaker scene in a country"; the quiet figure of Will enters and seats himself to listen. As Kit finishes, exploding with wrath, Shakespeare breaks in, bidding them read another testament in blood, written, not printed, for the "Mermaid Inn," the death-bed letter Robert Greene had sent straight to Shakespeare to be read by the "Mermaid" and then burned. This also Marlowe takes and reads, reads of the high ideals and tragic life and more the tragic death of Robert Greene, reads how, on his death-bed, he asks pardon of Shakespeare for "peacock phrase flung out in sudden blaze" for which he now so bitterly repents, confessing that his quill was but a jackdaw's feather, while Ben's had fallen through the azure fields from an eagle in the sun, and as for Shakespeare's, his was no earth-borne thing but the rainbow plume dropped from the wing of an angel! And when the letter is finished, naught can be heard save the wailing of the wind round the silent "Mermaid," which seems to voice the sigh of all for one whose life, so full of promise and literary fame, was misspent and cut short in its very prime.

The silence is broken by the sneering remarks of Bame on Greene's one poor shirt and the surfeit of Rhenish wine and pickled herrings, reported to have been the cause of his death. Now follows a whispered conference (a rank conspiracy, in truth!) between Kit and Ben and the rest, after which, with mysterious air they bring forth paper and ink, saying they have a great secret, a wonderful plan, to propose to Master Bame; in short they have discovered a way to coin money, crowns, nobles, and even angels, and if Bame will join with them and lend them his honest face he will carry more angels in his pocket than he'd

ever meet in Heaven. A moment Bame hesitates, then seeing visions of malinsey-casks and silken hose and doublets slashed with satin (the price of which, 'tis said, he asked for many a moon thereafter!), then he agrees and signs. But here Kit pocketing the paper, says there's one condition for Master Bame; that he will breathe no more scandal on Robert Greene, for the day he airs Greene's shirt they will air his paper. Bame, without seeing through the plot, promises and murmuring, "why there's good in all men" departs, while behind him echoes the pent-up laughter which ceases, however, as Will tosses on the coals the last poor testament of Robert Greene. But Kit, the ever ready Kit, proposes that they give, with thumping chorus, the "Little Red Ring," the song of the "Mermaid Inn." How well they heed his words, for steel was never so ringing true as the chorus:

"Well, if God saved me alone of the seven,  
Telling me *you* must be damned, or *you*,  
This I would say, 'This is hell, not heaven!'  
Give me the fire and a friend or two!"

And so swiftly and gayly passes this night at the "Mermaid" and many, many other nights besides, nights in which as we follow them to their close, we follow them to the waving fortunes of the "Mermaid." For, alas! that it should be so! Time passes and with Time many of the old familiar faces we were wont to see gathered around the cheery board of the "Mermaid." Many have left its cheer and good fellowship never to return; many who do return, return like Sir Walter Raleigh, after his long years of imprisonment, old, worn, mere mournful shadows of their former gay young selves. As we close the book the last picture presented is indelibly stamped upon our memory, the picture of the deserted "Mermaid" whose only guest is the now old and gray Ben Jonson, paralyzed in one foot but with brain as fresh as ever, who smoking in his old nook, seems to hear the voices of his dead companions, Will and Kit and Rob, seeming to hear, realizes that they are no more. As the lights grow dim and we see the great gray head of Ben bowed across the table on his arms and we know that he is weeping, weeping for his lost friends, we too, would fain repress our tears, but cannot. And too, like shadows, we creep sorrowfully away, while in our ears, to haunt for many and many a day to come, rings Ben's last song:

"Marlowe is dead, and Greene is in his grave,  
And sweet Will Shakespeare is long ago gone!

Our Ocean-Shepherd sleeps beneath the wave;  
 Robin is dead and Marlowe is in his grave.  
 Why should I stay to chant in idle stave,  
 And in my 'Mermaid Tavern' drink alone?  
 For Kit is dead and Greene is in his grave,  
 And sweet Will Shakespeare is long ago in his grave."

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### Easter Morn

"Christ is risen," sings the bluebird,  
 On the blessed Easter morn.  
 And this song so sweetly given  
 On the fragrant breeze is borne  
 To the thousands who need cheering  
 And who long for peaceful rest.  
 Lo! a great, sweet peace has settled  
 At this song, within the breast.

"Christ is risen," is the echo  
 Of the lilies tall and fair,  
 Emblem of all truth and justice,  
 Of all good and beauty rare.  
 For the sweet bells echo always,  
 And the children too all sing,  
 That today, again, as all days,  
 "Christ is risen, Christ is King."

F. R. G., '16.

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### Que vous ayez la Paix en Moi

ELIZABETH ATKINSON LAY, '15.

The road wound through the level valley of the Aisne, past the little village and up the steep hill above, wound on and on until it lost itself in the dark forest beyond. It was a well-kept road, broad and smooth, the villagers were proud of it and the children used to listen with wonderlit faces to the tales of the many splendors which lay far beyond the dark forest in which it disappeared from sight. It was an enchanted land to them, this fairy city at the end of the broad highway, and many and quaint were the questions which the children shyly put to the few chance travelers who came that way. Tourists were scarce in this out-of-the-way nook of Northern France. It was only in the summer time, and then very rarely, that the big touring cars were seen



in the little village. Lovers of art found their way thither often, but they were not like the folk who came in great fairy chariots and ordered every one about as though they themselves were fairy kings and queens. No, they were usually very ordinary in appearance and, though they were very kind and generous and quickly won the favor of the children, they were not at all splendid and dazzling like the real tourists. They had one point of superiority, however. The tourists gave little more than a passing glance to the two chief treasures of the villagers. The artists spoke of them in hushed voices; the dear little chapel which lay at the foot of the hill and the tall bronze shrine which stood on the crest. They knew as well as the villagers themselves the age of the church, they knew the beauties of its architecture even better. They listened eagerly to the quaint legend which the children loved to tell of the beautiful shrine on the hill, the wonderful figure which stood there brooding protectingly over their homes and fields.

The sculptor had been a native of the village and, when he had left the place of his birth and had disappeared with the road in the cool, green forest, the people had spoken of him lovingly, nor was he forgotten like most of those who, gone from the peaceful valley to the beautiful city, had never been heard of again. Many had been the tears shed for him when the news of his death reached the village and many had been the prayers that rose for him from the little chapel he loved so well. Then one day workmen had come and now, there on the top of the hill, flashing and glowing in the morning sun, stood the last work of the great sculptor.

That was many years ago but the shrine still stood on the hill and the memory of the man who wrought it still lived in the hearts of the simple village folk, a memory handed down from father to son, a story old, yet ever new.

It is the last of June, and the anniversary of the death of the great sculptor. The sun has not yet risen over the distant hills. Up the steep road moves a slow, stately procession led by the Curè from the little church below. Reverently, with bowed heads they approach the shrine and place at the foot of the Christ a simple wreath of wild flowers; kneeling they linger a few minutes, offering silent prayer for the safety and prosperity of their homes, then turn and proceed with quickening steps to the village below, leaving the figure standing with outstretched hands as though blessing the valley which it guards with such tenderness and love. There are many shrines in France, rude

wooden ones and some of beautiful bronze, carved or modeled, plain or elaborately decorated, some by the roadside, some in noisy cities, but not one so beautiful or so unique as this. The figure of the Christ stands at the foot of the cross with such an expression of protection and peace that it seems the very embodiment of the words carved above "Que vous ayez la Paix en Moi"—"that in me ye might have peace." How could it be other than peaceful in the little valley?

\* \* \* \* \*

Four months have passed and all is changed in the little village. There is constant commotion on the road. Huge motor trucks pass and re-pass the village, bearing ammunition and provisions from the supply station to the army across the river. Ambulances glide swiftly by with their load of wounded on the way to the hospital in the distant city. Old men and women work in the fields, little children are seen doing the heavy work around the homes, for the boys are working where strong men have toiled. The crops must be harvested, the land must be worked. Fathers and brothers may fall in battle or be carried, desperately wounded, to the nearest hospital; those who remain behind have not the time to sit and grieve, they must work, work and fight for their very existence; work with tears in their eyes and hearts bursting with grief; work, nor ever stop to think or pine or remember. Ah, who says that work is not our greatest blessing?

Far away a dull booming is heard above the constant rumbling on the road. The armies have faced each other for many weeks and fought with equal determination and almost equal skill but now—. Daily the sound grows louder, hearts heavier, voices sadder!

"The enemy has captured another trench! They are pushing our army back farther and farther! Soon they will reach the river unless—unless they are checked."

Another day dragged wearily by.

It is rumored that the French had attempted to retake their last trench—and failed.

"A bayonet charge—aye, repulsed. Did they retreat? There were no men left to retreat!"

And then the sound grew very near. The inhabitants of the little village talked of their possible flight.

"A ball from one of the enemy's field guns exploded near the river. It destroyed the farm of Monsieur Jacques. If they come closer we must flee."

\* \* \* \* \*

All the world is shrouded in a dense mist, the village is wrapt in it, the sound of the guns comes through it, deadly, unceasingly dull. Through the dense gray wall which wraps the road comes a strange company—old men and women, babies and little children. As they pass the shrine with bowed heads the Curé pauses to offer a last hasty prayer. There at the feet of the Christ lies the wreath, now brown and faded. The sad little gathering proceeds, looking back wistfully at the beautiful figure which seems now to wear an expression of unutterable compassion and sadness. A sob rises to the lips of one old woman as the fog shuts off the sight of this last familiar landmark. They are facing the road to the city now with never a backward glance. Slowly they melt away into the mist, a grotesque crowd, sadly out of place in their gayly colored holiday clothes, carrying hastily done-up bundles of their greatest treasures, the silver buttons from their coats, a scanty store of money, a few clothes, a little food. What a weight of weariness and pain you take with you, you mothers and grandfathers and little children! Will you ever see your little village, the tiny church, the dearly cherished shrine, your homes and fields, the hill and the broad river? Will you ever see them again? The only answer comes back through the mist, the piteous cry of a little child, the sob of an old man.

The shrine stands there alone facing the sound of the guns. Louder and louder it comes. The houses in the village are falling now, the church is a smouldering ruin. The French have turned westward. The line is no longer straight, there is a narrow wedge penetrating deeper into their land. The Germans have reached the village, the houses are burned, the fields devastated. Only the river flows on, dark and swift, and the shrine stands on the hill. Oh, the irony of those words "That in me ye might have peace!" Peace? Peace to the dead and dying, that is the only peace now.

The fury of the battle has rolled off to the west. The Germans occupy the hill above the now devastated village. Above the dark forest an army balloon hovers ready to give the signal to the gunners below. On the very highest point of the hill the largest and most powerful gun is placed. Now and again the earth trembles with the sound of its report.

What is that mass of misshapen bronze lying farther up the hill? Look, here is part of a cross, a wayside shrine, no doubt! Bend over, trace the letters written here—"Que vous ayez la Paix en Moi." The village is ruined, the people fled, the guns of the enemy planted on the

hill send their messengers of death across the hills and yet one object remains to testify of hope, of peace, of love from all mankind to all all mankind, the peace for which He came into the world, the peace for which the world longs and waits.

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### “The Little Colonel”

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VIRGINIA BONNER, '15.

The wagons creaked slowly on—great wagons filled with supplies and ammunition, getting ever nearer the firing line. It had been a damp, raw, foggy night, ghostly and weird. The only sounds that interrupted the subdued talk of the drivers, was the occasional whirr of an airship, far, far overhead. At the beginning of the thirty-mile journey, the distant noise of firing was heard but that had died out, many hours ago. Now, the dark clouds were lifting and the day was dawning.

A strange, new day was dawning for one of this company. In a corner of the third wagon, among the huge boxes and bags of supplies, a little flushed face peeped out and two little hands deep down in the pockets of the khaki suit, tingled strangely. In all the terrible blackness of the night he could see only one pale little twinkling star. During all his twelve years, the stars had been his friends but now when he needed them so, they had deserted him. He thought how his dear, lovely mother must be kneeling by his little white bed, praying that this little star he loved so would twinkle for her darling. At night, he and she used to kneel by the window in his warm, white little room and watch the stars, praying that they would smile down on their dear soldier, many miles away. When he left them, he said to his son: “Be brave, little colonel, be your father’s little *man*.” Oh! he did so want to be handsome and brave like his father. Every night his mother would hold him close and tell him all about the brave colonel and that sometime *he* would be a soldier, but not now, and how he must always obey orders and not be afraid of anything but fight and die for his Fatherland. The little boy’s heart misgave him strangely as he thought of how he had secretly stowed away in the big wagon and left for the front. He wished now that he could look once more into the anguished eyes of the woman kneeling at the little white bed.

As the train of wagons came over the hill into the full splendor of the rising sun, the boom of an exploding shell sounded so near that the

horses trembled and stood still. They were at the front. Surely, a strange, new day has dawned for you, little Johann.

When the small stowaway was discovered, he was taken at once to the general, who was much surprised and disturbed at the appearance of a child among them. As he was there, he would have to stay, although the gruff old general disliked the use of children in the army and especially of this child, the son of his favorite colonel. The child quickly found a hundred things to do and his way into the hearts of his companions. There was no active fighting here at present. The men had been lying in the trenches several days, expecting the approach of the enemy. They were suffering untold hardships; the light snow was melting and soaking the ditches. The men were caked with dirt and injured. Occasionally a shell dropped in their midst, killing some and wounding others so that they had to be taken to the rear to await the wagon from the temporary hospital. Little Johann was a tender, sympathetic nurse for the poor fellows; many a pillow did he make out of an old coat; many a drink he carried to the dying men or wrote last words home for them. His little, shrinking heart began to get used to the bloody bandages, the horrible bleeding wounds and the sight of the suffering and dead.

Finally, a day came when the men in the trenches opened fire. The boy had never ventured far among them but now he had plenty to do, filling the buckets with cartridges, dragging the heavy pails up and down the trenches and sometimes loading an extra gun. He gradually got further and further into the firing line. All the blood in his little body surged with the desire to do something worthy, above all, to obey the noble colonel's last words, "be your father's man." The soldier at the telephone was sprawling on the ground receiving and giving messages. Johann carried many in different directions. As he came near the telephone once more, the man had an urgent message for the general: "The enemy was advancing." The general must know it on the instant. Johann must take the message. He must go across the open field under the enemy's fire. The boy looked far across the field where his beloved general was stationed. With the note he sped across the ground, across the ditches, through the trenches until he reached the edge of the open field. There he dropped down quickly and began his long struggle across the field. Lying flat with his face down, he dragged himself, slowly, painfully on, on, on. The sand filled his eyes and mouth; the

shot whizzed around him. Every minute, he thought would be his last, but he just would not give up until he reached his general.

The men around their leader saw something little and gray, like the earth, moving slowly, but surely moving towards them. A great fear struck them. One man sprang forward and was picked off by the opposite fire. The general commanded no other man to move lest the little figure should be discovered. The little bleeding form came nearer and nearer. Not until he was almost at his general's feet, did the boy stop. The little body raised itself—held up a note—and dropped limply, pierced by a bullet.

In the little bedroom, thirty miles away, a young mother, pale and dry-eyed, knelt by a small, white bed. Crushed close to her heart was a white sheet with a red cross at the top. Many times over she devoured the few words on it:

"Don't cry darling mother. Tell father I was *his little man*."

They were the last words of the little colonel.

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## A Soldier Dreaming

MARGARET THOMAS.

Out of the darkness there came shots, sometimes so near that they brought an attendant flash. Somewhere out in space cannon boomed incessantly. Grayness superseded the dense darkness. All around him were forms kneeling and reeling. The high wall of the trench arose above him until lost in the mist and dampness. The soldier stirred, his eyelids fluttered, then closed again, but the scene was a familiar one.

Once again he was running along sweet old English lanes. The hedges on either side were filled with sweet smelling honey suckle and wild roses. Up above the clouds were rose pink with little jagged edges of gold. A little girl with black bobbed hair and wide questioning eyes ran beside him. They were racing. They ran across a rustic bridge but with childish impulse stopped to bathe their faces and hands in cool water. The sun shone out from behind the clouds and touched the water with gold. In his boyish fancy he likened himself to King Midas. Just over the hedge in the meadow the primroses grew as thick as a carpet of yellow velvet. A black bird with a yellow beak alighted on the hedge and his singing filled the dawn with rapture. A big white house stood at the end of the hedge, and there was a rose garden sur-

rounding it. As they drew near, a lady with tender eyes came down the path. She held out her arms and he ran to her, yellow curls and chubby legs flying, and blue eyes sparkling. "Mother!" he cried—"My dear little boy," she said. But the scene faded and a man, a child once more, stirred. Tears of angry disappointment filled his eyes, a twinge of pain had brought him back to reality. It ran like a needle through him and he lapsed into oblivion.

But from the darkness another scene arose to greet his longing eyes. First he saw a glimmer, then the motion of something, then sunlight on fastly moving and undulating water. Once more he was at the head of a long boat, facing twelve men each face tensely grim with excitement of the race. The poignant memory of how he had suffered, not because of a broken arm but because he could not row again assailed him. But his position was a mean one, and they had said his vigilance won the race for Oxford that day. He looked into the face of the wildly cheering crowd and thought "Well—I helped!" Two faces stood out from all the rest. His silver-haired mother and the girl he loved. The black bobbed hair now being below her waist, but you couldn't have told it under the small hat she wore. Anyhow, her blue eyes were the same and they exactly matched his violets on her dress. They started towards him, and he hurried to meet them but the distance lengthened instead of shortening until finally her eyes were the only distinct things he could see. He awoke to find himself flat on his back with a few stars shining up above like hers had shone except that they seemed horribly cold and glittering and made him realize how alone and cold he was. It was grayer than before, and over in the east there was a suspicion of orange. But the pain dulled his senses and once more he dreamed!

It was moonlight and there was thousands of stars now, and he was standing up instead of lying down. The fragrance of roses came to him and turned to find a tall girl standing beside him. "Dear little girl!" he said inconsistently, but very tenderly. "Look," she said, pointing to the sun dial in front of them. "It says I only mark the hours that shine. Just think of these it is missing."

The next scene came more quickly. With a clash of arms and a flash of red came his regiment down the street. The women and what men there were left cheered, and everyone seemed confident and happy. The sun shone down, and was reflected against shining arms. It flashed in his eyes and blinded him. "What a nuisance," he thought. But in-

stead of being on his horse's back he was on his own, with the blinding rays of the sun on him.

With difficulty he moved his head. Everything was quiet. Afterwards he remembered wondering if he was not oversleeping and why those men stretched out all around him were not up. But he didn't care much. A delicious lassitude stole over him, and the sun bothered him no more. Neither did the dead soldiers. He was ascending steadily on rows and rows of white clouds. A cloud for his pillow and one for his covering. Everything around him was white, except a spot of black which purchase framed the face of some good angel. Familiar blue eyes looked into his and a familiar voice said: "I believe he is gaining consciousness." "Betty," he whispered in amazement, "Are we in heaven together?" Then two arms went around him, and he saw not an angel but Betty in the dress of a Red Cross nurse, and he knew he was in heaven indeed.

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### Extracts from a College Girl's Diary

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NETTIE GAITHER.

September 20.—College at last! After so many months of hoping, fearing and longing, I am here. My trip was very commonplace and tiresome, not an incident to draw my thoughts from my destination. A rather interesting young man *did* get on at one stop, but it wasn't five minutes before I heard an old lady ask him if the baby was well! Here ended the excitement.

How strange everything seems here. I wonder if it will always be so, and if I will ever become accustomed to order and punctuality. I am sadly afraid I will not. I feel *so* small and insignificant. In a big brick house, there's a big white hall, in the big white hall there's a big white room, in the big white room there's a little "green" thing, and the little green thing is "me"! I've been here four whole days and I haven't been homesick but five times, that is, I haven't had "spells" (as Margaret Smith says!) but five times. The girls have been so nice to me and Margery Arnold is such a lovely girl to have for a room-mate, that I am sure there are good times ahead of us. Our "first aid" to the homesick is to make the first mourner sing a laundry list to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home." The music at times, is rather doleful and has a pathetic note, but it *does* help.



The last light has flashed, and in a few minutes Miss Taylor will have her head in the door. Margery already has hers under the cover.

October 2.—Just in from a game of tennis with Margery, Sallie Ferris, and that Smith girl. Somehow I don't like her and I can't understand why Sallie insists on having her tag along. I don't care if she is from New York. She actually says "git." Yesterday, when several of us were discussing our various studies she announced her great joy at not having to study geography. She said she always had hated it, even when she went to Grammar School and studied Maury's "Emmanuel"—well I just had to leave the place before I burst out laughing!

We are going to have a basket ball game Friday and we are so excited. If we win we are going to give our team a spread. It is time for my violin lesson so I must hurry or Miss Winston will be "hot footing it" after me. Yesterday our English teacher said we must stop using so much slang, she said we must "cut it out!"

November 1.—Today three wonderful things happened, and we are holding our breath in fear of the consequences:

1. Marie Holmes missed a fourth of a question in English.
2. Rosalie Thorn shut a door.
3. Dorothy Hines was on time for class.

All this in one day is too much of a shock; I am unable to write more.

November 20.—Margery has a brother! That horrid girl has deceived me. Every time I have asked her about her family she has always changed the subject immediately, and I thought some of them must be queer and she was sensitive about them! She says she was saving him as a surprise because I am going to spend Thanksgiving with her. Gracious! I certainly am glad I found it out. I think I'll take my steamer trunk instead of a suitcase. His name is Jack, and she showed me his picture, or rather I found it. He's awfully handsome.

December 16.—There is so much excitement in the air that I can hardly sit still long enough to scratch these few lines. In just four more days I'll be flying South on the "Limited" and leave these "bare walls" behind me, although that can hardly apply to our room.

Margery and I tried the roof walking stunt last night and nearly froze. Margery hurt her foot, I skinned my knee, and both came near being caught by Miss Taylor, when we started down the fire escape. Two of the girls were caught the night before, one of them was that Smith girl

and Sallie bet Margie and I that we couldn't take an "airing" without being caught. We won so she took us down town and treated us. Almost Christmas too—awfully good natured of her, I think.

January 10.—Well, here I am again—back at school after the happiest Christmas I ever had. Almost all of the girls have the "blues" and their faces could be measured with a yardstick. Margery and I have been so busy "dressing up" our room in our new possessions that we have scarcely had time to be blue but I suppose it will come! I *didn't* feel exactly happy though Phil told me goodbye—I wonder why—. It was very nice of him to come back with me but I *do* believe he thinks this ought to be a co-ed school.

I got off the best joke on the girls when I came back Tuesday. On the train with me was a very attractive young girl, who was coming here, so, as soon as I arrived I told the girls about her. They were greatly excited and upon finding that she was to occupy the vacant room in their hall they were anxious to get acquainted with her at once. I told them they had better go slow, that she was very reserved and proper, so in a flash they determined to haze her! Sallie Ferris and Nan Evans rushed over to the vacant room, while Margery and Nell Keys on a large piece of paper proceeded to print "rules." I must record them here in case I forget them.

#### RULES.

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

"To take more than one biscuit at breakfast is considered a breach of etiquette, punishable by five demerits."

These were read to us then tacked on the wall in the "new girl's" room. The girls came back announcing that they had made a pie-bed, hidden her bureau keys, and that the rules looked stunning; just before Miss Winston, with the "new girl" came down the corridor and met Miss Taylor at the door. "Pretty thick with the faculty already," came from Nan behind me, and from the hall came Miss Winston's voice, "Miss Taylor let me introduce Miss Herbert, our new Greek teacher, you know, who is to take the place of Miss Stone." Miss Taylor shook hands with the "new girl" and the three walked into the vacant

room, while I turned just in time to see Margery collapse into a chair like a jack-knife, Nan leaning limply against the wall, tearing her hair, and Sallie and Nell standing thunderstruck in the middle of the floor. Then I rolled on the bed in hysterical giggles.

March 20.—Last night we were awakened from our peaceful slumbers by the cry of "Fire! Fire!" Margery and I sprang up catching my sweater and her hat as we rushed into the hall, which was filled with girls in gay and grotesque costumes. Louise who had given the alarm was calling "Oh girls run, *run*;" while Miss Coles rushed out with a bottle of red ink to quench the flames as she often does our lurid love stories. "Where's Mary," called Elizabeth, flying back to find Mary, Nell, Katherine and Nan on their knees searching for Mary's red bandana. "But where is the fire?" called some one, and Louise, in a sheepish voice, answered: "Well girls, I must have had a nightmare." Margie and I both have colds as my sweater hadn't very great protective power, and she couldn't keep her hat on because she didn't have a hat pin.

April 15.—Yesterday Jack sent me a beautiful Yale banner, and it now adorns the most prominent side of our room. Margie declares she's getting jealous, and I don't blame her a bit, but I wouldn't let her know it for anything. I don't blame her, I think I'd be jealous too, if I had a brother as nice as Jack. But I'm awfully glad he isn't my brother because then—Oh, heavens, there goes the last flash.

November 22.—I've just finished a long paper on "What has the College done for girls, and how can it be bettered?" and I wrote from my heart "more of the practical side of life, less Hygiene, less Latin, less Mathematics." I was very eloquent in my appeal for my suffering sisters and I felt so exalted and noble when I finished—I suppose I'll feel sufficiently humbled when I see the mark I get on it!

I received a box from home yesterday and what a spread we had last night! Just as we were about ready to start and the coffee was real hot we heard a step in the hall! Nan switched off the light, Margery snatched up the coffee pot and wrapped a kimona around it to keep it from smelling, while we rolled, some in the bed and some under it. The excitement was soon over, however, and we didn't leave many crumbs for the mice. Speaking of mice, reminds me of that Smith girl. She got a box last week and hid it under her bed without giving anybody *one*

*lemon drop.* Yesterday she opened it to find that the mice had nibbled everything in it, and one had choked to death on a piece of candy, and the maid had to throw everything away. We celebrated by eating some of Dorothy's grape fruit. I believe I've got a bad disposition.

December 22.—I am so lonesome I am nearly dead, no orphan asylum could be more dismal than this when all the girls are away! If only little Betty had postponed her case of diphtheria. There is hardly a soul left here and I just don't know what to do with myself. Jack is coming Christmas evening and I guess that will help some. It's the best feeling in the world to see somebody you know, when you can't get home for Christmas. Yes, I am quite sure Jack will help a little.

December 29.—I never thought I could spend such a happy Christmas away from home. Jack and I went for a long walk in the evening, then we had supper, and afterwards had a nice long talk in the parlor—Jack told me some of the queerest things. He did help quite a lot, and I really believe I hated to see him go.

February 15.—Yesterday I got a large heart-shaped box of candy and in it was a card bearing this verse in Jack's handwriting: (He's a poet on a small scale.)

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

I think it's very pathetic. Margie insists that I furnish him with a new one, but really I don't believe I have it to spare if I had to steal one for myself.

May 19.—I'm glad, and yet it makes me sad to think that my last year of college life is drawing to a close. These have been busy, but very happy years that the "little green thing" has passed in "the big brick house." With my diploma as a background I had intended to be a great art teacher but I didn't count on Jack. He says he feels that he needs an art course terribly and that he would be a very apt pupil. I'm not so sure about that and besides I'm afraid teaching art to one pupil wouldn't be a very profitable business.

The room is filled with lovely flowers; both mine and Margery's. Jack sent me white American Beauties with one red one among them. I have promised him an answer tomorrow. If I wear the red one with the white ones it means "yes," if I leave it out—oh! I wonder what I'll do! Jack is coming this afternoon and I'm so excited. Phil will be

here tomorrow, too, but his eyes will be upon another face and another bunch of flowers—Margery's. I didn't know what I was doing when I had them both on the same house party! That was hardly three years ago and—well the ways of Fate are inexplicable! Gracious! the maid has just come in with Jack's card. I'm afraid I've already decided to wear the "Red, Red, Rose."

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## SCHOOL NEWS

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### The Lenten Services

The Lenten services this year have been especially helpful. As is the Lenten custom, on Wednesday and Friday evenings, shortened evening prayer has been held from six to six-thirty and at each of these services there has been a short address by the rector.

One who has not heard them cannot know how helpful they have been. The general subject was "Sin," and in the clear treatment of the various phases of sin; its subtle beginnings; its deadly effects, and its disastrous consequences, there was brought home to us anew the reality of evil and the necessity of fighting against it, together with many useful suggestions for practical use in every-day life.

Among the most helpful were the talks on "The Analysis of Sin," "Repentance," "Habits," and "The Hatred of Sin."

The one service that the rector was absent was held by the Rev. Mr. Willcox, who gave a very impressive talk on the strong points in the character of Jesus Christ as a man, as suggested by the Beatitudes.

On Palm Sunday at the morning service, the rite of holy baptism was administered and at the evening service Bishop Cheshire made his official visitation and administered the rite of confirmation.

During Holy Week, the Holy Communion was celebrated every morning except Friday, and short evening services were held, following the events of these last days of our Lord's life.

All these services were voluntary and how helpful they have been has been shown by the unusually good attendance.

If our Easter this year is glad and joyous, it is certain that these services, with their helpful influences for the faithful keeping of a good Lent, have had no small part in making it so.

### The Inter-Society Debates

One of the most important and interesting events of the school year at St. Mary's is the series of inter-society debates held annually. There are now three debates and each society debates twice. The championship is given to the society which wins two debates. The Alpha Rho's were champions in 1914.

The first of the inter-society debates was held in the auditorium on March 15, 1915, between the Epsilon Alpha Pi and Sigma Lambda Literary societies. Miss Matilda Hancock of the Alpha Rho Society presided.

The query was :

*Resolved*, That the present rapid change in fashion is desirable.

The affirmative was upheld by the Sigma Lambda Society, represented by Miss Ruby Thorn, '18, and Miss Courtney Crowther, '15. The negative was upheld by the E. A. P. Society represented by Miss Josephine Wilson, '15, and Miss Rena Harding, '16.

The judges were Miss Leatherman, of the State Library, Mr. Metcalf of A. and M. College, and Mr. Wm. C. Harris. The decision was made in favor of the negative.

The second of the debates was held on March 22, 1915, between the Sigma Lambda and Alpha Rho Literary societies. Miss Margaret Bottum, president of the Epsilon Alpha Pi Society presided. The query was :

*Resolved*, That the moving pictures are a greater educative force than the periodicals.

The affirmative was argued by Miss Matilda Hancock, '15, and Miss Eliza Davis, '16, of the Alpha Rho Society, and the negative was upheld by Miss Eleanor Relyea, '17, and Miss Frances Strong, '15.

The judges were Mr. Graham Andrews, Mr. J. B. Cheshire, Jr., Mr. Pratt of A and M. College, who decided in favor of the negative.

The last debate was held on March 27, between the Alpha Rho and E. A. P. societies. Miss Courtney Crowther, president of the Sigma Lambda Society presided. The Alpha Rho Society, represented by Miss Robena Carter, '18, and Miss Katherine Bourne, '16, upheld the affirmative side of the question :

*Resolved*. That the girl of today is superior to her grandmother, the girl of yesterday.

The E. A. P. Society, represented by Miss Alice Latham, '16, and Miss Elsie Alexander, '16, upheld the negative.

The judges on this occasion were Dr. Summey of A. and M. College, Mr. Boomhour of Meredith College, and Dr. Shore, and their decision was in favor of the negative.

This gave the championship of 1915 to the Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society.

### Gymnasium Exhibition

On Friday afternoon, March 26th, Miss Barton gave the annual exhibition of the physical culture classes in the gymnasium.

There was a large crowd of spectators, who testified their approval by enthusiastic clapping. The little children, dressed in white middy blouses and white shoes and stockings, performed several cunning little dances, and had a medicine ball race. The older girls, dressed in white middy blouses, black bloomers and black shoes and stockings, marched, drilled, danced and did apparatus work. The special class in corrective gymnastics worked on the stall bars. The exhibition closed with an obstacle race in which each class was represented by eight girls. It was a very close and exciting race, and finished up the thing with a vim. All the events went off in regular order without a flaw, and the interest in them never lagged. It was by far the best affair of the kind ever held up here, and Miss Barton should certainly be complimented on her skillful management.

#### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Free Arm Drill.
2. Indian Club Drill.
3. Folk Dances (Sub-Preparatory Class)—  
    (a) Little Polka; (b) Mountain March.
4. Marching Tactics.
5. Apparatus—  
    First Year: Boom, Balance Boards, Stall Bars.  
    Second Year: Buck, Box, Saddles.
6. Wand Drill.
7. Progressive Ball Passing Race (Sub-Preparatory).
8. Folk Dances—  
    (a) Swedish Schottische; (b) Vineyard Dance; (c) Irish Lilt.
9. Obstacle Exchange Race—  
    Each class represented by eight girls.

# The St. Mary's Muse.

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Subscription Price	One Dollar.
Single Copies	Fifteen Cents.

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A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumni, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB. Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

Correspondence from friends solicited.

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

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MATILDA JORDAN HANCOCK

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COURTNEY DEFOREST CROWTHER

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FANNIE MARIE STALLINGS, '16, Assistant Business Manager

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## EDITORIAL

### Easter Morning at St. Mary's

"The day of Resurrection  
Earth tell it out abroad."

Clear and triumphant the glad young voices raise the exultant song and once again the little chapel rings with the joyous triumph of Easter-tide. In the hushed stillness at the altar rail many a young heart is lifted up with a new joy and gladness and is filled with a truer and a deeper reverence. Thus is Easter Day heralded in for us with the early morning service.

Later in the morning more flowers are placed in the chancel and at the eleven o'clock service flowers are everywhere; emblems of the Resurrection, pure Easter lilies, bright daffodils and tulips and through the eastern windows the glorious spring sunshine streams in upon glad hearts and happy faces.

R. H. H.

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### Miss Katie

Her many friends are delighted to know that Miss Katie's condition has so improved that she is now back at St. Mary's and with the aid of her crutches is able to walk a good deal. Her absence from St. Mary's has been very long, extending over several months. We are very glad



to have her with us again and feel encouraged since she can now meet a few of her classes in her room.

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### Miss Lee

We are very glad to have Miss Lee with us again after recovering from a slight case of typhoid fever. She meets her classes now as usual and is gaining strength rapidly.

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## OUR EXCHANGES

The March numbers of our exchanges have on the whole been very good. We only regret that we have not received more of them but take pleasure in acknowledging the following:

The *Wahisco*, *University of North Carolina Magazine*, the *Monthly Chronicle*, the *Trinity Archive*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *Western Maryland College Monthly*, the *Quill*, the *Watch*, *High School Gazette*, *Maroon and Gray*, the *Messenger* the *Acorn*, the *Red and White*, *Stetson Weekly Collegiate*, *Florida Flambeau*, the *Tattler*, the *Wofford College Journal*, the *Oracle*.

On account of the absence of our Exchange Editor, Miss Helene Northcott, who has been at home some little time on account of illness, we will have to omit the usual notes on the Exchanges.

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## The Class of 1915

The Senior Class of 1915 is the largest class which has ever been on roll to graduate at St. Mary's. We take great pride in printing the list of twenty-six members who are looking forward to graduation.

### OFFICERS.

Helen Peoples	President
Margaret Bottum	Vice President
Sadie Vinson	Secretary-Treasurer
Elizabeth Lay	Prophet
Courtney Crowther	Poet
Frances Strong	Historian

Mattie Moye Adams .....	Durham, N. C.
Agnes Hyde Barton .....	Hartford, Conn.
Margaret Huntington Bottum .....	Penland, N. C.
Elizabeth Carrison.....	Camden, S. C.
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Carol Gresham Collier.....	Goldsboro, N. C.
Courtney DeForest Crowther.....	Savannah, Ga.
Margaret Edwards.....	Raleigh, N. C.
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DeLana Stanton Hales.....	Wilson, N. C.
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Gladys Jones-Williams.....	Monte Vallo, Ala.
Anna Belle King.....	Louisburg, N. C.
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Edith Matilda Mann.....	Raleigh, N. C.
Edna Mann.....	Raleigh, N. C.
Margaret Mann.....	Raleigh, N. C.
Emma Louise Merritt.....	Raleigh, N. C.
Helene Carlton Northcott.....	Winton, N. C.
Helen Read Peoples.....	Townesville, N. C.
Florence Douglas Stone.....	Raleigh, N. C.
Frances Lambert Strong.....	Raleigh, N. C.
Allene Thornburgh.....	Raleigh, N. C.
Sadie Walton Vinson.....	Littleton, N. C.
Pencie Creecy Warren.....	Edenton, N. C.
Gladys Eccles Yates.....	Raleigh, N. C.

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### The 1915 Statistics

The taking of the "Statistics" for the ANNUAL MUSE is always an event of excitement and interest and much enthusiasm was shown this year.

The girls gathered in the school room on Monday morning and as a surprise were each provided with the "Australian Ballot" containing the list of subjects but no nominations and each girl filled out the ballot according to her individual preference. The MUSE Committee of Seniors then counted the ballots. In the afternoon the girls re-assembled to be presented with the "Second Ballots," containing the names of the three girls who stood highest in each subject on the First Ballot. The Second Ballots were then counted and the names of those chosen by receiving the highest votes were posted.

The 1915 selections are:

Best Looking.....	Adelyn Barbee
Most Fascinating.....	Lanie Hales
Quaintest.....	Violet Bray
Cutest.....	Annabelle Converse
Most Ambitious.....	Annie Cameron
Most Lovable.....	Dorothy Parker
Greatest Chatterbox.....	Agnes C. Timberlake
Most Athletic.....	Anne Brinley
Prettiest.....	Katherine Drane
Most Attractive.....	Lanie Hales
Most Influential.....	Margaret H. Bottum
Best Student.....	Annie Cameron
Most Courteous.....	Agnes Barton
Most Popular.....	Arabelle Thomas
Biggest Bluffer.....	Elizabeth Carrison
Most Enthusiastic.....	Eliza Davis
Merriest.....	Katherine McDonald
Most Unselfish.....	Arabelle Thomas
Two Best Dancers.....	Laura Beatty, Della Brown
Best-All-Around.....	Arabelle Thomas

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### Commencement Marshals, 1915

The Commencement Marshals, who usher at all the school events from Easter to Commencement, are elected in the literary societies and usually chosen from among the members of the junior class or older girls. The election of the Chief Marshal fell to the Sigma Lambda Literary Society this year who chose Miss Kate Lois Montgomery.

The Marshals elected are as follows:

*Sigma Lambda*—Kate Lois Montgomery, Chief; Adelyn Barbee and Eleanor Relyea; *Epsilon Alpha Pi*—Elsie Alexander and Helen Wright; *Alpha Rho*—Mary Floyd and Dorothy Parker.

## From Palm Sunday to Commencement

April-May.

March 28, Palm Sunday.

11 a. m., Palm Sunday Service. Holy Baptism.

5 p. m., Annual Visit of the Bishop. Confirmation.

April 4, Easter Day.

8:30 a. m., Early Communion. Choral Service.

11:00 a. m., Easter Service and Sermon. Lenten Offering.

April 5, Monday. Easter Egg Hunt, 7 p. m.

April 10, Saturday.

April 13, Tuesday. Raleigh Music Festival. The Damrosch Orchestra.

April 17, Saturday. Junior-Senior Party.

April 24, Saturday.

May 1, Saturday.

May 3, Monday. Certificate Recital. Mary Auning Floyd. Piano, 8:15 p. m.

May 8, Saturday. School Party, 8 p. m.

May 6, Thursday. Children's Recital.

May 10, Monday. Certificate Recital. Hattie May Lasater. Piano 8:15 p. m.

May 12, Wednesday. Alumnae Day, Seventy-third Anniversary.

May 13, Thursday. Ascension Day.

May 15, Saturday. Annual Recital of the Chorus, 8:15 p. m.

May 17, Monday. Adelyn Barbee, Piano Recital 8:15.

May 18, 19, Tuesday, Wednesday. Senior Examinations.

May 20 to 22. Final Examinations.

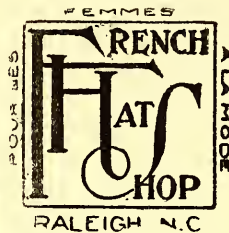
May 25 to 27. Commencement Exercises.

## 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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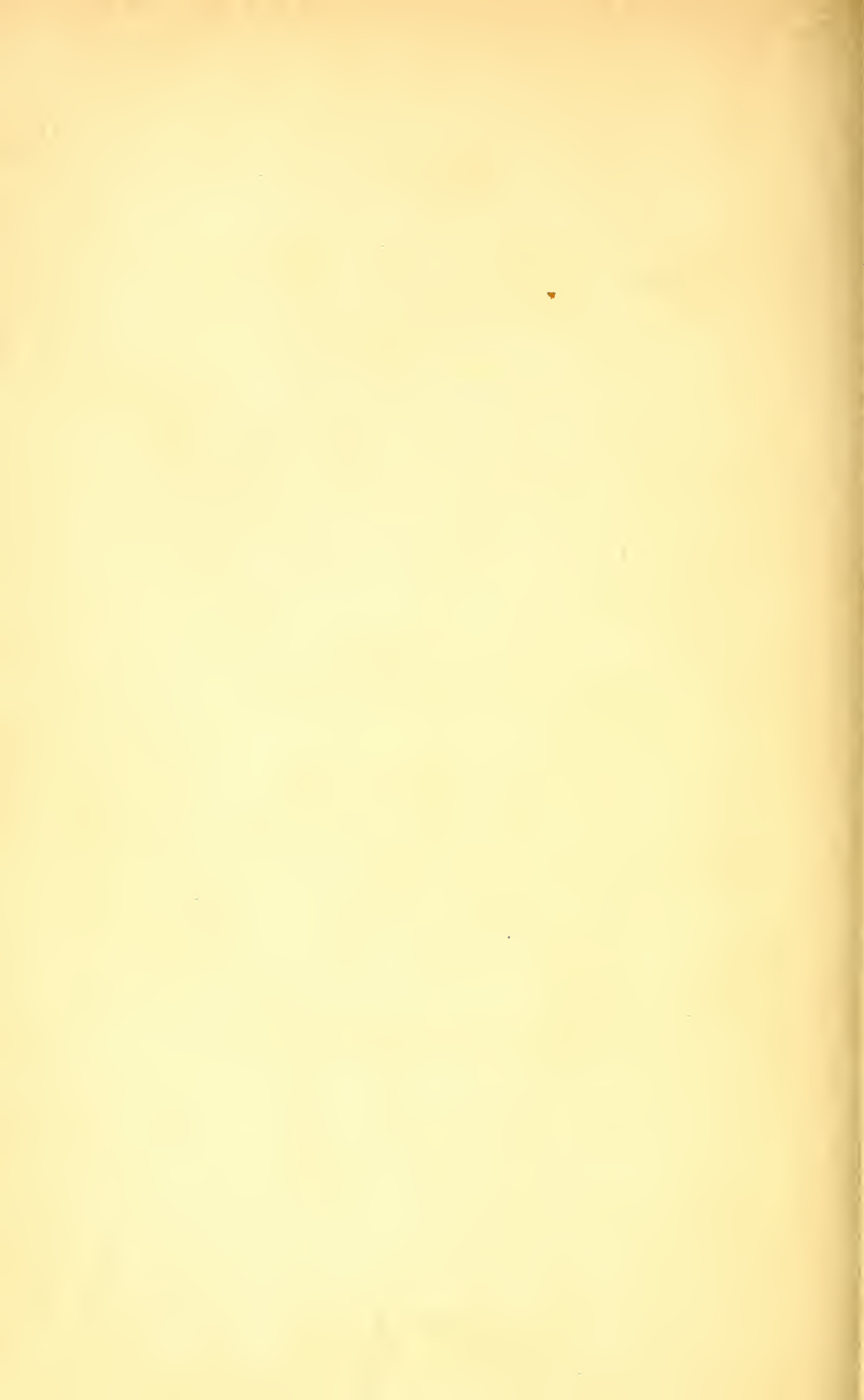
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The  
St. Mary's Muse

May, 1915



Tenth Anniversary Number

Raleigh, N. C.





# The St. Mary's Muse.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

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VOL. XIX.

MAY, 1915.

No. 10

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## Ten Years of the "Little Muse"

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We are prone in the passing of the years and the rapid succession of school "generations" to forget the past and our predecessors. With the session of 1913-14 the "monthly MUSE" completed the tenth year since its revival. The present volume of the MUSE bears the number "19" but volume 1, dates back to the first issue of the publication in 1879, and the present series began with volume 9 in 1904-05.

It is to remind those who have worked for the MUSE in those ten years that they are not forgotten and to show some mark of appreciation of their having done what they could that this anniversary number is issued. The form we have chosen to have it take is a reprint of some of the characteristic contributions to the "literary part" of the MUSE in those ten years, suggesting to the St. Mary's girls of today, as it must to those who read, how closely the interests of each year are akin. The girls who wrote the articles were in their day as prominent at St. Mary's as the student leaders of the present. They have other interests now and some of them are known by other names than in their St. Mary's days but we may be confident that their interest in St. Mary's is constant.

We record in this number the names of the chief officers of the monthly MUSE during these ten years—the Editors in Chief and Business Managers, and in a brief summary of the period of the ten volumes we call again the names of some of those others who have played a prominent part in the publication. But only a part of the names can be mentioned and these called by name are to be taken as typical of the others unmentioned.

The MUSE has not developed as we hoped it would, but it has preserved a faithful record of the passing story of St. Mary's. This was its main purpose. We will hope that in the ten years ahead it may continue a

faithful chronicler and gain prestige in those other two respects in which it should be so valuable to the School—as a medium for student literary efforts and as a force in increasing alumnae activity. E. C.

### The Chief Officers of the Monthly Muse, 1904-'14

	<i>Editors-in-Chief</i>	<i>Business Managers</i>
1904-05 (Volume 9).....	Anna Barrow Clark, '05.....	Mary Ellis Rossell, '05.
1905-06 (Volume 10).....	Ruth Foster, '06.....	Jane Iredell Green, '06.
1906-07 (Volume 11).....	Serena Cobia Bailey.....	Jessie Page Harris. Beatrice Bollman Cohen, '07.
1907-08 (Volume 12).....	Georgia Stanton Hales, '08....	Katherine Henderson.
1908-09 (Volume 13).....	Mary Campbell Shuford, '10...	Ida Jean Rogerson, '10.
1909-10 (Volume 14).....	Mary Owen Green.....	Jane Porcher DuBose.
1910-11 (Volume 15).....	Nell Battle Lewis, '11.....	Elizabeth Woodard Leary.
1911-12 (Volume 16).....	Patsy Harry Smith, '12.....	Amelia Pinkney Sturgeon.
1912-13 (Volume 17).....	Caroline Clarke Jones, '13....	Jennie Elizabeth Woodruff, '13.
1913-14 (Volume 18).....	Laura Margaret Hoppe, '14....	Sallie Kirk Heyward, '14.

### Some Fragments of Muse History

Few at St. Mary's now remember that the MUSE first came into being in 1879, when it was first published by Mr. W. H. Sanborn, at that time Dr. Bennett Smedes' Director of Music. The publication was intended primarily for the development of the Music Department and was hence very appropriately named THE ST. MARY'S MUSE. It was a little eight page pamphlet with pages about the size of the present MUSE and was issued quarterly "in the interest of art, literature, education, and of St. Mary's School." Containing brief notes and comments on various topics of current interest in the world of music and literature, with a few items about St. Mary's, it was rather a little newspaper in St. Mary's than a little St. Mary's newspaper.

After its establishment the paper was turned over to the supervision of Mrs. Meares, then Lady Principal and was edited under her direction by "Euterpe and the Pierian Club." Thus appeared the first five volumes, 1879-1883.

Thirteen years later, under Miss McVea, then Lady Principal, volume six was issued in 1896. Volume 7 followed in 1899, and volume 8 in 1900. The magazine had been growing in thickness and decreasing in number of issues, and volume 8 was a single book of a hundred pages, practically a year-book.

The publication of this volume and the increasing number of year-books

turned St. Mary's girls in that direction, and next year, 1901, saw the beginning of the custom of the publication of a student year-book, which still continues. To distinguish it from the periodical and yet show its connection with it, the year-book was called THE MUSE.

The Senior Class took charge of the Year Book and issued it successfully from 1901 to 1904, and no attempt was made at a news publication.

It was in the fall of 1904 that it was decided wise in the interest of the School to begin a monthly news magazine for the students and alumnæ, with such literary contributions as might be available, and as only by the closest coöperation of all interested forces was it possible to publish both annual and monthly in a school the size of St. Mary's, the Senior Class undertook both publications under the direction of Mr. Cruikshank. In 1906 the responsibility for the monthly passed to a student "Muse Club," organized for the purpose, and it is still issued by the Muse Club.

Anna Barrow Clark (Mrs. W. J. Gordon) was the first editor of the reëstablished magazine, and her MUSES tell of the Enlarged Chapel and the Clement Scholarship, and see the first publication of "Alma Mater." Miss Dowd and Miss Checkley aided much with their pens and Margaret DuBose (Mrs. Isaac T. Avery) and Sadie Jenkins (Mrs. Battle) did most of the story and verse writing.

1906, "Ruth Foster's" year welcomed the Pittman Bequest, leading to the building of the Auditorium, and saw the "Muse Prizes" established and awarded for the first time to "Serena Bailey," Helen Liddell (Mrs. D. B. McBride), and Helen Strange (Mrs. Burke Bridgers). Mlle. Masch and "Irving Morgan" (Mrs. E. H. Palmer) enlivened the MUSE pages with verse on "timely topics," while Miss Bailey's stories, Miss Liddell's verses, Miss Strange's humorous sketches, and the contributions of "Louise Hill" and "Alice Winston Spruill" (Mrs. T. W. Alexander) were a feature.

"Serena Bailey" was the dominating figure the next year, 1907, when she was Editor. "Helen Liddell's" work was again conspicuous, so much so that she alone was awarded the Muse Prize, while "Sue Prince" and "Helen Strange" still pleased, and Miss Spann and "Ruth Newbold" (Mrs. J. M. Vail) were frequent and valued contributors of verse. This year was marked by the resignation of Mr. DuBose as rector.

1908 was "Georgia Hales'" year, and "Mary Shuford" and "Ida Rogerson" won themselves fame by their writings. The Muse Prizes went to

them and to "Sara Prince ('Sadie') Thomas." Other prominent contributors were "the Hazards (Minnie and Paula) and "Nell Wilson" (Mrs. W. G. McAdoo). This was the year marked by the inauguration of the rectorship of Mr. Lay and the presence of Mrs. Sheib as Lady Principal.

"Mary Shuford" and "Ida Rogerson" "ran" the MUSE in 1909, a year of importance to St. Mary's for it was marked by the addition of the new buildings, "the Wings" and "Clement Hall." "Virginia Pickel" and "Irma Deaton" did much with their poetry and stories, and "Frances Bottum" began the drawings which have been a feature of the *Annual* each year since. These three received the Muse prizes.

1910 was the year of the Smedes Centennial Celebration and the graduation of the largest St. Mary's class to that time, seventeen in number, including Misses Shuford, Rogerson, Pickel, Deaton, and the Hazards. "Elizabeth Hughes" was the important new factor in Muse work and she and "Nell Lewis" were awarded the Muse prizes.

1911 was "Nell Lewis" year and her writings made the MUSE, but she had valuable assistance in "Margaret Broadfoot," "Patsey Smith," and "Rebecca Wood." Mr. DuBose's death occurred during this year.

1912 brings us well within the present student generation and present memories, and we recall how well the MUSE was handled by "Patsey Smith" and the help given her by "Mary Owen," "Mary Butler," "Margaret Broadfoot" and "Frances Bottum."

In 1913 with "Caroline Jones" at the helm, "Ellen Johnson" and "Annie Cameron" began their contributions.

Of 1914 it is unnecessary to speak.

Here we have mentioned in brief those who have done most to win favor for any "literary portion" of the MUSE, and it is easiest to mention them without important omission; but it must be borne in mind that the MUSE is primarily not "literary" but "news." Without the Business Managers and their assistants to look after the finances and the news editors and their staffs to write up the St. Mary's news, the monthly MUSE would not have lived long. To each of them and to all the others who in so many ways have contributed to the success of these ten years of the MUSE as advertisers, subscribers, and workers, let this MUSE be a small token of appreciation of the MUSE workers of today.

### Easter Lilies

---

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 His 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.

—Helen Katharine Liddell. 1907.

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### The Tail of an Easter Chicken

---

As Father Rooster always said, ma was a speiichen 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 up 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-falutinest hen, what ever I seed! You kin hab her, sah, fo' yo' Easter doins, and de unlucky thirteen chicks fo' mos' nothin'." There 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 a 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 at 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?"

MARGARET ROSALIE DUBOSE. 1907.

---

### An Easter Story

---

It was a bright, sunshiny Easter morning. The turnip patch next to Mr. McGregor's front yard glistened softly with dew, as two little rabbits went carefully hopping their way among the green plants. It was, of course, Peter Rabbitt and his college chum, Benjamin Bunny. Like all college boys they were up to pranks, and this time it was to venture beyond the college limits of the turnip patch fence and go exploring in Mr. McGregor's front yard. Being Freshmen, they were not allowed to smoke even the mildest form of rabbit tobacco, and they had determined to cut college, and go into the forbidden land where the precious weed grew in abundance. This bold and daring deed they were now trying to accomplish.

Peter Rabbit, the older and braver, hopped nimbly along ahead, waving his little white Freshman flag boldly in the air, as if he were on his way to root at a football game. Benjamin Bunny followed sturdily. Soon they reached the crack in the fence, and in they went with a final flourish of each white flag.

Once inside, great was their consternation at the sight that met their eyes. For a moment little Benjie's heart stood still; but when he saw the sturdy bearing of Peter, he plucked up courage and stood valiantly beside his friend. For there among the flowers of Mr. McGregor's front yard on all sides, of all colors, of all sizes, were—rabbits. What did it all mean? Where did these fellows come from? What college did they belong to? Where were the sweaters and caps every college

man wore? But they gave no answer to these vain questionings and sat still unblinking.

As Peter and Benjie stood thus conversing under a great geranium leaf, down the walk there came running a little girl, followed by no other than the terrible Mr. McGregor. She was clapping her hands and crying out, "Oh, I'm going to find the Easter rabbits." Sure enough she made straight for the flower-bed where stood those immovable creatures. Why they did not form themselves into a flying wedge and make a dash for liberty, Benjie could not understand. She came closer and closer to the staring crowd, and finally gave a little shriek, stooped over, picked one up—and bit off his head.

The two boys stayed to see no more. Peter gave the signal to Benjie and started for the hole. They scuttled through with a slight damage to Peter's flag. Past the turnips, scattering the dew, to right and left, they skimmed along. Soon they were within their own college walls bending over their first lesson and translating with shaking voice, "O tempora! O mores!"

HELEN WILMER STONE. 1909.

---

### Easter Eve

---

All was at peace within the cloister walls,  
 No footstep echoed through the silent halls;  
 The monks lay sleeping, waiting till the dawn  
 That should bring in the blessed Easter morn.

But sleep came not to Brother Anselm's cell,  
 Into his soul no holy quiet fell;  
 Upon the floor the good man knelt and prayed:  
 "O Lord, show me Thy light:—I am afraid!—  
 I grope in darkness—O guide Thou my feet!  
 And may I better know Thee, and more sweet  
 Find Thy communion! Grant to me this night  
 Thy peace, that in the Easter morning's light  
 Joyfully I may worship with the rest  
 Of these, my brethren, whom Thou hast so blest."

Even as he prayed the dim walls 'gan grow bright  
 And all the room was filled with silent light;  
 And in the midst of the bare cell stood One  
 In shining white, Whose face was like the sun,  
 And Anselm could not look upon that Face,  
 But bowed him low, and humbly prayed for grace.



Then spoke the Saviour in a low, sweet voice  
That thrilled the monk, and made his heart rejoice.  
"Anselm," He said, "thy praise is sweet to Me,  
And when thou prayest upon thy bended knee,  
Thy prayers like incense-perfume rise to Heaven;  
No sweeter praise than thine to Me is given  
Within these walls. But, Anselm, know that thou  
Canst praise me better; listen and learn how.

Out in the world which thou hast left for Me,  
Lives many a one who longs for such as thee,  
To comfort him and cheer him on life's way.  
And for My sake I bid thee go today  
To those who know not of their risen Lord,  
And tell to them the message thou hast heard.  
Go, and in going thou shalt find that light  
Which thou hast asked of Me in prayer tonight."

Still meekly bowed, in humble voice and low,  
Anselm replied, "Obedient, Lord, I go."

Then all was dark, and Anselm went to rest,  
Knowing that in that night he had been blest;  
And waking when the Easter morn rose bright,  
He prayed, "O Lord, I thank Thee for Thy light."

—Irma Deaton. 1910.

---

### Look Up

---

Though the dreary rain is falling,  
From the woods there comes the calling  
Of a mocking-bird that's singing  
For the weary world to hear.

"Ye disconsolate and weary,  
Though the day be dark and dreary,  
In my heart the hope is springing  
That the sky will yet be clear.

"When this gloomy storm is over,  
Then the rain-drops on the clover  
Will be shimmering and shining  
To repay us for the rain.

“Therefore think ye on the morrow  
And forget your present sorrow;  
It is useless to be pining,  
For the sun will shine again!”

Serena C. Bailey. 1908.

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### The Legend of the Crystal Stream

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In a fair, far-off land there flows a crystal stream. It is a sparkling laughing stream, and in the day the sunbeams kiss its ripples, and in the calm of the soft spring nights the silver stars lie glimmering on its breast. Sometimes fair girls come to it and smile back at the reflection of their own glad looks, and lovers in the young spring lie on its banks and listen to its murmur. Where this stream now flows was once but a pleasant meadow land; and this is the story of how the stream sprang up in a night; this is the legend of the Crystal Stream that is told to the wandering youth of the land.

There dwelt in the Land of Unfulfilled Desire a princess whose eyes haunted one with the mystery of unshed tears. All her life she had been a very happy princess until one night as she slept an angel from the Land of Crowned Endeavor in passing had touched her with the tip of his saffron wing, and she had seen a vision, fleeting, beautiful. After that oftentimes there arose in her heart strange longing for joys that she dared not name. And from that day men called her Ignania, or the Princess with the Heart-afire. Before that she had never dreamed of the Struggle, but because, by the brush of the angel's wing vague longings had been aroused in her heart, she was never again content.

Then the Princess took up the Struggle for the Creation of a Perfect Thing, and as she strove, she came to see that in the throngs of men around her, there were others whom before she had thought of only as idle and pleasure loving, that were striving like herself, others whom the angel with the saffron wing had waked. Many things the princess attempted, but in none of them could she succeed. Then she decided that she would go to the three who, of all that like herself were striving seemed to have found the secret of the Creation of the Perfect Thing.

And so first she went to a famous artist who was painting a flower. And all the world said of the painting, "How perfect! It is the flower made eternal with colors that cannot fade." The princess looked and saw no flaw. Then she turned to the sad-eyed artist and said:

"Tell me the secret of the Creation of the Perfect."

And the artist sighed and answered:

"Because you too have striven I will tell you something that no one else shall ever know. Once as I painted, on the clear white of the petal, I dropped a drop of burning red; and because my colors do not fade there was no way in which it could be erased. But I painted over and over it with white, and so now, because it was done cleverly, the world sees no defect, but in my heart of hearts I know that the flaw is there. Look closely."

Then the princess looked closely and she could see the faint, faint mark, scarcely discernible.

Then Ignania went to a great good priest whose life was free from lust and hate and base deceit and of whom all the world said, "His is a perfect life." So she came to him and said:

"Tell the the secret."

"Because you are young and eager-eyed, and have great hope, I will tell you what I have long kept hidden. The world thinks my life perfect, but that is because the world cannot see within. But there is a great stain on my heart that nothing can ever cleanse: the blood of a friend."

So the princess left the priest and went to a mechanic who had invented a wonderful machine. And all the world said of it, "This is a perfect thing."

So Ignania said to the mechanic:

"Tell me the secret."

And he answered:

"You see the great wheel that revolves there. At every millionth revolution there is a catch, and the mechanism is stopped, but only for a fraction of a second. And because the world does not discern it, it says, 'This is a perfect thing.'"

Then the princess sighed and went back to her father's palace.

Now because the princess Ignania was young she believed that though all others had failed she could create the Perfect Thing, and so she set herself to weave a cloak of finest texture that should hold the glimmer of the moon-lit sea, and the gray of the dawn, and the gold of the sun-kissed daffodil, and the azure of the sky, and the green of the young leaves in spring. And this cloak should be a perfect creation.

The princess worked until the suns of a hundred days had set, and at last the cloak was finished. Then she held it up and cried:

"At last! I of all the world have created the Perfect Thing. For in this cloak there is the glimmer of the moon-lit sea, and the gray of the dawn, and the gold of the sun-kissed daffodil, and the azure of the sky, and the green of the young leaves in spring." And she was very glad. So she said:

"I will show it to the artist and the priest and the mechanic."

And she set out. As she hurried through a little strip of wood, she felt the cloak catch on a twig by the way, and as she stopped to untangle it she pulled it ever so slightly, and lo! the silken threads began to ravel, and in a moment what before had been the wonderful cloak lay at her feet, a mass of shimmering, fairy-tinted threads of silk; for, alas, in the weaving the princess had dropped a stitch.

But she said:

"I will begin again to-morrow, and this time there shall be no flaw."

That night she slept deeply, and in the morning she was awakened by the soft lapping of waters; and she went out into the freshness of the morning and found a gentle stream flowing through the valley; from the depths of the stream a voice said:

"Ignania, you are the Spirit of Eternal Youth with the Heart-afire. This stream springs from the tears that in defeat and disappointment you have not shed. Follow it until it widens by the silver birches. There is a barge; and it shall float you through the young morning on towards the Land of Crowned Endeavor, and you shall dwell no longer in this land where dreams are never realized, and where desires remain forever unfulfilled."

MARGARET STRANGE BROADFOOT. 1911.

### The Dandelion

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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.

Elizabeth T. Waddill. 1907.

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### A Southern Grove at Twilight

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The rambling ancestral mansion, deserted by the youth and joy and life of the old South, stands in silent solitude. Wild Cherokee roses twine tenderly around the crumbling pillars; sombre-hued mocking birds and truly brown wrens circle about the high roof and make the stillness melodious with their mellow strains and trilling notes. The sun, sending its fading rays down the long, misty, oak-bordered avenue,

sheds a soft golden light over the quiet scene. Draped with mournful, flowing grey moss, tinted silver by the setting sun, as sentinels keeping guard over the deserted grove, the great trees rise. The sun sinks lower, the shadows lengthen; the air becomes filled with mystic, fairy chirpings and twitterings and with fragrant, intangible perfumes wafted into the silent freshness of evening. Deeper, and yet deeper, become the shadows, and the grove grows wondrous deep, and in the darkening sky, far, far above, the white stars peep out. The faint stirrings of innumerable wee creatures breathe through the warm, languid twilight; and the languishing south wind blows and gently sways the tired, nodding flowers. Serenely the giant trees brood on in calm sadness, while the breezes mysteriously murmur among their branches and softly wave the drooping, grey, Southern "banners."

Fainter and fainter grows the lingering light; a silvery lustre is shed over all by the crescent moon; the drowsy flower-cups fall asleep in the "paleness and coolness of the night;" the birds cease their songs; all nature seems at rest, and the only sound that breaks the deep repose is the weirdly sweet call of the whippoorwill echoing from the fragrant depths of the nearby woods.

"And whispered messages come down the wind,  
And whispered answers stir among the trees,"

as the gathering dusk, soft and kindly and strangely sweet, slowly wraps the grove in a hushed, peaceful silence.

PAULA E. HAZARD. 1910.

### A Darkey Monologue

"Hit's de ole ship o' Zion,  
Hallelujah!  
Hit's de ole ship o' Zion,  
Hallelujah!  
She hab landed many—"

"Lor, honey, hyah I is a bustin' my throat tryin' to sing yo' to sleep, an' yo' lookin' up at yo' Mammy jist as pert-like. I declah' to gracious, if yo' ain't de purtiest lil' gal to be a niggah, I eber did see. Yes, yo' is, honey, kase I hyard ole Missus say so de very first time you

opened dem big black eyes ob yourn. Lor, chile, hush dat cryin',  
ain't yo' neber gwine to sleep?"

"She hab landed many a thousan'  
And she'll land a many mo—o'  
Glory, glory! Hallelujah—"

"Lor, Ephraim, what am yo' a standin' dah for, a-shiverin' and  
a-shakin' wid yo' eyes a-poppin' outen yo' head, like de ole 'Patrol-  
lers' wuz arter yo'?"

"War you say? war?"

"Lor' have mercy on dis niggah—what am dem pesterin Yankees  
gwine to do nex'?"

"Sot de niggahs free, yo' say? What am dey gwine to do when dey  
is sot free? Dat's what I'm a-axin' yo'! I'd jes like to know what  
you'd do turned outen dis cabin widout ole Massa to take care ob yo'.  
Answer me dat, Ephraim!"

"Git to shufflin' you scared niggah—yo'! Don' yo' know de Yankees  
am a-gwine to fight our white folks, an' ain't we's bleegeed fer to hep  
ole Marsa some? Wake up dah, Elijah, an' yo' too, Jeremiah! Hyah,  
Break-o'-day, put on dat dress yo' lil' missy gib yo' Chris'mus.  
Ephraim, yo' git de gun hangin' up dah behin' de do', an' hed de per-  
cession. Now, is yo' all ready?"

"When I counts three, ebery las' one of yo' sing—For-ard, march!"

"Dixie lan' am de lan ob cotton,  
Cinnamon seed, an' a sandy bottom,  
Look away—"

FANNIE HINES JOHNSON. 1906.

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### The Little Old Lady

Can you ever forget your visits to the little old lady? The dear lit-  
tle old lady! You used to go very often in those days when you were  
a tiny girl. Her home was not very far from yours, so you could run  
in almost ever afternoon to see her. How glad you were when you  
found her at home! Usually she was in the sitting room, her willow  
rocking-chair placed in the bay window, her tall two-story work-  
basket at her side. For the little old lady was always busy.

How distinctly you can see her, in her quaint black dress with its basque, spreading skirt (for she still wore a hoop-skirt), and the crisp white cap that framed her dear face. The hair that peeped from under the cap was brown, for the little old lady was just a bit vain, and persisted in wearing a dark wig that she had first found becoming many years before. But the touch of vanity did not spoil her or her appearance. Hers was the sweetest old face in the world; sweet and yet roguish, too, for the mouth often broke into a smile and the twinkling eyes would join in expressing her merriment.

If you found her sewing she would tell you wonderful stories of her far-away youth, perhaps of how when a wee girl she and her eight-year-old brother traveled from South Carolina to Connecticut alone; how they made the journey by boat and by stage-coach; or she would describe her great-grandmother and the various uncles and aunts with whom she had lived until her marriage. Once she told you of how she and her husband went to a play, how she was shocked at one of the actresses "carrying on" as if she were crazy and how "Mr. Frink" (the little old lady's husband) explained that the woman was only acting. The little old lady, however, did not seem convinced of her sanity, and perhaps harbored a suspicion of the wisdom of theatre-goers in general.

When the story-telling was over and the little old lady saw that you were hungry—and of course she could tell that by intuition—she would trip to the closet and get you jumbles or strawberry short-cake. For she prided herself on her cooking, and generally insisted on making the fancy dishes herself.

You did not always find her sewing or occupied with house-work, however, for often she was reading a church paper or her little Testament; the latter usually lay in her work-basket. When you came she would put the book aside and talk to you gently but seriously of goodness and patience. Perhaps you would ask if you might go with her to church next Sunday. She was always pleased to be asked this, and on the following Sabbath would slip a few peppermint drops into her pocket in order to give them to you if the sermon was very long.

When your visit was over, she would probably go with you to the front steps and would kiss you, saying, "My dear child, you have been



very good; tell your mamma so, and ask her to let you come and spend the day with us very soon." And then you would run home.

Yes, it is a long time since the little old lady last kissed you good-bye, and you, your childish heart filled with love, hugged the wee form and kissed the sweet face again and again.

SERENA COBIA BAILEY. 1907.

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### April Rain

Sweet spring rain, soft spring rain,  
 You tinkle gayly 'gainst the pane,  
 Watering buds and dreaming flowers  
 Wakening them to busy hours.  
 Earthy-sweet is your warm breath,  
 For you release from winter's death;  
 Lightnings play with you, again  
 You flash back sparkles, April rain.

Gentle rain, inconstant rain,  
 You weep and smile and weep again;  
 You are like a maiden's tears—  
 Hotly shed, till swift she veers  
 To a bright and laughing mood,  
 Light and dark her daily food,  
 So are you. And when we plain  
 Grant our tears no deeper pain  
 Than yours and hers, sweet April rain.

V. R. B. Pickel. 1910.

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### IN LIGHTER VEIN

#### Past and Present

O, the brave old days of long ago!  
 When chivalry was at its height;  
 When men wore love-locks, plumes, and lace,  
 And jeweled swords with hilts so bright;  
 When gallants donned their baldrics bold  
 For fierce bouts in the duel field,  
 Their chief ambition e'en to fight  
 Where'er there was a cause to right,  
 In the brave old days of long ago.

O' woeful days of modern times!  
 When fashion's rule is at its height;  
 When maids wear bought locks, plumes, and lace,  
 And hats so big and skirts so tight;  
 When matrons leave their homes awry  
 To woo fame in the suffrage field,  
 Their chief ambition "woman's right,"  
 No matter what the chaotic plight,  
 In these woeful days of modern times.

Patsey H. Smith. 1912.

### Overheard in Senior Hall

"For the love of Casey, I never *saw* such a room—where on *earth* are all of these things going, eh?"

"Well, for goodness sake, don't stand there staring with your mouth open—crawl under the bureau and get the hammer—Dummy! take your foot out of that wash bowl! *Now* look what you've done."

"Well, what under the sun is the wash bowl doing in the middle of the floor any way?"

"Oh! for pity's sake, stop fussing, go borrow a tack or *something*; there isn't an earthly thing we need in this room, unless it's under the bureau, and *nobody* will fish it out."

"Oh! I could get under the bureau all right, but how on earth did the hammock ever hold *you* this summer—poor thing, I feel for it!"

"Please let's stop fussing. We'll never get a thing done."

"Well, who started it, I'd like to know?"

"There you go again: Look out! don't sit on that chair, my hat's underneath all those clothes. And how on *earth* did my bottle of Hudnutt's get in the trash basket? *Where* is my trunk going, please tell me—under the table or on top of the wardrobe?"

"Oh! I don't *know*—*eat* it! You worry me *green*."

"You horrid creature I hate you!"

"*Praise* Casey! We can't do another thing without a stepladder; *please* go see if you can find one."

"My land, *didn't* I go ask for a whiskbroom—and didn't I get looked at like I was a—a—a—an ossified potato? You don't catch *me* over there again. Well, you *are* the limit; what on earth are you doing pulling all those things out of your trunk when this room is already full up to the brim?"

"Oh, I forgot to wrap Jack up! I know he's *cracked!* I *know* he's cracked!—He IS cracked!!!"

"You talk like a clown! Who *is* Jack, any way? For the land's sake, get up off the floor and *hush*. I'm sure *I* can't help it if he's cracked. Where *must* I put this pennant?"

"Where'd you get that pennant, anyway? *I* never saw it before!"

"*Suitor*, child; suitor?"

"There goes Peggy! Run call her *quick!* I *know* she's going down town, and she just *must* get me some things. Peggy, darling, don't try to back out of the room. I *only* want you to get just *two* or three little things for me. It wouldn't take you a second. I'll write 'em down for you:

One curtain pole.

One woolly rat.

One waste paper basket.

Hammer and tacks.

Candy (10c store).

Peanut butter and crackers.

Alarm clock.

That's all. They won't be much trouble, will they? *Only* seven things?"

"Sakes alive, what do you take me for—a delivery wagon? I've a thousand things to get myself, thank you. No, sir! I'm gone. Good-bye.

"I *do* think she might have done *that* little favor for me. I always knew she was the most unaccommodating person that ever was. And just to think—she has never even paid me that stamp she owes me. Edith, what on earth *are* you doing under the bed? I *told* you the scissors were over here behind the box-couch! That reminds me—we've got to clean that old thing out."

“Say, child, don’t let’s clean up any more; we’ll be too tired to listen to the serenade to-night—fish out a hat pin and let’s cut the cake. I *do* hope those boys will come over like they promised. It doesn’t look like this room will *ever* get straight—but here’s hoping.”

M. C. SHUFORD.

IDA J. ROGERSON. 1908.

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### A Rhyme

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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.

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## EDITORIAL

### The Chapel

It was the custom of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, to begin the first exercise of his Sixth Form with a short prayer, over and above the ordinary morning prayer. He told the boys that his reason for so doing was to convey to them the thought that everyday work should be consecrated, that school business itself should be religious. Such a conviction as this of the great English headmaster was and is the feeling of the founder of St. Mary's and his successors, and it is for the impressing of this conviction upon each of us at St. Mary's that our Chapel stands. Its office in our life to hold constantly before us the truth that religion is not a garment to be worn an hour or two on one day in the week, but a force to be active throughout the waking hours of every day. Therefore, it is the Chapel, through its services and its Rector's teachings, gives a certain unity to the varied phases and activities of our school life, emphasizing that the education which is of high worth is that which develops body, intellect, and spirit, each according to its place and power, so that she whose mind and heart are receptive may be led to strive for control over all faculties and to advance towards an ideal of healthy, happy, Christian womanhood.

E. W. T. 1910.

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### Loyalty

What does loyalty really mean, in plain ordinary language and thought! And what does loyalty to our Alma Mater mean to us? Or what should it mean?

First, I think we should understand it. Understand what our Alma Mater tries to do for us and what it needs us to do for it. And we can do it easily if we only assume the proper attitude of mind. Then we ourselves will believe in St. Mary's, and of course if you believe in anything you are going to stand up for it. And by standing up for it I don't mean a blind and stubborn defense of everything and everybody existing up here as being perfect. That's absurd!

Sometimes we will have to acknowledge ourselves as being quite faulty, even if we are "St. Mary's girls," but then we can easily call to mind the nice things we do, or the bad things we don't do, when some dear gossipy old, or middle aged, soul, on the outside looks as if she could pick a flaw if she tried!

So much for our wordy battles with fault-finders; whether in town, out of town, or worst of all, on the grounds.

Next, I think a very important element in loyalty is support—mental, moral, and physical S-u-p-p-o-r-t, with a capital S. All different kinds or organizations, businesses, and amusements in Schol have got to be run. They aren't machines and they won't go alone. And if every one of us don't do our part in supporting them, we will simply get to be deadbeats, and the Literary Societies, athletics, dances, or what not will either fade into nothingness, or absorb the personality of a few. And that's where the kick comes in.

We are content to merely drift, and yet if the other fellow doesn't row the boat to our satisfaction—what do we do? Take the oars? Do we? Loyalty would do its share in the beginning and the boat would run smoothly—and so loyalty to Alma Mater would understand, believe, support, and act.

MARGARET BROADFOOT. 1912.

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### Sunset

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O glorious hour of sunset,  
 You'll come to me again,  
 When years have written on my brow  
 Their tale of joy and pain.  
 And I'll see dear old St. Mary's,  
 And the Chapel in the light,  
 As the golden glory floods the sky,  
 And the sun sinks out of sight.

The girls pour from the doorways  
 In one continuous stream;  
 Gay as the bridge to Asgard,  
 They come into my dream;  
 And like the pious Arab  
 When called to prayer at night,  
 I join the throng at Chapel  
 As the sun sinks out of sight.

The organ's solemn pealing  
 "Dear Lord, abide with me,  
 For fast doth fall the eventide,"  
 Will oft appeal to me.  
 While visions come to me at night,  
 And I'll see the little Chapel  
 As the sun sinks out of sight.

And when life's day is ended,  
 And the lessons all are done,  
 May I feel the benediction  
 That comes with the setting sun,  
 When called to prayer at the Chapel.  
 And may my faith grow bright  
 As I offer my last evening prayer  
 As the sun sinks out of sight.

Anne Archbell. 1907.

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### The Chapel

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The last Amen has sounded and out into the sunset come the girls in groups of two and threes. Reluctant just now to join in their merry chatter, and feeling a strange unaccountable longing to be alone, I step back into the shadow of the Chapel and watch the laughing couples go arm in arm down the broad walk.

With the music of the evening hymn still in my mind, I turn and softly open the Chapel door and go in. How quiet and how still it is here. What long purple shadows the setting sun has cast across the floor. The chancel is bathed in a soft violet light tinged with gold.

The sound of the girls' voices through the open window seem far away and hushed. So peaceful and so still is this little house of God.

Stealing into one of the pews I sit close against the wall drinking in the quiet beauty of it all. How long I sit there I do not know; I seem to lose all thought of time and the moments slip away.

Suddenly I am roused by the sound of the organ. Softly and wondrously the notes sound as though an unseen hand played upon the heart strings of memory itself. Then two by two through the open door shadowy forms begin to file slowly in.

Girls with laughing faces, and girls demurely grave. Girls, girls, girls, everywhere until they fill the Chapel seat on seat. How queerly they are dressed, what strange little bonnets, and stiff full frocks. As

they file into the pew in front of me I hear one whisper, "To-night, directly after the lights are out—don't forget." And I smile in sympathy.

The music rises in volume until it fills the little Chapel and mingles sweetly with the girlish voices rising full and clear. Then all too soon the last Amen is sounded and once again the long procession marches slowly down the aisle.

"Who—who are you?" I breathe in wonder as they pass and the answer comes whispered back to me through the stillness "We are the girls of '62."

Gone! and yet a new procession comes filing, filing through the open door. Girls, girls, girls, a long, long chain as the classes of the years come swiftly on.

And through the shadows names are softly whispered, and of Lucy and of Mary, and of Margaret, I hear; and then again of Lucile and of Minna and of Caroline and Nell.

I look and in the chancel where the dying day casts hues of violet and of purple and of gold, faces that once knew and blessed this chancel with their presence smile down upon the children they have loved.

An endless chain! The children's children come in and out again through the open door. White robed girlish figures, Commencement Days of years and years go by. What sweet, fresh, untried faces! What girlhood dreams go out to meet and mingle with the noise and discord of the world. Yet hearing always amid the tumult the Chapel music rising sweet and clear.

Of all that countless long procession passing slowly out into the night, I feel I know there is none there who does not return in spirit and in memory to the little Chapel and gain afresh an inspiration there.

The mantle of the night has fallen, and I, too, turn toward the open door, but pause upon the threshold reluctant to depart.

All is darkness save the chancel which glows with a mellow light, a peace divine. The soft hushed notes of the organ sound a benediction to the Chapel, and to the girls who have and who will for ages worship here.

"May the blessings of God Almighty"—the sweet hushed notes are saying—"Be amongst you and remain with you always, Saint Mary's Chapel."

CARRIE WRIGHT VANBUREN ('99). 1911.



# The St. Mary's Muse.

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Subscription Price	One Dollar.
Single Copies	Fifteen Cents.

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A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnae, under the editorial management of the Muse Club. Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

Correspondence from friends solicited.

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

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## Program for the Seventy-third Commencement, 1915

- May 22, 8:15 p. m. Saturday. Annual Recital of the Elocution Department in the Auditorium. "The Comedy of Errors."
- May 23, 11:00 a. m. Sunday. Annual Sermon in the Chapel by the Rt. Rev. Albion W. Knight, D.D., Vice-Chancellor of the University of the South.
- 5:00 p. m. Alumnae Service in the Chapel.
- May 24, 11:00 a. m. Monday. Class Day Exercises in the Grove.
- 4:00 p. m. Annual Meeting of the Alumnae Association in the Parlor.
- 5:00 p. m. Annual Exhibit of the Art Department in the Art Studio.
- 8:30 p. m. Annual Concert of the Music Department in the Auditorium.
- 9:45 p. m. Rector's Reception in honor of the Graduating Class in the Parlor.
- May 25, 11:00 a. m. Tuesday. Graduating Exercises in the Auditorium.
- 12:30 p. m. Final Exercises in the Chapel.

### April-May Program

- April 22, 8:30. Thursday. Concert of the St. Cecilia Club in the Auditorium.  
Direction of Mr. Owen.
- April 24, 8:15. Saturday. Elocution Department Evening. Direction of Miss  
Davis. Benefit of THE MUSE.
- April 26, 3:00. Monday. Field Day Contests. Direction of Miss Barton.  
8:00. Certificate Recital in Piano. Mary Auning Floyd.
- April 27, 8:30. Tuesday, United Offering Missionary Slides in the Auditorium.  
Direction of Mrs. Cheshire.
- April 29, 5:00. Thursday. Children's operetta. Direction of Miss Shull.
- April 30, 8:00. Friday. "The Servant in the House." Chautauqua.
- May 1, 5:00. Saturday. May Pole Exercises in the Grove.  
8:00. Junior-Senior Party in MUSE Room.
- May 3, 8:30. Monday. "The Yellow Jacket." Coburn Players.
- May 4, 3:30. Tuesday. "The Imaginary Sick Man." Coburn Players.  
8:30. "Macbeth." Coburn Players.
- May 5, 8:00. Wednesday. Song Recital. Alice Nielsen. Chautauqua.
- May 8, 8:00. Saturday School Party in the Parlor
- May 11, 8:00. Monday. Certificate Recital in Piano. Hattie May Lasater.
- May 12. Tuesday. Alumnae Day—73d Anniversary of Opening
- May 13. Wednesday. Ascension Day. School Holiday. Alumnae Day  
Exercises.  
7:50 and 12:45. Ascension Day Services.  
1:30. Alumnae Luncheon.  
3:30. Special Gymnasium Exhibition.  
4:30. Children's Concert in the Auditorium.
- May 15. 8:30. Saturday. Annual Recital of the Chorus.
- May 17, 8:00. Monday. Piano Recital. Adelyn Andrews Barbee.
- May 18-20. Senior Examination.
- May 20-22. Regular Final Examinations.
- May 23-25. Commencement Program.

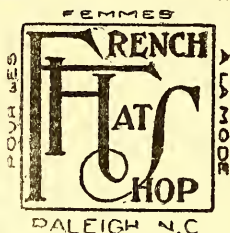
## *Read! Mark! Act!*

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

ESTABLISHED 1858

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RALEIGH, N. C.

### ALUMNAE NUMBERS OF THE MUSE

- (1) April, 1906: Alumnae Number.
- (2) December, 1906: Founders' Day Number.
- (3) June, 1908: Alumnae Day Number.
- (4) June, 1909: Clement Memorial Number.
- (5) April, 1910: Aldert Smedes Memorial Number.
- (6) November, 1910: Aldert Smedes Centennial Number.

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THE MUSE is the official organ of the Alumnae, adopted,  
by the Association, May, 1910.

If the Alumnae would more freely write to the MUSE, the  
MUSE could give better Alumnae news.

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Everything in Art.  
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Sample copies of THE MUSE will be mailed  
to Alumnae at any time on request

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**MOORE'S ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP**  
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RALEIGH, N. C.

*(for girls and young women)*

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74th ANNUAL SESSION BEGINS SEPTEMBER 15, 1915.

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SESSION DIVIDED INTO TWO TERMS.

EASTER TERM BEGAN FEBRUARY 19, 1915.

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*St. Mary's*  
offers instruction in these  
Departments:

- {
1. *THE COLLEGE.*
  2. *THE MUSIC SCHOOL.*
  3. *THE BUSINESS SCHOOL.*
  4. *THE ART SCHOOL.*
  5. *THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL*

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Twenty-eight Members of the Faculty.

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*Thirty-six Pianos. New Gymnasium, Dining Hall and*  
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*Special attention to the Social and Christian side of Education without*  
*slight to the Scholastic training.*

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*Rector.*



The  
St. Mary's Muse

May, 1915



Pre-Commencement Number

Raleigh, N. C.

## Program for the Seventy-third Commencement, 1915

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- May 22, 8:15 p. m. Saturday. Annual Recital of the Elocution Department in the Auditorium. "The Comedy of Errors."
- May 23, 11:00 a. m. Sunday. Annual Sermon in the Chapel by the Rt. Rev. Albion W. Knight, D.D., Vice-Chancellor of the University of the South.
- 5:00 p. m. Alumnae Service in the Chapel.
- May 24, 11:00 a. m. Monday. Class Day Exercises in the Grove.
- 4:00 p. m. Annual Meeting of the Alumnae Association in the Parlor.
- 5:00 p. m. Annual Exhibit of the Art Department in the Art Studio.
- 8:30 p. m. Annual Concert of the Music Department in the Auditorium.
- 9:45 p. m. Rector's Reception in honor of the Graduating Class in the Parlor.
- May 25, 11:00 a. m. Tuesday. Graduating Exercises in the Auditorium.
- 12:30 p. m. Final Exercises in the Chapel.

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### Alma Mater

(Tune: "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms")

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

Beloved St. Mary's! how great is our debt!  
Thou hast cared for thy daughters full well;  
They can never thy happy instructions forget,  
Nor fail of thy virtues to tell.  
The love that they feel is a heritage pure;  
An experience wholesome and sweet.  
Through fast rolling years it will grow and endure;  
Be a lamp and a guide to their feet.

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

H. E. H., 1905.

# The St. Mary's Muse.

PRE-COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

VOL. XIX.

MAY, 1915.

No. 11.

## Good Bye, School, We're Through!

(A Song of Graduation Day.)

(After "Good Bye, Girls," from "Chin Chin.")

We're the happiest girls in all the realm of schooldom,  
We feel as though we'd triumphed over fate,  
We've reached a goal we've ever sought,  
A day of which we've ever thought,  
That wondrous day on which we graduate.  
Of course we've not had only sun and flowers,  
But storms and clouds have braced us in the line,  
Like every other girl we've wasted hours,  
But now all's done—the future looks benign.  
And yet we say with heartfelt sigh  
For the happy days of the years gone by:

Good-bye, School, we're through,  
Dear School, where we have met,  
We say good-bye to you  
With very real regret.  
Our day of jubilation  
Is full of fascination,  
But we'll e'er to you be true;  
Good-bye, School,  
Good-bye, School, we're through.

We've often read in poems and romances  
That some day in some way, if we but wait,  
The thing we seek both far and wide—  
The thing for which we've ever sighed—  
Will come to us—'tis so decreed by fate.  
And so it's all come true as in a story,  
Commencement morning with its golden sun  
Has risen upon our sight in all its glory,  
For us there'll never be such other one.  
And yet we say with heartfelt sigh  
For the happy days of the years gone by:

Good-bye, School, we're through, etc.

## “The Two Races of School Girls”

(With apologies to Charles Lamb.)

---

The specimen of living anatomy, which constitute the species called school girls, is, so far as I know, divided into two great races: the girls, who with money, do not pay their debts, and those who with that most undesirable possession, pay them. There are those who paint, and those who do not, those who dance, and those who do not, those who are thin, and those who are fat, those who are industrious, and (oh, would you believe it) those who are not, but standing distinctly out and above all these are the two great races, the debtors and nondebtors. By careful study, and close analysis, the conclusion has been arrived at that the former are by far the superior race.

They do not pay because they have no money. They frankly hope to pay some day, and incurred their honest debt in that hope. “Blessed is the man who has forgetfulness, for his conscience shall rest.” It is far beneath their dignity, and their good credit to pay these debts on the installment plan, in piecemeal fashion, with the small pin money they occasionally obtain, while still waiting for the Big Check.

They have a smile for all, and are as “Hail fellow well met,” with their persistent collectors as with their Pythians. Why should they shun them? They bear no malice for them. They instill in them as much confidence of their credit, as they themselves have. On the fearful Monday mornings they do not have tremblingly to dress behind locked doors, in fervent hope that they may skip out down town before the collectors find them, then having made good their escape [being burdened with too scrupulous a conscience] return home with the necessary amount.

Oh, unhappy are these less blessed. They join in Cicero’s lamentation, *Quod utinam minus vitæ cupidi fuissetus*. They continually count their wrongs. They unceasingly bemoan the less beautiful things which were not bought with the money, now departed in peace. They bear a personal malice against the innocent people who approach them with their duns. They avoid them as lepers. Can their doting parents, adoring fathers, furnishers of the checks and the true payers of the bills, realize the great degeneration they are forcing on their dear off-

spring by this thoughtlessly too much liberality. A lost imagination (for how wonderful are the tales told to the accumulators, manufactured out of the elastic and ever improving brains of the nonreciprocants), an inimical attitude, and a grudging disposition are the fatal results.

Well do I remember when T—n, the aspiring yet doggedly determined young collector, after encountering three grudging payers, knocked savagely at the door of happy B. What to T—n's surprise was a gracious welcome. A luxurious rocker was pointed to with the *Saturday Evening Post* B. was reading, and a box of peanut brittle was generously pushed forward. When I dropped in two hours later, there still sat (with growing admiration) the astonished young aspirant. She had heard spell bound a whole summer's adventure of the reckless B. and finally left, only after having made an engagement to go to church with her on the following Sunday. How, may I ask, does B. compare with her stupid pay-as-you-go room-mate, who with growing anger, had stood in the closet the whole two hours, for having hidden from the aforesaid collector of coin, was ashamed openly to denounce her movement, and lacked the ingenuity to make up a suitable excuse for her retirement. Then, after staying in the grumps two days, she payed her debt, eased her conscience, but gained nothing.

Therefore, Reader, if ye be the powers which control the purse strings of some trusting darling, I exhort you to withhold, with sagacious wisdom that fatal, evil promoter, that ready change, for sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Unknowingly, how much more does thy dear offspring enjoy the \$5 which is coming than the \$1 which comes. Two birds in a bush sing far sweeter than one in a cage. Withhold then thy good impulse, the almighty check, which represents wonderful speculations, paid debts, delicious ingredients, and charmed aircastles.

KATHARINE WIMBERLEY BOURNE, '16.

## A Modern Fairy Story

---

In justice to the "other person's side of the affair," I feel it my duty to relate the true facts concerning this oft-repeated story; facts which have only recently been discovered. When this story originated people were only too ready to believe that strange coincidences or events were ordered by some supernatural power—whereas people of today ascribe them at once to Providence or Fate or some such abstract force. This, then, is the modern version of the story:

Cindy wasn't black, as the name might imply—oh no! quite the opposite. Perhaps the Reader will be enlightened when I say that her whole name was Cinderella.

A very beautiful girl was Cinderella, as beautiful as her sisters were ugly; and being the youngest and the object of her sister's "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness," she was obliged to work in the kitchen, among the pots and pans. But this, instead of marring her loveliness, only increased it. Her curly hair grew prettier every day—in great contrast with the electrically curled locks of her sisters; her figure was slender and supple from the constant wielding of the broom and her hands of dazzling whiteness from washing so many dishes. How different was she from her sisters! And how envy gnawed at their hearts!

The life of this family was enlivened one day by an invitation—a most welcome one—to a large ball, in fact this ball could be called the foremost event of the social year. Of course, great preparations were made of which we have neither time nor space to relate here, but at last the great night arrived, the sisters adorned themselves in their new gowns, patiently aided by Cinderella, and after much powdering and primping, declared themselves ready. They walked grandly into their limousine, each ugly sister hoping, in her heart of hearts, that hers would be the greatest social success of the evening. Reader, can you not see that this is really no fairy story, after all?

Cinderella, wistfully listening to the sound of the departing wheels, was suddenly aware of an idea: Why should not she go to the ball too? Acting upon impulse, she hurried to her sisters' room to begin her preparations, for facts show that she wore a gown of her sister's instead



of one of fairy fabric. The sisters had so many that it was never noticed. In a short time she stood transformed from a kitchen maid to a princess, for indeed her sister's latest "Lucile" gown fitted quite well. She found it necessary, however, to borrow some slippers from a neighbor.

Arrived at the ball, she became at once very popular. A handsome man—fit partner for the princess—had requested the honor of the next dance. But alas! Cinderella knew not the steps of the fox trot and while trying desperately to follow, lost one of her slippers and in her ignominy—fled. It was well that she did for the hour was growing late. The Prince, picking up the slipper, determined at once, to find the owner. Had he known that it was a borrowed one, he might perhaps have been discouraged in his search; because, Reader this is a modern Prince, not one of the dauntless type of former days.

Providence, the kindhearted, seeing how tangled these poor human affairs had become, decided to take a hand in the game. The next day, Cinderella, sleepy-eyed but happy, was busily engaged in the kitchen, when the door opened and in walked—the Prince. Putting the groceries down, he turned to go when he saw Cinderella and stopped, aghast. The recognition was mutual, as was the joy which quickly followed; but the Prince being of a practical mind must needs fit the slipper on her, as established proof.

So Reader, my story comes to an end. As has probably been surmised, this couple married and lived happily ever after, although the hero was only a grocer and the heroine a maid.

ARLENE CHESTER, '17.

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### "The Misspelled Word"

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The last week of May found "Hiclor" girls in the joyous whirl of commencement—but it also found them—and this any one of experience would scarcely term joyous—in the midst of exams. Just at present the general topic of conversation hinged on the valedictory. Page Nelson and Jean Bowling led the Senior Class, but their general averages were so close that it was impossible to determine which of the two girls should have the highest honor; finally the faculty decided

to have each one prepared to deliver the valedictory, and let their examination marks determine the outcome.

It was the evening after exams when the girls, tired and worn out from the strain of the day, had gone to their rooms, that Elizabeth Royall was suddenly interrupted by a loud knock at her door and the tearful entreaty of—"Beth! this is Page—let me in quick!"

The girl's imperative tone and distressed voice caused Elizabeth some alarm which was greatly increased at sight of the girl herself.

"Page Nelson, what has happened?"

Safe in Elizabeth's room with the door locked Page threw herself on the bed and gave way to a flood of tears, sobbing out a few broken words.

"Now look here Page, stop crying like that and tell me what it is all about; you're just working yourself into a dreadful condition."

Under the influence of the girl beside her Page gradually stopped sobbing sufficiently to make herself understood.

"Well this is the way it was, a few minutes ago Miss Stevens sent for me—you know I take French under her—and said she wished to speak to me privately. When I got in there she looked terribly solemn and asked me if I would be willing to sign a pledge stating that the examination paper that I had handed in that morning was altogether and entirely my own work. The question almost knocked me down, but of course I answered 'yes.' I had hardly gotten the word out of my mouth when she turned like a flash and handing me a torn piece of paper asked:

"Then what is that doing in your examination book? It is in your handwriting and is evidence of your asking for and obtaining help on your examination."

"Page, there must be some mistake—what was written on the paper? was it really your handwriting?"

"It was a piece of scratch pad with the words—'What is the French for development?' and below was written the answer 'développement.' Oh the writing was enough like mine all right, but no less than twenty girls here in school write very much as I do. Beth, child, do you realize what it means? No valedictory, no salutatory, no anything!"

"Page, I think just the fact that you have been accused of cheating is a great deal worse than losing the valedictory; it just makes my blood boil to even think of your having been suspected. But there is no use of wasting time talking; something has got to be done and done quickly."

Elizabeth, although the calmer of the two, seemed to appreciate more fully the ignominy of the situation. After several minutes thinking she asked—

"When did you hand in your paper? at the end of the first hour?"

"No, you see I was sitting away at the back of the room—(another point against me)—and so when I finished I just gave my paper to one of the girls to carry up to the desk."

"One of the girls? Who?"

The girl's manner was all anxiety, and her eyes had an intense expression.

"Goodness Beth, don't look like that! The girl was Jean Bowling—she's perfectly harmless, besides, she's trying as hard as I am for the—"

"Are you sure you gave it to Jean?"

"Why yes, of course."

"Well then, I have a direct evidence that Jean did not hand in any paper until the last bell because we went together. If she laid your paper down in the mean time why Miss Stevens can't prove that you put that piece of paper there or even that it is yours. Look here, I want a look at that scrap—Stevie'll let me see it I know. You go dress now for dinner and don't worry, sweetheart, it will come out all right."

\* \* \* \* \*

That night as the Lady Principal was seated in her office Elizabeth Royall entered and asked to speak to her.

"As you know, Miss Lawrence, Page Nelson has been accused of cheating today, and it is in connection with this matter that I want to see you tonight."

"Unless you have evidence to the contrary, Miss Royall, I should say Page was not only accused but convicted of cheating; every circumstance points that way—but go on, I will be glad to hear what you have to say."

The girls never knew what to expect from Miss Lawrence; she was a clever, capable woman, but abrupt in speech and manner. Her abruptness, however, did not bother Elizabeth; on the contrary, it made her more deliberate.

“Before I say anything further it is absolutely necessary that I tell you whom I suspect of this treachery—in my mind there is no doubt as to Jean Bowling’s having written that piece of paper.”

“That is a very bold statement to make.”

“But one which I can follow up with facts. This morning Page Nelson did not hand in her own paper—she gave it to Jean Bowling; Jean acknowledged her having done so. I saw Jean hand in both papers long after Page had left the room; now Jean and Page write something alike—here are samples of their writing—old English themes.

“Miss Stevens let me see the writing on the paper this evening and I have brought it to you; as you see, the writing could belong to either girl, but there is something queer about this paper—look, the word ‘development’ is misspelled. You will pardon me for suggesting it, but my advice would be to have each of them come up here and write this sentence for you.”

“And if they spell it alike?”

There was a slight curl of her lips as the Lady Principal bent forward—

“The evidence is then no good. But—” the girl’s entire frame shook with emotion—“But if one of them misspells the word—”

“The other—” Miss Lawrence rose slowly from her seat—“the other will be valedictorian. Your plan, Miss Royall, is a good one; it will prevent any open disgrace for either girl here their last few days; you of course will not speak of it. Kindly stand back of that curtain while I send for the girls.”

“Miss Nelson,” the Lady Principal motioned Page to her chair at the desk—“Kindly write with pen and ink as I dictate: ‘What is the French for development?’ Thank you, you are excused.”

“Miss Bowling,”—there was only a short wait between the two girls’ summonings—“Kindly write in pen and ink as I dictate: ‘What is the French for development?’ That is enough—you may go.”



The Daisy Chain



Reading the Class History

SCENES OF CLASS DAY



As the door closed Miss Lawrence called to Elizabeth.

"Come, here are the two papers."

Elizabeth glanced anxiously at the two writings. Jean Bowling had written the word "development."

JOSEPHINE WILSON, '16.

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### Autobiography of an Umbrella

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As I had just received an invitation to a masquerade ball for the following evening and had not time to prepare a new costume, I decided to make the old attic a call. I felt sure that I might find there some discarded gown which I could very easily remodel. After ascending the flight of steps, my attention was attracted by an old trunk in which I thought I might find something of service. As I started to open it, I discovered that it was laden with useless goods which I was to remove. In my haste I hurled them aside but was frightened by an almost silent groan which arose from the heap. What do you suppose I found there?—an old umbrella which had toiled earnestly until old age had seized him in its wrinkled hand and had left him there to pine away.

I addressed him, "Oh, poor, poor creature, what is your trouble, have I injured you in any way?" He raised his silken folds all tattered and torn and began to wipe the teardrops from his eyes, and murmured between sobs, "I am lonely here, my health is broken, and I have no one to cheer me." Questioning him further, I found that he was born in Chicago and, as he stated, raised everywhere. I forgot myself in my anxiety and insisted that he tell me his history in full. On second thought I feared that I was too severe in making him recount his sorrows and imprint them afresh in his memory. Nevertheless he did not hesitate and began his doleful story thus:

As I have aforesaid, I first saw the light in Chicago, in one of those enormous umbrella factories where billions of umbrellas are born every year. As umbrellas are born full grown, they at once dressed me in a new black silk suit of the latest Parisian style. Although I am hideously ugly, this pretty suit made me look fairly well, and I thought that I might yet make for myself a reputation in later life.

Together with eleven of my brothers, I was packed away in a box and sent on a long trip to New York. This was the most hazardous journey of my life. The box in which we were confined was pushed around, turned over and over, and treated in every disrespectful way. In fact, on one of these occasions I had a rib dislocated. Nevertheless I was ever gay thinking that the best was yet to come.

When we arrived in New York, we were at once carried to a large clothing store. There we were placed in a very pretty window which was filled with all kinds of beautiful things.

We realized only too well that we were sooner or later to part, and that these strange beings who passed by outside would probably be our new masters. We used to have quite a few friendly discussions among ourselves as to whom we should like most to serve. Among the most frequent of our admirers was a beautiful young girl, who seemed to take an especial interest in us.

Finally, one day she came into the store and asked to see some of the nicest umbrellas that were for sale. The salesman led her over to our window, and took us out one by one. At first she was undecided for I must say it was a very respectable lot. But finally she chose my blue silk brother, and as she was carrying him off he turned around, and with tears in his steel blue eyes, bade us good-bye.

One rainy day a young gentleman came into the store and without much ado bought me. This of course made me feel as though it were not so much admiration for me as the inclement weather that I was indebted to for my purchase.

On the way to my new master's home, some one called him and gave him a small sweet scented envelope. It was for Mr. J. Winthrop, 5th Avenue, New York. We soon reached his father's mansion, where he went upstairs and I was carelessly thrown behind a door with a crowd of ugly, sickly things that had been umbrellas. At first these offcasts were inclined to question me, but as I gave them no answer they soon ceased.

About eight o'clock my master came, and taking me up started out into the darkness. It was a dreadful night and the rain was falling in torrents. In a few minutes he reached a handsome mansion and went in while I was again left behind the door. To my utter surprise, whom



should I find there but my blue silk brother. But this happy meeting was soon ended by the arrival of our respective owners. I was again separated from my brother, but this time I was the ear witness of a very, very friendly conversation.

We soon reached a house where everybody seemed to be making merry. My master graciously placed me upon a brazen throne near a handsome hall stand. This time I happened to be the witness of a very amusing incident which, however, ended tragically for me. My master's friend happened to be left alone with a handsome young man. This young man asked her a question which I did not hear, but which, however, I have reason to believe was very pointed. She replied that she was engaged to Mr. Winthrop. This reply seemed to disconcert the young man somewhat, and without uttering another word he departed in my company.

After almost tearing my poor body to pieces against the ground he reached his home. This time I was carelessly left on the porch for my new master had not yet recovered from the wound inflicted by Cupid's dart and was not thinking of me. Since my last journey had given me a severe headache, I could not rest. I seemed to move among a world of ghosts. All manner of inanimate objects seemed to jeer and taunt me. My mind was in a whirl. I thought that I could hear my master and mistress rushing through the house as though it were on fire. I could not speak nor utter a groan for it was all a dream.

But when I awoke, my, what a dilemma I was in! I found myself in the firm grasp of some vile wretch who had quietly slipped into the piazza and was bearing me secretly away into the outer darkness. He took me thinking that I might serve him in a strait. After an hour's journey he reached his little home and placed me behind the door, for it seemed that all my master's were especially desirous that I should make that my place of abode. My joy was unbounded when I was set free to breathe once more the cool and refreshing air.

The next morning I overheard my new master's wife questioning him about being out so late the preceding night. Not receiving a favorable answer and thinking it her duty as a wife to know all concerning her husband, she took me up and running up to him began to belabor him furiously. He at once left the house but it was too late. I found out there as Solomon said that a woman's anger overcometh much.

I was in a critical physical condition. Dr. Motoe, the specialist on Physical Ailments of Umbrellas happened to be in town. Having delivered a lecture on the Mental Disorders of Umbrellas, he was secured to attend to my case. After a most skillful diagnosis he declared me to be beyond recovery and that I would never be a strong umbrella again. Now after my useful career you see where I finally rest."

For a moment profound silence held its sway. After listening to this pathetic story I could scarcely realize the truth that it had revealed. Now the poor umbrella had refrained from tears as long as he could and he began to sob bitterly. My heart melted in sympathy for him. I could not think. Suddenly, almost as in a vision, the uses to which I might put this umbrella appeared. I considered it a bright idea, and bade the umbrella cease crying and listen to me. I said, "If you desire I will take your silk cover and use the best portions, mixing them with some brilliant colors, to make a slumber robe that shall be used only on special occasions and I will have your crown gilded and present it to my uncle that he may use it for his cane." The smile that glittered on his tear-stained face was as the sunshine after rain. He said that he was not worthy of so much kindness but only wished to have my presence in his hours of solitude. I insisted and he thanked me for listening so anxiously to his burdensome story and more so for proposing a way to secure for him enjoyment. For now he was not to perish but to live.

EVA PEELE, '18.

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### The Legend of the Arbutus

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In a moonlit glade of the forest, the little flower fairies had crept forth from their tightly closed buds to have a dance while the crickets and the grasshoppers fiddled for them, their tiny green feet twinkled among the dew drops, and their many-colored petals shimmered like a kaleidoscope in the soft light of the moon. Why were they so joyful? I will tell you. Spring was coming—was coming tomorrow, and "the Rainbow fairy had been down with her magic paint-box, and tinted all the flowers with radiant hues. Yet, not all; for even as Lily tosses her stately head in self-assured pride, and Snowdrops utter a low peal of joy

from her silvery bell, little Arbutus, over on one side, with her head on the soft earth, is weeping bitterly. Alas, little flower, she has no fairy robe with which to greet spring, but only a dull ash-gray garment; for the busy Rainbow fairy quite overlooked the modest little Arbutus, hidden under the moss and leaves, and she was far too shy to attract the fairy's attention.

As she sobbed on, oblivious to all around her, a sympathetic little moonbeam spied her, and crept over to find out the trouble. He was indeed a most chivalrous moonbeam, and became quite indignant at the mistreatment of this appealing little Cinderella.

"Come with me, little Arbutus, and I will carry you all over the world until we find the most beautiful dress in existence."

He took her over the mountains where the gnomes were forging their golden amulets. He led her across the plains where the little prairie dogs were holding councils of state. He wafted her over the ocean where the phosphorous sprites were skipping over the foamy crests of the waves. He floated with her among the clouds where the stars winked cheerily as they passed. On and on they went, seeking for the wonderful dress, until finally they stood at the gates of the palace of Dawn, and Aurora came out to meet them.

"Have you no costume to give this tiny flower—a costume fit to greet the spirit of spring herself?" asked the courteous moonbeam.

Then Aurora smiled, and as she smiled, the first pink flush of dawn crept into the midnight sky.

"Little fairy, attire yourself in this fleecy cloud, and I will color it for you with the first tint of the early morning."

Then, the next day, when spring in her pale green beauty came to inspect the flowers, she looked at the flaring Tulip and shook her head. She looked at the pale Lily, the vivid Rose, the dainty Mignonette, the glowing Daffodil, and the perfumed Hyacinth, she looked all around the vari-colored circle, and again she shook her head. At last, over in the corner, pushed aside by a self-assertive Crocus, she saw the sweetest flower of all, the rose-pink Arbutus.

"Little flower," she said in her clear voice, "little flower in the first pink blush of the dawn, I choose you to be my messenger, and bring to

all mortals who have the love to seek you out the first tidings that Spring has come to dwell in the land."

And, still hidden under the moss and leaves, faithful little Arbutus keeps her tryst with those who have hearts and eyes open for tokens of Spring.

ELIZA D. DAVIS, '16.

## SCHOOL NOTES

### St. Cecilia Club Concert

The first private concert of the St. Cecilia Club was given in the St. Mary's Auditorium on Thursday evening, April 22d. Mr. Owen, the founder and director of the club, deserves much credit for the excellent work and success of the club.

Mrs. Dowell's singing of the hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm (Liszt) was splendid, the sweetness of her voice charming the audience. The chorus in "Night" by Saint-Saens showed excellent ensemble work and was ably assisted by Miss Shull's solo obligato. The violin numbers given by Miss Abbott and the group of songs by Mr. King were very attractive, while the "Dutch Lullaby" (Nevin) sung by Mesdames Owen and Thiem, Miss Marshall, and Messrs. Foreman and Bonner delighted everyone. The chorus was well assisted by Miss Phillips, accompanist.

M. A. F., '16.

#### PRELUDE.

Invocation to St. Cecilia.....Victor Harris

#### I

Entrance of the Gods in Walhalla.....Richard Wagner from Rheingold  
 (b) Serenade.....Richard Strauss—Arranged by Victor Harris  
 (c) The Two Clocks.....James Rogers

#### II

(a) Præludium and Allegro.....Pugnani-Kreisler  
 (b) Indian Lament.....Dvorak-Kreisler  
 (c) Tambourin Chinois.....Kreisler

MISS MURIEL ABBOTT.

## III

A Dutch Lullaby.....Ethelbert Nevin  
 "Wynken"  
 "Blynken"  
 "and Nod"

MESDAMES R. BLINN OWEN, LEROY THIEM; MISS SUSIE MARSHALL;  
 MESSRS. H. C. FOREMAN, J. BONNER.

## IV

Night .....Camille Saint-Saens  
 Solo obligato—MISS ZONA SHULL.  
 Violin obligato—MISS MURIEL ABBOTT.

## V

(a) Requiem.....Sidney Homer  
 (b) When Roses Bloom.....Louise Reichardt  
 (c) The Pipes of Pan.....Edward Elgar

MR. J. J. KING.

Intermission.

## PART SECOND.

## I

The 137th Psalm—Cantata with Soprano Solo.....Franz Liszt  
 MRS. HORACE DOWELL.

Violin: MISS MURIEL ABBOTT.

## II

By the Beautiful Blue Danube.....Johann Strauss  
 Arabesques on Motifs.....Arranged by Max Spicker

### Recital of Expression Pupils

Saturday evening, April 24th, at 8:30, the private pupils in expression presented a one-act farce entitled "My Lord in Livery." As a curtain raiser to this Miss Davis, the Director of Expression gave a charming Japanese monologue, "Cherry Blossoms," in which she showed true dramatic talent and held the intense interest of the audience until the almost tragic end.

The parts in the play, "My Lord in Livery," were well taken, and the stage business was excellent. Haffye Barton as Sybil, Adele Stigler as Spiggott and Annabelle Converse as Laura were especially good.

The cast was as follows:

E. D. D.

## CHARACTERS.

Lord Thirlmere (H. M. S. Phlegethon).....	Marjorie Hill
Spiggott (an old family butler).....	Adele Stigler
Hopkins (a footman).....	Katherine Stewart
Annette (the maid).....	Agnes Cotten Timberlake
Sybil Amberly (daughter of Sir John Amberly).....	Haffye Barton
Laura } Her friends.....	{ Annabelle Converse
Rose }	{ Anna White

## Certificate Recital—Mary Auning Floyd

On the evening of April 26th at 8:30 o'clock, Mary Floyd, a certificate pupil of Mr. R. Blinn Owen's, gave the first recital of the Commencement season, assisted by Miss Frances Tillotson, soprano.

In the first number, "Sonata Tragica," by McDowell, Mary Floyd showed excellent interpretation and played with fine depth of tone. The other selections following were all very much enjoyed, especially "Romance" by Foote, in which the singing, sweetness of touch showed to good advantage, also in the artistically performed "Parfum Exotique" of Hendriks and the Mendelssohn "Capricioso" which was played with whimsical caprice and ease.

Frances Tillotson has an exceedingly lovely, flexible voice and sang with ease and artistic taste. The "Wind Song," by Mr. Owen, she was obliged to repeat.

The recital was a great success, showing talent and promise in both pianist and singer.

E. C., '15.

## PROGRAM

- I. Sonata Tragica Op. 45.....MacDowell  
Largo Maestoso.
- II. Venezice e Napoli: Gondoliera.....Liszt
- III. Aria from Roberto il Diavolo.....Meyerbeer  
MISS FRANCES TILLOTSON.
- IV. (a) Pierrette—Air de Ballet.....Chaminade  
(b) Romance, Op. 15. No. 3.....Foote  
(c) Parfum Exotique.....Hendriks  
From Dances Esthetique.
- V. (a) April's Here .....Ronald  
(b) Rose Softly Blowing.....Spohr  
(c) Wind Song .....Owen  
MISS FRANCES TILLOTSON.
- VI. Rondo Capricioso .....Mendelssohn

### Junior-Senior Party

On Saturday evening, May 1st, the Seniors were most delightfully entertained by the Juniors in the Muse Room. The guests were greeted by the Junior Class in a receiving line which was headed by Mary Floyd their president. Places were then shown them at the beautifully arranged table where as favors they found tiny baskets of mints tied with tulle and a spray of lilies-of-the-valley. The decorating scheme used throughout was a combination of pale pink, blue and green colors, in honor of May Day.

It is impossible to describe with credit all the features of the evening. Aside from the delicious courses served, there were songs with guitar accompaniment, some about the Faculty, some about the Seniors and others, concluded with "Goodbye School, We're Through!"

Effective toasts were made by Miss Thomas, Miss Katie, Mr. Stone and the Class Presidents.

Other attractive features of the evening were the reading of the Class Prophecy illustrated by cartoons by means of a reflectoscope, followed by a series of "baby pictures" of the Seniors which the Juniors had ingeniously and secretly obtained from the parents.

The whole party showed much originality on the part of the Juniors, aided by Mr. Cruikshank. Miss Lillian Fenner, Miss Stiles and Edith Holmes were responsible for the carrying out of the delicious menu.

In behalf of the Seniors, who could not express in words their pleasure and enjoyment of the evening, let us add that never was a Senior Class more royally treated nor more appreciative of the efforts of their successors, the Class of Nineteen Sixteen.

M. H. B., '15.

### The School Party

On Saturday evening, May 8, 1915, the Senior Class gave the fourth of the annual School Parties. The School Party originated with the Class of 1915 in its freshman year and each year since the custom has been observed. It is an occasion for the purpose of emphasizing the class spirit and our love and devotion to our Alma Mater.

At eight o'clock each class in costumes of the class colors marched into the parlor which was beautifully decorated with crepe paper rib-

bons and roses. The Preps in their dainty sunbonnets were quite a contrast to the Seniors in their caps and gowns.

An interesting program was carried out consisting of songs, speeches and toasts. Each class president made a short address which was followed by the class song and the Seniors sang many topical songs.

A picture of Miss Katie was presented to the School by the classes and was graciously accepted by Mr. Lay. It is an especial honor for us to be the ones to leave this picture of our most beloved St. Mary's friend who has not only taught but also been a dear friend to many of our mothers and other relatives who attended St. Mary's in past years.

We leave the pleasure of giving the School Party to the future Senior Classes and hope that they will develop and carry the plan still further, enjoying planning and carrying it out as much as we, the girls of 1915, have in our years at St. Mary's.

S. W. V., '15.

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## ATHLETICS

With the events of field day held Friday afternoon, May 30th, we close one of the most prosperous and eventful seasons in athletics in the history of St. Mary's. With enthusiastic leaders, both Sigmas and Mus under the guidance of Miss Barton have worked with vim in tennis, basketball and in field day contests.

In tennis and in field work the contests were hot and the Mus won by close scores but in basketball fate was decidedly against the Sigmas and both the first and second Mu teams were victorious. This defeat of the Sigmas only makes the prospects for the coming year more interesting for both sides, for having been successful many years in the past the Sigmas have a fight before them into which they will throw their best efforts to regain their lost reputation.

M. H. B.

### Field Day

On April 30th, at three forty-five, the girls assembled out on the basketball court to take part in the several athletic contests. It was held between the Mu and Sigma athletic clubs, but the chief interest was



in determining the champion athlete of the school. This honor was won by Lillias Shepherd.

The first event, a running broad jump was won by Elspeth Askew with a record of 13 feet 1 inch; Lillias Shepherd second with a record of 11 feet 11 inches. The three-legged race followed, won by Lillias Shepherd and Augusta Crawford, with Harriet Barber and Nancy Lay second. Then came the running high jump in which Ellen Mott and Elspeth Askew tied for first place, jumping 3 feet 10 inches, each. The next event was a standing broad jump won by Estelle Ravenel with a record of 6 feet 5 inches, Lillias Shepherd came second with a record of 6 feet 2 inches. The last event was a 45-yard dash, in which Annie Cameron came first, Lillias Shepherd, second; Elspeth Askew, third.

Of the total score the Mus won 278 points and the Sigmas 195 points. Lillias Shepherd, Mu, won the highest score of individual points, 52 2-3; Elspeth Askew, Mu, second, 51 1-3, and Annie Cameron, Sigma, third, 49 1-6.

Those who attended found the contest very exciting and interesting.

E. D. D., '16.

# The St. Mary's Muse.

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Subscription Price

One Dollar.

Single Copies

Fifteen Cents.

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A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnae, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB. Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

Correspondence from friends solicited.

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

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## EDITORIAL

### "Farewell, Happy Year"

Whether we have been at St. Mary's four years or only one it is with a feeling of sadness that we see the session draw to a close. It means to us all partings from friends we hold most dear, to many, a last farewell to the school that has meant so much to us in our happy school days at St. Mary's.

We girls of the Class of 1915 leave our Alma Mater with a feeling of the deepest appreciation of all our faithful friends among both Faculty and girls for all they have meant to us in our many happy days together.

During the years in the world beyond St. Mary's we shall hold our School most dear and work for her greatest good at every opportunity which is offered us, however great or small.

### Our Exchanges

We acknowledge with pleasure the following magazines:

*Wofford College Journal*, the *Folio*, *Wake Forest Student*, the *Tattler*, the *Monthly Chronicle*, *Western Maryland College Monthly*, the *Carolinian*, *Mary Baldwin Miscellany*, *Maroon and Gray*, the *Florida Flambeau*, *High School Gazette*, the *Wesleyan*, *Vail Dean Budget*, the *Focus*, *State Normal Magazine*, the *Lenoirian*.

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## ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE SENIORS

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### May 5: Florence Stone's Party

Florence Stone was at home to the Senior Class on Wednesday evening, May 5th.

The guests were cordially welcomed at the door by the hostess and served a delightful fruit punch in the hall before entering the parlor. There delicious refreshments were served by Annie Cameron and Ellen Mott. The rooms were artistically decorated with roses and each guest wore one away as a souvenir of a most enjoyable afternoon.

### May 11: Elizabeth Lay's Party

On Tuesday afternoon, May 11th, Elizabeth Lay entertained the Seniors at the Rectory.

Each guest was requested to bring a "white elephant," which was labeled with a number when brought. Delightful punch was served before the guests assembled on the porch when they drew the numbers and received some one else's "white elephant." Much amusement was afforded by the chagrin and consternation of several of the Class on receiving a gift only too well known on Senior Hall.

Delicious strawberry shortcake was then served and Agnes Barton was the fortunate one to find the wedding ring in her cake to the envy of the others. Beautiful roses were given the guests on departing as a remembrance of a delightful afternoon.

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## PRE-COMMENCEMENT RECITALS

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### May 10: Piano Recital of Miss Hattie Mae Lasater

The second Pupil's Certificate Recital of the season was that of Hattie Mae Lasater. The *News and Observer* said of this recital:

The certificate piano recital given by Miss Hattie May Lasater at St. Mary's School Monday evening was an occasion of much pleasure to the large audience who enjoyed the program. Each number was not only rendered with a finish and ease that showed careful training and perfect technique, but with an artistic feeling that showed Miss Lasater to be a real musician. She is completing her study of music which was begun under Miss Dowd. In her

absence from the school this year she will receive her certificate from Miss Nelly Phillips.

Miss Lasater was perhaps at her best in the last number, the Grieg Carnival. The variety of selections called for a variety of feeling on the part of the young pianist which she was quick to respond to. Assisting her was Miss Zona Shull, soprano. Miss Shull is always heard with much pleasure.

The program was:

	I.	
Concerto .....		<i>Hummel</i>
Allegro moderato.		
	II.	
Les Lyhainz .....		<i>Chaminade</i>
Hungarian Dance .....		<i>Brahms</i>
Canzonetta .....		<i>Schutt</i>
Warum .....		<i>Schumann</i>
Aufschwung .....		<i>Schumann</i>
	III.	
a. The Spirit Flower.....		<i>Campbell-Tipton</i>
b. The Leaves and the Wind.....		<i>Leoni</i>
c. The Nightingale.....		<i>Luders</i>
	MISS SHULL	
	IV.	
Aus dem Carneval.....		<i>Grieg</i>

### May 13: Piano Recital of Miss Adelyn Barbee

The first Pupil's Recital of the season was that of Miss Barbee, pupil of Mr. Owen. The *News and Observer* said:

Talent of real promise was revealed in Miss Adelyn Barbee, who gave the third piano recital at St. Mary's School last night. She gave a musical and intelligent reading of the first movement of the Haydn Concerto in D. Her Schumann number was most artistic and her Debussy number, although very modern, was full of daintiness and charm.

She was formerly a pupil of Miss Dowd's, but has studied with Mr. Owen. Mr. Owen, who thinks that she has a future before her, is to select a master in New York for her next year.

Miss Barbee was assisted by Miss Margaret Thomas, contralto, who revealed unusual powers of interpretation, when she sang two French songs, the Habanera from Carmen and the Gavotte from Mignon.

This little lady possesses a voice of resonance and color and sings with beauty of tone and of phrasing.

This was the program:

1. Concerto in D. Op. 21.....*Joseph Haydn*  
    Vacace
2. (a) Rondo-Gavotte, from "Mignon".....*Ambrose Thomas*  
    (b) Habanera, from "Carmen".....*Georges Bizet*

MISS MARGARET THOMAS

3. Papillons .....*Robert Schumann*  
 Introduction  
 Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and Finale
4. (a) Aria, from the "Morning of the Year".....*Charles Wakefield Cadman*  
 (b) Sing a Song of Roses.....*Fay Foster*  
 (c) Although .....*Landon Ronald*
- MISS MARGARET THOMAS
5. (a) Venetienne, 4th Barcarolle.....*Benjamin Godard*  
 (b) Waltz in E minor.....*Frederic Francois Chopin*  
 (c) Deux Arabesque.....*Claude Debussy*  
 (d) Eagle .....*Edward MacDowell*

### May 15: Annual Recital of the Chorus

The Annual Concert of the Chorus, under the direction of Mr. Owen was, as usual, a great success. Of it the *News and Observer* said:

The students of the Voice Department of St. Mary's were heard last night in a most delightful concert. The soloists were Misses Anna Belle King, Frances Tillotson, Margaret Thomas, Violet Bray, Adele Stigler, and Messrs. Godfrey Cheshire, J. S. Bonner, and H. C. Foreman.

Decided talent was evidenced by the young people who took part. In the beautiful duet from Martha, a duet seldom heard, most artistic work was done by the two young men who gave the number, Mr. Bonner and Mr. Foreman. Mr. Bonner has a rich baritone, while Mr. Foreman has an unusually fine tenor, and takes his high tones without effort. Miss Tillotson sang with beauty of tone and of phrasing. Her second song was a composition by the talented head of the music department, Mr. Blinn Owen, and was received with enthusiastic appreciation.

Miss Margaret Thomas, of Durham, has a dramatic contralto and sings with ease. She has, moreover, an exceedingly pleasing stage presence.

Mr. Godfrey Cheshire, basso, delighted the audience with his Mozart number.

The chorus demonstrated the results of careful training combined with natural ability. Mr. Blinn Owen, with his thorough knowledge of music, his enthusiasm and ability as a teacher, is giving St. Mary's much musical prominence.

He is the director of the voice department and, in the chorus work, is ably assisted by Miss Zona Shull in voice and Miss Martha Roberts at the piano.

This was the program:

PART I.

1. (a) Song of a Shepherd.....*Fox*  
 (b) The Three Fair Maids.....*Viardot*  
 (c) Tuscan Folk Song.....*Caracciolo*

CHORUS.

2. "Air" from Magic Flute.....*Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*  
 style="text-align: center;">MR. GODFREY CHESHIRE
3. "The Seasons," waltz song.....*McFadyen*  
 style="text-align: center;">MISS FRANCES GEITNER





The Impersonators of the Class Prophecy



The Prophecy

SCENES OF CLASS DAY





# ALUMNAE MATTERS

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Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

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## St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

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TREASURER	- - - -	Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Raleigh.

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## The Rector's Letter to the Alumnae

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May 8, 1915.

The body of the Alumnae of any institution can be, and ought to be, of the greatest value to it. I have always appreciated very highly the work that the Alumnae have done for St. Mary's, and have been anxious that more Alumnae should join in this work, and that they should do it even more intelligently and efficiently than they have done. For this reason I have from time to time written some suggestions for the MUSE, and I do this again at this time.

The main object before a loyal alumna of St. Mary's should be to keep informed about the work being carried on at the school so as to be able to inform others, and multiply the interest in the school among all kinds of people.

In the first place all Alumnae should, if possible, join a Chapter of the Alumnae Association, and if there is none in the town where they live and there is a reasonably large number of Alumnae a Chapter should at once be formed.

These Alumnae Chapters should meet as frequently as possible so as to get to know each other and have the benefit of a feeling of solidarity. At these meetings they should take every means of learning about the history of the school, but above all in learning about the work that is being done there at the present time, and the aims and desires of those conducting the affairs of the school. To this end, whenever possible, the Rector or some one else from the school, should be given the opportunity of meeting the Alumnae.

All Alumnae should, as far as possible, subscribe to the MUSE, which only costs a dollar a year, and should thus keep in touch with the life

of the school. At the meetings of the Chapters someone could call attention particularly to the various points of interest in what has been going on in the school, and what is planned for the future.

Those living at the school of course are better informed about what is going on there than people outside, and unfortunately many stories go the rounds about the school which are not founded on facts. Further those responsible for the conduct of the school naturally look on certain matters from a different standpoint from those outside who have no responsibility, and are not in a position to know the reasons for certain regulations, methods and aims. It is extremely important that the members of the Alumnae should try to find out the exact facts when they hear stories that do not seem to be creditable to the school, or that they do not understand, that they should write to the Rector and give him the opportunity of correcting facts that have been misunderstood, or of explaining others which need explanation. Some rumor entirely without foundation occasionally gets repeated to hundreds of Alumnae and others before anyone thinks to ascertain whether the rumor is founded on facts. This does much harm to the school and is a matter easily corrected by loyal and careful Alumnae. Every Alumna of St. Mary's should be able to express the truth about the School, and also to correct at once any mistakes. Frequent correspondence with the school is the only method by which these ends can be attained.

The Alumnae individually and collectively can do much good to the school by recommending it to prospective students. To do this conscientiously requires something more than the knowledge of the glories of the past, and requires a careful and accurate knowledge about what is being done now, and what is being planned for the future.

St. Mary's has a debt of about \$45,000.00, and also needs to continue to put up new buildings and keep abreast of the times in every way. It should be carefully noted that the object of the Chapters of the Alumnae is not to raise money except in so far as some small dues to the Chapter may be necessary. At the same time the members of the Alumnae often have opportunities of calling attention of generous people to the needs of the school so as to open the way for an appeal later, or perhaps even to obtain some generous gift, and especially they have the opportunity of suggesting to various ones the advisability of remembering the school in their wills. What the school needs at present is not so much the

founding of scholarships, which do not help the school to meet its obligations, but to obtain means for the discharge of the debt, and for the continuance of permanent improvements.

It is very important that any suggestions that may occur to the Alumnae, or any criticisms of anything that is done at the school or planned for the future, should be communicated to the Rector. Such criticisms are very suggestive and often useful.

On the other hand I feel that we at the school here know what things are important, and can weigh the suggestions of others and determine what is at the present time opportune and desirable. It is therefore very important that the Alumnae Chapters should not take up one or more plans of their own motion to the exclusion of the carefully thought out plans that are being promoted at the school. In order for the school to succeed there must be a definite policy carefully thought out with the benefit of all possible criticisms and suggestions. Any such policy when formed must receive the cordial coöperation and backing of all the Alumnae of the school if success is to be obtained.

Another most important thing is that the Alumnae who are known to the school should send to the Rector the names of any Alumnae whose addresses are not at present preserved at the school. He ought to have a full list of Alumnae, and this is especially difficult as the change of name incident to marriage makes it impossible to keep track even of those who have been here recently, while a very large proportion of the older Alumnae are not known with their addresses to the authorities at the school.

I shall always be glad to meet the Alumnae in various places whenever it is possible to arrange a meeting, but I do not think such meetings should be postponed on account of the impossibility of having a full meeting. It would be worth while for me to spend an hour in talking about the school to only five or six persons.

Assuring all the Alumnae of the School of my joining with them most heartily in love and loyalty to this grand old institution of the Church, and of my appreciation of their help in so many ways, I remain,

Yours very faithfully,

GEORGE W. LAY,

*Rector.*

## *Read! Mark! Act!*

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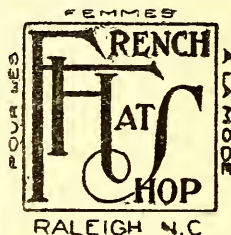
The Editors wish to call the especial attention of the St. Mary's girls and the readers of The Muse generally to the advertisements inserted here. It is a good principle to patronize those that help you. Let the advertisers see that it pays them to advertise in The Muse, and make those who do not advertise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

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ESTABLISHED 1858

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**RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA**



**Exclusive  
Millinery**

Customer: "What have you got to eat?"

Waiter: "Sauer kraut, frankfurters, beef au jus, and pie a la mode."

Customer: "Give me ham and eggs; I'm neutral."

---

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**THE STORE OF QUALITY**

**DRY GOODS OF ALL KINDS**

**MILLINERY**

Tailored Suits and Coats, Carpets, Cur-  
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We  
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Specialty of Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments and Gossard's Lace Front Corsets

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Coal, Wood, Ice, Brick  
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CHOICE CUT FLOWERS  
AT J. L. O'QUINN & COMPANY'S  
LEADING FLORISTS OF NORTH CAROLINA.  
RALEIGH, N. C.

THE RISING BELL.

(A Parody.)

To rise or not to rise, that is the question,  
Whether 'tis nobler at dawning to obey  
The clangs and clashes of that rising bell  
Or to take manfully our sea of troubles  
And by fair excuses end them? To sleep, to sleep  
No more; and by this sleep we surely do begin  
The heartaches and thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a laziness  
Never to be desired—to sleep and sleep;  
To sleep: perchance to be restricted, there's the rub;  
For from that confiscated sleep the punishments that come must give us  
pause,  
When we shamefacedly to Miss Thomas creep  
They become sad truth; there's the restriction  
That makes calamity of so long a sleep.

C. deF. C., '15.

Why Is  
**Brantley's Fountain**

the  
**MOST POPULAR?**

Ask the Girls

**BOYLAN-PEARCE  
COMPANY**

The Greatest Store  
in the City for the  
**SCHOOL GIRLS**

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Cameras and Supplies  
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens

**JAMES E. THIEM**

The Office Stationery Co.

Bell Phone 135

RALEIGH, N. C.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

Twenty-three years successful experience securing desirable teachers for schools and colleges and placing competent teachers in satisfactory positions.

CONSERVATIVE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

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Electric Light and  
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174—BOTH PHONES—226

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"THE LITTLE STORE"

**H. STEINMETZ—FLORIST**

Roses, Carnations, Violets, Wedding Bouquets,  
Floral Designs, Palms, Ferns, all kinds of plants.  
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"George Washington was the bravest man in the world. He never got licked in his life."

"Oh, yes he was. He was licked on a postage stamp."

"Then they had to do it behind his back."

**Jolly & Wynne Jewelry Co.**

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JEWELRY

128 Fayetteville St.

Raleigh, N. C.

WALK-OVER—The Shoe for You  
Walk-Over Shoe Shop  
RALEIGH, N. C.

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Ladies' Fine Shoes

HELLER'S SHOE STORE  
SHOES AND HOSIERY

**JOHNSON & McCULLERS COMPANY**

Good Things to Eat

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Everything up-to-date for Ladies, Misses  
and Children. Ready-made wearing apparel  
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SHOES! WHOSE?  
**BERNARD L. CROCKER**  
124 Fayetteville Street

Insure Against Loss by Fire  
Best Companies Represented. Bonding Solicited  
**The Mechanics Savings Bank**  
RALEIGH, N. C.

**YOUNG & HUGHES**

**Plumbers**  
**Steam Fitters**  
**Hot Water Heating**

S. Wilmington Street

**KING-CROWELL'S DRUG STORE**  
**AND SODA FOUNTAIN**

Cor. Fayetteville and Hargett Sts.

**ATLANTIC FIRE INSURANCE CO.**  
RALEIGH, N. C.

Home Company                      Home Capital  
Safe, Secure, and Successful  
CHAS. E. JOHNSON, President  
A. A. THOMPSON, Treasurer  
R. S. BUSBEE, Secretary

**HUNTER-RAND COMPANY**  
Dry Goods, Notions, Suits, Millinery  
and Shoes  
208 Fayetteville St.                      RALEIGH, N. C.

C. W.: "Do you buy rags and bones?"  
Junk Dealer: "Yes; get on the scales."—*Ex.*

He: "Have you read 'Freckles?'"  
She: "No! that's my veil."—*Ex.*

**M. Rosenthal**  
**& Co.**  
**GROCCERS**

WILMINGTON and HARGETT STS.

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**VISITING CARDS**

**CORRECTLY and PROMPTLY ENGRAVED**

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All Kinds of Keys. Bicycle Supplies.  
Typewriters of all Kinds Repaired.

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ONE-PRICE MUSIC HOUSE

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CHOICE CUT FLOWERS

**Raleigh French Dry Cleaning Company**  
Corner Blount and Morgan Streets.

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**WHITE ICE CREAM CO.**

BEST  
ICE CREAM

Phone 123

CORNER SALISBURY AND HARGETT STS.

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RICH JEWELRY MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED

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**HICKS' UPTOWN DRUG STORE**  
Phone 107  
PROMPT DELIVERY

Customer: "See here, waiter; I found a button in the salad."  
Waiter: "Yes, sir; that's off the dressing."

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Raleigh's Leading Hotel

Its Cafe one of the Best in the Country

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ROUTE OF THE "NIGHT EXPRESS"

**Short Line Through Eastern North Carolina**

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**CHARLOTTE  
FAYETTEVILLE  
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VIA WASHINGTON, KINSTON, GREENVILLE, FARMVILLE  
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*Electric Lighted Pullman Sleeping and Parlor Cars*

Fast Schedule, Best Service

Double Daily Express Service

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J. F. MITCHELL, T. P. A.  
RALEIGH, N. C.



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**Suits, Dresses, Coats, Etc.**  
**Tailoring and Dressmaking**  
SPECIAL PRICES

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Hardware, Paints, House Furnishings  
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faithful service and value.

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**The Toyland Co.**

Harness and Saddle Horses. Heavy Hauling  
**CARVER'S STABLES**  
Henry S. Carver, Prop. Both Phones 229  
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Everything in Art.  
Embroidery Materials, Wools and Zephyrs.

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MILLINERY

**WATSON PICTURE AND ART CO.**  
Picture Frames and Window Shades.

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Made Fresh Every Day

Call **OLIVE'S BAGGAGE TRANSFER**  
Phone 529

"If the ruler of Rewssia is the Czar, what are his children?"  
"I don't know."  
"Czardines."—*Ex.*

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**MOORE'S ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP**  
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"MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE"

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Fancy fruits and pure ice cream. Best equipped and most  
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**RICHMOND MARKET**  
Meats of All Kinds  
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51 and 53 Franklin St. Chicago, Ill.  
Proprietors of Calumet Coffee and Spice Mills.

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S. Wilmington St.

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